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I will start anew this morning, with a higher, fairer creed;

I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbour's greed;

I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;

I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;

I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;

I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;

I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;

I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;

I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—

I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

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SABBATH RECORDER.
A7aven-day Baptist Weekly, Published by The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

EDITORIAL
A Sentence Prayer for the Week.
Help us, O God, to walk carefully forward in the path of duty, to do the right thing in the right spirit, to speak words of wisdom for thy good cause, and when we are trying, to do whatev- else may be necessary and strength to keep our lips carefully closed.

***
The Last Call.
This is the last number of the SABBATH RECORDER that can reach its readers before the issue of Conference week. Therefore this is the last appeal for a large representation from the churches to this all-important annual gathering. There are a few things that should be kept well in mind; hence we repeat them here. It is important that the Committee of Arrangements should know how many are going to Westerly, and who they are. The prospects are good for a large attendance, and it will be no small task to arrange so many delegates in homes where they are to be entertained, unless their names are sent on in advance. This should be done even when delegates know they are to visit friends. If any come upon their friends unawares, without informing the Committee of Arrangements, they must not feel put out if they, upon arrival, find the places they hoped to occupy, already filled by arrangements of the committee. If changes of plans are made after yours names are sent on and you decide not to go, such changes should be reported immediately to the committee. If you have to decide at the last minute to go, and if there is then but one mail before you are to start, let that mail carry the announcement that you are going. Let us do all we can to lighten the burdens of our Rhode Island friends in these matters.

***
Stick to Your Bush.
I remember two little boys who, more than fifty years ago, used to go together time after time for berries that grew in the woodlands; pastures, there was but two years difference in their ages, and they were always together either in play or at work. The younger was a faithful little fellow, the only help of a widowed mother, who had been left with a small farm to care for. Whenever these boys went berrying together the younger one always did the work. He carried home more berries, and of better quality, and they were always cleaner than those of his companion. Invariably he received commendation when the two returned with their pails. There was no other outcome, for the pail of the elder boy always showed to disadvantage. He seemed to see himself, and usually were home shamefaced, as though he dreaded the inspection sure to come. Indeed, he was always glad when it so happened upon their return that he could carry his pail into his own home alone,
小时数如令不的全追为优不劣比

Many times during the years that have flown has the picture of these two boys with their berry pails come to mind, and with it the lesson suggested by the title of this article. The secret of these boys' success is well told in this little poem by an unknown writer:

One day in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Flails
And half a dozen other boys were starting with
their pails
To gather berries, Johnny's pa in talking with
him said
That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out
ahead.

"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and
then stick to it till
You've picked it clean. Let those go chasing
all about who will
In search of better bushes; but it's picking tells,
your son.

To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking
out.
And Johnny did as he was told, and sure enough, do
the work
By sticking to his bush, whereas all the others
chased around
In search of better picking, 'twas as his father
said.

For while the others looked, worked, and so
came out ahead.

And Johny, recollected this when he became a
man,
And first of all he laid him out a well-determined
plan.
So while the brilliant triffers failed with all their
brains and push,
Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to
his bush."

You see the unknown poet has given a
broader application than that which belongs to the berry field, and that is just what I would do. The difference between the two boys is well told in the poem. The successful one would jump into the work at the first fair bush he found and pick as though there was no other bush in the field until it was stripped of its ripe berries. He could see, and, running with all his might to reach that first bush, and then picking as though everything depended upon faithful work with that. Meantime his companion would be looking about half
dissatisfied with the bush at hand and trying
to see something better. He would run about, blunder through the brush, litter his berrys full of dirt, or fall down and spill them, thus wasting much precious time and losing good opportunities, until the

hour for home-going was at hand. Then with a dissatisfied heart over his poor harvest as compared with the full pail of his friend, he had to go home and face the
reckoning.

The history of our people shows many a record well illustrated by the story of these two boys. Some have prospered by sticking
to their bush, whereas others have failed by constant chasing about in search of better picking. Some have left fair farms to look for better ones only to shackle about, growing poorer, whereas others have stuck to the deserted fields of those who left and grown well off.

Some neglect the duty that lies close at hand and do nothing, while longing for greater work farther away. Many have
never learned to do the next thing, as a sure preparation for better work and a higher position. If you would go higher and fill a larger place, you must faithfully do the work near at hand. If you would be able to show benefit by your
work, you must stick to your bush, at each point in life, until the work belonging to it is well done. In school stick close to study, rather than dream over the future work you would like to do. In the small pastorale stick to your bush, with the very best work you can give, and that, too, with an eye single to that one interest, rather than spend time looking for a larger field. Don't waste
life's day trying - discover what you ought to do, while the little near-by duties are neglected. If you do, the going home
will find--you with small results in hand and inferior in quality; and your
son will be dissatisfied with thought of what might have been," while you will shrink from the reckoning when The Master shall inspect your work.

***

About Rates to be a Conference.

On another page will be found a Conference relating
rates to Conference. Mark carefully what the committee says, and govern yourselves accordingly. The committee has been unable to secure the old-time rates, but by following Mr. Hubbard's advice something may be saved.

There is nothing like an obedient to-day
to reveal God's will tomorrow.—Scl.

Steamship Collides With an Iceberg.

The steamship Columbia of the Anchor Line came on August 7 with a badly battered nose, caused by collision with an immense iceberg about one hundred miles off Cape Race. It was in the early morning, and owing to a heavy fog the Columbia had slowed down and all were watching for a supposed, steamer ahead. The signals were blown as usual for approaching vessels and were promptly answered. There were plain indications of a wake or track in the sea, such as is usually left by a vessel, and both watchmen announced a steamer dead ahead. When, however, the captain's second long blast of the whistle was promptly answered, he was sure the supposed ship was a liner to the northwest. He was deceived, however, and soon found that the supposed reply to his sirens were echoes hurried back to him from the side of an immense iceberg drifting directly into his path and close at hand. Engines were quickly reversed, but the momentum of the ship drove her twelve feet into the solid ice and piled the bow deck with ice three feet high, literally burying the bow watchman. The compact drove the nose post of the prow and the steel plates in seven feet, and crumpled the bow enough to cripple both anchors, fill the first compartment with water, sweep the dishes from the dinner tables, hurt the waiters and stewards to the floor and tumble the passengers to the deck, which remained in shape. The engine, rebound, aided by reversed engines, soon cleared the vessel from the iceberg and she was free from the monster that had threatened her ruin.

The coolness of the officers and the exercise of good sense among the leading passengers prevented a panic, although the passengers evidently had plenty of trouble of their own. Those on the side of the table toward the bow had their laps piled full of dishes, some on deck were injured by being thrown violently, some bones were broken and many bruises sustained. In the midst of the confusion many pale faces were in evidence, and one general groan went up after the ship struck; still there was no panic. An importer among the passengers, who had been through a similar iceberg experience in 1899 on board the City of Rome, struck up a Scotch song and after singing it through laughed so merrily that the soothing effect was like magic, and the panic ceased.

Ninety tons of water rushed into the forward compartment and stood five feet deep in the hold. Pumps were quickly set to work, and men were soon busy strengthening the second bulkhead to sustain the terrible pressure brought so suddenly upon it. It took twenty men nearly two hours to hack the ice piled on the bow into small pieces and throw it overboard. The vessel was saved but was then able to creep into port with all on board safely sheltered and well cared for.

Admiral Togo's Visit.

Admiral Togo of Japan, who arrived in New York one day last week, was given a royal welcome to that city and became the honored guest of America.

New York officials kept their guest busy 
from nine in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, when he took train for Washington. In his civilian's dress Hei-hachiro Togo appeared like a "simple old gentleman," with the evident production of his first visit to the city; but when he donned the white duck uniform of an admiral in the Japanese navy, with its gold braid and sword, he looked more like the great man he really is. In the hands of the Mayor and officials, escorted by the police and cheered by waiting throngs at every turn, the Admiral had a great ovation for six hours. He is a most modest, unassuming man and receives these great attentions with the utmost indifference. He simply expressed his appreciation for the kind reception given him, and expressed thanks that our Nation had allowed him the pleasure.

At Washington he was received and given a hearty welcome by President Taft and was to be the Nation's guest at the capital for four days. The new Willard Hotel flew the Japanese flag in his honor, dinner was given at which both the Stars and Stripes and the flag of Japan were displayed together.

At a dinner at the White House President Taft extended to Japan, through the Admiral, an invitation to join the United.
States, Great Britain and France in the world movement for international peace.

