July 7, 1913

The Sabbath Recorder

All will be well.

All will be well. I heard this blest assurance,
Flung o'er the borders of the unseen spheres;
It gave me faith and courage and endurance
To walk serenely on and meet the years,
Like the sweet voice of some consoling spirit.
Down through the silence of the night it fell:
My soul's fine ear was rightly tuned to hear it:
All will be well.

All will be well. Why should we ever doubt it?
There were no blunders in creation's plan.
When God's vast mind conceived and went about it
He was not aided or controlled by man.
The stars that move in such immortal beauty
Through their appointed pathways, seem to tell
Our questioning souls, if we but do our duty
All will be well.

All will be well. Let not our heart be troubled
By passing clouds, or shadows that may fall.
We must press bravely on with faith redoubled;
The glorious end will justify it all.
I will believe that voice from heaven's portal,
Clear as the utterance of a silver bell;
It spoke to me a truth that is immortal:
All will be well.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
American Sabbath Tract Society

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A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons, for Juniors. Conducted by the Sabbath School Board of the Seventh-Day Baptist General Conference. Price, 15 cents per year; 5 cents per quarter.

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The Seventh-Day Baptist Memorial Fund

A fund was established in 1911 for the purpose of providing a weekly allowance of $3.00 per week, including room and use of furniture, to the offspring of deceased Sabbath-day workers, suffering from sickness or poverty; also to aid in the support of children of ministers who have fallen and are being dragged along in dirt and mire in a most heartless manner, while agony and despair are expressed on every face and enacted in every motion. Note is made of his action. There are thousands upon thousands in America who might have done as William J. Bryan did at his grape juice banquet, and yet not have attracted any attention whatever. But when the highest official in the President's Cabinet takes such a stand, people all over the land stop and open their eyes and men in the liquor business are startled almost to the panic point.

It is not at all so when a young millionaire steps out from the rank and file of the Protestant Episcopal Church, becomes a member of the Anti-Saloon League, and spends money liberally in fighting the saloon, even of the most noted fortune by securing the action of his denominational convention squarely against the liquor traffic. This has been done by William F. Cochran, thirty-seven years old, who is devoting his life and inherited fortune to religious and reform work. The information is given by the Anti-Saloon League of Maryland.

The challenge referred to in our heading is in the form of a half-page advertisement to be run in the Baltimore News of April 19, and is designed and paid for by Mr. Cochran. It is one of the most telling things against the saloon, and one of the most effective presentations to business men to the church, of the need and folly of licensing a universally recognized evil, that we have ever seen. It challenges every business man and every church member to take up arms against the saloon, and the center is a picture of the typical blear-faced rum-seller, with his bartender's apron on, swinging a banner in one hand bearing the device, "Personal Freedom." In his other hand are clustered the ends of a number of iron chains, each one of which is riveted around the wrist or neck of some victim in the procession behind him, whom he, with a great braggadocio air, is mercilessly dragging after him. Maxi and the professions have fallen and are being dragged along in dirt and mire in a most heartless manner, while agony and despair are expressed on every face and enacted in every motion.

This picture truthfully represents what the licensed saloon is doing in our cities, and for that matter, what it is doing in the country wherever it is allowed to exist. Indeed, the natural result of a liquor saloon in any community is the binding, as with fetters of iron, of scores of victims who are unable to break away, and who are being dragged as by an irresistible force to their doom.

From the ten or twelve paragraphs that surmount this picture, printed in large clear type, we select the following:

The saloon has been winked at in the past, even by scores of conscious reputable Christian business men, on the score that this is a legitimate means of keeping down their taxes. " Truly our saloon civilization, rotting in its luxury, is condoned by the sin of Cain. There is no law against the liquor figures. They are inviolate."

Who is to blame? the saloon-keeper and the brewer he represents, or the smug, self-satisfied church member with reference to the problem, i.e., the commercialized aspect of the question—the man, who, for gain, is willing to exploit the appetites and weaknesses of his fel­low-men in a society that is willing to per­mit it? They now acknowledge that legis­lation, not moral suasion, is the only means of bringing this evil to an end.

The Church is now facing her last chance to take credit for banning this legalized evil. Says another great preach­er: "The Sociologist who discusses academically civic problems by leaving out that liquor figures is a charlatan. And the social worker who is ambitious to do settlement work, but is ever in fear of the liquor figures, is a most obviously aggressive and relentless source of poverty, crime and degradation, is self-deluded, and will prove an incompetent, if not unsafe, of its influence on the community."

American Sabbath Tract Society

Fortified with the approval of a number of prominent men and women, the American Sabbath Tract Society was organized at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1855. The founders were Rev. J. W. Milles, Rev. W. C. Whitfield, Rev. W. T. Smith, Rev. Chas. A. Hubbard, Rev. Geo. W. Post, Rev. Geo. W. Hunt, and others.

A search through the library of this society will show a vast collection of literature of the most modern and educational character, which is ever ready to be distributed among its friends. We are now in possession of over thirty thousand copies of our new annual, "HOMES OF THE ANGELS." This is just an estimated number, for the work is done in a most business-like manner, and the printing is cheap. The price of the annual is $1.00 per copy, $1.50 per dozen, and $2.00 per hundred. A number of copies of our annual are available for sale.

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

VOL. 75, NO. 1.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JULY 7, 1913.

WHOLE NO. 3,566.

A Strong Challenge

It is so unusual for a young millionaire to devote his money and time to temperance reform, that when one does so in a strong, striking manner, people are compelled to give the fact some attention. The more prominent a man is when he takes positive stand against the liquor traffic, the more that his action is noticed. There are thousands upon thousands in America who might have done as William J. Bryan did at his grape juice banquet, and yet not have attracted any attention whatever. But when the highest official in the President's Cabinet takes such a stand, people all over the land stop and open their eyes and men in the liquor business are startled almost to the panic point.

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A Strong Challenge
leader. It is by the decree of the economist, of the good statesman, the boasted practical man of business, the manager of railroads and the directors of banks, that the saloon has got to go.

Who can think of a decent excuse for licensing the most destructive and blighting institution in our social life, an institution without one redeeming quality, one that is the greatest supporter of the social evil, and the breeding nest of every demoralizing crime? By general assent every civilized Christian community regards the liquor traffic as the greatest source of crime and misery in all the world, and yet we find it licensed in many a community that claims to be Christian!

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An All-assuring Faith.

Spurgeon used to tell the story of an old lady whose faith in God was sufficient to carry her through the most extraordinary and alarming trials without her showing any signs of fear. During an earthquake that put many of her town in a terrible panic, they were much impressed with her perfect calmness. One of them asked her if she were not afraid, when she promptly replied: "No, I rejoice to know that I have a God who can shake the world."

This was the classic faith of faith. One must live very much in the spiritual realm, and realize that this physical life is only a mere incident to the real life, in order to rest fully in the everlasting arms as did this mother in Israel. Yet there are those who so live. It is a great thing to live so near to God, and to rest in such full assurance of his protection even though the world perish, as to rise above all fear, and to have perfect protection for care. Martyrs in all ages have been enabled to do this, and thousands of God's children today rest in perfect peace with Jehovah, even though physical death in its most frightful form stares them in the face.

"Perfect love casteth out fear," and God is no respecter of persons. If many of his children are enabled by divine grace to live above misunderstandings and fears as to their future, and enjoy the sweet assurance of safety in his presence, no matter how dark the day or how alarming the conditions, then others may do the same. We are robbed of the perfect peace that always comes through perfect trust, simply because we do not live near to God. We allow the worries and cares of life, or the ambitions of this world, or the pleasure to crowd God out of our hearts. Hence we miss the blessings of an all-assuring faith.

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Installation Services at New Market.

On Sabbath, June 28, in the Old Piscataway church at New Market, were held the installation services for the new pastor, Rev. H. L. Polan. For a month and a half, since the departure of Brother Jordan, the church had been pastorless, excepting as the pulpit was filled by temporary supplies. The year had shown charge of the services one Sabbath, and children's day exercises had occupied another.

As the time drew near, all eyes were turned toward the coming of the new pastor and his wife. Mr. Polan had been called from the theological department of Alfred, with the understanding that he complete his studies in the seminary in New York City. A program had been prepared for the occasion, with special music, an address regarding the relations of pastor and people by the editor of the Sabbath Recorder, an address of welcome by Jesus F. Randall, pastor of that parish, and a response by Pastor Polan. The communion service had been postponed one week in order that the new pastor and his wife might enjoy it with the friends, and letters and addresses were extended to them by the right hand of fellowship given in the name of the church. The communion service was a precious season, greatly enjoyed by all present.

The main address, Brother Jesus Randall extended a cordial welcome to the new pastor. He referred to the days when, as a young man, he left his West Virginia home for Jackson Center, Ohio, and was befriended among strangers. He was welcomed to the home of Mr. Polan's father, who met him at the station and helped him to get started in the world. This kindness of years ago, shown by the new pastor's father, has strengthened the cord of friendship that now binds Brother Randolph to the son of his old benefactor. In keeping with the maxims that teaches us to do a kindness to some one else when we can not do one for him who has been kind to us, Brother Randolph said he was glad to be able to return to the son a similar favor to that received years ago from his father. He therefore extended a warm welcome to the new pastor coming as he does among strangers to take up the Master's work. To all the auxiliary organizations of the church, to the Sabbath school, to the young people's societies, to the social and missionary phases of the work, he bid the new pastor a most cordial welcome, and expressed the hope that he would find willing hearts and ready workers to help him as he might need, and to hold up his hands.

RESPONSE BY THE PASTOR.

At the close of Mr. Randolph's remarks of welcome, Brother Polan responded in substance as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure to be with this historic church in New Market, where so many able and worthy men have served the Master in both the pulpit and the pew. I have listened with much interest to the address setting forth the responsibility of a pastor, and can assure you that the speech has not only expressed the feelings of my own heart, as I come among you to take up this work. I do feel the burden of responsibility, and take up the work with the prayer that God may lead me to be a true shepherd of this flock. We are not new entered, but our hearts are in the work. It was with reluctance that we left the friends at Hartsville and Hornell, who earnestly desired that we should remain with them. But when we were advised to go on an account of the superior opportunity offered here for a thorough preparation for life's work, the friends there yielded in a spirit of loyalty to our good cause. One friend there gave expression to a thought that did us good. It was this: "I am glad you are going to leave with everybody feeling right-about it."

