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With colored frontispiece, blue and gold inlay. This volume is probably the most widely sold and universally beloved of all Dr. Van Dyke's books. Its underlying motive is the search for true happiness, as symbolized by the rare and beautiful Blue Flower.
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by General Lew Wallace
This is a famous religious-historical romance with a mighty story, brilliant pageantry, thrilling adventure 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."

Your choice of the above volumes sent postpaid on receipt of one new subscription to the Sabbath Recorder, paid one year in advance.

SABBATH RECORDER  
PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

A PRAYER
ALICE MATHIEWS
My Father! in this quiet room tonight
I kneel, to ask the blessing of a greater light
To guide my restless footsteps wheresoe'er I go;
And let content stay closer than my dearest friend below.

Ah! let the tender littleness of kindly deeds
Ever alway urge, in my heart, for friendly needs.
No root of bitterness I pray you let abide
Within my soul, O Father, when comradies turn aside.
The little slights, neglects, or frets,
That choke so with their stings.

Ah! let the tender littleness of kindly deeds
In this quiet room tonight
I kneel, to ask the blessing of a greater light
To guide my restless footsteps wheresoe'er I go;
And let content stay closer than my dearest friend below.
American Sabbath Tract Society

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The Sabbath Visitor.

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at Plainfield, N. J.

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOUR.

Just across the Bay from New York City, on the northern end of Staten
Island, stands a splendid institution called
Sailors' Snug Harbor. We have often heard of it, and many times have we passed
its gates without understanding what blessing it is to nearly a thousand old
and homeless men. Yesterday it was our privilege to walk through its well-kept
grounds, where more than a century of devoted veterans of the sea were strolling along
flower-bordered paths, and to see within its spacious, well-appointed rooms and
halls other aged men, all enjoying the comfort of a handsome home.
The group of
buildings covers several acres on an elevation giving a fine outlook of
New York Bay, and the institution has a farm of 185 acres of good land.

Aside from the main building, with its rooms for resting, writing and resting, its
large auditorium, its ample dining halls, and its sleeping apartments,
there is a fine church with pipe organ, a chapel, and a well-furnished parsonage for
the minister. Then there are workshops, a laundry, an ice plant, and various other buildings necessary for the
work pertaining to the institution. There is also a large hospital and a sanitarium.

Any old and homeless sailor who has
followed the sea under the Stars and Stripes for five years may find a free home there
regardless of his nationality. There is absolutely no cost to those who are per-
mitted to enter this home. At present there are nearly four hundred aged sailors and
orphans who make their home there.

The Seventh Day Baptist

Vol. VII, No. 6

Plainfield, N. J., August 10, 1914

WHOLE NO. 3,523

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Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.

Prompt payment of all obligations requested.
life-sized paintings of Richard Randall and Alexander Hamilton, while he dwells affectionately on the story of the origin of the Snug Harbor.

Would that many more men of means were ready to bestow their goods in their final adjustment where for generations to come rich blessings to their fellow men would follow. Probably no other wealth that once belonged to Richard Randall can be found today doing such a glorious work as does the gift he made for the sailors' home. Thus it is demonstrated that money wisely bequeathed to benevolent and charitable institutions, to missions, to schools and churches, and to hospitals, to go on forever with its blessed work, is oftentimes the only money which the giver can feel will surely be well spent.

***

A Snug Harbor Offered to All

Since visiting the aged sailors in their Snug Harbor home, I have thought a good deal about another haven, beyond life's sea, where a snug harbor of rest is promised to every voyager who will strive under the guidance of that all-sustaining hand to reach its home. The peaceful and satisfied expressions on the faces of the aged mariners, living as they do without a care, with every want anticipated and provided for, after their years of service on the rough and restless ocean, are but faint suggestions of the blissful rest awaiting the faithful in the paradise of God.

The religious experience of these we saw in the Snug Harbor, but now their hardships are over. Kind hands have prepared them a home where they may find congenial employment for hand and brain, or pleasing recreation, as they may desire. Flowers to birds and trees, and the kindly deeds of men combine to inspire within them a love for the beautiful, the good and the true. All the influences seem calculated to beget noble aspirations and to increase the capacity for enjoyment. Somehow, everything about this beautiful sailors' home reminds me of the home for the faithful to which we hasten, where a snug harbor is offered to all.

How is it with you, my brother? Are you headed for this snug harbor or is your bark drifting the other way? If you are striving to make the haven, does life's sea seem rough and are you toiling against adverse winds and tides? Do storm-clouds threaten, or do you fail to see the lights along the shore, while you hear the breakers on the rocks? Are you groping your way that old as to your future? It may be you have lost the anchors of faith and hope, or you are in sore distress without your chart and compass. Some may be battling bravely but helplessly in a night-storm of trouble, unable as yet to see the Master walking on the waves to save them. Some may be amid the darkness of a mysterious providence; or smitten with a cyclone of temptation, may fear that God has forgotten them. Some may even now be toiling desperately, with shattered sail and broken rudder, against the head winds of sickness, or poverty, or business disaster, while the darkness deepens even until the stars seem blotted out!

With some the guiding hand at the helm has been taken away, and the loved ones are left, as it were, to sift the waves alone. And so it is that in one way or in another many are "being exceedingly tossed with a tempest" in which "neither sun nor stars for many days" have appeared. If so, I pray that, like Paul, when storm-driven on the sea, you too may hear an angel's message saying, "Fear not," and that you, like Peter, may see the Master walking on the waves to still the tempest and bring you to land. Don't forget your Pilot, but trust him where you cannot see. God's promise, "At even time it shall be light," can not fail while men cling to him. And by and by, through the all-sustaining grace of him who makes our sea, the faithful shall surely outride the storms and cast anchor in the sailors' snug harbor of heaven, whence they go no more out forever.

"Jesus! Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the dark storm pass, Safe into the haven guide, O, receive my soul at last!"

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Worthy Pensioners of the Church

Perhaps we have made a mistake in speaking of our superannuated ministers' pension fund as a Ministerial Relief Fund, and have regarded it too much as a fund doled out in pity for the old and poor who have come to want.

We are glad that some of the religious papers are beginning to speak of ministers' pensions rather than of ministerial relief funds. The term pension has a better sound, and I think it has a better meaning. It is much more commensurate to an aged, self-respecting minister who has devoted his life to the church, and who, after many years of most rigid economy on a small salary, finds himself out of work and in poverty, when he is made to realize that he is an object of charity to whom a pitance must be doled out from a relief fund. This is about like what the state calls "outdoor help" for the poor, and is next thing to "indoor help," or going to the poorhouse.

Our plan of having a general denominational fund contributed to by all the churches, such as is now started and in the hands of the Memorial Board, is far better than having sums for relief raised here and there by individual churches to aid those only who may be found in their own membership. It is better from the very fact that it is a general fund out of which ministers in any of our churches can be supplied when old and needy. And the act of giving to such a fund cultivates a broader spirit, a more unselfish disposition, than would the giving for one's own minister or only to one who belongs to "one's church." This general plan tends also to cultivate the spirit of denominational unity, and enables a people to feel that their ministers belong to the denomination rather than to individual churches. As Reverend Hugh Baptists, made a peculiarly fine demonstration of this, we need to cultivate everything that tends to beget a sense of denominational solidarity.

Then let us cease to think of this fund as a Ministerial Relief Fund, out of which charity to any one person may be given. Rather let us regard it as an honorable pension fund which represents our ideas of justice, due to men who have generously and unselfishly served the church, as soldiers serve their country or teachers serve the state. We regard it as highly honorable for the nation to pension her aged veterans who gave up home and business and risked their lives to save the country. No one thinks of this as a charity fund, but as a payment of well-earned dues to men who served their country. So it is when the state places its old teachers on a pension list after they have served in the public schools for thirty years or more. No one thinks of the aged teachers' fund as a relief fund, or a charity fund for the poor. Many a business firm has retired certain old workers, who for years have faithfully served in shop or store, placing them on a sort of pension list in order to keep them from tide to tide. We do not regard such transactions as deeds of charity. We look upon them as acts of justice to those who have well earned the favor.

Why should the denomination's provision for its aged and worn-out ministers, when their working days are over, be regarded in any different light? In the days of their strength they gave business ambitions, spent years of time and money possessed in securing the education necessary in order to serve the church. Then through years of service on half salaries that necessitated heroic efforts to keep the wolf from the door and their children clothed, they gave the world of hand and heart and brain until, with heads silvered with age, they have been compelled to give way for younger men. There are many such cases that can be the churches do better than to honorably to aid hard as thus pensioned ministers? What less can a denomination do and be just? A denomination that will not do this for its worn-out ministers can not expect many of its young men to enter the ministry. Such a provision well established, to make sure that none of our pastors will ever be allowed to suffer in old age, would remove one great hindrance to young men's entering the ministry.

Other denominations are awakening to this important work. Nearly every week their papers contain appeals to the people to rally around the standard for a ministers' pension fund. My attention was attracted by a little song on the subject, by Fanny Crosby, entitled "Love's Remem-
**The Sabbath Recorder**

**Lone Sabbath Keepers Discovered**

Every now and then we learn of lone Sabbath-keepers of whom we have never heard, but who have been faithful to God's law for years without even knowing of our denomination until some chance inquiry has revealed us to them. Recently certain articles came to hand for publication from one whose name we could not trace the thunderbolt in accordance with Seventh Day Baptists. Finally, when other items were forwarded for publication, we wrote to learn more about the writer and how she came to send them to us. The reply was that the family had been known by acquaintances since 1890, at which time they withdrew from a First Day church, being convinced that there was no other Bible Sabbath than the Seventh Day. They never joined any other church and know of no Sabbath-keepers near them. Through the Federal Council of Churches information concerning us was given in response to their inquiries, and so they found us. The writer says: "For a long time I sought to get in touch with Seventh Day Baptist publications, preferring to exercise any literary ability I might possess among readers of this faith, as I believe in immersion as well as in the Sabbath, and would enjoy encouraging other believers." In due time we hope to know more of these friends and expect to be able to give some story of their experiences as lone Sabbath-keepers.

While writing on this subject we might mention others who never saw Seventh Day Baptists and yet are loyal to the cause we love. One expresses the hope that some minister of our faith will be able to visit them (husband and wife, alone), and preach to and baptize them. On another page is a letter from one who for many years has lived apart from the people of her faith and yet remains loyal. The Recorder is glad to become a medium of communication between such Sabbath-keepers, and as such it hopes to aid them in encouraging one another.

