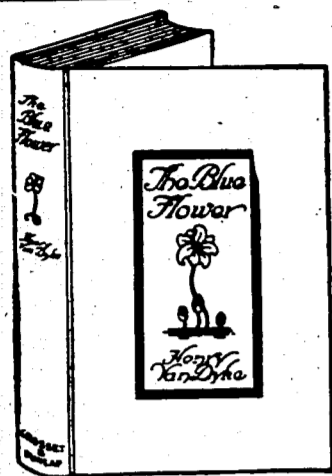


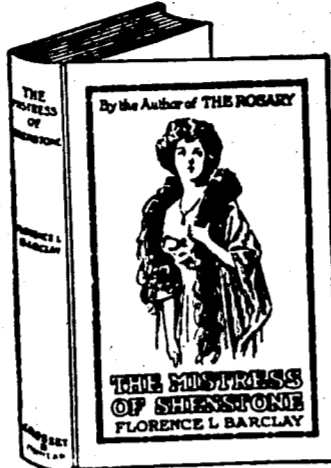
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SONG.

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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Redeemed From the Rubbish.

Recently, while overhauling a lot of discarded canvases in a rubbish pile of some museum in Paris, an official discovered one old piece, so black and dirt-covered that practically nothing of the artist's original work could be seen. The finder was moved to examine it more carefully, and sending for soap and water ordered it to be washed. The accumulated dirt of many years gradually disappeared under the washing, and there stood out clear and bright a wonderful sixteenth century masterpiece of the great artist Tintoretto, called "The Adoration of the Magi."

The scene portrayed on this old canvas, of the wise men laying their gifts at the feet of the Christ-child, and the fact and result of the washing are both suggestive. As to the real mission of the Christ, the adoration of whom was portrayed by the famous artist, we can conceive no greater calamity to earth than to have the truths therein suggested lost and forgotten beneath the rubbish of worldliness and sin. When this old world lays aside and rejects the wondrous story of Bethlehem, when it buries out of sight the doctrine of God manifested in the flesh—the only tangible answer ever given to the age-long prayer of the race for God to come down to men—then indeed will the light be hidden, and all vision of heaven be lost in the blackness of despair.

But another thought comes. The finding and cleaning of that old painting is wonderfully suggestive of the gospel cleansing that transforms so many lost ones in whom the image of the divine artist has all but disappeared. The neglect of years, the smirch and smut of sin, the burial beneath the rubbish of wickedness, the accumulated dust and dirt of questionable pleasures, and the dimming effect of skepticism have so completely hidden the image of God in some souls that they seem like hopeless castaways. But they need not be lost. There is a sure remedy. The Master, by his spirit and by his disciples, is still

searching among the rubbish and in the haunts of evil men, even among those whom the world has discarded, for those for whom he died. And there is no one so blackened and sin-smirched but that the Christ is able to cleanse him and restore in him the lost image of the Maker.

Parents whose children have wandered in sinful ways, wives whose husbands have been cast down by the Tempter, need not give up hope. Christ came to seek and to save the lost; God's grace can wash them and make them clean. Brighten up the glorious picture of the Christ-child in your own lives, and let them see *that*, in all its beauty. Your loved ones will realize its power. The divine Father may reach them through your renewed life in Christ. Father's, mother's, wife's love and devotion to the blessed Savior may be the picture that in a far country will soften the hard heart of the prodigal and set his feet in the homeward way.

There are missions where they take a photograph of the street arabs and "down and outs" just as they find them, and then, in after years, when the divine cleansing has washed away the corruption and sin, and restored the image of the true man, another photograph is taken, and the old and the new pictures make an object-lesson showing the transformation wrought by grace. Yes, thank God for the Jerry McAuley's, the Bunyan's, the Goughs, and the great army of redeemed, saved from the slums and "washed by the blood of the Lamb."

Transformed since then by miracles of grace,
The trend and tenor of their lives have changed,
The light of heaven illumines a once grimed face,
And right rules souls from goodness long estranged;
Reborn of God, the restless now find rest
Where hearts are satisfied, and souls are blest.

Saved from the horrors of a dreadful fate,
The pains and grief the dissipated know,
They feel for others helpless in that state,
And strive to rescue them from sin and woe.
Love that redeems inspires their constant theme,
To save the sinner is their wish supreme.

Copying the Masterpiece.

In one of the art galleries of Rome we saw several artists making copies of Guido Reni's famous painting, the "Aurora." It was said that some of these students had traveled half way around the world to secure the opportunity of copying this masterpiece. We could not help noting how completely absorbed they were in their work. The presence of many visitors did not disturb them. No one of them seemed aware that others were painting the same picture. The great pattern and how he could most faithfully reproduce it were the things that interested each one. And glancing continually at the masterpiece and then at his own work, each seemed particularly anxious that every stroke of the brush should produce the desired result. Sometimes the color would not suit, the shading would not be quite right, or there would be some little fault in the perspective, and the idea of the master was not expressed as it should be. Then with skill and patience the paint at the faulty point was wiped off, and the painter would try again, watching a little more closely the pattern. Thus the copies were made to conform more nearly to the original. Some of them seemed like real "second editions" of Aurora, so faithfully had the pattern been reproduced.

It is the work of the Christian to reproduce Christ. We are the painters, and he is our pattern. We do not have to take long journeys in order to see him, neither do we have to reach a certain measure of proficiency before we can be allowed to begin the work, as do the students in Rome. We have his likeness given fourfold in the gospels, and he has promised to be with us always. It is ours to study carefully the pattern and work it out in our lives as best we can. If we are believers in Christ, if we have a vision of spiritual loveliness after which we are striving to fashion our lives, if we say of our ideal life-picture, "That is what I mean to be some day," and if we allow nothing to distract and turn us away from our purpose, we may indeed become second editions of the Man of Nazareth.

We too may make some false strokes, some of our best-meant efforts may come short, and we must have to look a little more closely to our Masterpiece, and try over and over again; but by each new trial we

shall come a little nearer the ideal, and even our ineffectual efforts will show a true purpose. Finally by constant and faithful application we may triumph over all obstacles and hear the Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Being True to the Pattern.

What could the artists have done toward reproducing the Aurora if they had attempted to change the pattern? Supposing each one had tried to work into his picture conceptions of his own, regardless of the details given in the original? What a medley of pictures there would have been among the students in that gallery! Who could have learned from their so-called copies much about the beautiful Aurora? Everything depended upon their being absolutely true to the original.

There is scarcely a turn in the Christian's life where he will not need to study the great Pattern. We must keep the eye on Christ day by day; mark every detail of his life as he moved among men; commune with him until we are filled with the Spirit; note carefully his ways with both friends and foes; listen to his gracious words spoken to the lowly; remember his tears of sympathy and his words of comfort in homes of sorrow; treasure in heart his precious promises; study his attitude toward sin and his yearning solicitude for sinners; acquaint ourselves with his spirit of loyalty to his Father's commandments, —and all this with a fixed purpose to be loyal ourselves, if we succeed in reproducing the Christ-life among men. Yes, we must be true to our Pattern in small matters as well as in large, give up our own will to his will, and as far as we are able possess the same mind that was in him. Thus and only thus can we be true followers of our Master.

Carefully Safeguard the Original.

What if the Aurora had not been carefully safeguarded and preserved in all its beauty throughout the years since it was given to the world? What if people having little or no taste for the arts had been allowed to mar it by blotting out those things that did not happen to please them. It is Guido Reni's personification of the

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Growing Temperance Sentiment, World-wide.

It is interesting in these days of rapidly ripening public sentiment against the saloon, to note the items in daily papers that have always been regarded as favoring the liquor business. We give below a few thoughts culled from New York dailies during the last few days.

Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, is reported as saying that the increase of insane and criminal persons is largely due to the use of alcohol. His studies for ten years have given him a deeper insight into the effects of intemperance as seen in the feeble-minded, insane and criminal classes. His investigations have enabled him to make comparisons between the white race, and the Japanese, Chinese, Indians, Maylavs and Mahometans, as to their susceptibility to alcoholic temptations. The white race, he says, is inferior in this respect to all the others mentioned.

European countries are also waking to the danger from the liquor traffic. France has a drinking-place for every eighty inhabitants, and reformers there are making desperate efforts to cut down the number to one drinking-place for every two hundred inhabitants. The German Parliament has before it a bill requiring municipalities to refuse licenses in all cases where the need for their issuance and the respectability of the applicants can not be well established. In Russia the Czar has recently expressed his desire to see the sale of liquor restricted. Both the Czar and his Prime Minister think that Russia's productive energy would be greatly increased by curtailing the use of ardent spirits. The prevalence of the drink habit even among boys and girls in Russia is alarming.

In view of the fact that the drink habit is impairing the efficiency of men, the Steel and Wire Company in Leechburg, Pa., has notified its large force of workmen to withdraw at once from fraternal organizations that conduct clubs. This great company has decided that men in its employ must refrain from the use of intoxicants if they wish to hold their places.

dawn of day. The goddess of the morning is poetically represented as rising out of the ocean with beautiful flowing robes and hands filled with flowers. She is heralding the god of day, who rides in a chariot driving fiery steeds and surrounded by graceful forms whose every motion is expressive of joy. Above the steeds is a cherub bearing a flaming torch proclaiming the approach of the light which drives the darkness before it. Beneath is the world awaking to welcome the morn. It is a delight just to look upon this great painting, to say nothing of the thoughts suggested and represented in it.

Now what if sacrilegious hands had been allowed to spoil it! It may be there have been those who did not admire the lightly moving forms; who objected to the gaiety portrayed, the laughing faces, the lights and shadows; who, indeed, despised the very conception of the artist; and had not the painting been carefully safeguarded by placing it where no human hands can destroy, it might long ago have been ruined. What a loss to the world of art its destruction would have been!

Nineteen hundred years ago a light dawned upon the world. The Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wing, and angels heralded his coming. During the centuries millions have looked to him for helpful inspiration and for ideals leading to a better life. In him they have found hope, and blessings have followed wherever his ideals have been accepted and his characteristics reproduced.

Many hands have tried to smirch the picture of the Christ. Many have tried to rob him of his beauty and to blot out his name, but they have not been able. The scenes of Bethlehem, and calvary, and the sepulcher, have been preserved, and there never was a time when Christ stood out before men in clearer or more beautiful light than he does today. While some still strive to change the picture given by the evangelists, thank God there are many who stand firm in preserving the original. The hand that deliberately mars the beauty of the divine Christ robs the world of its dearest treasure. But that one who carefully safeguards the original, preserving the Savior of men in all his beauty and power, confers upon his fellow men the richest blessings of heaven.

The Anti-Saloon League is pushing bills in some legislatures making it obligatory for all bottles of intoxicating liquors to be marked "poison," with skull and cross-bones pictured on the label.

It is claimed that 2,500 students in 100 colleges are now studying the liquor problem in systematic class work; and that the number will be doubled before the school year closes.

Schools Closed to Jews.

Herman Bernstein of the American Jewish Committee says that since the public sentiment of the world has forced Russia to stop the work of massacre, another policy has been adopted by which illiteracy is to be enforced upon Jewish subjects. The doors of the public schools have been closed against them. Mr. Bernstein says this is a blow at the root of the Jewish nation in order to disarm the future generation and crush the Jew by keeping him ignorant.

Churches Still Feeding the Poor.

Every day now brings the news that hundreds of the poor in New York City are being fed and housed for the night in the different churches. A single church gives supper and breakfast to from one to two hundred hungry men and allows them to sleep in some of the buildings. The hungry crowd is taken to a different church each night, and according to published reports the free sleeping-places provided by the city are left comparatively empty.

A Bill to Prohibit Smoking in Senate.

Senator Tillman has introduced a resolution in the United States Senate to prohibit smoking in the Senate Chamber while the Senate is in session. In an address Mr. Tillman said the main difficulty in securing the passage of the resolution lies in the fact that non-smokers do not wish to appear selfish, and the smokers are reluctant to give up the habit.

Referring to the fact that twenty-one Senators have died in four years, the speaker said he felt as though he were serving with ghosts as well as living men. He claimed that the great mortality was due to high living in Washington. The continual succession of banquets, dinners, and

receptions undermines health and shortens life. Too little pure air, too little outdoor exercise, too little sunshine—these are the reasons Senators are in no better health. He thinks a fitting epitaph for most of the Senators who have died in service would be, "He lived not wisely but too well, and killed himself eating."

The invasion of China by vandals sent there to secure antiques for museums of archeology is causing much dissatisfaction in that country. For two or three years these unscrupulous collectors have been unusually busy desecrating ancient tombs and temples to secure works of art, even breaking off fragments and pieces of sculptured art from their settings and shipping them to Europe and America. An appeal is being made to all governments for the return to China of all stolen Chinese antiquities.

Harvard reports that the total enrollment of students in that school numbers 35,000. Of these 15,000 were Massachusetts men. New York claims 5,759, of whom New York City gave 3,634 and Brooklyn 274. Nearly 2,000 came from other countries. Law seems to be the favorite profession among Harvard students, the law course having been chosen by 6,000 of them. Teaching comes next with 4,296, and physicians with 3,375.

