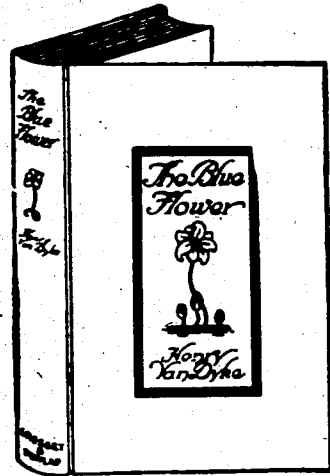


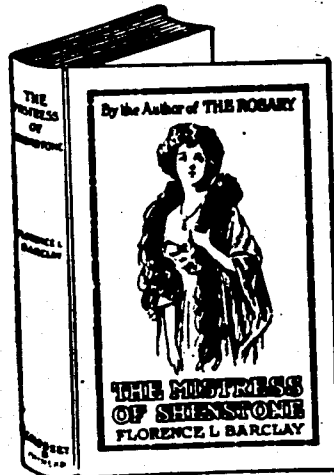
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IF LOVE SHOULD COUNT YOU WORTHY.

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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The Old Folks in the Home.

Happy were the childhood days spent in grandfather's home! And now at three-score and ten no memories of a lifetime are more precious to me than those of grandmother. I can see her yet in her little old-fashioned kitchen, the ash floor scoured to whiteness, a bright wood fire in the open stove, with perhaps a "johnny-cake" baking on a board tipped up in front, the wonderful deep-blue dishes on the dinner table, and, lending charm to all, a dear little sweet-faced woman with gray hair, white lace cap, and spectacles, bustling about getting the evening meal. Every memory of the old home brings a picture of contentment in the midst of a busy life. The spinning-wheel and reel, the loom in the chamber, the chairs made by grandfather's own hands, and the table, bureau, and bedstead, all made by one of his sons, had a special interest owing to the presence and care of the old people, known to all the country folk as "Uncle Amos and Aunt Esther." but loved by us children as "grandpa and grandma." On Sabbath days grandma would sit in her low rocker, with the large well-worn family Bible on her lap, in which she found food for her soul, while grandpa, rain or shine, would walk off as sprightly as a boy nearly two miles to church.

When grandma went away in answer to the last summons, the home never again seemed quite the same. Grandpa lingered alone for many years, being cared for by loved ones who were true, but alone nevertheless, for he missed the loving hands and tender care of her who for half a century had shared in his joys and sorrows. As the years went by we could see a little more stooping in the form, the step grew more faltering and there was a halting in his gait. Day by day the eve grew dimmer, the ear duller, and we would sometimes see him a bent form with staff in hand, looking far away as one at evening with shaded eyes peers toward the sunset. A time came when he ceased to take his ac-

customed walks, and the evening shadows deepened. Then followed the days of lingering as a shut-in, and one morning grandpa was gone.

Who can not tell some such story of the old folks lingering in the home? Some sunny-faced old grandmother, cheerful and witty and sympathetic, left to tarry a little while this side the river with her children and grandchildren about her. Her face is wrinkled with years of care; her hands may be crooked from the hard work of a lifetime, her form bent from burdens she has borne for others; she is feeble in health, and yet she possesses a cheerfulness that puts to shame some low-spirited younger ones who have known but little of the burdens she has carried.

Or it may be a dear old grandfather, who lingers in a cozy corner by the fire-side, and who, reluctant to give up all care about the home he labored to establish years ago, still chores about the place and lends a helping hand as best he can. You can't help noticing that he grows a little more tired at close of day, his thoughts go back to friends of his youth more than in days gone by, and he seems like one who has a far vision that makes the unseen world a little more real. You feel that he is quietly preparing to take his journey to the promised land.

God bless these dear old people who are tarrying a little while in our homes at close of life's day! Their very trials throughout the years have purged away their dross, and we see in them what toil and affliction can do in bringing out the best that is in us. There are no sweeter faces on earth than the faces of those who have fought the good fight and now cheerfully await the Master's call.

"For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with years;
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears."

Some one has said that the fairest flowers sometimes bloom after the touch of frost has come, and we know that the

edelweiss is beautiful which blooms amidst the snow. We like that quaint version of the fourteenth verse in the Ninety-second Psalm:

"And in old age when others fade,
They fruit still forth shall bring;
They shall be fat, and full of sap,
And aye be flourishing."

WE OWE THEM A GREAT DEBT.

Many times have we wished that the dear ones of our childhood home could have been spared a few more years that we might in some way repay them for all they did for us. Some of the dear old folks in our homes have grown older than their years would lead one to expect, on account of hard work and too much care. They have struggled through hard times to bring up the children, and have sacrificed their own comfort many times in order to feed, clothe, and educate them. And now the years of feebleness have come, how gladly should we strive to make their last days happy.

HARD FOR THEM TO BE DEPENDENT.

Growing old is not a cheerful or easy process, even when all is done that love can do to make it pleasant. It is really a transition from a life of activity, usefulness and independence, to one of dependence. After one has been for years a burden-bearer, it requires much grace to become a burden to others. And it is no easy matter after lifelong habits have been fixed, to adjust one's ways to others. This sometimes is harder for grandfather than for grandmother, because when he can no longer go out of doors to work around, there is little in the house for him to do, while the grandmothers are more at home inside and can find something there to busy themselves about. When, for him the outside world becomes more and more circumscribed, and he even loses interest in the daily papers, or must give them up on account of failing sight, it is no easy thing for one who has always been active to settle down and do nothing.

The young people can not now realize the isolation that the old must feel when, gradually cut off from old associates, they stand more and more alone. Rev. Dr. Jowett compares the youthful soul to a telephone exchange with a hundred connections on every side. It has many associates and can commune with a host of

friends. But the old have seen wire after wire cut off until they feel left alone in silence. If these things are well considered, the young will do their best to see that the old folks in their homes have a pleasant time in their declining years.

GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO DO.

