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In 1802 the Robert Emmett Club of Georgetown, a suburb of Washington, took steps to induce the government to erect a monument to the honor of Captain John Barry, the first commissioned officer of the American navy. The necessary legislation was secured, and a few days ago President Wilson delivered an address at the unveiling ceremonies of this monument.
The fact that Barry was an Irishman probably had something to do with the Robert Emmett Club's taking the initiative in this movement; and the fact that Captain Barry was a Roman Catholic was not lost sight of by the Roman Catholic Church, which seized upon the opportunity to arrange for a military mass at the close of the unveiling, to which the President and other officials were invited.

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The Society, for the study of the English language and literature, was formed in October, 1828, in the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Philadelphia General Conference. The Society is unsectarian, not tied to any denomination, and is open to all interested in the English language and its literature.

The society's purpose is to promote the understanding and appreciation of the English language and literature. It publishes tracts, books, and other materials to help people improve their language skills and understanding of English literature. The society is committed to providing resources that are accessible to everyone, regardless of their background or beliefs.

The society's activities include publishing tracts, books, and other materials; holding conferences and workshops; and offering language classes and training programs. The society also provides support and guidance to individuals and organizations that are interested in promoting the study of English language and literature.

The society is supported through membership dues, donations, and other contributions. It is governed by an elected board of directors and a president. The society is committed to operating in a transparent and accountable manner, and it is dedicated to serving the community and promoting the study of English language and literature.

The society has a long history of promoting the study of English language and literature, and it continues to be a valuable resource for individuals and organizations around the world.

The society's goals are to promote the understanding and appreciation of the English language and literature, to provide resources for individuals and organizations interested in promoting the study of English language and literature, and to operate in a transparent and accountable manner.

The society's achievements include publishing tracts, books, and other materials; holding conferences and workshops; and offering language classes and training programs. The society has a long history of promoting the study of English language and literature, and it continues to be a valuable resource for individuals and organizations around the world.

The society's future plans include continuing to provide resources for individuals and organizations interested in promoting the study of English language and literature, and to operate in a transparent and accountable manner.
all of us had our origins on the other side of the sea—whether we will in assisting America to live her separate and independent life, remains one of the chief duties of all of us. "Nothing is lost when the whole man has come over, heart and thought and all, the hyphen stops of its own weight out of his name."

The Christian Church, in its efforts to meet the forces of evil, has never done so with more energy than in the last Christian century. It has been, and is, the great and mighty power of the world. The Christian Church has been the driving force of the world. The Christian Church has been the great and mighty power of the world. The Christian Church has been the driving force of the world.

### Twenty-five Hundred Dollars Offered in Prizes

One of the greatest obstacles to be overcome in securing aggressive temperance work in certain sections is the argument that the State can not get along without the money secured as revenue from the liquor traffic. In the State of New York, the workers for prohibition hear on every hand about the twenty millions of dollars received that they look on this side of the water, and not on the other side; and that is my infallible test of a genuine American that he acts, or when he fights, his heart and his thought are nowhere but in the center of the emotions and the purposes and the policies of the United States.

A few years ago, in Baltimore, in a similar contest, it was shown that the liquor traffic cost fifty times the amount received in revenue. At that time the State and national liquor organizations were openly challenged to present a man for a public discussion with the writer of the essay, to refute if possible his conclusions. But no one dared to try it. The people of the United States are getting their eyes open to the fact that the liquor traffic is ruinous to all our national resources, financial, moral, intellectual, physical and industrial, that the flood-tide of prohibition is sweeping the land. When the liquor business is entirely wiped out, the way will be clear for national and social upbuilding, for sounder morals, for better housing and homing, for industrial prosperity, and never until then. When that time comes, the jails and penitentiaries will be practically empty.

### Another Missionary Deficit

Early in June the one hundred and twenty-sixth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met in Chicago, Ill. The key-note of the great meeting was found in the word "efficiency," of which we hear so much in church gatherings of these days. There was special cause for rejoicing over the settlement of unfortunate differences that had existed between some of the leaders for years, in which settlement the grace of God seemed specially concerned. The secret was that a man who lives outside the church, who fights, his heart and his thought are nowhere but in the center of the emotions and the purposes and the policies of the United States.

This contest closes October 21st, and no fee is required for entrance. Two thousand dollars of this prize money is guaranteed by one man who lives outside the State. The prizes offered are as follows: for the best essay, $1,000; second best, $500; and other prizes of $300, and $100. Those who offer money and those who take the pen for such a work are rendering service in an excellent cause.

Several years ago, in Baltimore, in a similar contest, it was shown that the liquor traffic cost fifty times the amount received in revenue. At that time the State and national liquor organizations were openly challenged to present a man for a public discussion with the writer of the essay, to refute if possible his conclusions. But no one dared to try it. The people of the United States are getting their eyes open to the fact that the liquor traffic is ruinous to all our national resources, financial, moral, intellectual, physical and industrial, that the flood-tide of prohibition is sweeping the land. When the liquor business is entirely wiped out, the way will be clear for national and social upbuilding, for sounder morals, for better housing and homing, for industrial prosperity, and never until then.

That other denominations, in trying to secure the funds necessary for their missionary work, are finding the same troubles that have been vexing our own people shows that the causes of deficit can not lie with any one board, but that there must be a general cause common to all. The Christian Church has been the driving force of the world. The Christian Church has been the great and mighty power of the world. The Christian Church has been the driving force of the world.

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when he gave the great command to preach the gospel and to teach all nations. We have the material means for carrying on the work; we have the "plant" and all necessary machinery; but we lack the dynamo. What is machinery and capital worth without the power to make things go? If Christian people only had a genuine interest in their Master's work; if they cared less for self and more for their suffering fellow men; if they would turn toward spiritual things, commune more with their Lord and less with the spirit of worldliness; if there were a greater longing for the infling of the Holy Spirit, then would we see the cause of God go forward and we would hear no more of the crippling of his dear cause for want of funds.

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Congress for Scientific and Humanitarian Work

We notice that two hundred and twenty-six conventions and congresses of an international character with memberships running into the hundred thousands, are planning to make San Francisco headquarters for 1915, and that the Exposition, for terms ranging from four to fifteen days. Many other similar organizations are still corresponding for opportunities to meet in connection with the great fair. This will make the Exposition one of the greatest schools for the study of scientific questions and matters pertaining to human betterment and human progress the world has ever known. Those who began with our Centennial at Philadelphia, attending the expositions within their reach since that time, such as were held in Chicago, Omaha, Atlanta, Buffalo, and St. Louis, know something of their value as educators, and as object-lessons in matters pertaining to the world's progress. There will be not less than four conventions daily during the period of the Exposition; the plan is to have these sessions so scheduled that students of special topics and in certain lines of work can time their visits to meet them. For instance, in these congresses, one month will be given to public health, another to social science, another to religion and ethics, one month to educational matters, and one to engineering, and so on to the end. Many of these societies will bring exhibits of their work. There will be musical organizations and choral societies, and an international congress of education. There will be exhibitions in social economy, in vocational training, and instructions in matters pertaining to the International Red Cross work. The International Council of Nurses alone expects to send 6,000 delegates.

A great building is to be devoted to education in the conservation of health,—physical, mental, and moral. Thirty-four foreign nations are expected to take part in this work, besides the work of our own country. Moving pictures, photographs, transparencies and relief maps with models in wax, will be used to illustrate the teachings. Every modern device for the illustration of the effects of impure air upon the system and of bad light for the eye will be in use there; and no pains will be spared to enlighten men upon the question of proper sanitation for preventing diseases.

In short, the Panama-Pacific Exposition promises, more than any other has ever promised, to be an up-to-date university for education in all lines of knowledge for the safety and betterment of the human race, and for practical instruction in every vocation known to man.

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The True Source of America's Greatness

Mr. Masayumi Kavada, principal of the Middle School at Tokio, Japan, has come to this country, sent by the Japanese Government, to study educational plans. Among the first questions asked by him was, "What is America doing in moral education?" By way of illustration, as a practical answer, he was taken to one of the leading Bible schools in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., and given the freedom of the school. After a careful study of the work in all departments, from the cradle-rite to the adult classes, Mr. Kavada made this significant statement: "I can now see the secret of America's greatness. You are studying one Book, and you are educating from the earliest years. We shall want to start something similar when I return to Japan." The closer America can walk in the precepts of this Book the greater will she be.


Churches to Celebrate the Peace Anniversary

In the annual conference at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., considerable interest was taken in the approaching one hundredth anniversary of peace between the United States and Great Britain, which will come on February 14, 1915.

On that date, one hundred years ago, the treaty of Ghent was ratified by Congress. This ended the hostilities with Great Britain. It is now proposed to erect monuments along the boundary line between the United States and Canada, and to ask all churches to observe the fourteenth of February next as Peace Day. The schools too are urged to educate the children in the principles of peace, and to hold special celebrations at points along the boundary line.

In a recent conference, Hon. Mackenzie King of Canada said that the existence of a boundary line three thousand five hundred miles long between the two nations without a fort or a fleet or military guard for one hundred years is unparalleled in the world's history.