It is reported that representatives of the Bethlehem Steel Works have signed an agreement with representatives of the Chinese Government for a loan to China by that company of \$25,000,000, for the building of a naval base at Fu-chow.

William Marconi, inventor of the wireless telegraph, announced in Rome, Italy, that he had decided to participate in the Italian section of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. He hopes to be able to communicate from the exposition by radio-telephony with all the States of the Union and Canada.

A nice point in law has just been settled regarding the rights of persons who own pews in a church. It seems that a Mr. Whitthaus held the title to two pews in a certain church, which he did not occupy, but rented them to others. The church

burned down, and a new one was erected on the same ground. Mr. Whitthaus brought suit for two pews in the new church. The case was recently decided in the Appellate Court, to the effect that ownership of pews in a church gives no claim to the land on which the church stands, nor to the edifice; and that the right to enter a church and occupy pews to which one has a title, exists only so long as the church stands.

Jacob Riis, who has been traveling in the South in search of health, has gone to Battle Creek, Mich. He is suffering from an affection of the heart.

Two editors in Germany have just received jail sentences, one for three months and the other for six months, on the charge of treason. One of them satired an order issued by the Crown Prince, and was promptly jailed for ninety days. Every German paper bears the name of a man who takes responsibility for all articles that appear in his publication. He is called the jail editor. What would become of editors of American dailies if every satire or caricature of our rulers was punishable by three months in jail?

The way American newspapers scandalize their high government officials is a shame! When we see the cartoons, and the bitter denunciations of our great leaders, we do not wonder that people with low ideas of morality, haters of justice, prepare bombs for their destruction. The lives of the Presidents would be safer if newspapers were saner in what they publish.

The bill providing for the building of a government railroad in Alaska is now ready for the President's signature. This road is to be 1,000 miles long, and \$35,000,000 is to be appropriated for the work. Tentative plans for construction are already under consideration. This road is designed to connect the Alaskan coal fields with the coast.

A bill to provide for leasing these coal lands is now pending. It is estimated that there are 16,000 square miles of such lands in Alaska. The bill proposes to safeguard them against monopolies. They are to be leased in comparatively small tracts. No one company can lease more than 2,566 acres, and the conditions of

acquisition and holding are to be arranged by the government in a way to best conserve the public interests.

In Ceiba, Honduras, a \$1,000,000 fire swept the buildings from twenty-three city blocks. The United Fruit Company was a heavy loser. This is a great calamity to a city of only about seven thousand inhabitants.

The Canadian Parliament has appointed a special committee of the House to report on a proposal to prohibit the manufacture and sale of cigarettes.

Samuel Keefer of the township of Torrey, central New York celebrated his one hundred and fourth birthday by sawing nearly half a cord of wood. He is the oldest living graduate of Albany Normal College. He has been in years gone by a teacher in various schools.

Mr. Keefer never used tobacco or liquor, and has always observed simple rules of health. This is in strong contrast with what is said above about Senators. Had the members of Congress followed the simple ways of living practiced by Mr. Keefer, Senator Tillman would have had no occasion to make that stirring speech.

The glass lamp used by Harriet Beecher Stowe while writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a wooden, brass-studded deed-box owned by her husband, have just been sold for \$71.

It seems that the unemployed, now giving New York City so much trouble, who are being fed by charity organizations and churches, are not so anxious for places to work as one might at first suppose. In view of the scarcity of farm hands in New York State, Governor Glynn proposed to transport the men at the rate of two carloads a week, and at the State's expense, to the country where farmers are clamoring for help. The Department of Agriculture is flooded with applications for men to work on farms. When this proposition of the Governor was presented to the I. W. W.'s it found little favor with them. Everybody began to make excuse. They will not work for less than 30 cents an hour. If they can't get that they prefer to besiege the churches and be fed by charity.

"That Word 'Protestant'."

REV. A. E. MAIN:

It is no welcome task, as will appear, that I have set for myself in the writing of this article. Were it a matter of defending myself, or the brethren who are officially connected with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, this space in the RECORDER would be left for other uses. And the manifest spirit and purpose, and the work of the council, are its own best defense, if it need any. But in view of the fraternal courtesy shown by members and officers of the council to many of us individually, and to our people as a whole; and of the unprecedented opportunity that membership in the council offers us for spiritual fellowship and for co-operation in the work of the kingdom of God, and in hastening the answer of our Lord's prayer for the oneness of believers, Seventh Day Baptists ought to have a true idea of the nature and aim of this great organization.

To sincerely receive Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord, so far as one has the right to judge of another's sincerity; and to be going, though slowly, in a general religious and moral direction that, on the whole, agrees with this avowed inner attitude,—this, it seems to me, gives one the right to call oneself and to be called Christian. My own purposed loyalty to Jesus requires that I be a Sabbath-keeping Baptist, and that I give certain interpretations to the Bible; but I dare not say that other believers may not, with equal sincerity give expression to their loyalty to Christ under quite different names and by quite different interpretations of the word of God.

Without this mutual confidence and charity, not only interdenominational fellowship, but unity and communion even in a single church, would be impossible. In other words, anything like a common spirit of brotherliness, and unity and efficiency in service, in one local church, in one denomination, or among the denominations, is not possible, unless we practically recognize the principle of our being, speaking in general, Christian in wish and intention, although probably in error. This is quite in keeping with another most vital and related principle, that the spiritual and ethical demands of Jesus, as interpreted to conscience by the Spirit, are almost startling in their content and scope.

If this is a Scriptural and reasonable position, then the supreme business of those who call themselves Christian is to try to persuade men, individually and collectively, to receive Jesus Christ as the Savior from sin and as the Lord over our lives. This is the central and dominating idea in the Federal Council of Churches; and the council stands for the following ideal principles, among others: (1) That the powers of sin and evil ought to be confronted by the federated union of all Christians, from Seventh Day Baptists to the Greek and Roman churches. (2) That we ought to work side by side as far as possible and practicable in unfolding to men the ethical and social meaning of the teachings of Jesus. (3) That when we find ourselves differing in ways and means upon which integrity seems to us to depend, then largest measures of freedom to teach and practice shall be allowed to individuals, churches, and denominations.

The council has not expunged from its *parlance* that significant word Protestant. It is in frequent use, for the council has been and still is unbendingly Protestant in its attitude toward papacy. The council did not say that Protestant is a dividing not a uniting word. This was the utterance, I believe, of Bishop Talbot. And why not refer also to the utterance of W. H. Roberts, D. D., for years one of the leading spirits in every meeting of the council, who said, in substance, I have always been, am now, and expect to remain, a true Protestant?

In view of a probable misunderstanding of motive and end it may or may not have been wise to drop the word Protestant from the council's declaration of purposes; but it was done because its ideal is not only the federated union of Protestants but of *all Christians*. And now if the Roman Catholic Church refuses to cooperate with us unless we acknowledge the spiritual authority of the Pope; or the High Church wing of the Protestant Episcopal Church, because we will not accept the doctrine of apostolic succession, we think the fault is theirs, not ours.

Certain unpleasant personal experiences do not disturb me inwardly, I think, as much as they did once; but when I call to mind the spirit and work of the movement, as I have known it for fifteen years or more, that has become the Federal Council

of Churches; its fraternal and cordial treatment of us who are about one out of each 1,500 of its members; this open door to sympathetic recognition and fair judgment; this unique opportunity to contribute our little toward the redemption of men and society, and to receive added strength for ourselves; when I think of the Christlike temper and labors of the December meeting of the executive committee in Baltimore, and of the closing spiritually uplifting words of the president, Shailer Mathews, I will confess that intense indignation is aroused within me by a book bearing the title, *The Reformation, 14th-16th Century*. It is not for me to discern the heart of the author; but it does seem to me to be my duty to say that the book, as an *interpretation* of the spirit, motive, and ends of the Chicago meeting of the council, and of the entire movement, is from first to last contrary to truth and fact. H. Clay Trumbull said that men *debated* to carry a point, but *discussed* subjects in order to find the truth. The arguments of the book and the arrangement of material are skilful and specious; but the inferences are unwarranted, unjust, and misleading; and many of us profoundly regret that any of our people should yield to its harmful influence.

As *pro-test-ant* against the corruption of the existing Church, and its claims to possess authority over the consciences and lives of men; as an emphasis upon individual rights, an open Bible, and upon vital and vitalizing faith, the Reformation was a great step in advance in the history of human thought and action. And the Federal Council of Churches in dropping the word Protestant, no longer needed for history's sake, from the declaration of its aim, has not repudiated the idea expressed in that term or the great fundamental principles of the Reformation. Besides, it is quite probable that twentieth century ideals of religion, theology, ethics, the Church, a gospel for the social order, and the kingdom of God, are higher than any that the Reformers ever dreamed of.

Alfred Theological Seminary,
Alfred, N. Y.

When you hear of good in people—tell it;
When you hear a tale of evil—quell it.
Let the goodness have the light,
Put the evil out of sight,
Make the world we live in bright—
Live to make the big world right.

—Maritime Baptist.

Rev. Charles Stelzle Talks of His Life as Newsboy.

The little newsboys that haunt the stations in Jersey City will have to go out of business until they are older if the compulsory education bill (S. B. 191), now pending in the New Jersey Senate, becomes a law. One ex-newsboy who has won a national reputation is the Rev. Charles Stelzle. He is a member of the New Jersey Child Labor Committee and he was asked the other day whether he agreed with those who defend street work as a wholesome occupation for boys.

"I do not," he said. "I was a newsboy for several years on the lower East Side of New York, so I know something about the question. I don't mean to say that a newsboy may not develop into the right kind of a man, but it will be in spite of the fact that he was a newsboy, not because of it. It is true that the contact the boy has with people sharpens his wits, but the danger is that he will depend exclusively upon those wits in his more serious work in later life.

"The whole glamor of the street gives the boy a disproportionate sense of real values. The tobacco taste of life that the newsboy gets destroys his taste for the more normal things. That is made apparent in the fact that when the average newsboy comes to apply his mind in school—to study—he is not equal to his task. He can not apply his mind consecutively and seriously.

"This idea that every newsboy is on the road to the White House is absolutely silly. It is true that the newsboy has the advantage over the more quietly trained boy when it comes to alertness and repartee, but in the long run he is outdistanced by the young fellow who has had the advantage of the school or of some other work which may serve as an equivalent of a school education.

"In addition to that great disadvantage, the newsboy is subjected to all the temptations of street life so far as his morals are concerned, and there is no doubt that his contact with these conditions and frequently his sufferings in other directions which may seem to toughen him, actually take away from the finer sensibilities which go toward the making of the best kind of man."

SABBATH REFORM

Not Against Us but Against God.

It is very wrong to set up the claim of having received the word, or law, from God's mouth and yet make no pretension in the least of trying to keep his holy Seventh-day Sabbath, which is part of that law of the Decalogue. . . . "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me" (Ezek. 3: 17). The great trouble with many of today is that they have resorted to the mouth of popes and cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church for a law and Sabbath, in the place of receiving the law as given through or by the mouth of God. God said, Keep the seventh day, the only day blessed and sanctified (Gen. 2: 3). The Church of Rome has said, The church, instructed by Jesus Christ and directed by the Spirit of God, has substituted Sunday for Saturday, so we now celebrate the first and not the seventh day. If you ask, How prove you that the church has power to command feasts and holy days? it answers, by the very act of changing the Sabbath into Sunday, which Protestants (those who keep Sunday) allow of, and who therefore fondly contradict themselves by keeping Sunday strictly and ignoring most other feasts commanded by the same church.

I am glad that I am a Sabbath-keeper, for this reproof from the Catholic Church is only intended for those who keep her Sunday feast day, while disregarding her many other feast days. I used to keep Sunday and was conscientious in so doing, thinking with many others that there was a Bible command somewhere for its observance. To such I would say, read your Bibles through and note every text that mentions the first day of the week, and like me, be convinced that there is not even a shadow of proof to be found that the least degree of sacredness attaches to the first day of the week. And it is, to say the least, most wonderfully astonishing, that such talented men as we have today should attempt to teach it in public as they are doing. If it is in the power of the Roman Catholic Church to command and

make holy a Sabbath for the people of God to observe, then Sunday is the day we should all keep. But are all willing to concede to her this power to legislate—make divine laws to govern us? No. We as a people ignore her claim to legislate upon the laws of high heaven, and by the grace of God we shall continue our work in leading others into the light of God's much despised and downtrodden Sabbath. Sunday-keeping is not against us, but against God and the teaching of his word. Come over on the side of the Lord in your Sabbath observance, my dear friends. It does not mean sacrifice, it does not mean to give up any of the truths you now have, but simply to gain an additional truth that you have not. Let us not be against God in any matter. Submitted in love.—E. G. Blackmon.

Are You Paying Your Debts?

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN.

Not infrequently in my contact with men I have been impressed with the common sin of ingratitude and the deterrent effect which it plays on the moral and religious progress of the community. With what fitness the words of the Psalmist might be uttered, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men!" The sin is a very popular one, for it implies "just doing nothing" for the manifold blessings of our heavenly Father.