Entering this field where Pastor Jordan has served so long and so well, I am aware this invitation is made. To this we shall not object, for it will be perfectly natural. We can not do as Pastor Jordan did; we shall simply be ourselves and do the very best we can. If we please you, tell others; if we do not please you, please tell us. Dean Main sometimes advises the boys, "Be yourself," but he is almost sure to add, "Be your constantly improving self." This is what we shall try to do in this pastorate, whether our stay among you be long or short.

I am glad to renew the acquaintance begun here last fall at the Eastern Association, and to have our duty assigned to our part. In closing, I can do no better than to read from the third chapter of Ephesians these words, as expressing my thought: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth, is that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

RECEPTION IN THE EVENING.

At eight o'clock in the evening after the Sabbath, a reception for the new pastor and his family was given by the ladies and young men and lads.

A large company of friends, including several from Plainfield, spent a pleasant social evening, made enjoyable by music and song and acquaintance-making. Refreshments were served by the ladies' society, and every one seemed to feel well pleased with the experiences of the first Sabbath with the pastor and his wife.

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Mutual Dependence of Pulpit and Pew.

Installation Sermon, New Market, N. J.

And he commanded us to preach unto the people. Acts viii. 18.


This church has requested me to conduct this installation service by which a new pastor is to be formally introduced to his congregation, and from which service it is to go forth as the shepherd of this flock.

Nothing can be more appropriate than a few words just now upon the importance of the pastor's office and upon the mutual relations of pastor and people that must be regarded if the church is to prosper.
First, then, let us look at the responsibilities and duties of a pastor. Among the very last words of Christ, the great Shepherd, was the command: “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” The disciples followed their divine pattern in his work of preaching and teaching, witnessing his faithful loving ministries, and learning something of the responsibilities of light-bearers in a world of darkness, until the day of his ascension. They had heard his instruction to take the power from on high, before beginning to preach, and judging from the spirit and manner of their work after he had gone, they must have realized something of the responsibility resting upon the preacher. We hear them saying, in the words of our text, “And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which is ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. For this is the work of God, which God has committed unto me, saying, 'Be thou my witness against this people, and against Jerusalem, and against Judah, and against the kings of Israel, that I take the remnant of Israel, and will cause you to inherit it for your servants Jacob’s heritage. For the land shall be desolate many years; and at the end thereof shall the land enjoy her sabbaths, even three score and ten years. And I will cause to cease from before mine eyes the noise of thy songs, and the feasting of thy feasts: and I will make the cities desolate, and the holy places desolate, and the whole land a desolation. Then shall they know that I am the Lord, when I shall have made the land desolate, and the mountain shall be desolate even as the valley; yea, and I will turn the cities of Judah, and the cities of Jerusalem, into desolation and a desolate waste.’”

And so it must be before the work of the church can be completed, as Paul said of himself: “...for I am now living, as Paul the apostle, and I have received the spirit of revelation, the spirit of prophecy, and the gift of tongues, as a witness before the Lord.” The grand old missionary to the Gentiles, Paul, the “servant of God, and apostle of Jesus Christ, according to the calling of our salvation,” is quoted by the inspired author of the Holy Writ, Peter, as saying: “I see the ungodly and the sinner shall come even to his judgment.” The great Apostle, according to his divine calling, gave his life to the task of “winning the world to Christ, and to build up the church of Christ in every place, and to bring sinners to repentance, and to prepare them for the kingdom of heaven.”

Sotho, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore shalt thou hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say to the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, thou art indeed a wretched man. But if thou wast warning the wicked, and he stirreth not from his way, and thou warnest him, and he stirreth not from his way, then shall thou be lifted up in thy mind; but his blood will I require at thy hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul. Therefore, O thou son of man, speak unto the house of Israel: Thus ye speak, saying, If our transgressions and our sins be upon us, and we pine away in them, how should we then live?”

Thus, in the most graphic manner, does this chapter of Holy Writ set forth the duties and responsibilities of a servant of God who stands as a spokesman and teacher unto the people. And wherever we find a consecrated under-shepherd whose life has been dedicated to the work of the gospel ministry, there you see one who feels keenly his burden of responsibility. This was especially true of a young man when called to his first pastorate. He comes with fear and trembling, borne down with the all-absorbing desire to become a means of blessing to the flock and a bringer of salvation to those who are without. Undoubtedly, Brother Polan has come in the spirit of him who said, “My heart’s desire and prayer to God for Israel, is that they might be saved,” and he too has probably determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

You expect your pastor to be zealous in every good work. You wish him to be brave and wise, and constant, as he mingles with the flock to which he is called, and as he goes about among the people of your town. The pastor should be a spiritual man, so consecrated that he is ready to spend and be spent for the good of others. He must therefore be unselfish and sympathetic, ready to lend a helping hand and to speak words of comfort and good cheer as occasions for so-doing are offered. The pastor of today must have the heart’s desire to magnify his calling, and you feel that the success of this church depends largely upon his ability to fulfill the conditions that make successful leadership. But you in the pews must not forget that both the present success and the future worth of this dear old church depend quite as much upon the pastors as upon the pulpits. There is a wonderful suggestion in Christ’s words, “Take heed therefore how ye hear.” Do not remember that he ever gave such a warning to those he sent out to preach, but after preaching about the seed-sowing and the different soil upon which the good seed falls, he lifted up a voice of warning “Take heed how ye hear!” just as though the effect of the Gospel, the good results of preaching, depend upon the way we hear.

Preaching will be an utter failure so far as soul-saving is concerned without brave hearers. Sometimes I think bravery in the pews is quite as necessary as bravery in the pulpit. We hear a good deal about the lack of moral courage in the pulpit, and the claim is made that preachers are not brave enough to preach against popular sins. If all hearers were as brave as accepting the truth as David was when Nathan the prophet spoke, there would be more prophets willing to speak against besetting sins. Let us not forget that moral heroes in the pews are quite as essential to the success of the Gospel as are courageous men in the pulpit.

After three years of faithful preaching and teaching by the great Teacher, in the exercise of his unexcelled eloquence and earnestness, while he spake as never man spake, one little upper chamber held all his church. The fault was not with the preaching; it was undoubtedly with the hearers. Much good seed faithfully sown was wasted because of the soil.”

Even Paul’s masterly preaching that made Felix to tremble, was lost because he had a hesitating, excuse-making spirit, who said, “Go thy way for this time.”

The good work may be greatly hindered by listless, heartless people in the pews. I remember one or two hearers who never looked at the pastor while he was preaching. One was a woman who always sat by the window and kept her face turned away from the pulpit, looking out of doors. Another was a man. He too was a scholar; but somehow the sermon time at church had never been the only time he had to study his Sabbath-school lesson. He would not attend teachers’ class held every week by the pastor, but when Sabbath morning came, he was usually in his place on the right hand front seat from the pulpit, and invariably studied his quarterly or read in some paper or book during the sermon. A congregation made up of such hearers was a failure in life and spirit out of the best pastor in America. I shall never forget the inspiration and uplift that came to me by another listener. He was an aged minister whose name fifty years ago was as familiar as household words all through this denomination. His last years were spent where he sat under my ministry, right before me near the front. Here was a veteran who had served the church for a century, and yet was one of the most attentive, helpful listeners when he took his place in the pews. I shall never forget the spark of his keen eyes and the nod of his head as his attention was roused from the pulpit that touched his heart. Given a congregation of such attentive hearers, and the pulpit has a fair chance to
do a good work. But the sleepy pew, the indifferent pew, the selfish pew, and the empty pew, all these act as a handicap upon the pulpit. On the other hand, every true pastor in this land will say that much of his success is due to the listening pew. 'Take heed how ye hear.' Again, the people must cooperate with the pastor in his plans, and in his oversight of the flock. The hearers too must manifest an interest in the work of leading sinners to Christ, and wish to see the soul-saving work of the pastor crowned with success. A critical spirit on the part of parents may place their own children beyond the pastor's reach so he may not be able to lead them to Christ. It requires only a word sometimes in regard to the pastor and his sermons to destroy his influence over our children and to weaken the hold his teachings may have upon their consciences. Thus it becomes the pew, not only to take heed how they hear, but also to take heed what they say after they have heard. The pew will not necessarily be filled on the Sabbath and in prayer meetings with faithful hearers anxious to make the most of their pastor's efforts to reach the lost and to feed the hungry, and his success is well assured.

Finally, the people should aid their pastor by their prayers. No church member can do his pastor harm while in the spirit and service of prayer for his success. Before the pew can hinder the pulpit it must cease to pray for the pastor. When it does this, no overt act is necessary in order to weaken his hands and to take the life out of his preaching. A certain minister had seemed to lose his unction in the pulpit, and his efforts, the unfruitfulness of his efforts, the burden of his people felt about his loss of energy and the need to weaken his hands and to take the pew let me say again, 'Take heed therefore how ye hear.'

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The Secretary of the Navy Also With Bryan.

We are glad to note that, notwithstanding the many newspaper jibes at Secretary of State Bryan for his temperance principles, he was fully backed by the pulpit to approve his doings and to commend his example to others. This time it is the Secretary of the Navy, and these are his words as reported by some of the leading newspapers:

I advise all young men to follow the course set by our great Secretary of State. Secretary Bryan has 'refused meat from the king's table and the wine that would pay for that notable banquet to the diplomats of the several countries represented in the United States, he had the courage of his convictions and did not serve wine to those men who had been accustomed to having wine with their dinners. When, in explanation of his action, Bryan said that the men there assembled who had refrained, they stood up and applauded him. They were proud to be tendered a wineless dinner by a man who had followed the dictates of his conscience and lived up to his principles from boyhood.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Liberty Bell Mystery Solved at Last.

For half a century historians have been baffled in their efforts to solve the mystery regarding the famous Liberty Bell of Philadelphia. Some have asserted that its old crack now seen in the bell was made while tolting at the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall, on July 4, 1776, and not on July 4, 1776, as tradition has long asserted.

One of the letters written by Isaac Morris, dated March 10, 1753, after the bell was broken the first time, reads in part as follows:

It was cracked by the stroke of the clapper, without any other violence, as it was hung up to try the sound; though this was not very agreeable to. We concluded to send it back to London by Captain Budden, but he could not take it aboard, upon which two ingenious workmen undertook to mend it. As I am now informed that they have this day opened the mould and have got a good bell, which, I confess, please me very much. I have been upon many occasions, and succeed in the greatest bell cast, for ought I know, in England and America. The mould was taken with a very masterly manner, and the letters, I am told, are better than the old one.

