PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

PERIODICALS
The Sabbath Recorder—Weekly, Religious Magazine ....... $2.00
The Pulpit—Monthly, a sermon for each Sabbath .................. 50
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The foregoing six books are all by Rev. Abram H. Lewis,
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The Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists
Baptism
Pro and Con of the Sabbath and Sunday Question
The First Day of the Week in the New Testament
Why I am a Seventh Day Baptist
Bible Reading on the Sabbath and Sunday
Christ and the Sabbath
The Question of Sunday Laws
How Did Sunday Come into the Christian Church?
Lowest Thou Me?
A Sacred Day: How can we have it?
Not Under Law, but Under Grace
The Day of the Sabbath
And many others

Also a series of four-page gospel tracts, ten in number.

American Sabbath Tract Society
(Seventh Day Baptist)
Plainfield—New Jersey
Efficiency Rally Day

Why Not Have One?

After the boom at Conference, last year, for the Forward Movement, we all returned to our homes hopeful that the spirit of Conference might possess our churches and that during the year there might be a growing interest in the work of a Forward Movement "to add to the membership of our churches five hundred converted people annually for three successive years." Then our Sabbath schools were asked to strive for five hundred new pupils, the Young People's Board was to labor to secure one hundred and twenty-five converts, two hundred new members, and a certain number of additions were to be sought for the Tenth Legion, the Peace Union, Christian Endeavor Experts, and Life Work Recruits.

This was a splendid program, and we know that considerable progress has been made in the lines suggested; but we fear that the enthusiasm has not kept up in all the churches during the year. We shall be disappointed, however, if the reports at Salem do not show commendable gains among our people.

When this paper reaches its readers another General Conference will be in session. The watchword for this Conference is "Efficiency," and it looks as though the matter of efficient work in a Forward Movement would receive much attention there. The Sabbath sermon at Conference will be on "Forward Movements—A Study in Efficiency," and we wish that all churches and every lone Sabbath-keeper would make Conference Sabbath a sort of special rally day, with prayers for greater efficiency in the Master's work during the next year.

Necessity of System

In Financing the Church

practical article on the question of financing the church, by John Schepel, of our church in Battle Creek, Mich. The article was first read at the brotherhood meeting, then, by request of several brethren, it was presented to the church and requested for publication. Brother Schepel sent it to the editor with a feeling of hesitancy, saying, "If it only will do some good to some one, my wish will be fulfilled and it will not be given in vain."

This is a live question with us as a people, and we wish more laymen as well as ministers would take up the pen in its behalf. Many of our problems would be solved, and difficulties would disappear, if we were all enthusiastic in some good system of Christian giving.

Recorder Plans for Conference Reports

It is the purpose of the editor to devote one issue of the SABBATH RECORDER to the reports and items of interest from the Conference itself. This issue will be called General Conference Number, and will appear September 4. On September 11 will come Conference Missionary Society Number; on September 18, Conference Tract Society Number; and on September 25, Conference Education Society Number. If the officials of these societies have any cuts or illustrations that would add interest to their respective numbers, and will send them to us, we shall be glad to make use of them.

It is our purpose to give the departments their usual places, in each issue, and we shall be glad to use cuts in these if they can be secured. Send us photographs if you have no cuts, and we will do our best to have cuts made.

In each special number we shall use all the material concerning the society whose name it bears that we can find place for without crowding out the regular departments.

Prohibition in Kansas

On another page our aged friend, J. Howard Titusworth, of Nortonville, Kan., gives us an address on Kansas prohibition matters, delivered by him before the Reformed Club of Plainfield, N. J., twenty-six years ago. By this we see that Kansas for more than a quarter of a century, at least, has more than held its
ground in the fight with the rum power. During all this time the liquor interests have done everything they could to dishonor the law in Kansas. Not a "bootlegger" or "blind tiger" in all the State that does not find backing from the liquor dealers of other States; and it does seem as though the powers of darkness have done their best in having saloons placed thickly all along the border just over the Kansas line, in order to defeat as far as possible the will of the people. Not only so, but every possible infringement of state law through the Interstate Commerce Commission shipment laws has been pushed forward by the liquor dealers, to hinder effective prohibition.

After all their strenuous efforts to induce violations of the law, these same dealers have raked the earth in Kansas for blind tigers and all sorts of smuggling-in of liquor, and magnified them in their publications as evidences that prohibition does not prohibit. Nobody knows better than the brewers and distillers just where their own lawbreaking emissaries of evil are located; and wherever one of these is able to exist in Kansas, even for a few days, these encouragers of lawbreaking raise their cry, "Prohibition a failure," or "Dry laws a farce!" There is no trusting the liquor business to abide by the law. Its leaders do all in their power to bring about violations and then use the results of their meanness to bring the law into ill repute.

Mission Work at Home One speaker at an association missionary meeting said that the question of home missions begins with that of the lost boy, the lost girl, and extends to the question of a lost world. This brings the matter very near home. The lost boy and lost girl dwell under our home roof, in our circle of friends, in our church, and are brought up in our neighborhood. Mission work begins with them, and in these home fields the spirit of missions must be cultivated if we are to be worth anything in our efforts for world-wide salvation.

I was greatly impressed by the story of a well-known pastor, who, soon after settling in a new field where for years there had been a Christian church as a light to the world, was called upon one night to help a young man out of his drunken condition by walking him about until the effects of the liquor were somewhat overcome. As soon as the poor fellow was sufficiently sober, the pastor began to speak with him lovingly about his need of a Savior. The young man was astonished, and said, "You are the first one in this town who ever spoke to me of Christ."

It is too bad that, with all our professed zeal for missions, boys and girls in our own homes, and young men in our church communities, are allowed to grow up and go into sin without ever being solicited to accept the Savior! If Christians were really "about their Father's business," if they were consecrated to Christ and on the altar to stay, such young men brought upon the church near his home would be impossible. There are too many churches today, like that ship described in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner, manned by dead men."

Power of a Sweet Spirit An expression that fell from the lips of a faithful Christian worker in one of our annual meetings is well worth repeating here. In speaking of our work, of the obstacles to be overcome and the opposition to be met, he said: "The man who can keep sweet, and is on the Lord's side, is the one who will sweeten the fountains of life."

I have thought much of the far reaching truth contained in these words. Nothing is more needful than that the fountains of life should be kept sweet. For whenever bitterness springs up among the laborers of the blessed work of the Master sure is to be hindered. Being "on the Lord's side" is a great thing in itself and makes a sweet-spirited man mighty; but bitterness of spirit on the part of the Christian will often offset his power for good, even when he has much truth on his side, and will make his influence weaker than that of the non-professor who keeps sweet.

"God of Our Fathers" Did you ever think of the responsibility of a generation that has had the blessings of our fathers and true Christian teaching? Who can study the history of our oldest churches, and note the record made by the fathers who founded them and sustained them through years of adversity, without a feeling of gratitude for such sterling men, and a deepening sense of responsibility for the welfare of the cause they loved and for the churches they planted? One of the saddest things in life is to see a son who has no respect for the faith of his father and who scoffs at the religion of his mother.

We love to sing and talk of the God of our fathers, and the faith of our mothers, but I fear we think of both in too trifling a manner, just as though our boast of their fidelity were enough for us, and as though some merit would accrue to us from the godliness of our parents. The main question is not, Was he the God of our fathers? But, is he our God—yours, and mine—to-day? If we can not truly say, He is my God, and feel in our hearts that he is to us all that saying implies—if we are not true to him, the fact was the God of our fathers makes it all the worse for us. Renegade children must come under severer condemnation than children who never knew godly parents.

Sold will it be for us and for the world, if the noble instructions, the precious faith, the godly examples of our fathers should perish with the new generation.

To Settle Doubts Live the Life Many persons are troubled with doubts. They weary themselves and become distracted over the mysteries of evil, pain, miracles, and revelation, until sick and hopeless, they are ready to despair. There is a far better way to rid of doubts, escape from his self-analysis and critical study, and think straight. If a man learns to think for himself into the battle where human beings are beset by moral and social woes working their ruin, till as a good Samaritan in the spirit of brotherly love for human betterment and social cleansing in the name of the Christ, and his miserable doubts will cease to trouble him. Looking in a spirit of sympathy at the actual needs of men, and "living the life" in the practical spirit of the Master, is the very best remedy for distracting, troublesome doubts.

This is Too Bad If I read aright the report of the Missionary Board's treasurer for August 1, there was still a practical shortage of more than $4,500. Without doubt this will be reduced before this paper reaches our readers on the opening day of Conference. But even if that be so, it is too bad that our board has been left to bear so long a burden which the people could have easily removed within one week after the announcement of the $4,000 debt was made.