One is reminded of the ten lepers whom Jesus healed as he was approaching a Samaritan village. Lepers were outcasts in every sense of the word. They were banished from the temple with all its privileges, deprived of their civil rights, and excluded from the associations with their fellow men. Leprosy was a loathsome disease and was regarded as the emblem of all that was mean and bad in human life. Victims were the most pitiable objects, most hopeless, most shunned among men. Therefore we can appreciate something of the magnitude of the blessing conferred upon them by Jesus when he healed them and restored them to their lost privileges.

The sad feature of this benefaction was the fact that only one out of the ten returned to give praise to God and humbly thank Jesus for this signal deliverance.

The others were evidently bent on getting more rather than returning gratitude for what they had already received.

To every reverent and thoughtful man this must be regarded as a very regrettable tendency in human life, to forget the divine mercies of our heavenly Father who sends his rain on both the just and unjust. This story suggests that ninety per cent of men are not only failing to pay their just debt of gratitude but rushing along with feverish haste to get more. Like the intoxicated gambler of Wall Street, with each new gain they plunge in for more. Or like the restless, roving and marauding band led by the anarchist, Tannenbaum, in New York City, insolently entering churches during the hour of service and demanding food and shelter and committing sacrilegious acts, men seem to think the world owes them a living without giving anything in return. How many people in every community enjoy the fruits of Christianity with no sense of obligation to give God the praise and discharge their honest debts of gratitude! How many men enjoy beautiful homes, surrounded by almost numberless comforts, enjoy a lucrative income, congenial friendships, send their children to free institutions of learning, and Christian churches, all of which are the fruits of Christianity, and yet never dream of giving God thanks or contributing a cent towards the work of the church which is God's representative in the community! How many men live all their lives on the fruit of Christianity and yet sneeringly remark they have no use for Christianity or Christians. Yet these same men who flipantly disclaim any use for the church during life will inevitably break down and call upon the church in the hour of sickness and death. This seems to be one time when they can not get along without recognizing Christianity. Yes, here at least the minister is welcomed and requested to administer words of comfort and perform the last sad rite. I have often wondered, as no doubt others have, how such people could have the courage to call upon the church after maintaining a stolid indifference to the claims of Christianity throughout life. But such is the way of ingratitude.

There is another class which likewise manifests the spirit of ingratitude. Those

who frankly believe as did the ten lepers are not always ready to praise. They exercise the Christian attitude of mind in faith and obedience and accordingly receive the blessing of God, but somehow the element of praise is absent from their Christian practice. A whole ship's crew have been known to pray in the midst of a raging storm and then as soon as the sea was calm to forget to praise. How often men have been known to plead, on their sick-bed, to be restored to health, promising if God would heal them, they would consecrate themselves to his service; but when their prayers were answered their vows were forgotten. Do you think this is fair?

Why is it that men will deal so falsely? Why was it that the nine lepers who were so wondrously healed failed to return with the Samaritan and give God the praise due him? We are not told, but we may safely make a guess; if they had been *thoughtful* they would not have failed in this most sacred duty. They were just like the average people of today. They did not think. They took their blessing as a matter of course, as something that was due them. They did not consider that they owed everything to Jesus by whose power they were healed. Or if they did experience a momentary feeling of gratitude, it soon slipped from them and they forgot it. In later years they probably regarded it as an incident of "good fortune." They did not recall their hopeless, loathsome condition, and how in their *last extremity* they cried, "Jesus, Master, have mercy," and that out of his wondrous compassion he healed them. It is strange that such ingratitude could exist in human hearts but it does—even today.

It is said that familiarity breeds forgetfulness if not contempt. Many a man has been marvelously delivered from some terrible accident, such as a railroad accident, or shipwreck, or some other equal disaster, and feeling that it was a matter of devout gratitude has knelt down and thanked God. But this same man never thinks of returning words of gratitude for his daily supply of bread, for the health that makes life a joy to him, the use of all his faculties, for the friendships that cheer him on his way, the love of wife and children that fill life with beauty and home with brightness. These blessings are so constant that it does

not occur to him that he ought to receive them with praise and thanksgiving. Do you think this is treating the Great Benefactor fairly?

Let us not forget that if we are failing to pay these honest debts, to express our gratitude for the common as well as the deeper blessings of life, we must pay the penalty. We can not be ungrateful for the mercies of our Father without the worst results to ourselves. The ungrateful heart is the shriveling heart, constantly decreasing in its capacity to see and recognize the truth and therefore to appreciate the glories of life. These nine men did not receive more but forfeited that largeness of life which Jesus bestowed upon the one who returned to praise him when he said, "Thy faith hath saved thee, be thou whole." His spirit of gratitude opened to him the larger blessings of life, the abundant life which Jesus came to bestow upon all men who opened their lives to him. He carried in his bosom a joyous heart while the nine had only the consciousness that they had been grossly unthankful and mean. How true Jesus' words, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath." "He who forgets to be thankful may be one day without anything for which to be thankful."

How necessary, then, that every man should cultivate this spirit of gratitude, knowing that the spirit of praise will lead him nearer to the throne of God and that only those who praise here will have any share in the eternal praise of the redeemed in the next world. Every man is under obligation to pay something of his means and surely his life to show his gratitude to God for his numberless blessings. Be he Christian or not he is under obligation, and a sense of justice if not love should prompt him to discharge this debt. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Are you paying your debt of gratitude?

The Spirit of Humility.

C. H. WETHERBE.

The Christian should do his utmost to maintain the spirit of humility. Some Christians are naturally very meek and modest. They do not want to appear to others to be any better than they actually are. Some other Christians are naturally very proud. They are apt to have a high opinion of themselves. The grace of God may enable them to keep their pride in proper subjection. If God's grace fails to do it, then nothing else can. Some Christians are led by certain theories to estimate themselves too highly. They allow themselves to believe that their experience of spiritual things puts them upon a much higher plane than that occupied by most other Christians.

Mr. George R. Scott, in an article in "Sabbath Reading," says: "I was at a meeting, where a woman arose and declared that she was on the mountain top of ecstasy all the time. Rev. Moses Bedell gave her a kind invitation to come down, and take a seat in the Valley of Humiliation, and gave her many good reasons for so doing. The lady soon found out that the minister was right, for I afterwards heard her say that she had taken his advice, and found out for herself that the change had done her good."

There can be no objection to one's having exalted spiritual experiences. The Bible speaks of the joy which is produced by the Holy Spirit. Such a joy lifts the Christian soul above the level of ordinary feeling; but there is danger lest the subject of such a joy should allow the Tempter to make him praise himself instead of praising God. It is quite possible for a Christian to have an ecstatic experience, and at the same time be lowly in heart. A deep sense of the nearness of God to the Christian soul is almost certain to make that one feel very humble. Indeed, this is a logical consequence. And if one will keep humble, he will receive from God such blessings as are withheld from a proud heart. Humility, and then exaltation.

A Massachusetts man is living on nine cents a day. The fact is exploited as a wonderful thing. But it's not so remarkable. A Connecticut man is living on his relatives.—*Public Ledger.*

MISSIONS

The Lifted Veil.

I passed along the pathway worn,
I knelt within the door of grace,
I cried, by sorrow overborne,
"O Christ! unveil thy face!"

"The night-watch lengthens; I would see,
O King! thy majesty divine!
Reveal thy face of love to me,
It shall transfigure mine!"

"Behold my empty chalice! Fill
The void from thy deep spring of grace!
O Christ! My soul is thirsty still—
Unveil, unveil thy face!"

He touched me, as I knelt and prayed;
He inbreathed strength, and bade me rise;
His gentle hand he silent laid
Upon my weary eyes.

I looked. His glory filled the place!
He said: "The veil was only thine!"
And with love's light upon his face,
His heart spoke peace to mine!

Beyond the passing of the night,
I climbed again the golden stair,
And hastened, with the early light,
To gain the place of prayer.

My hushed heart cried: "Dear Lord, once more
I come; and I have nought to bring.
The inward darkness presses sore!
Unveil thy face, O King!"

"I bare my secret soul to thee,
I kneel unburdened. God, my God,
Why hidest thou thyself from me?"
He answered not a word!

The silence soothed my restless soul;
I cried: "Yea, faith shall pass the test;
I press toward a further goal,
And love in Love can rest!"

He cried: "Dear heart, go forth with me!
My glory floods earth's darkest place,
Serve other souls,—and thou wilt see,
Yea, thou wilt see my face."
—*Marian H. Fiske, in Woman's Work in the Far East.*

Mission Work in Nyasaland.

The continent of Africa is second largest in the world. With almost 12,000,000 square miles it has a population which is estimated anywhere from 160 to 180 million people. Recently great kingdoms of which the outside world never knew have been discovered. The inhabitants are spread over such an enormous continent that there is room in Africa for the whole of Europe, the whole of India, the whole

of China, the whole of your big United States, and still we could find a place for Ireland and England, the Philippine Islands, Madagascar and Porto Rico. And that explains why work in Africa is so different from work in any other foreign country. Not that we discredit the difficulties of other countries, but in Africa the population is spread over enormous areas and the missionary's influence must spread over a larger area than just where his house or his tent is.

We have throughout the whole continent of Africa less than 10,000,000 people that have come into contact with outside influences, not to say that they are all Christian. This includes European officials and traders, and I think I may say that ninety-nine out of every hundred officials are absolutely outside Christianity, because as they go into Africa they lose their religion if they ever had any, and too often their civilization goes too. So that in most cases these officials and thousands of traders are the only influence these 10,000,000 people have come into contact with from the outside world.

In Africa where missionaries are being sent there are probably 125,000,000 people that have not heard of Christianity. They have come in contact years ago with the Arab slave traders, perhaps, and from them have obtained their only impressions of the white people. What these impressions are is seen in the terror in which they often fly from the first approach of the missionary. In Northern Africa there are 50,000,000 people who are Mohammedans or three-fourths Mohammedan. Every Arab trader is also a missionary. His trade is first in his heart, but his religion is second, so his trips are both commercial and spiritual in purpose.

In Nyasa we have 150,000 Moslems in our own field. And in another field marked out for us there are 30,000; and we are looking for some one to take charge of that work. Right in Cape Town we have 4,000 Mohammedans, in Johannesburg between 4,000 and 5,000. The Cape to Cairo railway projected by Cecil Rhodes is making headway from north and south. The trains run to Khartoum, 1,300 miles up the Nile, and from the Cape the railway reaches over 1,600 miles, almost to the Nile sources, and soon they will join. Then the influence of Mohammedanism

will spread faster than ever before because the railway will bring its forces down from the north. We as Christians are anxiously looking for the day when all the people in Central Africa and the whole continent of Africa will be reached by the blessed word of Jesus Christ, but a mighty struggle awaits us before this tide is turned backward.—*Rev. A. J. Liebenberg, in The Medical Missionary.*

A Union Missionary University.

How statesmanlike purpose, material benefit, and the advancement of the kingdom of God may be combined by union of forces on the mission field is exemplified by the university at Nanking, China. Here three denominations that had been doing higher educational work and five missions, each with its own theological system of teaching, affiliated with the university to carry on teaching in the various departments. Other bodies have since added their forces. The purpose in mind, says President Bowen, of the university, was to create an institution "so effective educationally, so broad in its scope, so in harmony with China's developing institutions and new life, so strong in a virile and essential morality and in developing real leaders of the highest character that it would mold Chinese life." The churches and missions separately could not do this; unitedly they are succeeding and are impressing favorably the Chinese. Among the recent educational accomplishments are the opening of a Normal Department for the training of teachers and of a Language School for new missionaries. Practical relief work for famine sufferers has been carried on by reforesting the slope of a mountain and by experimentation in improving seeds and plants.—*Homiletic Review for March, 1914.*

Monthly Statement.

February 1, 1914, to March 1, 1914.

S. H. DAVIS, Treasurer,	
In account with	
THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.	
<i>Dr.</i>	
Balance in bank February 1, 1914	\$ 587 02
Miss Maria Miller	20 00
S. C. Maxson	10 00
Mrs. J. A. Howard	1 00
R. G. Jenkin	5 00
Churches:	
Second Hopkinton, supplying pulpit	12 00
Welton	12 57
Pawcatuck	75 00

Milton, \$1.00 for Marie Jansz	47 96
Plainfield ..	33 57
Syracuse ..	1 00
Milton Sabbath School	5 30
Income from Permanent Fund	300 00
	<hr/> \$1,110 42

<i>Cr.</i>	
D. H. Davis, for new roof at Lieu-oo Mission	\$ 100 00
E. B. Saunders, salary and expenses for January	78 80
E. B. Saunders, salary and expenses March and February	400 00
J. J. Kovats, January salary	20 00
D. B. Coon, January salary	37 50
T. L. M. Spencer, February salary	50 00
J. G. Burdick, Italian appropriation, February	29 16
J. G. Burdick, attorney's fees	11 59
W. L. Greene, January and February salary	20 00
Treasurer's expenses	20 00
Exchange on \$100.00 sent to D. H. Davis, Shanghai	35
	<hr/> \$ 767 40

Balance in bank March 1, 1914	343 02
	<hr/> \$1,110 42
Bills payable in March, about	\$1,600 00
E. & O. E.	S. H. DAVIS,
	Treasurer.