The President of Japan and Admiral Togo’s reply are here given in full: The President said:

To one who has shown himself a great ruler, who has given all of his time and energy and intellect to the progress of his country and the preservation of the interests of the people, whose wonderful power in the selection of great men to accomplish great tasks has lifted Japan to a place among the first nations of the world, and whose sense of humanity and justice can be always counted on to contribute effectively to the peace of the world—His Majesty the Emperor of Japan.

Then turning to Count Togo he said: I would indeed fall in my duty and be untrue to my own deepest convictions if I did not take this occasion of the first public welcome to you as our national guest to express my own appreciation and that of the American people, of the broad and humanitarian view taken by His Majesty the Emperor of Japan and the Imperial Japanese Government in so readily and generously affirming, in the most positive and solemn manner, that no consideration of selfish interest should hamper or obstruct the progress of the great world movement for international peace as exemplified in the general treaties of arbitration, signed between the United States, Great Britain and France, signed on the day of your arrival in this country.

I gladly acknowledge this important part which Japan has played in facilitating this noble achievement by its prompt and unserved recognition, in the recent Anglo-Japanese agreement, of the great moral principle of arbitration, and I entertain the hope, with confidence, that the time will come when Japan will be glad to join in the movement now so auspiciously inaugurated.

Count Togo acknowledged the toast through Commander Taniguchi, his aid. He said:

Mr. President: It is my pleasant duty and great honor to convey to His Majesty the Emperor, my august sovereign, the kind words you have just said to me. As for me, words fail me to express what I feel deeply at heart. I can only say that I thank you most heartily for the honor you have done me.

On Admiral Togo’s visit to Mount Vernon he reverently entered the tomb of Washington, and with a brief invocation in Japanese, placed a wreath of roses upon the sarcophagus, and after standing a moment in the attitude of salute turned away. As he came out the solemnity of the occasion was broken when he saw a regular battery of cameras pointed at him. Instantly his face was lighted up with smiles, and amid an outburst of laughter, Rear-Admiral Wainwright exclaimed: ’This is the only way we’ll ever meet at your house, I guess.’ The party was taken to Mount Vernon on the President’s private yacht, and the Marine Band furnished the music.

Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, on a visit to Havana Harbor donned overalls and made a careful inspection of the crew of the battleship Maine so far as it has been recovered. He expressed great satisfaction with the work and said the matter was intensely interesting to him.

The referendum campaign in Canada is beginning to warm up. The contest on the reciprocity question promises to be a fierce one, and both sides seem confident of victory. Election is six weeks ahead, and while an effort is being made by the opposition to keep the reciprocity question in the background and not allow it to appear as the vital issue, the friends of the bill are determined that every ballot shall tell upon this particular issue. President Taft is almost as conspicuous a figure in the minds of the people as are Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Probably our President’s utterances will be quoted in this campaign quite as often as those of any other man.

All efforts to form a local provisional government in Hayti failed, and President Simons found a refuge in Kingston. He landed there under a strong escort, as many Haytians whom he had banished from Hayti were there to greet him, in angry mood. At present Hayti is in foreign hands, as the diplomatic corps rules in the capital.

North Loup’s First Parsonage!

The following story of pioneer life in North Loup, Neb., is taken from the Local, and will be interesting to many readers of the Sabbath Recorder. It is told by Charles Rood, one of the boys who went to Nebraska with the company led by Eld. Oscar Babcock. The house made of the logs referred to was North Loup’s first parsonage, and is still standing and in use near the village.

“When we first came here Eld. Oscar Babcock was our first pastor, in fact he was the only minister in all the North Loup country. As his people were not able to pay him a salary for his services the church decided to build for him a log house. He was living in a dugout near where the barn on the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage now stands.

“In March, 1873, fourteen men besides myself, set to work to build a log house. We were there to construct the loft to hold the cedar canyons across the river east from the present site of the village of Burwell for the logs with which to build the house. We crossed the river on the ice just above where the Elkhorn bridge spans the river. The weather had been ideal for some time for that period of the year, but the ice was solid when we crossed on the up trip. We reached our destination a little before night, cut down a few trees and made ready for the night. The night was clear and it scarcely froze at all. In the evening we had lots of fun, as a lot of men can have when they are off by themselves as we were. One of the stunts I remember we did, was to try and put in our feet in a sapling without ever taking the first one dropping out. The task is not the easy one one might think it to be. By the time half of them were in they would begin to be jarred loose. However, after a long time we were successful in our efforts. Plummer Hopp and Heman Babbcock decided to make their bed at the foot of the tree, and after they were cosily in between the covers my brother George found another ax and, stepping up to the tree as if to strike it in with the other axes, he soon had Heme and Hopp on the run, for if he had struck the tree the chances are some axes would have fallen to the ground. The next morning we were up early and at work. By the middle of the afternoon we were loaded and ready for the start home. Reaching the river about sundown we found to our dismay that the splendid weather we had enjoyed so much had melted the ice so that where we had crossed the day before on solid ice there was now a narrow channel through which the water was rushing and the channel was widening all the time. We knew if we didn’t get the lumber that night we would have to wait till the ice would go out, and the river had settled down to normal, or else go to St. Paul to the nearest bridge. As we did not relish the stay till the ice would go out or a trip of fifty miles to the bridge, we decided to cross that night.

“While we were driving down we got some logs across the channel for a bridge and then we went back and made ready to take the ice which the river had covered with its own ice and a log house was ready. The next day was the last of Enoch. Babcock’s trip, for the river had just melted out. In the home the Ice was still living, and it seemed so cold.

“About ten o’clock and just as we had got the last load over, the wind came up in a fearful gale from the northwest, and it was fearfully cold. Cold! Oh my, but how cold!”

“There was not a house anywhere near us that had even a shelter from the wind铆 without any protection, so we camped on the prairies and laid by our canvas blankets. That night was worse than any I have ever spent. Think, too, of poor Enoch in his wet clothes! We could not build a fire with which to cook warm food. In the morning the wind, if possible, blew harder than it did the night before, and the cold was far more intense. For breakfast we nibbled at our frozen...water-johnny-cake. Then we hitched up and started home.

“Part of the time the dust and cinders from the burning would be so thick we could scarcely see the teams we were driving, and could not see at all the wagons ahead of us. At noon we stopped in the canyon east of Warren Collins’ farm and had a little more of our delicious, frozen water-johnny-cake, reaching home about night. It was so cold I am sure I did not ride a quarter of a mile all day. And so you have the history of the logs with which the house in which Claud Hill lives was built.”

“Denunciation of sin may be necessary, but the enunciation of truth is far more necessary and let it be given in love that compassion from above.”
Westerly, where the Conference is to be held this year, is rich in historic interest. The old homes, the old scenes and the locations of the old churches will attract many who go to the East the last of the month for the Conference. From the churches at Newport and Westerly sprung the ancestors of the Seventh-day Baptists of today. It was there that the few forefathers settled that they might practice religious liberty, and worship as their conscience dictated. There it was that the few families grew into communities, all members of one church, the Westerly Church. That was as far back as 1680, for it was then that the first meeting-house was built. Here the people of Westerly and Hopkinton worshipped for 155 years, when another took its place that there might be room for the growing church. Up to 1708 the churches at Westerly and Newport were one, but then they separated. The Westerly Church later became known as the Hopkinton Church. The membership continued to grow as did the section of country until 1816, when the membership was the largest. It then numbered 947. In fact, the denomination had grown to such numbers and the people had spread out over the surrounding country to such an extent, that they soon began to leave the mother church and to form new churches, that they might find it more convenient to meet. From this mother church, which in its latter years was known as the Hopkinton Church, there sprung many churches. Members from this church settled in Brookfield, DeRuyter, Verona and Little Genesee, and there formed churches. But it was not until 1770 that the people of Hopkinton and Westerly began to separate themselves from the mother church. It was in that year that the meeting-house was built at Rockville, ten miles north of the Hopkinton church. Other churches were started at Hopkinton City, Dunn's Corners, South Kingston, Mystic, Conn., and Niantic. In all, there were fifteen churches which left the mother church.

It was seventy-one years ago that the Westerly Church broke away from the old ties. The church has had twelve pastors, the present one being Rev. Clayton A. Burdick. It is this old church which welcomes now the Seventh-day Baptists to the General Conference.

**Historic Westerly.**

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No Disadvantage.