Daily alone should wipe out every cent of the debt, and would have done so if the people had cared enough about it to make a little extra effort. One thing is certain, no matter how well some churches have done, others have failed. He it said to our shame that after three or four months of earnest pleading for $4,000 to discharge the debt, nearly 9,000 people have allowed August to come with a deficit of half that amount.
Necessity of System in Financing the Church

JOHN SCHEPF

It seems a strange thing to me that at this time I should be called upon to speak on a subject on which for years I have been unwilling to express my views. I really never had a decided opinion about the matter, and I have always thought that if I did not talk about it, I was laying the burden on others, who were in more favorable circumstances than I was.

But it seems that of late the Lord also in this matter has placed me in a position where he asks me to stand, and since that may be the case it is not for me to resist. In thinking about this question I have reached a very definite conclusion; namely, that it is absolutely necessary to follow a certain system in regard to the church's finances. This is just as much and even more essential in this line than in any other financial line, in business or otherwise. And I do not believe there is any one here who is not fully convinced of this point. The business man doing a large business and perhaps making plenty of money, if he has no system in handling his money, but spends it in a haphazard way, not knowing how it comes or where it goes, will inevitably at some time face financial ruin, which will end in bankruptcy.

The farmer who does not keep track of his cash nor have system in using his money, no matter how prosperous he may be, at some time will find his property overburdened with mortgages, and if he does not look out, will lose it entirely.

And even the housewife, if she does not use tact and system in handling her weekly or monthly income, but spends her money freely, and buys on credit when out of ready cash, will soon find herself embarrassed by bills piling up, which eventually she will be unable to meet.

To a church needs system in its financial affairs, on two lines; first, in raising money, and second, in spending it. Now the first seems to be the harder problem of the two, and it is hard to find a satisfactory answer. And so many different systems have been tried, that I shall not attempt to solve this problem, wherein so many wiser men than I have failed. But to me this seems to be the most important thing, that all the members of the church, after all are the ones by whom the money is to be raised, should be impressed with the thought that they must follow a definite system of giving towards the church's finances.

I know a man who is doing a large business and making money regularly, but who is not so regular in supporting the church to which he belongs in which he has transacted a nice piece of business, which has brought him some good returns, suddenly becomes very liberal and gives a large sum, say one or two hundred dollars, to the church, and as a result his name appears in the papers and he is praised for his generosity. Of course I am not to judge, and I don't know whether that is the thing he is after, but every one will agree with me that such a course in giving is not the right one. A steady, systematic way of giving ought to be recommended to every member of the church. The apostle Paul says in First Corinthians 16: 2, "Upon the first day of the week let each one of you lay by him in store, as he may prosper," showing regular, systematic way of giving.

Now it is not clear on the question of tithing, or if we have a right to demand that every one should give a tenth part of his income. But I have made some calculations as to the results we would reach if every one was faithful in this matter. We have at present a membership of about 150. Suppose one half of that number are not earning anything, leaving 75 members earning the money. Let us put the average figures of these 75 members very low, at $10 a week each, making a total of $750 a week.

Now suppose each one pledges only 5 per cent of that, or $37.50 a week, or $1,950 a year. Every one will admit that I have put the figures very low, and that if we should adhere to the tithing system, this would of course double this and will fill properly and fully give of our substance to his work, which, as I said before, is the most important work in the world.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Now I would be the last one to force upon any body a certain course of action, because it seems to me this is a matter which should be settled by the individual himself, between him and the Lord. But I firmly believe that if every member of our church in this way consecrated to the Lord's work, and filled with a desire to serve him and to advance his cause, we will have no trouble in raising all the funds we need, and we will have to give our attention to the second part only, that of spending our money properly. And on this point there is very little to say because we do not always know where it will be needed, and so this must be determined by circumstances.

Now, before I leave this subject, I wish to add one more thought. It is a well-known fact that whatever a man is interested in, for that he will spend his money, and he will not be stingy about it either. Whether he is interested in race horses, or valuable dogs, or automobiles, or nice buildings, or whatever it may be he has set his heart upon, should be followed. He will spend his last dollars to get a certain thing he wants to have. Also the pleasure seekers of this world, and the theatre-going people, they are very liberal in spending their hard-earned money after those things they want, and which after all do not satisfy. Witness the crowds that are thronging the sidewalks every day in front of the theatres and moving-picture shows. And so it is with the cause and service of God. If those who are followers of Christ are really interested in the Lord's work, and love him and his cause, they will be willing to spend their money freely to advance that work. And I do not hesitate to say that this is one of the tests of our love to God and our loyalty to his cause.

Much more might perhaps be said on this subject, but I think I have made my point as, and so will say no more about it. But in closing I would like to say this: I wish I could impress upon every member of our church our need of full consecration of our lives to the Lord, so that all our thoughts and actions will fully give of our substance to his work, which, as I said before, is the most important work in the world.

The Sabbath Recorder
became bolder and somewhat refractory and then was the commencement of the opposition to Governor St. John, as an executive, which opposition continued and became stronger, resulting in his defeat in the race for the gubernatorial chair for the third term on the same ticket as before. Then people regarded him as too lukewarm and manifestly degenerate. As a matter of fact, he had publicly informed his constituents that he would not be brought to justice, except through the complaint of some other. Even then, in the majority of cases, the violator of the law would probably be screened and acquitted on the plea of no evidence for conviction. The attorney general of the State finally arrested matters like this. Deputies were appointed who were reliable, and parties were summarily arraigned, tried and convicted. Then began a reaction. Governor Martin was defeated for the second term with a majority of about 80,000, exceeding his former majority. The people showed their confidence in him as a true blue executive of the prohibitory law, which confidence he never betrayed.

Resubmissionists began clamoring for another vote upon the law soon after Governor Martin's first election; but he said: 'The voice of the people was a very definite one. There was no election and it would be boys' play to subject the State to the expense of another vote.' But they continued their writhing and maneuvering under one pretense or another for a third party ticket, or some other name, always attaching the resubmission appendage. It does not and will not work. Prohibition in Kansas has come to stay.

Before the late "Original Package Law" the saloons were virtual banks. An occasional "joint," so-called, would be tucked away in some out of the way garret, or dark cellar, and perhaps elude the officers for a while; but violations of the law were more promptly punished, and less disorder and drunkenness seen. It is difficult to see a drunk person upon the streets of Atchison or Topeka as to meet an infuriated animal running there upon the streets.

Following the old prohibitory law came the cringing saloon keeper here and there in some out of the way places in cities, but only to disappear quickly on the passage of later law. The saloon can not exist in Kansas with the present public sentiment.

Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, August 13, 1916, at 2 o'clock p.m., Vice-president Clarence W. Spencer in the chair.


Prayer was offered by Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, D.D.

Minutes of last meeting were read. The Supervisory Committee reported the Publishing House unusually busy for this time of the year, and expressed the need for a cabinet in which to properly store the electrolyte cuts for safe keeping.

Voted that the Supervising Committee be authorized to purchase a cabinet suitable for the purpose.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature presented the following report:

Number pages tracts sent out. 3,717
Number new Recorder subscribers... 7
Number subscriptions discontinued... 2

Net gain . . . . . . . . . . . . . .


A communication from the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City embodying a resolution authorizing President Corliss F. Randolph to preach and administer the ordinances of the church, was received and ordered placed on record.

Pursuant to correspondence from Rev. L. Cottrell and Ch. Th. Lucky, we referred to the Delos C. Burdick bequest refer to the Memorial Board.

Pursuant to correspondence from Dr. E. S. Maxson, $100.00 were voted to him for use in distributing literature.

Voted that we request Sabbath Evangelist W. D. Burdick to represent us at the Northwestern Association, and the representative of the Eastern Association to represent us at the Southeastern Association.

Correspondence from Arthur J. Spencer expressed the appreciation of his mother, sister and himself, for the floral wreath sent to the last services of his father, J. Denison Spencer.

The Recording Secretary presented the following memorial to our late Director:

TRIBUTE TO JOSEPH DENISON SPENCER

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society was located in Plainfield, N. J., by the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, which convened at Farina, Ill., in September, 1881.

The local members of the Board at that time were Isaac D. Titsworth, Charles Potas, J. Frank Hubbard, George H. Babcock, Leander E. Livermore, Stephen Babcock, A. Herbert Lewis, Thomas H. Tomlinson and Joseph Denison Spencer.

It will be seen that Brother Spencer was the sole surviving member in the present Board, of the local members of the Board of 1881.