Pulpit Supply and Ministerial Employment.

REV. JOHN T. DAVIS.

Some months ago there appeared an article in the RECORDER regarding the Board of Pulpit Supply and Ministerial Employment, and a short time after, the writer received a letter requesting that he write on the same subject, suggesting also that he had shown quite a readiness to give his opinion, regardless of criticism, which he interpreted to mean, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." In an unguarded moment he gave consent, which accounts for this effort.

Fearing an expression of opinion on the merits of such a board, and its duties, might be misinterpreted, opinion has hitherto been expressed only in a quiet way. Now, however, that the writer has passed the ministerial dead-line, and is planning to retire before the inevitable shelving, he dares throw modesty to the winds, and suggest that which, if it had been practiced in the past, might have averted many a heartache, and made our churches stronger today.

He does not feel like criticising our Board of Pulpit Supply and Ministerial Employment for its inactivity. He understands that it holds itself ready to act, according to the purpose for which it was appointed and the power with which it is invested, when called upon; that is, if a church is without a pastor and asks this

board to suggest a man, it will do so, or if a minister is out of a job and will apply, it will if possible put him in touch with some church. What more can it do? The men on the board are wise enough to know that with our present system of "Seventh Day Baptist independence gone to seed" any interference on their part would be resented by pastor and people.

If our proposed Central Committee shall obtain; then if all our societies shall have the same right as the Missionary, Tract, and Education societies, to representation, the denomination having an equal number of delegates at large; and if to avoid all possible danger or suspicion of "ring work" these delegates be nominated by primaries held in the churches, each church having the same representation it has in Conference; and if then there shall be included in the duties of the proposed General Denominational Secretary that of seeing where "pulpit supply" is needed, and where ministerial employment is desired and would be wise, and often reporting to said Central Committee, it being empowered to bring about such changes as it shall deem wise and in such a manner as to it shall seem most expedient;—if this or some such practical and authoritative method shall be put into use, we shall expect to see our vacant pulpits filled, and the interest in our churches increased. But while our present system continues, and we remain absolutely independent in action, with no concerted effort for the general denominational good and growth, we can not hope to see the evils which some of our brethren deplore, removed. If we prefer no change of polity, let us be prepared to view, in the future as in the past, that sad and pathetic scene of some godly man, who has given his best energies to his church, which he has come to love as his own child, and which, while knowing, or *feeling*, that his power has waned, nevertheless may be loving him as a father—I say, we may expect to see this man compelled to stay on and on till he is removed by death or spiritually electrocuted, when he might do much good in some other place.

Shall we criticise our Board of Pulpit Supply and Ministerial Employment? Not till we give it some power with which to act.

West Edmeston, N. Y.

How a Famous Poem Was Written.

Admirers of Sam Walter Foss' poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," are many. The story of his writing it is known to few. He was an enthusiastic traveler, and on one of his trips through England he came, at the top of a long hill, to a little unpainted house set almost in the road, so near it was. Near one side was a queerly constructed sign-post finger, pointing to a well-worn path and a sign, "Come in and have a cool drink." Following the path, he found in the side of the bank some distance from the house a spring of ice-cold water into which a barrel had been sunk, and above which hung an old-fashioned gourd dipper. And on a bench near by—a wonder—was a basket of fragrant apples, with another sign, "Help yourself."

Scenting a story, he went back to the house, where he found a childless old couple in straitened circumstances, with the rocky farm as their only source of livelihood. But it was rich in the delicious spring water and an abundance of fruit, so the sign was placed guiding to the water, and from the time of the ripening of the first purple plum to the harvesting of the last red apple, a basket of whatever fruit might be in season was placed near, that every one passing might rest upon the long hill and refresh himself.

The old gentleman explained that they were too poor to give money, so took this way to add their mite to the world's well-doing.

The beautiful thought and its real helpfulness so impressed Foss that he immortalized with his pen the spirit of the ideal home.

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament.
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

Judge—"What is the charge against the prisoner?" Officer—"Yer honor, he's a public nuisance. He's been goin' around in th' middle o' the night, wakin' up night watchmen and thin runnin' away."—*Milwaukee Daily News.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

You have more'n likely noticed
When you didn't when you could
That jes' the thing you didn't do
Was jes' the thing you should.
—Riley.

Some pleasures are enjoyed the most
in anticipation, some in participation;
but best of all are those that can be en-
joyed in retrospection.

Miss West Writes of Chinese Celebration.

To the Woman's Board:

DEAR FRIENDS: New Year's greetings to you all. The Chinese New Year is just a week old and the time for congratulations and best wishes not yet past. In spite of the change two years ago to the foreign calendar, this year sees little lessening of the celebration for the old New Year. A large number of the schools are giving the long vacation as before and I fear those who do not are finding their method impractical. The New Year festivals are too important to change so quickly and so easily.

I came out here to Lieu-oo with Doctor Crandall a few days before the New Year, and brought our orphans out to spend the vacation, so we have had good opportunity to observe the celebrations. The final days of the year are busy ones; the house must be clean and garnished; then is the feast of the "evening of the old year"; the ancestral-worship; and the straightening out of all money matters. All bills must be paid, no matter how many new debts are incurred thereby. The last night is especially given over to this, and—we judged—to the firing off of firecrackers, for every time we waked up that night we could hear biff, bang, sputter! From daylight until eight or nine o'clock it was particularly noisy and then it grew quiet, for the first day of the year is devoted to resting after the arduous duties of the night.

When we went for a walk in the afternoon we were surprised to find some of the country people at their doors. We prob-

ably would have found few in town, however. The ever-present beggars were much in evidence, making the most of their New Year's privilege; for we are told that on this day they can not be refused. Those we saw were armed with knapsacks and baskets and seemed to be doing well.

The boats on the big canal are all in festive array with the tufts of greenery (grass, I should guess) at the ends of the boats and on the tip of the masts, and with all their flags flying. It gives the canal a gay aspect. The national five-striped flag is prominent and one would judge there are no stated proportions, for in some cases it is long and slender and in others short and stubby.

For a day or two down-town no shops were open except the eating-houses and food shops. The streets were very quiet and deserted but for the gamblers. On the fourth was another boom of fireworks, and one of the girls told us that on the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth of the twelfth month the merchants had burned their last year's gods of prosperity, and on this day had taken new ones, which event they were celebrating.

Our Girls' School reopens the last of next week although the Boys' School opens a little earlier. They had, however, a longer vacation at Christmas. The girls had only two or three days and did not go home for them. Christmas in a heathen home would mean nothing, whereas it might mean much if they remained at the school.

We are looking forward now to having Miss Burdick with us soon and we hope the school work this spring will be less broken into than it has been this past half-year. We are also expecting a larger attendance, as a number of the last year's girls who did not return in the fall are planning to return now. Then there will be the usual number of new pupils.

I have been thankful many times that there were no more pupils this past semester and that most of them were old pupils. The frequent changes in classes necessitated by my illness were rather trying to the best interests of the school. However, the girls were very thoughtful and helpful and everybody has been most kind. It was a great relief when Doctor Crandall came in and took charge for the last six weeks. It was rather difficult for her,

however, since it was all so new and she had two patients into the bargain. One of the girls had come down with pneumonia just after the Doctor came and we were very thankful to have her there within call. The child's parents are Christians and their gratitude to the Doctor and our heavenly Father was very great. The father, at first, told the child that since it was a disease of the lungs there was no hope for her, and when she grew better he emphasized the fact that it was all due to God's mercy. The girl was one who became a probationer in the early summer and I think her faith was increased as was also that of many of the other schoolgirls.

Yours in the Master's service,
ANNA M. WEST.

Lieu-oo, China,
Feb. 3, 1914.

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Executive Board met in Milton with Mrs. J. H. Babcock on Monday afternoon, March 2. Those present were: Mrs. West, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Daland, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. Maxson.

Mrs. Morton led the devotional exercises. She read Psalm 28, and offered prayer, asking especially that God's blessing and his protecting care might be with our sister, Susie Burdick, as she returns to her work in China.

The minutes of February 2 were read.

The Treasurer gave her report for February. The receipts of the month were \$257.50, disbursements \$41.00. The report was adopted. The Treasurer also reported the substance of several letters received by herself.

The Correspondence Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Leavis, of West Medford, Mass., enclosing slips for distribution concerning the Semi-Annual Bulletin issued by the Federation of Woman's Board of Foreign Missions. She also read a letter from Mrs. Livermore of the Andover Woman's Society, to whom Mission Study programs had been sent; and a letter from the Corresponding Secretary of the Tract Society; also letters from T. J. Van Horn and Charles S. Macfarland, Secretary of the Federal Council. These last two letters were in regard to resolutions for the suppression of commercialized vice at the

Panama Exposition, and at the request of the Board Mrs. Babcock presented the following resolution which was unanimously adopted.

Whereas, As Christian women we desire to take a decided stand on this important question; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Woman's Board of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, located at Milton, Wis., endorse the action of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America concerning the memorials as to the suppression of commercialized iniquity in connection with the Panama Exposition in San Francisco.

On motion it was voted that the Corresponding Secretary be asked to write to the Associational Secretaries and ask them to request their local societies to forward resolutions against commercialized vice to the authorities of the Panama Exposition.

Mrs. Crandall was asked to take charge of the devotional exercises at the April meeting.

After the reading and approval of the minutes the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. A. E. Whitford, April 6.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.

A Mother's Confession.

My little boy stood before me with lines of perplexity plowing deep furrows into his brow as he said: "Mother, please don't always tell me what not to do. Tell me what to do, and I will do it." In that way I discovered that I was not the only one who had a problem. He had one, too, and I was his problem. It became evident to me that I was not the right kind of a mother.

On another occasion I had a lesson which I recall bitterly even now, and again my boy was the teacher. It was his little household task to prepare the kindling. It wasn't much to ask a sturdy, active boy to do,—to prepare the kindling,—but sometimes the kindling box was empty, and there was considerable censure from me, for it was very annoying to need kindling and find none ready. One day he was taken very ill, and I hung anxiously over him for weeks. In his delirium he was haunted by the kindling. In the silent night when I was keeping vigil he would start up from his pillow: "Let me go now, Mother, and chop the kindlings for you. I'm so sorry

I forgot it. Please, don't scold me, Mother. I'll make it for you right away. The kindling—the kindling! I forgot the kindling—forgot—forgot—forgot—I forgot!" He was only six. He forgot at six!

Well, God was good to me, for he let him get well. But there came another lesson. There are closed rooms in my heart, and in every room is the proof that I was not worthy to be a mother. I have had time, years, in which to reflect.

In one of the rooms I see the chairs standing about in orderly fashion, the chairs he loved to disarrange to make his train of cars, his noisy cars that made me nervous. He left a trail of disorder wherever he went; toys, the mud on his shoes, the scratches on my furniture, all annoyed me. In the closed room the chairs now stand silently about in orderly fashion to rebuke me. There are no toys, no rusty little muddy shoes, no scratches on the furniture; all is as orderly as a show-room in a shop window. It is not a comforting room. He said one day that his lesson was about toys, noise, joys, and boys, and that his teacher had said they all belonged together. I wish I had laughed more with him at the little joke.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

Once he invited a boy who had come to play with him to stay for dinner, and when they came in, he was so full of hospitality and proud that he had the liberty to invite a guest, I sent the guest home. A look I had never seen before came into his face that day. *I sent his guest home!* Well it was my opportunity, and I lost it. That lost opportunity occupies one room by itself in my heart. Iron went into his soul that day. How simple it would have been for me to invite his guest and make them both happy! I have for many years been convinced that my approving smiles were the fount of his happiness. This is what I find when I look into that room—regrets for a great opportunity which I lost.

He has been gone a good many years now. Whenever I see a postman I glance at his packet of letters; there might be one there for me—from him. Whenever I am in a crowd I am watching; or on the street, or anywhere, I scan the faces of all the men I meet, for it has been so many years that

it may be I shouldn't know him, and maybe he wouldn't know me. Sometimes he seems so near to me that I go out into the yard around the corner of the house and call his name aloud. But there is no answer, no answer. I dream of him at night; he is falling, and I am reaching out, and we both fall. I waken in alarm, a nightmare upon me. When the door-bell rings I am expectant, and always when I have leisure I sit by the window and watch. At night I leave the curtains up; and if the night is very dark, or if it storms, or if I have been thinking about him a great deal, I place a lamp in the window for him. It may be that he will come some time. If I could just see him long enough to apologize for the mistakes I made! It might seem strange for a mother to apologize! But he is a man now and what I have to say to him, were he to come in tonight, would be, first, about the kindling; and then I should tell him how sorry I am that I ever scolded; and how sorry I am that I sent his little friend home that day when dinner was all ready. I remember how he couldn't eat. He said a lump was in his throat and he couldn't swallow. That I should have so hurt his pride! I wonder he didn't hate me. Maybe he did.