The old Liberty Bell is just now being brought before the public through the discussions regarding its being taken for the Panama Exposition in 1915. Many protests have been sent in against its being exposed to the dangers of travel across the continent. Some metallurgists declare that the crack was caused by the jarring of railroad travel may cause the parts to fall apart. According to present reports from Philadelphia, the city authorities have decided to send the old relic as requested.

Allies at War With Each Other.

The Bulgarians began an invasion of Servian territory one day last week, and when the Servians saw them crossing the border the latter immediately put up a fierce fight. After a desperate battle the Bulgars broke and fled in confusion, leaving their dead and wounded behind.

The case by the day has grown more critical. Rumors that Rumania will support Servia against Bulgaria, have intensified the excitement. Papers with headlines,
"War has begun," continually add fuel to the flames. Reports come from London, July 1, of fighting along a front of 120 miles in Macedonia, between Bulgars on one side and Greeks and Serbs on the other. Each side accuses the other of beginning the conflict, but the outside world lays the blame for attacks, both upon the Servians and the Greeks.

Rumania took no part in the war with Turkey. She is one of the most powerful of the Balkan states, and the fact that she has now decided to support Servia and Greece and invade Bulgaria, makes the European situation exceedingly gloomy. Now, if ever, the powers of Europe will need to remain united and level-headed if a general catastrophe is to be averted. A few months ago the four allies were united, and side by side were conquering their common foe. It is too bad that now they have turned their guns upon one another in deadly conflict. No man can predict what the end will be.

All Eyes Are Turned Toward Gettysburg.

As we write this, fifty thousand veterans of the two armies are celebrating the first day's fight of the battle of Gettysburg, where 150,000 fought fifty years ago. How the aged veterans will be able to stand the fearful heat of this hot wave is causing considerable concern. The excitement of the reunion, too, is an element that, with old and feeble men, will have to be reckoned with.

We are glad to note that the military authorities have anticipated every want, and at great labor and cost have provided the best possible shelter for the men, and made every possible preparation to care for the sick. Surgeons and physicians are on the field in great numbers, and plenty of ambulances and field hospitals are at hand.

This first day is Reynolds' day, as Gen. John F. Reynolds, the hero of the first day's fight fifty years ago, fell on that day. He was the officer of the lowest rank who gave up his life in the battle. Reynolds was the only corps commander who knew Meade's plans, and he did much toward settling the question where the battle of Gettysburg should be fought. He was a man of keen insight and had not been on the field long before he decided to set the battle there. His loss at the beginning of the three days' fight was a great misfortune to the Union cause.

We are glad to see the announcement that at the last moment President Wilson has decided to visit Gettysburg and address the soldiers on the Fourth of July. Fifty years ago the great leader of the Confederate army in Gettysburg, Robert E. Lee, declared that the President of the United States, the "first man in the land," arouses great enthusiasm among the veterans on the old field; and he too is a son of old Virginia.

A Notable Convention.

In January, 1912, a convention at The Hague to devise plans for suppressing the international opium and cocaine traffic adjourned until some future call. This week the convention reassembles for the purpose of completing the work, if possible. Representatives of forty-four nations are expected to be present. The object is to ascertain whether a sufficient number of powers will join in taking the action of the international convention, to make the measure effective. The government of the Netherlands and the United States Government have been earnestly striving to secure the adherence of the other powers, until now all but two—Peru and Turkey—are in favor of the measure.

Italy is asking the United States to pay $6,000 to the widow of an Italian man named Angelo Albano, who was lynched in Tampa, Fla., on September 20, 1910. At the time of the lynching Albano was in the custody of an officer of this country. President Wilson and Secretary Bryan recommend to Congress the payment of the amount asked. This is done in view of the United States' action regarding other foreign victims of mobs in this country.

In 1895 J. B. Pringle, an Englishman, arrived at Ellis Island with others seeking a home in America, and finding a poor immigrant helped him to pass the customs by giving him $20. The poor man went to the Klondike and did well. He finally became a wealthy real estate man in California. Two years ago he died, and now Mr. Pringle is again on his way from England to America with a legacy of $8,000 left him by the one to whom he loaned the $20. In eighteen years his loan of friendship multiplied four hundred times.

On June 28 the treaty with Mexico expired and no steps are being taken to renew it. The Huerta government in Mexico has failed to make good, and the United States has hesitated to recognize it. What ever business is necessary to be enacted will be done through the Mexican diplomats, until Huerta proves himself able to establish a stable government beyond the Rio Grande.

The family of President Wilson left Washington on June 27, for their summer home, and arrived in the Netherlands. The President and Mr. Tumulty, his private secretary, will remain at the White House a part of the summer.

J. Sloat Fassett, former Congressman from New York, who visited the Philippines recently while on his round-the-world trip, returned to this country on the sixteenth, and makes an interesting report regarding that people. He says:

The Philippines are making great advancement under American rule. The clamoring for Philippine independence would only leave the islands alone, the situation would be much better. The United States is handling the Filipinos in splendid fashion. In fourteen years she has done more for the Filipinos than England ever did for any of her colonies in all the ages she has controlled foreign peoples. I have been visiting in India, and have learned something of the British rule there. The well-informed Filipino knows that he is better off just now under the control of the United States, and natives of this class do not want independence.

Alfred Theological Seminary.

The following is a summary of the annual report recently made to the president of Alfred University:

The teachers have been Rev. Arthur E. Main, dean, biblical theology and ethics, homiletics, pastoral theology; Rev. William C. Whitford, secretary, the Hebrew, Greek, and English Scriptures; and Rev. Walter L. Greene, church history, religious education.

Subjects taught: the Hebrew of the Old, and the Greek of the New Testament; the pinsulalement, and the wisdom literature, of the Old Testament; the origin and teaching of the Old Testament; Hebrew and Jewish history; religious education; Old Testament theology; New Testament theology; pastoral theology; theological introduction; homiletics; and the ethics of Jesus.

Students: eleven regularly enrolled; ten from the college and one from the agricultural school; a visitor from the Seminary; one from the college and four from the agricultural school met the dean, informally, Sunday afternoons.

Lectures: under the Abram Herbert Lewis Lectureship eight inspiring lectures were given,—four by Samuel Z. Batten, D. D., of Philadelphia, secretary for social service of the National Baptist Convention; and four by William C. Minifie, D. D. of London, England, minister, missionary, and lecturer.

The Seminary has been represented at the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, North Loup, Neb.; at the second quadrennial meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, Chicago, Ill.; at the annual convention of the Religious Education Association, Cleveland, Ohio; with the Baptist associations in different States; in the men and religion forward movement; in the faith and order movement; and at other near-by religious conventions.

The first books from the circulating library has again been about two hundred. We wish that this number might be doubled next year.

More good ministers; and educated religious workers, men and women, are greatly needed. And the Seminary needs an increased endowment to enable it to better meet growing demands in the way of a higher order of religious education and training for service.

Arthur E. Main.

Alfred, N. Y.

Once in a while the choirs get back at the minister. In a Connecticut church, the boisterous songs from the minister announced, just after the choir had sung its anthem, as his text, "Now when the uproar had ceased." The singers bided their time patiently, and, when the sermon was over, rose and sang in a most melodious fashion another anthem, thus singing, "Now it is high time to awake after sleep." —The Congregationalist.
SABBATH REFORM

One Sabbath.

The Old Testament Sabbath and the New Testament Sabbath are one and the same. There has been no change either in letter or in spirit. The law of God stands today the same that it was when spoken from Sinai. Men may invent plausible theories, but God's word, not man's, is always the test of truth. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—L. A. Smith.

Facts vs. Theories.

Referring to the great so-called "discovery" that the Jewish week was movable, and that the Sabbath was not, therefore, the seventh day of our week, it is a sufficient reply to say that when the Jewish week came into contact with the fixed week of Rome and other Western nations, the Jewish week was found to be identical with the Roman week, with this simple difference: The Jewish or Bible week began at sunset Saturday night, while the Roman week began at midnight of the same day. The inevitable conclusion is, therefore, that the Bible week is a fixed week.

Effort has also been made frequently in still Monday in London. Referring to the order of the days of the week, with this simple difference, the father of lies is always the test of truth.

Assaults on the Sabbath Repelled.

It is very difficult for most people to grasp the "Round the World" argument. It is also decidedly difficult, for one who does not understand it, to explain it to the average man in the street. Let us try to make it clear. Sunset ends the day. Imagine a man able to get around the world as fast as the sun. He starts from London going west as the sun is setting on Monday; he keeps up with the sun, so that to him the sun is still setting, but is never set and it therefore still remains Monday to him, and when he gets back to London it is still Monday to him; Londoners, however, will tell him that it is Tuesday, for to them the sun did set, twenty-four hours have passed, and it is setting again. Clearly a day has passed, and he must correct his calendar by skipping or losing a day.

Let him get round as fast as the sun, but going east he will meet the setting sun half-way round, and again in London; so to him two days have passed, but Londoners will tell him that it is Wednesday, for to them the sun did set, four hours ago. Again he must correct his calendar, this time by gaining or doubling a day. In practice, the traveler corrects the day as described, but long before he reaches London, he must begin crossing the "day line," an imaginary line from north to south through Behring Straits between Asia and America.

Long after the Monday sun has set to Jerusalem and Tuesday has begun, it is still Monday in London. God said the sun is to rule the day. When the day is ended in London it is still on in New York. Sunday begins in Jerusalem hours earlier than in London, but to him who has learned to love liberty as he "attended his father a considerable time in prison for the cause of conscience and religion," in the reign of Charles II.

Another six days' work is done, another Sabbath is begun.

Assaults on the Sabbath Repelled.

If Sunday can be kept (and we have never heard that disputed) it is an evident fact that the Sabbath can, for the Sabbath is just the day before Sunday. Besides all this, it must be evident that the merciful and Almighty God who made the world, the sun and the day, would not command man to do an impossibility. Therefore, when he commanded man to keep the Sabbath, telling him it is the last day of the week, it could not really be difficult for him to know and keep that day.—Sabbath Observer, London, Eng.

Deliverance of a Sabbath Keeper in Olden Time.

