

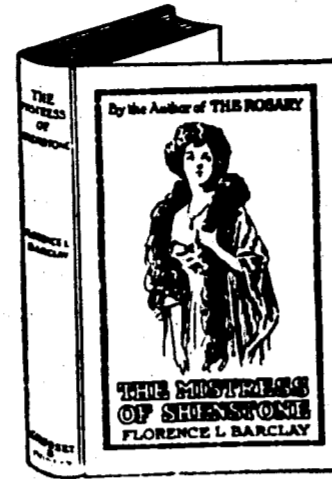
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HELP LIGHTEN THE LOAD.

Help lighten the load!
 Humanity stumbles ahead on its road,
 Urged on o'er the deserts, beset by the goad;
 Men bend under burdens of hunger and care
 And women must suffer and toil and despair;
 Yea, even the children astray in the strife
 Are bowed by the weight till they weary of life.
 Hark! unto each soul that is hero, not slave,
 How clear sounds the call to arise and be brave.
 Help lighten the load!

Help lighten the load!
 With all of the strength that the heart can command,
 With all of the power of brain and of hand,
 With wills set to sacrifice, struggle and dare,
 With love that seeks ever each burden to share,
 With unflagging endeavor that stops not to ask
 The length of the journey! Come, children of God!
 And along the dark path by the world's anguish trod,
 Help lighten the load!

—Priscilla Leonard, in *The Outlook*.

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The "Vision" We Need.

Not long ago it was asked concerning an address in which the word vision was used, "What does he mean by the vision?" We sometimes hear men say, "O for the vision! We lack the vision," or "He needs to get the vision." This term is now so common that we frequently meet it in public print as well as in sermons and prayers. What does it mean, do you say?

Webster's first definition is, "The act of seeing external objects with the eye." The term is also used of the thing seen; and very naturally, in a figurative sense, regarding things apprehended by the intellect. Things may be discerned in other ways than by ordinary sight. Vision, then, means more than the power to see physical objects, or to secure data, or to gather statistics and establish facts.

The eyes of the soul are quite as important as the eyes of the body, and there is a great truth in the expression as used in regard to the spiritual life. The spiritual man sees beyond the physical, beyond the mere figures, beyond the forms of the people that throng him, to the heart-life, and to the spiritual realities indicated by the outward forms.

He who has no soul vision, whose spiritual eyes are not opened, who can not see beyond effects to causes, but takes cognizance of only the material world, is lacking in the most essential qualities of soul-power. The worker for the good of men who can not see with faith's eye through and beyond the outward conditions that confront him is sure to be disheartened and utterly daunted at the prospects before him. One must be able to see the power beyond the human; he must get a vision of the ever-present Helper before he can have courage to go forward. A noted preacher once said, "No one can work in London twelve months without asking whether God is dead." This of course is a strong statement, not intended to be taken literally; but it contains an element of truth, namely, that any Christian worker who comes in contact with many phases and conditions

of London life would be utterly crushed and disheartened without a vision of the all-helpful, loving God.

No matter how disheartening may be the conditions that confront the Christian worker, if his soul's eyes have been opened until he has a vision of the unseen Power close at hand to help him, he may say from the depths of his heart, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Jesus was a wonderful seer. When he looked upon the multitudes, he saw, beneath the outward forms of men, the heart-life, and had compassion on them because they were like a shepherdless flock at the mercy of ravenous wolves. He had a vision of God's power to save the worst sinners, even from the worst possible conditions, the vilest environment. He felt their spiritual need; he saw their soul-hunger, and knew just where to find the bread of life to satisfy it.

Many now look upon the multitudes without seeing anything to stir their sympathies. They have no vision of men saved from sin and redeemed from misery through the power of the gospel of Christ, preached and exemplified by his followers. Jesus had the vision of the harvest to come and sent forth reapers to gather it in.

The church today is doing so little simply because it sees so little. Too often it does not see at all. It sees too little of the misery that cries for relief. It needs a vision of the world's wretchedness, and of the Christ that was lifted up that he might reach down and save. It needs a vision of the Master calling it to help free the race from the things that drag it down; of the force of God's words when he says that, if sinners are not warned, and die in their sins, he will require their blood at the watchman's hands. What can it mean, when so many Christians, knowing that the multitudes are growing more and more thoughtless, remain absolutely indifferent to their fate! What would we think of a few persons escaped from a shipwrecked vessel, if they should sit quietly down in sight of the wreck still loaded with people, and enjoy themselves, while the surges

swallowed up the hopeless victims, and that too with life-buoys and saving apparatus right at hand? We would say they were criminally negligent, and that their one great need was a vision of those shipwrecked men saved from death and in safety on the shore, and especially a vision of their own power to make it so.

The Churches Will Come to the Rescue.

Within a few moments after completing the foregoing editorial, our attention was called to the accounts of a mob rushing into a church in New York City and demanding that they be allowed to sleep there, making the explanation that they were men without employment and had no homes. On the following day certain anarchistic agitators harangued the hungry multitudes on the public squares, urging them to deeds of violence in order to secure food and shelter. The people were advised to break into stores for food if they could not get it in other ways. In certain sections the cry for bread had become so threatening that there was danger of bread-riots, and the agitators were evidently doing what they could to increase the discontent, even inciting the mobs to break open the churches for places to sleep and for shelter from the weather.

At such a time there were, here and there, earnest-hearted Christian people to whom came the vision of what the churches might do to remedy matters, and of church responsibility for the outsiders who were starving and freezing. One church basement had been fitted up as a shelter for the "down and outers," but there was not room enough in this for all. At Hadley Mission Hall on the Bowery a good number received coffee and sandwiches, and at another mission the same kind of a meal was provided. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of old Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and several other ministers became deeply interested. Doctor Hillis announced that, beginning with the following morning at 6.30, poor and unemployed persons would be served coffee and rolls in the Mayflower Mission of his church, and that this should continue for a week at least. As to furnishing shelter Doctor Hillis said:

"I think that if a hundred or a thousand men wanted to sleep in Plymouth Church I most certainly would let them sleep there. You

would also find me going out to get some food and coffee for them. I never consider carpets and cushions before I do the physical needs of mankind. If it is necessary I will open Mayflower Mission for the homeless. I do not think the conditions here are as bad as in Manhattan, but I am willing to do anything in my power to relieve distress. I believe I will call my men together tomorrow morning to find out what suggestions they may have. You know a regiment of soldiers slept in Plymouth Church for a week during the Civil War."

Other pastors expressed the same willingness to help out in these times of need. We believe the churches are coming to have an enlarged vision of their responsibility for the churchless multitudes about them. God grant that it may be so in all our cities. Then indeed will they be able to bridge in some degree the chasm between the church and the suffering multitudes. The heart is right in Christian people whenever the head is enlightened and when the real vision of Christ's work on earth comes to them. The churches have been slow because their eyes have been holden, and they have not fully realized their duty and responsibility in these matters. But where they have been enabled to see and understand them, there the response has been most encouraging.

"Don't Forget the Stokers."

One day on shipboard in mid-Atlantic several men led by one of the ship's engineers went to view the wonderful machinery and engines and furnaces in the bottom of a great steamship. After descending three or four flights of stairs we found ourselves amid a wilderness of machinery, where oilers were busy reducing the friction. Thence we passed through a low doorway, where we had to stoop, and on into the engine-room. Here we found quite an army of blackened and sweltering men working like heroes to feed the fires in forty-eight glowing furnaces, wheeling their coal on barrows from the coal-bunkers in the bow of the ship. This was a wonder-world of which people in the pleasant library and dining-rooms of the upper deck knew practically nothing.

Not quite satisfied, I left the others and went the length of the boiler-room, between the massive boilers, and took a look into the great coal-bunkers with their thousands of tons of coal. This gave my companions the start of me in passing out, so that

I was at least a rod behind and the last man out. Just before I reached the opening some of the stokers gathered in quite a group about the door. One of them with his shovel drew a mark in the coal dust on the floor, and pointing to it as I approached, said pleasantly, "Don't forget the stokers." It seems that our entire company had forgotten them, and I too had not thought of their expecting a tip. But that significant scratch on the floor and the fire-boys' looks of anticipation reminded me that I was not expected to pass the mark without remembering them. Then the thought came, Why *not* remember the men who toil thus in darkness and smut and heat, day and night, to make our ship go? We did not think of getting off without counting into our expenses gratuities for the table and stateroom stewards, and for all on the upper decks who served us in any way, and why should not the faithful fellows down below be remembered as well? I was glad to make these boys happy, even if they did catch me with nothing smaller than a ten franc gold piece in my pocket. This I handed out with the understanding that it was to be divided among them, share and share alike.

Many times since that day have I recalled the scene in that dark stoke-room, and thought of the smiling faces turned toward me as I stooped to pass out. How many sail the seas for pleasure and comfort, who never think of the men down below who toil in obscurity to make the trip possible. We are all too prone to forget the men who toil in the humbler walks of life, those who dig and delve on poor pay to give us the comforts of our civilization. Whether in ordinary civil life, or life in army and navy, it is the man higher up who is remembered, while the poor fellows down below are forgotten.

They are grimy as to face,
Gaunt of form and void of grace;
Shuffling, heavy-footed do they go;
Worn and coarse their clothes—but then,
They are brothers, fellow men,
And it's honest work they're doing down below.

They have felt the cold half-scorn
Of their brothers, better-born;
Stolidly they take it with the rest.
Work has wondrous power to keep
Heart and muscle firm, and sleep
Brings no ghosts to haunt the pillow toil has
prest.

Scarred and seamed and bronzed are they,
Working much, with little play;
Far above them wealth and fame and pleasure go,
Ah, so brave we sail life's sea,
But in our security
Let us not forget our brothers down below.

Those Who Work and Those Who Do Not.

Scene one.—A beautiful home showing affluence. On the broad piazza a daintily dressed woman rocking idly. In the house servants are doing her work; a maid looks after her children; a competent housekeeper relieves her of all responsibility. Her greatest care is the care of her own person, and her most exacting task is that of being agreeable to a select few.

Scene two.—Just a few blocks away, on the trolley line, a company of humbly dressed laborers, digging away in the dirt, repairing the road. One with a clean, rugged, honest face looks up from his work, and seeing a look of understanding and sympathy, smiles on the passer-by. And strangely enough, a feeling of respect, a recognition of real worth, stirs the heart, and almost unbidden the question comes, Which one counts more, the one who lives like a parasite on the labor of others or the man toiling "below"?

Wealth does not always mean idleness. Oftentimes it is otherwise. Money is power, and power brings responsibilities. Neither is the poor man always the most useful. Certainly not when drudgery—ill paid and ill done—blunts the mind and robs the hand of cunning. But the idle members of society and the toiling ones—the useless and the useful—there is a long distance between these, and surely the pampered, indolent children of fortune can not rank with the valiant workers in the world's great forward march.

"In Search of a Job."

If any one who has read our editorials on the "Bread Line" is inclined to regard the men who patronize it as altogether shiftless and lazy, and as men who might find work if they would, let him read the article from the *Christian Herald* on another page, and he will realize how hard it is for a man who is down and out to find a chance to earn his living in New York or any other large city.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Delayed by the Blizzard.

The fearful storm of March 1 and 2, that put every business requiring electric power entirely out of commission, held up the SABBATH RECORDER of March 2 for more than three days. Three full days the office was unable to turn a wheel, and every business about the city that depended on electricity for motive power was brought to a complete standstill. Electric lights were missing in the streets, trolley lines were completely tied up, no railroad trains could run, and it is said that not more than twenty telegraph poles were left standing between New York City and Philadelphia on the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The streets were covered deep with a frozen moist snow and slush, hard to move. It was by far the severest storm in twenty-six years—a storm that stalled railroad trains in Jersey loaded with passengers and held them two or three days snow-bound.

In the RECORDER office the week's papers were all printed, but we could not run the folder to fold them, and if this could have been done on Monday as usual we could not have mailed them. The men could not run either of the linotype machines—*nothing* could be done but to wait and watch the city dig itself out of the snow and ice! Every city in this section of the country is now busy doing the same thing. There is one good thing about it: it is a trouble for which the papers can not blame the trusts, nor the railroads, nor the President, nor Congress.

More and More a National Question.

It is remarkable how the prohibition question forges to the front as a national one. Leaders in Washington are constantly reminded of the rapidly maturing total-abstinence sentiment in the nation's capital and of the big strides the "dry" régime is making among the States. With nine prohibition States already arrayed against the saloon, and a prospect of four or five more soon joining their ranks, we do not wonder that members of Congress begin to see the handwriting on the wall and the certainty of the prohibition issue's becoming an issue between the great po-

litical parties. With so many prohibition States represented in the two houses, it will be no easy matter to keep their representatives from presenting the issue so dear to their home people. The people will push the question of a constitutional amendment, and the force of rapidly growing nation-wide sentiment can hardly be ignored.