Some of the Recorder readers may not know just where Lake Mohonk Conference is held. The lake, and the "Mountain House" owned by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smiley, are on the top of the Shawangunk range of mountains, about twenty miles west of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Dedication of a Confederate Monument in Arlington

On June 4, in the presence of an immense crowd, the President of the United States, the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, the commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans, and Robert S. Lee, grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee, united in the services at the unveiling of a monument in
Arlington National Cemetery, in honor of the Confederate dead buried there. The services were held in the Confederate section, and Mrs. Daisy McAulken Stevens, president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, made a presentation address on behalf of the Southern women.

In accepting the monument in behalf of the nation, President Wilson, among other good things, said:

"It has fallen to my lot to accept, in the name of the great government which I am privileged for the trip to this emblem of a reunited people. I am not so much happy to participate in this capacity on such an occasion; proud that I should represent such a people. Am I mistaken, ladies and gentlemen, in supposing that no one of this sort could have occurred in any but a democracy?"

The people of a democracy are not related to their rulers as subjects are related to a government. They are the servants of the sovereign authority, and, as they are neighbors of each other, quickened by the same passions and moved by the same motives, they can understand each other. They are shot through with some of the deepest and profoundest instincts of human sympathy. They choose their governments. They consult their rulers. They live their own life, and they will life's ambition and discoloration by fraternal misunderstandings.

This chapter in the history of the United States is part of the past. We can look to it in all respects a plaster of peace and of government; and our solemn duty is to see that our one of us is, in his own consciousness and in his own conduct, a citizen of this great united people.

It is our duty and our privilege to be like the country we represent, word speaking no word of malice, no word of criticism even, standing shoulder to shoulder to lift the burdens of mankind in the future and show the paths of freedom to all the world.

The New York Tribune, in a brief editorial entitled "Obliterating the Past," comments upon the matter as follows:

"There is no reason why all Americans should not rejoice in the dedication of the monument which the Southern women raised in Arlington National Cemetery. It is a failure of dignity and justice to the Confederate dead. It typifies the reverence of the Southern women for those who died, as the respect and honor paid to the dead in the days of the war."

The raising of the monument has been welcomed by the veterans who fought for the Union. The Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic delivered an address at the dedication which was full of good will. "There is room," he said, "in the heart of every patriotic person to make room for the land for cherished recollections of the valorous dead."

Surely there is; and the joyful thing about the dedication of the monument at Arlington is its testimony to the obliteration of the animosities of the war.

Mr. Roosevelt in Madrid

On June 8 Theodore Roosevelt arrived in Madrid, the capital of Spain, the object of his trip being to attend the marriage of his son Kermit to Miss Belle Willard, daughter of the American Ambassador to Spain.

For some days several newspapers had published articles antagonistic to Mr. Roosevelt, some of them going so far as to prophesy that he would be snubbed by the Spanish people as one who fought against their country in the Cuban trouble. But it seems that efforts to arouse unfriendly feelings toward him failed completely, as there was no sign of opposition upon his arrival in Madrid. The Spanish Under-Secretary of State accompanied our ambassador and Mr. Roosevelt's friends to the station, to welcome him, and he was driven to the American Embassy.

Nearby Two Thousand Diplomas

Four thousand persons assembled last week at the commencement exercises to see Columbia University give diplomas to nearly two thousand students. The exact number of graduates was nineteen hundred and forty-three. Of these fourteen hundred and ninety-one received degrees, and four hundred and fifty-two received diplomas and certificates only.

Among the men prominent in the procession were an East Indian priest dressed in white, and Dr. Aristides Argamont dressed in yellow. All Abe, the Turkish Consul-General.

In his address President Butler admonished the graduates to be steadfast in their beliefs and to be of service to each other and their fellow men. He warned them to beware of the radicalism of the present day and its most violent antagonist, unreasonable conservatism.

The training ship Newport of the State Nautical School, with one hundred and twelve boys on board whose ages range from sixteen to twenty years, put out to sea last week from New York for a four-months' cruise around the Pacific. These boys are all learning to be officers on the American Embassy. They form the crew of the Newport and so learn the practical side of a sailor's life. The Newport is under state control while the ship and the officers are provided by the federal government.

One day last week eight thousand little girls of the public schools of New York City, dressed in white, gave their annual dandy, to welcome the May-poles in Central Park. This work is carried on under the auspices of the Athletic League. Those who saw it speak of it as a pretty sight, the children on the green grass, with one hundred flower-crowned May-poles, wearing bright streamers that matched the big bow of each child's color, and each little girl wore on her head. Among the guests of honor were George Brandes, the visiting Danish critic, and G. Beck, Danish consul. As the May-pole exercises concluded under the sound of the "Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Brandes expressed great satisfaction with her son.

Just five months' cruise across the ocean. These American women of New York are represented by their sentinels on the oceans' paths. Among the exercises were folk dances of Sweden, Denmark, and England. When the eight thousand girls had finished their sports, the Boys Scouts gave an exhibition of their work by cleaning up the grass. They formed long skirmish lines and swept the field clean of all the scraps and ribbons and combs and handkerchiefs dropped by the girls.

Some friction is being caused by the carefulness of steamship companies and our immigration officials in China in book-keeping Chinese who are coming to assist in constructing the building for their government, and in preparing the exhibits for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Chinese newspapers in Peking are quite severe on the United States for soliciting an exhibit from China and then hindering the Chinese people from coming here to prepare for it. Out of thirty of the fifty Chinsmen delegated to come to America on one steamer, to construct the exposition building, in every case they were allowed to go on board. A fee of $5 each was demanded by the ship's physician in several cases, to cure various ailments while on the ocean, and that, too, after the Shanghai physician had passed them on. Another cause of complaint is that the United States refuses to allow the Chinese bride with them, without paying duty, the food for their wedding ceremony. The Chinese claim that if these restrictions continue to reduce the number they are trying to send to do this work, it will be difficult to complete their building in time and exhibitors will decline to take the chances of being excluded.

Now comes another turn in the matter of a British exhibit at San Francisco. It is announced that if the United States will furnish space and pavilion, there will be an unlimited effort from England. There is a strong movement on foot among the business interests of Great Britain to erect an Anglo-American pavilion, and make a fine showing independent of the action of the British Government.

The mother of Charles Allen Smith, one of the boys killed at Vera Cruz, has already received the first monthly instalment of her pension on account of the loss of her son. Just five days after her son was killed, Representative J. Hampton Moore made application for the pension, and the first payment was forwarded from Washington on June 5.

"Two brothers, who had been lost to each other for fifty years, were reunited recently by means of the United States Pension Bureau. After serving in the navy during the Civil War, one of the brothers went to Colorado and was lost sight of. Not long ago a daughter of the other brother, thinking that her uncle was alive, must be drawing a pension, wrote the agency to see if his name was on the pension list. The reply brought her uncle's address and she wrote him. In a few days he walked in on them and the brothers were united after a separation of half a century."

On Monday, June 8, physical examinations of poor children in New York City began for the summer, under the auspices of the New York Tribune Fresh Air Fund, which for years has sent many thousands of children to the country for summer out-
Mothers’ Day, 1912.—This day has marked a tragedy. A hundred million people in America know nothing of it. No headline set it forth. No obscure notice told of its coming. In no sad-faced world did it befriend the life. The life it touched was lowly and far beneath the plane of romance; yet within such compass, never greater tragedy befell than this day’s tragedy.

The tenderest, purest, strongest thing that lives in flesh is motherhood—always and ever—whether it looks from the soft eyes of the gentlewoman, or purrs under the shaggy coat of the jungle. It relates the heavily creeping reptile to the mothers of men. It is in essence always the same—the same fire, the same sacrifice, the same song of sweetness and sorrow and strength—in the earth beneath the stones, in the trunk of the old tree, in the rough rock hair, in the branch that hangs over the precipice, in the place of the manger bed, in the curtained recess of the palace—all says the same, purest, strongest thing that lives in flesh.

The victim of this day’s tragedy was a cat—small, blue-gray, kind-eyed, sweet-faced. She was hardly a year old this afternoon when they buried her; yet, one sunny morning, less than a month ago, she had brooded over five kittens, and walking around them had sung the song that was recompense for all the suffering that led to it, and for all the unmeasured suffering that flowed from it.

WOOLLY’S JOY

She was well bred, of a gentle mother, who before her had been the pet of her house. As a kitten, she had been chosen from her mother’s litter for her softness of fur and named “Woolly.” She had grown to be very sensitive and loving and so she brought her treasures, one by one, to her people that they might share her joy. In graceful stride, with arched back and low cry, she spoke her pride. Lovingly, she licked each tiny body and haughtily carried them. She had all the qualities of the ideal blend of gentle and loving.

Seldom has cup of happiness overflowed as did Woolly’s till one morning a kitten was missing and across her gay heart came a shadow. Last Friday night there were left to her but two of her five. She refused to eat. With great, wide-open eyes, behind which lurked unctable agony, she watched the two at play. A strange providence had taken of her little one; now another strange providence demanded her own removal to another home. Passively she submitted to be placed in a basket. Patiently she sat as she was borne through the city streets. Then piteously she cried in the wrong house as but one of her kittens answered her call. From attic to cellar she searched in vain. Dazed by grief, she brooded over her last and watched hungrily for her lost through the long night.