There were three generation of Sabbath observers in the Stennett family, of England, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Edward Stennett was a non-conformist Sabbatarian preacher, who studied medicine in order to gain a livelihood in those troublous times. His son, Joseph Stennett, born in 1663, was well known, who not only had written and preached, but had been in the assizes. His son's, Samuel Stennett, followed in the steps of his father, as pastor of the Sabbath-keeping congregation in London, and as a writer and poet. His pen it was that gave us the Sabbath hymn.

"Another six day's work is done, another Sabbath is begun."

and also that other familiar hymn,—

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned upon the Saviour's brow."

Edward Stennett kept the Sabbath in the olden days when non-conformity with the state church brought persecution. Of Joseph Stennett, it was said that he had learned to love liberty as he "attended his father a considerable time in prison for the cause of conscience and religion," in the reign of Charles II.

To the published "Works of Joseph Stennett" (London, 1732), some writer prefaced an account of Edward Stennett's life. "While I speak of his sufferings," says the writer, "it may not be amiss to present an account of one very extraordinary Deliverance he met with, which I have heard his son relate in the following manner":

He dwelt in the castle of Wallingford, a place where no warrant could make forcible entrance, but that of a lord chief justice; and the house was so situated that assemblies could meet, and every part of religious worship be exercised in it, without any danger of a legal conviction, unless informers were admitted, which was never done. For a long time he kept a constant and undisturbed meeting in his hall.

A gentleman who was in the commission of the peace, and his very near neighbor, being highly incensed at the continuance of an assembly of this kind so near him, after having made several fruitless attempts to get his emissaries admitted into the house in order to secure a conviction, gave the matter up, resolved to work together with a neighboring clergyman, upon doing it by subordination of witnesses.

They accordingly hired some persons fit for their purpose, to swear they had been at those assemblies, and heard prayer and preaching there, though they had never been in the house on those occasions. The clergyman's conduct in this affair was the more censured because he had professed a great deal of discretion, and was under considerable obligations to him, having often had his assistance in the way of his profession, as a physician for his family, without any reward.

Mr. Stennett, hearing an indictment was laid against him on the Conventicle Act, founded upon the oaths of several witnesses, and being well assured that nothing but perjury could support it, was resolved to traverse it, and accordingly did so.

The assizes were held at Newbury; and when the time drew near, there was great expectation that the success the gentlemen proposed to themselves: when on a sudden the scene was changed.

News came to the justice that his son, whom he had lately placed at Oxford, was this with prayer; the morning whereof, and the riding in search of him, prevented his attendance in the court.

The clergyman, a few days before the assizes, boasted much of the service which would be done to the church and the neighborhood by his prosecution, and of his own determination to be at Newbury to help carry it on; but to the surprise of many his design was frustrated by sudden death. One of the witnesses, who lived at Crompton, was also prevented, by being seized
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

with a violent and sad disease, of which he died. Another of those fell down and broke his leg, and so was hindered.

In short, of seven or eight persons engaged in this wicked design, there was but one left who was capable of appearing. He was one who, who, who had been frequently employed by Mr. Stennett at day labor, but never lodged in his house, nor was admitted to the religious assemblies held there. They thought to make him, as he was a servant to the family, a very natural evidence, and kept him in liquor for several days for that purpose.

But coming to his reason just as the assault drew on, he went about the town exclaiming, "Yield up your names and perjuries, as well as against those who had employed him; and absolutely refused to go. So that when Mr. Stennett came to Newbury, neither prosecutor nor witness appearing against him, he was discharged.

Many a time in those days of oppression, witnesses for truth and liberty of soul were constrained to sing with the Psalmist: "If it be aught of honor, who walks on our side, when men rise up against us: then they had swallowed us up quick." Ps. cxlv, 2, 3. But God was on the side of truth, and through dark days the torch of his justice, of his righteousness, of his love shed light, we gather courage and inspiration from the story of delivering mercies through the ages long past. The living God is still our God, and will be our guide unto the end.—W. A. S., in Review and Herald.

A diamond in the dark mine will shine no more than a paving-stone; but let one gleam of light come, and it will catch the ray. It is then only a reflection, nothing else. So with us. When we get away from Christ, we give forth no light; but let a beam of his light enter the soul, and it will instantly shine forth; we will reflect it.—Henry Morehouse.

"Only a great goal calls forth great endeavor. The loftiness of the Christ-ideal is the explanation of the nobility of the Christian life.

The Illumination of an Old Farm.

Not long ago, out there somewhere in the vast upper spaces of mystery, our Lord welcomed into His peaceful presence a man he was ready to glorify. Here on the earth the man who had been Doolittle; but the name was a misnomer, for in any kingdom of equity he surely would have been named Do-much.

"A CONSPIRACY OF FRIENDSHIP."

When, as a boy, I first met this man, he was a farmer, living a few miles from one of the most beautiful of our mid-Western villages, Delavan, Wis. Kipling, as far as I now recall the writers, could only have one who has grasped and perfectly expressed a boy's elusive nature, and it is folly for me to try. This much, though, I need to say: although only about twelve years old, at once I understood this farmer, once I pierced the clumsy disguise and discovered the real Bayard. Yet more strange, perhaps, he instantly seemed peculiarly to care for me. And thus, there and then, began a "swift conspiracy of friendship" between a man and a boy.

As an outcome of this friendship, the "old Doolittle farm" became a land of home extraordinary. To this home, at every twist and turn of things, I managed to hasten, staying for days, or weeks, or even months at a time. In the farmhouse, Mrs. Doolittle (who soon joined our conspiracy) gave me, "for my very own," a room and allowed me to carry out all my whims in arrangement. As I write, this room comes out clear-cut in memory; the low angle-bricked ceiling; the grating window; the oak-stained and heavily varnished furniture, "bought in Milwaukee"; the rag rugs, oval in shape, and somewhat humpy in places where the turns had been too quickly made; and on the wall, overwhelming the "family portraits," and commanding the whole room, a monster worsled watch pocket, having an intense grass-green background, and fronted with roses, puffed out like inflated cheeks, and as richly flaming as the body of a scarlet tanager.

In this room I kept some of my books; in this room I studied; in this room I dreamed a lad's dreams; in this room I threatened to do something in the world; yes, and later, in this little room I prepared (surely the word needs italics) my first sermon. A CHAPTER IN DEMOCRACY.

This old farm I want, if I can muster the gifts, so to illuminate as to make apparent some of its fine characteristics. The task merits the genius of John Millington Synge:

"He loves the open air, the rainless run Of wind and star; he loves the flying clouds; He goes companioned of the kindly sun, Erect, with head unbed."

This stanza from The Westerner, a noble poem by Edward Wilbur Mason, I quote because it exactly reminds me of the spirit of "Doolittle farm." You felt there the independent simplicity of a strong life in close and sensitive relations with the primary cosmic forces. In my bias of imagination, it often seemed to me that the horses on the farm and all the cattle even, showed an independent individuality quite unusual in such creatures. In any case, they all were so treated as to bring out the best innate qualities. Then, as the fact with many a Western farm, the general bearing of the place was aggressive. A bit of contention to make plain no meaning. A typical New England farm is protective and defensive. The whole combination has the air of a fortification. The house is joined to the wooded and the wall and barn. And so the farmer can do his "chores" and much other work snugly protected from cold and storm. By changing one line he could adopt the classic song:

"Then come the wild weather Come the sleet or come snow, We're safe under cover, However it blow."

But the Westerner is not so protected. He must take more chances with nature, and so he may gain more pliability and daring, and, possibly, develop the capacity to deal with things on a larger scale and with originality.

In those priceless Journals, now slowly coming from the Riverside Press, Emerson refers to a Western hotel where, on the wall of the dining-room, there was this notice: "No Gentleman Permitted to Sit at the Table Without His Coat." Of course, one quickly feels the deliciously unadulterated notice and the humor is even richer over against the Brahmanic dignity of "the Concord seer." Just imagine Ralph Waldo Emerson walking into that dining-room and reading that notice! But what I fail to understand is that there is any essential difference between us and all those tolerated sorts of negligence which, on any hot summer day, one can find at the polo grounds, or in a Wall Street office, or even in many a metropolitan restaurant. But, to use the Irish privilege and "drop the dispute before it begins," I will content myself by declaring that nothing finer have I ever seen than a coatless dimer, in harvest time, with James J. G. as his "farm hands" about him. No skill of mine is sufficiently full to reveal the open hospitality, the half concealed courtesy, the quick generosity, the spontaneous heartiness, the human fundamentalness of it all. It was a complete chapter in intrinsic democracy. The manners were democratic, the conversation was democratic, the very soul of the feast was democratic. Never was it a thing one man owned the farm and the other men worked for wages. James Doolittle was simply the perfect host and these unfurnished fellows were ravenously hungry. "Billy, your hands are forty again." "Oh, you kind old fellow, all the years the words are still charged with comradeship.

Thinking of harvest time there comes to my mind another scene. "Hands" were not the word to help one, by driving a team. Unfortunately we went too near a nest of bumblebees. They stung the horses and came at me. I lost control. The machine struck a stump and canted over; the driver was fuming sprawled. James Doolittle was on hand, as he was ever on hand, and his laughter sounded out louder than the whistle of the meadowlarks. He had no lofty notion of college education, and, in his own quiet, kindly manner, he rather enjoyed any harmless evidence of my practical inefficiency, but in this one instance his enjoyment was almost rollicking, for the situation appealed to all his laughter. And after he had especially the ensemble, was extremely comical (afterward he described it with gusto), the bees so very small and so furious, triumphant, the big mower so instantly and so queerly uncoupled, the horses so wildly plunging, and the terrified driver...
thrusting a dirt-flecked face up out of the tangle of crumpled grass.

PURE RELIGION

The religious life of "Doolittle farm" was rooted in moral integrity. With the utmost emphasis it should be said that the place was morally sound even in little things. Visiting the farm again and again, for more than twenty years, I never heard a false word spoken. And I never discovered any sly schemes to render small deceptions inevitable to some one. Life on that old farm was as frankly open to all concerned as a great prairie is open to all the winds. Nor was there any "trick with

"truth," such as sometimes was used in country trading. James Doolittle was not a David Harum. He was not "all-fired keen at a bargain." Not easily could he be fooled himself, but he had no ambition, in a tussle of wits, to win by cheating the other man.