We noticed the other day a report that one of the favorite society leaders in Washington practices the giving of frank notices, in all invitations to dinners, that she serves no wine and that no one will be expected to use intoxicants at her table. She is not alone in this. Even the President and Secretary of State banish the wine-cup from their tables. A few years ago such an invitation as that given by the lady mentioned would have offended the ones invited, and they would have declined it. But today it is entirely different. The writer who mentioned the fact assures us that people take such an invitation as a matter of course, and that as yet no one has taken offense and stayed away.

This is only a straw in the current, but it shows which way the temperance tide is running in Washington today. And it is a rising tide that promises to flood the land.

Independent Workers of the World vs. the Churches.

The radical talk of leaders belonging to the Independent Workers of the World, inciting mobs of unemployed men and "down and outers" to acts of violence against the churches of New York City, has drawn the lines to a great tension between themselves and the churches. Since writing our editorial upon this question the "I. W. W.'s" have made several bitter harangues against the "churches of the capitalists" in efforts to prove their heartlessness. A riot over the presence of certain anarchists was narrowly averted in the parish house of St. Paul's where two hundred hungry men had been welcomed for food and shelter.

In this meeting the leader was bitter against the churches, announcing to the men that the I. W. W.'s were the only ones in the city who would look out for them, and that no other labor organization would meet the opposition awaiting the unemployed in New York. He therefore urged them to rally to the support of the organi-

zation, and to meet him "at Rutgers Square tomorrow at 6 p. m. and we will march on some church or temple where we will force them to feed us." In his final speech at this meeting this leader is reported as saying, "Remember, no thanks are due to St. Paul's for taking care of us tonight."

WHAT THE CLERGYMEN SAY.

This aggressiveness against the churches with its bitter denunciations is being met by the clergymen in a very sane and tactful way. The city has had experience enough in handling the labor organizations in such crises, so that it is not likely to make capital for them by unwise or unnecessary acts of suppression. Evidently this unexpected raid against churches was designed to call forth some rash act from the authorities and so win favor for the mob leaders. But as yet New York has not lost its head, and we trust it will not.

Meanwhile the churches have arisen to the emergency so suddenly thrust upon them, in a splendid spirit; so that the efforts to prove that they lack humanity have completely failed. And the churches have not even suggested that the harangues against them and the demands for assistance were in any way insincere or dishonest. They have not even attempted to show that laws were being violated. On the other hand they have treated mobs incited by their rabid leaders just as though every man was genuinely in need of aid and friendly to the church. Nothing but kindness has been shown the suffering.

Several of the clergymen, however, feeling that such aid should be solicited and organized by the municipal government, rather than by labor agitators and socialists, and desiring to answer the charges that churches are doing nothing, have published in the *Tribune* the following statements:

In the present situation of unemployment and distress, we, the undersigned clergymen, believe that the public should understand that the churches of this city stand ready to give all the relief to the hungry and the homeless that may be necessary; and, as a matter of fact, have been giving relief throughout the winter.

Furthermore, as early as February 19, a committee of clergymen, representing all the Christian and Jewish denominations in the city, addressed to His Honor, the Mayor, a communication in which it was stated; "We proffer you the cooperation of the churches. They stand ready to do their utmost to relieve distress and above all to prevent want. They stand ready also to throw open their basements or parish

houses or, in some cases, the church edifice itself, to shelter those in need of a night's lodging, and give them needed nourishment in the morning."

In view of the present agitation, precipitated by certain leaders of the I. W. W., we desire to reiterate this statement. We believe that we speak for all our colleagues and for the people whom they serve when we say that the resources of our churches and synagogues are at the disposal of the city and for such added relief work as must be done. We insist, however, that this added work shall be done at the request and under the direction of the municipal government, in order that duplication and the encouragement of vagrancy may be avoided. We therefore call upon the Mayor and his associates to take immediate action to relieve the present intolerable situation and to call upon us, our colleagues and our people to assist in every way that may be advisable.

In addition it should be stated that we realize that the present situation is but a part of a much deeper and larger problem, which can only be met by far-reaching and constructive measures. A large committee of clergymen, representatives of all religious bodies, is working upon this problem, and holds a meeting this week to formulate a definite plan for future action. It is the purpose of this committee to confer upon the problem with representatives of labor.

Another Martyr to Science.

Dr. Frederick Fox, an Australian scientist, who devoted his life to the treatment of snake bites, died on February 28, in Calcutta, India, as the result of a bite received while experimenting. It is said that 22,000 persons die annually in India from snake bites. Doctor Fox had many times been bitten to prove the efficacy of his cure. On the occasion of his death he had just given such proof by saving a goat that had been bitten, when the deadly reptile gave him five punctures with its fangs. The Doctor smilingly applied his remedy, but unfortunately overlooked one little incision made by the snake. Later in the day, after it was too late to neutralize the poison, the Doctor discovered his mistake.

Among the recent additions to the city hospital corps in Germany is the bicycle squad of trained nurses employed in cases of accidents. Often these women arrive on the scene before the ambulance can reach the injured ones. They can mount and go at an instant's warning, and many lives have thus been saved; for often, in such cases, the first few moments are all-important.

Experience vs. Theology.

REV. G. M. COTTRELL.

The Topeka First M. E. Church is a strong church. It has had some strong men as pastors. Bishop Vincent made his home here for a time. It sent its pastor, Doctor Evans, to help rebuild Methodism in San Francisco, after the earthquake and fire. It furnished a Doctor McFarland for New York City, to edit the M. E. Sunday School publications. And now it parts with Dr. F. L. Loveland, who has gone this week to Portland, Ore., to cement the union of two M. E. churches and build for them a quarter million dollar house of worship.

Doctor Loveland is an all-round man, who has mixed in civic work as well as religious; and besides making his pulpit and church a popular place, has in the three or four years of his stay here built a fifty thousand dollar Sunday School Temple as an addition to their former magnificent stone church.

Last Sunday was his last day with his church. In the morning he preached from Isaiah xli, 10: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

He said that thoughtful men had felt that there must be a midway line between extreme Calvinism and extreme Arminianism, where the truth was to be found. Calvinism made God supreme and left too little choice to the human intellect, while Arminianism made the human volition paramount and left little place for divine interference. There were evidences enough in human history where both nations and individuals seemed to be under the divine providence and care. Our own national history seemed to indicate this nation as the favored of heaven and raised for the grandest purpose and destiny. In our individual experiences how many of us have sensed the workings of an unseen power for our direction and highest good.

He became reminiscent, and mentioned the companions of his youth and college days. Where were they? They had gone, many of them, down the ways of evil and sin. He was no better—why had not he? Simply because he had listened to the divine call and yielded to that guidance. Oh, there are possible tragedies on every street

of our city, in every human life. Some of you have been kind enough to tell me how much my ministry has helped you. You may not realize how much some of you have helped me as I have looked into your faces, and enjoyed your loyal support and friendship,—friends that love you not only when you are right and do well but cling to you, even when you fail and do wrong. Some of you did not know (some of you did) that when I came among you I intended to stay only a short time and then quit the ministry forever. Thank God, our experiences are worth more to us sometimes than our theology.

This, to the undersigned, seemed like a remarkable climax, and the annunciation of a peculiar though not exceptional fact of human experience. Here was a strong man baring his soul for the inspection of his people; a man of liberal theology, and advanced ideas, and yet whose *doctrines* and *theology* had not been powerful enough to hold him to the purpose of a faithful continuance in the ministry. But in his work with this people he had had a new experience of God's goodness and love and presence, wrought out it may be by the Christian charity and faithfulness of his people; so that now, like Paul willing to go to Rome also, or Luther to the Diet of Worms, so he, though with fear and trembling, would undertake the herculean task in Portland. Thank God for Christian experience, and for this experience that saves Doctor Loveland to the cause of the church and Christian ministry.

Brethren, let us pray for more such experiences—experiences of the heart to counteract defective theology, it may be, of the head. Let us pray for more congregations whose faith and love will overcome and correct the shortcomings of their preachers, and that we all, preacher and people, may have heart experiences of God's presence and power; and whether or not we can comprehend all theological doctrine, may we be able to say with the healed of old, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see," and in the strength of such an experience and vision go forth to proclaim Him, the Redeemer and Savior of men.

Topeka, Kan.,
Feb. 28, 1914.

"Works outweigh words."

SABBATH REFORM

Cardinal Gibbons' "Golden Mean."

Once in a while Cardinal Gibbons does say something on the Sunday question which Protestant religious papers heartily approve. The following from the Cardinal was reprinted in one of the leading denominational papers in which the editor says, "We take great pleasure in reproducing it." At its close a comment is made, approving it as a sensible statement of the proper use of Sunday. This from a paper published by one of the largest and most influential Protestant denominations shows something of the changed attitude of Christians toward the question of a "proper use of Sunday." The Sunday has lost its old-time sacredness.

But a close observer can not fail to note the dangerous inroads that have been made on the Sunday rest in this country during the last forty years. If these encroachments are not checked in time the day may come when the salutary thoughts of God, of eternity, and the soul will be choked by the pleasure and dissipations of the world.

We must not confound the Christian Sunday with the Jewish Sabbath, or even with the Puritan Sabbath. The Christian Sunday prescribes the golden mean between rigid Sabbatarianism on the one hand and lax indulgence on the other.

Sunday is a day of rest, of innocent recreation and pastime, and of healthful diversions which are profitable to mind and to body. Let Sunday be a day of gladness and interior sunshine which the name of Sunday itself suggests.

The Lawful Use of the Sabbath.

(LUKE XIII, 10-17; XIV, 1-6.)

The two miracles here narrated are in many respects unlike. One was wrought in a synagogue, apparently quite unexpectedly; the other in a private house where Jesus was being jealously watched, in case he should do any such thing. The illness of the woman is ascribed to an evil spirit—Satan had bound her all these eighteen years; the illness of the man is treated as an ordinary case of disease. In the first case, the action of Jesus is challenged by the rulers of the synagogue, and Jesus replies; in the second it is Jesus who gives the challenge, and there is no reply. But in one respect there is agreement. Both

miracles are wrought on the Sabbath day, and apart from other lessons they teach in common something about the true use of the Sabbath.

The Sabbath law often gave rise to controversy between Jesus and the Jews, and it is worth while to collect all his references to it. Each of the evangelists has something which is not found in any of the rest. All of them tell, on occasion of the first dispute which arose, the story of David and his men, when they were hungry, eating the showbread which the law forbids to any but the priests. The moral of this seems to be that merely positive laws cease to be binding in cases of necessity. Man's life is of more value than any ritual, and is not to be sacrificed to it. All the evangelists again preserve the saying of Jesus that the Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath. It belongs to the Son of man, as one who understands what man is and what his nature needs, to give the true interpretation of the Sabbath law. We do not expect a person who is not himself humane to have any light upon the subject. We do not expect a person who is harsh, tyrannical, or unscriptural—with no adequate sense of what human nature is and requires and is capable of—to give us any guidance. If such a man pronounces against the Son of man we simply disregard his pronouncement. These two utterances of Jesus on the Sabbath—the one about David and the showbread, and the other about the lordship of the Son of man—are all that are found in all the evangelists. Mark alone gives the memorable and decisive word—The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath: It is considerations of humanity which determine the true sense of the Sabbath. The range of these considerations will depend on our idea of humanity. Even if we thought man was only a body, we might see that the Sabbath should be a day of rest; in fact both in Exodus xx and in Deuteronomy v the ox and the ass which labor with man are to share in his Sabbath repose. But if we believe that man is a spiritual being, then considerations of humanity require that his spirit also should have the benefit of the Sabbath: it should be a day of spiritual recollection, of prayer, of fellowship with God, of ministering to the spiritual welfare of man. If the Sabbath was made for man, it was

made because man needs it, and it must never be abolished; man must not let himself be robbed of something which God instituted for his good. Matthew has two sayings about the Sabbath not found elsewhere. The one (Matt. xii, 7) is interesting mainly to the Jewish contemporaries of Jesus: on the Sabbath days the priests in the temple profane the Sabbath and are blameless. That is, though the Sabbath law forbids work, there are inevitable works (like making up the altar fires, etc.) which are not to be regarded as violations of it. The other is interesting to all, because the evangelist tells us that Jesus used it on two different occasions (Matt. ix, 13; xii, 7): I will have mercy and not sacrifice. What God requires even on the Sabbath is mercy—that is, humanity, and not ritual observances. The words occur in Hosea vi, 6, and may be called a favorite quotation of Jesus. It is slandering God who made the Sabbath for man to forbid any action inspired by humanity. This idea is carried a little further by the sayings which Matthew and Luke give in common, but in slightly varying forms (Matt. xii, 11, 12; Luke xiii, 15; xiv, 5). They mean in effect, if work is done on the Sabbath for the comfort or life of animals, much more may it be done for the relief or life of man. Besides these, there is in a famous manuscript of Luke (chapter vi, 5) the following sentence: "On the same day he saw a man working on the Sabbath and said to him, Man, if you know what you are doing, happy are you; but if you do not know, you are accursed and a transgressor of the law." The teaching of Jesus on this subject may be summed up in two words: Think of the interests of man's whole nature, and do not rob any one of his Sabbath.—From "Life of Christ in the Synoptic Gospels," by James Denney, D. D., in *Homiletic Review*.