All have gone to their reward, save Dr. Thomas H. Tomlinson, who was a member of the Board of Directors from 1881 to 1888, and we are to be regretting having him still in our midst as a practicing physician, though not at present a member of the Board.

Brother Spencer became a life member of the American Sabbath Tract Society in 1882.

He was Treasurer of the Society from 1896 to 1901, and was a most painstaking, accurate and trustworthy custodian of the funds of the Society, as such official.

He served faithfully many years on two very important committees of the Board, the "Advisory" and the "Supervisory." On the former he served from February, 1896, to the present, and on the latter from Sep-
tember, 1896, till 1907, when advancing years caused him to feel that he should be relieved from further duties on that committee, which maintains a supervision of the work of the Publishing House.

Since 1881, this Board has not had a more regular attendant at its meetings, a more interested worker, conservative coun-

Business Manager, was presented and adopted.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

Arthur L. Titworth,
Recording Secretary.

Preparedness

C. DE BOER

There is much talk and writing in these days about preparedness, and to say the least, it would be very imprudent indeed on the part of our government if it should not make preparations to get ready against eventualities, while the war clouds already seem to be gathering over our country.

But there is a call to preparedness, not of the nation, but of the individual, against a calamity far worse even than that of war.

"PREPARE TO MEET YOUR GOD"

With our sins upon us, to meet our God whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity, would mean a banishment from his presence forever and death. But God, in his infinite love, has himself made provision against such a calamity. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Our physical life at the longest is short, and is very uncertain, and it is needful for us at all times to be ready for the great change.

To prepare to meet your God, means first to go away so far as you are able to, all known wrong in your life and confess your sins before God, and then accept his offer of pardon in his Son, Jesus Christ. He died for you, that you might live. "This that hath the Son hath life."

Accepting Jesus makes the present life worth living; it brings to the heart a peace and satisfaction and a joy, which nothing on earth is able to give, nor able to take away. "In thine presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are everlasting pleasures." (Ps. 16: 11)

Dear reader, take God's Book, the Bible, and find what the will of the Lord is and obey him. It will give you a sense of security under circumstances, both for this life and the life which is to come. Try this and you will find it true, and you will truly be prepared to meet your God.

The annual statement of the Society to the General Conference, prepared by the Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and
keep it after he got it. He did not always
preach alike; he changed his style of
preaching at least four times, and always
for a reason. He did not depend upon his
miracles to bring in the crowds; indeed, he
deprecated the gathering of multitudes af-
after that fashion. But he got the people
and they heard him gladly.
Every church should consider thought-
fully what are its best and cheapest and
most productive forms of advertising. I
am satisfied that a good many churches do
not utilize to the full the available resources
of this character. I place well to the front
among advertising agencies the local press.
A minister ought to go to the editor of the
local press, and advertise cheaply, and
say frankly, "I want you to help me in
every way I can and I want you to help me. I
want to give you all the news features you
care for in connection with our church
work and to report them in a style which
you will find interesting to your readers,
and I want to know what features of our
work you are willing to announce and to
report." A minister will come to a friendly un-
derstanding with the editors of the local
press and will cultivate a style of announce-
ment and report which has news value, he
can get an immense amount of free adver-
tising. Advertisements such as this he needs
to cultivate a style that is adapted to the
press. The first rule is to boil it down,
and the second rule is to light it up. The
church service can be announced so stupidly
that no editor will want to print the an-
nouncement and no reader will care at all
to come to the service; or it can be so
written that the editor will count it good
抄, and that every reader who cares at all
for it will care at all. Church service will have an immediate
desire to attend.
I am prepared to be told that ministers
ought not to seek newspaper notoriety, and
agree heartily with that statement; but min-
isters ought not to let their lights shine
before the heavens that their works may
their good works and glorify their Father who is in
heaven. So the first rule which I have
learned to follow with regard to advertis-
ing outside the church itself is to make the
services of the church useful. The second
rule to the community free of charge,
buildings, organs, its choir, its minister
have never been canvassed by the men.
the other half of the money received was
a legitimate expense. Inish has been canvassed by the men.
for the most part it was expected and de-
tended to the community free of charge,
for lack of it. Ours is a
complained of the possibility of
the need to announce his topics until the latter part of the
and the second service. The church
would furnish its building, its organ, its choir, its minister
to the community free of charge, and ask
only that the coal and light be paid for.
The other half of the money received was
placed in a separate fund available for
special music, and for other legitimate purposes of the
church congregation. If a minister will seek un-
usual opportunities of advertising his serv-
ces he will be likely to find some unknown-
ed assistance. For instance, the street car
may be willing to display a card announcing his evening services. The
local merchants may be willing to display a
window card containing a dinned announ-
cement and invitation. There are
places where the billboards can be utilized
to good advantage.
For the past two years the First church,
Oak Park, has maintained a strong Sun-
day evening service. For a good many years
preceding this we had had an afternoon
vesper service, largely musical. This serv-
ice had attracted a variable but on the aver-
are a small congregation. Then came a
full year when we were in process of build-
ing and remodeling and we were not able
to maintain the same attendance. This seldom
did not suffer for lack of it. Ours is a
suburban community, whose people for the
past ten years had been chosen, but
never slangy or sensational titles; nor has
there been in the sermons any attempt at
a sensational character. There has been,
however, an earnest effort to make them
interesting to our congregation. The
entire service, with a good deal of music
does not exceed an hour and a quarter,
but there is an organ recital of fifteen
minutes immediately after the sermon;
beauty and provided with a new organ, it
was a serious question whether to return to
the vesper service, whether to discon-
tinue the second service altogether, or whe-
ther to strike boldly out into a venture of
another character. We decided that we
had no call to resume our vesper service.
Other churches were having services of
that character and no other church in
the central part of town had an evening
preaching service. We decided that we
had no call to maintain a small evening
service to which people must be
dragged out against their inclination, but
we undertook what we hoped would prove
a large evening service. The trustees
opened a special cash account for this serv-
cice. They asked that one half the money
raised should return to the church treasury to pay for heat and light,
but agreed that no part of the fixed ex-

ditures should be charged to the evening
service. The church would furnish its
building, its organ, its choir, its minister
to the community free of charge, and ask
only that the coal and light be paid for.
The other half of the money received was
placed in a separate fund available for
special music, and for other legitimate purposes of the
church congregation. In
the first season our church serv-
ces were maintained with fine enthusiasm
and large congregations, and it was nothing of a reaction in the
second season, due in part to the fact that some of the
other churches near us established evening
services, but we have still held a strong,
central position, and a recent vote on
the continuance of the services next year
was unanimous and enthusiastic.
It is not within the province of the pre-
cient paper to discuss at length any feature of
this experiment, excepting that which re-
lates to advertising, but I wish to testify
that the services have been well worth
while.
There are no official records to show
that Captain Koenig, the brave and re-
sourceful commander of the submarine
Deutschland, is of Jewish birth, and in the
absence of these the report may well be
discounted. Jonah set the original pace
for the people of our city, and for some time
they have not shown any particular expediency
in the modern development of that most
wonderful of all means of navigation.—
Jewish Exponent.
Infantile Paralysis

The whole country has become greatly alarmed about the epidemic of infantile paralysis now prevailing in New York City. In spite of the efforts that have been made by the municipal authorities and the United States Public Health officials, the number of cases occurring in Greater New York continues to increase, and there is some reason to fear that there may be outbreaks of the epidemic in other parts of the country. Cases have been reported in Chicago, as also in many other sections; but their number is no greater now than is common at this time of year. There is no special cause for alarm, nevertheless it is certainly the part of wisdom to be prepared.

Acute anterior poliomyelitis (or infantile paralysis) is now known to be a contagious disease. Flexner has definitely shown that the infecting agent belongs to the group of non-specific filterable viruses, and that the organism is an exceedingly minute one, although its exact nature has not yet been positively determined. The portal entry of the virus is the upper respiratory tract, particularly the nasal cavities, which are in direct communication with the meninges, by way of the lymphatics. The first pathologic change therefore is acute interstitial meningitis; but with the advance of the process of infiltration follows the vessels as they enter the anterior portion of the cord from the meninges. There is hemorrhagic exudation around these vessels, pressure on the nerve-cells, anemia of these cells, and finally degeneration.