In Wisconsin I once saw a patch of delicate cumbines growing on the sheer face of a rugged cliff. James Doolittle and that Wisconsin cliff are in my mind together, for his rugged character was adored by the most delicately beautiful thing belonging to the religious life, that is, reverence. On his farm no cheap trifling with sacred things was countenanced. He did not make Christ an easy commodity for pious country traders.

The mission in Wisconsin, of the world, and that the United States' drink bill for the last twenty-five years would buy all the farms and farm property in the United States today.

"Religion is a growth. Nobody becomes a saint overnight. We attain the character of Jesus only by degrees, and means full employment for time; and all eternity will be needed in becoming like him."

Mountain-tops are not to be inhabited; they are not for the homes of men. We ascend to catch a broader vision of our earthly surroundings, but we do not tarri there. The streams take their rise in these uplands, but quickly Descend to gladden the fields and valleys below, Drummond.

"It is estimated that the United States' drink bill for the last five years equals all the gold and silver money in the fifty leading nations of the world, and that the United States' girls would have been impressed, not, as in most other lands, to a missionary life in Japan, but by His discoveries that it was in the home of the younger one that he lived. Bitterly he asked her why she never told him about this Jesus, and she, confused, confesses she did not think of it. It is not our custom to devote ourselves to a missionary life in Japan, but by His persuades her she is more needed in America to awaken her own people to religion. He says that he came home to help make Japan like America, but now he will seek to make her different, for America is Christian only in name.

Those who saw these demonstrations were impressed with the widespread interest and the wholesome influences that were awakened by bringing in so many persons to impersonate the parts.

There was an effort to show every nation in its primitive condition, and how the Gospel of Jesus Christ has brought a better day.

The spirit of brotherhood seemed like the Spirit of God drawing the world together in Christian love and fellowship. Little we have seen of the impressiveness of the Fatherhood of God, the unity of mankind, and the lighting up of the dark places of the earth.

The atmosphere of deep religious feeling pervaded the day. The vast congregations seemed in striking contrast with that of the ordinary sight-seeking and pleasure-seeking crowds, and all who yielded to that influence must have been made better.

Moslem Lands.

POES MEET AND MINGLE IN MISSION SCHOOLS.

The mission schools bring together in surprisingly friendly relations representatives of nationalities that are at enmity. While the Bulgarians were fighting against the Turks a few weeks ago, in a school not many miles away in Turkey, Turkish, Armenian, and Moslem girls were sitting side by side, learning for soldiers that were fighting the Greeks. While they sewed, they joined in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and other songs learned in the school.

MOSLEM COLLEGE GIRLS.

In a recent letter to the friends of Constance College, the principal tells of two especially interesting Moslem girls,
who are among the students. One, who is in the Freshman class, is twenty years of age, and was three years in the preparatory department before entering the college. Her ambition is a medical course in the United States, and she is preparing herself by taking all the biology, chemistry and physics courses offered to the college men. She is an excellent student. The other Mohammedan girl is in the Junior class. She remarked not long ago, "If the Turks had begun sending young men and women to Robert College, even the Bulgarians did, we would not have been beaten in this war." Her father now lives in Browsa, where his gratitude has been greatly excited by all that American relief work under our Red Cross Society is doing for the refugees there. He recently remarked that he would like to fill Asia Minor with American schools. Asia Minor may be filled with schools on the American plan, and carried on by American methods, if the plan for a school of education connected with the college can be carried out.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

**Vacation Thoughts.**

MRS. W. C. DALAND.

The schools have closed, and with the children's release from desk and book has come the scorching midsummer heat. The effort of the school year has been succeeded by the languor which always marks the beginning of vacation. As I write these words, the torrid temperature seems more fitted to the equator than to New England. The solstices is at its lowest known point. To me, as to most housekeepers and mothers, vacation can not bring rest in the sense of cessation from work, but should it not bring something which is worth while? Should not the work be modified to fit the season and be lighter than at other periods of the year? Do most women act on this principle?

Thirty years ago, though the mercury might be mounting towards 90° in the shade, we mothers clothed our babies in layers of flannel because tradition insisted that babies could not be kept too warm and that all children had the unparnorable sin of the careless mother. I well remember with what a guilty yet determined feeling I followed the advice of a doctor who told me that more babies perished from heat than from cold, and taking off the covering blankets, dressed my first baby in garments of a texture which I myself found comfortable, but hot to the touch, and which I knew would not be too heavy for the climate. To that instinctive, emotional knowledge that the special work that women have to do in their homes seems to come at the time when heat is most oppressive or when nature most persistently urges us out of doors.

I am not blaming any one, of course, least of all my sisters. How can we help it? Houses have to be cleaned in order to be healthful; children have to be clothed; the family must be fed; and as to personal comfort during the season of the year, the wear grows in the summer? I have no theory to propound, no hints to give. I am only writing down some vacation thoughts suggested by the intense heat and the vision of thousands of tired women just entering upon what must be to them the hardest part of the year. Could women find a way to make the summer a delight, an interval of rest before settling down to good purpose work when cooler days shall arrive?

I wonder if another generation after this will see a change in this respect as undreamed of now as the innocuousness of abundantly fertile ground in the summer was undreamed of thirty years ago.

Perhaps some other reader of the Woman's Page may add some further vacation thoughts.

**Arctic Travel—A Parable.**

Peary, the Arctic explorer, on one occasion when he supposed that he was traveling northeast at the rate of ten miles a day, found that the ice floe on which he was moving, was itself drifting toward the equator at the rate of twelve miles a day. He was, in fact, daily being borne backward over the earth, miles away. He would not have discovered it if he had not looked skyward to take his bearings.

Everything may depend on our method of reckoning progress and on our heavenly guidance. The gage of any progress, or only on the earthly level, may even suppose that he is going forward, when he is in reality going backward; but he who keeps his eyes on God, and takes his reckoning by celestial standards is sure of his position and has a safe guide. On the worldly level there are no perfect and absolutely reliable landmarks; our observations and experiences need to be corrected by celestial interpretations.—*Selected.*

**Letter From North Loup, Neb.**

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

This letter is a personal one but may be published in the SABBATH RECORDER if you think best to do so. I shall not try to be consistent in reporting these personal matters but will write as things come to my mind. I have long ago learned that consistency that is indeed a jewel is often a shadow.

The following members of our congregation spent the winter in Texas: Henry S. Davis and wife, Herbert I. Greene and family, Maxson Greene, and wife, Orsen Davis and family, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Williams. The last two families are still at San Antonio, Tex. Orsen is reported to be in better health. Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Robbins spent the winter in Florida; and have just returned to Nebraska.

Henry Greene Tucker is in New York City, Rua Van Horn is in Chicago, Gay and Burr Larkin are at Cashmere, Wash. Vance and Whitney Kerr of Arkansas are spending the summer at Fort Collins, Colo. Henry Thorlindall is just returning from California, and his sister Hazel from a year spent at Ft. Collins, Colo. Henry Thorlindall is spending the summer at the home of his son in Boulder, Colo. Mrs. Geo. W. Hills and daughter, who have been here for some months, are now on their way to Cali­ornia, via Nortonville, Kan. Alice Greene and family have moved to Knowlton, Mont., to be neighbors of his brother Richard. Mamie Van Zandt and Chlo Greene are at home for the summer but will return to Montana soon. Alice Johnson will teach in the high school here. Arlie Thorlindall, Isabelle Brown, and Dora Johnson are home from Milton College. George White, who won the Junior Scholarship at Milton, will work on a farm there this summer. George Thorlindall, who has been teaching school at North Loup, is now plowing corn for Will Van Horn but will return to Milton for the school year. His sister Myra will be with
him this year—or should I say that he will be with Myra? E. D. Comstock Jr., that is, Ned, is now a teacher in the State School of Agriculture at Lincoln. John Clarke and family of Boulder have repom-
to North Loup. Oscar True Babcock is in Colorado for his health. Kate Babcock returned last night from North Hamp­
ton, Mass., where she has been in school. Fred Greene and Frank Wright and their families are now living out on the Van Horn ranch (my sorrel colt—Ginger—is out there also), and Charles Nelson has moved to the village and is working with C. W. Purdy for the Chicago Portrait Company. Harry Van Horn is now working on the Wheatcraft farm on Davis Creek. Glen Barber has sold his lease to Matthew Brown and has moved to the Edmund Davis place. Ed Stillman is on the Chipp farm. Moses Sayre is living with his son Burt who has bought the Clark farm at Pleasant Hill. Leal Larkin has the Potter place. David Davis has the farm where Jo Hansberry lived when you were pastor here. Irvin Webb took the place vacated by Orsen Davis. Henry Webb has traded his farm for the Upright place in town. Henry Williams is on a farm in Upper Mia Valley, but Claude will continue to live on Mr. Chase's farm. Charles Thorgate has traded his farm for unimproved land and is again living in the village. Mrs. Williams and wife occu­py the "Aunt Lois Greene." Mrs. C. A. L. Waberry and Mrs. R. L. Green are from satisfactory and sometimes even dis­couraging. Still this is a great church and Nebraska a great field. Twice in recent months the pastor has refused calls to other fields of labor, both of them personally very inviting. Sometimes I am very proud of the church here and then again I am heartily ashamed of her. I suspect the fact about the way the people here feel toward me.

You remember, Doctor Gardiner, that at Conference time you and I had our picture taken together with other men who have been pastors of this church, Oscar Babcock, E. A. Witter, J. A. Hurley and M. B. Kelly. Now this picture has been enlarg­ed and hangs near the memorial tablet of Geo. J. Crandall in the Sabbath-school room of the church. It puts me in good company.

Sometime I would like to see something here to make us remember Joseph P. Morton and A. B. Prentice.

You will see very few of our people at Conference. You may possibly meet more of them if you attend the association at Nortonville. I will stop right here before I think of more to write and before I am tempted to try to convey in the matter of the things that I have said and left unsaid.

Affectionately yours,

Geo. B. Shaw.

The S. D. B. Parsonage,
North Loup, Neb.
June 27, 1913.

P. S.—I must tell you of the memorial pulpit presented to the church on the fortieth anniversary of its organization.

The body of the pulpit is made from the redwood logs that supported the sod roof of the "dugout" that was the first home of the family of Charles P. Rood, for whom the memorial is made. The front columns are from oak trees from the Rood Ranch at Dakota, Wis. The bases and cap­itals of these columns are from the oak timbers that so long supported the bell on the "Gent's Hall" at Milton College. The top of the pulpit is from ceiling boards of the schoolhouse that served as church at Dakota, Wis. The ceiling that saw and heard the consecration to service of so many of our leaders and workers. The idea of having this memo­rial is from the man known to the Re­corder readers as "Uncle Oliver." The workmanship is that of Louis Rood. The expense was met by all the families de­scended from Charles P. Rood, whose life in the pioneer days at North Loup was such that a pulpit is not an inappropriate memorial.