It is claimed that the "safety first" movement now under way with the railroads will, if carried out, mean immense expenditure. To replace the wooden cars with steel ones will cost no less than \$700,000,000. To install safe and suitable signal services on the roads will cost \$300,000,000 more. This calls for \$1,000,000,000 without saying anything of better tracks, bridges, road-beds and stations.

In Search of a Job.

Is the man who sleeps in the park and dines in the Bread Line a shiftless, irresponsible, lazy object of weakness, or is he an unfortunate, mistreated, much-abused victim of industrial conditions? Is he one who, unwilling to work, useless and depraved, calls only for pity and contempt? or is he one who, deprived of opportunity, deserves sympathy and help?

I decided to let personal experience answer these questions. Accordingly I placed myself in the position of a typical unemployed. It is no easy matter to look for work. Perhaps the hardest work of all is the job of looking for it. But I began it with the earnestness of a truth-seeker. I was up at dawn, washed, shaved, dressed, ate in a hurry; scanned ten columns of finely set advertisements, and used my ingenuity in devising the cheapest and fastest route to get to the desired destination. It was not an easy task, and it took carfare, strength and energy to be on time. But when I arrived I found many ahead of me.

They did not come in twos and threes to answer advertisements, but in dozens. Eighteen applied for a collector's position that promised \$8 a week; forty-seven applied to distribute telephone directories at a remuneration of 25 cents for a three-hour trip; thirty-one applied for a \$10-a-month job to take care of an electric boat; fifty-four answered a \$10 canvassing job; eighty-seven responded to a call for subscription agents, and two hundred fought for a chance to pose for a moving-picture apparatus.

At the last place, I found fifty-seven men clustered about the door of the main hall. We took our places in line, and tried to count those who came after us. Within a half-hour there were two hundred men. At precisely eight o'clock the doors opened, and we rushed into the hall. On a bench, leaning against the wall, stood a slim, dark, middle-aged man, with a bundle of red tickets in his hand. One of these tickets meant a chance to do one day's work at a wage of \$1.50. Here began a battle for the tickets. We all threw ourselves forward and tried to clutch the hand that held them. We fought—the two hundred of us—fought for a chance to do one day's work! We jostled and pushed one another, we craned our necks and stretched our arms and raised our voices in the strug-

gle for the job—in the fight for the chance to earn one dollar and fifty cents!

At first I intended to merely look on and give another man my chance. But I decided later that this would not be a fair test. If I did not get work, I thought, it should not be for the want of effort. So I, too, elbowed my way, pushed my neighbor and tore at the clothes of my fellow man. High above the heads of those in front of me I lifted my body, trying to reach the hand that held the tickets.

"All gone!" shouted the man at the bench.

We fell back instantly. When we met one another's eyes, we felt embarrassed and ashamed.

Of the two hundred men sixty were chosen. I was not among them.

A fight equally determined, and perhaps still more pathetic, occurred two days later, when eighteen of us applied for a collector's \$8-a-week position. The place was a photographic establishment. The proprietor wanted only one collector. We were eighteen. Who was it to be?

The fight began; but, unlike that of the day before, this battle was conducted in silence. We did not fight with fist and elbow; we did not push nor jostle, neither did we shout. We kept eyeing one another with embarrassed glances, and faced one another with blushing cheeks. Presently the silence was broken.

"I have been collecting before," said one, meekly. "So was I," said another.

The competition continued, each giving his special aptitude for the position in a nervous, shaky undertone. It turned out, however, that there was no position in sight, but that the advertisement was a scheme to get men to call so that they should be turned into canvassers. The proprietor said: "I would like to oblige you all, but I don't know who is best for the position. I would suggest that you start canvassing in the meantime, and the one who will show the best results will get the position." About half accepted.

During the long wait I had had time to observe the men and to listen to their talk.

"I am ashamed to go home," said a middle-aged man. "They don't believe you."

"That's the worst of it," a younger man responded. "The women think you are lazy."

My heart bled as I thought of the homes that are being broken up, of the love turn-

ed to hate, of the happiness that turns to misery. My experience lasted ten days. During that time I answered many advertisements and witnessed sights which I shall never forget. But I found no work and gave up the search. Thousands, I suppose, had gone through a similar experience and with practically the same results.

How it is in the depths of the winter, when thousands employed during the summer at hotels and amusement resorts, on farms and in construction work, are back in the cities looking for jobs—how it is with these and thousands of others, I do not know; but I do know that the country, like an angry sea which sends its waves against a stony shore, sends its thousands of workers up against the hard conditions of the city. I know that to thousands of these helpless unemployed the Bread Line is a blessing, as it is the only thing that gives them hope of holding on until the job turns up at last, to end their dreary search.—Hyman Strunsky, in the *Christian Herald*.

When I Am Gone.

When I am dead, if men can say,
"He helped the world upon its way,
With all his faults of word and deed
Mankind did have some little need
Of what he gave,"—then in my grave
No greater honor shall I crave.

If they can say—if they but can—
"He did his best; he played the man;
His way was straight; his soul was clean;
His failings not unkind, nor mean;
He loved his fellow men and tried
To help them,"—I'll be satisfied.

But when I'm gone, if even one
Can weep because my life is done,
And feel the world is something bare
Because I am no longer there;
Call me me a knave, my life misspent—
No matter. I shall be content.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who, helpless, lays his dead away,
Nor look to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown.
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.

—Whittier.

Envy, like flame, blackens that which is
above it, and which it can not reach.—J.
Petit-Senn.

MISSIONS

Missionary Hymn.

There's a light upon the mountains, and the day
is at the spring,
When our eyes shall see the beauty and the glory
of the King;
Weary was our heart with waiting, and the
night-watch seemed so long,
But his triumph-day is breaking, and we hail
it with a song.
In the fading of the starlight we can see the
coming morn;
And the lights of men are paling in the splen-
dors of the dawn;
For the eastern skies are glowing as with light
of hidden fire,
And the hearts of men are stirring with throbs
of deep desire.

There's a hush of expectation, and a quiet in
the air,
And the breath of God is moving in the fervent
breath of prayer;
For the suffering, dying Jesus is the Christ upon
the throne,
And the travail of our spirit is the travail of
his own.

He is breaking down the barriers, he is casting
up the way;
He is calling for his angels to build up the Gates
of Day;
But his angels here are human, not the shining
hosts above,
For the drum-beats of his army are the heart-
beats of our love.
Hark! we hear a distant music, and it comes
with fuller swell;
'Tis the triumph song of Jesus, of our King,
Immanuel!
Zion, go ye forth to meet him! And, my soul,
be swift to bring
All thy sweetest and thy dearest for the triumph
of our King!—*Rev. Henry Burton, D.
D., in the Bombay Guardian.*

At the "All-Pervading Love" Hospital.

Chang Nai-nai, of Hankow, China, had a sick child. When a Christian neighbor urged her to take the little one to "The Foreigners' Hospital," she replied, indignantly:

"What? Take my only child there? Every one says that the foreigners will take out her heart and gouge out her eyes to make their medicine! I will never go there!"

"All rumors, nothing but rumors," said the neighbor. "Don't you know that the hospital is called 'The Hospital of All-pervading Love'? They have a clever English

lady doctor, a matron, and fifteen Chinese nurses, and they all have loving hearts. If you take your little girl there, she will soon be quite well."

But the mother preferred to take her child to a native quack, who guaranteed to cure her on payment of an exorbitant sum. When his quackery proved to be unavailing, Chang Nai-nai, in desperation, came to the "All-pervading Love Hospital." Afraid to leave her child with the dreaded foreigners, she was allowed to remain in the ward day and night, and to her great joy, she soon found that the child was recovering.

While Chang Nai-nai thus lived in the hospital she not only noticed the methods of the doctor and nurses and the loving attention which they gave to all patients, but she was also present daily at morning and evening prayer, and listened to the simple expositions of the Scriptures and the clear Gospel teaching. The Christian hymns attracted her, and she learned to repeat several before she left the hospital on the restoration of her little girl. When that day came, she felt sure that the Good Physician who had healed the child's body was able to cure her sin-sick soul, and she resolved to attend the "Hall of Glad Tidings," and to learn more of the "Jesus doctrine."

After some time of instruction and probation, she was baptized, and has ever since been a Christian—a very imperfect Christian, perhaps, according to European standards of conduct, but still a real Christian in her strong belief and sincere worship. The child so cured and since educated in a Christian boarding school, hopes to return to the hospital next year to be trained as a nurse.

Some months ago, when the leader of the class to which Chang Nai-nai belongs was leaving China on furlough, she brought a little farewell token, and said:

"Little Elder Sister, I bring you this, not because it is pretty, and because I love you, but because it has a meaning."

The little gift was unwrapped from the scarlet tissue paper, and glittered in the lamp light—a gilt ornament, a cross, hanging from the Chinese character "Fuh." "Do you see the meaning? 'Fuh' is 'Happiness.' 'Happiness through the cross.' Please take this to remember me, and remember that all my happiness has been through the cross."

Chang Nai-nai had no merely formal belief in the cross, for she spoke of Christ's death on the cross, using a quaint Chinese idiom, and saying, "Jesus for us has on the cross eaten so much bitterness that we might obtain happiness." What a rebuke the little gift brought! "Jesus for me has eaten so much bitterness!" What have I done for him?

Chang Nai-nai knows not only the joy of salvation through the cross, but the joy of bearing the cross in witness and in persecution. She is a type of many Chinese women who would say to us, "All our happiness has been through the cross. Do you know what our lives have been? When we are born we are not wanted, for we are disappointed hopes, and not precious, as the boys are! A little later our feet are bound, and who shall express the suffering? When we are quite young we are betrothed to unknown husbands, and on our marriage we begin lives of drudgery and slavery in the cruel service of mothers-in-law! But your Christian religion tells us of Jesus, who loves even Chinese women. All our happiness has been through his cross."

And what are we doing at home that our Chinese sisters may all share in this joy? Are we eating any bitterness with Jesus, or are we denying ourselves the greatest happiness in the world because it is "the joy of the cross"? To give money, to give oneself, to give one's son or daughter to the foreign field is but to copy Jesus, "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of God."—*Florence E. Gooch, in The Missionary Review of the World.*

A Century of Missions.

A hundred years ago there were less than 100 missionaries in the field; today there are about 22,000.

A century ago the Bible was translated into only 65 languages; within the century it has been translated into over 500 languages and made accessible to more than 800,000,000 of the human race, with its mighty moral and educational uplift.

A hundred years ago there were no medical missionaries and more than two-thirds of the world was without adequate medical knowledge; today there are several hun-

dred medical missionaries treating annually over 3,000,000 patients.

A century ago there was a little handful of mission fields; today there are more than 29,000 mission schools and colleges, educating a million and a half students and pupils in the great strategic centers of the Orient.

A hundred years ago a few thousand dollars were given annually to foreign missions; today missionary contributions amount to about \$25,000,000 annually, while about \$5,000,000 is given by foreign converts.

It took nearly a century to win the first million Protestant Christians; the second million were won within twelve years; it is taking less than six years to win the third million.

There are today in the world nearly 4,000,000 Protestant Christian adherents on mission fields.

Sixty years ago there was not a professing Protestant Christian in Japan, not one in Korea, less than 50 in the Chinese Empire, and a few thousands in India. Today there is a Protestant community of 70,000 adherents in Japan, 200,000 in Korea, nearly half a million in China and a million souls in India.—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

Gleanings From the Writings of the Late Rev. Benjamin F. Rogers.

[We are indebted to Mrs. Rogers for sending us the following extracts from her husband's manuscripts.—Ed.]

Professing Christ appears to be regarded by many as an optional duty. It is just as optional as it is for light to shine, or goodness to be good, or joy to sing, or gratitude to give thanks, or love to labor and sacrifice for its ends. No, there is no option here save as all duties are optional, and eternity hangs on the option we make. Let our option be to confess Christ and serve him.

What Christ is determines what Christianity is; it rises or falls with him. It could not survive the shock it would receive from the impeachment of testimony which Christ gave of himself. If Christ is ought else but the being he claimed to be, then Christianity is a sham, and he who founded it not only unworthy the position he claimed for himself, but also unworthy

the place he occupied among religious teachers of his time. Then admitting his claims as we must, the truth as it is in Jesus is the life, truth, and the whole system of religion.

Everywhere, not so many are the brilliant beams of sunlight flashed back from the face of the disturbed seas, by the trembling and broken waves, as are the beams of variegated hues which life flashes back as the different influences come rushing in on every hand and ally themselves to whatever they find congenial in human character. Good influences work upon and stimulate whatever there is good in man, and evil influences suggest evil thoughts and actions, and impel towards the harboring of the one and the development of the other. One ship is as good as another in the harbor. It is outside the harbor that the comparative merits of different qualities are made to appear. There their different qualities whether superior or inferior show themselves. It is what ships do on the sea that determines whether one is better or worse than another. As it is with ships, so it is with mankind.

THE CROOKED TREE.