There is nothing that brings contentment like having something pleasant to do. The old folks have had charge of affairs so long it is hard to sit down and hold their hands while others work. A story is told of an old auntie who, when invited to visit a certain home, said, "Yes, I'll come if you'll give me something to do." She said her daughter with whom she lived, would not let her do anything—"not even dry the dishes." So when the auntie came, the mother of the house gave her a basket full of old stockings and a bundle of pieces of cloth to patch them with. One of the children said that even though the auntie did get a red patch on a black sock now and then, "we children could stand it, and that stocking basket gave auntie a great deal of satisfaction."

BE PATIENT WITH THEM AND LOVE THEM.

A story is told by the head of a university settlement of an old lady who came to them for care. The writer says, "She was in her own way religious, and prayerful, and generous." But she liked to talk. One day when a visitor said, "Grandmother, we don't talk about people here," the old lady shrugged her shoulders and replied, "Then I'll tell it to the Lord."

It is blessed that a homeless old woman dependent on others can go away alone and tell her troubles to the Lord. Many an aged mother in Israel feeds on heavenly manna in the secret place, communing with God. But, aside from her sense of the love of the Father and the assurance of an ever-present Savior, the dear old mother longs for human sympathy and she is homesick for some one in whom she can confide and with whom she can talk freely. Sometimes a human voice is needed to make the divine more real. Sometimes human sympathy opens the heart of the lonely one for a more perfect entrance of God's love. Old people crave love. Life is a dreary waste without it. In old age the heart is not as strong as once it was, and kindness makes the sunshine of life to them. They who are un-

kind to the aged and who fail to show sympathy to the old fathers and mothers, can hardly expect their own children to rise up and call them blessed. We too must pass that way. We too will some day long for the love of those who are stronger and younger than we are. Some time it may be ours to falter in the way, and with feeble step and failing health to reach out trembling hands for the caresses of loved ones. Sometime we may say with Elizabeth Gould,—

"Put your arms around me—
There, like that;
I want a little petting
At life's setting,
For 'tis harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping
Dear ones gone.
Just a little petting
At life's setting;
For I'm old, alone, and tired
And my long life's work is done."

It is the Old, Old Story Yet.

Did you read that article some time ago in the *Sunday School Times* in which the story is told of a little boy going home from church and telling his mother what interested him most in the minister's discourse? The little fellow said that when the pastor was telling about Calvary he could see Jesus going up there, and the cross, and the people. "But," said he, "just when I was most interested, the minister stopped, —and went on with the sermon."

Evidently what seemed to the boy to be the sermon did not hold up Christ and him crucified so clearly that every one could see the Savior uplifted to draw all men unto him. The only thing that really reached the heart of this hearer was the simple story of the crucified One, told without special effort at oratory. There is something wonderful about the unadorned gospel story told in simple language. Christ foretold its power to draw men unto himself. Human devices to emphasize it and make it interesting have never improved upon the Bible narrative. It is still the old, old story that tells when the disciples go out to win men. When the heart is filled with the Spirit until the face is illumined with love for lost men, there is little need of special embellishments to make the message attractive. Paul's sword of the

Spirit, which is the word of God, is still mighty. Satan can not stand against that, when wielded by spiritual soldiers of the cross. Let us never so far forget this vital truth that we seem to our hearers to be leaving Christ out when we "go on with the sermon."

Remarkable Gifts.

Some of the papers have published from time to time a list of millionaire givers for educational and religious work, making favorable comments upon the generosity of wealthy men in these times. It appears that during the year some twenty-eight men in the United States have made gifts of not less than 1,000,000 each, while records that have been made public show an aggregate of \$302,000,000 within twelve months.

This is indeed a good showing. We rejoice with all others over the increasing tendency toward generous giving among the millionaires; but we do not forget the credit that is due to many thousands in ordinary circumstances who, in proportion to their names, have given "more than they all." We are thankful for the great host in the rank and file of common life who are less able to give tens than others are to give millions, and yet who are constantly and conscientiously giving to the cause of God and humanity until they feel it. One million out of from one to three hundred millions pinches nobody, and causes little self-sacrifice. But ten dollars out of the wages of him who has no bank account, often means careful economy, and even privations, to the consecrated soul who gives it. Thank God for ten thousand such self-sacrificing ones, whose offerings and tithings support the Master's work at home and abroad. God loveth a cheerful giver, and his blessing is ready for the poor man and for the rich man, in proportion to the sacrifice each makes for the good of others.

Among all the gifts of rich men recorded during the year, the most soul-stirring and commendable, it appears to us, is that of Reed B. Freeman of Binghamton, N. Y., who is reported as having given his entire fortune of \$3,000,000 to the families of the many girls who perished in his burning factory, and who then started, a poor man, as a clerk in New York City. He too gave all his living.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Straws in the Prohibition Current.

One must be on the alert in these days if he sees all the signs of progress in the prohibition sentiment of this country. Every straw shows the direction of the current, and the most casual observer must see that the stream is rapidly nearing flood-tide. The gains all along the line must tend to encourage temperance people, even in cities and towns where the liquor element has hitherto been too strong to admit the closing up of drink shops.

The following items are certainly significant. One thing is certain, they are sending consternation to the rank of liquor-sellers.

The National W. C. T. U. is asking every Christian church to vote upon a petition sent out, urging Congress to take favorable action on the bill presented by Representative Hobson, and now pending, in favor of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale, in the United States, of liquor as a beverage. The rising sentiment in favor of this bill is surprising even its best friends. The W. C. T. U. movement has stirred saloon men to action and they too are starting petitions to Congress against the bill.

The controversy over prohibition, arousing as it does the liquor powers to present their cause before Congress, is giving the very best opportunity the temperance people have ever had to show the superiority of their claims. The contrast between the reasons given by the temperance people for prohibition, and the reasons against it as presented by the brewers and distillers, is so marked that people can not help seeing the superiority of the reasons in favor of banishing the liquor traffic. With the liquor men the main plea is revenue for the government, the buying of grain for liquor-making, and the great number of men to be thrown out of employment, all of which they say will be against the financial welfare of the country.

Moral issues are the main ones with the temperance forces—thousands ruined by rum, homes wrecked, asylums, prisons and poorhouses crowded at government ex-

pense, and degradation and shame everywhere resulting from the drink habit. It is easy to show that the country would be better off if all grain made into liquor were sold for food, if the men employed in manufacturing ruinous drink were set to work producing something worth while, and if the millions in the liquor business were invested in legitimate business for the support instead of the ruin of men.