There is, after all, no disadvantage in being a member of a small church. We make a mistake when we speak of the small churches as our feeble churches. Sometimes these are the strongest ones we have, in spiritual things, and they often give to the denomination our most efficient leaders. I recently heard one of our ministers tell of his early experiences as a lone Sabbath-keeper, in a home where his father gathered the neighbors into his own house on Sabbaths for Bible study, and again how he was helped in a very small frontier Sabbath school; and the conclusion growing out of his experiences, that with no hardship to belong to a small school or little church where each one feels his responsibility and bears his share of the work.

“One of the things that I am thankful for every day that I live is for my share in the world's work," said a wise and busy woman. "I am thankful that my hands are full." The blessing of the full hands and the full days is one that we sometimes fail to appreciate until illness or some misfortune forces us to stand aside for a time, while the eager, useful procession passes by without us. A vital part of the world we live in, a head and a hand for its work, a heart for its needs, its joys, its burdens, and faith for its outlook—these are the best gifts that can be ours for healthful and happy days. J. D. M.

"They shall walk with me in white." Rev. iii. 4.

In the imagery of Scripture white stands for purity, victory and joy. These are the threefold blessings of the people who walk with Jesus. They will possess the beauty of purity, because no uncleanness can live in his presence. They will be victorious, for defeat is impossible to those who are led by Christ. And they will have joy, because it is the inseparable companion of purity and victory.

"As long as hope is set upon service, it is not fixed upon Christ, and he should hold full and absolute possession of our hearts. Our lives may be so occupied with good things in themselves that we do not see the King."
dozen or more festival sabbaths, all in one common jumble with the Sabbath of Jehovah given at Creation and brought to remembrance at Sinai, speaking as though the several sabbaths were identical with the Sabbath of the fourth commandment.

The regular weekly Sabbath of Jehovah should not be confused with the festival and ceremonial sabbaths occurring on a certain day of the month or a certain day in the year. The latter never occur on the same day of the week every time, but the former always came on the seventh day of the week.

Mr. Scofield says: "In reading this command it has been taken for granted that the seventh day is identical with Saturday.

...I propose to show you that this inference is incorrect, and that there was no Saturday Sabbath under the Mosaic law.

...There is nothing in the Mosaic law that points to a Saturday Sabbath!"1 There are many other statements in the sermon as reported, just as well warranted as this, and it is hard to see how any intelligent, candid man trying to "establish his congregation in the truth" could make them. Of course the term "Saturday" is as irrational a term as are Mr. Scofield's "festival sabbaths occurring on a certain day of the week every time," for what purpose did Jehovah establish the arbitrary division of time into seven periods called the week if it were not to fix forever that sanctified and holy portion called Sabbath? Every other division of time was developed naturally, on astronomical grounds. The month, the year and even the day come out of the movements of earth and planets; but not so the week. This weekly division wholly disregards the calendar as to months and years, and cuts across the division lines of each. A careful study of the history of this weekly division of time has led eminent scholars to the conclusion "that the week was God's device, and its purpose was to establish and preserve a day for rest and worship." This is the testimony of William B. Dana, a distinguished graduate of Yale University and brother of the great geologist, James D. Dana. He and no other said, "A Day for Rest and Worship." On page 70 Mr. Dana says regarding the week and the Sabbath:

There seems to be no other reasonable hypothesis but one way of escape from the conclusion that the Sabbath for the worship of one God who created the heavens, and the earth, and man, is the objective end which gave, and that it is the whole key which have preserved their identity, is the argument which justifies the Sabbath and the civilization of all peoples, in all ages, and in every stage of industrial development.

Then, after reviewing the successive stages in the work of Creation through six days, until Jehovah breathed his own life into man so that "God's life became man's life," Mr. Dana declares that, as yet, the revelation of God's creative work is incomplete. One other thing is necessary, namely, "the setting apart of the seventh day of rest and worship, a most beneficent and humane gift which was made for him (man) and blessed and hallowed by this almighty and all-loving Creator."

Aside from this week of seven days given by the Almighty, we find in the Hebrew rites, given also by Moses, several special cycles of days, ending the weekly seven festivals and sabbaths, but these were always different from the one weekly cycle given at Creation and ending with God's holy Sabbath. So it comes about that the world is more or less working the fourth commandment, referred to an old established custom existing from the very time described in the command, the Creation week, and it referred to one particular day of the week—the last or seventh.

The manna test, made before the law was given, showed clearly that the Hebrews understood what day of the week was meant.

Instead of basing our claim for the seventh day of the week upon the words of the fourth commandment, as Mr. Scofield says, we go back to that older document to which the command referred, and which not only proves that God created the heavens and the earth, but that he also established the wholly artificial division of time called a week, closing it with the sanctified weekly Sabbath—made for man—on which God rested and which was to be his representative mark of time. Thus it was the seventh day of the week, annulling all other, which Jehovah told his people to remember. It was given the central place in the Ten Words of God as if to designate the Creator from all other gods, and to give binding force to the Creation narrative, as well as to bind man to his Maker. One would think that Mr. Scofield had never noticed that first word of the commandment with its unmistakable import, and that he had never read the command God's reference to his own sanctified week habits of Creation record. If he had noticed these, he could hardly say no particular day in the week was meant; and he would hardly have ventured to fly in the face of all history, the world's scholarship, and by saying, "There is nothing in the law of Moses which points to a Saturday (Seventh-day) Sabbath!"
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

REV. O. S. MILLS.

Leaving Minneapolis on July 6 we next visited the Sabbath-keepers near Clear Lake, Polk Co., Wis. These are Brother and Sister Briggs, their two married daughters and one of the sons-in-law. These friends highly appreciated our visit, doing much to make our stay there pleasant, and we trust that they received encouragement and blessings in return. Here I preached twice on Sunday to a small congregation, in a Good Templars’ hall, where a Sunday school has recently been organized.

Our next visit was with the Cartwright Church. Here, by request of Pastor Hurley, we remained one week, and enjoyed visiting most of the families of his congregation and addressing them in the Sabbath morning service. This church is hopeful and prospering finely. Pastor Hurley serves to be everybody’s friend and is doing good work in the church and on his farm.

En route to Plainfield we stopped overnight and enjoyed a visit with Brother and Sister Coon of Auburndale. On arriving at Plainfield we found Brother D. P. Greene (Cousin Dell) and his family waiting with surrey and wagon to take us and our trunk to their pleasant home seven miles away. Here we remained one week and held five public services with an average congregation of twenty-eight, and I made twenty-eight calls on the people in their homes or their fields. In these meetings Mrs. Mills and Gladys Greene (Dell’s daughter) had their first experience in conducting a song service without the aid of an instrument. After their first “stage fright” they did finely, and their efforts were well appreciated.

These people, two or three exceptions, are not accustomed to attend religious services, but they gave excellent attention and some of them engaged in the song services. At the close of the last service several held up their hands, expressing faith in Jesus and the desire to make heaven their eternal home.

With their oars ready to cut and the threshers in the neighborhood ready to thresh several hundred acres of rye from the shocks, the holding of more meetings seemed out of the question; so we returned home on the twenty-fifth.

Milton Junction, July 30, 1911.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Personal Power.

REV. E. E. SUTTON.

Western Association, Hebron Center, Pa.

Our text tonight is found in Luke vi, 38: “Give, and it shall be given unto you.” All men are in love with prosperity. Man longs to accomplish things and tips his hat to those who are doing things to pass. Power is prized everywhere and is sought by all. We suppose that when man in the dim past made the discovery that there was power outside himself and that this power could do his work while he rested his weary muscles, he was filled with a sort of infinite delight. To possess power or to be able to use it does indeed make one feel good. Men were a long time in discovering that the strength of the muscles of their own bodies, or those of their horses and oxen, or outside the muscles of the water and wind. For centuries this seemed to remain the extent of man’s grasp over power. But there was a boy of a humble home who at last really saw a kettle boil and got it into his head that there was power in steam. Others had boiled water and had seen the steam, but it took Watt to boil water and effectually harness the force in steam, greater grasp on power and enabling him to conquer the mighty ocean and continent. A mile a minute did not satisfy man; it only whetted his ambition for greater power. Having made these things his servants, he brings from the skies the lightning, makes it to turn his wheel, row his boat, draw his wagon. Yet he is not satisfied; he puts it to his lips and to his ears, and his voice is echoed around the world.