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**That Salem College Song**

On the cover of our Salem College number appeared a college song entitled "The Light of Salem College," which was erroneously credited to Rev. A. J. C. Bond. Upon receiving a card from Mr. Bond, stating that he was not the author, we made inquiry, and found the author to be Mrs. C. B. Clark, wife of President Clark of Salem College. We therefore reprint the poem this week on another page.

On July 18, 1870, the Pope was declared infallible. The very next day Louis Napoleon declared war against Prussia. When the French troops were withdrawn from Rome the Italian troops took possession of the Eternal City on October 17, and put an end to the temporal power of the Papacy which had lasted for a thousand years.—Watchman-Examiner.
Christian religion have prevented this war? They claim to stand on the platform of peace on earth and good will to men. And yet, upon a very poor excuse, the dogs of war have been let loose and five nations, springing from each other's throats, are already engaged in a death struggle. Some of them, to be sure, have been forced to take up arms after exhausting every means to prevent the conflict. What others may yet be forced to do no man can foretell.

The war. They claim to be forced to do no man can foretell. Let loose and five nations; springing from each other's throats, are already engaged in a death struggle. Some of them, to be sure, have been forced to take up arms after exhausting every means to prevent the conflict. What others may yet be forced to do no man can foretell.

Railroad Rates to Conference

The railroads of the country decline to make any very special round trip rates to Conference, August 18 to 23, unless the attendance is over 500 and preferably over 1,000.

The certificate plan, which has been in vogue at Conference in years past, is no longer in existence, and soldier tickets are sold for large gatherings are limited to ten days from going date. This much to explain the recent rulings of the railroad company.

The rates to Alfred, N. Y., and return, good for thirty days, will be in effect as follows:

- New York City: $12.50
- Chicago, Ill.: 22.50
- Adams Center, N. Y.: 10.25
- Bridgeton, N.J. (via Philadelphia): 17.50
- Bridgeton, N.J.: 17.50
- Milton, Wis.: 20.50
- North Loop, N.Y.: 22.50
- Norwich, N.Y.: 28.50
- Westley, R. I.: 19.00

The above will give you an approximate idea of the cost from the various sections of the country. We would suggest that you consult your ticket agent regarding short summer excursion tickets from the West to New York and return, with stop-over privilege at Alfred, N. Y.

All ministers of our denomination, regularly ordained and in charge of pastorates, may secure the clerical rate (one way full fare for the round trip), by applying at the Erie Railroad, General Offices, 30 Church Street, New York, or the Transportation Building, Chicago, Ill., and identifying themselves, and presenting this notice. Clergymen reaching the Erie Railroad at other points than New York or Chicago should write the General Passenger Agent at either of the above stations, who will authorize clerical rates at the place where they reach the Erie.

It is expected that through trains will stop at Alfred in both directions on the opening day of Conference, as well as Sunday night and Monday morning following.

- William C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
- W. A. Hood, Hornell, N. Y.
- Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y.
- Committee

Conference on Country Life Problems

There is to be a conference of country life leaders at the New York State School of Agriculture at Alfred University, August 24 and 25, 1914, the two days following the General Conference. Delegates to the General Conference should plan to remain two days, Monday and Tuesday, after the General Conference to this meeting which promises to be of unusual interest to ministers and others interested in the uplift of country life.

Rev. Charles Samuel Tator of North Port, N. Y., Prof. H. H. Wheeler of the New York State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., Dean G. Walter Fiske of Oberlin Theological Seminary, Oberlin, Ohio, are among the speakers to give one or more addresses, on the following topics: "The Church and the Social Life of the Community," "The Harlem, the Church and the School," "Conditions of Success in the Modern Country Church," "Community Cooperation for Community Betterment," "Community Needs and the Institutions Serving them." Other subjects equally interesting will be presented with ample time for questions and discussions.

Do not leave Alfred before the close of this rural life conference. Though this conference has no official relation to the General Conference, it has been placed on the above dates to make it possible for the delegates to the General Conference to attend this meeting before returning to their homes.

W. L. Greene

South Dakota to the Front

Tilton Swenson, the state secretary, has come along with his report of the Lone Sabbath Keepers' work, and surely has no occasion to be ashamed thereof.

He wrote last year that he thought they could raise their assignment, and they have done so. He sends a list of twenty names and reports contributions of $202 as follows: Missionary Society $77, Tract Society $20, Milton College $10, Young People's work $15, Doctor Palmberg, Chicago, $60 ($50 of this for hospital fund). This makes a trifle over $1 for each one; but as only seven actually contributed, these gave an average of nearly $30 each, which is certainly fine. They have already made a beginning toward another year. If Brother Swenson can get them all in "the habit" next year, they of course will make a still better showing.

Another fine thing about it is, as he says, that this is all cash; for the South Dakota secretary has not got the habit of handling pledges. See?

Eight of the twenty have the Recorder to read. Only three are represented as having membership in any of our churches.

The brother has some more good work to do, besides the financial, which I hope he may accomplish the coming year: (1) to bring the Recorder into the homes of the other twelve; and (2) to seek membership for the seven in some of our churches, or what is perhaps better, make a church of their own for our good people of South Dakota.

Who has a better report for us than South Dakota?

G. M. Cottrell
General Field Secretary

Topeka, Kan.
Aug. 1, 1914
The Sabbath Reform

The Sabbath as the Family's Day

REV. W. C. TITTSWORTH
ALFRED CENTER, N. Y.

(CoNCLUDED.)

The original idea in the Sabbath seems to be rest; that is, cessation from the duties of the regular occupations of life. In the words of the Old Testament, gathered from several places, the Sabbath was a day of rest from "sowing and reaping" (Ex. xxviii. 23, xxix. 4); "gathering grapes and bearing burdens of all kinds" (Neh. xii. 15; Jer. vii. 21); "holding of markets and all kinds of trade" (Neh. xii. 15, Amos vii. 5); "gathering wood, and kindling a fire for cooking" (Ex. xxxv. 19; Num. xv. 32). Or, in the language of the commandment, "In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." Cessation from work of life's occupation, and rest for all, seem to be the leading idea in the institution of the Sabbath, and in the commands which enforce it.

Our modern idea of a proper observance of the Sabbath-day has in it the additional thought of public worship; but nothing is said of this in the institution of the Sabbath, or in the commands which enforce it; and it is probable that regular weekly public gatherings for this purpose are unknown among the Jews till after the Captivity. To be sure, in Lev. xxiii. 3, we have these words: "But the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation," which would seem to show that some public assembly of the people was common from the first of the nation's existence after the law was given. And it may be that Moses had the people together for instruction. The Mosaic law, however, and it may be that others did this, and at different times in the history of the Jewish people; but we can find no evidence of any weekly Sabbath-day gatherings among the people of Israel till the synagogue was established among them about the time of their return from exile. Nor was any difference in kind of offerings made for the Sabbath-day in the regular temple ritual; but double offerings of the usual daily morning and evening sacrifices were made; and during the national feasts, the Sabbath of the feast was set apart for the observance of the Sabbath, but I can not find any evidence that the Sabbath was a day of weekly public worship for the whole nation till after the exile.

We have found these two facts about the Sabbath, in the early history of the Jews: First, the Sabbath was a day of rest; a day in which the regular work of life was to stop, designed to teach the chosen people and the race, "that neither a man's prosperity nor his time should be considered absolutely his own, the seventh day of each week being holy to God;" and second, at first and for many years in the history of the Sabbath, it was a day spent at home, and not in public worship. What then did the people do on the Sabbath? Was it a day of mere idleness? These are questions which arise very naturally. Some Jews and some Christians have thought it was mere idleness, some going so far as to say that one should remain in the posture in which the beginning of the Sabbath happened to find him. But we can not imagine that this day of rest appointed by Divine Wisdom was to be a day of idle inaction, or listless-doing-nothing. For here is where very much of the mischief connected with the modern Sunday now enters, the Sunday is a day of nothing to do. Such a day as that might be called more properly Satan's infernal day than God's holy day; "for idleness is the nest in which mischief lays her egg." Inaction and life do not belong together. Where there is life, there must be some sort of occupation. So that the comparatively modern habit of spending a part of the Sabbath-day in public worship, is wise, and came about by the instruction of the Spirit of God; it is in accord with the spirit of the true Sabbath. But the Sabbath at first was the home-day, and any thing which makes it impossible for it to be the home-day now is contrary to its spirit; any thing which divides the family and makes its union on that day impossible, is contrary to its spirit.

The family idea belonged to the Jewish mind by nature. The people of Israel looked back to a family for their origin; they made much of the family in their divisions and subdivisions. Every family looked back to its head in the greater family—the tribe. Family worship was for a long time the only worship known. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob knew nothing of promiscuous gatherings of people for worship; they knew family worship only; and it is probably true that family worship, the family altar, with its sacrifices, the temples, the fathers and priests and teachers, were familiar things to the children of Israel for many years of their existence. While I can find no reason to believe that any thing like weekly public worship was common among the Jews till after the captivity, when the synagogue came in, still I think it altogether likely that among the devout and pious, the old ways of their fathers were more or less followed, and the family worshiped itself. The Jewish family then was a day at home; at least commands looking to this were given by Moses, and the Sabbath was the home-day of the family.

From these two things, which we take to be facts, it is clear that what was a day of rest, and that it was spent at home, we may draw a picture of a Jewish family. The father is not at work in the field or the shop, nor is he in the market, but at home. The mother was her house all put in order, with the necessary cooking done to furnish them with food to eat. The children are not permitted to work or go to the scribe to be taught. What is to be done to make it a day endurable? Can it be made a delight?