The statue of the Lord Jesus was not of itself reached by work, and he who thinks to approach the mystical height by anxious effort is really reeding from it.

—Henry Drummond.

"Doubt is not a revelation of superior knowledge, but of inferior ignorance."
The Young People's Work

**Favorite Verses in the Prophetic Books.**

**REV. C. S. SAYRE.**

**Christian Endeavor topic for July 19, 1913.**


These surely are beautiful verses recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Hosea. How aptly they represent the sinner returning to God.

First we note the call to repentance, "Return to Jehovah thy God," and then the resolute decision of the penitent, who "will set his words and return unto Jehovah," pleads that he will take away his iniquity, and accept what he brings as an offering. See how he denounced the ways of sin which he had followed so long, trusting in Asshur, and in the horses, and in the strength of their hands, to which they said, "Ye are our gods." Then notice the gracious, merciful and forgiving spirit of God when he says, "I will heal their backsliding. I will love them freely."

Then what wonderful blessings are offered to them, "He (Israel) shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree," and many other delightful expressions showing how prosperous they shall be under the blessing of God. And then after this experience, so far superior to what he received in his sinful estate, he says, "What have I to do any more with idols?" Thus the prophet says: "Who is wise, that he may understand these things? prudent, that he may know them?" This brief review of the three periods of experience, as realized by the repentant sinner are well known to those who have made the trip. And to the true Endeavorer the question arises, How can we impress sinners with these truths? How can we help them to be wise, that they may understand these things? prudent, that they may know them?

What is your favorite verse of Scripture? What is your favorite chapter? Why do you like that particular verse? Why do you especially like that one particular chapter? Is it because they have a high sound to you? Is it because they read easy? Or is there a deeper meaning, a deeper reason?

Take your favorite verse or chapter to the meeting, and tell why it is your favorite. I'll guarantee that it will fit the subject; for the lesson covers the whole Christian experience. The call, the repentance, the forgiveness, the blessing, the experience, and the anxiety for others. Do not be content to simply repeat the verse, but tell why you like it. It will be a help to you and a help to others.

My favorite verse in the prophetic books is found in the last chapter of Revelation, the seventeenth verse, because it is an invitation to all classes, even those who have spoiled the grace and mercy of God, to come and take of the water of life freely. Now why is that other verse a favorite one with you?

Subscriptions.

The Milton society reports two more subscriptions to the Christian Endeavor World.

Meeting of the Young People's Board.

The Young People's Board met at the home of Miss Buten, June 15, at 1 p.m. Members present: F. I. Babcock, Linda Buten and Carrie Nelson.

Prayer was offered by Miss Nelson.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

Correspondence was read from Rev. Ed. E. Shaw, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, and the Religious Education Association.

It was voted that $25 be sent to the Missionary Society for Doctor Palmberg's salary; $10 to the Religious Education Association for Salem College; $10 to the Endeavor School, and that $10 be given to Mr. Babcock to help defray the expenses as he goes to his work on the Grand Marsh field.

Adjournment.

Carrie Nelson.

Recording Secretary.

News Notes.

FOURE, ARK.—It has been a long time since anything has been written about Fouke, but it is not because we have been idle. I know of no excuse for this neglect, only that your correspondent here is a poor one.

About six months ago we received the leaflets on Christian Endeavor Efficiency, and since then have been trying to follow the efficiency campaign systematically.

About the same time we had election of officers, followed in a short time by the examination of officers and committees on their respective leaflets. Most every one took the tests and passed with honors, but a few failed. This and the following examinations were conducted by an examining committee consisting of three honorary members, including the pastor.

Soon a second test was held and all the members were asked to be present to be examined on the first three leaflets, as required for the efficiency campaign. I am sorry to say that less than half the members taken effects, but more are expecting to try it soon.

An expert class of eight members has been formed. They meet the committee once a week and are examined on three leaflets. As present they have covered about half of the leaflets. Part of the tests have been written and part of them oral. Another class of experts will probably be formed soon.

The Missionary Committee has been conducting a Sunday school at Coopers schoolhouse, about three miles out of town. The Temperance Committee has material on hand preparatory to starting an oratorical contest. A silver medal is to be awarded the winner. The Social Committee planned an ice-cream social for June 18, at the home of C. G. Beard, but it was postponed indefinitely on account of sickness, S. J. Davis' family is very lived on account of infantile paralysis, and all social gatherings are forbidden by the health officer. We will hold no church services for a while. The Church Committee is a new committee with us, but it is doing excellent work in decorating the church each week and distributing flowers among the sick. The church was particularly well decorated on May 10, for our Children's day exercises. The townpeople, as well as our own, expect something extra each year in the way of decorations and entertainment when we have Children's day, and there was no room for disappointment this year.

The Missionary committee has recently completed the study of the Year Book as outlined by the Young People's Board.

These are some of the most noticeable plans and results of our work for the past six months, but each committee has been trying to increase its efficiency in its regular work.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Sabbath morning, June 7, installation services were held for Pastor Jordan. Three new members have recently joined the church by letter.—Sunday evening, June 8, the Brotherhood served shortcake and coffee to their members and visitors.—The pastor and his family are getting nicely settled in the parsonage.

GENTRY, ARK.—During the absence of Pastor Davis in the West and South the pastors of the Methodist and Baptist churches have preached for us.—The resignation of Pastor Davis, however, June 30, has been accepted by the church. The church has been canvassed concerning the matter of securing a new pastor.—Northwest Arkansas has been favored with another "Blueberry" fruit, strawberries and peaches being specialties.

WEST EDMESTON, N. Y.—An entertainment, consisting of music, readings, and an illustrated lecture by Pastor Davis and daughter, was given under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society in the church on June 5. A silver medal was awarded to Miss L. B., the winner of the contest. A silver medal is to be awarded the winner. The Social Committee planned an ice-cream social for June 18, at the home of C. G. Beard, but it was postponed indefinitely on account of sickness, S. J. Davis' family is very lived on account of infantile paralysis, and all social gatherings are forbidden by the health officer. We will hold no church services for a while. The Church Committee is a new committee with us, but it is doing excellent work in decorating the church each week and distributing flowers among the sick. The church was particularly well decorated on May 10, for our Children's day exercises. The townpeople, as well as our own, expect something extra each year in the way of decorations and entertainment when we have Children's day, and there was no room for disappointment this year.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

THE HASKELL HOME.

Rev. H. D. Clarke, Superintendent.

Battle Creek, Mich., is always interesting and perhaps there will be some interest in its home for orphans. There are at least seventy-five unanswered letters in our pigeonholes, asking questions about it and the work. These are from New York to California. All these letters will have separate answer, for letter-writing is our delight. But we are sure many others will be interested in this our new field of labor. It has been a hard one under the circumstances. Since we came here we have had no matron to assist and we have done the work of superintendent and matron.

The Haskell Home was opened January 25, 1894, and incorporated November 4, 1898. We have no account just before us of its history since then, but are sure many others will be greatly reduced. Another pair to arrange for; see that the children have their clothes to look after; foods to be prepared for; see that fires are made and fuel supplied; get all ready for Sabbath school by 9 a.m.; march with them down streets and back to service; have services in our assembly room down stairs and then at breakfast; settle quarrels and troubles of the little ones; keep the grounds clean, and assist in about everything that a superintendent ought not to be obliged to do. But brighter days are coming. We wanted a Seventh Day Baptist matron and may se­ cure one, but if not, there are plenty of Adventist women to be obtained.

The plan is to sell this valuable property and locate on another farm, building a new home with more modern conveniences. We are glad to have the assistance of Miss Mamie Gunderson of Milton, Wis., who came to stay through vacation and be with our matron and help her have general oversight of the kitchen department and other parts of the home. Already she has won the hearts of our wards with her gentle ways. She will return to school in the fall.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg of the Sanitarium is president of the Board of Trustees and is giving personal attention to our welfare. His wife and other ladies form a visiting committee that is doing very much for the home.

Our youngest child is not quite three years old, and the oldest is fifteen. It has been a grief to be obliged to turn away needy applicants. Twelve children have been refused admission the past two weeks on account of our limited capacity. A sorrowful young mother with a baby girl of two years and boy of six came the other day and asked us to adopt her children. Her husband was dying in a hospital and she had no home or place to go with her children. But we are obliged to say no. Our orders were to receive no more wards. All this is pathetic. But we hope that the time will soon come when we can say to any needy one, Welcome.

Any one passing through Battle Creek is invited to come and see us.

Tract Society—Treasurer's Receipts for June, 1913.

Contributions to General Fund:

Mrs. A. D. Durning, Cambridge Springs, Pa. .................. $100
Mrs. and Mr. J. B. Hardy, Portsmouth, Va. ............ 5
Churches:

St. Paul's, Cambridge Springs 97.77
Pittsfield, N. J., Church 92.90
Bauske, W. Va. .................. 43.87
Franko, Ark. .................. 25.90
Independence, N. Y. .................. 12.00
First General Executive Board, N. Y. .................. 17.00
Woman's Executive Board .................. 38.00
Shibuk, N. Y. ............ 32.00
Los Angeles, Cal. .................. 7.22

Total Receipts to June 30, 1913 .................. $1,189.81

Contributions on One Hundredth Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg

Miss E. L. Peckham, Petersburg, Va. .................. 0.00
A. M. Jenkins, Walker, W. Va. .................. 0.00
Mrs. M. C. Pagey, Panama City, Fla. .................. 0.00
A. Friend, Denver's Corners, R. I. .................. 15.00
Woman's Executive Board .................. 5.00

Total Receipts to June 30, 1913 .................. $35.00

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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E. & O. E.

The Heaviest Cannonade Ever Heard in America.

In the July American Magazine the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, which comes on July 1, is celebrated with an unusual description of the battle by Ed­ gar Allen Forbes. Mr. Forbes writes in part:

"The great hour of Gettysburg is at hand—the hour of the evening sacrifice. The cannoneers on Seminary Ridge are grouped behind a hundred missile guns, facing another hundred on Cemetery Ridge, a mile distant. Pickett, his long black hair falling about his shoulders, rides up to Lee and reports that his division is ready. Longstreet is there, moody and silent, but inwardly rebellious.