It rained all day yesterday. Woolly left early in the morning to make one last search for her own. No persuasion could keep her. Before she went, she whispered something to the little one she was leaving. She was a house-cat and had never learned to walk fences, but she put off in the rain, along the high-road of fences and sheds. In a stable she heard the meowing of kittens, and her heart leaped till she almost fell. Could it be that she had found them? The angry snarl of another mother warned her. A dog chased. She did not turn to fight, but ran faster. From garbage piles in alleys, other cats slunk from their search for food. Weak from hunger, she pressed on. Fence led to fence in endless maze. House after house failed to be home. And never did hopelessness more black come down upon one lonely little broken mother-heart than fell last night upon that mother in the rain and cold, as she stopped in the angle of a fence one paw uplifted to proceed—gave up her search—and turned forever from her lost to retrace her strange steps.

THE DAWN OF MOTHERS’ DAY

It was nearly midnight when she dropped heavily into her cellar. She had tried many, but this time she was right. Once more she crooned over and licked her kitten. She knew he had been waiting and was hungry. He fell asleep nestling against her side. The dawn of Mother’s Day crept slowly on.

When morning came, her kitten walked upon her long, thin body, crying, but she did not hear. The fire had burned out. The sacrifice was full. The song was finished. Flesh had failed, but Motherhood had triumphed.

She was buried in a quiet spot where her troubled feet had not trod—in soft, dry earth, with a few flowers that had grown while she was happy. Tonight the cellar window is closed, for Woolly will not be back.

NOTE—I have transcribed this page from my diary. More than once since it was written have I reached out to destroy it—so poorly does it tell its tale. Woolly was beautiful beyond words in her devotion. I held her for an hour that last night and talked kindly to her. She seemed sorry for me that I could not help her. When uncontrollable trembling shook her poor, thin body, she looked into my eyes as though to let me know she was not ungrateful, but could not help the weakness. I would have found her kittens for her had I known where they were. She was doomed, but made no surrender. She died with her face toward the window—watching.

DEATH OF "BOY BLUE"

Sunday, September 28, 1913.—"Boy Blue," Woolly’s last kitten, died today. His life was short, but glad and free.

Through all last fall and summer his hunting place was along a little stream nearby his home; but at the fastest call from the hill he would leap through undergrowth and brush to find the home path. He loved his people, and knew that his people loved him. He met death as bravely as he met life. To the end he was responsive to tender words and caresses. He did his best to live, but the last weariness was too great. His soft white feet lie together. His long, lithe body is curled restfully. The shapely head, so quick to alertness at a loved voice, is still, in a sleep that can not be broken.

Semi-annual Meeting, Western Association

The semi-annual meeting of the Western Association will be held with the Andover Clique, beginning Friday evening, June 26, and ending Sunday evening, June 28. All who can do so are urged to attend the meeting.

ERLE E. SUTTON, President.
SABBATH REFORM

The Recollection of the Sabbath
[From an old manuscript, discolored with age, sent to the SABBATH RECORDER by Wm. L. Clarke, president of the Missionary Board and grandson of the author, Dea. Daniel Lewis.]

"Tis on this sacred day of rest
With mental sorrow oft oppress'd,
On God I cast my care.
Tis then his mercy I implore
And ask from his renewing store
In penitential prayer.

Well pleased, the Sabbath I review,
And thus I taste my joys anew.
Which flowed from those sweet hours.
Oh, how I love to linger still
Within the place Thy glories fill,
. . . And stay in Eden's bowers!

My soul beholds
Or listen to the SABBATH
How soon their number will be told!
In that approaching happy state,
And then with bliss shall I
The Lord or Lord's day.

"Yes, perplexed is just the word. Many a child has been greatly perplexed at the apparent inconsistency of his elders.

"But what about Willie?" asked the stranger.

"Quite right, call me back to my story. About fifty years ago Willie was a schoolboy, age thirteen, away from home at a boarding school.

"I suppose that was before 'Board Schools' or 'Council Schools' were heard of," said the stranger.

"Yes, the boys lived at the school, and on Sundays were paraded off to church whether they liked it or no.

"Willie liked to join in the service—in the litany, and the Kyrie or prayer repeated after each of the Ten Commandments.

"One Sunday Willie hesitated to repeat that prayer, for, of all things, he liked to be honest."

"Had he stolen something?" asked the stranger.

"No, no; it was not that. It was the words, 'The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord,' that caught his attention for the first time.

"But he must have heard those words many times before!"

"That's true; still they did not strike him as peculiar. On this occasion, however, light seemed to dawn on his mind, and he said to himself, 'God said the Seventh-day, but Sunday is the First-day—if the First-day is the day to keep, we should not ask the Lord to incline our hearts to keep the Seventh-day. The service went on, but Willie's mind was uneasy.

The more Willie thought about it the more perplexed he became. Could it be that Sunday was not the First-day but the Seventh-day? If so why had the Jews changed the day to the Sixth-day?

"The dictionary! thought Willie, 'Sunday, the Lord's day of Christian Sabbath. Then it must be the Seventh-day for it is the Seventh day that is the Sabbath of the Lord or Lord's day. Why did not the dictionary plainly say, Sunday, the seventh day of the week? There would be no trouble then. Thoughtlessly turning to Monday, he read, 'the day after Sunday.' How stupid! Was Tuesday only the day after Monday? To his surprise Tuesday was the 'third day of the week.' Therefore Sunday was the First-day after all.

"Then Willie searched his Bible for a First-Day Sabbath, or a 'Christian Sabbath,' but could only find 'the sabbath of the Lord.' Later on he went to France and learned to speak French. He also learned some German and a little Italian.

"But," said the stranger, "people are now saying that we can not tell which is the Seventh-day, and many who desire to serve God faithfully are thereby greatly perplexed. Have you any proof beyond the evidence of the English dictionary?"

"Do you understand French?"

"Yes! What is the meaning of 'Sunday'?"

"It means 'Sun's Day.' Do you know the German name for Sunday?"

"Yes, Samstag. Well I never! That also means 'Sabbath day.'"

"Just so. Now I will give you the name for Saturday in a few more languages. Russian—Sabbata, Spanish—Sábado, Italian—Sabato, Armenian—Shapat, Afghan—Shamba (here we have one of the 'b's changed to 'm'), Abyssinian—Sanbat, all of these mean plain 'Sabbath.' Arabic—as-sabt 'The Sabbath,' Turkish—Yom-es-sabt 'Day the Sabbath,' with these and others Friday is 'Assembly day,' but Saturday remains the Sabbath."

"But surely England is not the only country that calls—well, 'The Sabbath,' 'Saturn day.'"

"No. There are several that call it by the pagan name, 560 pagan name it is.

"Is not Sunday also called 'Sabbath'?"

"Emphatically, No! But Saturday has still another name in many languages, and that is 'Seventh-day.' You may search the world over and wherever the name Sabbath is used it always means the day many nations call 'Seventh-day,' and we call Saturday. The Almighty having called it 'the Seventh-day' and named it 'Sabbath,' it still remains so called, even by those nations that pay no respect to it. In Scotland and Ireland alone has God's name for Saturday been presumptuously applied to Sunday."

"I had no idea," said the stranger, "that such a meaningful error existed. No one need be perplexed any longer as to the fact that Saturday is the Seventh-day and God's Sabbath."

"We have still further proof, in that the man fell on Sunday but not on Saturday; and Jesus kept the Sabbath, and the Apostles kept the Sabbath and worked on Sunday."

"Then you would have Christians keep Saturday instead of Sunday?"

"The most sincere already do so, according to the Scriptures. A Christian is a follower of Jesus, he must keep Saturday. God requires that Christians and all others keep Saturday holy. Keeping Saturday (i.e. Friday sunset to Saturday sunset) as the day of holy convocation is serving God and following Jesus; keeping Sunday in defiance of Gesenius law is serving Satan, and obeying antichrist."

"Ye can not serve God and mammon."

Experiences of an Early Seventh-Day Baptist
[The following interesting narrative of events in the life of Dea. Daniel Lewis of Hopkinton, R. I., written by himself at the age of fourscore years, and furnished by his grandson, Mr. William L. Clarke, for the SABBATH RECORDER, will be interesting to many of our older readers.—Ed.]

I have been requested by a friend to write some kind of a narrative of the incidents of my life. In doing so I shall give the names of my parents, which were Daniel and Amy Lewis. My mother's maiden name was Amy Clarke (daughter of Christopher Clarke). They had six children, namely, Elizabeth, Martha, Hannah, Amy, Daniel and Christopher Clarke. My parents resided in the town of Hopkinton, R. I., on a farm of their own, lying west of a river known as Tomquag River, near the place formerly called 'Lewis Mills.' There they lived all their natural life after they had a family.