There are some things which we may safely say about the Sabbath in the families of the Israelites:

1. It was not a dull and gloomy day, and was not intended to be so. If we may believe the evidence that is to be gathered from the later writings of the Jews, the Jewish Sabbath was a day of joy and pleasure; and if we take the law, we find nothing in it to the contrary; cessation from labor. There are some things in the Bible from which we may infer the same thing—that the Sabbath was a day of pleasant occupation of some sort. The Sabbath is frequently mentioned in connection with the national feasts, which were times of great joy, and even hilarity. The first day of the seventh month was always kept as a Sabbath. Of this day, Nehemiah said to the people at the high time: "This day is holy unto the Lord your God; turn not nor weep. Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared." Then, he said that all the people went their way to eat and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth. In the time of Christ, the wealthy Jews were in the habit of making feasts on the Sabbath, at which all the neighbors were welcome; and he himself attended such a feast on the Sabbath. Luke xiv. 1. It was thought best and right to have the choicest food on the Sabbath, though it was prepared on the day before, and the dinner was eaten late in the day, the public worship and service over with it. Whether right or wrong, the Jews did not make the Sabbath a day of restriction, but one of real joy. So I believe that in the Christian family the Sabbath should be the pleasantest day of the week, when the whole family is together at home, and at the house of God. I emphasize that word together. The unity of the family should not be broken up that day of all days in the week, for it is the family's day. There is no reason why social efforts should not be made to tempt the family and the children to spend the day at home, after the proper portion of time has been spent by the family together in the sanctuary. The Sabbath-day's dinner should be the best dinner of the week, though the most of the preparation should be made the day before, so that nothing will interfere with the idea of a family day. And certainly with the books and the music and the instruments of music, there should be no difficulty in keeping the boys and the girls from straggling off by themselves, and spending the day or portions of the day outside the family circle. If any effort to secure this, we ought also to make the day so pleasant as to compensate for the tempting things outside. The time has long gone by when it is right to make children sit down and keep still and do nothing, because it is Sabbath-day. There are Sab-
bath-day pleasures and occupations, and I do not know but there may be Sabbath-day occupations of these things need be sought for outside our homes. Perhaps, there are some of us who see with pain, that, while some of our children sit at our tables and sleep in our beds, they are really growing away from us, and are breaking up the unity of the family, and losing the need of home. Perhaps, the thing began away back before the gate, or in his neighbor's house. He thinks I would especially like to emphasize the need of having in the family's sake, that the children might be learning no bad habits, and coming to hate the Sabbath-day, and seeking somewhere else outside of the family what they can not get inside of it. It does not matter how ambitious one may be to make as much as possible of himself, or how much he longs for personal improvement; if there are duties to be done, and they are plain and unmistakable, he has much more to do, and to foster this thing, and a correct part of it, is to have the Sabbath-day with the family, as a family, each trying to do some thing for the pleasure of the other? And I would especially like to emphasize the duties of the fathers in this matter. Usually the father thinks the Sabbath-day is his opportunity. He has to work hard all the week, and he proposes to have a day for rest, for reading his newspaper, for a neighborly chat over the bars of the gate. He thinks that he has earned this day for himself, and ought to have it for those things which will give him most rest. About all he asks of the family is that the mother shall give him a good dinner, and the rest shall leave him alone. And so he, the head and source of the family, is doing more than all the rest to break up the unity of the family, and to scatter its members. In a little while we will speak of this again.

But among the Jews the Sabbath was a day of home instruction. Josephus tells us that it was the habit of the Jews to talk together about the law; and we all remember that direction of Moses to Jewish fathers, or Jewish families perhaps we had better say: "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Now, it is safe to infer that a day in which the family could all be at home together, would be used in detailing the words of the law diligently, and the tenets of the Church. In Christianity, the teaching of the law of God to the children is left too much to the Church and the Sabbath-school; and the Church and the Sabbath-school have frequently to hear the blame if the children of Christian parents do not become Christians and members of the Church. How many Christian fathers in this congregation have taught the commandments to their children at home? From how many Christian fathers in this congregation, are the children learning God, as Creator and Father of us all? In how many Christian families is there a regular and faithful training in the truth of God's moral law, the teachings of Jesus, and the truths of religion? And here is the fact, that the father is the head of the family, and responsible for its culture; and he can escape no duty in the matter, because there happen to be Sabbath-schools to which he can send his children.

The children are born by no fault of theirs; and the fathers are principally responsible for their coming into the world, but the parents are; and having brought them into the world, they are under obligation to them to help them make the best of themselves; and frequently it is the purest selfishness which makes the father or the mother drive the children away to amuse and look out for themselves, while they take a nap or read a paper or a pleasant book. It is not so important that you should have a pleasant and undisturbed day of rest, as that your children should receive your attention and care. It is not so important, as you think, that you should have a day of benefit and good obtained from reading some valuable book, or doing some good thing, as will be a help to you; this is not so important as that the children should be learning no bad habits, and coming to hate the Sabbath-day, and seeking somewhere else outside of the family what they can not get inside of it.

Another reason for neglecting home duties, some of which we have mentioned, is that parents, as they say, do not wish to discuss the children with the Sabbath, and make them dread its coming, and to wish it never would come again; and perhaps they mention their own childhood and its experience, and how they dreaded to have the Sabbath come, and were glad to have it go. Now, I suppose that for a proper observance of the Sabbath in the family there must be a certain amount of parental authority exercised. If it is no reason why a child should attend school, that it does not wish to go; that a child does not wish to spend the Sabbath-day with the family is no reason why it ought not. In fact, it is safe to say that those men and women lose the most as a rule, who were obliged to observe it best when they were children. In 1881, the Rev. F. B. Clark, pastor of a Congregational Church, in Portland, Me., sent out fifty postal cards to as many representative Christian ministers in his city, upon which were the following questions: 1. Whether in early life you were required to attend church regularly? 2. If so, did such compulsion under church-going irksome or repulsive to you? Forty-five responded. Of these, forty-two were required to go to church when they were children; two were not required to go, but went as a matter of course. Forty-two did not consider church-going irksome or repulsive; one did consider it irksome, but not repulsive; one considered it irksome, but not because of compulsion; and one did not go, and so, of course, did not find it irksome or repulsive.

One might as well say, I am afraid to compel my child to wash, for fear he will consider a clean face irksome, as to say I am afraid to compel my child to keep the Sabbath, for fear he will consider the Sabbath a burden. But a third excuse is given by many parents, viz.; that they can not give their children instruction in religious things, they do not know how to get at it and keep it up. With this we will not imitate their phrases. They might do this as well as not, if they would try. With others, perhaps, it is a real difficulty; but one which they may overcome if they will set themselves about it, and ask God's grace and help.

Men can "pray away" a great many constitutional difficulties if they will, as a celebrated minister is said to have done. He was excessively timid and bashful, and could not for a long time bring himself face to face with a congregation; and when asked how he overcame it, he replied, "I prayed it down." So conscientious and Christian parents, who really wish to do their duty in this matter, will find some way of doing it, as a rule.

My friends, there are two things in danger, the family and the Sabbath. There are many in our times, which are disintegrating our families and destroying their unity. There are many things which are breaking up the attachments of children for their own firesides, and weakening the tie which ought to bind the family to its own altar. The right Sabbath observance is doing a great deal to foster this thing, and a correct Sab-
bath observance will do a great deal to encourage and aid the true family unity and culture. A Sabbath made pleasant and joyous, and a Sabbath in which parents promote the religious instruction of their families by taking them to the sanctuary, and by doing their personal duty of instruction, would be a bulwark about our people and nation stronger than fleets and armies and diplomacy. It would strengthen the moral instincts of our children and do more than anything else for the triumph of religion.

The Sabbath, with the family at home, is the family's day for the promotion of the family. God's blessing rests upon its proper observance, and his curse rests upon its neglect. Seventh-day Baptists are in need of just such an observance of the Sabbath, as shall stop the current that is flowing out of our life's blood, and impoverishing our body and impairing our strength; and will be an influence of healthy example upon those who know us. The Sabbath Reform that we need among ourselves is a reform in Sabbath observance, and it must come if we are not to lose more by the flabby moral sense of our own children than we can gain by ourselves is somewhat of a surprise to note that the article was entirely at variance with its proper setting forth. The article in itself was a fairly correct setting forth of the origin and practice so sudden to conform to the Sabbath, as shall stop the current that is flowing out of our life's blood, and impairing our Church lost a large per cent.

Now Jesus as much as said that he came to sow seed, and although it might be the smallest of all seeds, it would grow to be a tree whose leaves would heal the nations. And the great principles of Christianity gripped that motley host of raw material and wrestled with the darkness in it, till the light broke forth in a dazzling glare through the life of Martin Luther and his contemporaries. Since that period the decades have been full to overflowing with rapid progress towards better things for the animal that was created by God after his own image. We have been seeking for the truth. That has been the keynote of this rapid progress.

Now let us sum up: What becomes of the individual who continually refuses to follow what his best self tells him to be correct? He slowly but surely reverts back towards the heathen and the savage periods. What has this to do with the question of Sabbath and Sunday?

People who are at all familiar with the Scriptures know that the day commonly called the American Sabbath, Lord's Day, etc., is not the Sabbath of the Creation nor the Sabbath of Christ. It is commonly thought that the Seventh-day Sabbath was strictly a Jewish institution, but it was the Sabbath long before Abraham became the father of the Jewish race. Therefore it must have been pre-Jewish. And as this knowledge is made known to the people, and they do not follow in the light of truth as it is revealed unto them, what is going to happen? They will say, "Psah! I don't believe it makes a mite of difference which day one keeps!" and that is the danger point, for it savors of the spirit that it makes no difference whether I keep God's law or not. And we will all admit that it is dangerous not to keep the law, for we make ourselves liable to the penalty. "A word to the wise is sufficient." The reader may think it out for himself, but please do not call the heathen feast day of the sun the "Sabbath." Please do not call it "the Lord's Day," for the Scriptures have not so declared. Look at the matter in its true light. "Be not deceived! God is not mocked!"—John H. Austin, in the Daytonia (Fla.) Journal.

Letter From Rev. George Seeley

My Dear Brother Gardiner:

About the first of August I usually make up my yearly report of what has been done by the Canadian Branch of Sabbath Reform work. It shows the entire number of pages of our Seventh Day Baptist literature to be 423,996, nearing the half a million, and reaching thousands of families, from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, many of whom doubtless never saw any printed matter on the subject of the Lord's true Sabbath before. Ours is the Sabbath, and of Jesus Christ, a most glorious and important truth, abounding in the inspired word of God and given for the world, all ages and all countries—yes, all men.

This great fundamental truth of the Seventh Day Sabbath was not given by Jehovah to be changed by any human beings or church to suit ecclesiastical ideas, but is as immutable as its divine origin. God will take care of the truth he has spoken. It will surely prevail, notwithstanding all the opposition it has encountered. During the last two years it is estimated that 500,000 copies of the branches are being removed as time moves onward, yet the work goes on. They leave us, but their gracious influence remains, to stimulate others to take up the work and carry it forward in God's name.