The Temperance Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, in a meeting recently held in Philadelphia, issued a call for a national temperance congress at Washington, D. C., next year. All temperance organizations are requested to unite in this movement. It is decided to publish literature in twelve languages.

The Mayor and Chief of Police of Los Angeles have decided that the multiplicity of electric liquor signs all over the city is a great detriment to the advancement of the city. They make poor advertisements for a town that is striving to induce business men and home-makers to settle there. Therefore the council has been asked to pass an ordinance regulating this class of advertisements.

One of our exchanges speaks of a movement in California opposing the prohibition movement in that State on the ground that wine-making is a great industry there, and prohibition would cause heavy loss. The writer then shows that boys and girls are worth more than dollars, and puts it up to the State to say which it prefers to protect, its dollars and cents or its young men and women. We believe the great State of California, when it realizes the true import of the issue, will stand squarely for the boys and girls.

On the twelfth of March the Kentucky House of Representatives, by a vote of 60 to 32, passed a bill providing for the submission of constitutional prohibition to a vote by the people next year. All but nineteen counties in Kentucky are already "dry." The counties containing distilleries and large cities are of course "wet," but Kentucky, noted for its whiskey, will ere long join its Southern sister States on the prohibition list.

Here are some significant facts, according to the Anti-Saloon League Year Book for 1914: Of the 2,979,890 square miles

in the United States, 2,132,746 square miles are already under no license. Over half the population live in anti-saloon territory. Half the people living in license territory are confined to four States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois. Half of all the saloons in the country are in fourteen cities. In all the territory south of Mason and Dixon's line there are fewer saloons than in the city of Chicago alone. Thirty-six States have fewer saloons all told than are to be found in New York City. In prohibition states there are forty-seven paupers to every 100,000 population. In States that are nearly all prohibition there are fifty-four, and in license States 127 for every 100,000.

Careful investigation among baseball players for three years shows that those who abstain entirely from strong drink have prospered and held positions among best players in the ratio of 5 to 1 over the drinking players.

Recently one of the great railroad companies issued orders that all drinking of intoxicants among its employes must cease at once, and that any one of them found drinking, whether on or off duty, would be discharged at once without further warning. These warning notices were posted all along the line. Put it seems that some of the men thought the company did not mean what it said, and within a few days one hundred and twenty-six men were discharged for violating the order. Among them were engineers, conductors, firemen, brakemen and flagmen. It is understood that five hundred more men are soon to be dismissed for the same reason. The traveling and shipping public will approve this action by the railroad company: for people do not wish to risk either life or property in the hands of trainmen whose brains are befuddled with rum.

John D. Rockefeller Jr., in an address to his great Bible class in New York City, is reported as saying: "Great corporations will not employ men who drink, and their constant emphasis is on total abstinence." He further said that total abstinence is good for the rich and the poor, for employer and employe.

A great anti-saloon banquet was recently held in Chicago, at which unusual interest

was aroused in the prohibition movement. Ex-Governor Patterson of Tennessee, spoken of as a new recruit, stood shoulder to shoulder with veterans like John G. Woolley for the good cause.

Thus at every turn we see signs of the coming flood-tide that is to sweep saloons from America. No wonder the liquor men are panic-stricken and think they see the handwriting on the wall.

Russia Will Help Us Celebrate.

Our government's invitation to Russia to participate in the naval review in Hampton Roads, in 1915, to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, has been accepted, and the announcement to that effect was made on the eleventh of this month. In a cordial note sent to Secretary Bryan and President Wilson, the Russian Foreign Minister says his government is glad that it has been afforded the opportunity to join in the celebration.

Increase in the British Budget.

It is reported from London that the British budget for the coming year amounts to \$1,025,000,000. Eight years ago the British Government budget was only about \$750,000,000, and the terrible increase in so short a time is giving the people much concern as to how the amount is to be raised without considerable addition to the already excessive taxes.

The navy estimates alone call for \$257,750,000 which is \$13,700,000 more than last year. The construction of four battle-ships, four light cruisers, and twelve destroyers is provided for in the plans for 1914-15.

A Great Inventor Gone.

Mr. George Westinghouse, the inventor of the Westinghouse air brake, passed away at his apartments in New York City on March 11, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. His invention of the air brakes alone did more to revolutionize railroad travel than any other device, and it has been the means of saving thousands of lives.

He served his country as a soldier in the Civil War, first in the infantry, then in the cavalry, and finally as an engineer in the navy. At the close of the war he entered Union College, and soon began making inventions. He was only twenty-two when

he invented the air brake. He turned to electricity and did much to advance that science and to improve electric devices for railroad signals.

He was early in the field of gas-engine development, and in the improvement of steam turbines. The first electric generators for use at Niagara were built by him. In Pittsburgh and vicinity alone 150,000 men earn their living through the industries built up by George Westinghouse. He received during his lifetime decorations from the French Republic, the king of Italy, and the King of Belgium. The degree of doctor of engineering was given him by a school in Berlin, Germany.

His home was in Pittsburgh, but he maintained apartments in both New York City and London.

Jerusalem Wants No Trolleys.

A French financier has been negotiating with the Turkish Government for building a trolley line in Jerusalem. But many inhabitants of that city rebel against the idea of modernizing Jerusalem in any way. A missionary there thinks the Christians—Greeks, Protestants and Catholics alike—would gladly consent to modernized sanitation water-works and electric lights for old Jerusalem, but beyond that they hesitate to go in matters of modern improvements. They claim that it would be equal to profanity itself to run a tram-car through streets where Jesus once walked! Some think a street-car running from Jerusalem to Bethlehem would be abhorrent. Really, these things would seem strange at first. To us it would seem better to ride in Palestine on horseback, or in a carriage, than in a rattling, rushing street-car. We found the railroad from Jerusalem to Joppa very convenient and a quick way to get there, but there was nothing of the charm we found in the horseback ride from Nazareth or the quiet carriage ride to Jericho and the Jordan.

True to National Honor.