But friends, let us notice that in gaining all this power man created nothing. He only discovered and applied forces that were in the world from the beginning. They were hidden, wrapped in mystery, but when the man could have grasped them. We stand
amazed as we see the operator receiving the wireless message; as we hear the throng of the mighty engines as they drive the great ocean steamer; as we see the mighty horse of steel thundering his way across the continent at the rate of a mile a minute; yet we know that these forces obey us only as long as we continue to obey the laws of their operation. There is every reason to believe that this century will have greater surprises for us in discovery and application of power than the century just past. The craving of man for power in the material world is by no means satisfied, and that craving is sure to bring many more great discoveries.

But the spiritual man is not fed by these increases of power that come to the material man. They only intensify his hunger for spiritual things—for spiritual power. The spiritual man is as ambitious as the material man to perform mighty deeds, and he may have the raze talent of conversation or oratory, still you may not have true personal power. It is not as assured by personal beauty, for it is a fact that intense beauty and intense selfishness are sometimes found in the same person. Neither is it assured by a thorough education. You may be the finest scholar, yet lack true personal power; for while personal power is undoubtedly intensified by scholarship, it is not so increased as we should like to see it.

What is it, then, if neither special talent nor personal beauty nor thorough education be a guarantee of its presence? It seems to us as we study the lives of those who possess it that it can be defined briefly thus: Personal power is the power to enter into the lives of others and be in them a constructive force which for whatsoever forms and builds up and strengthens that upon which it is exerted. There is nothing on earth for which we have greater reverence than for true personal power; and there is nothing more humble or more enabled we owe on earth than that which we owe to those under whose personal power we have been permitted to come. We have friends whom we admire for their talents, friends whom we love for the sweetness of their characters, but there stands apart in our thoughts a smaller group of those who have had personal power over us, friends who may or who may not have been talented or beautiful or even educated, but who did have power to enter into our lives, to put themselves in sincere and blessed sympathy with our needs, and with our aspirations; in other words they are in us a constructive force, building us up to nobler things, enabling us to direct our own course, giving us the desire to be and do better, helping us to walk in the right way. Having then tried to set before you a definition of personal power as we understand it, let us state the law under which alone we think it can be realized.

That law is set forth in the words of the text: "Give, and it shall be given unto you." To have this power one must go to the Source of all power, to God.
whom God sends across your pathway, you will have more, not less, to give to your own. Again your own unsuccessful experiments may tend to discourage you. It is indeed one thing to feel a longings desire to do, and another to be able to vindicate doctrines and to establish a great visible outward work of service. Men can not always do themselves justice in speech, yet where there are few words there may be true power. On the other hand there may be great power of speech, yet the heart may not be under divine dominion. A man should himself always be greater than his words. However eloquent his speech, his life should be deeper, broader, diviner than any words can ever reveal. It is possible, too, that from the poorest words there may be poured an irresistible, all-convincing power, as from the bush in Horeb there flamed a glory not of earth, and from the raiment of the transfigured Nazarene there shone a brightness more splendid than the glory of the sun. No friends, a man is not to be judged by the poverty of his words, but by his personal power.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you." Here we have the action and the reaction. Here we have the secret of power over lives. To whom do we go when we are discouraged and our hearts are sad? On whom do we lean when faintness and fear have made our hearts uneasy? To whom do we go when we meet with some great success, to share with them our joy? To whom do we tell our ideals and confide the secrets of our hearts? You all know very well to whom we have personal power over. And who are they? We well know if we stop to think. They are those who have given themselves to us in that unselfish, helpful, cheerful sympathy which won our confidence, and enabled us to enter our lives as a constructive force; they are those who, since we have known them, have made us wish to be better. They gave themselves to us, and here we have the reaction. We give ourselves to them; we yield them our confidence, and acknowledge, by so doing, their power over us, not because they claim it but because of what we find to be in our lives.

Personal power is not obtained by claiming it. It is the unthought-of, unclaimed reaction from a sincere self-giving. It was by his self-giving that Christ has entered into our lives and has been in us a constructive force, awakening in us a desire to be better. We believe that the Christ-life starts from the cross and is shaped by the cross; and that the only motive to make us care for others is that we may therein serve him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give his life to redeem us from sin.

We plead with you, friends, to be satisfied with nothing but this larger life; to refuse to be satisfied with the pleasures of this world; to say in your hearts, "We were made for better things. We were made for better lives the complete life." Gaze at the suffering Christ on the cross, gaze until he becomes to you a real presence, a life-giving presence. Then go and be unfalsified for his sake; go and care for and love people because he does. Go and think not of what may come back to you. Empty self and pray for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The world waits for Christ the Light, and the light waits for consecrated lives through which to shine. Let us cease praying for power and pray for the Holy Spirit, and the power will come. Men may lift their hands and cry, "Emotional! emotional!" Let it be emotion or for that matter motion if it will bring the power. Brethren, let us pray for the baptism of fire.

A Thought for the Week.

It costs so little to cultivate a truthful interest in people as people. One of the best spiritual exercises we could prescribe for souls would be to sit down deliberately for five or ten minutes of a morning and think about the welfare of those who are either nearest or dearest to us.—Anna B. Bryant.

Let us do our duty, and pray that we may do our duty here, now, today; not in dreamy sweetness, but in active energy; not in the green oasis of the future, but in the dusty desert not in the imaginations of otherw homogeneous, but in the realities of now.—Frederick W. Farrar.

Bonnie, on being told she would have to eat condensed milk on her oatmeal for breakfast, exclaimed, "I wish that old condensed cow would die!"—Selected.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLEY, MILTON, WIS.
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR.

Is it Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother Bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we jee at each other In blakness of heart—that we war to the knife? God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel When a fellow goes down; poor, heart-broken brother, Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel, And mightier, far, for woe and for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey On over the isthmus, down into the tide, We give him a fish instead of a serpent, Ere folding the hands to be and abide For ever and aye, in dust at his side? Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the hearts all at peace on the plain—Man, and man only, make war on his brother, And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain—Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.

—Joanin Miller.

Our Mission Circle.

August, 1911, No. 10.

"For the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee."
Topic: Our China Mission; latest recruits. Singing: 'We Christian Heralds, go Proclaim.'

Scripture Reading: Psalm 144.

Prayer.

Dr. Grace Crandall is the youngest child of the Rev. George J. and Elizabeth Maxson Crandall, now deceased.

She was baptized at an early age, and joined the church at North Loup, Neb.

Her life as a student has ever been marked by her love of study and her ability to conquer all difficulties.

Her medical work in Hahnemann College, Chicago, in addition to a two-year nurse training course in Brooklyn fits her especially well for the work in Lieu-oo, China, to which field she has gone as Doctor Palmberg's assistant. She left an excellent growing practice in Milton, Wis.

An intimate friend says of her: "I have always felt since we were together in Alfred that she would some time go to China. No one could be better fitted in every way for the work than she."

Another friend adds: "Grace has always been in spirit a missionary."

The Utica (Wis.) Church was the spiritual home of the parents of Anna May West. When she was four years of age her father, Wm. Leman West, died, and her mother, Mrs. Nettie M. West, well known as the secretary of the Northwestern Association, with her two daughters removed to Milton Junction, Wis. Here Anna has lived her busy, faithful life. In 1908 she graduated from Milton College. Three years she has spent in teaching. Early in life she joined the church, and in 1907, at the Lake Geneva Y. W. C. A. Conference, she joined the Student Nurses."
her again. She will go in October to Chattanooga, Tenn., to teach in Mrs. Almira Steele's home for unfortunate children. You have heard of Mrs. Steele and of the great work she is doing among the colored children of her city. She was recently a guest of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and the Battle Creek Idea has this to say of her and her work:

We have been greatly pleased in the last few days to receive from Mrs. Almira S. Steele, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who for twenty-five years has stood at the head of a home for unfortunate children in that city. Becoming acquainted with Sanitarium principles several years ago, she has adopted them and is able to make the statement that in all her experience they have never had a single case of typhoid fever, la grippe, or any of the prevailing diseases. The children are fed on plain, wholesome food and in such quantities as are entirely sufficient for their needs and yet preserve their appetites. Over 1,000 children have passed through Mrs. Steele's hands. Most of them have gone out to schools for higher education and to lives of usefulness.

Mrs. Steele is a Sabbath-keeping Congregationalist, and her children are taught to keep the Sabbath. She has in her home from twelve to fifteen children of various ages and twenty-five children, who are taken through the work of the eighth grade, and are encouraged when they leave her home to continue their education. Many of them she has herself helped through schools of higher education. Her pupils are not only taught in the school but are also taught to work, and the teacher must have general supervision over the work done by the children in the home.