"Lives of great men all remind us / We can make our lives sublime, / And, departing, leave behind us / Footprints, that perhaps another / SAiling Life's solemn main, / A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, / Seeing, shall take heart again."

Our churches are after the apostolic model, composed of baptized Seventh Day Sabbath-keeping members, and God has kept their churches in existence during the passing centuries from the true Christ till now—yes, till he comes again in glory to receive them to himself. May the Lord greatly bless our people with numerous gatherings of true Sabbath-keeping Christians for his name's sake.

George Seeley

Suddie Reege, Moncton, N. B., July 24, 1914.

Sunday: A Book Notice

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH


This interesting book is one of the volumes of The Oxford Library of Practical Theology, edited by the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M. A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's, and the Rev. Darwell Stone, M. A., Principal of Dorchester Missionary College.

The volume in hand is in no real sense of a controversy tone although argumentative, in part, but is merely intended to serve as a sort of handbook, treating of Sunday, its origin, purpose, manner of observance and history, viewed from the standpoint of the English Church. Its treatment is academic but simple and much that is practical, withal.

The author's attitude toward Sunday is stated when, after setting forth various theories held as to Sunday, he says:

"We shall endeavor to show—from the Holy Scriptures, from the Canons of the early Councils, and from the writings of the Fathers—"
"The Lord's Day (Sunday) is a Christian institution, dating from Apostolic times, of very high authority. Let me say the highest, because we have no express command of God ordaining the observance of the first day of the week. The Bible, therefore, though the Bible taught us through the week - Wednesday for instance, the special consecration of a part of our time to God by the sanctification of one day in seven, and has so far succeeded to the sacred position of the Sabbath.

"The Lord's Day is in the character and purpose alike. It is a religious obligation, win help in rearing the Christian character, and a convert to the Sabbath. The Christian Advocate.

"We have the clear instance of Constantine, A. D. 321, with reference to the "venerable day of the sun." The Annals of the Empire state that the Emperor's purpose was "to effect the turning of mankind to God by gentle means," a view which is hardly in accord with modern classical scholarship with reference to religious conditions prevailing within the confines of the Roman Empire.

"The position of the author is that the Sabbath is superseded by Resurrection Day (Sunday), which differs from the Sabbath in the character and purpose. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to the manner of Sunday observance—worship, rest, personal service, with much of which Seventh Day Baptists would agree as highly applicable to Sabbath observance. But it is true of the author's Conclusion in which he discusses at some length the relation of the home life to religious life, from which we quote (changing "Sunday" and "Lord's Day" to "Sabbath") as follows:

"Christian faith is not a formless impulse; it is a surrender of life modeled on a definite model of religion and moral teaching. It is the loss of this discipline of the Christian Church, made actual and real in the atmosphere of the family, from which we are now suffering. When the tender and personal appeal of a home life, based on a definitely Christian principle, is brought to bear on children from their earliest years, then the influence of an atmosphere of simple and natural obedience which is easily retained through life. We want to throw back the quiet effective pressure of a definite rule. We must try to bring children to such a point that discipline is necessary, and that their being done can not be allowed to depend on chance. Nor need the teaching be purely practical. If children are taught from the first the supreme claim of Almighty God upon their lives, that they are not their own, but are bought with a price, therefore they owe certain duties to Him, there will be little fear of religious obligations becoming a dead letter. The need of prayer is not merely formalistic; regulations are enforced unintermittedly and without love that they are irksome or enfeebling to the parents.

"There is no doubt that the failure of the children of the last generation or two to learn self-control has had much to do with the laxity which we lament. It is equally true that the restoration of true ideas about the Sabbath, and of the sense of claim and obligation, will help in re- storing that discipline, the lack of which is so widely lamented on all sides by thoughtful people. In wisdom, and much prayer are needed, for it is impossible that those who work at the problem who as parents, masters, or pastors have responsibilities in the matter need a clear grasp of the principles involved.

"We shall never win patience unless we bear in mind the power and fruitfulness which spring from disciplining the individual in the element of sacrifice which can be a power in the world. Loose and slipshod lives, such as are too common amongst us now, will fail under a strain and never prove fruitful for good.

"The vote of the people is not always the voice of the people. And most certainly the voice of the people is not always the voice of God. Sometimes we may know easily and quickly just what we should do in a given case. Sometimes we must wait long before duty is made clear. The Battle Creek Church gave me a unanimous call to remain with it another year as pastor. But after long and prayerful deliberation it seemed clear to me that I must accept the call of the Missionary Board to become its "general missionary and evangelist.

"To my mind no pastorate in the denomination furnishes any larger opportunities or more grave responsibilities than the one at Battle Creek. For our people who feel that they must get away from the country or the small village to city life, I have not hesitated in saying that, in general, Battle Creek is the best opportunity to be found in the world. Sabbath-keeping men and women can engage in almost any kind of business or professional life in Battle Creek without being handicapped by Sabbath-keeping. Lack of business ability, patience, tact, and perseverance will handicap you anywhere. But, for all trades, professions, business careers, even farming, Battle Creek and vicinity have abundant opportunities for the right kind of Sabbath-keepers. We do not need people there who are not seeking the kingdom first. To those who are, greater privilege and opportunity for doing lasting good never gone than can be found in Battle Creek. Having lived there four and a quarter years I have had great confidence in the future of our cause there if only our people will hold faithfully and loyally together for Christ and the Church.

"During the last few weeks of my services by the church we received seven new members into the church, four by letter and three by baptism. One of the latter is a mother of eight children, and a convert to the Sabbath. May the Lord grant that additions there may soon
Strawberry Peak, San Bernardino Mountains, Cal.

REV. R. J. SEVERANCE

I think I can appreciate, this afternoon, as never before, the emotions which must have filled the heart of Peter on that memorable day when he said, "Master, it is good for us to be here."

For a number of days I have been thinking of my promise to our faithful editor to furnish an article for the Recorder. But since coming out of camp, a little over two weeks ago, I have been so busy with work and travel that I have not had time to write. This morning, however, becoming desperate, I thought of the mountain peak lying just back of our camp and of the inspiration which the 350 feet additional altitude might furnish me. Nearly all the other members of the camp had been there and today I thought I might combine pleasure with labor; while enjoying the scenery perhaps I should think of something of interest and profit to Recorder readers.

Accordingly, after lunch, armed with pencil and pad and walking stick I began the ascent. We set out only about half way to the top, coming out from a clump of pines. I suddenly realized that the surrounding country was visible as I had not seen it before since coming into the mountains. There at my left was a beautiful lake with its glassy surface. Only yesterday, with one of the staff, I had seen a rufetl at its head; and on the return trip, as we trudged up the steep grade in the midst of the scene, we certainly thought that it was all of the four miles which it is said to be. But here it lay so close that it seemed I could almost dip my feet in its sparkling waters, while, stretching up beyond it, as though piled upon one upon the other, rose rock and crag and peak.

As I traveled on, each turn in the road revealed new scenes. The higher I rose, the more extended became the vision. There on all sides of me were the mountains, peaks, some with snow-capped summits. They seemed to be vying with each other as to which could get highest above the clouds. With my eyes turned skyward, the words of the Psalmist came to me, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: then with him I added, 'From whence shall my help come? My help cometh from Jehovah, who made heaven and earth.'"

I was looking to the top now, and as I scanned the height before me, I think I must have had something of the feeling that Jacob that night at Bethel, when he dreamed of the ladder set up to heaven. I wondered what I should see when I reached the summit of the peak before me and could look out upon the other side. I was not kept long in suspense for the road was now winding around the mountains, very near the topmost point. In a moment more my eyes fell upon a scene of most exquisite beauty. Instinctively, my heart caught out in the words of Peter, "Master it is good to be here."

What a panorama is here spread out before me! A broad fertile valley, miles and miles in width, and stretching westward toward the great ocean as far as the eye can see. The atmosphere is hazy, yet the eye can distinguish the outlines of a dozens cities and villages. And as I feel my eyes on the glorious sight, again I say, surely, it is good to be here.

But instantly another thought rushes in upon me. In that valley there are hundreds of thousands of human beings swelling in the July heat while I stand here with the direct rays of the sun falling upon my head and being reflected back from the rocks and sand at my feet, and yet the air is cool and fresh. One could perform manual labor here in perfect comfort. Why the difference? you ask. Because the altitude here is over 5,000 feet greater than in the valley. I am wondering if it is not possible in our spiritual lives to get above many of the things that are disagreeable and annoying. Does not the loving Father invite us to these higher planes of living?

Again my eyes scan the scenes before me. There, thirty miles away, is the city of Riverside. It looks scarcely more than a speck, yet in my mind I can discern the steeple of our own house of worship. This is Thursday, and tonight the devoted workers of our little flock will meet in one of the homes for the weekly prayer meeting, to be led by a lay member. As I reflect, my heart swells within me and my pen refusess to move. Why should I be enjoying ease and comfort here in the mountains while others are bearing the burdens in the valley below? To be sure the loyal members of the Seventh Day Baptist church of Riverside said as with one voice that their pastor needed a rest and for him to "take away" to the hills with family and servants for a few weeks and they would take care of all the objections of the church. And to make it certain that he could bear the financial strain, they voted $50.00 towards the extra expense incurred by the outing. But is it not selfishness on his part for a pastor to accept such tokens of consideration and generosity? It certainly is if he does not use them in preparing himself for more effective service in the Master's cause.

There is a limit to the physical endurance of the human body. Mental strain and anxiety likewise leave their marks upon us. Our heart life needs frequent stimulating in order to keep our souls alert and quick to the call of duty. I believe there is no place where one can give the recuperation he needs for body, mind and spirit better than amid the grandeur of nature as exhibited in the mountains.

I believe I have realized for many years the need of every child of God for the mountain-top experiences in his spiritual life, to prepare him for self-sacrificing service among men, but the sublime truth has never so impressed me as it does today. I have been long enough in this great Western country to know something of the peculiar problems which confront those who are to carry and lead the cause of Christ as a light to their fellow men. Here at my feet are thousands of men, women and children who know little of American civilization and nothing of the redeeming grace of Jesus Christ. They are our brothers and sisters, and in the sight of God we shall be required to serve him in our duty if we do not put forth every possible effort to lift them to higher planes of physical, intellectual and spiritual living.