That same year I was born on May 23, 1778. Born of my name, I was profess-.
ed industry, economy, and frugality; and 
also the evil influence of bad companions; 
and had I attended strictly to this instruc-
tion, it would have been better for me.
I had arrived at the age of about eight 
or nine years, as near as I can recollect, 
when an extended illness forced me to take 
my place in the town of Westerly and the 
lower part of Hopkinton. My sister Hannah 
was then living where she had the privilege 
of attending those meetings and at that time 
she came out in religion. After this, when 
my sister was at home, I recollect the young 
converts would come to my father's house, 
where I had the privilege of listening to 
their conversation on the subject of re-
ligion.
About this time I was impressed with an 
idea that I was a wicked boy and that there 
was an all wise good Being who knew all 
about my condition, and I was afraid of 
death. I well recollect that at that time 
I tried to pray to God that he would take 
care of me. I remained in this frame of 
mind, I don't recollect what time it was 
that I was with the family in my father's keep-
room around the fireside. I lay down on 
the foot of my mother's bed. My medita-
tions while I lay there I can not recollect 
excepting that at that time I recollect the 
same in every instance of my natural peace, 
that it filled my little soul to overflowing, and I 
spoke with an audible voice so that the family 
heard and understood that I said something 
about Jesus (for all these sensations seemed 
to come in that nature).
My mother came to me and said, "Daniel, 
do you know anything about Jesus?" I 
said to mother, "Blessed be the name of 
Jesus."
That time was a very memorable one 
to me one which I have never forgotten. 
However, from this I grew from 
childhood to youth and manhood and 
became rude, full of nonsense and hilarity. 
But though I passed the most of my youth 
in vanity, I had seasons of very solemn 
reflection on the subject of 
religion. I had not much opportunity with 
the young converts spoken of above or with 
this reformation, hence these impressions 
were soon effaced and I became light and 
gay. Yet at times I was burdened in heart 
and formed my thoughts. How the duty 
that I was permitted to live and be settled in the world 
with a family, I would try to get religion 
and live it. 
I was favored in living to see that time, 
and it was then my intention to leave off 
my foolish and vain practices and live an 
honest and sober life. For quite a 
number of years, while passing under very 
severe trials, I tried to break off from my 
sins and asked God in prayer to show me 
what I should do. 
About one time I was impressed that it 
was my duty to pray with my family; but 
this seemed an unbearable cross and one 
which I should never have strength to take 
up, and with this feeling I went on for 
some time. 

At length my wife was taken sick. I 
called a physician to her assistance and 
was after a time informed by him that he 
thought she could not live. These tidings 
came like a thunder-stroke. I had lived 
with her quite a number of years, and in 
all the trials through which I had been 
passing, my proud and stubborn heart had 
prevented me from opening my mind to 
her. Now I felt I was a guilty and con-
demned sinner, and that through my neglect 
it would be too late for her to be in a state 
of preparation for death. I then tried to 
give all up unto the Lord and called upon 
him to have mercy upon us.
From that time I was enabled to bow my 
stubborn will and take up the cross and 
follow the straight road. Very soon after 
those resolutions were formed, my duties 
came up in my mind that seemed to 
me to be of much importance and attended 
with weighty results, among them the duty 
of family prayer, the reading of the Scrip-
tures, and the ordinances of the gospel that 
I believed devolved on the true disciple of Christ.

FAMILY PRAYER

On this duty of family prayer I would 
here make a few remarks, as I consider it 
of great importance to the life of a Chris-
tian, and one far too much neglected among 
professors of religion. Not that I think 
that duty is all, but both mental and vocal 
prayer are of importance in their proper 
places. I have made mention above of the 
impressions which I had concerning that 
duty. I thought I had no gift in prayer 
and to me it was a very 
difficulty 
duty. I thought I had no gift in prayer 
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I rose from my knees and opened my eyes to behold some of the company in one place and some in another; some were in tears and a very solemn season we had.

The next day was the Sabbath, on which I had pledged myself to make an offering to the church. I went to meeting and my brother-in-law went with me. I made an offering, was accepted, was baptized and received into the church by the laying on of hands. Eld. Matthew Stillman baptized me as he was present. He said, "Let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Jesus Christ."

I returned home with my brother and felt that I was under great obligation to bless God, and give thanks to his name. I bowed down on my knees and humbled myself before him, and blessed his holy name. I thought I enjoyed a degree of liberty.

The next morning my brother-in-law left for home. In my feeble manner, I exhorted him to try to get religion. He lived near Wickford. In about four weeks from that time he came back to see us. While absent from us he had come out in religion, had become a member of a Baptist church, and appeared to be very happy in the Lord. Very soon after this he was deeply impressed with the belief that he had a public work to do and named it to me, asking my advice as to whether he had better commence his public labors immediately or prepare his studies and, when opportunities were favorable, lecture on the subject of religion and give exhortations on the same.

It was said of him later that he made great progress in his studies, and he finally went to college. Not long after this he took a high school in the State of Maryland in order to procure funds to relieve him from some pecuniary embarrassment, after which he designed to commence his ministerial labors. About the close of the year Mr. Northup left college, and he very soon started for home and his friends at Wickford. With much trouble he arrived at home. His disease, which was quick consumption, preyed upon him like a consuming fire. My wife and I went to see him and were with him a number of days before he died. He seemed calm in mind, and though he manifested a desire, if it was the Lord’s will, to live and preach the gospel, he submitted his case to God.

A TRiumphant Death

The morning before he died, his eyes were very bright and expressive. He appeared calm and quiet, and wanted prayer to be made, telling me he thought he had but a little while to stay. We soon discovered the agony of death preying upon him, though at intervals he was quiet and still. I sat at his bedside at one of those intervals. I heard his voice. He opened his eyes with a heavenly smile on his countenance, with his eyes fixed on something above, and uttered with an audible voice these words: "Thrice glory to God and let all the people say, Glory to God, for I discover the mercy of God to be very great." He appeared to be in great ecstasy of joy but his voice failed and he could not utter further sentences distinctly. He very soon clasped my hand in his and held it until the silver cord was broken and his happy spirit took its flight.

This was the closing scene of life with Conn Northup. I thought at that time I should not be able to bear it, March 23, 1880, the steamship Parima brought him and his family. A welcome meeting was held the next night at our meeting-room which was well attended and an appropriate program was carried out.

Since that time, through the long forbearance of a merciful God, I have lived hard on to fourscore years and have parted with many dear relatives and friends, who, passing on to the spirit world, have left me that blessed hope that my loss was their gain; that they had fought the good fight of faith and received the unfading crown of glory in the home above. These things, with many others which I could name, are a stimulus to press onward toward the mark of those who slept at the end of the Christian race. This blessed religion I, though unworthy, would recommend to all mankind, for it is offered to all without money and without price. Unlike all other things here in this world, which fade away like the meagre offerings to the fire, a light that shineth more and more to those that follow on to know the Lord.

The thing to seek is not the good time, but the spirit which can make good times out of common times,—the spirit of good cheer. The spirit of good cheer,—that is the spring in the hills whence laughter runs. —Rev. W. C. Gannett.

THE SABBATH RECORDER
sleeps in the newly opened grave or "golden well" for the purpose. In the case of which I am writing the new grave was opened very close to a high grave mound of several old members of the family. Three nephews of the man who was to occupy the grave went to sleep in it, but while they were asleep the old mound caved off upon them and killed them all. A striking illustration of the folly of some heathen customs.

Though there is a decided reaction just now politically, still there are not wanting evidences that the Chinese are changing in many ways. For instance, it is only recently that I have observed Chinese men on meeting shaking hands with each other in the foreign fashion.

Not long ago when I was out on the street early in the forenoon I could not inces. Some very remarkable spiritual awakening in several parts of that province. A somewhat similar report was made from Hunan, the province which had no resident missionaries till after the Boxer troubles in 1900.

A missionary from Kwangtung mentioned the powerful influence of the numbers of people who have spent some years abroad. Of course nearly all the Chinese residents abroad are from the southern provinces. Some of those who return from the United States have a favorable attitude toward foreigners, but some have just the opposite, and their opposition is more intelligent than that of the interior of the country.

While stories of big meetings and new interest were common to nearly all the reports none was more impressive than that from Manchuria. In the large hall for preaching had been erected by a prominent official at his own expense for preaching purposes. The site of the building was the ground on which the martyrs of 1900 were executed, again proving that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." In a meeting in Manchuria a special item of interest was the testimony given by a student whose mother was killed in 1900 and on whose own forehead appeared the actual mark of the cross, branded there by Boxers.

West Gate, Shanghai, May 15, 1914.

Monthly Statement
May 1, 1914, to June 1, 1914.
S. H. Davis, Treasurer.

Wade Missionary Society.

Balance on hand May 1, 1914: $354.75
D. O. Halley, $3.70
William Ern, $5.00
Little George, $5.00
Mrs. G. C. Williams, $10.00
Mr. Martha, $10.00
S. C. Maxson, $5.00
B. L. Saunders, $5.00

Churches:
South Brookfield, $29.29
Plainfield, $28.97
Grafton, $2.60
First Brookfield, $14.60

I am aware that to have suddenly changed the views of mature manhood, which I once asserted and proclaimed from one end of Tennessee to the other, has excited surprise and provoked comment. But this is a world of change. Stagnation is decay, and progress is the command of the age and the hope of immortality. I am neither ashamed nor abashed to stand before this great audience and acknowledge the wrong, when I once advocated policies which would have made legal a trade which I have come to look upon as having no rightful place in the scheme and economy of Christian civilization.

Grew up where saloons were many.