This, then, is the work at ten dollars per month that calls Miss Rogers, who holds a certificate from the State of Wisconsin, to the position as instructor in her high school in the State.

Miss Rogers was graduated with honors from Milton College in 1909, the year following the graduation of Miss West. She was, by the way, a member of the class that first occupied the room and for building the new gymnasium.

As a teacher in a school for colored children she does not expect much social intercourse with people outside the home. Miss Rogers is now in Battle Creek, Mich., taking special work. Since she has been there, Mrs. Steele came for a short visit, and so they met and she was able to learn more about the work.

I wish you might all hear Miss Rogers talk of this work and feel her enthusiasm. She has any lingering fears that the world is fast growing worse and you don't feel that you can help it, let me tell you a secret: Go, as I did, and talk with some one who is doing something for somebody. That will help you see clearer and the world will look brighter to you.

The churches of Milton Junction and Farina will receive blessings, I am sure, through these members. All honor then to Doctor Crandall, Miss West, and Miss Rogers and to others like them who love the work of the Master rather than their own ease.

**Tract Society Field Work.**

**REV. D. BURDETT COON.**

**DEAR SABBATH RECORDER READER:**

I did not want to spend this month for the Tract Society in this way. There is opportunity for more missionary and Sabbath reform work right now in Battle Creek than there is in any other place I know of except the places where Dr. White and Miss West are working.

DeRuyter people have made me feel good. They gave me such a good reception and hearing. Last Friday evening we had a real good prayer meeting there. Probably not more than three people in the room said anything on the subject that I had chosen and talked about. But I didn't care. A good many people offered prayer and gave their personal testimonies. They showed that they were leaning on the Lord and meant to do his will. That was worth a great deal more than any of your cut and dried prayer meeting talks that do not have the ring of spiritual life and desire in them.

On Sabbath morning a good congregation gave the best of attention while I talked to them about the Sabbath question that is ever before the world. They adjourned their Sabbath school that day in order to give some of the opportunity of attending the afternoon service at Lincklaen Center, five miles away, where Pastor Wing is in the habit of preaching Sabbath afternoons. Here we had a great meeting.

The house was nearly full. I preach-

ed the Gospel for nearly an hour, and the folks didn't get tired.

Last Tuesday night a goodly company gathered in the DeRuyter church again, and I told them of some opportunities our people have in Battle Creek for doing missionary reform work.

I greatly enjoyed visiting the families of Deacon York and Deacon Crandall, and R. D. Burdick, and other good folks where I found them ready to talk over the Lord's work.

Of course you know that DeRuyter is a place of sacred memories. I saw there where my mother's grandfather and grandmother and many members of my families lie buried. It may not interest you to know that here was where my mother's father and mother were born; where they played when children, and where they went to school; where they courted and married.

It inspired me with a longing desire to do better work for the Master as I stood by the side of the monuments erected to the memories of Eld. L. R. Swimney and Eld. J. E. N. Buntin. The latter baptized my brother and myself and the Shaw boys and the Burdick boys and many other boys and girls on the prairies of Minnesota years ago. He was glad to spend his last days, even at great personal sacrifice, in serving the Lincklaen Church. It may be needful for me to say to you that DeRuyter Institute, now gone, did its full share in giving character and stability to that people. It furnished some of the best blood that went into the building of our churches and schools in the farther West and South. I do not wonder that DeRuyter people are good folks. They ought to be. The Lord has done great things for them.

Yes, the DeRuyter Church is alive and awake today to spiritual things. Their pastor, Brother Wing, is a live man who loves God and the Bible and the people. Would that we had a thousand more preachers like him.

**Battlefield, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1911.**

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in Jehovah for ever; for in Jehovah, even Jehovah, is a rock of ages."
Surely there is power in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ "to save the uttermost all them who come to him by faith."

The ten thousand and more Endeavorers who were present at this convention surely had shown in all the many addresses that were given by men of mind and of spirit.

The address by Rev. Ira Landrith of Nashville, Tenn., on "The Call for Fellowship," was a most masterful one, in which he showed that the call of the world to En-deous is a call to fellowship—a fellowship that should be the moving power to the salvation of the world. He showed that this spirit of true fellowship is the spirit of Christianity; and the spirit that will break down all the middle walls of partition that separate one people from another, so far as their oneness in Christ is concerned. Could all our Endeavorers have been present at that convention and caught the swing of the march of triumph, whether in the great audiences as they felt the power of the songs in which the multitude joined till all seemed to think and speak together of the wonderful things of the gospel; or out on the board walk at the close of the evening sessions, when in the midst of that great moving mass of humanity, one might come, as I do one night with the delegation from Nebraska, upon a group of Endeavorers marching together in the midst of the throng and singing the songs of Zion till all within sound of their melody seemed to be moved by it till with voice and feet they were keeping time and singing together. I doubt not, were made to remember God and home and truth anew—could our Endeavorers have felt such an inspiration, I believe there would be a new awakening along the line of our Endeavor work.

For points West of Chicago, proportional rates are made. For points nearer home, I would recommend buying mileage at two cents a mile) or traveling in parties of ten or more on one ticket at mileage rate.

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

Another Letter From Arkansas.

DEAR EDITOR:

As the train on which I was to leave Fouke is due to leave there at six o'clock Tuesday evening, we had our last service in the church Monday evening. However, we had been invited to preach at the "fish fry" on Tuesday and we gladly accepted the invitation. There were plenty of fish this time, as well as other good things to eat, and after each one had contributed something toward the preparation of the meal, we all sat down together around the table spread upon the ground. We were seated on wagon seats, chairs which had served that purpose, and blankets spread upon the ground.

All heads were bowed while we thanked our Father in heaven for the bountiful provisions which he has made for all our needs. I received the blessings of social and Christian fellowship. Then we ate and talked and laughed until Mr. Luther Davis, thinking we had eaten enough, assembled us at one end of the table for a picture.

After dinner, while some cleared away the remains of the dinner, others arranged the seats and blankets in a semi-circle for the service. We had brought our singing-books, and Mrs. Luther Davis led with her violin as we sang several gospel songs. My mind was filled with thoughts of the Master, and Galilee, and fishermen who became his disciples, and so, for a Scripture lesson, we read Matt. iv, 18-22 and John xii, 1-14.

After a few remarks by the leader, there followed a testimony meeting in which many, both young and old, took part. The spirit of consecration and of devotion to the Master's service ran through these testimonies like a golden thread uniting all our hearts and binding us closer to the loving heart of our Father. The benediction of that last service with the dear people at Fouke is upon me today.

The situation was ideal. Above us was the blue sky, seen through the branches of the trees which shaded us from the sun; the lake behind us and to the right, stretching away to the wood on the other shore; birds and insects joining in a chorus of song; and above all and best of all, the communion of kindred souls with each other and with the common Father in prayer and song and in glad testimony. Waves of thought and emotion circling out from that little service on the lake shore will reecho in eternity.

Fouke is one of our strong churches, and this was one of the best young people's society and a splendid year. Of course the Fouke young people had to yield the banner to the Milton Junction young people at Salem last year, but that is nothing to the discredit of the former, but only a greater honor to the latter to receive it from such a society. God bless the young people in all our societies. They are a royal company, and are in preparation for a great work—greater than they now comprehend, but by the leading of the Holy Spirit they will be fitted for the noble service that awaits them.

It was a great privilege to spend these days at Fouke, to visit in the homes of the people, to kneel with them in their beds of sick, to speak words of cheer and of hope to their young people, and to preach the Gospel.

I believe in the inspirational power of the pulpit; I believe also in a teaching ministry. Charles G. Finney said that when he was a young man, it seemed to him that the minister always began at the middle of his sermon; he took too much for granted on the part of the people; therefore, his message, not having been understood, was a failure. I tried to reveal the fundamental truths of the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and of salvation through Jesus Christ.

I had evidence that I had partially succeeded, at least in my purpose. I tried to sow the seed and am content to pass on to other fields, feeling that He who has nurtured the seed sown by others at Fouke will take care of that which I have committed to his care.

I have been at Little Prairie since Thursday, but I shall write about the work here later.

Sincerely,

A. J. C. Bond.

Plainfield, N. J., Aug. 10, 1911.