Both of those incidents were important, for they were my God-given opportunities to get into his heart. I seemed to have an idea that, because he was in *my* heart, that was all that was necessary. Really, that was not important, for my love for him was a foregone conclusion, merely a selfish mother-love. It was his love for me that counted. I disappointed him as well as myself. I know now that unless you get into a boy's heart early the door of his heart closes, and you are left, waiting, on the outside. I could have gotten in so easily! Then he grew to be a big—a big, middle-aged boy. He was neither child nor man, but just between. As I was not inside his heart I could not understand him; neither could he understand himself. No middle-aged boy can understand himself. His sole chance for an interpretation is through his mother, and even that is best accomplished through her silence; for the loving thought of a mother is the most outspoken voice there is in the silences of the soul.

We must be very considerate of the

middle-aged boy. He is passing from childhood to manhood. He doesn't like to be questioned. He doesn't like to be asked where he is going when he goes out, nor how long he will be gone. His confidences cease. He becomes reserved and silent. This is the time for the mother to trust her son. The boy in him dies, and the man is born. The man's thoughts are almost as new to him as the child's thoughts were when the mental process began to form. The new man is overwhelmed by the consciousness of himself. He is an individual.

I have read in biographies of great men what power the sympathetic mother had in their rearing, and in this way the great fault of my lack of sympathy has been revealed to me. Oh, my son, my son!

There is a letter from the mother of Phillips Brooks written to a young mother who wrote to her for advice, and in it she speaks of her sons at this middle-aged time of their youth:

TWO KINDS OF MOTHER.

"I have always believed that it was during this period that the Creator was speaking to my sons, and that it was good for their souls to be alone with him, while I, their mother, stood trembling, praying and waiting, knowing that when the man was developed from the boy I should have my sons again, and there would be a deeper sympathy than ever between us."

To go a little deeper into the testimony of a mother of good men, let me say that after her death Bishop Brooks wrote of her: "The happiest part of my happy life has been my mother." And then on the stone at her resting-place he had carved the wondrous words, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt!"

I shall now speak of my last closed room.

As I am now white-haired and have learned my lesson, I am persuaded to tell what is in the darkest chamber of my heart. If there were no remedy, no sure specific, I should not now reveal what I am about to tell. What good would it do?

But there is a specific, and I here cry hope to others, to some other mother who may be reading this; to some other mother whose heart aches with the same anxiety that once possessed mine.

The wrong influences of the world early claimed my boy. They wove their meshes about him, and he was unable to extricate himself alone. I was powerless to help him; I didn't know how. All I knew how to do was to disapprove. I attended dutifully to his material wants; kept his clothes in order, made his bed, cooked his food, and waited for him to come home. Oh, the hours I have lain awake listening for the sound of his footsteps, for the uncertain hand to click the key in the lock! I have known times when I gave way to frenzies of despair. The disgrace of it! That the neighbors should see him! That my son should be a drunkard! That I should be thus cursed of God! But it was no use. There was no hope.

THE END.

One day a stranger came to my door and told me that a young man was lying in the gutter in front of my house.

"What is that to me?" I replied, and closed the door.

Thoreau says: "Why say that a man's heart is as hard as a stone when stones are infinitely soft compared to some men's hearts?"

Finding no help at home, no sympathy, no understanding, no protection, no love, he went away. This is all there is to tell. He went, and he has not returned. That was a quarter of a century ago. Twenty-five years is a long time to spend in reflection, in study upon one lesson.

And so I am waiting.

My gate posts are marked, and every morning a man raps at my kitchen door. I am expecting him, and so I have a breakfast ready and waiting. They are curious-looking fellows, these derelicts that apply for the plate of steaming food I hand out to them, and sometimes I talk with them, for they are God's children, as I am his child.

Had I understood the spirit of sympathy, had I understood childhood and unfolding youth, my boy need not have gone away. This, then is the *message* of my story!

Many a mother mistakes her selfishness for love. No real love exists which does not feel the joy of self-sacrifice. This is the test. I failed in love.

Now I will light the lamp and put it in the window.—*Farm and Fireside.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Missionary Influence.

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON.

Christian Endeavor Topic for March 28,
1914.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Enlightening the world (Matt. 5: 13-16).

Monday—Healing (Ezek. 47: 1-12).

Tuesday—Serving (Rom. 15: 1-7).

Wednesday—Arousing (Acts 4: 8-20).

Thursday—Bringing peace (Isa. 52: 7-12).

Friday—Practising brotherhood (Matt. 25: 31-46).

Sabbath day—Topic: What missions are doing for the world (Acts 13: 1-12). (Foreign-missions meeting.)

SOME HINTS ON THE BIBLE LESSON.

Prayer and fasting are the basis of all missionary work. We must commune with God and deny ourselves before we are ready to enter the mission field (vs. 2, 3).

Missionaries must be separated for their work; they have no time or strength for tasks of less importance (v. 2).

While missionaries are sent in a certain sense by men, they are most truly sent by the Holy Spirit; they may be said to be our proxies, but they are God's ambassadors (v. 4).

Missionaries would fail if they preached words of their own; but when they preach the word of God they have success (v. 7).

THE HEROISM OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The first element of heroism is the quality of the ideality—the power of getting hold of the idea of any cause or occupation, or of life in general, so that the cause, the occupation, or life becomes a living thing to which a man may give himself with all his powers. That quality of ideality is the essential thing in heroism. Along with this primary quality of heroism there go two others, closely related to it. They are magnanimity and bravery. These qualities make the heroes. These are what glorify certain lives that stand through history as the lights and beacons of mankind.

If the Christian life is a heroic life, the missionary work is heroic Christianity.

This arises not from any mere circumstances of personal privation which attach to the missionary life, but because the missionary life has most closely seized, and most tenaciously holds and lives by, the essential central life-idea of Christianity. And what is that idea? That man is the child of God. The true Christian idealist is he whose conception of man as the redeemed child of God has taken all his life and molded it into new shapes, planted it in new places, so filled and inspired it, like the spirit of God in Elijah, that it has taken it up and carried it where it never would have chosen to go of its lower will.

The missionary life is a heroic life, not because of the pain it suffers, but because of the essential character it bears. Pain is the halo, but not the sainthood. So they have marched of old, the missionaries of all the ages of the religions of Jesus Christ, idealists, believers, magnanimous and brave, the real heroes of our faith. They have been heroes because of their faith, because their souls were filled with the Spirit of God and their lives were supremely given to Christ.

THE DUTY OF DOING MISSIONARY WORK.

The last command of Christ is not the only deep ground of the church's missionary duty. It is true that the duty is authoritatively stated in the words of the great commission, and it is of infinite consequence to have had it stated by our Lord himself. But if these particular words had not been spoken by him the missionary duty of the church would not be in the least affected. The supreme argument for foreign missions is not simply the word of Christ, it is Christ himself, and what he reveals and signifies. The words of Christ did not create new duties. They revealed eternal duties, the grounds of which lay, back of all words, in the nature of things and in the facts of life. These grounds, it seems to me, are in the very being and thought of God, in the character of Christianity, in the aim and purpose of the church, and in the nature of humanity, its unity, and its need.

Not only is the missionary duty inherent in the nature of Christianity and in the Christian conception of God, but it is imbedded in the very purpose of the Christian Church. In the early history of the church there is no record of organized work in missionary endeavor, but the re-

ligion spread at once and everywhere. The church at first seems to have been one large missionary society. They did not sit down in the four walls of denominationalism and look only after those of their own household. They thought of God as the God of the whole world and hastened away with their message of love. The new Christians were drawn together spontaneously by the uniting power of a common life, and they felt as spontaneously the outward pressure of a world mission. The church was safeguarded by the wholesome reflex action of service and work and achievement. The church was established to spread the religion of Christ, and to conserve it in the only way in which living things can ever be conserved, by action. Just so long as there are unreached men in the world, the business of the church is to reach them. Each individual church must recognize its missionary duty as a church, and its primary duty, if it would be true to the fundamental purpose of the church in the world.

The missionary motive does not change; neither does the duty. The enterprise now rests on the same foundation on which it has always rested. Jesus Christ came to give men life abundantly, to save them from their sins, to show them the Father, to be the Savior of the world. The disciples went out at once to give to others what had meant everything to them. If our religion means anything to us, we too will be anxious to carry it to others that they may share the blessings with us. The future destiny of any man or race is not a thing to trifle over. The Bible certainly does not deal lightly with it. We have no slightest ground for neglecting the solemn duty that God has placed upon the church.

A SUGGESTION.

Let the leader plan a week or so in advance for short talks or papers on the work being done, the unoccupied mission fields and the opportunity for young people to enter this work. Many works on these subjects can be found in almost every community. Much information will be found in the "Laymen's Missionary Library." If unable to find anything near home, write to our Circulating Library, Alfred, N. Y., and I am sure you will find something to help you.

Built on the Sands.

REV. H. C. VAN HORN.

Another terrific storm has swept the New England seaboard, doing much damage to snipping and to summer cottages along the coast. Houses have been tumbled into the sea or left wrecked and upon stilts by the water's edge, bathing beaches stripped of sand, and devastation spread far and near.

As one views such a situation, he has forced irresistibly upon him the truth taught by Jesus concerning the man who builds his house upon the sands. "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon the house; and it fell; and great was the fall thereof."

These beautiful locations along the shore have tempted people to build where they could enjoy the cool sea-breezes and wide expanse of ocean. So in spite of the knowledge that it was unsafe they built upon the sands and laid their sea-walls to keep back Old Ocean in time of storm. How they have enjoyed the cooling breezes, the salt air and broad reaches of sand and water! Has danger been suggested? "Oh, no danger. No trouble has ever been experienced. Besides, see that strong sea-wall that is ample protection for the heaviest of seas." But the "hardest storm in fifty years" has thundered upon the coast. The strong sea-wall is undermined and swept out like pasteboard. Mountain-high waves have flung themselves shoreward, swept out the sands, leveled the dunes, and mingled their waters with those of their diminutive brethren of the "ponds," while cottages have toppled and fallen. Owners through the storm lay awake wondering what the morning would reveal. Many of their worst fears were realized.

So it is with people in life. There are many beautiful and alluring situations and prospects. In spite of the sure word of the Savior, people insist on building their lives on the sands. Dangers are not apparent. Warnings are but the delusions of overanxious minds. There is, too, the sea-wall of good intention and ethical conduct which will check the danger of storms. But the storms of sin, floods of indifference, rains of passion, and waves of doubt sweep over the soul, and unprotected and

unfounded it falls, and great is the fall of it.

Many sand foundations look attractive and safe. There is the short cut to success, the lure of gold, the desire for fame or popularity, the untempered passion for pleasure, amusements and entertainment. He who gives himself to these builds upon the sands and is in the sure way of disappointment and terrible loss. In time of stress and storm his building will be toppled over and swept away.

There is but one sure foundation, Jesus Christ and him crucified. To believe on him is life, and to hear and obey his words is to build on the rock that will stand against flood and storm through the ages. "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing."

Ashaway, R. I.

How Dogs Worry the Fat Off Sheep.

Farm and Fireside, the national farm paper published at Springfield, Ohio, is taking great pains to show the damage done to sheep by dogs. Following is a very interesting extract from the current issue on this point:

"Speaking of shrinkage on live stock, there's nothing like a cur to put the shrink in a flock of sheep. In 1908, at the Colorado station, an experiment was tried in this, but quite without intention to do so.

"Three lots of lambs were on feed. They were growing finely, putting on from two and a half to nearly eight pounds per head every week. But during the seventh week dogs dug under the fence and worried the lambs in Lots 1 and 2, but Lot 3 was spared.

"Note the result: At the end of the sixth week of feeding, the ninety lambs in Lot 2 weighed 7,160 pounds. After one night with dogs, though none of them were killed, the worry and fright not only robbed the feeder of all the gain but caused an actual loss in weight of 580 pounds at the end of the eighth week as compared with the end of the sixth. As they had gained 425 pounds the previous two weeks, it is perfectly sure that the dogs caused the loss of a thousand pounds on the ninety lambs.

"In Lot 1 the loss was at least six hundred pounds on ninety lambs. In neither case was any lamb killed. The shrink

was caused by the fright and worry alone. The ninety lambs in Lot 3 right alongside, made steady gains while the ones worried and frightened were falling off.

"Here are figures speaking in dollars and cents. To the sentimental lovers of all sorts of dogs, perhaps the agony of the lambs—an agony so great as to cause emaciation and weakness—may appeal as against the personal regret one might feel in not getting a new dog when the old one dies."

This is My Friend.

Let me tell you how I made His acquaintance:

I had heard much of Him, but took no heed.

He sent daily gifts and presents, but I never thanked Him.

He often seemed to want my friendship, but I remained cold.

I was homeless and wretched and starving and in peril every hour, and He offered me shelter and comfort and food and safety, but I was ungrateful still.

At last He crossed my path, and with tears in His eyes He besought me, saying, "Come and abide with me."

Let me tell you how He treats me now: He supplies all my wants.

He gives me more than I dare ask.

He anticipates my every need.

He begs me to ask for more.

He never reminds me of my past ingratitude.