Many years ago a tree that grew by the roadside in one of the New England States was passed by boys on their way to and from school. For sport they used to bend the tree down, put their hats on the top-most limbs and then let it up and the spring of the tree would send their hats several feet over the stone wall into the meadow. This was considered great fun. One day a man passing chided them as mischief-makers because by this continued bending of the little tree it would grow ill-shapen and its beauty be injured. In after years, when the tree grew too large to be easily bent, the curvature of the trunk could be clearly seen and it grew with the same crook, greatly magnified, proving the truth of the old adage, "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

So with boys and girls. Evil habits formed while young if allowed to grow will produce blemishes of character difficult to get rid of. The only safe way if bad habits are formed is to correct them at once. But, better yet, never form them.

Whatever else may be said about the Bible, no one can deny that it is the best book to guide towards practical virtue and true holiness that ever appeared in the world. Whatever may be the controversy and doubts upon various theories of inspiration, or disputes about its origin as a practical book, as a light to a man's feet and a lamp to his path, it has proved itself to be the wisest book to follow that is known.

Baptism means cleansing, and fire means warmth. How can warmth cleanse? The answer is that moral warmth does cleanse. No heart is pure that is not passioned. No virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic.

THREE LINKS.

Hear what Jesus declares: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my words, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." Here are three links in the blessed chain of truth, hearing, believing and having. The evil one always tries to cut these links off and give three links of his own forging, namely, doing, praying and feeling.

It is the grand distinction of Christianity that by which it is separate from all philosophies and schemes of ethics, that it makes its appeals to faith, and upon that as a fundamental condition rests the promise of salvation. It is called the way of faith; disciples are distinguished as believers, and Christ is published as the Savior of them that believe.

The day of evil commences with a flattering morning and changes into tenfold night. But God's day, the day of good, begins at eventide like the primeval day of creation. The evening and morning were first day. We who follow the Lord Jesus Christ have our night first, and our day has yet to dawn, the sun of which shall no more go down.

Christ may be found at the well if you come there to drink. He may be found at the receipt of custom where Matthew found him. You may find him at the bier where the widow found him. He may be

found at the sea where the disciples found him fishing. He is moving with world-filling presence everywhere.

Be willing to be poor, but do not be willing to be dishonest; be willing to be depressed, but not willing to be corrupted; be willing to be humble, that you may be exalted up there.

Love, like a lamp, needs to be fed from the oil flowing from another's heart, else its flames burn low and finally die. Love is too sensitive to bear indifference. The higher the quality of love the more sensitive it is.

I look upon the work of the Sabbath-school teacher as greater than the work of a senator, for this reason: The Sabbath-school teacher creates public opinion out of which law grows. Senators gather up public opinion and mold it into law. And greater is the man who creates the opinion than one who gathers it up and molds it into law.

Our hold upon the other world should be such that when trouble comes it should act upon us like the rising tide upon a ship that has run aground and that the incoming waves lift until at last it floats upon the surface of the water. We on this sand-bank of time need an incoming river of eternal life, that we may float away to our haven of eternal rest.

In some churches, and especially the more fashionable ones, about three fourths of the members are honorary. They seem to have no voice in any proceeding. They do not attend prayer meeting or Sabbath school, and feel under no obligation to be present at any religious service except on fair days and then as mere spectators. They do not add life or infuse love into the church. They are honorary members. They are passengers in the gospel ship. Others may do the crew's work and watch for breakers, guide the vessel and ply machinery. These honorary members bear no burdens, put forth no strength; their names are on the register. They occupy the best rooms and expect extra attention. Ten thousand such names in the church are forceless in the work of evangelization.

When the palm of Zeilan puts forth its blossoms the sheath breaks with a report which startles the forest, but at the same time millions of surrounding blossoms are opening in silence. So some hearts open at the knock of Christ at the door; others only by means as violent as the earthquake at Philippi. It is God's grace in either case.

We are in ourselves so utterly helpless. Life is so hard, so full and inexplicable that we stand in perishing need of some helping hand, some sensible, appreciable connection with God.

If you wish to be miserable, look within; if you wish to be distracted, look around; if you wish to be happy, look to Christ.

Never trust in prayer without using every means in your power, and never use means without trusting in prayer. Get your evidence of grace by pressing forward to the Mount, and not by groping with a lantern after the boundary lines.

When a mother has lifted up her child and has as last said, "Thy will be done. Take it," and God gives it back to her, then it is safe for her to hold it.

Faith is doing what God tells us to do without asking any questions.

A fact worth remembering: We are not required to have faith in our faith but simply faith in Jesus as a Savior.

To offend rather than compromise the truth is far better than to compromise the truth rather than to offend. To be driven to the first alternative is a misfortune simply, but to choose the last is a crime.

Emerson has said that there are only two dangerous things in this world so far as its advancement is concerned. These are self-conceit, and laziness which comes from it.

It has been said that two figures, that of a fisherman and that of a shepherd, cover all the duties of a minister.

An early device of a Christian church represents an ox standing between the yoke and the altar, with this inscription, "Ready to labor, or be sacrificed."

It has been said that an anvil placed upon the breast of a man lying upon the ground will so absorb the force of repeated blows that they will fall harmless upon the man sustaining the weight, the slightest of which blows, without this mass of iron to check their force, would be enough to destroy life instantly. So when the Christian who lives near his Savior feels the weight of sad realities, whatever Christ imparts to his close followers, he may receive without harm all the strokes which men may inflict.

An artist once lost his reputation as a painter because in painting a group of six pigs he made them all such well-behaved pigs that not one of them had his foot in the trough.

If you would convince a man he does wrong, do right. We often attempt to put down error by argument. Prove the superiority of truth by acting the truth. Let it speak for itself. This is just the book of evidence of Christianity which the world needs. A faithful, devoted, sympathizing, consistent Christian is unanswerable argument. Infidelity can not confute it.

A moral problem: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

We can not find God by definition or logic simply.

There are but three steps to heaven,—out of self, into Christ, into glory.

GOOD ADVICE.

Never shirk duties, however low or mean they may seem to you. Remember that to do as well as ever you can whatever happens to be in your power to do is the best and surest preparation for higher service. Should things go against you, never give way to debilitating depression, but be hopeful, brave and courageous; careful not to waste in vain and unavailing regret the power you will need for endurance and endeavor. Learn well your business, whatever it may be. Make the best of every opportunity for acquiring knowledge that may enlarge your acquaintance with business in general. Above all things remem-

ber that character is essential to success in life, and that only that character is real and thoroughly true, genuine to the core, which has nothing underlying it, as consciousness of secret sins.

In many cases at least the result to us is the same whether we have a good excuse for non-performance of duty or not. There is a blank upon the tablet of life which can never be filled out by any amount of after exertion.

Knowledge is that which a man knows. Intelligence is that which knows it. Knowledge bears the same relation to intelligence that invested wealth does to that spirit of enterprise which creates wealth. One is the active cause; the other is the product or effect of this cause. Mere knowledge will not save men. Intelligence is a preservative force.

God's written promises are like ladders upon which poor doubting souls may climb to find their God, and not as limits to his mercies.

Let children see the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ on the lips of those whom they know and love and reverence the best, in all the beauty of holiness and in all the charms of a joyful, triumphant faith.

No nation can be long without a religion. There are times in every man's history when he feels that he needs to be strengthened by faith in a higher power; and men generally will never consent systematically to cut the last tie that connects them to heaven. The attracting principle must operate; and being a universally active and powerful principle, it insists on a creed and religious worship as its appropriate expression.

Better Than to Arrive.

O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hill-top, and but little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Recompense.

There is no day but has its share of light,
And somewhere in the dark there shines a star
at night.

There is no cloud, however black and grim,
That does not touch the sunlight with its out-
most rim.

There is no sorrow borne without its gain,
No perfect joy that was not ushered in with
pain.

There is no pain that can outlast the years,
No smile so sweet in life as that which follows
tears.

We learn to do without our own because
There is some recompense in all of nature's laws;
No sun can rise until it first has set;
No life be lived that has not somewhere known
regret.

This thought, my friend, take with thee for the
days:

God were not God if man could fathom all his
ways.

And as thy day goes down its western slope,
Know, next to faith, his greatest gift to thee
is hope.

—Author Unknown.

We are fortunate in having among us one who is willing to tell us of her experience in teaching sub-normal children. You will remember that Miss Stillman recently sent to this department an article concerning the lecture of Doctor Montessori in Boston.

This week we are fortunate in having a page from Miss Stillman's personal experience in teaching according to the Montessori method. This letter will be interesting to all lovers of children.

Eva and the Montessori Cylinders.

MY DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

In reply to your inquiry in the RECORDER of January 12 about experiments with the Montessori material I will say that I thoroughly believe in the value of sense training, individual instruction and liberty in the choice of stimuli. I have long felt that the methods of Doctor Seguin, by which the education of the feeble-minded is made possible, would be beneficial if applied to the normal child. My experience, however, is with sub-normal children.

Eva is the child of two drunken parents, so she has a double inheritance of disabilities. When she entered the first grade she had such poor motor-control that she would stand at the blackboard and cry rather than try to use a piece of chalk. In the course of six years, in the grades she had been taught to read a little, to recognize a few number combinations, and to write, but hardly, legibly.

When Eva entered the special class she was twelve years old but could do almost nothing with her hands. I found that the needle, the weaving-needle and the crochet-hook were quite beyond her power to control. I sought for some implement easy enough to attract the child but in vain, as she preferred sitting idle to making any effort whatever.

At about this time a set of Montessori didactic apparatus was made possible for my school by the kindness of a women's club. The class received it with enthusiasm and helped put it in order in the cabinet. I explained that it was lent to them for their careful use, and that they might take this material from the cabinet when not otherwise employed. The solid geometrical insets (three sets of cylinders fitted into corresponding openings in blocks of wood), proved very popular from the first. These are intended for normal children two and a half or three years old.

One morning before school Eva and Anna, another child of about the same ability, took out the cylinders and began to fit them into the holes. They were racing to see which could do it fastest, and I determined not to call them away from this occupation but to see how long their interest in it would continue.

They would use one set five or six times, then exchange sets and try again. At first they were doing it by touch only with eyes closed; they repeated this twenty-five times; then with eyes open forty-seven times, and again with eyes shut eighteen times, for one hour and thirty-five minutes until the recess bell rang. They were not tired then but wished that they might do it all day. Other children, using the third set had raced with them each for a little while, but these two had continued for ninety times and had gained great facility by the practice. The next morning the same girls took out the cylinders again, but this time put them away after about twenty minutes

and used the plant insets, and the script letters for making words.

On the third morning Eva came to me with a hand loom and asked if she might weave. I set up the warp and for two days she worked with the greatest persistence, until her little rug was finished. She immediately wished to make another rug, and then asked the privilege of making a basket. At about this time she began to draw around the plan insets and to color the forms thus made. They were crude at first but she gained in power rapidly. About two months after the cylinder race I noticed that Eva's figures and letters suddenly improved. I thought that she must have a new pencil, but it proved to be the same old pencil guided by a better motor-control in the hands of a busy, happy girl.

Now Thorndike in his "Psychology of Learning" gives us a reason for such improvement as this, namely, the satisfaction that comes from success. Fitting cylinders into holes may have no direct connection with writing, but "something accomplished, something done" had given a satisfaction and an impetus which led to greater things.

At present Eva is writing quite difficult number combinations very neatly, and is weaving a full-sized floor rug. She takes a shower-bath every day in our school bath-room, and this with the awakened intelligence has made such a change in her appearance that every one who knew her three months ago remarks about it.

She occasionally reviews the use of the cylinders to be sure she has not forgotten, but never for long at a time since she mastered them.

This is only one case among many whom I have seen improve under the Montessori method.

MARY A. STILLMAN.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 19, 1914.

I suppose that almost any sort of success looks like failure from the inside. It must be a poor creature who comes up to his own mark.—*W. D. Howells.*

"Unless our hearts go out to the people, we shall never reach their hearts. We may talk to them forever, but unless we have this loving sympathy we might as well be silent."

Anti-Saloon League Pushing Its Work.

The Anti-Saloon League of New York announces that there has been such general and gratifying response to the aggressive program outlined on January first that the league has already been compelled to engage quarters more than twice as large, better adapted to its work and closer to the center of religious, reform and philanthropic activity, at Suite 1219 Presbyterian Building, 156 Fifth Avenue, corner 20th Street.

William H. Anderson, the new superintendent, said: "We have secured an office which is ideal in arrangement and by putting our printing, mailing and stock departments in space just as good for that purpose one floor above the executive offices, have obtained it on terms that are almost unbelievably reasonable for New York City. We do not get possession of all our space till May first, but will open for business at the new location on March second.

"Having secured room in which to place and use them, the league in New York will now proceed at once, as fast as possible, to secure and place upon addressograph plates for quick action the names of the voting members of every church and congregation in the State which is committed to aggressive work against the saloon. I secured in the little State of Maryland 50,000 such names. In New York with the vastly greater population we will have to secure somewhere between a quarter of a million and four hundred thousand to have a list which is the equivalent in proportion to population. When we have these names arranged by counties and assembly districts the league will be able to get information as to the record and attitude of candidates quickly into the hands of the Christian temperance voters of the State, and will be able to wield the balance of power in a large number of districts.