"Every realized promise of God is a stepping-stone to one yet unrealized."
A Brief History of General Conference.

SUSANNA MURPHY.

Special Endeavor meeting, Ashaway, R. I.

In 1801, at a yearly meeting, Eld. Henry Clarke of Brookfield, N. Y., forwarded a proposition to the Sabbath-keeping churches, to form an organization for the advancement of the Gospel and Sabbath-keeping in the United States. The plans of what resulted in our General Conference were not the workings of one day, or even one year. For many years the strong supporters of the faith pondered over the great question.

It was at Hopkinton, 1802, that the first real successful Conference was held. About seventy-eight people, representing seven churches, were present.

At this meeting the four churches—Newport, Hopkinton, New London and Brookfield—proposed the missionary movement, and Newport sent the first contribution, $20.00, towards that work. It was also voted at this meeting that a committee be appointed representing the churches of Hopkinton, Newport, Waterford, Cohasset, and Petersburg, with Eld. Abram Coon of Hopkinton as chairman, to report on some method of procedure. This committee recommended that missionaries be sent out, instructed and supported by the General Conference, that the Conference "circuit" year by year to Hopkinton, Petersburg and Piscataway, and that a copy of the report be sent to each church in the union.

In 1802, Eld. Henry Clarke of Brookfield, Dea. Daniel Babcock of Hopkinton, and two or three other brethren set forth the four following particulars in regard to the duties of the Conference:

1. The Conference shall be composed of as many messengers as the churches see fit to send.

2. The Conference, in itself, shall be self-governing, but its relations to the churches shall be advisory and helpful, and to the world missionary.

3. The financial relations of the churches to the Conference shall be voluntary, but the church where the Conference sits shall provide for the members while there.

4. The public proceedings shall be printed for the inspection of all, but when any unusual change is thought necessary, previous notice must be given by the Conference to the churches or by the churches to the Conference.

In the year 1805, the previous rules of Conference were revised and a standard Constitution was adopted. This consisted of ten articles which provided: (1) a name, the Sabbatarian General Conference; (2) for a yearly meeting, (3) that the Conference have only power to give counsel; (4) that in any given church the Conference and the church's yearly meeting be at the same time; (5) for the usual officers; (6) that each church have one vote, that of a majority of its members; (7) for the determination by Conference of controversies between churches; (8) for the report of the disorderly walk of non-resident members, by any church clerk having knowledge thereof; (9) that only immersed Sabbath-keepers are eligible to church membership; (10) for amendments to the Constitution and agreement of Conference and the churches.

Thus with a fixed Constitution the Conference began to thrive. Meetings were held yearly around at the different churches. The people became enthusiastic, and began to plan months ahead to attend the next Conference.

The first Conference held at Westminster was in 1873. At this Conference 174 delegates from 39 churches were present. At this Conference, in the next year, 250 delegates from 45 churches were present. In 1801, it was again held at Westminster with 190 delegates present. The subject of the opening address by the president, George R. Carpenter, was "The Counting of Our Forces." In 1809, the Ashaway Church again entertained 313 delegates. Pastor Clayton A. Burdick gave the address of welcome at this meeting. In 1902 occurred the one hundredth anniversary of the Conference at our home church, with 428 delegates present. Probably most of us can remember this meeting.

We all feel that Conference is a grand thing for Seventh-day Baptists. Let us be thankful that God has not been too far away for one and all of us to attend. Most of all, let us, the people of 1911, do our best to promote the welfare of our Sabbatarian General Conference.

How Can We as Young People be of Service to Conference?

HARRIS TAYLOR.

Special Endeavor meeting, Ashaway, R. I.

Let me give you a few thoughts which I have as to how we can help Conference.

Let us attend as many of the meetings as possible. If we are asked to go somewhere instead of to a meeting, let us rather go to the meeting. By our attendance others may be encouraged to go, too.

In the meetings we should be quiet and attentive, so that no one will lose interest or miss good thoughts. We can sing as well as we are able and swell the songs of praise. Also when there is responsive reading, we can be ready with our Bibles and join in the reading. This, too, will help. In the testimony meetings, if only a word or two, a testimony from each of us will encourage and put new heart into many, so may be downhearted or faltering. If they have every feeling that we are not good enough to speak in the company of so many good people, let us forget that and at least ask for help and prayers for our improvement.

We young people must learn all we can, from the meetings of the denomination and its work. Upon us, as such as we are, will fall the work in a few years; so we must be prepared for it that we may not fail.

Outside the meetings we will also have a good chance to be of service. We can be courteous and kind to every one. In order to be well acquainted with the churches and the work of our denomination we need to become better acquainted with all the people we can; for a broader knowledge of the workers will help us, as well as will the Conference.

Conference is to meet with our sister church and it may not need our individual help; but let us think that every little bit counts, and try to be neighborly and helpful in every way possible. If we see an opportunity, let us offer our services; also it might be well to offer them anyway to the officers of the General Conference, for there is an old adage that "many hands make light work," and if several things to be done, however small, are taken from a leader's duties, he can so much the better perform the large ones.

So let us one and all attend—the meetings and do the best we know how in behavior, attention, praise and testimony.

Problems of the Young People's Board.

E. MILDRED SAUNDERS.

Special Endeavor meeting, Ashaway, R. I.

The Young People's Board, like all other boards of its kind, has problems which discourage and at times almost baffle it. Perhaps one of the greatest is, How shall we create a universal interest among the societies of the denomination? This the board has tried to do during the past year by informing the different societies, through the association secretaries, of the work which it is trying to accomplish and the funds which are required to carry out its plans.

An effort has been made by the editor of the Young People's department of the SABBATH RECORDER to bring the societies into closer touch. The results of this effort have not been quite as remunerated for the time and energy expended.

Last year the young people in committee at Conference urged that the board do more definite work, that they place missionaries on the Southwestern field, and that they meet their needs before the societies.

According to this suggestion Rev. A. J. C. Bond has made a visit to the Southwestern field and reports great interest among the young people. He says they are earnest, eager, live young folks and can accomplish anything with their faith. The Fouke School is principally responsible for this zealous band of Christian workers.

Would that we had more such Christian Endeavorers who are not easily discouraged but have great faith that they are able to accomplish much.

Another problem of the board is, How can we train a band of consecrated young people who can be reliable and willing to do the field work, to visit the corner of the earth where their help is most needed, and trust lift up the standards of our young people who have not had the advantages of a Christian home, Christian community and above all a Christian Endeavor society in which to discuss the work of the denomination and their own shortcomings and blessings as Christians?

More interest in the regular prayer meet-
ings and committee work could be aroused if we all considered the needs of those about us and forgot for a time ourselves and everything pertaining to us.

I am confident that, when we are unselfish and try to lift those with whom we come in contact to a higher plane of living, we shall be a greater blessing, and our Christian Endeavor societies will prosper more than ever before.

The board asks: "Are we able to go to Conference with all our debts paid?" Yes, if each Endeavor society takes upon itself the anxiety and responsibility of the work; if each member does whatever he can, even though it may be a very little.

I think it would be an excellent plan for us to deny ourselves some pleasure or fancy each week and set the fund aside for some phase of the great work of our Young People's Board. Perhaps this will cost us a little self-denial, but if we are to follow Samuel and his example, we ought to be willing to give up any of our worldly fancies; for how little do we suffer in his cause in comparison with the sorrow and agony endured by our Master!

By all means, the Young People's Board and the great work which it is trying to accomplish, the most of the problems will be solved and all its needs met.

May we all as Christian Endeavorers be true to our pledge and true to the work of our denomination.

The Cloud With the Silver Lining.

A. ANNETTE LARKIN.

CHAPTER VI.

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Alice Annette Larkin.

July 31, 1911.

Colorado's one of the older boys ejaculated. "We're goin' to have some red an' blue buttons, what says 'Bring One' and 'Brought One' on 'em. An' we're goin' to run a race to see who can catch the new members. Spect we'll begin next week or maybe this. We've each got an em'ry chair side o' ours already, an' we got to see who can fill em first. Then, when the contes' is up, we're a-goin' to have a sosuhl with ice-cream an' cake. Now, will you go?"

"Guess maybe I will," Elbert replied, as he heard his mother calling him home. "An' me! "Sure I will!" the other boys joined in. And hands in their pockets, they went whistling down the road.