The nasal discharges convey the organism from person to person, and Sawyer, in his recently published study of the Californian epidemic of 1913, states that it was also conveyed in the rectal washings obtained from a patient fourteen days after the beginning of paralysis. The infectious substance may be carried by garments, bedding, handkerchiefs, food stuffs and other articles, soiled with body discharges, as well as by coughing, sneezing, and sneezing, very much as is the case with other contagious diseases, such, for instance, as scarlet fever, diphtheria and typhoid fever. It is highly probable that the virus may also be conveyed by the bites of insects, as lice, fleas and flies. Rosenau advanced the theory that the disease germ was transmitted by the bite of the stable fly, the stomoxys calcitrans, and our friend, Dr. Shepard, of Boston, who officially investigated this problem for the State of Massachusetts, is still confident that this is the method of conveyance. Shepard bases his belief, in part, on the fact that the occurrence of the disease in epidemic form is concurrent with the life incident of this fly.

Probably more important, however, than insects or fomites, in the transmission of this disease, is the carrier—the individual who has infantile paralysis, and the disease is conveyed in a mitigated form. It is declared that from 25 to 50 per cent of persons attacked by this disease suffer from this mild form, in which the symptoms are so slight as usually to go unrecognized. Infantile paralysis is, generally speaking, a disease of the summer and fall months. As a rule it disappears before the cold weather sets in, although winter epidemics have occurred. Childhood is the age of susceptibility. According to Peabody, Draper, Dochez, whose experience is verified by that of Mueller, 96 to 97 per cent of the patients are ten years old or younger, while 80 to 90 per cent are below the age of five years. Perhaps the age most liable to infection is the latter half of the second year. In the New York epidemic of 1907, in which 729 cases were reported, seventy of the patients were between nine and ten years of age; between ten and fifteen, five between fifteen and twenty, one between twenty and twenty-five, and two over twenty-five years of age; all the remainder being very young.

There is considerable divergence of opinion with regard to the length of the period of incubation, but the consensus of opinion is that it usually varies between five and ten days, with an average of about a week. The early symptoms are of such a character that it is difficult to identify them as being characteristic of poliomyelitis. In some epidemics these symptoms closely simulate those of an ordinary cold, being largely referable to the respiratory tract; while in other epidemics they are of a gastro-intestinal type, beginning with gastric disturbances, vomiting and often diarrhea. The gastro-intestinal type seems to be the most common in the prevailing New York epidemic. Fever is practically always present, though generally it is slight. It rarely exceeds 103 F., the temperature ordinarily being in the neighborhood of 99 and 99.5 degrees.

Other symptoms are: drowsiness, nervous irritability, hyperesthesia and pain on passive motion. Stiffness of the neck and resistance to flexion are very common. There may be muscular twichings and rarely convulsions.

In the most common form of the disease, paralysis of one or more muscles appears on the first or second day after the onset of fever; still it may be delayed for several days. As a rule all these patients have what is described as a "drowsy wilted look," although rarely they may be bright-eyed and present an anxious apprehensive, rather frightened expression. They are practically always afraid to be touched and cry out on the approach of the nurse or the doctor.

The paralysis is most likely to attack the lower extremities. In 60 per cent of the cases reported by Wickman, the paralysis was limited to the leg in 43.69 per cent; one or both legs were affected in 85.64 per cent. The paralysis does not necessarily present an unfavorable prognosis, since about 44 per cent recover the use of the affected members, while many of the remainder are only slightly disabled. Recovery is more likely to occur in older patients. The mortality as a rule varies between 10 and 20 per cent. In the present New York epidemic it has been high, approximately 20 per cent or more. Very little can be added to this outline, but it should be remembered that a favorable outcome depends on right treatment early; and we can not accomplish much after paralysis has set in.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

The Corresponding Secretary read her annual report, which was discussed and adopted.

Moved and carried that we send Mrs. A. E. Whitford to Conference to represent the Board, and that we appropriate $25.00 toward expense of this trip to Conference. Arrangements were made for program for quarterly meeting.

The minutes were read and approved. Adjourned to meet in regular session with Mrs. Clarke on August 7.

P. S. COON, Secretary pro tem.

Treasurer's Report

Treasurer's Report for 1915-16, Ladies' Aid of Adams Center church.

Receipts:
- Thimble socials: $25.95
- Harvest supper: $70.40
- Gifts: $165.90
- Quiltings: $10.95
- Mission Circle: $3.95

Total: $391.25

Disbursements:
- Home work: $187.89
- Woman's Board: $81.95

Mrs. Frank Jones, Treasurer.

Minutes of August Meeting

The Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. S. J. Clarke on August 7, 1916.

Those present were Mrs. West, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Whitford, Mrs. Crosley, Miss P. S. Coon, Mrs. Lamphere, Miss Coral Clarke, Mrs. Masson. Mrs. West read the Scripture lesson and offered prayer.

The minutes of July 10 were read.

The Treasurer's report for the month of July was read and adopted. Receipts, $142.80. Disbursements, $71.05.

The Corresponding Secretary's yearly report which was read and adopted at the July session was re-read.

Mrs. West reported progress in the preparation of the program for the Woman's Hour at Conference.

The Corresponding Secretary reported her correspondence with the President of Conference in regard to the sectional meetings of the Woman's Board during Conference and the arrangements which had been made for such meetings.

The work of the Board to be considered during these meetings of Conference was quite thoroughly discussed.

The budget to be recommended for the ensuing year was also discussed, special thought being given to the need of general equipment of the Lieu-oo Hospital.

A motion was carried that in addition to the budget of last year we recommend the raising of $250.00 for the general equipment of Lieu-oo Hospital.

It was voted that the budget as presented by the Corresponding Secretary be adopted by the Woman's Board to the Finance Board of Conference.

Brothering the Foreign-Born

Reprinted from the Christian Advocate, and written by Frederick H. Ridges, Jr., M. A., Secretary of the Industrial Service Movement of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.

How little most of us realize what is behind the placid features of some of our foreign-born brothers! These are real stories of real men:

The other day came Harry — to our office with a plea for assistance. He was born in Roumania, an orthodox Jew of good family. His older brother was in the army and had been subjected to ill treatment because of his race. Harry resolved to escape a similar experience, and, with the help of his people, fled to England, where he was taken under the charge of an uncle.

On day, in passing a Protestant mission, he saw displayed in a window verses from Isaiah 53 and Matthew 27 — the prophecy of Christ's death and its fulfillment — and he was most forcibly impressed.

Several days he passed the place with an increasing interest. Finally he went in, and after talking with the missionary, there came to him a great vision.

He took home a New Testament to study more carefully, but his uncle tore it to shreds and cried, "What is all this stuff? How dare you read it? Will you forsake your mother and father and be a curse to your people?" "No," came the reply, "I would be a contemptible son, and I can not." But the voice within would not be still, and verses of Scripture stood forth clearly, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Then he came to seek and was found." Then he continued to seek. It was not long before the Messiah became too real to withstand, and with full realization of the tremendous step he was taking, Harry accepted Christ.

Then followed weeks of tireless study and severe persecution. He was publicly condemned in the synagogue, and constantly followed by Jewish children, who hurled curses and missiles. On one occasion the police arrived just in time to save him from severe injury and, perhaps, death. Hardest of all was the stinging letter which came from home, describing the terrible anguish of mother and father and casting him off forever. Harry loved his parents as few men do, and night after night was passed in pain and sleeplessness — yet through it all a voice seemed to say, "He who will not forsake father and mother for my sake is not worthy of me."

Christian friends sent Harry to Paris, where he began the drug business, and gradually gained a small independent income.

Then he came to New York, where he attended a Bible school for several years. His affectionate, optimistic nature and steadfast faith won him many friends.

He was engaged in Brooklyn mission work and rendered splendid service. He later attended the Moody Institute in Chicago and returned to New York fully equipped as a modern mission worker and preacher — highly cultured, speaking five languages and ready to be used. When I met him, he had been unable to find a position anywhere, whether in the great city, and had come to the point where he must take anything or starve.

HOW TWO YOUNG MEN OF ITALY FOUND THEMSELVES

An Italian, twenty-eight years old, who had attended some church meetings for foreigners, and had manifested considerable interest, was in trouble and wanted to "talk it over."

He was a sad, but not unusual story. Until Joe came to America, he had lived a consistent, moral life, but after "getting in with a bad crowd" in the new world, he became quite dissipated. He confessed his sins and asked advice of an association secretary, who treated him kindly and became his friend.

Joe was led out of his ways of evil, and after some months married a splendid Italian girl, and invited the secretary to be best man at the wedding.

Many times since, the secretary has climbed the stairs of a down-town tenement, and enjoyed a meal of spaghetti in Joe's next little home. Never has Joe failed to request "grace" at the table, and in many ways he has manifested an increasing desire to live the Christian life.