Seldom has a message from a President of the United States called forth more general commendation than did President Wilson's brief message on the repeal of the provision for exemption of tolls in the law passed last year regulating the affairs of the Panama Canal. People of all parties in America admire the frankness with

which the President, receding from his position of two years ago, pleaded for Congress to stand by the honor of the nation, and keep sacredly its treaties, whether profitable or not.

Aside from the high sense of honor revealed in the message, the document is everywhere spoken of as a "gem in literature," a "classic" of which to be proud, a "state paper" comparing well with the best on record. In it the President won laurels by refusing to argue the question of our rights in the case, when the higher question of national honor is at stake.

The military estimates of Russia amount to more than \$60,000,000, which is almost one-third more than the extraordinary army estimates of last year. The amount given is announced as over and above the ordinary army appropriations. This does not look much as though the nations were preparing for peace, does it?

We see by the papers that fifty boys in a Philadelphia church have been drilled to whistle the tunes in the services. The girls carry the song with their soprano voices, while the boys whistle the chorus. It is spoken of as a movement for "humanizing" the services to make them attractive for boys. We can remember such services as these at North Loup seven years ago, where something like fifty boys whistled in alternation with the girls or in concert with them, making a very attractive and interesting service. Philadelphia is clear behind the times.

It is announced that Cardinal Gibbons expects to sail for Italy in May to visit the Pope. This is the year for American prelates to visit the Vatican, and about one hundred are expected to report to the Pope.

The Roman Catholic Church in New York City has taken hold of the modern amusement and entertainment questions with a strong hand, and is discriminating carefully between the allowable and that which is not allowable. It puts unqualified ban on the tango dances, and no member of the Catholic Church can now be in good standing who sees any play or participates in any amusement not found on the "White List" prepared by a committee appointed by Cardinal Farley. It is pro-

posed to censor all plays produced on the New York stage. One hundred thousand postal cards are to be sent to Catholics of that city which must be signed and returned, each card pledging the signer to avoid improper plays and exhibitions, and to use his influence in persuading others to do likewise. It is expected that bishops throughout the country will enlarge the work thus begun.

In the same mail that brought us the facts just mentioned, there came another statement by a leading Protestant denomination. The question was upon the attitude of that denomination regarding dancing and card-playing. The reply was in substance as follows:

The church has never made a rule in regard to any specific form of amusement. Its whole theory is that the church should preach a perfectly individual consecration to Christ, and that where such consecration is realized, each Christian for himself can be trusted to decide what amusements are consistent with his loyalty to his Master.

Meeting of Educators at Richmond.

Last month nearly two thousand superintendents, teachers and college educators from all parts of our country met at Richmond, Va., in the National Council of Education and the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association.

The subject of teaching sex hygiene in public schools was discussed in the council for the first time. Much difference of opinion was expressed as to whether or not it should be placed in the school curriculum. The following resolution was finally adopted by the Department of Superintendence:

Resolved, That we recognize fully the importance of the proper teaching of sex hygiene, but that we believe the ideal place for giving such instruction to be the home; that we believe the school should be willing and anxious to help the home in this matter as best it can, if instruction in sex hygiene is to be given in school by teachers specially qualified for such work.

It was shown that some progress has been made within the year in arousing the people to the necessity of school surveys. Surely this is a good thing. At this time,

when more and more the workings of corporations, societies and various institutions for the public good are being laid bare to public scrutiny, why should not our public schools and their methods also be open to research and tests of efficiency?

The question as to where and how vocational education should be given was debated by David Snedden, commissioner of education for Massachusetts, and W. C. Bagley, professor of education at the University of Illinois. Mr. Snedden argued that vocational training should be given in separate class rooms and under teachers trained for this work. Mr. Bagley strongly denied any such necessity. He believed, he said, that all forms of education are very closely connected and correlated, and that every curriculum should represent in a fair proportion each of these types.

The following resolution was adopted by the Department of Superintendence:

Resolved, That we indorse the movement to establish and support vocational schools for pupils over fourteen years of age; that we urge the special preparation of teachers for the vocational work; that we encourage the establishment of continuation schools for boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years who have entered vocational life; that we recommend that the attendance upon these continuation schools be made compulsory for such boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

Edward T. Devine, director of the New York School of Philanthropy, addressed himself more to the teacher in the class room.

He demanded first that teachers become filled with the new social spirit, and realize more fully their high calling and their great opportunities.

Second, that the child be taught to appreciate economic values, to respect the rights of others, and to care for his own health. This must be done; all else in the curriculum is of minor value. This will alone accomplish the aim of all education,—cure of poverty, respect for the rights of others, and the cure of disease.

Third, that the community and school come into closer contact, by use of the schoolhouse as a civic center, and also by the superintendent's taking part in some specific movement for the public good outside of his vocational work, as that for the welfare of the child, the better protection of working women, or the reforming of the criminal class.

Any one interested in this meeting will find an interesting 4-page article on the subject in the *Survey* of March 14. To it we are indebted for most of the facts given here.

Religious Liberty in China.

The Peking correspondent of the *New York Tribune* gives, in part, the mandates concerning the prescribed worship of Heaven and Confucius. These and what he says about the Altar of Heaven, so well described in Doctor Palmborg's letter from Peking, will be especially interesting along with the account in this RECORDER of our missionary's recent visit there.

The mandates, promulgated by the President and certain officials, follow:

Religious liberty is observed throughout the world. Our republic is composed of five races—Chinese, Manchus, Mongolians, Mahometans and Tibetans; and their historical traditions differ. Their religious beliefs are difficult, therefore, to unify. It would not be easy to adopt a state religion, for such a step might be contrary to the wishes of the people.

But sacrifices offered at the proper seasons to the ancient saints and sages, as prescribed in the laws of the late Ching dynasty, did not touch the question of religion. Since they are not in conflict with a republican form of government, they should be continued as a token of respect on the part of the succeeding generations.

It will become generally known that the ceremonies now prescribed are performed, and there is danger that the ceremonies will be construed as the beginning of the establishment of a national religion. It is therefore necessary to make known the principle which prompted the restoration of the ancient rites, and to state that they are in response to the wishes of the majority to express their reverence and veneration for the saints and sages and to preserve the traditions of thousands of years.