Edward exclaimed as they watched them go. "Yes, but just think of the fun!" His week before had been a job though; took a lot o' talkin' to get 'em to promise. Let me see, how many have I got now, most two boatloads I reckon. An' I promised them I'd go round by the bridge, but they won't go, row 'cross. Well, I mus' get to work a-filin' that wood-box." And this he promptly proceeded to do.

And, at the very same time that he was somewhat older leaned against the picket fence. Evidently there was some serious subject of conversation on hand, for Edward was continually interrupted by exclamations of "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "No siree!"

Only a few rods away the water of the quiet little river sparkled and glistened in the sunlight, as if inviting the boys for a row across to the opposite side. Any other time they would have eagerly accepted, but just now they were too busy to notice.

"Yes siree, sir!" Edward was saying, and, in his excitement, he slipped down from the stone post. "I'm sure a-goin' an' you fellows can do jus' as you like about it. But please remember that you can't say you ain't had any invite, that's all."

"Oh, go ahead with your nonsense," Elbert Jones answered. "I told you a long time ago that I was goin' fishin', so what you talkin' bout? That's lots more fun than goin' to a business meetin'."

And he began to chuckle.

"Hurrah! it's time for fishin'," Steve called next. "So get your line an' pole; The water's clear an' deep an' still Right down by Robin's Hole. Then, lots of sandy shore An' lovely speckled trout So quit your talkin' meetin', And get your fishin' pole."

"But how do you know when you never went to one in all your life?" Edward persisted when the song had ceased. "Miss Williams is the bes' super-nutenthere ever was; an' the dandles' teacher, too. Whew! but she don't read us a whole lot of things out of a book—necess not! She jus', talks to us like she was pretty well acquainted with boys an' girls. An say, she brings the greats' things to Junior to make us understand the lesson with. Las' week 'twas a lot o' stones with writin' on 'em, an' we took turns in tryin' to build an' em, wean' we took turns in tryin' to build a foundation for a house. The writin' tole what kind of things we wanted to put in our house. I can't remember all there was, only love an' kin'ness an' oh, lots of others! The week before had May he grant that we do not forbid them, For of such shall his kingdom be.

Edward Dickenson, aged nine, sat on the top of a stone post, swinging his bare legs back and forth while three other boys which is now declared by some to be too large. But if by adding this committee we could in some larger measure realize Doctor Conwell's ideal, we might well afford to dispense with some other committees. His ideal for Endeavorers is not new, and perhaps for some of us who are still in the dandies' teacher, too.

"And a few days away the water of the quiet little river sparkled and glistened in the sunlight, as if inviting the boys for a row across to the opposite side. Any other time they would have eagerly accepted, but just now they were too busy to notice.

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Miss Williams was trying to arrange her plans for the afternoon's business meeting. Yes, she had at last started a Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, and, as no one else seemed willing to take the superintendency, she had taken this responsibility upon herself. As yet, she had not met with very great success, for somehow the parents hadn't shown much interest in the plan, and, if the parents had little or no interest, how much noise, what could she expect of the children?

"How shall I arrange for?" she thought, as she placed a circle of chairs under the old elm trees on the front lawn, for here the meeting was to be held. "Let me see, there are the Davis children, and the Marvin twins, the Dunbar girls; yes, and the three Roger boys. I presume twelve seats will be more than ample. Oh, how I wish that so many of the girls and boys would come that we would not find chairs for them all! And I would know that they came purely out of interest, for they surely know nothing of the little treat that I have prepared for them."

Of course, she knew that many of the children in the Seventh-day Baptist families lived too far away to attend the Junior meetings, but there were many more whose homes were close by.

It was almost two o'clock when the little folks began to gather under the trees on the lawn. Yes, there were the Davis children—Elsie, the oldest, had been elected president—and the Marvins, the Dunbars, and the three Roger boys—not a new one among them all. She had guessed just right in arranging the twelve chairs, she thought, as she glanced up and down the road. But no one was in sight, although the sound of several voices came from down the river. But these voices were nothing to her; no one would come from that direction, it was too far off.

"But still the sound comes nearer," she said aloud, as she prepared to open the meeting. "I am afraid it will draw the attention away from our business."

And perhaps there was danger of that, for 'twas a chorus of lusty, boyish voices singing:

"Oh! sing a song of the ocean,
And give me a life on the bounding waves,
For a jolly Jack Tar I'll be.

"Then, ho, boys, ho! let us merrily row,
As we journey from sea to sea;
And never a stand will we take on land,
For jolly Jack Tar are we."

"They must have good, strong lungs," Miss Williams said, as she listened to their voices, "and their voices wouldn't carry so far. Well, Elsie, I think you had better call the meeting to order before we have any interruptions. It sounds as though those voices were coming nearer all the time. Probably some of our older boys are out for a lark this afternoon. All ready—"

But here she stopped, for the lusty young voices sounded very near this time; and they were singing, not the song of Jack Tar, but—

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are coming,
Last in you'll hear their jolly song;
'Tis a happy band and bright, full of joy from morn till night,
While we are marching along."

"What can it mean?" Miss Williams said, as she looked in the direction from whence the sounds came. "We might just as well put off our meeting until they go by, for we surely couldn't do any business with so much noise around."

"Oh, Miss Williams!" Raymond Davis cried, pointing down the road, "Jus' look-a there! It's Edward Dickenson, but how many boys has he got with him? Jus' look quick!"

And no wonder that Raymond was excited, for there, in a long, straight line, each following closely behind the other, were fourteen boys of various ages. And Edward, proudly leading the way, brought them up to the waiting business meeting.

"I did it, Miss Williams," he said, as he glanced back to be sure that no one had fallen out by the wayside. "I did it, but 'twas pretty hard at first. And I 'spect you'll have to have some more seats 'cause there's a lot o' girls coming, ain't it?"

"An' we're all a-coming to Junior nec' Sabbath an' every Sabbath, ain't we boys?"

"Sure!
Sure!"

The hearty response, as thirteen smiling boys threw themselves down on the grass by the river. By this time the nine girls from the other side of the river came up, and Miss Williams was indeed surprised and pleased.

"Why! I" she exclaimed, "I hadn't dreamed of having such a nice, large attendance this afternoon. I was afraid at first that we wouldn't have enough members to carry on the meeting. My, but I am proud of my little society!"

And she hurried around to make them all feel at home. Oh! how thankful she felt for this splendid addition to her little society. So the business meeting began, each one of the children joining eagerly in the plans to make the society a success. Then, when these plans were all completed, and Mrs. Williams appeared with a little treat of lemonade and cake, their happiness was complete.

And Miss Esther, sitting under a big elm tree on the deserted lawn two hours later, was almost as happy as the children.

"If the parents would only show as much interest and enthusiasm in trying to build things up here in Hazelton," she said to her father, who had joined her, "I believe that little church would grow to be one of the largest in the denomination. But just think what Edward Dickenson has done all of his own accord, and I imagine with no little urging, too, to bring thirteen boys, some much older than himself, clear over here in the opposite direction, to attend a business meeting. He surely deserves to be the captain of one side in the membership contest, and I am glad that he was chosen. He is a noble little fellow."

"And a little child shall lead them," Deacon Williams quoted, partly to himself, as he went back to the house. (To be continued.)

**News Notes.**

**Chicago, Ill.**—The Sabbath-school picnic was held in Lincoln Park, August 2. The Rev. Guy Crippen, of the University Church, occupied the pulpit, July 22. Our new church directory has just been printed. The Rev. W. D. Burdick of Evanston has been spending a few days here in the interest of the Sabbath Recorder. He preached July 20. Open-air meetings are being held at the mission.

**Independence, N. Y.**—The Ladies' Aid society at the First Christian church here has organized, and the Christian Endeavor society at theirs $5.50. The Rev. W. C. Whiford and Professor Clawson of Alfred, Me., were with preaching, while we wait the coming of our new pastor, Mr. L. O. Greene. He is expected to arrive here about the middle of August.

**First Westley (Dunn's Corner).**—The people of our church have had one lecture, one entertainment and one supper, the proceeds about $4.50. The Rev. W. C. Whiford preached for us frequently, since the death of our pastor. Others who have spoken are Rev. F. A. Van Horn, who came in the interests of the Tract Society, and H. C. Van Horn.

**Nile, N. Y.**—An ice-cream social was held in the church, July 13; proceeds $8.57. The Rev. Henry N. Jordan preached, July 8, in the interests of the Tract Society.