He never rebukes me for my past follies.

Let me tell you further what I think of Him:

He is as good as He is great.

His love is as ardent as it is true.

He is as lavish of His promises as He is faithful in keeping them.

He is as jealous of my love as He is deserving of it.

I am in all things His debtor, but He bids me call Him friend.—*Old English Manuscript.*

"If we noticed little pleasures,
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forgot our losses
And remembered all our gains;
If we looked for people's virtues,
And their faults refused to see,
What a pleasant, cheerful,
Happy place this world would be!"

CHILDREN'S PAGE

What the Kettle Sings.

I love to hear the kettle sing
In winter when the wind is blowing;
It somehow makes me think of spring,
Though it is snowing.

A little sort of chirp comes first,
And then a gentle drowsy humming,
That seems to say, "We're through the worst!
Yes, spring is coming!"

I know quite well, outside the room,
What isn't snowy must be icy,
And yet I dream of fruit and bloom
In islands spicy—

And little running, laughing streams,
And dear green woods, with vines and mosses,
And sunny places full of gleams,
When the wind tosses.

The leafy branches all about
Make just another sort of singing;
And little flurry things come out,
Leaping and springing.

And always, when I get to this,
And feel a sort of pleasant creepy,
My mother wakes me with a kiss,
And "Oh, how sleepy!"

—*Margaret Vandegrift, in St. Nicholas.*

A Little Girl of Old New England.

In a certain house on Wallace Lane, in the old seaside town of Beverley, Mass., a little girl was born on March 5, 1824, just ninety years ago. She was next to the youngest of nine children, the daughter of Benjamin Larcom, a retired shipmaster, who kept a shop full of mysterious West India goods, delightful jars of striped barley candy, red and white peppermint drops and "Salem Gibraltar," and his pretty wife, Lois, a sunshiny little woman, "with bright blue eyes and soft, dark, curling hair, which she kept pinned up under her white lace cap-border."

The little girl's name was Lucy, and as this is her birth month, and she became quite a famous woman, it is a good time to become acquainted with her.

Just think of reading at two and a half years old! It hardly seems possible, does it? But that is what Lucy did. She went to a real old-fashioned dame school, kept by "Aunt Hannah," when she was only two years old—learned her letters in a few days, skipped over the "a, b, abs," into

words of one or two syllables and began to read in the New Testament!

The busy mothers of ninety years ago were glad to send even the babies to school. They were well cared for at Aunt Hannah's. If a little head began to nod, a bed was made up on a soft comforter in the corner and baby was allowed to have his nap in peace. School was kept in the kitchen if Aunt Hannah had cooking to do, or in the sitting-room if spinning was the order of the day. The children loved to watch her at work and generally behaved very well, but if they grew restless a ferule came into play, and tingling palms made even the babies understand that Aunt Hannah must be obeyed.

Lucy remembered her father as a grave, thoughtful man, generally poring over a book, who gathered his children together every evening in the glow of the ruddy firelight, by which he read from the family Bible, whose leather corners looked as if they had always been old.

The fireplace was the very heart of the house in the days before stoves and furnaces were known. Lucy speaks of the settle in the deep fireplace of the house in the lane, "where three of us younger girls could sit together and toast our toes on the andirons (two Continental soldiers in full uniform, marching one after the other) while we looked up the chimney into a square of blue sky and sometimes caught a snowflake on our foreheads, or sometimes smirched our clean aprons against the swinging crane, with its sooty pothooks and trammels. When supper was served," she continues, "and the teakettle was pushed back on the crane, and the back log had been reduced to a heap of fiery embers, then was the time for listening to sailor yarns and ghost and witch legends."

We are apt to think that the children of Lucy's day were serious little people, who never had any fun, but that is a mistake. There was the beautiful-out-of-doors to play in when the weather was warm; hills and rocks to climb, corn fields and orchards to keep house in, a wonderful lane, all ups and downs, to explore, a sudden turn, a tumble-down wharf, and then the river.

We must not think that the Larcom children were obliged to do without books, either. Lucy read *Pilgrim's Progress*,

Paul and Virginia, Gulliver's Travels and Sir Walter Scott's novels. Her craving for poetry was satisfied by such authors as Spenser, Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge. But her first love for it was gained from the hymns she used to read in church during the sermon, when the minister entered upon a series of "finallys" that she could not understand. At one time she learned a hundred hymns, becoming so used to their musical swing and rhythm that it was very easy for her to write verses of her own.

We must stop just long enough to glance at Lucy's portrait of her Grandfather Barrett. He was "of French descent—piquant, merry, exceeding polite and very fond of us children, whom he was always treating to raisins and peppermints and rules for good behavior. He had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was also the sexton of the oldest church in town—the Old South—and had charge of the winding up of the town clock and the ringing of the bell on week days and Sundays—into which mysteries he sometimes allowed us youngsters a furtive glimpse." What a delightful grandfather he must have been!

The memory of her own happy childhood gave Lucy Larcom a very sure touch when she wrote her beautiful book, *Childhood Songs*, and she seemed to know by instinct what children liked. As editor of *Our Young Folks* (afterwards *St. Nicholas*) she devoted her time to writing for the lads and lassies for several years. Many poems and sketches in other magazines bore her name as well. . . .

When she grew up Lucy wrote the story of her early life and called it *A New England Girlhood*. It is all about a little girl who was "heartly and robust, full of frolicsome health and very fond of the matter-of-fact world she lived in. Her sturdy little feet felt the solid earth beneath them. She grew with the sprouting grass and enjoyed her life as the buds and birds seemed to enjoy theirs." A very sweet, very winsome and very human little girl was Lucy Larcom.—*Agnes W. Storer, in The Christian Intelligencer.*

"Individual efficiency is the first step toward the prevention of individual poverty. Thrift, industry and integrity are the soldiers that keep the wolf from the door."

The Summons.

Today in the turbid city
There came a call to me,
Like faint, unearthly music
Wind-blown o'er a starlit sea;
I saw the sunrise uplands
On the hills I used to roam,
And the old trees, green and faithful,
That bend o'er my childhood's home.

Oh, 'tis long and long since I saw them—
The still, untroubled ways,
The fields a-star with blossoms
I loved in the olden days;
But the voices of joy and sorrow
Are calling me back once more,
To the little house in the valley,
That slopes to the orient shore.

Now will I hark to their pleading,
Now will I rise and go
Back to those haunted meadows,
Where winds of memory blow.
They call with luring cadence
Above the din and jar—
I hear the homeland summons
And I must follow far.

—L. M. Montgomery.

Oh, how willing is God that we should hit the mark, when he teaches us how to direct our arrows!—*William Secker.*

"The Best for the Children"

Of all the stories to be found in children's papers and magazines, those in the *Sabbath Visitor* are pronounced by the matron of a Children's Home to be "the best she can find for the children."

This instructive and entertaining weekly paper for children costs only 60 cents (in clubs of ten or more, only 50 cents) per year. Send for free sample copies, or—better still—send 25 cents, for which we will send the *Visitor* to a new subscriber for six months.

SABBATH VISITOR

Plainfield, N. J.

A Letter From Ebenezer Smith to Uncle Oliver.

DEAR UNCLE:

I am not quite sure we have ever met, but I have a picture of you in mind. The Smith family is very large, and you may not remember us all. However, you have been so kind in advising some of our cousins, I feel at liberty to ask advice, even though we have never met.

The difficulties I have in mind may to you be very simple and plain, in fact may seem to you foolish, but to some of us young people they are very real, for you see it is like this: We boys and girls become quite intimately associated in our school life, and I have to admit there is sometimes more than mere friendship; but there is such a diversity of opinion on religion that there is some friction, though we remain good friends.

Since some might be a little modest about having their names appear in print, the names I shall give will be fictitious; but remember, dear Uncle, that our troubles are real.

Now there is Bessie McGinn. I wish you could know her; I am sure you would say she is lovely, and I frankly admit, to me, there is none other her equal. But she is a notorious little Catholic, while sister Kate is going with Tom Shirley, the most pronounced skeptic in our school. Then there are others who train with us, so that together we represent Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists and Disciples.

We were all together the other evening when the question came up of our having in our company so many different religious views. Tom Shirley never misses a chance of good-humoredly "rubbing it in" on church people. After the rest of us had talked for some time about our religious beliefs, and why we were what we were, Tom spoke up saying: "That is the reason I am what I am—that is, a skeptic—because you are what you are. Here you are, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Seventh Day Baptist, Disciple and Catholic. Now you all profess to take the same book and believe its teaching."

And do you know, Uncle Oliver, there was not one of us that could answer; for there was that in Tom's manner so differ-

ent from usual that we could but feel he was sincere in his criticism.

After a time some one said: "But, Tom, you do not doubt our honesty, do you?" "Oh, no," said Tom, "you are what you are, because your parents are what they are, not because the Bible teaches the doctrine you profess."

This we all resented, saying, "That sounds unkind," when Tom replied: "Pardon me, I do not intend to be unkind, but will you listen to my reasons for doubt? Last Sunday I was sitting in the Smith parlor, while Kate was out helping her mother with the supper. I picked up a book published by the American Baptist Publication Society, entitled 'Theodosia Ernest,' and became interested in seeing how the Presbyterians, Mr. Percy and Rev. Mr. Johnson, the pastor, were trying to get rid of that plain statement of the Bible regarding baptism. Then I noticed some pencil notes on the margin, showing that the unanswerable arguments of the Baptists were just as applicable to the Sabbath question. These notes had been made by the Rev. Mr. Pinion, a Sabbatarian. Now, how the Baptists, or any other people, claiming to take the Bible as their guide, can be sincere in claiming they believe it to be the word of God, and that obedience to its teaching is essential to being his child, and not also believe what it says about the Sabbath, I can not understand."

Then Kate said: "That is what Father Murphy calls the inconsistencies of Protestants, that they follow our church in baptism, and on the Sabbath question, yet cry out against the authority of the Catholic Church, when they have not one word in the Bible for either."

Jack Bender and Sue Carman were sitting together, and both spoke at once, saying they knew their churches were not following the Catholics.

Then Tom laughed, because one was a Baptist and the other a Presbyterian, and said: "Here we have a house divided against itself. For my part I quite agree with Kate and Father Murphy; for skeptic as I am, I have read your Bible a good deal and find not one word for Sunday or sprinkling."

Then Jim Rider and Lizzie Jones began to joke Tom, saying he was favoring that position, because that was a Seventh Day Baptist argument and he was trying to favor Kate. This made Tom blush, and

for a moment he seemed bothered. But he straightened up saying: "I admit I would do anything I could honestly to favor her. But while I believe the Seventh Day Baptists are right if you take the Bible as a guide, I do not believe that very many of them think it is essential to keep the Sabbath. You remember I spent my vacation, last summer, in New York State, and so I spent Saturday and Sunday at their General Conference, and I was impressed that there was little evidence of any conception of special sacredness for Saturday more than Sunday. I grant you there was not quite so much business, but I could not see that feeling of reverence manifested that I had the right to expect. I was expecting to hear a sermon on the Sabbath question, but with the exception of a few times it was mentioned in papers or addresses, I heard nothing, and instead of a sermon by a prominent Seventh Day Baptist they had a big D. D. to lecture, Saturday morning, on something in regard to the Federation of Churches. (In justice to the Seventh Day Baptists, however, I must add right here what I learned later, namely, that they had arranged for one of their own ministers to preach Saturday, and this man on Sunday; but as the latter had another appointment for Sunday, it was, out of courtesy to him, arranged as it was.) The whole trend of thought, as I caught it, was that all churches should unite, dropping non-essentials; and when he gave a history of what seemed to me his spiritual gymnastics, beginning with the Swedish Lutheran and coming down through the Methodist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Baptist; and when with the exception of a few dyspeptic-looking old chaps, all, both old and young, seemed ready to cheer him to the encore, it seemed to me entirely out of keeping with the Sabbath as it is taught in the Bible, and as the few Seventh Day Baptists whom I have known, have seemed to regard it. Besides, from the expressions often heard, I concluded they generally believed that it makes very little difference; that you can keep Sunday and be as good a Christian as if you kept Saturday. And so I come more and more to doubt the sincerity of the church."

Tom had lost his bantering tone and seemed so much in earnest that we said nothing, and so, after talking the matter over for a while, we organized a reading

club, and are to study, for our first book, "Theodosia Ernest."

If I succeed in reaching you with this, you may hear from me again.

Your affectionate nephew,
EBENEZER SMITH.

Resolutions of Regret.

The following was adopted by the Seventh Day Baptist church, Adams Center, N. Y., at a business session held Sunday, March 8, 1914, with a request for its publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

With feelings of sadness and regret, some weeks ago we listened to the resignation of our pastor, the Rev. E. Adelbert Witter, he having at that time accepted a call to another field of labor.

As the time draws near for the severing of the pleasant and harmonious relations that have existed between us as pastor and people, it seems fitting that in some way we express our appreciation of his work among us.