Then there is Frank, an Italian of splendid family in Rome. "America" held out...
THE SABBATH RECORDER

One night Frank was standing alone on Bleeker Street, without money, friends or money or a job. One of the college students (enlisted in the Industrial Service Movement of the Young Men's Christian Association) stepped up to him politely and invited him to an English class.

Frank went, and then began a new epoch in his life. The leader was a splendid Christian fellow, who took a personal interest in his new recruit. Frank soon became a star pupil, and after a few months, it was necessary to transfer the leader to another class, Frank was placed in full charge. It was very hard for him, but he had no place to turn, so he told himself that he felt compelled to help others. Four nights a week he taught English classes, and although living in very real poverty he refused to accept a cent of compensation.

"No," he said, "you men have helped me so much that I can never repay it. The least I can do is to help the other fellows. I used to hate 'foreigners.' When they came up to me on the street and asked for any place, I always sent them in the wrong direction. It's all changed now—the world is different somehow, and I want to do all I can for others."

Frank and some of his new-found Christian friends had some long talks on religion, and slowly, but surely, that long-cherished bitterness melted away, and he even came into the young Italian's heart a "warm human glow." Less than eight months after the college student found him alone on the street corner, Frank accepted Christ and joined a Protestant church. In his continued earnest and faithful in his Christian life, has a good position, a family, and is the finest type of an American citizen.

AN EARTHQUAKE THAT CROSSED OCEANS

One evening recently two of us climbed three flights of tenement stairs and met two foreign young men who attended meetings in a near-by mission. For Joe and Peter this was "home." A comfortable bed with clean linen, a bureau with a few photographs, a small table containing several well selected books, two chairs and a trunk. And then we talked together for two hours. Joe and Peter were interesting by contrast—the former quick, blunt, optimistic and full of hope, the latter slow, suave, pessimistic and discouraged. Both were about twenty-three years of age and had been in the country four years. Both had seen considerable of life, and had tried their hands at many different jobs, and were at present out of work. Joe was willing "to do anything honest." His friend, with finer sensibilities and a strain of melancholy which we could not understand, had more than once thought of committing suicide. What was under the surface? We talked of life, of literature, of politics, of religion. Every one of us learned something and was personally helped—still we could not understand. Late at night, after an evening rich in true fellowship, we walked into the Church, Joe's friend, with a voice choked up but fairly well controlled, said to one of us in a simple way:

"I'm in New York alone—no home, no friends, no money—when I received a letter from a brother in Italy, and learned that my mother, my father, my grandfather and two sisters were all killed in the Messina earthquake. I've been alone ever since; that's all."

"That's all," but we had seen under the surface, and realized as never before how greatly some of our foreign brothers are hungering for real friendship and a real God in which they can trust.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY TO CATCH UP

Talk all you will about the immigration problem—we may have different opinions as to whether or not admission laws should be more strict. The fact remains that our problem is with us. The European war has shut down immigration to less than 300,000 this year, instead of over 1,000,000; but complacently we sit, not realizing that America has the opportunity of its national life to catch up with herself on the assimilation of our brothers and sisters from across the seas. I have recently returned from a long coast trip in the interests of our country's industrial workers. Everywhere I noticed among practically all nationalities, the increasing desire to learn English and become American citizens. And we are asleep.

Asleep, some of us. On the other hand I think it is fair to say that the Christian Church is doing immigration to solve this and other great industrial and social problems than ever before in its history. Let us not "knock"—but get into the game and help. If we must "knock," let's knock at the doors of those who are asleep and rouse them to activity—for this is verily the day of our opportunity. The Federal Commission on Industrial Relations agreed on one thing, namely, the "education of all adult persons in reading, speaking, and writing the English language."

A graduate student in sociology in one of our cities, one of hundreds of Christian college men who have enlisted in helping their foreign brothers to understand America, writes:

I came from a Christian home and graduated from a college where the religious spirit is exceptionally strong. Since coming to this great city and attending these highly theoretical courses I have become all mixed up. That which has done most to keep my mind pure and my ideals high, and which has been the one thing to keep me from losing my faith in God is my little club of Italian young men down town.

Therefore it is the same old story—but ever new. Work with foreigners "blesseth" him that worketh. You see how it may start with the personal touch—or it may mean the organization of classes in English and citizenship, community lectures, hygiene and first-aid work, Bible classes and secretarial help, or a religious nature, or a hundred other things. Increasingly churches are realizing that they must go where folks are—homes, boarding houses, foreign clubs, stores, factories. City by city, town by town, it is our desire that "there was a man from Macedonia standing, beseeching and saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us?" And may it be said of us, "Straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia!"

Time of Annual Meeting Changed

As the time for the annual meeting of the churches of Iowa, to be held at Carwin, is the same as that of the Northwestern Association at Jackson Center, Ohio, we are requested by the secretary to say that the Iowa annual meeting is postponed until October 6, 1916.

Perform a kind action and you find a kind feeling growing in yourself, even if it was but a little. With the increase of the number of objects of your kind and charitable interest, you find that the more you do for them the more you love them.—William B. O. Peabody.
Consecrated Home Life

STELLA CROSLEY


During the week, we celebrate the ancient festival of the birthday of Christ. The church has a special day set aside for the consecration of home life, work to do for the Lord. The Sabbath is a day of rest for those who are engaged in work. During the week, we observe the Sabbath, a day of rest for those who are engaged in work. During the week, we observe the Sabbath, a day of rest for those who are engaged in work. During the week, we observe the Sabbath, a day of rest for those who are engaged in work. During the week, we observe the Sabbath, a day of rest for those who are engaged in work.

Sunday—A converted house (Acts 16: 22-34)
Monday—Christ in the home (Luke 19: 1-10)
Tuesday—Hospitable homes (Matt. 10: 12, 13; John 1: 18)
Wednesday—Friendly homes (Luke 15: 1-10)
Thursday—Pious homes (I Tim. 5: 1-8)
Friday—Homes of the good (Tit. 3: 1-8)
Saturday—The consecration of home life (Acts 10: 1-8, 17-24, 44-46.) (Consecration meeting.)

HILL'S HINTS

The proof that Cornelius was a devout man was that he made his whole household devout also (v. 2).

The home of Cornelius was not only a house of prayer but also a house of helpfulness; his alms placed the seal of God's approval upon his prayers (v. 4).

Not only did Cornelius make his immediate family devout, but even the soldiers over whom he was placed had caught the contagion of holiness. Religion never abides with one man (v. 7).

God is present in any home that will receive him, and he brings with him all the blessings that the home will accept (v. 44).

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS

One member of the family circle who is not a Christian can spoil the home life. Thousands of Christian Endeavorers are establishing new homes every year. It is vitally important that Christ shall be established as the real head of those homes. Every home should be consecrated to God.

Our blessed Savior had no home of his own on earth but there was one home where he always found a place and a welcome. Is your home a home for some lonely soul who needs it?—Karl Lehman, in Christian Progress.

QUESTIONS

How may our home life help others? How does the home life affect our relations with those outside our homes? How will our life outside the home affect our home life?

QUOTATIONS

There is a spot of earth supremely, blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than home.
—William J. Hart.

As we draw near home,
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
—Byron.

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart and pleasures felt at home.
—Wordsworth.

"We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for 'our own' the bitter tone,
Though we love 'our own' the best."

The Christian Endeavor Peace Union

Paper read by Mark R. Sanford, Young People's Hour, German Union Association.

The Christian Endeavor Peace Union was organized by Dr. Francis E. Clark, at the New York State Christian Endeavor Convention held in Buffalo, October 9-12, 1914. The pledge is as follows: "As a follower of the Prince of Peace, I will seek to promote peace among men and peace on earth; I will work as I have opportunity toward the abolition of war, and will endeavor to cement the fellowship of people of all nations and denominations throughout the world."

The principles of the Peace Union are not new to Christian Endeavor; for Christian Endeavor has been one of the strongest factors in bringing together Christian workers of all nations and denominations that the world has known. The first line of the regular Christian Endeavor pledge really covers the Peace Union pledge. This pledge, like the Christian Endeavor pledge, simply emphasizes a few special things that every Christian should do.