The choice of religion is still left to the people. This is according to the liberty guaranteed by the constitution and in accordance with the practice of the world. This order is issued to avert possible misunderstanding and suspicion.

President Yuan Shih-kai is then reported as saying:

I, the President, am aware that the ceremony of sacrifice offering to heaven has been held in great reverence since remote times and preserved by the government of China through successive ages. For the people to fast and "cleanse themselves" and pay profound respect to the Deity is rational, and no clause has ever existed in the institutions of the country prohibiting or restricting this observance. I hereby order that the sacrifice offering to heaven shall be made a universal ceremony.

The recommendations of the administrative

council regarding the place and time of sacrifice are hereby approved. The Ministry of the Interior is ordered to collect opinions of renowned authorities and decide upon the special designs for the ceremonial hat and costume, the character of the ceremony, the articles to be used, etc., and to submit them for consideration and approval.

Describing the Altar of Heaven, the *Tribune* correspondent says:

The place chosen for this worship on the part of the President is the famous Altar of Heaven, where the emperors of succeeding dynasties have knelt and offered thanks and supplications to the open skies. . . . On two sides of the altar are rows of huge open furnaces of wrought iron, and a larger one of masonry, where the ox is sacrificed. It has been several years since the Emperor bowed upon the altar in person, and it is not planned that the President shall perform the ceremony till the solstice of December next, for the rite is an annual service. The altar, and also the temple and the imperial buildings in the grounds, have been neglected, and are now in need of much repair and so overgrown with weeds that the pathways are almost impassable. . . .

Now, under Yuan Shih-kai—if he is permitted to fulfil his project—this historical place of worship is likely to be kept in order and renovated where it has been wrecked. It is well known that the present President is a protector of China's monuments and works of art. Since he has come to dictatorial powers orders have been issued on several occasions tending to protect and preserve historical places, monuments and treasures.

Opening for a Seventh Day Baptist Blacksmith.

A letter from Rev. C. S. Sayre of Albion, Wis., says: "We have a fine location at Albion for a good blacksmith. The present blacksmith wants to get out. It is a wealthy community. The property is owned by Seventh Day Baptists, and can be bought on very easy terms, and at what seems to me to be a very low price. The shop has not been run on the Sabbath for years, and so the whole community has been trained to that."

This would be a splendid place for some lone Sabbath-keeper who has the trade well learned, to find a good home among people of his own faith. Any Seventh Day Baptist desiring to locate as blacksmith is urged to communicate with Brother Sayre.

The wealth of man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—*Carlyle*.

SABBATH REFORM

Sabbath Thoughts From Various Pens.

In Peloubet's Notes for the year 1900, on Christ's healing in the Pharisee's house on the Sabbath day, we find the following excellent thoughts about the Sabbath: "Jesus, neither here nor elsewhere, abolishes or lessens the force of the fourth commandment. It is still in force as a day of rest and worship. It is absurd to think that God would abolish from his word what he has written on the nature of man and still keeps in force there. . . . The Pharisees had covered up the Sabbath law by writing over it their human traditions. . . . Jesus erased their writings and restored the original commandment. . . . he only removed the rubbish with which the Pharisees had encumbered the Sabbath, and he left it a day of freedom, of joy, of peace. . . . Jesus restored the Sabbath law, by restoring its spirit. The real danger to the Sabbath is that of losing its object, its meaning, its purpose. So long as these are kept, the Sabbath is safe."

"A man of threescore and ten years has had more Sabbath days for highest training than a man gets days for education in five years' preparatory, four years' college course, and three years of professional training. No Sabbath-keeping man need ever lack the highest education. The Sabbath is God's provision for man's development."

OTHER EXCELLENT TESTIMONIES.

On that day (the Sabbath) we always find him, either in the temple or in the synagogue; either instructing the minds or healing the diseases of the poor, and thereby marking out the Sabbath day as a proper season, not only for devotion, but for the religious instruction of all classes. Therefore the visiting of the sick, and carrying to them the instructions and consolations of the gospel is a holy work eminently suited to this holy day.—*Williams*.

Jesus came not to destroy the Sabbath, but to fulfil; not to tarnish its sacredness, but to make it more sacred by making it a blessing and a spiritual power.—*Peloubet*.

From a superficial study of Jesus' words in regard to the Sabbath and his conduct upon the Sabbath day, we might gain the impression that he thought the Sabbath of no great importance, and that he would teach that it is just as well to be very lax in its observance. But Jesus certainly did think that the Sabbath was of very great importance, or else he would not have spent so much of his time and strength in trying to correct false impressions concerning it. Jesus did not fail also in proper regard for the sacredness of the Sabbath. It was no real irreverence to the Sabbath institution to show that the literal observance of Sabbath laws as well as of other laws was of less importance than certain deeds of lovingkindness toward fellow men. The Sabbath was not instituted in order that men might have the privilege of observing it, but rather that it might be a means of help in man's physical and spiritual development.—*Rev. W. C. Whitford*.

There is no Bible evidence that any other day than the seventh day of the week was thought of by Christ or his disciples as the Sabbath, but there is much said about what could or could not be done on the Sabbath day.

Jesus was not free to break the law of God because he was the Son of God. We should think of him as the one among men who has perfectly kept the law of God, and so he is the ideal Sabbath-keeper, because he kept it just as it should be kept.

The importance and value of obedience to God's laws are brought out in these suggestive words, "And I gave them my statutes, and shewed them my judgments, which if a man do, he shall live in them," or as the margin of American Revised Bible reads, "he shall live by them" (Ezek. 20: 11).

There are few, if any, of God's Commandments that have in them more to enrich life than the keeping of the day that he blessed and sanctified and named the Sabbath day.—*Rev. W. D. Burdick*.