"Pickett of Virginia, chief of artillery, sends the cannoneers to their posts behind the cruel engines of death. Two puffs of smoke and flame shoot out from the Washington Artillery, and the work of hell begins with solid shot and shell on both sides. For two long hours the over­ ture continues in a deafening roar—the heaviest cannonading ever heard on the American continent.

"The firing on both sides does any se­ ries harm to the sheltered infantry, but the shells scatter death and destruction among the batteries, where the sound of exploding caissons alone drowns the pitiful neighing of wounded horses. At 'The Bloody Angle' where Pickett's blow is to fall heaviest, here is what is happening:

"Lieutenant Cushing, of Battery A, Fourth U. S. Artillery, challenged the ad­ vancing infantry with a great shout. He had two legs, and his larynx had been damaged by the heat, so that his voice could hardly be heard. The enemy received him with a volley of musketry and a burst of cannonading. Pickett's batteries, however, remained out of range. As the last of the Federal charge disappeared, there came a burst of cheers, and there was a general shout of joy.

"In the midst of the din there was heard the sound of a bloody battle, and the rush of the enemy's cavalry. The infantry, however, was too much for both the attack and pursuit, and the enemy was rapidly driven in. Pickett seemed to have burned out, and the pursuit was not continued.

"The contest continued with great energy until the sun set, when both lines began to fall back. The Federal line was broken, but there was no further fighting.

"The battle was over, and American soldiers were victorious. Pickett, the hero of the day, was captured, and was paroled. The Federals held the field, and the war was over. But the war had not yet ended. The North and South were still at odds, and the war was to continue for another four years. But the Battle of Gettysburg was the turning point of the war, and it marked the beginning of the end for the Confederacy.

"The battle of Gettysburg was a great victory for the North, and it was a great loss for the South. The North had won the battle, but the war was not yet over. The South had lost the battle, but the war was not yet over. The war was to continue for another four years, and it would end only with the surrender of the South.
**THE SABBATH RECORDER.**

**CHILDREN'S PAGE.**

**The Two Little Boys.**

The good little boy and the bad little boy. Both live in the house with me; But he is quite strange—I can look and look and yet I can only see.

Just one little boy with sparkling eyes, And the funniest pudgy nose. All brimful of life from the top of his head To the tips of ten stubby toes.

And yet there are two of him, I am sure, For one is a bad little boy, And he is so small and so young here To bother the good little boy; Yet another and the good little boy Till he is sometimes drives him away; And the bad little boy is alone with me For the rest of the long, long day.

And I ask him to go for the good little boy And bring him again to me. And I take him up and I hold him close While I talk to him lovingly; And while I am talking he sometimes laughs, But oftener far he cries— And I see that the good little boy is back As I look in the bad boy's eyes.

*Grace G. Crouvel, in Lutheran Observer.*

**Some Wonderful Timepieces.**

Frank had his first watch; a "dollar" watch to be sure, but he was pleased with it, and took it out every two minutes to find the time.

His father was very much amused to watch him and see his importance over the treasure he had so longed for.

"The dollar watch is quite a wonderful thing, my boy," he said one day when Frank as usual was seeing what time it was.

"When I was abroad last summer I heard a great deal of this Yankee invention. Fact is, we Americans have outdone even the Swiss, who have ever excelled in watch-making. It is our wonderful machinery, of course, that has made the dollar watch possible."

"But I am talking he sometimes laughs, But oftener far he cries— And I see that the good little boy is back As I look in the bad boy's eyes."

*Grace G. Crouvel, in Lutheran Observer.*

"Well, this wonderful clock is at Strassburg, and in a most beautiful church or cathedral that is very, very old. This building is built of stone, but is so airy and lacy one can scarcely believe it. Hundreds of people are there each day at twelve to see the wonderful clock that is in this cathedral, and the money gotten from them makes the church a fine income."

"This clock was made in 1574 and on the thirty-first day of each December it is wound.

"In the lower part of the clock is shown the movement of the stars, behind it is a calendar, above it are figures representing the gods for which the days of the week were formerly named. A small dial in the center tells the local time. On top of it are two figures, one of which strikes the quarters while the other turns every hour an hour-glass."

"And now for the wonderful part.

"There are figures which represent the ages of life and strike the hours, childhood, youth, manhood and old age. Death, in the form of a skeleton, strikes the full hour. Above it stands a full-sized figure of Christ, and on the stroke of twelve the twelve apostles appear and pass in front of their Master. When Peter gets to the throne the Roman sentinel watches the procession as it passes, Judas being last, and Satan again is seen.

"It is all so marvelous one can scarcely believe it unless one has seen it with his very own eyes. Think of the patience and skill and the thousands of little wheels it took to make such a time-piece!"

"In Nuremberg there is almost as fine a clock in the cathedral there. Every traveler makes an effort to be near when twelve o'clock comes to see this curious old clock with moving figures of Emperor Charles IV. and seven German men or electors, as they are called.

"When the hour comes the Emperor comes out and takes his seat. Seven men come out, one by one, saluting him as they pass, going around him three times. When they are gone two other figures come out and strike upon their swords and the Emperor also strikes upon his."

"Germany has more queer clocks than any country in the world, I guess," Frank said, his eyes still full of wonder.

"Perhaps so," his father said. "But clocks and watches have always been things upon which men liked to work. Every museum has many odd, curious watches and clocks you would hardly recognize as timepieces. It took a long time to make clocks run smoothly and to keep good time. Our own Franklin, of whom you have studied, spent a good deal of time 'tinkering' with clocks. Eli Terry, a shrewd fellow from Connecticut, made wooden clocks with a saw and a common pocket knife and a box and an enormous business. But America is now at the front in the making of time-pieces, even if we do not have any such clocks as I saw in the cities of Strassburg and Nuremberg."—Baptist Boys and Girls.

**The Man Who Couldn't Let Go.**

Walking on the street one day he saw a wire lying on the ground. Without thinking much about it, he stooped to pick it up. That was natural enough; why shouldn't he? It seemed harmless, to be sure, but when he grasped it he couldn't let go. He tried to, but he couldn't. It was a "live wire." A strong current shot through him and he was running to help him, the live wire a while ago and it is hurting him. His whole body was writhing in distress. But his hands still gripped the wire, and when men came running to help him, they had to drag him away from it by force.

That is one of the dangers of a live wire. If you once lay hold of it you can't let go, no matter how much it is hurting you. I know a boy who grabbed a live wire a while ago and it is hurting him cruelly. But he doesn't let go. He says he can't, even though his mother and father are begging him to and the doctor says it will kill him if he doesn't. The live wire is the cigarette.

The boy is only sixteen years old, but he is a slave. When he began smoking, he was holding the wire; but now it is holding him. He has a weak heart already, poisoned by tobacco. He has to give up all of the sports he loves because of it. But he doesn't let go. He says he can't, even though his mother and father are begging him to and the doctor says it will kill him if he doesn't. The live wire is the cigarette.

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"Every experience in life may be a school for the teaching of Christlikeness."

**THE SABBATH RECORDER.**

The fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg is celebrated in the July American Magazine with a remarkable description of the Battle of Gettysburg by Edgar Allen Forbes entitled "Gettysburg—A Heritage." The battle, as all remember, lasted three days and at the end of the first day the situation was favorable to the Confederate army. Mr. Forbes summarizes the results of the first day as follows:

"It is all over now, and Gettysburg is in the hands of the Southern army. Here on Cemetery Ridge, with the shadows of the tombstones lengthening as the sun goes down, the Iron Brigade lines up for the saddest roll-call in its history. Of three of its regiments that bore the brunt of the attack, the Twenty-fourth Michigan has 97 men left; under the flag of the Nineteenth Indiana stand only 76 and 60 men of the Second Wisconsin answer to their names. These are all that is left—not one company to a regiment.

"Here is the beautiful flag that Detroit gave to the Twenty-fourth Michigan as it left for the front; now it is so riddled and torn that it is ' unfit for further service,' and is going back to the city that gave it. Of the eight successive color-bearers who carried this flag during the day, seven lie out yonder in the woods—four of them dead. Twice during the fight, Colonel Morrow took it in his own hands; there it was when a ball struck him down, and he is now with a private man who grasped the flag as the colonel fell, and went on; then the colors disappeared. When the captain commanding the regiment at length found them, the bearer was lying upon his face, still grasping the flag."

"We say a boy has a habit. But after a while the habit holds him. The only way to be safe with a live wire is never to touch it. And the cigarette is a live wire.—Rev. Frank T. Bailey, in the Congregationalist."
LESSON II.—JULY 12.

MOSSES PREPARED FOR HIS WORK.

Lesson Text.—Exod. ii, 11-25; Acts vii, 17-29; Col. iii, 9-11; Gal. iv, 4-6.

Golden Text.—“Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.” Matt. v. 5.

The thirty-third annual convention of the Colorado State Sunday School Association closed at Greeley, Colo., June 8, 1913. We were glad to have three Sev­enth Day Baptists in attendance,—Mrs. W. F. Church, Mrs. D. M. Andrews, and the pastor of the Boulder Church.

Several things conspired to make this a very strong convention. In the first place, the convention was taken to the people, three great conventions being held instead of one. It opened at Grand Junc­tion, Colo., June 2-4; at La Junta, June 25-27; at Greeley, June 30-July 2.

Secondly, the convention broke up into classes as follows: elementary workers and mothers of little children; workers with teen-age children; workers with senior classes; workers with adult classes; teachers of training classes; superintendents and officers, and pastors. Three fourths of an hour was spent in the classes, after which the convention reassembled, closing with a testimonial dinner.

I wish space permitted me to give you a synopsis of some of the good things said. The following subjects and speakers will give you some idea of the program: “The Spiritual Life of the Teen-Age Boys and Girls,” “The Physical Life of the Teen-Age Boys and Girls,” “The Mental Life of the Teen-Age Boys and Girls,” “The Bible as an Elective in the High Schools of Colorado,” “The Books and the Bible in the History of America for the Man of Galilee,” “The Call to Service.” Among the speakers were John L. Alexander, Wm. C. Pearce, Prof. S. C. Costigan, Prof. Walter S. Athearn and Miss Maude A. Price of Kansas.