I would that not only our pastors but also those who occupy the places in our mountain-top experiences in life, who would prepare us for greater effectiveness in our Master's service—a service which must find its expression in ministering to those in need.
WOMAN'S WORK

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

Give me, O God, a quiet heart,
A spirit calm for work or play;
Give me the willing for my task,
That falter day or day.
Give me the fellowship of souls
Strong in the grace thou dost impart,
Sons that unite in thy love
Are firm of will, and strong of heart.

Give me the patience for my task;
The perseverance to go on
When paths are rough, and ways are long;
The faith that clings, the hand that serves,
And comradeship along the way;
This little wife, this little girl,
She plods, but never swerves,
The faith that clings, the hand that serves,
In every way in every place.

Men and women, young and old,
And children who are learning to be
Free from the束缚 of self-righteousness,
They will not be content to work for the good of others
Especially when it comes to the protection of women's rights,
And the struggle for equality.

Women of India

During 1911 all the people of India were notified that on a certain night they must all be at home, and on that night the government officers went from house to house and took an accurate census of all India. According to this census there are 315,000,000 people living in that country. Of these 207,000,000 are Hindus, worshiping some or all of the 33,000,000 gods and goddesses of the Hindu mythology. As these gods and goddesses were most notorious for their dishonesty, immorality and untruthfulness, we need not look for the opposite of these traits in their followers. There are 144,000,000 women in India. A few statistics will perhaps tell more about the status of the Hindu woman than many words:—Wives under 10 years of age, 115,285; widows under 5 years of age, 19,487; widows under 1 year of age, 1,064.

All that was ever written of the dreadful life of the Hindu widow is probably quite inadequate, for many of their trials are never told. To the loss of jewelry and pretty clothes,—in some parts of the country the beautiful, long, shining hair, the frequent fasts, the denial from meat of any kind, the having to sleep on the floor, or at best on a bit of matting, and other physical deprivations there is, in addition, the knowledge that the day of her death will be a day of great rejoicing in the family. Family misfortunes are laid at her door. Her sad face is an unwelcome guest at the home that a widow has to work to support herself and her children if she has any.

It sometimes happens in India, as here at home, that a widow has to work to support herself and her children if she has any.

When a girl or woman becomes a widow she may go to live with her own people, but I think more often she stays in her father-in-law's home and is expected to do the hard work of the household, for which scanty food and a place where late night she may lie down, and sleep is generally compensation.

A few years ago when I had the Midnapore zenana work, one of my little pupils, a dear, bright girl, became a widow; she was about eight years old. As the sorrows and deprivations of her lot became more and more real to her, I watched the bright face clouding over, all the sunshine dying out of it. She used to be always clean and neat and her skin satiny, but now her clothes were dirty and untidy, her hair unkempt, her skin dry and uncared for. I saw her again when she was about fourteen or fifteen, and she was again arrayed in pretty clothes with bracelets on her wrists. I knew what that meant, even had not the bold, brazen expression on her face betrayed her. Alas! that way is always open for a girl to gain a competency. There are other things a woman may do if left alone. She may buy rice in the husk, pound it, and sell the chaff for cattle feed and the rice for eating; she may try to run a small store, selling trinkets or paan, a condiment much chewed by the natives of India. She may carry earth on her head to make embankments, etc., and during the time when there is a good deal of work in the rice fields, she may work there. All these occupations bring her a scanty living wage.

Those who have listened with interest and belief to the stories the Swamis tell of the beauties of Hinduism would find it hard to believe that a religion so exalted would allow its most devoted votaries, the women, to be so degraded and oppressed. I have been trying to decide which of two widow stories I would tell you to illustrate the great difference that the religion of Jesus brings into the life of one so despised by her own religion. Perhaps Horipriya's story will be most to the point.

Years ago, when I had a temporary charge of the Midnapore zenana work, there was an interesting group of little girls who clamored for a school; so I finally told them that if they would gather together nineteen and make a teacher to learn every day. They found the required number, and Horipriya was one of the nine. She was then about seven or eight years old. When about twelve her husband died, and she had to go to the school, to work with her uncle in his tobacco shop. The school had grown and an under teacher was needed, and a little later I asked Horipriya if she would undertake to teach the little ones their letters and the Catechism. By that time she was about sixteen. It was almost an unheard of thing for a Hindu woman, and especially a widow, to earn money, and Horipriya was very pleased to have her dollar a month, which was all her services were worth. She did so well that later we gave her more responsibility and more pay, and we were very pleased with her work. She used to teach the Catechism and help in the weekly Bible school, almost as if she were a Christian. Neta, who was the head teacher, was good to Horipriya, who has repaid it all many times over in love and devotion. Neta helped her to decide to come out and become a Christian. Miss Coombs was at that time in charge of the Midnapore zenana work, but I happened to be somewhat more in the secret councils of the two girls, and they made a plan for Horipriya to go away for a time, break caste elsewhere, and then come back. But her mother and brothers and other relatives would have to cool with her. I wrote to Methodist friends of ours a half day's journey from Midnapore and they said they would receive and care for her, so I took her to the station, put her on the train, and telegraphed the Bowers when to expect her. She had left a note telling her people that she had gone down to Puri to the great shrine of Juggernaut, so they did not at once suspect anything. When they did, however, and began to persecute poor Neta and Neta wrote of it to Horipriya, she had a misfortune, for she could not bear the thought of her friend getting into trouble on her account. Horipriya's mother came up and begged her to come back. "But," said Horipriya, "you have seen that I have been with the Christians." "Never mind that," said her mother, "we will deny it, and if necessary, we will make offerings and feed the Brahmins, and it will be all right, all will be as before." For a long time the girl refused, then consented and for few anxious days she went home to her people. But she soon found that her people meant her no good and so one evening, at dusk, she watched her chance and, when the watchers were a little off, she ran away and came to us again, this time to stay. She was soon baptized, which was the final
The little school was closed, of course, and so was all the zemana work in the immediate neighborhood, but as time it was all begun again, and the school, with her as assistant teacher, became more prosperous than ever.

My very latest news from Horipriya is that she has been sent to Calcutta to take something each quarter for her, fit her for a better grade of teaching. She is capable, bright, energetic. As a Hindu widow, what would her life ever have amounted to? As a Christian, many possibilities open up before her, and she is only one of many whose lives are good and happy and full and useful, not because Hinduism has done anything for them, but because they have come to Jesus and enlisted under his banner. Horipriya can do much among her countrywomen, for she has that she has what would her life ever have amounted to? Our president has gone to visit her now. Our president has gone to visit her to help them. And the school, with her countrywomen, for she has for her that she may be greatly used.

In May the members of the Aid Society gave a musical entertainment that was well received and netted about $35.00. By special invitation they went by automobile out about fourteen miles into the country to a village and gave the same entertainment, netting about $30.00, and again, by invitation, to Lost Creek, where they gave the same entertainment and netted about $40.00. On each trip, the society had picinic suppers for themselves and chauffeurs on their way to the place of entertainment. At Lost Creek the picnic was held on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Will Randolph, where we served ice lemonade and hot coffee by our generous host and hostess. Thus the trips were made recreative as well as remunerative.

Gratitude

ALICE LOOFBORO

Gratitude is the state of being thankful. There are so many things we should be grateful for that it would be almost impossible for us to mention them all.

In many cases those who have all the luxuries of life, who have only to wish and their wish is gratified, who have all they need to make them happy and contented, are the ones who are always complaining and who appear to be disgusted with things in general.

These people may smile at the simple shaded walks and beautiful flowered avenues, but can they imagine a day when they are not able to enjoy as well as the rich. Who can visit the parks with their shaded walks and beautiful flowers, without feeling some deep sense of gratitude? Above all, who can look at this world about them, the hills with their luxuriant growths, the fertile fields bringing forth abundance, the beautiful lakes with their deep blue rippling water and their wooded shores of pine and oak, the beautiful sunset beyond the town, the beauty of the nature of the world around them — oh, who can compare this beauty with the beauty of the picture we have of the beauty of heaven?

Gratitude is the state of being thankful. There are so many things we should be grateful for that it would be almost impossible for us to mention them all. In many cases those who have all the luxuries of life, who have only to wish and their wish is gratified, who have all they need to make them happy and contented, are the ones who are always complaining and who appear to be disgusted with things in general.

These people may smile at the simple story of the Pilgrim Fathers. What had they to be thankful for? No fine homes, no luxuries of any kind; yet, at the end of the year, they set aside a special day to give thanks for their crops and for the few blessings they enjoyed. For the things they have. This world is full of things which we have no claim on, but which afford us great pleasure and sometimes profit — things which the poor can enjoy as well as the rich.

Who can visit the parks with their shaded walks and beautiful flowers, without feeling some deep sense of gratitude? Above all, who can look at this world about us, the hills with their luxuriant growths, the fertile fields bringing forth abundance, the beautiful lakes with their deep blue rippling water and their wooded shores of pine and oak, the beautiful sunset beyond the town, the beauty of the nature of the world around them — oh, who can look at all this beauty without stopping to give a few words of gratitude to the Almighty who has so lavishly bestowed these blessings upon us?

Dodge City, Minn., June 5, 1914.

It is interesting to learn that the supreme virtues of the Stoics and the Epicurians, apathy and serenity, are not even mentioned in the New Testament. The apostles substituted for apathy sympathy, and for serenity faith.
KINDS OF LOWLY SERVICE

There are many kinds of lowly service. In Jesus' time, perhaps feet-washing was the most humble and undignified task that could be performed. The better classes of people would have considered it a personal disgrace to have been seen doing such a thing. The modern bootblack might correspond in position to the ancient servant who washed people's feet. But feet-washing in ancient times was as necessary, because of the customs of the country, as bootblacking is today. We consider dish-washing, or baby sister or brother, visiting the poor sick, helping the drunkard out of the gutter, and many other things of a similar nature as very humble tasks; yet they must be performed, and even the performance of these humble tasks may become means of growth in character and Christ-likeness, if we do them in the right spirit. Humble service sometimes requires greater nobility of character than performance of great deeds; for just think of the people who are ready and even waiting for the chance to do some great thing and become famous.

We may be able to accomplish some truly great thing in the course of our humble tasks, if we are only striving to make the most of them. Perhaps we can remember the little Israelitish maid. She was taken captive by the Syrian army and placed in the service of Naaman's wife. She was only a common servant, yet in her humble position she had the opportunity of helping Naaman to find, not only a cure for his leprosy, but also a better knowledge of the God of Israel.