A little over five years ago he came here, a stranger to most of us, but during these years we have learned to love him as pastor and friend. His removal from us is a loss not only to the church, but to the community as well. His life has been such that it has made friends for him with all classes of men. As a church we have had in him an able preacher and efficient leader; the community one who has been interested in its welfare. He has entered heartily into those things having for their object the improvement of conditions in community life. The Study Club found in him a valued and interesting member. Largely through his efforts, a lecture course has been provided each year, and during the most of the time of his residence here, he has been president of the Southern Jefferson County Bible School Association.

As he goes from us, we bid him Godspeed, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon him and his work.

W. P. JONES,
MARY A. CROSBY,
DE CHOIS GREENE,
Committee.

All things come to him who comes to Christ.

There's a lot of bigness about good men that only God sees.

Christ came to bring joy into the world. That makes it the business of those who represent him to find the spots around them where there is no joy and bring a little of it there.

We are all manufacturers. We manufacture service. Christ is our partner. To turn out the best service we must often consult our partner.—*William J. Burtscher.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 28, 1914.
A STUDY OF BAPTISM.

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

Kingdom of God.

WHAT? GOD IS LOVE
GREATEST POWER
WHERE? WITHIN YOU
IN YOUR MIDST
WHO? LITTLE CHILDREN
ALL WHO LOVE HIM

By a brief talk on the above outline get pupils to understand Jesus' conception of the place, power, growth and drawing force of the kingdom of God on earth.

What? God is love (1 John 4: 16-19). Greatest power to which we can belong. Storms, armies, kingdoms, early church. Matthew 28: 19, 20. "Unto the ends of the world."

Where? "Within you," (Luke 17: 21); "in the midst of you" (margin). How would you feel and act in the presence of a great person?

Who? Little children (Luke 18: 15-17). All who love him. "My jewels" (Mal. 3: 17). Song; "When He cometh," third verse.

Badges are worn showing to what the wearer belongs. "White Ribbon." Christians have a badge, a badge of love. They show it in their face, tones, words, acts.

Will you wear it this week? Try. Ask the Savior to help you. Golden Text—Matthew 7: 21: "Not every one." Song: "Is my name written there?"

SONGS.

"God loved the world of sinners lost."

"Love divine, all love excelling."

"Jesus loves me, this I know."

"When He cometh."

"Is my name written there?"

"Ask the Savior to help you."

S. E.

Opening and Closing Services for the Graded Bible Schools.

In Bible schools using the International Uniform Lessons, the Scripture text furnishes appropriate parts of the opening and closing services. In schools where each grade has a different lesson, other Bible

passages may be used in these services. Many music-books suitable for Bible services have responsive Scripture reading, but they may not enforce any practical instruction to be taught in any grade that day.

There are a number of reasons why the Uniform lessons will continue to be used in many schools and may be used profitably in graded schools. (1) There are many persons in Bible schools who do not think that the graded systems are the best adapted to their use. (2) There are members of the Home Department who desire to keep in touch with the Bible services of the church, and prefer the system to which they are accustomed. (3) By the use of the Uniform lessons the Bible school is kept constantly in touch with the Home Department. (4) The cost of the Uniform helps is less than the cost of those of the graded schools. This is an important item with some schools. (5) There are many small schools, especially in rural districts—some without competent teachers—where the graded systems, as now published, can not profitably be used. (6) Some Bible classes with aged members will probably prefer to continue to use the form of lesson helps with which they are familiar. (7) In the Uniform systems there is a greater abundance of helps by many talented writers. (8) Every Uniform lesson furnishes appropriate instructions for every age and grade.

For these and other reasons the Uniform lessons will continue to be needed, and the following plan has been used, with interest and profit to all, in the opening and closing services of the graded schools, thus uniting the two systems, attracting members of the Home Department, and interesting others in attendance who may be using the same lesson system. The plan is this:

In the opening service read the Uniform Scripture lesson responsively or otherwise, instead of any other passage. Read it from the Bible. Every reader should have a Bible, have it and use it in the Bible service.

In the closing services the superintendent, pastor or some one previously engaged, may give a brief blackboard illustration of some practical instruction from the Uniform lesson, and close with a song enforcing the same. All the songs of the

service may be thus chosen without detracting any interest from the graded lessons.

The graded lesson system, yet in its infancy, has many advantages in its favor, and there are more to be yet developed and perfected.

S. E.

The "Little Plant Called Reverence."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says somewhere, "I am a regular church-goer. I should go for various reasons if I did not love it; but I am fortunate enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept all their creeds or not. For I find that there is in the corner of my heart 'a little plant called reverence,' which wants to be watered about once a week."

It is to be feared, however, that the "little plant called reverence" is not watered in the service of every Bible school and of every church. One way in which the average Roman Catholic surpasses the average Protestant is in his reverence for the house of God. He recognizes that there are certain things proper enough in a lecture hall which are out of place in a church.

In the reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe, one of America's noblest women and the composer of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," she tells how, when their children were small, she and her husband used to attend Theodore Parker's church in Boston. As the children grew older, however, Doctor Howe insisted on leaving the church where they had been worshipping for one where there was more reverence. In Doctor Parker's church individuals read newspapers before the service, many came in after the prayer, just to hear the sermon, and others went out before the close of the sermon. "These irregularities," said Doctor Howe, "offend my sense of decorum, and appear to me undesirable in the education of a family."

The modern Christian who would live in the spirit of the third commandment must enter every religious service in a reverent spirit, and so conduct himself throughout the hour of worship that it shall be easier for himself and for his fellow worshippers to realize that they are in the presence of God.—*The Sunday School World*.

A Suggestion for the Secretary.

Mr. Elkins assumed the executive responsibilities of the Whitehall Avenue Bible School with several definite reforms in mind. One of these was to stop all disturbing confusion in the room and interruption of teachers during the lesson period.

For the first two weeks he could not understand why a number of the teachers darted from their seats to consult several people anxiously and then returned to their places and went on with their work.

His small daughter Dorothy's teacher was one of the offenders, so, after arriving home on the second Sabbath, he took occasion to question the child.

"Why, papa," she said a bit scornfully, "don't you know we women don't have any pockets and can't carry lead-pencils? Miss Carson has to mark the attendance-book, and of course she must borrow a pencil."

"And more than once," interrupted Brother Allan, "our teacher has forgotten to put a pencil in his best suit, but then some of us fellows generally have one that we lend him."

To resourceful Mrs. Elkins immediately came the "brilliant" idea of doing away with that trouble.

"Why, Papa Elkins," she declared, "your problem is easily solved. Get as many of those pretty program pencils on silk cords as you have books and slip-knot one around the cover of each attendance-book. They will always be in place and ready for use."

"The cords would tangle," discouraged Allan.

"Not if you placed each pencil in its book and instructed the teacher to do the same," assured Mrs. Enkins.

"Who'd keep the pencils sharp?" inquired Dorothy, the practical.

"An excellent task for the assistant secretary," replied Mr. Elkins, smiling. "I'll try Mamma Elkins' plan next week. I believe it's a good one."

So indeed it proved, and more than one of his teachers remarked upon its convenience, reflecting at the same time that, as their new superintendent pointed out, the elimination of confusion was a great aid to class attention and concentration.—*The Sunday School World*.

Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts are to four.—*Napoleon*.

HOME NEWS

BERLIN, N. Y.—Our Junior Endeavorers were recently given a joy ride by Pastor and Mrs. Cottrell. With snow in abundance and sleigh-bells galore it seems to have been a red-letter day in their young lives. Oh, Berlin is not asleep; and despite the snow and slush of March 3 the donation visit with the oyster supper was a success, paying all expenses and leaving \$100 in the pocket of Pastor Cottrell, and a glow of warmth in many hearts.

E. L. G.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.—We have been having a series of evangelistic meetings, with Rev. D. Burdett Coon of Battle Creek as evangelist. The meetings were expected to commence about the first of January, but on account of an epidemic of measles that prostrated some seventy persons in this vicinity, they did not commence until the last day of January, and closed on the last night of February.

Brother Coon, during that time, preached five Sabbath-morning sermons and twenty-seven evening sermons, omitting only two nights, during the Farmers' Institute, the last week of the month. He gave a series of thirty-two sermons of much excellence, which uplifted church members and seemed to impress deeply all attending. A few are starting in a new life and desire baptism and church membership.

February brought us very cold weather; many people have been sick with colds and several with pneumonia. This sickness, and other troubles, have helped to prevent a large attendance most of the time. However, we believe much good has been done.

The last Sabbath afternoon Brother Coon with members of our Christian Endeavor society attended the newly organized local Christian Endeavor union at Alfred. Brother Coon appeared on the program with a short address. Monday morning he started for Little Genesee where he expected to conduct evangelistic meetings.

We hope and pray for a precious outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the people and the work.

I. L. C.

ELKHART, KAN.—The only Seventh Day Baptist church ever organized in Oklahoma was organized several years ago at Cosmos, in Texas County, at a point two and a half miles south of the present site of Elkhart. The families composing the church lived both in Kansas and Oklahoma, and for many years held their weekly services in private homes and, later, in the Cosmos schoolhouse. Early last spring the Santa Fé Railway Company completed its new line from Dodge City to the Oklahoma State line and located the town of Elkhart, which is already a busy town of about 150 population. Two churches have been erected in the town and in one of them, the Baptist, our people now hold their weekly services.

The country in which our people are located is a rolling prairie, sparsely covered with mesquite-grass, and was formerly a part of the "cattle country" of the great Southwest. The soil is largely dark yellow and, when supplied with moisture, yields abundant crops of millo-maize, Kafir-corn, broom-corn and sorgham, for forage. Some wheat and corn are also produced.

In this part of the country limestone, sandstone and gypsum are found. There is no native timber found in this part of the country. The raising of planted timber is in the experimental stage, and the future can not be predicted. The altitude is a trifle less than 4,000 feet, which insures a clear and healthful climate and also forces the settlers to sink deep wells—200 to 300 feet—in order to provide themselves with water.

This part of the country, like all other communities, was settled largely by speculators, who lived on their claims long enough to secure a title, then sold their improvements, moved away, and are now waiting for the permanent settlement of the country to advance the price of their holdings. The recent years of drouth have discouraged many who came as permanent settlers and they too have left their claims after having secured a title. These combined conditions have resulted in leaving many farms vacant and in reducing the number of our own people from about eighty persons, including children, to less than half that number.

Our people hold Sabbath school each week and are glad indeed when they can

have the help of any of our ministers, but this is not very often.

Through the appointment of our Tract Society, it was my great privilege to spend the month of January in labor at Elkhart, among both our own people and the people of the town at large. The Baptist church was freely and gladly furnished as a place for holding our meetings and was well filled each evening, when weather conditions permitted, with an attentive and appreciative audience. The interest of the meetings was greatly enhanced by the singing, led by a very efficient choir made up from the three churches, which did valuable service during the entire series of meetings. We had the assistance of a male quartet which also did good work. The personnel of the quartet was somewhat unique and not always found in every community, since it consisted of the following prominent men of the village: the physician, the newspaper editor, the bank cashier and a real estate and loan agent.

During our labors we visited all our own people and all the First-day families we could reach, and were treated with extreme kindness and hospitality in every home we entered.

During the meetings several persons indicated for the first time their interest in things divine and their desire to live Christian lives, and the people at large report a marked spiritual uplift among the people. For all of this we are thankful.

During our brief stay at Elkhart we preached 17 sermons, made 50 visits among the people, and in other ways did what we could to encourage and help all with whom we came in contact. I shall ever treasure many pleasant memories of my labor among these warm-hearted people of various religious faiths, and shall never forget the many kindnesses shown me by all the people of Elkhart. E. H. SOCWELL.

Camargo, Okla.,
March 3, 1913.

VERONA, N. Y.—We are still holding the fort in Verona, although our pastor has been unable to meet with us for seven weeks owing to the serious illness of his wife.

Mrs. Thorngate has had a very severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia, and just as we were beginning to have hopes for her recovery, abscesses commenced forming. An operation was necessary. A second operation was performed a few days ago.

A trained nurse has been with her from the first. Two weeks ago it became necessary to employ another nurse. All that medical skill and good care can do has been done.

All hearts go out in loving sympathy to Pastor Thorngate and family, and all unite in praying that this consecrated life may be spared to her family, and to the Master's work which she greatly loved. A baby girl ten months old, is being tenderly cared for in one of our homes. The Sabbath school gave a Christmas Cantata at the church entitled The Manger Service. A beautiful tree, well laden with gifts, made all hearts glad. Among the gifts was a purse containing one hundred dollars for Pastor Thorngate. The success of the entertainment was largely due to Mrs. Thorngate, who was chairman of the entertainment committee. I. W. T.

A Thought From the Field.

We are much interested in the readings of the SABBATH RECORDER, and especially such as bear upon "Nearness of God." The world needs an education along those lines. More often, though, does it come through severe trial and sorrow.

A Song for the Stricken Soul.

My Savior drank the bitter cup
Of sorrow, woe, and pain,
And on the cross was lifted up,
A crown for me to gain.
O love divine! O grace so free!
My Savior drank that cup for me.

Alone he walked the weary path,
Alone to Calvary;
Alone endured God's righteous wrath,
And suffered death for me.
O love divine! O grace so free!
My Savior died that death for me.