The Sabbath was made for men, *all* men. It is written in the very constitution of man—he needs rest. Seventh Day Baptists should unite with all Christians in demanding that all laboring people shall have a right to rest one day in seven. But we should resist all attempted Sunday legis-

lation, every infringement upon religious liberty, every attempt on the part of the state to designate by law the day upon which man shall rest.—*Rev. A. L. Davis.*

The Sabbath is not a holy end, in itself, only as it is a supreme means to highest moral ends.—*Dr. A. E. Main.*

What cessation from work does in restoring the life of the physical man, communing with God does in recreating and maintaining the man's spiritual life. . . . If, then, Sabbath-keeping is the way of life, let us remember what is so plainly taught throughout the Bible and history, that Sabbath-breaking is the way of death. It is an insidious death, a slow death, but a sure death. Man can not live in defiance of the loving Father's life-giving, life-saving covenant. As we value the life of our dear ones, the integrity of our families, the present and future of the state, let us write on our hearts, and honor in our lives and teaching, the loving teaching, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy."—*Sunday School Times.*

But men have not outgrown, and never will outgrow, at least as long as this world stands, the Ten Commandments of Jehovah. . . . In brief, the Ten Commandments are the axioms of morals, the summary of ethics, the itinerary of mankind, the framework of society, the vertebral column of humanity.—*George Dana Boardman.*

Coxey's Army.

Kelly has organized an army of the unemployed in California with the purpose of marching upon Washington to lay their grievances before Congress. This recalls the Coxey army that organized under Cleveland's administration and strode across the country on a similar mission, in search of bread and employment. Every generous heart will have a sympathetic interest for all such as are without work and without bread. But investigation into these cases seems to reveal the fact that many of these men are not so anxious for work after all—indeed, will not accept it when offered, but prefer to live upon the bounty of the land and other people's labor. Idleness has become a habit until either the ability or willingness to work is wanting.

I dreamed a dream in my waking hours a night or two ago. I thought of myself as a Kelly or a Coxey, captain or general of a regiment of a thousand of the unemployed. We would march upon the General Conference at Alfred next August a thousand strong (?) and lay our wants before the head authorities. We would seek bread and work. And then I had a long and silent laugh all inside of me. Was my army possibly only a phantom army? Was it made up of only ghostly forms? Did it really want work, or would it accept it if offered? Or had long disuse of talents caused disability, or disinclination to use them? There is certainly such a danger, and some of the early reports from state secretaries of the Lone Sabbath Keepers make it look indeed only a phantom army.

One secretary of two States writes that her letters have all been returned, excepting one, and that has never been answered. Another secretary of three States sent out letters to all, but received no returns except that one of his letters was returned marked "no such post-office in the State." A third one fared better—sent out forty letters, received three replies, and is expecting the rest.

It is apparent, first, that this field of labor has already been neglected too long, and secondly, that the sooner the scattered ones of the flock can be restored to the home folds the safer and better it will doubtless be for all. But let us persevere and leave no part of our own work undone. I still think the secretaries should send out the specific list of questions I gave, with any others they may desire, along with their general letter. Also, non-residents who make their contributions to and through their home church should report them just the same, as we desire a complete list of their work. And each secretary should revise his list and furnish us a new and correct one up to date—changing addresses, noting the deaths, delinquents, etc. We also wish to know of all who do not take the RECORDER. We are ready to hear from more of the secretaries.

G. M. COTTRELL,
General Field Secretary
Lone Sabbath Keepers.

Topeka, Kan.,
March 14, 1914.

MISSIONS

Godspeed to Miss Burdick.

Read by Edwin H. Lewis, Dean of Lewis Institute, Chicago, at the reception tendered to Miss Burdick by Dr. and Mrs. Mac Arthur in Chicago, March 9, 1914, and requested for publication.

It would be easy to name several persons here present who are more fit than I to discharge the pleasant duty of bidding Miss Susie a Godspeed—more fit because in closer touch with church work and mission work. But if old friendship counts, I may aspire to the privilege. And in any case I am like the old darkey who was asked if he could change a ten-dollar bill. "No, boss, I cain't change no ten-dollar bill, suh, but I suttently thanks you foh de compliment."

When the Spainards captured that fine old sea-dog, Sir Richard Grenville, then, says Tennyson, "they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace." Would that some courtly grace were mine that I might tell Miss Susie how proud we are of her. But I can't do it without sinning against the more or less absurd laws of politeness. So I will retreat into the worst American slang, and say to our friend, "If you want to know how much we think of you, guess! and go as far as you like."

In response to such a cowboy salutation she would be justified in mildly inquiring, "If you all think so much of me, why aren't your contributions to the China mission somewhat larger than they are?" And to answer that would be embarrassing.

Now Miss Burdick knows more about China in a minute than I know in a year. Yet I would like to try and explain in a few words why we do appreciate, or partly appreciate, or think we appreciate, some of the problems to which she is returning. If I go wrong, she will set me right. For is it not better to show some signs of trying even in ignorance, to appreciate, rather than to present a solid front of indifference?

I guess that the task of a missionary to Africa, however strenuous it may be, is comparatively simple. His first task is to

avoid fever and sunstroke. His second is to dodge the crocodile. His third is to build roads, as Dan Crawford built them, and thereby to clean up the villages. Then he is to preach the gospel to a people who have no books, but who are ready listeners, and who permit themselves to be converted after a fashion in large numbers. Later of course comes the slow task of moral education. The savage mind must be weaned from indolence, lust, and cruelty, and guarded from the drunkenness which seems to follow all civilization except the Muhammadan, and sometimes follows that.

But how different the scene and task which confront the missionary to China! Here is a civilization so old that only the civilization of Babylon is comparable to it. Here is a nation which highly honors its books and scholars. Here is a race which had invented printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass while yet our fathers worshipped Woden, Tiw, Thor, and Freya, and marched to battle, clothed in skins, in the ranks of Gothic, Frankish, and Vandal tribes.

But in spite of the age of this civilization and in spite of recent progress, this people is set in its ways as no other people on earth. It is more conservative in customs and religion than the most conservative puritan in the most reactionary county of Massachusetts. My father used to lament a certain stubbornness in the New England character, and smiled with appreciation at Mary Wilkins Freeman's story of a certain man. For twenty years this man sat on the church porch every Sunday, because he had vowed that never again would he enter the church if a certain minister was chosen. Now, as I understand it, that man was tractable and docile as compared with a Chinese mandarin.