Here I wish to quote, in part, from an article by Dr. Francis E. Clark, published not long since in the Christian Endeavor World. This article points out that Christian Endeavor stands for oneness of Christians in Christ, and therefore Christian Endeavor should and will have a powerful, constructive influence in restoring world peace and fellowship. The article in part reads: "An article of unusual value has recently appeared in the British Christian Endeavor Times, by the Rev. Bruce W. Rose, to the effect that Christian Endeavorers may be helping to bring together the nations whose 'riders of fellowship and good will today are falling and failing'. It is the more remarkable because written in the hour when the war is fiercest and most threatening, when German aeroplanes are hovering over England and German submarines are launching their torpedoes against British ships. It shows a calmness, and a forward look, and an absence of rancor which are altogether admirable. Let me quote a few paragraphs from this article: "The absorption of many souls in the present conflict, must not hide from us the fact that "the future of the church of Christ is a matter of deeper concern to the world than the future of the British Empire." No Christian Endeavorer can forget that this is a time when there is a test of national strength numbering many nationalities. There is neither Jew nor Gentile, black or white, German nor English frontier line, in this organization. It partakes of the spirit of him whose kingdom is without frontiers, for in him all are one. Neither France nor Belgium, Germany nor England, can be allowed to take us away, in their claim upon Endeavorers personally, from this one piper of hope. "So let us hold up that side of the bridge, and keep to that building-material for reconstruction, however tempting the national pull to let it go in the interest of being "all British." It does no harm, but much good, in keeping a sane interest in what goes on, to have some few things as tests of utility. What can we use as this war goes on and when it is past for rebuilding good will, keeping alive sound sentiment, and enabling men and women to greet another peaceably from lands at war? "Peace鸽es can meet? Say that this is a sufficiently a bridge of understanding, with this as its piers: "We are all one in Christ." "Our very name, the same everywhere for Endeavorers, and translated into all tongues, shows that we have very much in common. We cannot ignore the fact that wherever our sympathies may lie, that we pray to one Father in heaven, that we have a common Elder Brother, and that all the great Christians of the past, Paul, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Edwards, Moody, are our common heritage. "One of these days international Christian Endeavor meetings can be held again. The Endeavors of the countries now at war can concern themselves among the families; they can sing together the same songs, though they may sing them in different languages. They will remember that they have a united work to do for the world. The memories of the past will not be forgotten; the hopes of a future place in the same heaven will remind them that Christians can not forever be separated. Gradually but surely a stronger bridge of good fellowship will be built, and Christian Endeavor, please God, will be one of the great architects and masters. Is it not a splendid thing to be build the pontifex maximus of peace?"

I will not spend any time arguing that war is wrong. We all know that. But do we stop to consider the true cause of war? Are we not too apt to think of war as a poetical military policy? and overlook the fact that the real causes lie in the human heart?

The individual is the unit of the nation: and with the growing spirit of democracy, the character of the people is coming more and more to mean character, policies and destiny of the nation.

The first form of government was the family with the father as supreme ruler. Then came in turn the tribe or clan. The feudal system, the strong monarchy, and last, the democracy. Each unit of government has in the past been looking out for number one and usually quarreling with its neighbors. "America First,"—did you ever hear that slogan? What does it mean to you? Is it not an expression of the same selfish spirit that has caused this old world to be torn by so many wars? The selfish person is selfish for himself, his family, his clan or nation. When President Wilson said, "I ask nothing for America as a nation, but a right to live in humanity itself," he expressed a sentiment that must be developed till the ideal of "peace on earth, good will toward men" is fully realized.

What can we expect after the close of this present war? Many say it will be the last war, but can we rest secure in that thought? Can human nature be remodelled so quickly? The history of the past has
been that one war has led to another—in fact, many of the causes of the present war were unforeseen and not present in former wars. And can we expect the number of nations that are engaged in war today to reach a final settlement so just and satisfactory to all concerned that future quarrels will not arise from it?

As long as envy and hatred are found in the human heart, just so long will there be danger of war. And war there must be right and wrong. There must be many a fierce struggle in the human heart and many a battle at the ballot box. But when the spirit of Christ has finally conquered and the ideal of “peace on earth, good will toward men” is realized, then war will be no more.
The Boy Who Went the Left Hand Road
A Sermon for Children

The children will be interested, I think, to hear of a boy who went the left hand road when he knew that he should have gone the right hand road.

It came about in this way. The boy whom we will call Willie Brown, though that is not his real name, left his home to go to school on a bright October morning. He had kissed his mother and baby sister on leaving home and promised his mother that he would be a good boy that day and attend to his lessons faithfully.

As he came to the point in the road where the country road leading to the left joined the town road leading to the right on which the school was, Willie hesitated and looked ahead first on the right hand road, then on the left. Something was saying to him, "This is too delightful a day to spend in school when you could be enjoying it along this country road. Just think, only a short distance out on the road leading to Mr. Black's farm of Mr. Black. There were the apple trees, get your basket and take them all up to your room. Promise to mother, remember your duty to the road—go there, Willif.

He will leave you to imagine the scene at Willie's home when Mr. Black arrived there and told all to Willie's mother.

Now, children, I want to ask you a question. What road should Willie have taken that morning? The right hand road! Yes! In so doing he would have saved himself much sorrow and not have caused his mother such pain.

Now I wish to give you two verses of Scripture, and I mean it when I will always remember them. First, "This right hand road saved me." When no one else can see us, God can see us. God saw Willie when he hesitated at the parting of the road. Second, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Willie's sin found him out before he had time to enjoy the apples. Now will you all say for me the two verses of Scripture? Read: "Thou God seest me." "Be sure your sin will find you out." Let us resolve that we will be right, do right and go right.

—from The Continent by permission

MRS. ROBIN'S PRESENT

Patty breathlessly opened the bushes and peered into the branches. Sure enough just on a level with her eyes was a cunning little rough nest, with four light blue eggs. "How sweet!" she cried, in delight; "I'll run get my basket and take them all up to the house. How pretty they will look in my nest I got on Easter." She left her hat to mark the spot and ran toward her playhouse to get the basket. But the dolls all seemed to look up at her wistfully as if wishing that she would come and play, but she only gave them a fleeting kiss and ran gaily back down the path.

But as she approached the bush where the nest was hidden, her steps commenced to lag. The four eggs made four babies to the mother robin, and if she took them it would be just as if some one took her four dolly's away.

"It will be worse than that," she said aloud. "Dolls aren't really children. It would be just as if some one stole me from mamma, just to have me to play with."

But she did so want the lovely eggs. "I'll just take one," she decided, finally, and sprang toward the bush. There was a whirl of wings and a distressed little robin flew out almost in her face, and flew wildly about over her head with short, appealing cries.

"I'll just take one," said Patty; "she can't count and she will never know the difference."

She pushed back the bushes again and reached out her hand towards the tempting eggs, but drew back quickly.

"I can't do it. "I can't do it. Go back to your mother, birdie. I won't ever take them or let any harm them if I can help it."

And she went softly away.

But evil the eggs were hatch'd, she went back to the nest, and perched between the branches at its contents. And at length the mother bird did not fly away from her nest when the little face appeared, but sat looking at her with bright, unfrightened eyes.

When the little birds came she used to watch them daily while they learned to fly. There were three of them, unusually large proportion of Dubhie, and she went softly away.

But one day she was deserted—the birds were gone. But in the very center of the nest lay a blue egg. Patty took it carefully from the nest and ran toward the house with it.

"It is an old one that did not hatch," her papa said, when she showed it to him, "but it is strange that it was not scratched from the nest or crushed before this."

"I think the mother bird saved it for me," said Patty; "isn't it a lovely present?"

—The Child's Gem.
Hettie Green on Modern Women

The women of America have helped to make our times. All they live for, all they care for, is clothes—the latest shape in hats, the newest-fangled skirts. And they are none too particular how they get what they want or who pays for it. Oh, I am not saying that American women are not moral, but I do say that they do not care what price their husbands and fathers and brothers pay for the luxury and finery they demand. More men are driven to dishonesty by the white hand of a woman stuck all over with jewels than by their own love of horses, rich food and gay times.—New York Tribune.

Father Time’s Reply

M. E. H. EVETT

“Whither art thou leading me? Answer, Father Time, I pray. For so long I walk with thee, Snows are on thy head today Where the spring flowers used to be.”

“Child,” he answered solemnly, “if you must go to any place All who are entrusted me. Some long or may be your race But the grave they must dwell in.”

“Is the grave their end?” I cried, “Who with faithful feet have trod?” “Nay, not so,” his voice replied, “Angels lead them home to God When they wander from my side.”

Preamble and Resolution

To the Jackson Center Seventh Day Baptist Church.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

WHEREAS, The present financial condition of this church does not seem to justify the continuance of a pastor; and

WHEREAS, The present occupant has served you nearly five and one-half years; therefore be it Resolved, That we hereby tender our resignation as pastor, said action to take effect October 1, 1916.