"This is the beginning of the league's movement to rally the up-state strength in the legislature to pass home rule temperance legislation which will give the people in the big cities the right of self-defense against the liquor traffic.

"The 'Optional Local Prohibition' Bill has met with favor such as has never been shown any similar measure in New York, and that it will be a vital issue in the next campaign seems an assured certainty."

The Saving Habit.

They tell a story down in Washington about the late Senator Hoar's improvidence. A rich friend was riding to the Capitol with him on a street-car, and Mr. Hoar was expressing wonder at the ease with which some men acquire wealth.

"I have had a good income all my life," he explained, "but never have been able to get ahead. I would like to know how money is accumulated."

At that instant the conductor came along and Mr. Hoar handed him a nickel, while the rich friend turned over a ticket.

"There is one way in which you might acquire money," said the friend. "You could save twenty per cent by buying six tickets for a quarter, and that is a pretty good investment. The habit of saving money grows upon one, and that is a better investment still."

This is a good deal more than a jest.

The oversight of small investments lying close at hand leads to half the world's financial miseries.

Of course, none could get rich by investing in street-car tickets. Nor can one get rich merely through small savings in bank. But it is generally found that the investment in street-car tickets and the savings in the bank go together, and with them go a lot of other frugal habits.

There is no more flexible law of nature than that one frugal habit begets another, and that frugal habits beget riches.

We hear of great fortunes made in a moment. But that is not the common way.

Ordinarily a great fortune is built up like a stone wall—a stone at a time.

The young man who declines to lay the first stone, because it comes so far short of a wall, will never make progress in financial masonry.

It is a sure thing that the young man who considers it not worth while to save small amounts will never have large ones to save. He is first cousin to him who declines to go to work until he can start in at a big salary.

The first savings of Mr. Rockefeller, Jay Gould and the first Vanderbilt all look pitifully small, even to the average laborer of today. But they were seed from which sprang not only increased profits but increased enthusiasm in business-building.

Small savings and small investments,

if constantly added to and the income compounded, grow marvelously in time.

And the saving of money is a habit that grows more marvelously even than compound interest.—*Charles Grant Miller, in Watchman-Examiner.*

Loss by Worry.

C. H. WETHERBE.

It is not only a philosophical fact, but it is a conclusion of personal experience, that the habit of worrying is productive of loss to the one who indulges in it. It is true that one can not entirely avoid worrying about some things; indeed, it is well to worry about certain situations which involve danger to one's self, or to his family. Nevertheless, a great deal of worry is both unnecessary and useless. Indulgence in it unfits one for the discharge of essential duties. It weakens one's nervous system. It affects and impairs one's mental powers.

The following remarks in the *Chicago Daily News* need consideration: "Much hard common sense is compressed into the Illinois Central Railroad's advice to its employes respecting the dangerous and costly habit of worrying. It calls attention to the fact that the mental conditions of the men are responsible for many railroad accidents, and other sources of loss. Then it gives practical instructions for the securing of a mind unburdened by worry. These instructions are worth remembering. Three cardinal rules for obtaining healthy sleep may be laid down: suitable diet, sufficient exercise in the open air, and sleeping in well-aired bedrooms. Some people contract the pernicious habit of taking their work to bed with them,—and working out various details after retiring. This is a practice which should be strongly condemned, as it often leads to serious insomnia. Worry, and the stress that goes with it, indicate a mental condition in which no one can do his best."

This view should have the fullest consideration of those who are in the habit of worrying. Certainly a Christian should have the good habit of casting all his anxieties upon his Lord. He needs to be in the best condition for living and doing for God.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE, VERONA, N. Y.
Contributing Editor.

Quartet Evangelistic Work.

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK.

Quartet evangelistic work in our denomination dates back to the time when the six Seventh Day Baptist young men in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Ill., went out in the summer of 1892 to engage in evangelistic work.

For twenty-one years our people have been talking as though they believed in that summer's work, and the men who went out agree that they received incalculable benefit from the experience.

Since that time splendid quartets have gone out from each of our schools. Through these efforts scores of persons have accepted Christ; many young people have been aroused to seek a higher and holier life; churches have been revived; and at our annual gatherings hosts have been moved by the soul-stirring music of these quartets and male choruses.

Many in the denomination are feeling that we need to be aroused by undertaking more aggressive work this year. One way in which this can be done is through the quartet movement. This feeling was so marked at the recent quarterly meeting of the southern Wisconsin and the Chicago churches that the meeting expressed itself as favoring the sending out of two quartets from Milton College, and took steps to accomplish this object.

The two quartets are organized and practicing with this work in view. They are made up of young men representing a half-dozen or more of our churches. I know that the pastors of the churches in the vicinity of Milton College will bear me out in my statement that this is a clean bunch of fellows; of marked educational and musical ability; that they are good religious workers and "good mixers" in society; and that they are anxious to lead others into the life that is large and happy in God.

When the "original" quartet went out, there was a small company of students in Alfred that agreed to pray regularly for

the success of the work, and we do not know how much their prayers and the prayers of the many other interested ones had to do with the success of that summer, and of the work of succeeding quartets.

Now I suggest that the many in our denomination who are burdened for the salvation of souls and the revival of our people begin at once to pray that God will direct us in planning this campaign; that these young men may be Spirit-filled and have the power to *live, sing, and preach the gospel* to the saving of many souls; and that they may help many to the acceptance of Sabbath truth.

What would happen if 500 young people and 1,000 of our older people would take these things in prayer to God? I'll tell you what I think would happen. Scores would be brought to Christ and the truths of his kingdom; it would be a blessed summer's work for these young men, some of whom are to enter the ministry, and the others equally need the sympathy for such work that comes from engaging in it; and it would bring great blessing to those churches that pray for the success of the campaign.

I am certain that we need the heartening effect that such aggressive work would give us.

I write these lines deeply conscious that my life has been wonderfully blessed, and my sympathy for evangelistic and missionary work on the needy fields has been increased by my having spent some weeks with the dear fellows of the Morgan Park sextet, under the sympathetic and prayerful direction of our people.

Farina, Ill.,

Feb. 20, 1914.

A New Christian Endeavor Society Organized.

A private letter from Rev. T. L. M. Spencer of Georgetown, British Guiana, South America, to the editor of Young People's Work, conveys the information that he has recently organized a Christian Endeavor society made up of twenty-eight members. The letter is so full of interest that the editor has taken the liberty to print it in part for the benefit of those who are so much interested in Mr. Spencer and his work. Mr. Spencer, writing under date of January 28, says: "I intended writ-

ing you before now, but I have had so many things to look after in getting fixed up that I could do very little correspondence. I have got started now and can write to some of the friends in America. I need not tell you of the organization of the church because you saw that in the RECORDER. My services are well attended and the prospects look encouraging. I have a class of candidates for baptism. I trust other Seventh Day Baptist churches will be raised up from this center. Remember us in your prayers. I am glad to inform you that I have organized a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor during this month and it promises well. Our membership is twenty-eight, and I am expecting many others to enroll. A week ago I delivered an address at the anniversary of one of the Methodist Christian Endeavor societies. I hope to keep you informed of good things of our society."

"Ho for Westerly!"

The twenty-seventh annual convention of the Rhode Island Christian Endeavor Union was held at Woonsocket, February 23. At that time an invitation was given for the state union to meet at Westerly next year. In connection with the extending of the invitation the song given below, "Ho for Westerly," written by Miss Alice Annette Larkin, whose name is very familiar to all our readers, was sung to the tune of "Whosoever Will" by the delegation of the Westerly and Ashaway local union. It is full of inspiration and must have had a telling effect upon the convention. The song follows:

"Whosoever heareth," hark to our call,
Westerly sends greetings to you one and all;
We will give you welcome—we are not so small—
Come to Westerly next year.

Chorus—

Ho for Westerly! Ho for Westerly!
Take the invitation to each glad C. E.
Every one will greet you, let the call ring clear—
Come to Westerly next year.

"Whosoever heareth," don't idly wait,
Let's join hands together, let's cooperate;
We can make Rhode Island such a C. E. State—
Come to Westerly next year.—*Cho.*

"Whosoever heareth," do you regret
Fields are white to harvest, ripened well, and
yet
Christ still pleads for workers; would you court-
age get?
Come to Westerly next year.—*Cho.*

"Whosoever heareth," hark, hark, today!
Plan for greater service all along your way;
Then in nineteen-fifteen you will gladly say—
"Ho for Westerly this year!"—*Cho.*

A Training-School.

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON.

Christian Endeavor Topic for March 21,
1914.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Training by doing (Matt. vii, 24-29).
Monday—In Bible knowledge (Jude iii, 19).
Tuesday—In specific work (Acts vi, 1-7).
Wednesday—Training for ministry (Acts xvi, 1-5).
Thursday—Training the twelve (Matt. x, 1-14).
Friday—Division of labor (Eph. iv, 7-16).
Sabbath day—Topic: Our society a training-school (Prov. xxii, 6). (Meeting lead by the pastor.)

SOME HINTS.

Ministers' sons and deacons' daughters, contrary to the old proverb, are not bad but turn out well. A larger proportion of them become famous than any other one class.

Solomon urges not only the training of the physical and mental, but training in righteousness. One can not be complete without a good body, a good mind and a good *spirit life*.

Even if one does depart for a time from the good training received in childhood, he is likely to remember it and come back to a right way of living.

Good training does not cease with the one receiving it but is passed on to others in an endless chain. The training of today will be bearing fruit in future generations.

THOUGHTS ON THE VERSE.

It is well to remember the general truth that all life can be trained. Dead substances can not be trained. The higher you rise in the scale of life the more wide is the scope and possibility of training. Children are not only capable of training, but they will be trained in spite of us. And if we do not take them in hand, and with a very definite end in view, which we pursue with inflexible purpose and unflagging constancy, another process will assuredly be going on which will before long fill us with dismay. What is meant by training up a child in the way it should go? It may be said to consist of four principal things—true teaching, discipline, example and prayer.

True teaching, or, if you will, the teaching of the truth which concerns life in its relation to God and man, is of great importance. Store children's minds with truth. Let them know all that is right to do, both with respect to God and man, that they may not be destroyed for lack of knowledge. A successful parent will be one who makes the training of the children a constant and religious study. It is the last subject in the world to be left to haphazard. From the first a clear aim must be kept in view. Every parent recognizes the necessity of giving to the helpless children suitable nourishment. Here is the suitable analogy for mental, moral, and spiritual teaching. The parent must feed the children with morsels suited to their age. It all requires infinite care and forethought and wisdom; for there is a certain way of development, a certain ideal which the child must realize, and if the training is to be on the lines of that development, according to that ideal, if it is to achieve it, the teaching must all be accurately adapted to the age or stage of development.

If, as young people, we are to grow into useful men and women, we must be taught. Of course this is done to some extent in the Bible school, but in Christian Endeavor work there is an opportunity to teach ourselves and gain strength we could not otherwise gain. For some reason young people do not feel the freedom in the church prayer meeting that they feel in the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting. Thus the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting becomes a training-school for public prayer and testimony. At first we may be able to say but a few words in testimony or prayer, but if we keep trying we will, by and by, teach ourselves to take part in public service.

Not only do we learn to take part in the meetings of the church, but the committee work in the society trains us for such work in the church, and also for conducting all kinds of Christian enterprises. Perhaps the one thing that the church needs today more than any other is men and women trained to do Christian service. Christianity does not consist alone in attending the services of the church, but winning men and women to Jesus Christ; and what better way for young people to train themselves for this work than in the Christian Endeavor society? We believe that the religion of Jesus Christ offers a supreme

challenge to the highest powers of personal life. Then why do so many of our youth seem not to hear the call? Why not arouse ourselves to greater devotion and train ourselves by the help of the Holy Spirit for greater work for the Master? If we would have religious leaders raised up and rightly trained for their task, we must deepen our interest in vital religion. Surely the religious life of our times carries with it no more sacred obligation than that those who believe in God and hope for the coming of his kingdom should be taught to do efficient work in the cause of righteousness. Let us be taught, then, by the Holy Spirit and the word of God, to do good service, and with the sword of the Spirit go forth to fight the battles of right.

As this conception comes to prevail, religion will not fail to develop strong leadership and Christian character. Nothing is deeper in human life than the readiness to live and to die, if necessary, for some worthy cause. The heart of each one, and especially the heart of the young, yearns for the quest of some holy cause that shall lead him forth to sacrifice and to conquest. Nothing can equal the power of the kingdom of God over the life of the young man or woman. No glory shines as bright as service for Christ, both in the beauty of service and its final efficiency. Once let young people understand the true meaning of this call to service, and they will train themselves for the task. Our immediate need lies in getting a clearer view of Christian responsibility. We ourselves must be better Christians. Whatever may belong to the past, our first task is to be true representatives of the kingdom of God. We must hold steadily before our eyes that which is central and vital in Christian faith. We ourselves must be filled with single-hearted devotion and forget the false pleasures of life and train for the task before us.