China has a new government, but Chinese students tell me that there are plenty of people in China who have not yet heard of it, such is the isolation of vast tracts of the population. Professor William MacClintock, returning last year from China told me of famine existing in one valley while rich harvests lay in an adjoining valley. There was no intercommunication. Every year there is some famine in India, and more than a million persons perished of hunger in two years, the years

1900 and 1901. But in China, in two years 1878 and 1879, nine and one half million persons perished of hunger.

Isolation produces famines, but it produces also starvation of soul. In the remoter provinces, to which few or no missionaries penetrate, religion remains what it was centuries ago. It is not for nothing that the word "heathen" means a dweller on the heath, the barren moorland. It is not for nothing that "pagan" means a dweller in the remote interior.

But even the cities in this strangest of lands are set in their ways. It is, to be sure, a conservatism not without its values. This people paints a certain picture or vase perfectly, embroiders a certain scroll perfectly, cooks a certain dish perfectly, because it has done the same task again and again for centuries, and with the utmost pains. A sunset scene with a distant chapel, and perhaps a bird or two flying across a reedy lake—that theme has been repeated by generations of artists until all the copies are exquisite. This virtue of thoroughness the Chinaman surely has.

And other virtues he has. Indeed it almost seems as if his very vices were virtues gone astray, virtues slain by excess, as Aristotle would say. Where will you find more touching stories and pictures of filial devotion than in Chinese literature and painting? I refer to the legends of Yen-Tse, Yang Hiang, Min Sun, and many another hero who gave his life for father or mother, or was granted a miracle to save them.

But this filial devotion is such at the expense of children. All over the world, to be sure, the sacredness of child life is too little appreciated. Even in Christian Chicago there are wards where one child out of every five dies of a preventable disease in its first year, and the fact does not cause much lack of sleep on Christian pillows. But in China, in one field in Yunnan, a recent traveler, Miss Kemp, saw the bodies of fifty little children, fifty babies abandoned to die.

I take it that even if no other task awaited the missionary, it would be task enough to persuade those callous millions that every human soul is immortally valuable. And how else can such a message be rendered persuasive save in the name of Him who "gave his life a ransom for many?" Who but our Lord has seriously

treated every child as having a value beyond price? Alas that economic conditions in China must for so long in the future make his doctrine about children hard to understand and harder to apply.

A missionary to Africa is sent, so to speak, to people still in the dawn of the world. But a missionary to China, unless I mistake the situation, is a missionary to the Middle Ages. The savage worships his fetich in ignorance and with a free imagination. The Chinaman is the slave of a great popular system of thought, based in rationality and endowed with the semblance of science, but degenerated into a deadly system of superstition. I mean that the Chinese, like Europeans of the Middle Age, are under the thumb of the astrologer.

Magic numbers, auspicious days, favorable omens, talismanic medicine: these are the forces which rule the Chinaman's life. In theory he recognizes Shang Ti, the supreme will of heaven. But he is a hard-headed, unimaginative person, whose positivistic bias has been punished by credulity and superstition in the face of the mysteries of nature. Running naturally to practical mathematics, he believes that mathematics can pierce into the unknown. The system called "yih" is supposed to supply short cuts to a sure knowledge of the deepest things. It holds the key of the future. It controls health and wealth. If you would pass safely through a perplexing world, you must be guided by the astrologer. It is as if all Wall Street visited the fortune-teller every morning.

If this is roughly a correct statement of the case, the situation is indeed very like that of Christendom a thousand years ago. Today we read Faust as literature, but time was when everybody believed in compacts with Satan that supplied secret knowledge and earthly felicity. Today we read the almanac to find out when the sun sets, but in every almanac there is still that picture of man's magic relation to the zodiac; head governed by the constellation Aries, neck by Tarsus, shoulders by Gemini, and so on. If we pity China, as pity her we must, let us do so with our almanacs open, lest we forget. For from precisely that same pit were we also digged.

Well, we lived through it all; we lived through astrology, alchemy, necromancy, and divination. Even in America we had

to live through witchcraft. And out of astrology came our magnificent modern astronomy, which enables us to set our watches by the starry heavens, and to observe spiral nebulae in the very act of becoming worlds. We lived through alchemy, that great scheme for getting rich quick, and out of it came modern chemistry, which is teaching us to get rich slowly but surely. And out of chemistry has come bacteriology, which is doing for us what no talisman of health could ever do.

Speaking of chemistry and bacteriology, I love to remember that in the discovery of the diphtheritic antitoxin, the yellow-skinned Doctor Kitasato had an equal share with the white-skinned Doctor Behring. Tens of thousands of white children have been saved by that antitoxin. Such discoveries point to the time when China shall have lived through her Dark Ages. Free institutions will help. Transportation will help. And last but not least, the gospel of the Great Physician will help, as it has already helped.

But meantime it can not be an easy task to present Christianity to the Chinese mind. What painless cures and talismans can we offer to the sick in the place of hygiene, and necessary operations, and antitoxins? What promise of protection from "fung-shui" and the ghosts of weather can we give? Can we promise that a house built so and so, or consecrated on a Sabbath day, will be spared by the demons of earthquake? No, we can present only sound science and spiritual faith.

As for sacred days, how easy it must be—in theory only—to teach the idea of the sabbath to a man whose conduct is governed by magic numbers. I am told that the Chinaman thinks in numbers. He thinks of the two "liang i," the positive and negative principles of all things. He thinks of the three systems of religion, the three forms of heavenly light, the three forms of obedience, the three studious qualities, the three holy men. He thinks of the four quadrants, the four supernatural creatures, the four treasures of the scholar. He thinks of the five blessings, the five ideals, the five elements, the five social relations, the five genii of the seasons, the five sacrificial beasts, the five colors, the five kinds of ghosts. He thinks of the six accomplishments and the five forms of writing.

He thinks of the seven sages, the seven Buddhistic treasures, the seven planets, and the seven emotions. And so on ad nauseam. On being taught the doctrine of the sabbath, would not a Chinaman's first impulse be to add it to his motley collection of sevens, and let it go at that? It can not be an easy thing to lead him from the magic permutations of "yang" and "yih"—those words which stand for so many things, and among others for change and rest—to the spiritual meaning of the sabbath rest, which A. H. Lewis was wont to call "God's representative in time."