Let me relate some facts and experiences in my life, and leave the causes which have brought this change about to your own opinions. I grew up in the city of Memphis, where saloons were numerous, and regarded as fixed and permanent institutions. I can not remember to have ever heard of any movement to close them, or recall any newspaper article attacking them. I became a lawyer, was elected prosecuting attorney of the district, and during my incumbency saloons were opened and licensed under the law, and were without restriction as to number. I was sent by Congress, where I served six years. At this time liquor was openly sold in the restaurants of both wings of the Capitol. The convenience and comfort with which intoxicating drinks could be obtained often interfered with my own attendance, and that of other members, and distracted attention from the duties of our representation.

While serving in Congress, I became a candidate for governor of Tennessee, and took a position on the liquor question in the first speech I made from which I never deviated throughout my official career. At that time it was pleasing to many of the temperance people of our State, for I favored the right of communities to vote liquor out if they desired and pledged myself, if elected governor, to carry into effect the will of such communities; and this pledge was performed to the letter. I stated that I did not believe in compulsory State prohibition, and if the legislature should pass such a bill, I would veto it; and this promise also was performed. I prepared a careful message, and sent it to the legislature, setting forth my views and expressing the opinion that prohibition as a governmental policy was fundamentally wrong. I thought that such a law would result in multiplying the evils of the liquor traffic instead of correcting them and holding them in check.

My life has had deep sorrows. My soul has been tossed on the waves of angry seas. My nature has been profoundly touched and stirred.

Going through life, I have seen it drag down many of the associates of my boyhood, blasting their hopes and consigning them to untimely graves. I have seen its forged lightning strike my first-born, the child of my young manhood, and I have borne with him the suffering, and tried to help him in his brave but sometimes melancholy struggle for redemption. At last, I have felt it foul and stealthy blow as it turned upon me in its deadly and shaming wrath—upon me, who had pleaded before the people for its very existence. Men have called me strong; and while I could see its harm in others, I thought myself immune as thousands before my time have thought—and suffered for the thought.

All this I knew and felt without a revelation of the deep paths and meaning of it all. I needed help, for I was groping, and my feet were stumbling in the dark. In a tempest, tortured and condemned in my own esteem, which
Christian Sabbath Keepers’ Conference in London

The fifteenth annual conference was held at Mornington Hall, on May 18, when Colonel Richardson, in an address on “The Sabbath and the Golden Image,” quoted, “God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it,” and then said, It is an emphatic the seventh day, not.

The week may be compared to a great arch of seven stones. No r is laid on the left, No. 2 on the right, on them Nos. 3 and 4 respectively, then 5 and 6, and finally No. 7, the great key-stone, which compresses and connects the whole structure together.

Again, God’s plan of the week, clearly shown in the Hebrew conception of it, may be graphically represented by the lines of perspective. These parallel lines appear to approach till they meet at vanishing point. Reverse the view, and divide a section into seven, thus,

Now we have “a great leading up to a climax.” That is God’s plan of the week. At school we are leading up to a climax—leaving school. At college we are leading up to a climax—taking a degree. In trade or profession we are leading up to a climax—retirement, with fortune made. The great object and realization is the climax. Thus our week should be a continual looking forward to God’s Sabbath which concludes the week. “The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God.” “Call the Sabbath a delight.”

The object of the Sabbath is to refer us back to Creation, and to remind us that God created all things—that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.”

Mr. S. M. Brown, answering Colossians 2:16-17 raised as an objection, said there were “shadowy sabbaths” such as that of the Passover—“coming events cast their shadow before.” These shadowy sabbaths looked forward to things to come, but the weekly Sabbath of the Lord looked backward to Creation, as shown in the commandment, and was thus clearly distinguished from the ceremonial or shadowy sabbaths.

How Christophe Columba Discovered America

In 1508 Christophe Columba, an Italian by birth, sailed from Genoa. “The wrong date” you say? Oh, no, this is a story of today. You are thinking of the stories of yesterday! Only two or three years ago, my Christophe Columbus, a dark-haired little Italian boy, was working in a restaurant in Naples. Among other interesting things, he overheard vivid descriptions of the land across the sea.

“The winters are warm in my home,” he heard a lady saying in poor Italian. “Oranges and jasmine flowers grow there, and mocking birds sing.”

“How is she from?” he had asked.

“America,” was the reply. “All the rich are Americans.”

“Gold!” said a Spaniard, who was returning homeward after several years of life in our western camps. “You can pick gold out of the ground in America.”

“It is the land of happiness,” thought Christophe. “If I could only go.”

He had no father nor mother, no one left in the wide world to care whether he went or stayed.

May 24, 1914.

At last there came to the restaurant a large, burly Italian, who had just returned to his native land for a short visit. He looked at Christophe one day when he was asking eager questions about America, and then taking him by the shoulder, he felt his muscles all over, as though he were a beast of burden that he was about to buy. Apparently pleased, he said gruffly:

“You may go back to America with me if you will work.”

“Will you let me?” cried Christophe, “I will work faithfully.”

It seemed like a dream that was coming true to Christophe, who was so glad to go to this wonderful America that in the journey from Naples to Genoa, the home of the Italian, he hardly felt the weight of the heavy bags given him to carry, nor did he notice that he was poorly fed and housed while waiting for the sailing day of the great steamer that was to carry them to New York.

“I must be brave,” he said to himself. And he waited upon the Italian with a smiling face, as they stowed away their luggage and found their crowded sleeping quarters in the steerage of the ship.

At last they are off! Christophe had no one to whom to wave good-by, though he shook his handkerchief gaily with the rest.

“I wish there was one who cared,” he thought, as a sob caught in his throat.

“But there will be sure to be in America, for that is the land of happiness.”

“Courage,” he repeated day after day, as he felt the cruel sickness of the sea and dodged the blows of his still more cruel master.

Can you not picture his dauntless little form standing on the steerage deck, peering across the great waves? Looking and looking to catch the first faint gleam of distant land! Can you also picture him, a few days later, tossed about in the great stream of immigrants that pours onto Ellis Island, straining and tugging at the heavy baggage, and following at the heels of his taskmaster like a faithful slave? Strange ceremonies and long delays were attendant upon the landing. Then they battled through the tumults of the streets. At last Christophe felt himself pushed through a narrow doorway beneath a dingy sign that
signified in Italian, "Liquors and Tobacco Sold Here."

"This is my shop," said his master. "Here you will work."

Then he led him into a small room over the shop, and, pointing to a bundle of ragged quilts on the floor, said, "Here you will sleep."

Christophe’s heart pounded in his ears. It was an indescribable thing, but fearless. "Courage," he said to himself, as he set his teeth in an outward smile. "If this is America we shall see."

But days and weeks passed by, yet not a word of English did he hear nor a glimpse did he have of any but Italian faces or Greek.

"How hungry I am," he said to himself one night. "And my arms, how weak they are."

The large, soft eyes had deep shadows beneath, and the small body was thin and bruised. "Ha! That was a bottle that hit me there," he said, as he looked at a scar. "I can’t jump as I did at first." Then, as the hot tears rushed to his eyes, he forced himself to laugh.

"Oh, what a baby I am," he said. "A little-one with tears, and not a great, strong lad of thirteen-almost fourteen years."

He wrapped his thin quilts around him. He was so cold that he could not sleep, not until daylight; then he fell into a heavy doze.

"What are you doing here at this late hour?" shouted an angry voice. "Get up and go into the shop!"

He felt himself dragged to his feet. He was fully dressed, as he had left on his clothing for its warmth, even his shoes. "I didn’t know," he said sleepily.

"What are you mumbled, you lazy pig? Take that—and that."

A push, then a kick, and Christophe, barely awake, stumbled and fell the full length of the stairs. A curse followed him. He picked himself up, and, looking back, saw the red face of his master at the top of the stairs. He looked at the dingy tobacco shop and the dirty, ill-smelling street.

"This is not America," he cried out. "I’m going to find it myself."

With a bound he leaped into the street, and was off out of sight in an instant, running at the top of his speed. Hattess, coatless, his thin summer blouse blown by the wind, he ran past factories and ware-houses, street after street. The houses grew cleaner and the buildings fine and handsome. But, oh, the noise and confusion of the street, with trains above and teams and cars beneath. Leaning against a building, Christophe panted for breath. Hungry, cold, deficient, he did not care. He had escaped, and now he will find America!"

"Mawin’ papas! Extra dinner!"

What is that carol he hears, sung by boys’ voices; young boys like himself? Here is one now.

"Mawin’ papas; times—Tribune—Hey there, you guy! Where’s your at? Did your mother call you early or was you out last night an’ just goin’ home?"

A merry, freckled face peered into his. "How do?" says Christophe, smiling with all his pearly teeth.

"How you is?" responded the new acquaintance heartily. Down on your luck, I guess. Wahnahuachoo," he trilled in his throat, and a troop of youngsters, each with a pack of papers, answered his call and came crowding around their chief.

"Here, you Tony! You try a little Eyeh-talian on this here gentleman. He don’t parlay Anglay very smart," he said.

A black-eyed little figure with ragged coat and tangle hair, stepped up to Christophe and began to ask him all sorts of questions in his native tongue. Christophe gladly told him everything; all about the long voyage, the bad man, the blows, the hunger, and how he had run away. As fast as he could talk, Christophe poured his troubles into the ears of his young com-patriot, and as fast as he told it Tony translated it for the little crowd.