The criticism has been made upon the Christian Endeavor society that many who are received into its membership do not improve in moral and earnest efficiency. I do not believe that, on the whole, this indictment can stand, for some of the best workers in the church today received their early training in the Endeavor society. We must admit that, like the college, the society has sent out some poor workers, not because it had nothing to give, but because

the "student" did not avail himself of the offered means of development.

Our pledge is a training in fidelity to the church vow, as well as fidelity for all the acts of life. If true to that pledge we are always to be found at the meetings of the society, and the regular meeting of the church. More than that, we take some part in all the services. And again, if true to the pledge, we become familiar with the Bible. If religious leaders are to be fitted for their task, they must be led into the knowledge and appreciation of Sacred Scripture and they gain such knowledge only by a close study of it. Without this training they will be found wanting Christian knowledge and grasp upon what is fundamental.

Our responsibility in regard to training ourselves for religious leaders is threefold. We must be filled with the truth and spirit of Jesus Christ, that by personal life and organization we shall reveal the vision of his kingdom. Our societies must serve as training-schools for religious service wherein the young shall catch the spirit of the Master and go about doing good. And all our religious institutions must put spiritual reality in right relation to general culture. As we seek to meet this obligation we may confidently believe that the Eternal Spirit who broods over the heart of man will call the noblest and strongest of our youth into spiritual leadership and power.

QUOTATIONS.

Man is the highest product of his own history. The discoverer finds nothing so grand or so tall as himself, nothing so valuable to him. The greatest star is that at the little end of the telescope—the star that is looking; not looked after, nor looked at.—*Theodore Parker.*

The cry of the human soul after God, and its restlessness until it finds him, is because of its intrinsic oneness with him. God is the counterpart and complement of humanity. Man is like a discordant musical instrument until he comes into recognized unison with his Maker.—*Henry Wood.*

There is a generous unrest in youth, a grand discontent, ever pressing it on to higher things; which regards nothing as too high, which despises obstacles, and which is inspired more than discouraged by difficult undertakings. This self-assurance, this fiery courage, is given for a good pur-

pose—for the bold, great deeds of the world done by young men. Beautiful indeed is this soul daring; and yet, high as is the inspiration of youth, Christian faith comes in early as an attempering power, as a calm voice from above, speaking truth to the soul, guiding its efforts by a higher wisdom and love, telling it where its real force lies, bidding it not be disheartened by failure, softening its impetuous fire, touching with a firmer strength its ardent courage, revealing to it the eternal principles of right and duty, making it know what success is, making it know that, while Christ calls for all its energies, the highest activities may co-exist with a quiet and gentle spirit.—*James M. Hoppin.*

The Rhode Island State Convention.

MRS. LAURA J. WITTER.

The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Rhode Island Christian Endeavor Union met in Woonsocket, February 23, with over four hundred in attendance. In his address of welcome Gov. A. J. Pothier emphasized the need of our young people being organized in religious work to better serve God and humanity.

Rev. J. A. Francis of Boston then drew vivid word-pictures of Christ and his disciples, when he was telling them that he was soon to leave them, showing that we who are Christians should live in such close fellowship with Christ that we will know what he would have us to do and be anxious ever to follow his leading.

"Christian Endeavor's Latest Big Move" was the subject of a very earnest plea by our international field secretary, Karl Lahmann, in which he asked for funds to help erect a national headquarters building on a site now owned by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, in Boston, opposite the state house on Beacon Hill. To carry out the present plans \$150,000 must be raised before July 1, 1915.

The afternoon session opened with devotional exercises conducted by Rev. C. O. Osborne of Pascoag. Exercises were given by three Junior societies, followed by a report, by Mr. A. B. Christy of Providence, of the prohibition meetings in Columbus, Ohio, and in Washington, D. C.

Rev. George Foster Prentiss, vice-president of the Massachusetts union, made a strong appeal to the Endeavorers to use

their God-given powers in Christian service. It is not the outward showing of work or deeds that may be of the greatest importance, but the every-day duties, that may seem to us to be common, yet are important to God in bringing about his work. Each one of us carries one or more of the jewels of life and it is our privilege and duty to use these in service for our great Leader.

A young Armenian Christian Endeavorer gave such a clear beautiful solo, expressing a sweet spirit of surrender and joy in service, these words of it seem to be ever repeating themselves to me:

"O may I live the Christ to show
While on my journey here below;
May every soul that touches mine
Catch just a glimpse of love divine."

Mr. Francis followed with another of his inspiring Bible talks, showing that Christ's way of winning men to his kingdom was by love, not force. The most spiritual thing one ever does is to do right and keep at it.

The first address of the evening, "Abraham Lincoln, a Man of Divine Choice," by Rev. Alan B. Hudson of Brockton, Mass., brought to our attention the fact that God takes men from the lowliest walks of life to be leaders. We do not have to live in a palace or to have a college education to be used by him. Only we must have the right kind of spirit within and a willingness to follow; and though we may fail to accomplish just what we would like to at first, we should take these failures as stepping-stones to greater efforts, that our cause may not suffer through us.

The closing address was by our inspiring field secretary, Mr. Lahmann,—"Christian Endeavor a Vital Force at Work for God." This contained four challenges to Endeavorers:

- (1) Christian living. In a vital way, don't be ashamed of your colors.
- (2) Christian doing. The people in the world decide on religion by the illustrations they find in the world. We can not live a true Christian life without doing something.
- (3) Christian going. We should be willing to go and do hard things for Christ—yea, even to foreign countries as missionaries.
- (4) Christian discipleship. Christian

Endeavor in Rhode Island will be a vital force at work for God if we accept the challenge and go forward.

To meet these great leaders in Endeavor work is a rare privilege, and the inspiration they bring should help us to greater efforts and more consecrated work.

Can we not as Seventh Day Baptists do our part toward the raising of funds for this new building so much needed in the carrying out of our great work?

Westerly is to have the convention next year.

Meeting of the Young People's Board.

The regular business meeting of the Young People's Board was held Sunday p. m., February 15, 1914.

Members present: Rev. H. E. Davis, L. H. Stringer, F. I. Babcock, George Thorngate, W. D. Burdick, Ethel Carver, Helen Cottrell and Carrie Nelson.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted with the correction that the item regarding the voting of \$45 to the Fouke School had been omitted.

Correspondence was read from Garwin, Iowa, and from Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, Georgetown, British Guiana. Rev. Mr. Spencer stated that a Christian Endeavor society had been organized with a membership of twenty-eight, and asked that three dozen Endeavor topic cards be sent to his address.

It was voted that an amount sufficient to cover cost of topic cards and postage for sending them be advanced and that Miss Cottrell be instructed to have the cards sent to Rev. Mr. Spencer.

Voted that \$1.00 be allowed for postage used by different members of the Board.

That the Board might secure information as to the number of children and young people in our denomination it was voted that blanks be printed and sent to the various churches, asking for the number of households belonging to each church and the number of children in each household.

The President appointed L. H. Stringer, F. I. Babcock and Miss Cottrell a committee to prepare these blanks and have them printed and sent.

It was voted that the Treasurer be instructed to have 200 receipt cards printed.

Adjourned.

CARRIE NELSON,
Recording Secretary.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Seed and the Flower.

A baby seed all dressed in brown,
Fell out of its cradle one day;
The West Wind took it with loving arms
And carried it far away.

He laid it down on a bed of leaves,
And hid it with blankets white;
And there it slept like a weary child,
Through the long, dark winter night.

It woke at last, when the springtime came,
And stretched its arms on high,
And it grew and grew through the livelong day,
Toward the sun and the clear, blue sky.

It drew its food from its Mother Earth,
And it drank the cooling shower,
Till the small, brown seed was changed at last
To a sweet, wild wayside flower!

—The Watchman.

"The Little Dog-Boy."

"The little dog-boy" was Sir Edwin Landseer. While still a curly-headed boy, he entered, as a student, the Royal Academy, and was given this odd name by Fuseli, a noted artist, in whose class he was. Attracted, as many were, by his talents and gentle ways, Fuseli used to call him his "little dog-boy" because he was so fond of drawing and painting dogs of all kinds; at an age, too, when many children are afraid even to play with them.

When a little older, Edwin asked his father, who was an eminent engraver, to teach him to draw and paint. His father gave him some instruction, but wisely told his little son he could not make him a painter; that he must depend upon and use his own powers; that Nature was the only school, and Observation the best teacher; if he wanted to succeed, he must think about all the things he saw and try to copy them. So he was sent with his two brothers, who had the same tastes, if not Edwin's rare gifts, to play on Hempstead Heath. Nor was it long before he made it, and all out of doors, his studio. He closely observed the donkeys and the old horses that were grazing on the common, and was soon able to sketch them so well as to astonish every one. His favorite toys were pencils and brushes, for he early learned to paint. But he was none the less a boy for being an artist, and so Edwin

and his brothers had fun together, as a picture he painted in these play-days suggests. It was good enough to be sold, and was called "The Mischief-makers." A mischievous boy, perhaps one of the brothers, has fastened a piece of wood to the tail of a mischievous-looking donkey. Probably an incident in some frolic on the common.

In the South Kensington Museum there are, or were, many of young Landseer's works, of which the most remarkable is a little donkey's head in black lead, marked—it seems incredible!—"E. Landseer. Five years old." When ordinary children of his age were playing with toy animals, this infant genius was drawing and painting them from life.

The little artist was always studying animals. Whenever allowed to go to shows of wild beasts, it is said, he never went without his sketch-book. And what other boys were only curious about, and amused by, he closely observed, drawing and painting the animals with the greatest industry. He made such rapid progress in his art that at thirteen he was permitted to exhibit a picture of "A Pointer and a Puppy," also one of "Mr. Simpkin's Mule," mentioned in the catalogue as by "Master E. Landseer." One of his earliest oil-paintings—his skill was not confined to animals—was a portrait of a baby sister toddling about in a bonnet much too large for her. From his boyhood, Landseer loved to read and reread Scott's delightful novels, and many of his earlier sketches were of his favorite scenes and characters. Among his etchings is one of Sir Walter and Lady Scott. His brush was never idle. The list of his works, as child and youth, is a long record of the "little dog-boy's" untiring industry.

When not quite nineteen, he took a small cottage, with, of course, a studio, in St. John's Wood; and soon after setting up for himself, with his sister for companion and housekeeper, he received a premium from the British Institute for that amusing picture called "The Larder Invaded." A little later his celebrated "Cat's Paw" was painted; also "The Monkey's Device for Eating Hot Chestnuts," which made him famous. It sold for a hundred pounds, and is now valued at three thousand or more. What made his pictures so remarkable when the "little dog-boy" became the great dog-painter, was his ability to give the animals he portrayed the expression in face and attitude the subject required.

Some critics have said: "He made them too human." Landseer's pictures always tell their own story.

That pathetic picture called "Suspense," of the noble hound watching at his master's door, now closed to him because his master has been carried in wounded unto death, shown by the blood-stained plume which has fallen to the ground, eloquently expresses the trust and love of the faithful friend so sadly shut out. One of the best-known paintings of Landseer is one of himself called "The Connoisseurs."—*Louise Fanshawe Gregory, in St. Nicholas.*

When It's "The Other Fellow."

Have you ever noticed? When the Other Fellow acts that way he is "ugly"; when you do it's "nerves." When the Other Fellow is set in his ways he's "obstinate"; when you are, it is just "firmness."

When the Other Fellow doesn't like your friends he's "prejudiced"; when you don't like his you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature.

When the Other Fellow tries to treat some one especially well he is "toadying"; when you try the same game you are using "tact."

When the Other Fellow takes time to do things he is "dead slow"; when you do it you are "deliberate."

When the Other Fellow spends a lot he is a "spendthrift"; when you do you are "discriminating."

When the Other Fellow holds too tight to his money he is "close"; when you do you are "prudent."

When the Other Fellow dresses extra well he's a "dude"; when you do it is simply "a duty one owes to society."

When the Other Fellow runs great risks in business he's "foolhardy"; when you do, you are a "great financier."

When the Other Fellow says what he thinks, he's "spiteful"; when you do, you are "frank."

When the Other Fellow won't get caught in a new scheme he's "backwoods"; when you won't you are "conservative."

When the Other Fellow goes in for music and pictures and literature he's "effeminate"; when you do, you are "artistic."
—*Life.*

Protest.

God, I am sick of the hating, the cunning, the craft and the stealth;

I want to go back where the trees are waiting with brimming flagons of health.

I am wearied to death of the clamor, the weighing of loss against gain;

I want to go back where the moon's pale glamor lies white on the long-flowering lane.

To return to the gossiping grasses, the dust and the sky and the dew,

Where the night-wind whispereth low as it passes, and earth seems splendid and new.

I long to flee far from the ringing of coin and the blazon of type,

Where the silence is sweet as a thrush's singing, and silvern the cricket's pipe.

Yea, let me go from the city, the fret and the fume and the stress,

To fields where the clouds look down in pity, and night has a mother's caress;

Where the wind-shaken leaves are sobbing; to stand 'twixt the sky and the sod,

And feel the pulse of my spirit throbbing close to the heart of God.

—*Victor Starbuck, in Youth's Companion.*

FREE

To any one not a subscriber to the Sabbath Visitor we will send sample copies, free. Each issue of this splendid paper for children contains eight or more pages of entertaining short stories, historical articles, juvenile poems, the funniest of funny stories, and the Sabbath School lesson told in simple language.