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD LOWLY SERVICE

Let us never become so great that we are unwilling to do the lowest service when it lies in the path of duty. We should face every duty with the same humility that characterized Him, not only as he contemplated his divine mission to the world. We should have the mind of Christ, never forgetting the inspired words of Paul: “Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross.”

The example of Peter at the Last Supper with Jesus should be a lesson of warning to us all. He considered the act of washing the disciples' feet as out of keeping with the dignity of his Master's position. He had a wrong idea of the meaning of true greatness. Yet we see that his heart was all right since he did not want his action to separate him from his Master. His relation to his Master was the same as his conception of greatness.

But a complete consecration to duty will help us in maintaining a right attitude toward all service. Complete consecration makes a person perform his duty without question or hesitation, whether it be great or small. Consecration to duty led Kalif Omar to do a very humble deed. “He, with his venerable teacher, Abou-Zeid, walked forth in the darkness of the night, far from his palace gate, where he saw a feeble fire burning. He sought it and found a poor woman trying to bring a caldron to the boiling point while two wretched children clung to her, pitiously moaning. ‘Peace unto thee, O woman! What dost thou fear here alone in the night, and the cold?’ said the kalif. ‘I am trying to make this water boil that my children may drink, who perish of hunger and cold; but for the misery we have to bear, Allah will surely one day ask recompense of Omar, the kalif;’ ‘But’ said the disguised kalif, ‘dost thou think, O woman, that Omar can know of thy wretchedness?’ She answered: ‘Wherefore, then, is Omar the kalif, if he be unaware of the misery of his people and of each one of his subjects?’ The kalif was silent. He hastened to the storehouse of his kitchen, and drew forth a sack of flour and a jar of sheep's fat. . . . And Abou-Zeid was obliged to give half of the fat and the sack of flour on the back of the kalif, who was taken to the woman by the fire, and with his own hands did put the flour and the fat into the caldron over the fire, which fire he quickened with his breath, and the wretched children ate their fill. When the food was prepared, did he cool it with his own breath that the children might eat. Then he left the sack and the jar and went his way saying: ‘O Abou-Zeid, the light from the fire that I have beheld today has enlightened me also.’"

REWARDS OF LOWLY SERVICE

Lowly service, performed in the right spirit, is a stepping-stone to a larger character and greater usefulness.

Lowly service brings the assurance of comradeship with Jesus. This comrade-ship means a life of joy and sweet contentment which the world can not mar by its jeers and criticism.

“Christ was ‘meek and lowly,’ yet he rode the royal animal and was the head of a triumphal procession. So will it be with his humble followers.”

“A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served by thyself in every sense
Of service which thou renderest.”

—Mrs. Browning.

Sleeping Out

F. S. P.

When the summer nights get hot
I lay aside my dearest coat,
Drag my bed to the veranda
And try sleeping out.

Breezes from the Southland,
North winds rough and stout
Fan my cheek and wave my forehead
While I'm sleeping out.

Stars in heaven are brightly shining,
Shades of summer are strong and bright
Give me comfort watching over me
While I'm sleeping out.

Comes a rain-storm on the shingles,
Rushes down the eaves.
Mercy! When the clouds can thunder
When I'm sleeping out.

Then the high-voiced, lady 'sketter
Sharpens up her snout,
Bores a hole and sucks my life-blood
When I'm sleeping out.

Just at daybreak every rooster
Will cackle, crow, and shout;
Robins' 'cheeps' against the twilwestowing
Interrupt my sleeping out.

Sparrow scratching in the eave-trough,—
Lazzy little loot.
How the gizzard-like worthless critter
When I'm sleeping out!

Sleep again till kitchen noises
Put my dreams to rest.
Bless me! How I like the summer,
Specially sleeping out.
Reginald's Philp

Reginald could hardly contain the news that he bore, and he ran so fast that he dropped his dinner pail on the front walk. The cover flew in one direction, and the cranberry tarts and peanut-butter sandwiches in another.

"Mother! Mother!" he called, as he stopped to pick things up. "What do you think?"

Mrs. Ward opened the front door and stared at her son. "Reginald," she demanded, "where is your cap, and whose coat are you wearing? You know I don't like to have you exchange coats with the boys."

For the first time in an hour Reginald looked down at his clothes. "Why, I didn't know—I thought—why, it's Arthur Smith's coat! I've got on, I guess. Nobody else wears a brown one. But where's mine?"

"That's just what I'm waiting to find out, Reginald."

He had taken the wrong one when we started for home. But, mother, what do you s'pose? Aunt Betty has adopted a boy."

"A boy! What are you talking about, son?" Mrs. Ward's surprise was great enough to satisfy even Reginald.

"Yes, she has," he declared, emphatically. "She went to Newchester after him today. Billy Dix told me. And he says he'll probably have red hair and freckles and warts. He's coming from the children's home. I guess Aunt Betty and Uncle Ralph won't need me to help them any more, will they?" And Reginald gave a woeful little sigh as he thought of all his plans for the summer.

"Oh, I don't believe that will make any difference, Reginald. If it did, we couldn't help it. Aunt Betty has a perfect right to bring in two or three boys, if she wants to, you know. And perhaps you'll have a new playmate at the farm; one you'll like, too. So let's forget all about it now and get in the night's wood and kindling. Then you'll be ready for supper, I judge by the looks of your dinner pail. I'm afraid you didn't eat much."

Reginald wasn't at all sure that he wanted any supper. How could he eat when thought of that red-haired, freckle-faced boy came popping up in his mind? He had always helped Aunt Betty and Uncle Ralph in haying time, and at other times, so what did they want of another boy? Of course he couldn't be there every day, for their houses were almost a mile apart. But he went pretty often, so they ought to be suitably without going off and bringing home a boy that came from nobody knew where.

Reginald threw the wood into the wood-box with more noise than usual. As he worked, he kept thinking about the new boy, and wondering whether he would go to school or not.

"I won't speak to him, even if he's in my class," he declared, as he filled the basket full of kindling. "And Aunt Betty needn't think I'm going to call him my cousin, either. Probably he's name is queer, too, just like his hair. Billy Dix says he expects it's Zebulon or Zedediah. Huh!"

And the last stick of wood went in with a thud that could be heard from one end of the house to the other.

"Oh, I must go over to Aunt Betty's tomorrow after all," Reginald said when his mother called him to supper. "Billy Dix wants me to go fishing down by Robin's Hole."

Mrs. Ward looked up from the bread she was slicing. "Why, Reginald," she said, "you know you will have to go to Aunt Betty's tomorrow after the butter. We're almost out now, and I surely can't wait till Thursday. I was just feeling glad that tomorrow was to be a holiday. I'm afraid you must, son. Billy can wait till some other day."

Reginald sighed. "Oh, well, if I have to, I s'pose I have, but I don't want to. Rather go, without butter for a whole week."

This was the last that was said about the matter that night. When Reginald woke to breakfast the next morning, he found everything ready for him to start, so he made no excuses.

"Don't forget to stop at Arthur Smith's and change your coat." Mrs. Ward cautioned him. "His mother telephoned about it last night."

"All right," Reginald replied, as he took the butter pail and went leisurely out of the yard.

Usually he couldn't get to Aunt Betty's soon enough, but today he longed for excuses to stop by the wayside. Arthur Smith wasn't at home, so his stay there was short.

"Huh! There's nothing doing anywhere," he said, disgusted, as he looked in vain for some sign of a bird's nest or even a rabbit's track. But before he came within sight of the muddy hole that had once been a shallow little pond in the east lot back of Uncle Ralph's, he changed his mind. Somebody was calling—"Help! Help!" at the top of his voice—a very scared voice at that.

Reginald started to run. Then, as he thought that it might be the new boy calling, he stopped behind a clump of bushes and peeped. Yes, there he was, up to his knees in the mud, and he seemed to be stuck—and stuck fast.

"Help, oh, somebody help quick!" he was crying.

"Let him yell," said Reginald to himself. "I won't hurt him. That's just mud there, and he can't drown. And he begins to laugh at the funny sight. But suddenly he stopped, for it looked as though the boy really was sinking deeper and deeper. Maybe the mud was danger out after all. Perhaps Uncle Ralph didn't know that he wasn't. He looked like such a little, slender boy, too. And his hair wasn't red at all. Reginald could see that it was as black as his own. What if it had been red? Wasn't red hair as good as any?

But he didn't stop to see any more. Dropping the butter pail, he ran to the small pile of lumber in the other end of the lot, and, taking the widest board he could find, he hugged it to the mud hole. Three times he made the trip while the strange boy anxiously watched him. But Reginald said not a word. He had declared to Billy Dix that he wasn't going to speak to Reginald, and that was his word for his own.

When the boards were arranged to his satisfaction, he secured as firm a position on them as he could, and then grabbing the boy's arms, began to pull with all his might. Once or twice he nearly lost his balance; but at last the mud loosened its hold, and between them both, the new boy was safely landed on the boards.

"Wow, you're a brick all right!" the stranger declared as soon as he could get his breath. "I can swim when there's water, but I'm not used to mud. Can you swim?"

Reginald was much surprised to find himself saying: "Sure." It was hard not to speak to such a good-natured looking chap. But he wouldn't be too sociable. So he picked up his butter pail and started for the house, leaving the new boy to follow at his own pleasure.

Reginald Ward was feeling quite important just then. He guessed Uncle Ralph and Aunt Betty would feel pretty cheap when they found out that he had rescued their boy from the mud hole. Once or twice he looked behind him to see if the stranger was following. But, no, he still stood in the ground, trying to scrape some of the mud from his bare legs.

Reginald opened the gate that led to the orchard and started toward the house. But right in his path, munching away at the green grass, was another strange visitor in the form of a goat. Reginald wasn't used to goats, and this was an ugly looking one. Where did Uncle Ralph get him, anyway?

Billy, the goat, had spied Reginald even before Reginald spied him. Coming up closer than was quite desirable, he smelled of Reginald, then of his clothes. Reginald dropped his pail and began to run, and Billy, thinking this must be some new kind of a game, ran too. Back and forth among the trees Reginald dodged, the goat close at his heels. Uncle Ralph and Aunt Betty were nowhere to be seen.