"Gee whiz, but that’s hard luck," explained many of them when the story was at an end.

"Come, fellers, let’s stock him up," said the one who had found him first, and who seemed to be the leader. Tuffy, they called him—Tuffy Keach.

"Let’s see. He’ll have to buy breakfast and dinner; then save enough to buy papers tonight. Come on, now, do yourselves proud. Here’s five from me."

And he handed Christophe five of the crisp morning papers just from the press.

"And five from me."

"And five from me," was the response from each of the ragged little crowd, until Christophe had a good-sized pack beneath his arm.

"Now, teach him to yell," was the word of command.

"Mawin’ papas—extradition!"

Quickly they scattered down the street. Tony kept beside his new found countryman, teaching him over and over the burden of the song.

"Mawin’ papas; say can yer change money?"

Yes, Christophe had learned that in the shop of the Italian. Soon he added his small pipe to the chorus: "Times, Tribune, extradition."

How his heart thrilled when his first customer beckoned from across the street!

At last the papers were all sold.

"Hungry! Well, I know what that is myself," exclaimed Tony. "But we can’t spend much. Here’s the place."

It was a soup kitchen, and the boys stood in line. Hot soup, coffee, and bread, all for ten cents! How good it tasted!

After breakfast the boys went to a warehouse where Tony had sometimes found a chance to run errands. But this time nobody wanted him, and they were driven off. Their appearance was too ragged and unkempt.

"You might buy a cap," suggested Tony. "I know a place where you can get one cheap."

After buying the cap it was meal time again. Fifteen cents this time. Their store diminished. They counted it over carefully. So many evening papers—so much; supper—so much; the newsboys’ lodging house—so much; or if nothing remains there may be an empty coal bin, and Tony divulgled to Christophe the mysteries of the empty packing box or doorway. But beware of the cop!

The evening song changed but slightly from the morning refrain. Christophe had become quite expert. He even jumped upon a slowly moving car once or twice. He was obliged to move rapidly in order to keep warm. But at last there was only one paper left.

"Tony, see—but where is Tony? Christophe looked up and down the street. He had ridden a little way on a car, and then, jumping off, had gone at right angles instead of straight ahead.

"He’ll soon come back," thought Christophe, looking to himself trying to whistle a merry Italian song, but it hurt his throat to whistle. He was cold and tired. There were newsboys on the street, but none of them were followers of Tuffy Keach.

Christophe started to sell his last paper to a man, when one of them came up, and shouldered him away.

"Get on to your own beat," he cried. Another one picked up a stone and threw it at him. Christophe understood that he must move on. So, thrashing his hands in his pockets, with his head held down against the wind, he walked slowly on and on. He did not want any supper. His throat hurt so that he could not swallow it if he tried. He only wanted to lie down. At length he found himself on a dark, deserted street. There was something familiar about the place. It was the warehouse he had visited with Tony that day.

Empty barrel, and the wind was an empty barrel by the side of the building. He remembered what Tony had told him about sleeping in boxes, and, after looking carefully up and down the street, he knelt down and slowly crawled into it. It was not so uncomfortable as it might seem, for curling his knees a little, he had a snug little nest away from the wind. It seemed so good to him to lie down; and very soon he was asleep.

The clock on a tower far away struck seven. It was early to be in bed. Last night it had struck eleven, twelve, one, before he had passed the last glass of beer and the last cigar across the counter of the Italian who had brought him to this land.

Eight! strikes the clock. The long lashes sweep the curve of the thin little cheek. He chokes a little in his sleep. It was his throat that hurt him for he was very cold.

Half past eight! He moans as he turns in his cramped position. Oh, mother hearts in this big, kind land—those mother hearts that have love for their own and others too; and those who, having no little feet to guide, long to do good to the wandering ones of the earth—why do you not send some one out into the
dark, dreary spots to find the lost and bring them in?

But, hark! What was that noise? A band of knights came clattering down the street. Now, ancient history is coming in again, and this is a story of today, you say.

No, wrong again. These knights were not in armor, neither did they ride upon horses. They were just three rollicking boys, racing home after a meeting of the Knights of Cupid. There was only the dim light of a street lamp to bring out the boyishness of their club.

"Hello! What's this?" Tom, seeing a barrel, gave it a kick, but it would not roll.

"Ah, there's a foot sticking out. What's here?" Christophe, awakening, saw three smallish heads in the opening of his barrel.

"How do?" he said in a weak, thick voice.

"How do you do?" chorused the knights.

"You must not sleep here. You will catch cold. Come out!" They pulled him gently by the leg. He understood that, and slowly and painfully, he hobbled to the hospital and safety he had found America at last.

"It is America," said Miss Tom, "where they have missionaries that can speak all sorts of languages.

"Take him home," said Harry, "Run him in," said Joe.

"Nothing of the sort," Tom announces. "Don't you remember that missionary chap that spoke at our meeting last week? He told us of a kind of church where they have missionaries that can speak all sorts of languages. I know where it is. It's down the next street and then over a little ways. It's kept on purpose for any one like him. Come on. Let's take him there."

"Will you come with us?" they asked him, taking him kindly by the arm. Gradually Christophe's stiffened limbs straightened out, and he followed, shivering. It was not far. They soon stopped before a building all bright with lights. There was singing within it, but it stopped as the boys entered, and the people began to go out.

"It is a church," thought Christophe, "but small and very plain."

A lady came down the aisle and spoke to the boys. They explained eagerly.

"We found him in a barrel, Miss—"

(Miss Mary, we will call her, for the name is good.)

Miss Mary took both of Christophe's cold hands in hers. "What language do you speak?" she asked him in Italian.

Christophe's heart rose into his big brown eyes at the friendly touch and with the joy of hearing his own language. It was a pitiful story that he had to tell, and he told it stammeringly, but Miss Mary understood so well. The boys listened eagerly when she translated it to them.

"Poor little fellow! He looks sick," said Tom.

"I am afraid it's his throat," said Miss Mary. "Run home now, Sir Knights, and thank you for a brave rescue. We'll see him safely in the hospital and you can visit him there if he gets well." And she hurried the boys out of the door.

Christophe hardly knew how it all came about, but after a bewildering hour of kind hands passing him on to still other kind hands, he found himself in a bed—a soft, warm bed. Something had been done to his throat. It felt better and he wanted to sleep. Ah, such a sleep as he had. All night long and late into the morning. At last he opened his eyes and looked curiously around. It was so clean and quiet there. He saw a picture at the foot of the bed, of children in a church singing "Shepherd, teach us how to go." He did not understand the picture, but he thought of the merry boys that had taught him to sell papers the day before, and the other three boys who had taken him from the barrel and led him to Miss Mary. Miss Mary—! Ah, he would never forget the kind touch of her hand, nor the sense of safety he had felt when he said: "You are with friends now, Christophe. We will take care of you."

"It is America," Christophe whispered to himself, with a happy smile. "I have found America at last."—Bertha M. Shepherd.
Civic Reforms

Rev. Jessie E. Hutchins

Christian Endeavor Topic for June 27, 1914.

Daily Readings:

Sunday—Temperance Reform (Isa. 5: 11-17).
Monte—Political corruption (Micah 3: 1-12).
Tuesday—Honest administration (Micah 4: 1-4).
Wednesday—Beautifying the city (Isa. 65: 17-25).
Thursday—Safeguarding the young (John 21: 15-17).
Friday—Prison reform (Jer. 37: 11-21).
Sabbath Day—Topic: Civic reforms that Endeavorers should promote (Isa. 1: 17-20).

If there is any condition of the civic life that is not right, the Christian and the Christian Endeavor should be found at work against it. There is only one attitude to assume in regard to anything that is not right, and that is to put it away, for it cannot be regulated. We talk about regulating the business and the cooperators of it, but there is no regulating such things. It is wrong from start to finish and all there is to be done is to out the whole business. But there are some things which are called "questionable," and what shall we do with them? Is it not enough for the Christian to make a complete decision from the very fact that there is a question mark put after such things? It is not enough to assume a position in regard to a practice. We must have the courage to carry out our convictions in the best manner possible. "He who reforms himself has done more to reform the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots." It is not necessary for us to go to the hosueet and shout our convictions, in order to show that we are opposed to certain evils; but if shouting from the housetop is the best way to bring about a reform, then that is just the place where we should be.

As we look over the daily readings for this week we shall notice that in the times of the prophets there were conditions of society that needed reforming. It is quite interesting to note that we find these same evils today. As we study the later history of the Jews we find that their downfall came because they did not heed the warning of the prophets and turn away from their wickedness. Intemperance, political corruption, and dishonest administration will always bring about the destruction of a nation. Because of the organization of the Jews at the time of the prophets it was necessary to strike at these conditions from a national standpoint. Under the new dispensation each of these things becomes more of a personal problem. We find very little in the whole New Testament about a national attitude, but the personal relation to all righteousness is highly emphasized. But we are learning that no reform can come about unless there is a personal conviction against the evil, and this conviction must have its organizing influence which enables a conviction to have weight. We occasionally see one who is able to carry out such a reform almost entirely alone, or at least get a reform started. Judas was such a character. He began his fight almost alone, but he was so earnest, so honest and so sincere that he soon had the whole city of Denver aroused, and now the whole country is influenced by his convictions. But most of these national evils are so closely related that when one is struck all of them suffer with it. Lindsey began to seek justice for the boy, which resulted in a fight against corrupt politicians, against intemperance, and vice.