But, when I walk the darksome road,
And human helpers flee,
I'm not alone; my heavy load
The Savior bears for me.
O love divine! O grace so free!
My Savior always comforts me.

And, when my soul is stricken sore,
And from my lot I shrink,
I'll view the cross my Savior bore,
The cup he had to drink.
O love divine! O grace so free!
There's "fellowship with Christ" for me.
—Rev. R. E. Steele, in C. E. World.

Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, March 8, 1914, at 2 o'clock, p. m., Vice-President Joseph A. Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: J. A. Hubbard, Corliss F. Randolph, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, H. M. Maxson, T. L. Gardiner, W. C. Hubbard, Asa F. Randolph, M. L. Clawson, C. W. Spicer, J. B. Cottrell, E. D. Van Horn, J. G. Burdick, F. A. Langworthy, F. S. Wells, Theo. G. Davis, H. L. Polan, E. S. Chipman, R. C. Burdick, A. L. Titsworth.

Visitors: J. L. Shaw, Rev. F. J. Bakker. Prayer was offered by Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The following report was presented:

REPORT OF THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Since the last meeting of the Board, arrangements have been made with Rev. Willard D. Burdick, pastor of the Farina (Ill.) Church, to labor for two weeks with the churches at Battle Creek, Mich., and Chicago, Ill.

Three letters have been received from Rev. E. H. Socwell, in which he gives a very full report of his work on the field at Grimes, Okla. He reports having completed his labors at Grimes, and is now located at Camargo, Okla.

A report has been received from Rev. H. N. Jordan, giving a report of his work, and expenses in connection with his work with the churches of North Loup, Neb., and Garwin, Iowa. He still has four churches to visit, but does not think that he will be able to do so before the first of May.

In connection with the report correspondence was read from E. H. Socwell and H. N. Jordan.

Report adopted.

Voted that the Advisory Committee be requested to obtain from Rev. E. H. Socwell an outline of the work as he plans it for the additional time contemplated, with approximate expenses, and probable results to be secured.

The following report was received:

The committee on Investment of Funds reports having made a loan of \$2,000 for 1 year at 6 per cent on bond and mortgage to Mary L. Krewson on house and lot southwest corner of Watchung Avenue and Regent Street, Plainfield, N. J., valued at \$3,860.

Report adopted.

The treasurer presented correspondence relating to the bequest of M. B. Phillips, and pursuant thereto, it was voted to notify Attorney Langworthy that we favor renting the property on the best terms he can secure. The treasurer stated that in consultation with H. G. Whipple, it was decided to refer the settlement of the Electra A. Potter bequest to the local attorneys who have it in charge.

By vote the action of the Treasurer was approved.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported 8,404 pages of tracts sent out, and a net gain of three subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER.

Correspondence was received from: D. B. P. Chingawa, Alexander Makwinga, Pastor William Williams Olifaur, and J. Booth, Africa; also from Cleland B. McAfee, Dr. Geo. W. Post, Rev. M. G. Stillman, Rev. L. E. Livermore, Rev. H. N. Jordan, Rev. W. D. Burdick, Rev. Geo. W. Lewis, Prof. A. B. Kenyon, Rev. Eugene H. Socwell, Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Rev. Geo. Seeley, Victor A. Nelson, Pres. Wm. C. Daland, and from the Secretary of the Advisory Committee.

Pursuant to correspondence from Joseph Booth to Pastor Edwin Shaw, noting the serious illness of Mrs. Booth, it was voted that the Recording Secretary be requested to send a message of sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Booth, owing to this severe trial visited upon them.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

The Old Adam.

Little Henry, like many other little boys, was very fond of playing at being a railway train. He liked to pretend to be the engine and to dash around the house with a great noise of puffing and tooting.

The other day the stork brought Henry a sister.

He was taken in to see the baby and regarded her for a time with an expression of grave curiosity. Then his face lighted up.

"Now," said he, "I shall have somebody to be the tender anyhow."—*New York Evening Post.*

"Stones for Pillows."

I had to wait some minutes near the desk where Mrs. Black, the grocer's wife, "made change" and "entered accounts." The place was thronged, and perforce she was very busy, but to my amazement, every woman—save a deaf old lady, and a huge black laundress—paused to unload some bit of personal worry or trouble upon Mrs. Blank as she paid for her goods or had them charged. "You can't think how I like Mrs. Blank," said my neighbor as we passed out. She had deposited a vexation with the price of her butter. "She has beautiful manners for a person in her position."

Now Mrs. Blank has been bereaved of children, has met financial disaster, pain, weakness, and many perplexing burdens. But she has fine courage, and never asks her intimates to look at what she carries. Out of her afflictions and her very privations she has acquired a serenity, a culture of the spirit, that college training, travel, leisure, plenty, have failed to give my neighbor.

"I used to pity myself that my life must be a wanderer's," said a charming and wise woman, a preacher's wife, to me yesterday. "I am of the temperament to live quite content in my grandfather's house, changing it only with a few modern comforts. I love old friends. I like to see the same people going by. I quickly love the very trees, if any there be, in our parsonage yard. I have often, too, felt it is time wasted to be forever making new acquaintances. But last summer I spent a month in the place where I was born and reared, and I discovered that one who spends his life in one spot may miss important discipline. As a new arrival in a new town you naturally try to be your best. The old resident may be far from attractive, he may even rasp your sensibilities to the quick, but you obligate yourself and try to please and win him. I found some of my old acquaintances painfully angular for lack of this attrition. They had traveled. But that is quite another affair from going to a strange town as a resident to whom good will is vital. Brusque and sharp of tongue, and letting themselves go to the point of unseemliness if crossed in opinion, I saw that many of them sorely needed

just the education I had long been pitying myself for receiving."—*Elizabeth Cummings, in Presbyterian of the South.*

The Horse in Battle.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance, the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He can not bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst and *have done with it as soon as possible.*

A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six when struck with a bullet are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder up go their hands and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg, or foot, or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head of heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and *stands with drooping head until loss of blood brings him down.* The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. *Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm,* but he will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them if possible, and in any case leap over them. When he has come upon three or four other riderless steeds they fall in and keep together, as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" on the bugle may bring the whole of them into ranks in a body.—*Buffalo Horse World.*

"We can not give to God acceptably and not forgive men."

DEATHS

DRAKE.—Mrs. Mary Drake was born at New Market, N. J., April 4, 1837, and died in Walworth, Wis., February 13, 1914.

She was the youngest child of a family of eight children, three girls and five boys, born to Reuben and Sarah Randolph. On December 27, 1864, she was united in marriage to Jonathan A. Drake, who preceded her to the life beyond by a little over a year. Two children came to bless this union: a daughter, Lucy, who died in infancy, and a son, Irving R. Drake of Walworth, who remains to mourn the loss of a loving mother.

Mrs. Drake was taken seriously ill a little over a week ago and died early Friday morning, February 13. At the early age of fifteen Mrs. Drake gave her heart to God, was baptized, and joined the Pitcataway Seventh Day Baptist Church of New Market, N. J. Later she transferred her membership to Albion, Wis., and later to Walworth. She was a consistent, earnest Christian and always interested in the welfare of the church.

Funeral services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist church, Monday afternoon, February 16, conducted by Pastor Davis, and the body was laid to rest in the Walworth Cemetery.

H. E. D.

MERK.—Mrs. Otelia (Shaw) Merk was born in the town of Alfred, N. Y., June 13, 1847, and died at Alfred Station, February 28, 1914.

She was the daughter of Phineas K. and Melissa (Sweet) Shaw. Her home had been in the town of Alfred most of her life. Of a large family of children, her sister, Mrs. Wm. A. Hood, is the only one now living. Mrs. Merk was a woman of sterling integrity, conscientious, kind to the needy, and a loyal and faithful member of the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred, in which she took a lively and devoted interest practically all her life.

Her nurse, during the last eight weeks of her life, became much attached to her and said she was always appreciative and considerate. We shall miss the help of her willing hands, her wise counsel and encouraging presence, for she was one who always stood for the best interests, as she understood them, of the church, the community and the world. Patiently and hopefully she approached the end of her earthly career "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Farewell services were conducted by her pastor at her late home, a quartet sang, and interment was made in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

I. L. C.

The Immortals.

Who for their fellows live and die
They the immortals are. O sigh
Not for their loss, but rather praise
The God that gave them to our days.
—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Rest-Town.

I questioned a man by the wayside,
Whose hair was as white as the snow;
"Can you show me the way unto Rest-town?
It is thither I'm longing to go;
For I have grown weary, so weary,
Of bearing this burdensome load;
And the days drag along, oh, so slowly,
And long, oh, so long, is the road.

Oh, show me where lies that fair city,
Where work and where labor may cease;
Where I may drop all of my burdens,
And dwell in an infinite peace."
But he knew not the road unto Rest-town
(But the highway he well knew to Pain;
And the journey to Sorrow had taken,
Aye, over and over again).

But I came to a pathway diverging,
And gladly my burdens laid down
Where a sign-post, with hand dimly pointing,
Showed the pilgrim the way to Rest-town;
Then I came to a low-lying valley,
With the sun sinking low in the west,
To a shadowy castle whose portals
Proclaimed it the mansion of rest.

And I said: "'Tis the place I have sought for,
And forever I here will abide,
Where Toil never more will oppress me,
Nor Care walks along by my side."
Here men sat with hands that were folded,
Nor spoke they through all the day long,
And women sat listless and idle,
With voices that broke not in song.

Here nothing was ever created,
And nothing was ever begun,
And nothing was ever attempted,
From rising till setting of sun;
The streets of that city were silent,
Not the sound of a hammer was heard,
The winds even sank to a whisper
Till scarcely a leaflet was stirred.

But I fled from that ghost-haunted mansion,
And I took up my burden again,
Thanking God for the toil he has given
To the sons and the daughters of men;
Care sat by the roadside awaiting,
And he smiled at my thrice-humbled pride.
"I knew you'd return" was his greeting,
And I welcomed him back to my side.
—*Eugene Clay Ferguson, in Christian Standard.*

Figures, when they are accurately secured, sometimes tell some decidedly forcible truths. According to the last Federal Census, the number of paupers in almshouses per 1,000 inhabitants in prohibition States is forty-six. In the seventeen near-prohibition States this number is fifty-four. In the thirteen States which have partial license, the number increases to 123, while it is 129 in the nine license States. Give the liquor traffic a chance and it keeps the almshouses filled.—*Zion's Herald.*

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.

The man or woman who does work worth doing is the man or woman who lives, breathes, and sleeps with that work; with whom it is ever present in his or her soul; whose ambition is to do it well and feel rewarded by the thought of having done it well. That man, that woman, puts the whole country under an obligation.—

John Ruskin.

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardner, D. D., Editor.

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"Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friend.

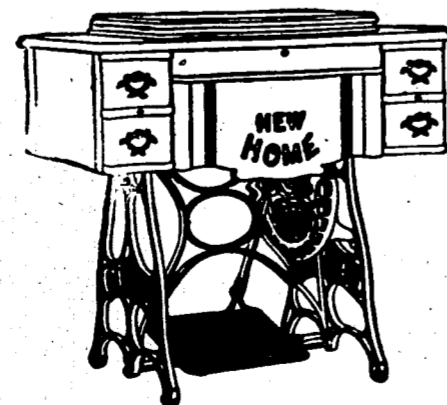
"Yes," replied the amateur, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him."—*Boston Post.*

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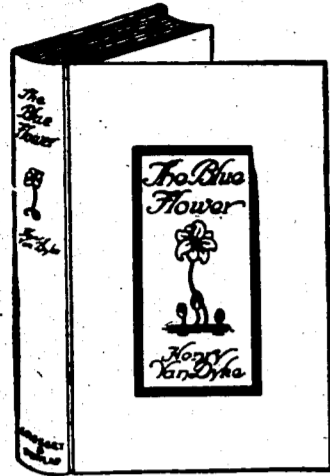
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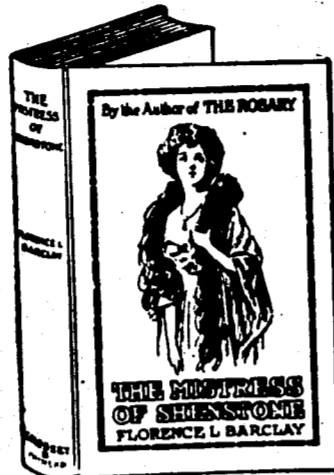
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IF LOVE SHOULD COUNT YOU WORTHY.

If love should count you worthy, and should deign
 One day to seek your door and be your guest,
 Pause! ere you draw the bolt and bid him rest,
 If in your old content you would remain.
 For not alone he enters; in his train
 Are angels of the mists, the lonely guest,
 Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed
 And sorrow, and life's immemorial pain.
 He wakes desire you never may forget,
 He shows you stars you never saw before,
 He makes you share with him forevermore
 The burden of the world's divine regret.
 How wise you are to open not!—And yet
 How poor if you should turn him from your door.

—Sydney Royse Lysaght.

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