Reginald's coat bothered him after running, so he took it off and tried to carry it. But Billy made a grab for it, and, being near a pear tree with limbs close to the ground, Reginald let it go and made a dash for the tree. Billy stopped below and shook the coat until its owner could have screamed with anger. It was his best coat. When Billy had tired of this amusement, he began to rub his back against the tree, and Reginald climbed still higher. How long would he have had to stay there if the new boy hadn't come running up just then I do not know.
“Billy,” the stranger cried sternly, “you come here, you reca!”

Reginald was quite surprised to see that the goat meekly obeyed. The new boy took hold of the rope that was dangling from Billy’s collar and led him back to the post from which he had broken loose.

“He wouldn’t hurt you,” he called out to Reginald, who had come halfway down from the tree. “He’s tame. Your Uncle brought him home from Shunach yesterday. Guess this rope must have been rotten.”

All of Reginald’s importance was gone.

“Whew!” he said as he dropped to the ground. “It’s you that’s the brick all right. What’s your name? Mine’s Reginald Ward.”

“And mine’s Philip Colby, now. It was—

“Oh, never mind what ‘twas,” Reginald interrupted him. “Let’s shake hands on it, Cousin Phil. You’re a brick all right. Got a cart for Billy?”

“Sure we have; it’s our’s together. Come on see it.”

And the two boys went off toward the wagon house. It would be hard to tell who was talking the fastest.—Alice Ann ette Larkin, in Baptist Boys and Girls.

Ephrata (Pa.) News

July 24, at 8 p. m., the pastor spoke on “Soldiers of the Cross,” in the Saal. He continued to be chaplain at Galen Hall, a fashionable resort about fourteen miles from here.

Corliss F. Randolph of Newark, N. J., was the guest of Dea. Wm. Y. Zerfass recently and is always a welcome visitor here. Brother Randolph’s friends are many and stable. Ephrata has a very warm heart for all Seventh Day Baptists and the splendid Sabbath Recorder.

Our Sabbath school expects to have a corn-roast on Sunday next, at Glenside Spring Park on the Cloister premises. Regarding this park an Ephrata paper says:

Joseph C. Zerfass deserves great credit for the way in which he opened and conducts Glenside Spring Park. They have four swimming swings, two spring boards, playing raft, swing, cooking outfit and an improvised bathing house.

The German Seventh Day Baptists’ Sabbath school, the very oldest, organized in 1738, a generation before Robert Raikes’ Sunday school in England in 1786, picnicked at Glenside Spring Park on Wednesday. The weather was ideal. Dinner and supper were served in true picnic style with all the ice-cream and lemonade free to all, and the young people had the time of their lives. Swimming, general merrymaking and real downright sociability predominated. One boy caused some alarm by getting into the nearby train, but Wm. Y. Zerfass promptly rescued him. It was the second known picnic of this historic school and was immensely enjoyed.

The remains of N. H. Sprecher were interred here, First Day with services in the Saal, which was crowded on this occasion.

All our adult members of the Sabbath school want none other than the Helping Hand quarterly.

The Sabbath school will occupy a new suite of rooms above the Saal next Sabbath.

“The Light of Salem College

Such is the light of Salem College, may it ever, ever shine.

Gundling all who learn to know its brilliant ray;
Naught can ever be more cheering
Or far-reaching than that light
Shining from the Salem College halls alway.

All praise to those of years agone
Who wrought with zeal unting
And pioneered this worthy cause
To noble heights aspiring
Who gave of sacrifice and toil
To found our Salem College
To them be thanks that from these halls
Shines forth the light of knowledge.—Cho.

Oh, the light of Salem College,
May it ever, ever shine.

Chorus

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it forever woven in the works of the world.—Ruwkin.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

THE SABBATH RECORDER

HOME NEWS

LITTLE GENESSEE, N. Y.—Perhaps there are a few items of general denominational interest which ought to appear in the Recorder from the First Genesee Seventh Day Baptist Church, although some of them may be somewhat stale to some of the family.

The Little Genesee Church is not dead by any means, but is more alive than she has been for some time. Many good things have come our way since the report of the annual meeting, sent you early in the year. Early in March Brother D. Burdette Coon came to help in a few weeks of special meetings. Owing to severe weather and sickness the meetings were not very largely attended, yet, as the result, fourteen, who took their first stand for Christ, during this time have united with the church by baptism. Following this effort in our own church was an evangelistic campaign in Bolivar, conducted by A. Lee Aldrich of Binghamton, N. Y., which was the means of adding nine more by baptism. From these and other sources the membership has more than doubled, as many as sixty have been added to the church since the beginning of the year. But one of the best things is, that there has been a general religious awakening of the community and church. The Sabbath morning attendance is much better and the attendance at the Friday night prayer meeting has more than doubled, as many as sixty taking part in the testimony meeting.

The first Monday in July the Bible school held its annual picnic at Riverhurst Park. About two hundred enjoyed a day of visiting and sports, but perhaps more enjoyed the bountiful dinner served at the noon hour. It might not be out of place to state here that the school has gained in membership and attendance. The average attendance for last quarter was one hundred fifteen. Besides the regular Bible school we have a Bible study class of something like thirty, meeting on Tuesday night. At the present time we are studying the “Life of Christ” as outlined by Mathews and Burton. The interest and attendance is good.

A brotherhood was organized early in the spring that seems to be starting off fairly well. It is hoped that all the men may become interested in it and do what they can to help it along. This is the first attempt to have anything of this kind in the community.

While we feel that we have many things for which we should rejoice, there is a great harvest to be gathered by the church in this community, and we ask your prayers that the church may go forth in the strength of the Master to reap the harvest.

NORTONVILLE, Kan.—Upon whom was the joke? Not content with the general hearty hand-claps and many pathetic good-byes given the pastor, Rev. M. B. Kelly, after his parting sermon to this church yesterday, a goodly number of members motored last night to Atchinson, twenty miles away, to see him and his family off on the nine o’clock evening train bound for St. Louis. But lo! this train had been laid and the Kelly’s were compelled to wait another o’clock morning train. So they were not only agreeably surprised to see so many autos rushing after them filled with friends to see them off, but were pleasantly entertained by these friends until a late hour. However, the autists failed after all to see them off but had to leave, with the joke—on whom?

This church gave up Elder Kelly with great regret. He had so enchanted himself into the affections of the entire people that it seemed like seeing familiar faces to tear them from us. But he seemed to think it for the best to do so. Now we are looking forward to the coming of our newly chosen pastor, Rev. James L. Skaggs, who will be here about October 1 to shepherd this flock.

J. H. TITSWORTH.

GARWIN, Iowa.—I read the home news in the dear old Recorder with interest, because I hear from our beloved Zion of every section of the country. The Carlton Church is not dead, but keeps up its regular services. The Sixth Day night prayer meetings are followed up by the faithful few. The Sabbath school and the morning service are fairly well attended. The Christian Endeavor seemed to take on a new spirit last Sabbath night and we earnestly pray it may continue. Oh! we
need a revival of genuine religion, that will melt our stony hearts.

We have been fortunate in securing Brother Burchard Loloburrow of Milton, Wis., to lead us for two months, during his vacation from school work. He has preached two Sabbaths and is liked by the people. We trust he will awaken us up to do better service for our Master. Also we are looking forward to the coming of the Milton Quartet as a divine arrangement. Some of us will be ready for work, and some will not. I wonder if we are out of the old paths. I have been made to feel so. We all want to gain that heavenly home. Some of us are making but little effort to merit it, and I doubt very much if we will have a right to its joys unless more effort is made by us to build up Christ's kingdom here. God grant that the church of Darwin may let its true light shine.

I want to be ready for my Master's service by September. I, if it is his will.

DARWIN C. LIPPINCOTT.

GARWIN, IOWA,
July 27, 1914.

BRIDGTON, N. J.—There are several things I want to write about in regard to the work of the Marboro Church. The first one is about our prayer meetings. When I came here there was a Sabbath-evening prayer meeting which was attended by a very few. This went on until cold weather came, and then the attendance was so small that it did not seem best to have the church heated for the pastor and janitor, as was the case many times, so the meetings were dropped. It was with great reluctance that the pastor advised such a plan, but the thought of a church without a prayer meeting was ever before him. A short time ago a plan was suggested of having a Sabbath-morning meeting. This was announced, and since then we have had some of the best prayer meetings that I have ever attended. We meet at ten o'clock and for nearly half an hour before the regular services we have some splendid times which prepare our hearts for the Sabbath worship. The meetings are conducted by the people. The one who leads appoints the one who is to lead the following Sabbath. So far we are very successfully solving the problem of the prayer meeting. It is quite an effort for some to attend this early service, but compared with the very few who attended before, it is most successful.

Next I want to tell about our church grounds. Formerly it was possible for one to come to the church from almost any point of the compass, the grounds being all cut up with roads. Now we have only one road and this comes straight in from the "pike" to a new curbing, which extends the whole width of the church and to a convenient height. This is a great improvement in the looks of the nice lawn and makes it more convenient to get in and out of the buggies.

And while the men have been fixing up the outside, the women have been making improvements on the inside of the basement. (I want to say a word in passing about our Ladies' Aid Society, which is one of the livest and most progressive that can be found in any church of the size of ours.) You know we expect the association in October. The basement, nice in itself, has been very poorly equipped for serving meals. Now a small room has been splendidly used for a kitchen with commodious shelves, and a window through which to serve. Another small room has been fitted up for a rest room and for what they call in the West, a spanning-room. The pastor has his eye on this room for his Sabbath-school class of intermediate boys and girls.

It has been quite an effort for these busy country people to do this work, for this is a very busy time of the year. The farmers are just beginning the potato harvest and then will come tomatoes and then other harvests without let-up; but just at the time of this repair work there was a little slack and they improved it in this way. Potatoes are a light crop this year and the price is very low, so that the outlook is not encouraging for the farmers at present.

JESSE E. HUTCHINS.
July 30, 1914.

"Government by majorities is based not upon the violent assumption that majorities are wise and just, but on the assumption that the average man knows what he wants and what is good for him."

WOMAN MILITANT

DER BROTHEI GARDINER:
I send you the following article clipped from a recent issue of the Tampa Morning Tribune. If you have room for it in the Sabbath Recorder and think it advisable to publish it, I am sure many readers of the Recorder will be interested in its perusal. It is written by a member of the editorial staff.

Sincerely yours,
L. E. LIVERMORE.

Kissimmee, Fla.,
June 30, 1914.