Christian Endeavorers can do not much against these things unless they learn about them. That was what the prophets asked of the people. "Learn to do well." We must seek to know the facts of the case in regard to these evils. Civic leagues for the study of these problems are being formed in many places. Often we do not attempt to overthrow these evils because we do not know about them. I remember, one Sabbath Day at Milton, Doctor Platts preached a temperance sermon. After stating the facts he went on to say he had informed the people in regard to local conditions. As he spoke of them he said that one woman had said that she would be one of twelve women to go and clean out that place. And Aunt Deal dese­

Keep Your Record Clean

At the close of the last speech that the noted John B. Gough ever made he said, "Young man, keep your record clean!" Good advice, even from a dying man—as it was in his case.

It must not be supposed for one moment that the young man must obey the laws of nature or the laws of God and go unpunished. A young man may reform and afterwards repent in "sackcloth and ashes"; but, nevertheless, he will have to pay, in some shape, the penalty for his misdoings.

One of the grandest men I know was once a drunkard, but now is a flaming torch for sobriety and prohibition; but you can see in his looks that he has had to pay for the sins of other men.

About an hour since one of the most honest and conscientious men I ever knew sat at my desk. He was once a drunkard, but has been rescued by divine grace. With tears in his eyes he told me of the struggles he had gone through during the past few years in striving to maintain his integrity. The love of liquor has not been taken from him, but daily grace has been given to him to resist temptation. "Safe an hour!" was his startling language to me. And his only hope lies in realizing daily his dependence upon the strong arm of Almighty God to hold him up and keep him from falling into the horrible pit from whence years ago he was snatched like a brand from the burning.

Unfortunately his past record is not what it should have been. In his younger days he cultivated a habit that bound him in chains which he could not break. Fortunately he one day asked help from the Lion of the tribe of Judah, who can break every chain and set the captive free. I wish every young man who reads my articles could have seen and heard my friend depict the struggle he has to live a sober, orderly life. It seems to me if they had seen they would ever venture to take the risk of being even moderate drinkers. He handed me the following little poem of his composition that contains some sound advice:

- Be strong in the Lord.
- Be strong in his power;
- Be strong in his love.
- Every day, every hour.
- Be strong in his might;
- Be strong in his truth;
- Be strong in his grace.
- In age and in youth.
- Be strong in the Lord.
- Be strong everywhere;
- Every thought for mankind,
- Every act seal with prayer.
- Be strong in the Lord.
- When danger is near:
- Temptations assail;
- Pray on, never fail.

"There is One who will shield;
There is One who is near;
Every burden that comes,
Every sorrow and care.
Keep close to the cross,
Keep near to the crown.
When life's journey is o'er
You will hear the 'Well done'.”
Reformed men should get credit for making up their minds to reform. But the ones that deserve most credit are those who have made a good record from infancy.

Horses, cats, and even dogs are valued by the records they have made. Why not human beings? A young man of almost spotless record should be, and is, held by respectable business men as of more value—provided he has the necessary requirements—than one who has wasted himself in riotous living.

It was a good day for the Prodigal Son when he repented of his evil ways and returned to his father’s house; but it would have been better for both him and his father if he had needed to feed on the husks that the swine did eat, and had not given his father so many hours of wretchedness.

To live a life of devils'ness, with an idea that at some future time there will be a turning-point, is altogether too dangerous a road to travel. The general ending of such a course is one that I shrink to contemplate.

Young men, the straight and narrow path is the one to walk in, by day and by night. In the day, if wolves are chained, and the rainbow of promise is “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,” is yours to gaze at and receive inspiration from.

Remember Mr. Gough’s parting words. He was a man who keenly felt the fact that a portion of his life had been worse than wasted; and though he had done much to make amends, he knew that he carried the stripes of the wagons of sin.—George R. Scott, in Sabbath Reading.

**Learn to Swim**

“I was very glad that I took swimming lessons at Havergal,” said little Helen O’Hara. Well she might be, for otherwise she would have survived the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland*. When little girls of eight and ten years survive where strong men drown, the moral is not to be escaped. It is art, not strength, which is the deciding element.

Giant muscles beat themselves out idly in the water unless there is a knowledge of how to make the water a servant. No swimmer rears himself above the waves in the impossible manner attempted by the ignorant person in the water, whose impulse is to lift himself above the level of the waves as though he were pulling himself over a fence. The swimmer knows when it is safe to open his mouth, and that he must not breathe if his nostrils are full of water. Panic, strangling, and heart failure cause many deaths in the water. The swimmer has only one chance for his life because his accomplishment enables him to keep his wits as well as his wind and strength. He knows better than anybody that he can not swim ashore, but he knows also that he can get to a deck chair, or a plank, or a lifeboat, if it is within reasonable distance. The swimmer knows that he can help others to help him, and it is no little thing to be of help to a rescuer at a time when economy of time means saving other’s lives as well as your own.

Now is just the time to make this lesson profitable to innumerable thousands. It is the outing season. Learning should not be delayed because the prospect of an ocean voyage is small. Lives may be lost or saved in a duckpond as well as the ocean.

Those who go down to the sea in ships or rowboats alike should learn both what to do and what not to do in and in the water. The element should be respected rather than feared. No liberties should be taken with it, but it should not be allowed to end your life before your time. Learn to swim, learn this season, and you will be glad as long as you live, even though your life never should be in danger on the water.—*New York Times*.

**A Correction**

**DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:**

"In the Recorder of June 1, I notice an item of news from the Milton Junction Journal-Telephone, in which it is stated that I gave a lecture on music in the Battle Creek Sanitarium on "Friday evening." The matter is not important, but the lecture in question was delivered on the evening following the Sabbath. The evening before I attended the Christian Endeavor meeting and spoke there on the "True Christian Life."

Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM C. DALAND.

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**To the Clergy of the United States**

**A Letter from the Secretary of the Church Peace Union.**

**GENTLEMEN:**

Through the kindness of the press, I am taking this opportunity of addressing you concerning some matters in which you will be greatly interested, and of asking your kind co-operation in the great cause of furthering international good will.

In the first place the Church Peace Union has authorized me to offer to the churches five thousand dollars ($5,000) in prizes for the best essays on international peace. The sum is apportioned as follows:

1. A prize of one thousand dollars ($1,000) for the best monograph of between 15,000 and 25,000 words on any phase of international peace by any pastor of any church in the United States.
2. Three prizes, one of five hundred dollars ($500), one of three hundred dollars ($300), and one of two hundred dollars ($200), for the three best essays on international peace by students of the theological seminaries in the United States.
3. One thousand dollars ($1,000) in ten prizes of one hundred dollars ($100) each to any church member between twenty (20) and thirty (30) years of age.
4. Twenty (20) prizes of fifty dollars ($50) each to Bible-school pupils between fifteen (15) and twenty (20) years of age.
5. Fifty (50) prizes of twenty dollars ($20) each to Bible-school pupils between ten (10) and fifteen (15) years of age.

In the accomplishing of the desired result the union is asking the churches to appoint a local committee and the one interested in taking part may be found which will (Signed) FREDERICK LYNCH.

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**Children's Page**

**Bobolink**

Oh! I know a merry fellow,
Dressed in black and white and yellow,
And his song is rich and mellow—Bobolink!

Down among the blooming clover,
You will find the handsome rover,
Full of mirth, and brimming over.

All the river's rippling gladness,
All the torrent's dashing madness,
Blend in tune, with naught of sadness.

From the raindrop's merry tinkle
As they fast and faster sprinkle
Comes his "Bobolink, olinkle."

Then the meadow's sunny sweetness
And the zephyr's airy fleetness
Round his song to full completeness.

Late he is in north migrations—
Waits until he's sure of ration
Ere he starts on his vacations.

All the torrent's dashing
From the raindrop's merry tinkle
Full of mirth, and brimming over.

And he'll be a welcome comer.

Margaret E. La Monte, In The Tribune

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**A Baby in India**

"Dear me! What do you call that?"
The new missionary shaded her eyes from the setting Indian sun and peered down the road.

At first, a tent woven of straw seemed to be walking straight toward her, but soon three pairs of brown legs were visible beneath. She watched with growing interest. Straight on they came and halted under a spreading banyan tree on the mission premises. Then the tent began slowly to come down, and presently settled as if for the night.

"Dear me!" said the new missionary again, "I wonder if they are going to stay here. I must see what they want—in the morning."

And so, when morning came and the missionary felt very brave, she walked out to call on her new neighbors.

A big man with no shoes or stockings or hat or shirt, was cooking breakfast in a tiny brass pot placed upon a few stones. A little girl was scouring her shining teeth with a piece of charcoal.

"Salam," said the man, putting his hands together at his forehead and bowing almost to the ground.

"Salam," said the little girl, shyly, and then, running toward the tent, she pulled away the straw door and looked in as if she said, "Won't you go in?"