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SABBATH VISITOR

Plainfield, N. J.

How Antonio Saved the King.

Of course you have heard of Frederick the Great, that wise king of Prussia who was born two hundred years ago. Perhaps you know, too, that he greatly admired our own General Washington and in proof of it sent him a handsome sword on which was engraved, "From the oldest general to the greatest."

But you may not have read of how he helped a poor little Italian boy, and of how the poor boy was able to repay the great king's kindness. The *New York Tribune* has told the story, and here it is for you.

Frederick, although the ruler of a great kingdom, never dressed very well and so it is not surprising that when dirty, ragged little Antonio met him walking on the terrace near the river bank in Dresden he thought he was a very ordinary person and never dreamed of his being a king.

Antonio had a great box filled with dolls which he worked with strings and made act quite like human beings—marionettes they were called. When he saw the king he ran up to him and begged him to look at these dolls act. "You will be pleased with them, I am sure," he said, "and I do so want to earn some money to pay a man I know to teach me to play the flute!"

"Would you like to learn to play the flute?" asked the king. He had longed to do that very thing when he was a boy, but his cruel father had been very angry one day when he had found him playing and had broken the flute across the back of the young prince.

"Above all things," answered Antonio.

"Come with me," said this kind-hearted old gentleman, as Antonio still thought him, "and you shall have a good teacher and a fine flute of your very own."

The poor lad could hardly speak for joy. But his new friend understood and patted him on the head as they walked off together. He was put in charge of the court music master, who soon found he had great talent, and after a while he played so well that he was allowed to play before the king.

The boy felt the deepest gratitude toward his kind benefactor, and prayed constantly that he might at some future time prove his devotion to him.

One morning Antonio, getting up very early and taking a short cut through the

kitchen of the castle on his way to the garden, saw one of the cooks drop a white powder in the cup of chocolate meant for the king!

The little flute player was horrified, and ran to the king crying, "Oh, sire, do not drink your chocolate this morning—it is poisoned."

When, a few minutes after, the breakfast tray was brought in, Frederick the Great received it very calmly and looked hard at the servant, who immediately began to tremble.

"How pale you are. You must be ill," exclaimed his majesty. "Here, drink this cup of chocolate. It may revive you."

"Mercy, sire," pleaded the servant throwing himself at the king's feet. "I am not to blame, but others," and he confessed the whole plot.

"Wretched man, you were going to poison me," said the king. He called one of the dogs to his side, and gave him the chocolate to drink. The dog died in a few moments.

Thus it was that Frederick the Great's kindness to a poor little boy saved his own life.—*The Continent, by permission.*

There were two business men—merchants—and there was great rivalry between them, a great deal of bitter feeling. One of them was converted. He went to his minister, and said, "I am still jealous of that man, and I do not know how to overcome it." "Well," he said, "if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you can not supply him, just send him over to your neighbor." He said he wouldn't like to do that. "Well," said the minister, "you do it, and you will kill jealousy." He said he would; and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have he would tell him to go across the street to his neighbor. By and by the other began to send his customers over to this man's store, and the breach was healed.—*Mary E. Watson.*

Under the influence of the gospel drunkards become sober, lustful natures are made pure, liars come to love the truth, dishonest men become reliable, misers melt into generosity, selfish men do self-denying deeds, and men given to anger and revenge grow to be tender and gentle as a child.—*Banks.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON XII.—MARCH 21, 1914.
LESSONS BY THE WAY.

Lesson Text.—Luke xiii, 18-35.

Golden Text.—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." Matt. vii, 21.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Matt. xiii, 1-17.

Second-day, Matt. xiii, 18-34.

Third-day, Matt. xiii, 34-53.

Fourth-day, Mark iv, 21-34.

Fifth-day, Matt. vii, 13-27.

Sixth-day, Matt. viii, 1-13.

Sabbath day, Luke xiii, 18-35.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*.)

The Newly Awakened Interest in the Teen Age.

Discoveries, inventions, forward movements have been, from time to time during the last century, the center of the world's interest; but from the standpoint of Christianity and morality, one of the most important efforts to which the world has been awakened is along the line of the needs and opportunities of the adolescent years.

The call of the child came to the ears of the world from the manger cradle at Bethlehem, and as it was answered then by the kindly visitors who brought their gold and frankincense and myrrh, so the royal hearts of all Christendom have been pouring out their richest gifts before the altar of the child. But when the trying and troublesome years of adolescence came, when the boys and the girls were no longer children nor yet men and women, they have been allowed to slip from under the guiding hand of maturity; and at the very age when Christ was taken to the Temple and dedicated to God, our boys and girls have been allowed to go forth from the Temple, many times never to return.

This critical transition period was difficult to understand. All the laws that were adequate in dealing with the child, were not applicable here. And so because the task of solving the problem of adolescence was a hard one, the world looked passively on while the boy and the girl struggled through these crucial years as best they might, happy if the youth came to maturity pure and noble and strong, but disclaiming

all blame if they came through battered and scarred and useless.

But God will not leave his people always in darkness, and so from out the wilderness of ignorance and neglect came voices, crying aloud the opportunity and necessity of a new ministry to meet the needs of the teen age boy and girl. The International Sunday School Association, ever keenly alert to new demands imposed by the progress of Christianity, responded by establishing a Secondary Division and appointing a superintendent to devote his full time to the development of this phase of Bible-school work. And today men and women of vision and insight and intense humanity are giving their lives, in increasing numbers, to making these strategic years count in fashioning our youth into useful, earnest men and women, and in bringing them into the kingdom of Christ.—*Marion Lawrence, in Empire State Leader.*

Ten Reasons Why You Should Start a Home Department.

Because it stimulates a systematic and habitual study of God's Word which "will not return unto him void."

Because by using the lesson helps a clearer understanding of the Word can be obtained than by superficial reading.

Because it brings the members into more intimate relation with the church.

Because it is "the feet" of the pastor, reaching many that for lack of time he can rarely see, and reporting cases for his especial ministrations, of which he would not otherwise be informed.

Because it helps the school not only by creating an interest in its welfare outside its walls, but by adding to its attendance from time to time by recruits from the department.

Because it not only pays its own expenses, but helps financially the main school.

Because it provides a place for service for many who now have little or nothing to do with the work of the church.

Because it helps many who by illness, infirmity or maternal cares are deprived of the blessings of spiritual stimulus and comfort in Bible study.

Because it promotes home study of the lesson by the children. Parent and child can study together.

Because it brings the parents into closer touch with the teacher of their children.
—*New York State Leaflet.*

William Norman Severance.

William Norman Severance was the son of Sargent J. and Elizabeth Burton Severance, born in Manchester, N. H., December 27, 1843. In his babyhood the family moved to a home near Warren, Pa. His mother died when Norman was twelve years old, leaving six children of which he was the eldest. About the year 1857 the father brought his motherless family with the exception of the two youngest children to Minnesota, and settled at Dodge Center. Soon after coming here the father accepted the truth of the Sabbath, and when Norman was nineteen, he and his three brothers were baptized by Eld. O. P. Hull and united with the Dodge Center Seventh Day Baptist Church.

He was married April 25, 1863, to Elizabeth Franklin, who survives him. Seven children were born to them, of whom three are now living: Mrs. Lizzie E. Brown, William H., Lovisa, and Mrs. Sadie May Smith, all deceased; Mrs. Nettie B. Grow, Mrs. Gertrude Sanford, and Lester F.

After a residence of eighteen years in Dodge Center, the family moved to South Dakota and it was while living here that he was ordained to the office of deacon by the Smyth Seventh Day Baptist Church. Twenty-five years were spent in South Dakota and four years in Gentry, Ark., and then he returned to Dodge Center to make his home.

Deacon Severance was a man of quiet, unassuming manners, a God-fearing and law-abiding citizen. He was a reverent listener to the word of God, a faithful attendant upon divine worship, a loyal supporter of the church of which he was a member. As a business man his honesty was unimpeachable, his reputation for fair dealing well recognized. In his home he was kind and sweet in disposition, and the relations between himself and his wife were of peculiar tenderness. The long years of companionship only ripened the beauty of truly wedded confidence.

A just and upright man, a loving father and husband, an honored servant of the church has passed to his reward. "The sweet bells," that for a brief time "jangled out of tune," have found once more the

blessed harmonies that ring in the realms of peace.

The funeral was held from the church on Tuesday afternoon. A large concourse of his fellow townsmen and business associates gathered with the relatives and friends to pay their tribute of respect to one whom all honored. A male quartet furnished music of appropriate character, and the pastor preached from the text, Revelation i, 17b, 18.

T. J. V.

Lincoln.

Taken from out the quarry of our western world. He seemed to be too rough to ever be of use; Too much built on the line and the fashion of a clown

To take the sober place and task appointed him. How could he stand at all, amid the stress and storm

The troublous times were harshly bringing on us? Would he not break at the treacherous blasts of hate

That many a vicious mind would fire to test him?

The world was thinking so and so it had its laugh,

And uttered words of ribaldry and bitter scorn, Making itself ashamed, trying to bring him shame,

Yet still, with venomous tongue, making of him its mark.

Through all of this he calmly stood with heart unmoved,

Facing the fury and ignoring all abuse, He triumphed through it all; not even death itself

Could make him cower, or lessen his hold on men.

And see! Among the pillars in our hall of fame,

Not one is molded with such simple lines of grace,

Or shows such polished beauty, as does this of his.

His strength is greatest to uphold the templed place

From whence shines forth our nation's matchless glory.

Others therein are marred with seams of hate or pride,

Or mottled with avarice, or covered o'er with greed;

But his great charity and his generous heart, His deep humility, his untarnished mind,

Have covered all defects. And when the whole wide world

Passes our great ones by, before this honored name

It stops and bows the head, and says with voice subdued,

"This man of homely face and uncouth form and speech,

Blasted from out the mountain of our common life,

And broken from the ledges of our common kind,

Is the grandest of all the centuries have borne."

—*Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, in Western Sun.*

HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Since the beginning of the new year, we have had many things to make our hearts, as well as the pastor's heart, very glad. Two of our former members have been restored to full membership in the church, we have received four by letter and four by baptism.

The Ladies' Aid society has held a home-baking sale, which was a financial success. They propose having one every month.

Pastor Jordan was absent three Sabbaths, one at Garwin, Iowa, and two at North Loup, Neb. President Daland, Loyal Hurley and Rev. Mr. Miller filled the pulpit for us while the pastor was away.

The young people spent a very pleasant evening at the parsonage February 19. Though Pastor Jordan was not aware of our coming till he admitted us, he seemed very glad we came.

M. E. G.

March 2, 1914.

NORTONVILLE, KAN.—The Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church has been blessed by the services of Rev. A. L. Davis of Boulder, Colo., who assisted Pastor Kelly in two weeks' special meetings, beginning January 30. While as yet there have been no additions to the church, much good was accomplished in strengthening the membership and quickening the spiritual life of the church; and several who were not church members expressed a desire to live the Christian life.

We encountered some bad weather which hindered the work, and an epidemic of a light form of the grippe struck our community about the time our meetings began. This of course greatly reduced the attendance. But notwithstanding all these hindrances, Brother Davis, by his earnest, logical sermons, greatly endeared himself to the Nortonville people, who hope to see him again under more favorable circumstances.

M. B. KELLY.

Battle Creek, Mich.,
Feb. 27, 1914.

ALFRED, N. Y.—The First Alfred Y. P. S. C. E. observed Christian Endeavor Week by holding sessions part of the week. One evening a load of the First Alfred En-

deavorers went to the Second Alfred meetings and a local union was formed. Our society has taken up the work of the efficiency campaign and our thermometer is on the climb.

We have had several new members added to the society and are having very interesting meetings. We would be glad to have more of the young people working with us.

GOOD LITERATURE COMMITTEE.

Says Each of Us is Something of a Criminal.

The *American Magazine* has been offering prizes for the best letters entitled "What Is a Criminal?" Three prize-winning letters are published in the February number. The following won first prize:

"Hunting for the criminal, are you? Can't find him anywhere? How strange that when we search for him his very existence seems as impossible as the giants and dragons of fairy tales. Yet he surely exists, otherwise why have we laws, governments, prisons, gallows, electric chairs with which to rid ourselves of his presence? But kill and imprison as many as we may there is no cessation of crime. The criminal is still in our midst, unseen, unknown, but undeniably present. Then who, what, and where is this criminal—this other fellow, who, like the proverbial flea, or the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, is ever just beyond our reach?"

"Dear Poet of the Interpreter's House, I know where he lives. I can tell you where to find him. He lives in regions more secret than any that were ever inhabited by ancient monsters. First, however, you must know his true name or your search will be in vain. He is *not* the other fellow but the other *me*.

"That you may better understand my meaning, I shall speak allegorically. In sealed rooms within ourselves are servants called impulses. They have been created and placed there by heredity, environment, and all the things that go to make up a life. The mind is the master over all these impulses. It calls them forth to do its bidding. Always, however, there are two kinds of impulses—the good and the criminal. The mind sets one servant free to do right and it imprisons the one which would do wrong, or vice versa. Thus is

built the respectable *me* and the criminal *me*.