A conservative world stands aghast at the ever-gaining rebellion of woman against male authority, tradition or whatever it may be. The extreme element in the rebellion—such characters as Mrs. Pankhurst—comes in for a good deal of criticism, abuse and denunciation. But the "holy smoke" of conservatism does little to brook the oncoming tide. Abuse of the freak products of a great movement does not put the soft pedal on the thousands-of more sensible sound-thinking followers who make up the rank and file of the movement.

And who ever heard of any great reform, change or improvement that did not have its freaks and curiosities as forerunners of the better things? Think of John the Baptist, clad in skins of animals, crying in the wilderness, preparing the way for one greater than he to follow after. Remember John Brown and his famous raid (a ridiculous failure in itself), which paved the way for the ending of slavery! In every new thing there must be pioneers to blaze the path, and in the blazing thereof man-made laws are sometimes violated.

At the present time Emmeline Pankhurst is crying aloud in the wilderness of human thought to make way for woman to take her proper place in the affairs of the world. She suffers the hardships of every pioneer and, the chances are, will not live to see the success of the movement which she heads. But others following in her footsteps will reap the advantages of one of the imperfect instruments through which God works. Her enemies may oppose her personally, but they will make little progress opposing the Almighty plans.

Woman has just begun to awaken from a world-long dream of inactivity. She ought to be encouraged in her efforts to restore the equilibrium of things. Hardly is the rebellion of the woman militant aimed against man and his supposed domination any more than it is against the silly, demoralizing fetters which she has been to impose on her own nature. It is a case of being something new, or forever giving up efforts in that direction. Man's past ideals of woman have been to make her a household drudge, cook, servant, milkmaid and washerwoman. Her ideals of herself have been to appear in court, paint her face, pose before the mirror, drink tea and talk scandal. It is about time a middle ground be found.

Why does woman seek the ballot? Because she begins to observe in the light of awakening which has occurred in the last two or three years that a fearful batch man has made of everything political. Greed and graft prevail everywhere. Society in general and the home suffer. Yet if woman seeks to lend her hand, the cry is at once raised that she is neglecting the home. Could she perform any one thing any better than man has already done? We incline to the view that a woman can step from her taxi to the polling place on her shopping tour of a summer morning, cast her vote, and then proceed about her business without either unsexing herself or losing any of the gentleness, truth, honor, faith and love which form her principal attractions for the other sex.

Still some raise the cry that woman seeks to be a "competitor" of man. The ballot is not a competitive but a cooperative instrument. The present-day competition between man and woman comes as the result of industrial conditions which, by discouraging early marriage, make it necessary for many women either to work in factories or follow questionable pursuits in the city. Conservatism as it is at present rooted in financial selfishness is not building up or protecting the home. It is time to welcome a better day.

Yet again they come back to us with the statement that if women get into politics they will pay little if any attention to the rearing of children. Can a woman absorbed in politics possibly pay less atten-
MARRIAGES

BARDOCK-DUNCAN.—On Ten-mile Creek, in Bar-
row County, Wis., June 11, 1914, by Rev.
H. J. Hurlcy, Jesse W. Babcock and Nina
B. Duncan.

DEATHS

ORDWAY.—Ira James Ordway was born in West
Edmonton, N. Y., August 25, 1831, and died
in July 20, 1914.
He was of distinctly God-fearing stock. His
father, born in 1800, covered with his son the
nineteenth century and fourteen years of the
twentieth. Ira entered DePaulay Institute in the
spring of 1848. He was con-
verted and baptized while there in the spring
of 1849. He was married in 1853 to Eliza Ann
Clarke, who died in 1894. She was the mother of
his children and the companion of his pioneer
days. He was married to Amelia Crandall
Peckham on March 17, 1866. After her death
in 1892, he was married to his present wife, Didera
Merchant, June 21, 1905. He leaves a wife; a
daughter, Mrs. J. Murray Maxson; a grand-
daughter, Mrs. Joseph Schertz, daughter of his
son Albert, who died in 1899; and a little
grandchild.
He came to Chicago in March, 1871, a few
months before the big fire of October 9, and all
his later life was identified with that city. —He
was a prominent member of the Chicago Sev-
enth Day Baptist Church, and active in the work
of his denomination, his greatest service per-
haps being the inauguration of the student quar-
tet movement. He was the corresponding sec-
tary of the Seventh Day Baptist Tract Society
for the state of Illinois during several of the earli-
er years of its existence. In 1889 he was president of the
Seventh Day Baptist General Conference.
He died at his home in Chicago, July 22, by Rev. D. B. Coon,
and in the Seventh Day Baptist Church at
Edmonton, Wis., July 23, by Rev. L. C. Randolph. E. M. Holston,
Rev. H. N. Jordan, Rev. L. C. Randolph and Lev N. A. Smith,
all of whom have served in the student volunteer
movement promoted by Mr. Ordway, sang "The
Holy City" and "The Kingdom of Moerdacai"
and "Another Morn of Moerdacai". The body was laid beside that of
his first love in the Milton Cemetery. A fuller
and more detailed account of his life will ap-
ppear in a later number.

WHITE.—Mrs. Maria Coman White was born
August 12, 1838, in the town of Edmonton,
N. Y., near Taylor Hill, and died at West
Edmonton, July 24, 1914, aged 75 years, 9
months, and 12 days.
She was married to Ruben H. White January 14,
1861, in the Seventh Day Baptist Church.
In 1872 she went with her husband to David D. Rogers,
in Plainfield. In 1874, on account of her health
they moved to Daytona, Fla., where their home
was near that of the late Dr. W. B. Wilson. She had come North many
times for a change of climate, and to place
their children in school at Alfred. She was
instructed in the truths of the church of North Carolina,
among which she had spent a few summers, and
from which, as we believe, she went to a far
more beautiful country. She leaves her husband;
four children, Clarence M., M. Josie,
Mabel T., and Walter D.; and five grandchild-
dren, all of Daytona, Fla.

Sylva, N. C., July 25,

不得 with her adopting son, Dea. Fred H. White, who with
his faithful wife has been so loyal and true in
Sister White's affliction, and on whom since his
infancy she has lavished so much of her mother
love, left to her two sons.
Although her last days were days of suffering,
yet they were marked by patience and resignation,
which spoke of a peace coming from above.
Often her mind reverted to her early experience,
her conversation at such times showing her in-
terest in sacred things. A few days before she
foretold her death she told of carrying her shoes
to church and putting them on, rather than not to have the privilege of church
attendance.
Notwithstanding her early interest in religious
matters, it was not until in married life that she,
with her husband, embraced the Seventh Day
Baptist faith. The bride, joined the church at
West Edmonton, where she commenced that
loved and cherished God's Church, family and
neighbors, which has endeared her to them now
causes those who knew her best to rise up
and call her blessed.
At her late home, on July 27, farewell services
were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev.
Eugene Van Imn of New York City. J. T. B.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 22, 1914
THE WEDDING FEAST

Golden Text—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that
killeth the prophets, and stoneoth them that are
sent unto her; how often would I have gathered
thy children together, even as a hen gathereth
her own brood under her wings, and ye would
not!" Luke 13: 34.

DAILY READINGS
First-day, John 2: 1-11.
Second-day, John 2: 12-14.
Third-day, John 3: 22-36.
Fifth-day, Rev. 13: 1-4.
(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)

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The Sabbath Recorder

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular services at 2:45 o'clock on Sunday morning. Sunday school is held at the Yokefellows' Room, third floor of the Y. M. C. A. Building, at 3:15 o'clock. All interested are cordially invited. Rev. N. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Street, South Ferry, at 10:45 a.m. Preaching service at 11:30 a.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 606 West 191st St., New York City.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 825, Maxwell Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 7th Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. Preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42nd St.

Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services of the home of Mrs. Frank Munky, 1631 Pine Street, at 3 o'clock. Christian Endeavor services at 5 o'clock. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner of Pine and Paul Streets. Rev. R. J. Sebastian, pastor, 1553 Malibury St.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2:45 p.m. Christian Endeavor services at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 9 a.m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner of East and Michigan Avenue. Rev. D. Burcott Coon, pastor, 198 N. Washington Ave.

Seventh Day Baptists living in Denver, Colorado, hold services at the home of Mrs. M. T. Potter, 2240 Franklin Street, at 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. All interested are cordially invited to attend Sabbath School compliments of the Reverend and Mrs. Potter.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 2 p.m. on Mornington Hall, Lancing College. The morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the headmaster, Pallington, Lancing. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Days Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend Sabbath School privileges at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Smart.

None sing so sweetly as they who, like the woodwren, sit on the twiglet edge of solitude and sing to those who pass in the sunlight on the outside.—Beecher.

"It is no use talking about loving God when your children are afraid of you." —A. B. Herbert.

Building, No. 533, Endeavor, same as domestic rates.

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Business Opportunity

The Model Laundry in Battle Creek is for sale, either the whole industry or one half. This is a splendid opportunity for a Seventh Day Baptist. The plant has a good business and is not run on Sabbath day. The present owner has interests elsewhere which demand practically all of his attention. He would sell one half interest to a Seventh Day Baptist, a young man preferred, who would run the whole industry, and devote his whole time to it. If you are interested come here and look the proposition over, or write the Model Laundry at Battle Creek, Michigan.

Ahmed Mirza, the young Shah of Persia, only sixteen years of age, was installed as ruler in the palace of the National Council on July 21. His journey to the palace was made in a glass carriage drawn by eight white horses. Mounted escort ofTransmen entered through large bodies of soldiers and police that lined the way. The pictures published represent the young man as being very handsome.

The little daughter of a homeopathic physician received a ring with a pearl in it on the Christmas tree. She looked at the pearl and thought of course it came out of one of her father's big medicine bottles.

Two days later she peeked her head tearfully in at the door of her father's office. "Papa," she sobbed, "papa, I've lost the little pill out of my ring."
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Illustrated by Martin Justice. Into the narrow and bleak life of an old New England town come Mary Midthorne and her brother Eric, just from Georgia, headstrong, warm-hearted, passionate, human and altogether lovable. Thereupon begins a story of adventure and love-making, of rare tragedy and comedy, of a cousin who is a real villain and gets just that punishment that all real villains ought to get; of two brave, able girls that all heroes deserve to marry; of a cold financier who finally becomes a real man; and much more. Hot-blooded Eric and winsome Mary Midthorne are flesh-and-blood people whose adventures hold you with bated breath.

THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE
by Florence L. Barclay
In this 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."

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