The missionary stooped and put her hand inside, and what do you think she saw? The dearest, littlest mite of a brown baby lay on the ground blinking its eyes in the light; and over in the corner on a pile of weedy lay the poor sick mamma.

The little girl carried the baby outside in her arms. "It's a nice fat baby," she said, kissing it.

The man frowned. "The gods are angry with us. They send us only girls."

Then he straightened himself up and looked at the missionary. "Will you have it, your honor? We are too poor to fill so many mouths, and this is but a girl."

The sick mamma, hearing his words, crept to the door. "Oh, Miss Sahib," she pleaded, "do take her! Your face is kind; you will be good to her. She won't be much trouble. Soon she will be big and can serve you. Please take her, Miss Sahib. Don't leave her here."

"I won't buy your baby, but I will take care of it, if you will give it to me," said the missionary, soberly, for she knew that every year in India many little girls babies who are not wanted die very mysteriously or are sold to wicked men.

"Take her," said the father, crossly.

The mother lifted her head for one long kiss and a burning caress. The big tears ran down the little baby's face as morning when the missionary looked out, the straw house was gone and only a few ashes showed where the visitors had been.

But the new baby who, one day—God willing—should go back to teach her people about the kind, brown-eyed father, who loves little girls as well as boys, slept sweetly on her clean blanket—Children's Missionary Friend.

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**Little Scotch Granite**

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

Before the close of the school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say ten if he had not whispered during the day, he replied: "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie that night after school.

Well, bid said Willie, "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil and asked a boy for a knife and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt reddening.

"There isn't any sense in the old rule; and nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will or else say I haven't," said Willie.

"Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lying," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that if you told the truth?" laughed Willie bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with the others in playtime; but, according to his account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them or told tales; but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive and he had as hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look when he was told the man was General Garibaldi, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in deportment among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.

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**Denominational News**

Sabbath Day, June 6, Rev. Clayton Burdick of Westerly, R. L, will occupy the pulpit of the Seventh Day Baptist church. Hour of service 11 a.m. At 3 p.m. he will hold service at the Lincklaen Center church. Again Sunday evening at 7.30 p.m. there will be services at the DeRuyter church. It is hoped that there will be a good interest manifested in attendance at these services.

Rev. T. A. Wing, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church, will occupy the pulpit in the M. E. church next Sunday morning.—DeRuyter (N. Y.) Gleaner.

"I can not take care of my soul, God can keep that; but my body is for me to take care of. —George Muller.

"A man becomes what he most desires to be."
Faithful Lone Sabbath Keepers

DEAR BROTHER GARDNER:

On November 19, 1912, we left our home at North Loup, Neb., on account of health, and started for San Antonio, Tex.

Having felt for a long time that all Christians should be missionaries, we thought the opportunity offered for such work here we would try to improve it and to our surprise the doors have opened faster than we 'can keep up with.

The plan is to have plenty of tracts, and as we enter the home and talk of other lines of work we also tell how we are trying to work for God and his broken law. It is a pleasure to see the interest taken and how eager the people are to take the tracts.

There are several ministers studying the Sabbath question and we have much hope that at least one will come to accept the right. Many laymen are considering it also and some tell me they have commenced to keep our day. Most of this work has been with the negroes and I am hoping to find one of that race who will accept, who is a minister, and hope that at least one will be started for one of that race who will accept, who is a minister and has a colored church.

MILLS-CRANDALL— Walter Francis Mills and Susan Langworthy Crandall, all of Hopkinton, were united in marriage at the home of Charles H. Langworthy, 4th Rev. E. Adelbert Witter, the evening of June 3, 1914. The young couple will make their home here at Hopkinton.

MARRIAGES

LANGWORTHY— Carrie R. Champlin, youngest daughter of Joseph and Polly Sheldon Champlin, was born at South Kingston, July 30, 1859, and died at Hopkinton City, March 20, 1914.

When a young girl she was baptized and joined the Pa Rhod, the Seventh Day Baptist Church. On September 10, 1883, she was married to Charles H. Langworthy at Tomaqua Valley, where they made their home for many years. After which they moved to Hopkinton City.

On January 6, 1896, she united with the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, of which she was a worthy member until her death. On September 19, 1913, she celebrated her fiftieth wedding anniversary. Soon after this she was taken sick and failed rapidly until death dealt her pain and suffering and ushered her into an upper and better kingdom.

During her life she gave evidence that she was leaning for help and strength upon the loving arms of her heavenly Father. She was never noisy about her religion but showed it in little acts of kindness and words of love, especially to the lowly and unfortunate.

Funeral services, conducted by Rev. E. P. Mathewson, were held at the house on Monday afternoon, March 30, and interment took place in First Hopkinton Cemetery.

JAMES— Eliza, widow of the late H. H. C. O. James, in need to the heavenly rest at her home in Shepherds ville, Ky., in the seventy-sixth year of her age. She was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church. Her husband preceded her to the spirit land six years ago. One brother, Henry Stallings, is the only one of her immediate family. Only two of the little church at Shepherds ville, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Wise, are now left.

PLACE— In Willard, N. Y., May 27, 1914, Mrs. Martha A. Place, in the sixty-seventh year of her age.

Martha A. Place was the daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Prosser Place. Her life has been mostly lived in Alfred, the early part in the home of her parents and later in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Langworthy. Owing to a cloud hovering over her head the last fourteen years have been spent at Willard.

When about twenty years of age she was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist church of Alfred, and of this church she remained a member till her death.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Isaac Langworthy, and two brothers, Thomas J. Place and Tom, of Syracuse, and Clarke S. Place of St. Louis, Mo.

A farewell service, conducted by Pastor William B. Langworthy, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Langworthy on Friday, May 20, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

DEATHS

Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON I—JULY 4, 1914

THE LABORER IN THE VINEYARD

Lesson Text.—Matt. 20: 1-16

Golden Text.— "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." Matt. 5: 45.

DAILY READINGS

First-day, Luke 2: 46-55
Second-day, Matt. 21: 33-40
Third-day, Matt. 25: 19-30
Fourth-day, Gen. 27: 21-27: 30-40
Fifth-day, 1 Sam. 15: 17-35
Sixth-day, Matt. 22: 37-40
Sabbath day, Matt. 20: 1-16

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)

Oh, I know the Hand that is guiding me
Through the shadow to the light;
And I know that all holding me
Is meted out aright.
I know that the throng path I tread
Is ruled with a golden line;
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread
The brighter the rich design.

When faints and falls each wilderness hope,
With the lamp of faith burns dim,
Oh, I know where to find the honey-drop
On the bitter chalice brim.
For I see, though veiled from my mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete,
Though the darkness, at present, be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet.

I can wait till the day-spring shall o'erflow
The sight of my soul.
For I know there's a blessing for every woe,
A promise for every prayer.
Yes, the Hand which is holding me
Will ever hold me fast;
And the strength of the Arm that is folding me
Will keep me to the last.—Author unknown.

"What a marvel of a business man's guide is the book of Proverbs!"
The Sabbath Recorder

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath services at 2 a.m. in Snow's Hall, No. 214 South Warren Street. All communications, rates furnished on request. Rev. W. H. Davis, pastor, 159 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in room 933, Manhattan Temple, N. E. cor. State and Montauk Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 1 o'clock meeting at 3. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 234 W. 44th St.

Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services at the home of Rev. Frank Muncy, 1635 Pine Street, at 11 a.m. Christian Endeavor at 7:30 p.m. Prayer meetings Sabbath eve at 7:30.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 2 o'clock each Sunday, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 2 p.m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before Sabbath, 7:30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner of Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 1135 Melbury St.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2:45 p.m. Christian Endeavor prayer meeting in the building (com- plete Sanitarium), 2nd floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath meeting at 1 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon. All interested are cordially invited. Seventh Day Baptist School Superintendent, Warden Williams.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds regular Sabbath service at 3 p.m., Monday evening on the 1st, 3rd, and 5th Monday of the month. At the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida, and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the regular services held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

Canada spends more for liquor in one week than it gives to missions in two years.—Youth's Instructor.

"It is not what one does, but what one tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for noble career."—E. P. Tenney.

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THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE
by Florence L. Barclay
A delightful love story, a worthy successor to THE ROSARY, we follow the fortunes of the young and lovely Lady Ingleby, recently widowed by the death of a husband who was never capable of really understanding her. While rustling incog in the country, she meets her heart's delight under the simple and classic name of "Jim"—in reality an Earl—and these two proceed to fall deeply and rapturously in love with each other. When he learns her identity, a situation of singular power and fascination is developed, which Mrs. Barclay handles in a masterly manner. A most absorbing and unusual story.

BEN-HUR: A Tale of the Christ
by General Lew Wallace
This is a famous religious-historical romance with a mighty story, brilliant pageantry, thrilling action and deep religious reverence. It is hardly necessary to give an outline of the story, for every one is familiar with the "Star of Bethlehem and The Three Wise Men," and the wonderful description of the "Chariot Race" and "Christ Healing the Sick on the Mount of Olives." In the thirty years since "Ben Hur" first attracted the attention of readers, no work of fiction has appeared which has had so great and so enduring a popularity.

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GEORGE BRADFORD CARPENTER