Professor Athearn says the American people have settled three things; namely, that the Bible shall not be a text book, that the Bible shall not be taught there, and that the Bible shall not be taught there. Without a doubt that seems to be the verdict. This makes the religious instruction of our children a grave problem. But like many other great reformatory and progressive movements, the solution of this problem was born in the West, in this instance in Colorado, in the brain of a woman. It has been enthusiastically endorsed as both table and plate. The older pupils waited on them and saw that each had a full share of the good things that came out of baskets and boxes. The “tongue of the rooster?” was worth all the trouble the afternoon made. “Can he crow?” must be asked after this all-important question. “He can crow,” lisped back the baby voices, and when all had determined to learn the rooster’s song, her ownWARs and imitate the barnyard favorite. It was immensely funny.

The Sunday School picnic was held at the picnic grounds, the children were arranged in groups of four and the teachers combined. No one was ever overtired, not a single child was ever too little or too big, and the breakfast baskets and boxes were well calculated to please the little folks, who came out great in groups following the dismissal. The little ones had a jolly ride as they returned home.

A Sabbath School Picnic Plan.

The Bible-school picnics had become a bore. The children did not beg for them, and the older people grewl about the thought of them. Mid-summer in the Bible-school was a sad time, at best, when many of these children were growing discouraged.

This plan is now being worked success­fully in some parts of Colorado, and is be­coming the experimental stage. In Greeley a splendid work is being done, and a Sev­enth Day Baptist, Mrs. W. F. Church, is a teacher of one of such classes in the Baptist church.

So popular has this work become, that the class of teen-age girls in Teachers’ College asked the priest to organize such a class for them, and it was granted.

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DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Ashaway Boy Scouts’ Vacation.

The Ashaway troop of the Boy Scouts, which was organized a year ago last April and which since that time has been doing quiet but effective work in the interest of the organization and its members, is to go into camp this year at Schoolhouse pond, near the old meeting-house in Charlestown, from the seventh to the twentieth of July. The fifteen youngsters who are planning to enjoy the outing will be in charge of Rev. H. C. Van Horn, scout-master, who will in all probability be assisted by Leverett Briggs. Each of the boys will pay $2 toward helping to defray the expenses of the two weeks’ outing, while the rest of the expenses incurred will be met from the general fund of the organization and money raised by the ladies of the Ashaway Day Baptist Church, who are to give a social for the benefit of the lad this week.

The troop is to make the trip on foot, hiking from Ashaway to Burdickville, where they will prepare their lunch and hike and, passed the noonday meal will resume their journey on to the camp grounds, where the members of the two patrols will set up their tents and get everything in readiness for their fortnight’s sojourn. To one unfamiliar with the long tramps of the members of the Ashaway troop during the past year, the distance would seem a bit too far, but the young fellows are accustomed to such jaunts and will no doubt make a good showing by the time they have reached their destination late in the day.

The members of the troop, who have been well schooled in the Boy Scout movement, are anticipating the time of their lives, but are aware of the fact that during their stay at the pond they are to be under strict discipline, all of which may seem a bit severe at a time like this, but which is fine training for the youngsters, nevertheless. The boys will cook their own meals, assisted by the scout-master and assistants, and will take turns at the work, one patrol having charge one day and the other the following day.

The baggage of the troop, which will be carried in a wagon, will consist of the tents, blankets, such things as are actually needed for camping purposes, and for the members of the party themselves.—Western Sun.

Sing not to rest or slumber beneath the passing shadows of doubt. To sink, to sleep, is not thy destiny; but to wake, to rise. Rise then to the glorious pursuit of truth; connect with it the work of self-purification; open thy mind to heavenly hope; aspire to the life everlasting! Count not it a strange thing that thou hast difficulties and doubts? Well has it been said that he who never doubted, never believed. Shrink not and be not afraid, when that cloud passeth over thee. Through the cloud, still press onward. Only be assured of this, if with this assurance be of courage; God made thee to believe.—Orville Dewey.

Do not look on your work as a dull duty. If you choose you can make it interesting. Throw your heart into every thing and looking, trace out the causes and previous history, consider it in all its bearings, think how many even the humblest labor may benefit, and there is scarcely one of our duties which we may not do with enthusiasm. You will get to love your work, and if you do it with delight you will do it with ease. Even if at first you find this impossible, if for one time it seems mere drudgery, this may be just what you require; it may be good like mountain air to brace up your character.—Lord Averbury.

In this matter of the life to come, when I have thought and thought and sometimes become dazed with thinking. I turn to Christ; I see how his teachings are alive with this feeling of immortality; how he could not think of death except as a falling asleep or as going to the Father. There I finally rest. Humanity at its highest, where it seems consciously to touch the divine, utters the same thought, which speaks in the dumb instincts of human nature. That is, the nearest, that man is to live again.—Herford.

"We ought to go with any man in the effort to bring about justice and the equality of opportunity.”

MARRIAGES

STILLMAN-LOBDELL.-On June 18, 1913, in Friendship, N. Y., at the home of the bride’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Lobdell, by Elder E. W. Haddock, of Ashaway, Y. M. Thomas B. Stillman of Wirt, N. Y. and Miss Rebba Esta Lobdell, of Friendship, N. Y.

EVELYN-MAXSON.—At the residence of B. P. Patterson, brother-in-law of the bride, in North Loup Valley, W. Va., on June 24, 1913, by the Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Ethel Grace Maxson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Maxson, of Well, was married to W. E. Nelson of Eurey of North Loup.

DEATHS

CLARK.—Charles C. Clarke died at his home in Walworth, Wis., May 14, 1913, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

He was born in Unadilla Forks, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1824, eldest son of Dr. Harry Clarke, and his third wife, Lorinda Coon Clarke. When he was about four years of age, his parents removed to St. Louis and after two years again moved, coming to Walworth.

On January 1, 1866, Mr. Clarke was united in marriage to Mary H. Shurtleff of Ashaway, a union which lasted fifty-seven years, and to them both they were parents of five children. Their life has been spent in Walworth, Chicago, Rockton, Milton Junction and, finally, in the old home community.

While the Rev. L. E. Livermore, pastor of the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church, was holding revival services, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke came from Rockton to attend these meetings, and it was then that Mr. Clarke gave his heart to Christ, for which he was baptized in Rockton, May 24, 1894, and soon thereafter joined the Church. While living at Milton Junction his membership was transferred to the Seventh Day Baptist Church there, and later on, returning to make his home in Walworth, his membership was returned to the Walworth Church.

Mrs. Clarke and four brothers—B. P. Clarke, of New York, O. P. and F. J. of Walworth, and Milton J. of Janesville, and a host of relatives and friends are left lonely and sad because Charlie is gone but we all rejoice in the memory of a noble life.

Mr. Charles C. Clarke lived among his fel­ lowmen an honored citizen, a successful business man, a Christian gentleman and in his home, a dear, helpful, loving companion.

Funeral services were held at the Sabbath School at its camp, May 17, in the church and were largely attended by many relatives and friends, coming from a distance. The body was laid to rest in the Walworth Cemetery. The words of Paul express the character of Mr. Clarke’s life:—“In love of the brethren tenderly affectioned; in diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing steadfastly in prayer; communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality.”

SHERRMAN.—Laverne Octavia Sherman was born in Chicago, Ill., February 4, 1902, and died of spinal meningitis in the same city, June 2, 1913.

As suggested by her name, Octavia, she was the youngest of eight children born to George W. and his wife, Anna Jane J. Sherman. This is the first break that has come in this large family circle. A week before her death she was in the public school, where she was doing well before the progress of her disease.

She was a happy, unselfish child, the pet of the family. When she was a little girl she was baptized and the day was surely a happy one. On her way home she was eager to tell her mother. The child later born had much of her spirit.

In a letter in her life, she has been a blessing in her passing on, pointing the way to a closer communion with God and all other living.

Services were conducted at the home, 488 East End Avenue, June 4, by Pastor L. C. Randolph of Milton, Job 1, 12: “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

STARR.—At the early dawn, on June 9, 1913, at his home in Hebron, Mrs. Minerva Star­ tenden, in Oswayo, Pa., occurred the death of Mary Sardina Wells Starr. She was born Sept. 24, 1837, and was the daughter of John and Polly Balance Starr. She was married to Charles B. Starr, in Warwick, N. Y., on Jan. 14, 1861. When Sardina was nine years old she came with her parents to Oswayo, Potter Co., Pa., where she was reared. In early life, while a student in Alfred Academy, she formed a lasting friendship with Melissa Waldorf, who married the Rev. William C. Kenyon, and with Abigail Maxson, who married Rev. Jonathan Allen. For seven years she was a member of the Harmony Methodist Church, where she was a young lady of fifteen years of age. On April 1, 1844, she was united in marriage with Peter Price, of Oswayo. To them were born six children, three of whom are still living: Mrs. Mary A. Lovell, of Cliffside, Pa.; Mrs. Ida Weeks, of aluminum, N. Y., and Mrs. Flora B. Cprttenden of Oswayo, with whom she made her home for many years. Mrs. Starr was a member of a Vacation Bible School, and fourteen great-grandchildren to mourn their loss.

In 1883 she was married to John Hutburt and moved to Center Village, N. Y., where they lived four years, until his death. She then returned to Oswayo and afterwards lived until 1889, when she married Consider Stearns of Stearns. They have made their home in Oswayo, in which she lived in Oswayo, where she died.

At an early age she found the Saviour and united with the Presbyterian Church, in which she was a faithful member to the end. “Aunt Sardina,” as she was familiarly called, was a member of the C. E. U., and in the organization of the same, in which she was a faithful member to the end. “Aunt Sardina,” as she was familiarly called, was a member of the C. E. U., and in the organization of the same, in which she was a faithful member to the end.

The First Hebrew
Boys Who Made Great Men.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that he would make a man for an emergency. He did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of the river. With all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow as he amended himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will paint me one day." He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a book and thought, "Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes." And he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great philosopher."—Teacher's Magazine.

A little girl wrote the following essay on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas and girls are women that will be ladies by and by."

When God looked at Adam he said to himself: "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and he made Eve. Boys are trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Women was then made, and she has never rested since.—Philadelphia Inquirer.
SPECIAL NOTICES

The Sabbath Recorder

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A Recorder in the West would like to secure an "old grandfather's clock." If some other reader has one to sell, or knows of one for sale, we shall be glad to put him in correspondence with our Western friend. Particulars would be wanted as to maker, age and condition of clock.

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