**The Greatest of All Stories.**

A private detective had this to say of his conversion:

"I never attended church, and the Bible was a strange book to me, so far as reading it was concerned. About ten days ago I saw a crowd gather around a preacher when I came out of the hall. On the third day I stopped to listen, wholly out of curiosity. The preacher told the story of the prodigal son and it gripped me with tremendous power. That story convinced me that God was willing to pardon the lowest and most miserable sinner if he repented in the right way and prayed. I did another thing which was a new one to me: I opened a Bible and began reading it, and suddenly discovered that it was the most interesting book I had ever read. Before I heard the story, my life was dark; now it is full of hope. The story of the prodigal son has changed my life."

"The story of the prodigal son is the greatest of all stories, for there is no greater and grander thing in the human language. It is the story that finds the heart: the story should be told oftener than it is. Let ministers of the Gospel and Christian workers tell the Bible stories oftener than they do, for the Master was a great teacher because he put the profoundest truth in the simplest form. There is mighty saving power in these stories. The most untutored can understand them. The most devilish can be touched by them. The most indifferent can be interested by them. The story that does us good is the story that reaches the heart—New York Observer."

Faith is to believe what we do not see and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.—St. Augustine.
Billy and I.

Billy and I are the greatest of friends, we live on the same street; in the very same yard, though not the same house.

We are often accustomed to meet.

You have probably seen us in Willowby Lane, for together we go out to ride; we canter along and gallop and trot.

Though sometimes we walk side by side.

When apples are plenty and pears fit to eat, we canter along and

And sometimes this Billy will get more than his share.

For together we always have captured our share; it’s true.

For his age could not have been more than a dozen.

The animal was following him closely—he could hear his feet over the dried-leaves—

That the way home never was so long before, and that he wanted to see his mother.

He reached the top of the hill at last, and fairly flew down the other side.

What he thought of his mother, and the horses, and the rescue of the pheasant that he was on the way to save, he never did expect to kill a giant,

Uncle Sam gave him a new, shiny, red bowgun, and he thought the time had come for action.

He did not expect to kill a giant, Uncle Sam said there were none; that is, any wild ones.

He did think he might shoot a panther or possibly a tiger. He was sure if he looked about carefully he could find some wonderful game.

So he proudly shouldered the new red bowgun, took half a dozen of the very sharpest pointed arrows, and started over the hill to the poplar grove.

The leaves had turned from green to yellow; and how black the old pine stumps looked through them!

How strange it seemed! The rustling carpet of dried yellow leaves was not half as pretty as the soft grass and moss that covered the ground in summer, and he could not find even one bunchberry to tell of the starry white blossoms of the spring-time.

If I could only kill a panther now—no, I mean if I could only see one—of course I could kill it if I found it," thought brave Robbie.

Then as he stepped over a fallen log, an animal sprang up with a terrible hiss.

His heart stood still and he looked at the crouching animal. The eyes blazed and were fastened upon him with apparent anger and terror.

"It’s just like the color Uncle Sam said that lion was out West," Robbie thought, and with a look at his coat, "and it’s got a head just like a cat’s. Oh, dear me!"

Poor Robbie! He was not so brave now.

He stopped just long enough to see that the animal did not mean to run away, then dropped his new red bowgun and ran.

Three things he was quite sure of—

That the animal was following him closely—he could hear his feet over the dried-leaves—

That the way home never was so long before, and that he wanted to see his mother.

He reached the top of the hill at last, and fairly flew down the other side.

What a long time it took him to reach the orchard where John was picking apples! "O John! O mother!" he gasped, and then—

"Me-ow! Me-ow!"

"Where did you find Aunt Mary’s cat? She will be so glad!" cried mother.

"Is—is that her cat?" panted Robbie.

"Of course it is. There isn’t another cat like him in Maine. See what a beautiful yellow coat he has. He is the largest pussy I ever saw," said mother, as she took a basket to put him in.

"I think he is big," answered Robbie, truthfully, "but I never knew cats were that color."

His voice was beginning to be steady again.

Then he walked slowly back to find the new red bowgun, and he sat on a fallen log awhile to think about it.—Marguerite Anderson, in Our Dumb Animals.

Our Prayer.

Lord, I thank thee for the night, And the pleasant morning light, For food and both and loving care, And all that makes the day so fair. Help me, Lord, to love thee more Than ever I loved before; In my work and in my play Be thou with me through the day. —Christian Advocate.
Damaris Bliss, wife of John Bliss, a parcel of land in the precincts of Newport.

We see the blood of the early pioneers of New England and of Seventh-day Baptists largely coursed in Brother Bliss' veins and we could readily expect to find in him a patriotic citizen, a Seventh-day Baptist Christian, and an industrious, hard laborer, with the strong mechanical tendencies which were early manifested by him in the use of tools.

When about fourteen years of age he was baptized by Rev. James Bailey, the pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Little Genesea.

His education was largely obtained in the district school, and at Alfred Academy during 1856-58. In the meantime he taught at Stanard's Corners, Alfred Station, and later at Bolivar.

In September, 1863, he was married to Sarah M. Humphrey, and they only lacked until the next September of completing fifty years of wedded life. In the spring of '62 they settled on a farm in the town of Clarksville, just over the line from the town of George. Genesee. In 1865, he moved to Melrose, and continued his connection with that church for the pastorate of which he manifested great zeal and aptitude.

While he was a young man he was a fearless believer, a devoted husband and loving father who, in the weakness and infirmities of age, has lain off the militant spirit. In 1878, he was appointed by request of the Chief Captain and receive his new commission in the heavenly host.

I. L. C.

Home News.

ROCKVILLE, R. I. — The Sabbath Recorder is the best paper in all the world for me. I enjoy especially the Home News and the News Notes. We are glad when the paper is filled with matter from our own Seventh-day Baptist people.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in an address before a graduating class in New York, gave some excellent advice to the young men on how to attain success in life. Among other good things he said:

"There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all their duty; and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more.

"There are many great pianists, but Paderewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race-horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is the little more that wins. So it is with the young and old men who do a little more than their duty.

"No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. You young lads have begun well. Keep on. Don't bother about the future. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself." — The Brotherhood Star.

"If you see a fault in others, think of two of your own and do not add a third one by your hasty judgment."

"The hours of this present life are the ages in embryo of the life to come."

Get a Nurse's Training.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium offers the very best inducements to those who wish to qualify for nursing. Both men and women nurses are in increasing demand. Splendid opportunities for doing good, and at the same time earning a liberal salary. Specially favorable opening for Sabbath-keepers. For full information address the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

WANTED.

A number of Sabbath-keeping young men over eighteen years of age, are desirous of entering the training school, and call boys and elevator service. In writing please mention age and line of work in which you are interested. Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.
SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 19, 1911.

JEREMIAH CAST INTO PRISON.

Jer. xxvii, 1-21.

Golden Text.—“Blessed are ye when they shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.” Matt. v, 11.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Jer. xxix, 1-15.
Second-day, Jer. xxix, 16-14.
Third-day, Jer. xxix, 15-34.
Fourth-day, Jer. xxx, 1-10.
Fifth-day, Jer. xxx, 11-26.
Sixth-day, Jer. xxxi, 1-22.

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand.)

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2:30 o’clock in their Hall, No. 324 Water Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 State Street.

The Seventeenth-century Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10 a.m. Preaching service at 11:30 a.m. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. W. H. Van Horn, pastor, 1045 Southern Boulevard.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Fortieth streets, at 2:30 o’clock. Visitors are most cordially welcomed.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church in Madison, Wis., meets regularly Sabbath afternoon at 2:30 o’clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all strangers in the city. For place of meeting, inquire of the superintendent, H. W. Rodd, at 118 South Milla Street.

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 49th Street and Montana Avenue. Every Sabbath afternoon, Sabbath school at 2 o’clock, preaching at 3. Everybody welcome.

Plastics, 354 Madison avenue, pastor’s apartments in State and Chestnut streets, Long Beach, Cal.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p.m. Christian Endeavor Society meets in the afternoon. Rev. A. E. Main (opposite Sanitarium), 2nd floor, every Friday evening at 8 o’clock. Visitors are always welcome.

Rev. D. Burnett Coon, pastor, 19 Howland St.

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NO WATER TO HEAT
NO RUBBER TO ROT

WELKOM WARMER OUTFIT

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By placing the Welmom on the affected part, the heat being dry, not moist, RAKES out the cold. Physically only that the best form of the two.

The Welmom will not curl but aggravate the ailments among men.

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