"The criminal *me* is hidden away in each and every one of us. He may be bound with chains and secreted in the darkest recesses of our soul, or he may be quietly sleeping in some open doorway. But he is there in every one of us, awaiting a call or a temptation that is strong enough to set him free. If we have not been overcome by crime, it is because heredity, environment, chance, and circumstance have helped us to overcome that criminal *me* dwelling in some slimy pit of our mind.

"When we are associated with those unfortunate ones, those so-called criminals, we are astonished that thoughts of joy, happiness, kindness, and brotherly love, move them as they do more fortunate ones. We expect them to be dead to such feelings, else why are they criminals? They are criminals because that unfortunate *me* overcame them at a critical moment. Whether they should be free as you and I are free, I leave with time and humanity to decide. The Christ thought in the whole affair is just this: They, with their criminal partners, and you and I, with ours, are but brothers and sisters after all."

Income Tax Computation Explained to Farmers.

A statement addressed to farmers today by the Secretary of Agriculture regarding the income tax includes the following explanation of the method of computing the tax:

"In general, an income consists in amounts derived from salaries, wages or compensation for personal service, paid in any form; also from professions, business, sales or dealings in property, or from rents, interest on bonds or mortgages, dividends on stocks or other income from investments. These items constitute gross income, from which there should be deducted the expenses of carrying on the business, interest paid on indebtedness, worthless debts charged off, losses by fire, storm or shipwreck not covered by insurance, exhaustion, wear and tear of property, and any income upon which the income tax has already been deducted at the source, as, for instance, dividends on the stock of a corporation which has already paid the tax on its earnings.

"The provisions regarding net incomes of \$3,000 apply only to unmarried persons or to married persons not living with wife or husband. A husband and wife living together are entitled to an exemption of \$4,000 on their aggregate income. This means that in case the wife has a separate income and if this, added to the husband's income, amounts to \$4,000, the total is subject to the tax; or if the wife has no separate income, the husband's income is taxable only in case it reaches \$4,000. But a return must be made if the aggregate income of both is \$2,500 for the year 1913. The joint exemption, however, would be \$3,333.33."

This succinct statement is regarded by Treasury Department officials as one of the best interpretations of the income tax law which has been issued.—*New York Tribune*.

Washington, D. C.,

Feb. 25, 1914.

Thoughts From the Field.

I am sorry my subscription has been out so long. I had not noticed the wrapper in some time until the day before I received your notice, and I intended renewing in a few days. I have had great trouble and so many things to claim my attention I haven't been reading my RECORDERS regularly.

Don't you think it would be a good thing for the Sabbath-keepers to have a prayer chain and all unite in prayer at a certain time during the day? The noon hour might be appropriate. You know "in unity there is strength."

I enclose five dollars to pay up my other year and renew for one other year. The one dollar extra is for a six months' subscription for some Lone Sabbath-keeper.

With best wishes, I am yours in Christ's service,

MRS. J. A. HARDY.

Portsmouth, Va.

One may deal with things without love; one may cut trees, make bricks, hammer iron, without love; but you can not deal with men without it, just as men can not deal with bees without being careful. If you deal carelessly with bees, you will injure them, and will yourself be injured—and so with men.—*Tolstoy*.

MARRIAGES

BOND-MAXSON.—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Hannah A. Maxson, in Nortonville, Kan., February 11, 1914, by Rev. M. B. Kelly, assisted by Rev. A. L. Davis, of Boulder, Colo., Mr. C. G. Bond and Miss Alena Maxson.

MOORE-DRESSER.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, West Edmeston, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1914, by Rev. J. T. Davis, Mr. Adelbert E. Moore of New Berlin, N. Y., and Miss Mabel S. Dresser of West Edmeston, N. Y.

DEATHS

OURSLEER.—William Elhanan Mortimer Oursler, oldest child of Joseph and Harriet Oursler, was born in Adams County, Ohio, May 28, 1843, and died at his home in Nortonville, Kans., February 8, 1914, aged 70 years, 8 months and 10 days.

He was one of ten children, six sons and four daughters, of whom four sons and two daughters are still living. He enlisted in the 11th Ohio Cavalry Volunteers, March 5, 1864, and was honorably discharged July 14, 1865, having served 2 years, 3 months and 9 days.

He saved his money, attended school and was graduated from Bartlett's Commercial College, April 30, 1867. On July 4 of the same year he was married to Sylvia M. Colvin, who died October 30, 1869, of tuberculosis. Only one child was born to them, which died in infancy.

In the fall of 1870, he, with three other men, came to Emporia, Kan., and walked from there to Marion County, a distance of forty-five miles. He taught school the winter of 1870-71. On November 16, 1871, he was married to Nancy Jane Riggs. Nine children were born to them, three sons and six daughters, of whom two sons and five daughters are still living.

When a young man, Mr. Oursler made a public profession of religion while in the army. After coming West he, with his wife, united with the Baptist church of Marion, Kan., where he was a member until the Seventh Day Baptist church of Florence, Kan., was organized, when he, together with his wife, united with this church. By this church he was ordained deacon and licensed to preach. He moved to Nortonville in the fall of 1808 and united with the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which he has since then been a beloved deacon and a valued member. His death removes a devoted husband, a loving father, a valued church officer, and an honored citizen.

Farwell services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. M. B. Kelly, assisted by Rev. A. L. Davis, in the Seventh Day Baptist church of Nortonville, Tuesday p. m., February 10, and the body tenderly laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery near by.

M. B. K.

SEVERANCE.—At his home in Dodge Center, Minn., February 24, 1914, Dea. William Norman Severance, in the seventy-first year of his age. Extended obituary on another page. T. J. V.

Retired on Pensions.

Forty-six employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, having reached the age of retirement, as prescribed by the company's pension plan, have just been placed on the honor roll of the company and will receive pensions for the rest of their lives.

George W. Cosden, agent at North East, Md., has been connected with the railroad fifty-three years and three months. Twenty-five of the retiring employes have served the company for forty years or more.

The Pennsylvania Railroad system has in the thirteen years since the establishment of the pension department paid in pensions to employes on its honor roll \$9,601,654.21. Since January 1, 1900, 7,848 employes have retired under the pension rules. Of that number 3,801 have died, so that today there are 4,047 retired employes of the system on the roll of honor.—*New York Tribune.*

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S. C. STILLMAN, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Back to the Bible.

Certain of our wise men of today have shaded away sin till it becomes an expression of temperament. They tell us that we sin because our grandfather sinned, and because our home is situated in the wrong block. These are clever words of clever comforters, and surely they ought to wipe away forever the tears from our eyes. But they do not speak to human need. They leave the life blighted and the heart ashamed. They leave the sinning one to continue in despair. He does not ask that his sin shall be explained away. He wishes forgiveness and a fresh start. In the Book, which is not read as once it was, there are no soft words about sin. But the way out is shown. And not only is forgiveness offered in this Book, but man's need of comfort is met. There is comfort in plenty. These writers knew the human heart. They saw man broken by his toil and his grief. And for this, too, they had the answer. They told of a Being of love, hidden just back of this rude and temporary universe. This love, they said, is conscious of how the littlest child and the old man are sick at heart for one to come close to their loneliness. When again will any company of writers say the things they know in such telling words, such pictures of humble life—the boy far away from the faces of his home and far gone in shame—such true stories of lowly devotion breaking through into beauty? Much is swept away between us and them, but not one accent of Naomi's voice is lost to us, and still the "Turn again, my daughters," is as wistful as when it breathed through the alien corn. What richer consolation are we hungry for that we turn from Judea? Has the human heart changed under the wear of the centuries, so that sin no longer seeks forgiveness, and grief has no need of a comforter? Have our ships sailed so far that they have revealed to us a braver continent than the fields where pain once reigned? Is our science so acute that it has banished failure from man's life? Is man's heart at last self-sufficient and all-sufficing?

"The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner: but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished" (Isa. li, 6).—*Collier's Weekly.*

The Non-refillable Bottle.

There is a certain brand of whisky which advertises a "non-refillable" bottle to protect the consumer from being sold an inferior whisky in a second-hand bottle. The liquor firm behind it has made a specialty of this "non-refillable" bottle, and given it such publicity that a cartoonist with a keen mind seized on the idea, the other day, to point a needed moral.

He drew the "non-refillable" bottle, giant size, tilted in the air, and from it, pouring out in a torrent a comfortable house, a happy family, an office desk, a library of books, hosts of friends, and so forth, with the legend:

"This is the genuine 'non-refillable.' Once you pour it out, you can never fill it again. Through this bottle the miserable drunkard pours out all that makes life worth while—hope, ambition, friends, family, self-respect. One after another they are poured out by the hand that trembles more and more. And each is gone and lost forever. The non-refillable bottle! Ten thousand men are pouring out their hopes and chances at this moment in each great city. When will men learn that whisky is poison, and that drunkenness is death?"

Could anything be more striking—and true? The effect was so great that the "non-refillable bottle" is no longer featured, it is said. But another cartoonist turned his attention to another whisky slogan, "First Over the Bars," and his picture was equally arresting.

It represented Death, as a skeleton on horseback, waving high a bottle of the whisky in his bony hand, and jumping over the bars that separate life and death. Under the terrible figure of the horseman was written, "Last Over the Bars."

One of these cartoons was in a great New York daily, the other in a famous national weekly—neither of them a temperance publication. They were simply "holding the mirror up to life."—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

A man is specially and divinely fortunate, not when his conditions are easy, but when they evoke the very best that is in him; when they provoke him to nobleness and sting him to strength; when they clear his vision, kindle his enthusiasm and inspire his will.—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in Snow's Hall, No. 214 South Warren Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, 606 West 191st St., New York City.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d 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. 42d St.

Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services at the home of Mrs. Frank Muncy, 1635 Pine Street, at 10 a. m. Christian Endeavor services at the home of Lester Osborn, 351 E. 17th Street, at 3 p. m. Prayer meetings Sabbath eve at 7.30.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 336 Pleasant 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 Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium), 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor, 198 N. Washington Ave.

Seventh Day Baptists living in Denver, Colorado, hold services at the home of Mrs. M. O. Potter, 2340 Franklin Street, at 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon. All interested are cordially invited to attend. Sabbath School Superintendent, Wardner Williams.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

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

Christ is to each what each has found him. To the soul which has sunk in the mire, he is a Savior; to the intellect which has wrestled with doubt, he is a guide; to the heart which has sorrowed, he is a comforter. Each should travel his appointed road and accept and employ the experience which it brings. It is thus that we grow in grace.—David Smith.

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"Forget not all his benefits." If we do not give thanks for them, we do forget them; and that is unjust as well as unkind, since in all God's favors there is so much that is memorable.—Matthew Henry.

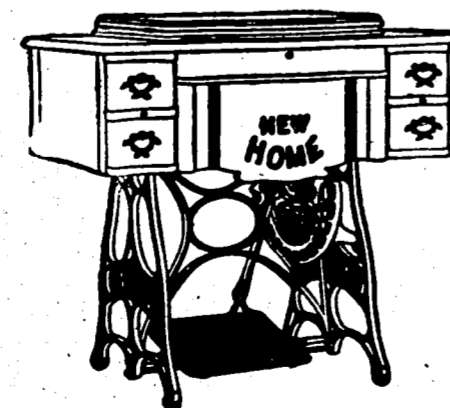
Doing nothing for others is the undoing of ourselves.—Horace Mann.

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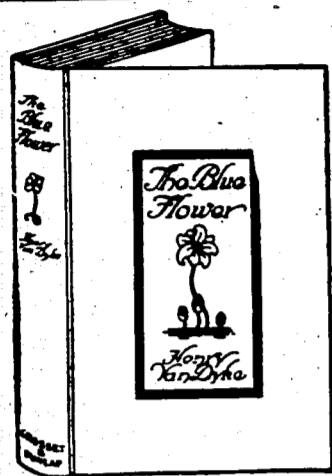
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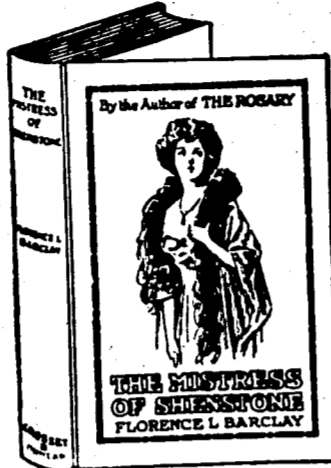
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SONG.

Above the edge of dark appear the lances of the sun;
 Along the mountain ridges clear his rosy heralds run;
 The vapors down the valley go
 Like broken armies, dark and low.
 Look up, my heart, from every hill
 In folds of rose and daffodil
 The sunrise banners flow.

O fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of night!
 O welcome, little birds, that sing the coming in of light!

For new, and new, and ever new,
 The golden bud within the blue;
 And every morning seems to say:
 "There's something happy on the way,
 And God sends love to you."

—Henry Van Dyke, from "The House of Rimmon," in Scribner's.

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