Yours in brotherly love,

G. W. LEWIS,
Pastor.

Jackson Center, Ohio, August 12, 1916.

You can help your fellow-men. You must help your fellow-men. But the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and best man that it is possible for you to be.—Phillips Brooks.
Eastern Association, Plainfield, N. J. 7 20
Collection, Wyoming, Utah and Kansas trip; 1 25
Return, above expense, Wyoming, Utah and Kansas trip 1 8
Interest. 3 15
Total received, June 30, 1916 7 56.23

Disbursements
A. E. Whitford, expenses Sabbath School Convention, Greenville, S. C. 8 31
Davis Printing Co., printing, etc. 28 20
B. D. Ingalls, postage, D. A. Houchins, Printing, etc. 2 02
I. C. Housh, printing, etc. 10 94
D. M. Randol, printing, etc. 10 94
General expenses, Sabbath School Council 20 00
General expenses, International Lesson Committee 16 00
For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand 7 50
25 copies Teacher of Religion 2 25
Theological Seminary, Tax Report 1 00
Proprietor, Hope, Personal Reports 1 25
Dr. A. L. Burdick, postage 1 50
M. C. Burkett, salary, editing Visitor, June 19, 1916 1 25
Mrs. J. Van Horn, salary, editing 'Junior Quarterly' April 19, 1916 1 25
Mrs. R. S. Smith, postage 1 00
W. C. Whistler, expenses 1 00
International Lesson Committee, Buffalo, N. Y. 9 00
International Lesson Committee, Chicago, Ill. 4 95
Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Home Department, cards and postage 2 75
J. E. Hutchins, expenses, Paola, Convent, Kansas 1 00
A. L. Davis, Wyoming, Utah and Kansas trip 25 00
Mrs. S. L. Satterly, printing, etc. 1 75
Total paid out, June 30, 1916 $433 30
Balance on hand 356 93

Refunds
July 1, 1915, balance on hand $121 68
June 30, 1916, received from Sabbath School, Church, Personal, $54 35
June 30, 1916, interest Permanent Fund 20 00
Total received, June 30, 1916 7 56 23
June 30, 1916, paid for list of subscribers 453 30
total, June 30, 1916, balance on hand $126 93

Junior Quarter Fund
July 1, 1915, balance on hand $4 00
Jr. Quarterly Fund, June 1916, to Secretary 100 00
Junior Quarterly receipts 100 00
Total received, June 30, 1916 206 00
June 30, 1916, Drawn from General Fund 33 70
Paid past due Publishing House, 1st quarter 35 10
Paid past due Publishing House, 2nd quarter 50 12
Paid past due Publishing House, 3rd quarter, 1916, Junior Quarterly 25 70
Total, paid 130 02

Höcker Permanent Fund
July 1, 1915, balance on hand $11 66
Received from New York Church 7 93
June 30, 1916, total received 19 59
Deposited in trust county Savings Bank, Evansville, Ind. 19 59
June 30, 1916, Balance on hand 7 93
Permanen Fund 15 3
W. H. Greenman, Treasurer.
We have carefully audited the above Treasurer's report and find the same to be correct.
Geo. O. Ellis, Chairman.
G. A. Housh, Auditor Committee.

A World Grown Up
I once knew a man of kind and gentle mien, courteous and considerate towards everybody, and to little children most of all. He had the enviable knack of almost immediately ingratiating himself into the good graces of every child he met. The little ones went to him instantly, as a spaniel goes to a good man; while he, on his part, loved to have them clamber over him, and hang about his neck as he related some enchanting fairy tale, of which he had a great store. He died last year, and some of his private papers and literary remains came into my possession. Among them was the little story that follows here. I present it just as it came to me, fresh, tender and unaltered. It is the story of my dear, dear friend. In a way, it furnishes a sort of key to the wonderful affection he always displayed for a helpless little child.

I was only an ordinary, everyday sort of man, one of the millions who go every day of their lives to the great city, to labor for the bread that perisheth. I was also, like millions of others, a family man, having a wife and children—two bonny little girls of six and eight. Needless to say, I loved my children dearly and, without undue boasting, could say I was a good father to them; that they loved their daddy in return goes without saying. The wonderous welcome awaited me every evening! Even when I was late home, and

the little ones had gone to bed, immediately I got inside the house, two white-robbed little figures would rush down the stairs like a whirlwind and literally fling themselves into my arms, half choking me with hugs and kisses. One day I came home from the great city more than usually tired, and a little out of temper. It was early, and the youngsters had not gone to bed. It had been a wretched day; the gray, sullen clouds had not lifted from the horizon, and a steady drizzle had been pouring itself, and in consequence the children had been unable to go out of doors; so they hailed my early home-coming with great glee and delight as a break in the monotony of a dull day. But, as I have said, I was tired—and cross. I checked their advances, frowned when they spoke, answered their torrent of eager questions in monosyllables, or not at all. I pushed them away when they tried to clasp my knee, and altogether I was definitely trying to behave myself like a bear, finally dismiss ing them to another part of the house. All their glee and exuberant spirit had vanished, and it was two very quiet and sober little people who obeyed my commands. I turned to me as I saw the little wistful, wondering faces turned to me as they went out of the room. I was sitting in my armchair, my legs stretched towards a cheerful fire. My wife was sitting opposite me with a bundle of little garments on her lap, which she was engaged in mending. Seeing what kind of mood I was in, she, with her usual tact, refrained from talking, knowing that I was better left alone for a while. The grateful enjoyment of a quiet sort of scene began to have a beneficial effect on me. I felt better tempered and more contented. I would let the children come in again, and I would tell them their favorite story. I would—"Hello! Where am I? That was the question I asked him in a body? I—'Jenkins'—the red-haired old man! And—what I?—was sitting comfortably in front of my own fire, and after all I was in my office! I rang for my secretary, and without looking up asked him to send the office boy to me. "Office boy!" he repeated, "we haven't got an office boy." I looked up quickly and said sharply. "What's the matter with you! Send young Smith—I got no farther. Was that Jenkins standing before me? Jenkins was not more than thirty, and here was a wisened old man. Yet he was very like that one..."
laughter. Here I should see nurses with go-carts full of plump, jolly babies, and chubby little boys and girls walking by their side. But the appointment awaited me here, too. Instead of the nurses and their little charges, instead of the groups of romping children, there were a few bent old men and women, with lined and wrinkled faces, feebly tottering along the foot-paths which we have been thronged with happy, laughter-loving little ones. Unable to bear the strain any longer, I stopped one of the old women who happened to be passing at the moment, and asked her how it was that there was no one about but old people, and where the boys and girls had gone. The old dame looked at me for a moment as if she had not understood my question. Then her eyes grew dim, and two large tears trickled down her withered cheeks.

"Boys and girls!" she softly repeated. "Why, sir, whatever made you ask for them? I had almost forgotten there ever were any. There are certainly none now. This is a childless world, sir. I have not seen a child of any kind for nearly seventy years.

"Oh, come!" I exclaimed. "I saw plenty of youngsters playing here yesterday, and besides I have two little chicks at home."

The old dame looked piningly at me. "Poor fellow," she murmured. and passed on her way.

Her words kept ringing in my ears. "A childless world. A childless world!" "Oh, God forbid," I cried aloud. "What would life be without them? What should we do without their little endearing ways, their happy faces, their smile?"

Feeling confused and ill, I determined to go home, where at least, I was certain of welcome from my two little girls. If the awful catastrope of there being no children anywhere else had happened—and it certainly seemed to have happened—I had at least my own little ones to love and cherish. So thinking, I basked in the park, I hastened home as quickly as I could. I reached the house, opened the door, and entered. All was still and quiet as the grave! No eager little feet came running to meet me. A silence that could be felt, brooded over the house. My heartstrings began to tighten. Had anything happened? Was anything wrong? I hurried to the sitting-room to ascertain if any one was there. A little white-haired old lady sat beside the fire knitting. "Oh John, you are early. I did not expect you for another two hours," she said. Something familiar in the voice made me look closely at the old lady.

"Jessi!" I almost shrieked. "Jessie, my wife, is it you?"

"You are ill, John," she replied. "Sit down and rest yourself. Of course it is I; whom do you think I am?"

"But how old you look, I gasped. A look of pain crossed my wife's face. "Of course we are both old, dear," she replied gently.

We! Was I old, too? I looked in the mirror and saw reflected there the face of a skinny and rather ugly old man! Shaking with an ague I turned to my wife and said in an imploring voice, "Where are our children—our little daughters? Oh, don't say that they are old and gray, too."

My wife came to my side and laid a thin white hand on my forehead. "You are ill, John," she said, "and do just know what you are saying. We have no children, dear. There are none now; we live in a childless world." Again those dread words, "A childless world."

I fell back in my chair, great scalding tears falling down my cheeks. I seemed to be sinking into a deep, black abyss. Thud! Was that the bottom I had reached? "My poor, dear daddy's crying," said a familiar little voice in my ear. How full of music it sounded at that moment—sweeter than the song of forest birds. I smiled. "Could the vision that met them be true? For there, seated in my lap, was my little six-year-old, all fresh and rosy from her bath, looking at me with wide wondering eyes!"

Yes, thank God, it was all true. I had been dreaming—dreaming a horrid, disconcerting dream of a world that had lost its children—a world grown gray and old. The shock that had awakened me, and which I imagined was contact with the bottom of the abyss into which I had fallen, was occasioned in reality by my little daughter springing into my lap to wish me "Good night." How I hugged that child, pressing her warm, rosy face against my own. My wife, grown young and comely once again, looked on with an amused smile. "One would think you hadn't seen her for years," she said.

"I dreamed that I had lost her forever," I answered gravely, as I kissed the child again.

One word more, and my tale is done. From that day to this, and the distance stretches over many years, I have never known better appreciation of the love and care I gave that child than I now have. The child, although of the world, is still a child to me."

How well my dear friend remembered his dream and its lessons, hundreds of little ones could bear testimony. Children never wearied him, and as the evening of life grew on, and the earthly house of his tabernacle began to crumble away, his spirit seemed to grow more youthful, his grip of the soul became more vicarious. He was a great man and a true, and now he hath attained to this also—to be at rest.

HOME NEWS

WESTERLY, R. I.—The Woman’s Aid Soci­ety of the Pawtucket Seventh Day Baptist Church of Westerly, R. I., has com­pleted a satisfactory year’s work. We have followed our usual custom of holding afternoon meetings for work, followed by a supper at 6:30 with occasionally an en­tertainment of music and readings. Twelve suppers have been served, and three af­ternoon teas.

We had our usual Christmas sale of aprons, fancy articles and homemade candy, the men of the church serving an oyster supper in the evening. From this affair we realize the sum of $232.00.

We mourn the loss by death of two members, Mrs. Clarke Saunders and Mrs. Charles Barker.

A new and flourishing society has been formed in the church, called the Seventh Day Baptist Society, made up of the young ladies in the church who do not belong to the Aid Society. This organization has been of great help to the older society in serving supper, assisting with sewing and being helpful in many ways. They have voted to become an auxiliary to the Aid Society.

Our contributions have been as usual to the various organizations of the denomination; our Alfred Scholarship now lacks but $100 of being completed, $900 having been paid.

Mrs. Amelia Potter has consented to be our president for another year and we trust that our next year’s work will not be lacking in results.

JESSIE H. WOODMANSEE, Secretary.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—On the evening after the Sabbath, July 15, the Milton Club met at Rev. D. B. Coon’s, in Battle Creek, Mich. The club was organized the latter part of June by the young people who went from Milton to Battle Creek for the summer. All present students of Milton College, alumni members, friends of the college, and prospective students may join the club.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Gregory Hall. After a violin solo by Lawrence Babcock, accompanied by Marian Howard who played the zither, Verna Foster spoke on the purpose of the club which was threefold: First, to arouse interest in Milton College; second to make those interested feel the responsibility of being loyal to the college; and lastly, to have a good time and get acquainted with each other. The poem read by Leland Shaw was much appreciated. Dr. Johanson demonstrated some very interesting “Memory Stunts,” in which he showed how easily one may cultivate a good memory by the association of ideas. The club was fortunate in having Phil Coon present and he gave a splendid talk on “What Milton College Offers.” The closing number of the program was the college song, “Our Colors,” which was sung with enthusiasm.

After ice cream was served, the club adjourned to meet three weeks later, Au­ gust 5, at Dr. Johanson’s. About thirty were present and it is hoped there may be even more at the next meeting.—Milton Journal-Telephone.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Hemphill and children left Tuesday for an extended trip through the East, going via auto. They will spend some time with relatives in Pennsylvania, will see the At­lantic, take in the sights in Washington and perhaps attend the Seventh Day Baptist Conference at Salem, W. Va., before they return home.—North Loup Loyalist.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—A number of the Endeavorers of the Seventh Day Baptist church enjoyed a picnic at Clear Lake Monday evening. The regular monthly business meeting of the society was held in connection with the picnic.—Journal-Telephone.

MILTON, WIS.—Rev. and Mrs. Crofoot and their two children arrived here from Chicago Friday for a visit with his cous­ins, Mrs. W. D. Clarke and C. E. Cran­dall, and various friends. Rev. Mr. Cro­foot is having a year’s furlough from his work as a Seventh Day Baptist missionary at Shanghai, China, and has not been back here from there for nine years till now. Sabbath morning he occupied the Seventh Day Baptist pulpit in this city. They departed Sunday for a visit in New York State.—Journal-Telephone.

ALFRED, N. Y.—Pres. and Mrs. C. B. Davis and son Colwell and Miss Mildred Stillman expect to start tomorrow morn­ing in their car for Salem, W. Va., to at­tend the General Conference.

Rev. J. L. Davis and daughter, of Leonardville, Kans., Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Davis, of Brookfield, were in Alfred over Tuesday night, being enroute to Salem, W. Va., by automobile.

Dean Main started this morning for Mountain Lake Park, Md., where he and Mrs. Main will spend a few days before the Seventh Day Baptist General Con­ference, at Salem, W. Va., next week.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Crofoot and two children, returned missionaries from China, were Alfred visitors Thursday. They were on their way to West Ed蒙ton to visit Mrs. Crofoot’s father and then they will go to New Jersey to visit Mrs. Cro­foot’s father. They will return to Alfred before the opening of the school year.

—Alfred Sun.

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Mention Sabbath Recorder in answering.
DAVIS.—Lorenzo Dow Davis was born on Greenbrier Run, near Salem, W. Va., September 24, 1865, and died at Salem, August 9, 1916.

He was the son of Rev. Jacob and Jemima Davis, and is survived by two brothers and two sisters: Ethelbert J. and Burdick Davis, of Salem, Mrs. L. B. Stutler, Salem, R. F. D., and Mrs. C. J. Costlow, of Adamston.

He joined the Greenbrier Seventh Day Baptist Church December 25, 1880, and held his membership there till the time of his death. He was never married, and during these later years he made his home with his brother, Burdick, in Salem. For many years he has been a member of the Salem choir, and was faithful to its rehearsals and to the Sabbath-morning service.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor Bond, of Salem, in the Greenbrier church; the church of his painted parents, and of his own boyhood. The male quartet of the Salem Church sang both at the home and at the church.

A. J. C. B.

Curtis.—Ephraim G. Curtis was born in Chenango County, N. Y., February 1, 1843, and died near Leonardsville, N. Y., August 7, 1916, aged 83 years, 6 months and 6 days. He was the youngest of seven children born to Rev. Ephraim and Susan Rogers Curtis, but his father dying when he was seven weeks, and his mother when he was nine years of age, he lived with his brother Ethan and his aunt Jenet Rogers till he was sixteen years of age. His father (the Rev. Ephraim Curtis) was one of the pioneers and a constituent member of the Otselic Seventh Day Baptist Church, but after his death the family moved to Preston, where our brother lived for nine years. Here he met and married Miss Julia Williams, and to them were born seven children, only two of whom are living—Allie E. Curtis, of New Market, N. J., and Leslie P. Curtis, of Leonardsville.

In 1866, he moved to Five Corners in the town of Brookfield, where his wife died in 1872, and a year later he married Miss Elizabeth West, of Verona, who survives him at the advanced age of eighty-eight.

Soon after coming to Sangerfield, Brother Curtis joined the Second Brookfield Church, of which he has always been a loyal member, and in its early days attended the Old North Church, serving as chorister for several years, when the only help the chorister had was his tuning-fork.

Besides the widow and two sons mentioned, he leaves a sister, Mrs. Sarah G. Clarke, of Salem, W. Va., and six grandchildren, Clifton Gleeson and Arthur Curtis, of Leonardsville, and Everett, Leonard and Ruth Huntine, of Plainfield, children of his only daughter, Wmifred, who died in 1909.

Funeral and burial service were conducted by his pastor at Brookfield, the sermon being preached by the undersigned from the text selected by the deceased, Second Timothy, 4, 7—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." J. T. D.

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Nor ever murmurs at his humble lot.
But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great
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