One would fear that the liberation of the Chinese mind from the superstitions of "yih" would be followed by a hard, bleak agnosticism, rather than by higher spiritual conceptions. Most of the Chinese students I have known are sufficiently agnostic to avoid all discussion of religion, but one and all are enthusiastic students of practical science and practical politics. Their faith in progress, like all faith in progress, is religious at bottom, in the sense that moral ideals are not to be derived from physical science. But that faith is not a sufficient foundation for a democracy. Democracy is not a mere form of government. It is a religious ideal, a progress into a divine freedom and initiative which can be firmly grounded only in a religious conviction.

The Chinese students speak kindly of the missionaries, and especially of the medical work. They do not criticize the young government for that most extraordinary action, the asking of the prayers of Christendom. I do not know if we are all aware that the Chinese government requested that the twenty-seventh day of last April should be set aside by all Christendom as a day of prayer for China. Such an act on the part of any government is perhaps without parallel in recorded history. And what a contrast it makes to the terrible events of fourteen years ago, when no missionary in China felt sure of his life from day to day!

We must devoutly hope and pray that our government will cast no stumbling-block in the way of China. The greed of a Christian nation is no recommendation of Christianity to the followers of the just Confucius and the generous Lao Tse. England, by siding with opium against

humanity in the days of the Tai Ping, and even more recently, made more Chinese agnostics than English missionaries can unmake in many a day. There is something pathetic in the way the Chinese students look up to America as the ideal which they would have their country approach. They continue to do so in spite of American faults to which they are not blind. They find us far behind the ideals of reverence and justice which we profess, and yet they continue to draw inspiration from our history and our hopes.

They expect us to live our religion, for they are very concrete and practical persons. And in sending missionaries to China it is more important that we send a few integrated personalities, a few whole Christians, than many learned, many ambitious, many merely willing. Only real Christians, with consecrated intellects, can have much effect in guiding China toward the new day, through the darkness of her Middle Age. Unguided, she is certain to become powerful but ruthless, a yellow peril. Guided, she will become powerful and beneficent, and may prove the golden safety of the world.

China deserves our best, and we have sent and are sending our best. We are wishing Godspeed to one who has lived many years in China, and who now returns to join the noble little band which constitutes the Seventh Day Baptist contribution to the progress of China. What shall we wish her?

Of all the many Chinese symbols, the most valued are the symbols of "sheu," which means long life. They tell me that it means more than mere longevity. For righteous souls it means living on after death in lives made nobler by their presence. It means joining what George Eliot called "the choir invisible." Let us wish Miss Susie all the power and potency of "sheu." May she live long in China in the flesh, and longer in the spirit. If we could make the wish more efficacious by cutting the symbol in gold, and giving it to her to wear, we would do it, but that would perhaps savor a little of the very magic which she is striving to overcome. Instead, may she carry our wish in her heart, and may God bless her in her work. May she be brave in every trial of patience. In the face of whatever discouragement may she be glad in faith. May she always

know the meaning of that audacious phrase which the heroic Sir Thomas More sealed as his own—may she always "be merry in God!"

Life and Money for Missions.

Jesus gave his life to reconcile men to God. He not only died, but he gave his life while it was throbbing in his flesh to reconcile men to God. He gave the totality of his earning power, the volume of his love, the whole of his wisdom and knowledge, his entire time, all the capacities of his spirit to that work. Because he gave his life there started a great movement to the increase of which there has been no end and will be none. All men are being drawn unto him. His name is now above every name, and knees in multiplied thousands are bending in acknowledgment of his wisdom and power, his love and compassion, his victory over sin and death.

Since his death a line of witnesses and servants has gone out through all the earth and continuous through all the centuries. The story of their toils and victories would throw into dim twilight the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. These new worthies of the faith have also "had trial of mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment." They have been beaten and stoned and assaulted by men as fierce as beasts. They have endured hunger and nakedness and cold; they have suffered cruel persecutions by civilian and barbarian. They have loved and served and died for a world not worthy of them. Their graves are scattered over all the continents and the islands of the seas.

There is scarcely a Baptist to be found who has not known personally some "worthy" who gave his life at home or abroad for Jesus Christ and in the fellowship of his suffering, while every one surely knows the name and glory of such heroes as Carey, Judson, Livingstone, Paton and Ashmore.

In the presence of these gifts of life, which included all, how cheap a few dollars look! What tawdry heroes we stay-at-homes are! We live under the full benefit of 1,900 years of Christian heroism and sacrifice unto death. We gather about us in costly luxury our children and friends. We thrive from a world-trade made safe and immensely profitable only where in

some measure Christ has conquered through sacrifice. We rejoice in a perfect smother of art, literature, science and invention, all of which are indigenous only to the soil that has been sweetened and enriched by the blood of Christian lives.

From the enjoyment of such advantages and privileges won by the giving of life, how cheerfully and lavishly we ought to give our money to support this great Christian movement in its ministry to distant peoples and to the foreigner within our gates! But we do not, as a rule, give our money either cheerfully or lavishly. Great multitudes give nothing at all, and some of them even resent being asked. Will such be found worthy to stand with him in white?

Many of those who give do so unworthily because they give so little compared to what they keep. What are \$5 a year to the man who burns up \$25 a year to satisfy a selfish and unnatural habit? What are \$5 to a woman who pays \$10 for a single hat? What are \$1,000 to the man whose wealth is leaping into the millions? Over against the gift of life these gifts are nothing.

Some men who gave their lives to mission work might have been millionaires had they given themselves to making money. When they gave their lives they gave the millions. How greatly God would have lost on the investment if they had gone into business and given to the cause of Christ ten per cent, or perhaps only one per cent!

The crowning gift in Christian service is life with all it includes. Every one who gives only money should be careful to have his gift bear unquestionable evidence that his life belongs to God.—R. M. West, D. D., in *Watchman-Examiner*.

A Visit to Peking.

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

As you have heard nothing from Lieu-oo since Christmas time, you may like to know that we tried to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of our Savior in an appropriate way. We were sorry that it was necessary for Doctor Crandall to be in Shanghai, but glad that she could help out there in a time of need.

We had a service at usual time of the Sabbath service, two o'clock in the after-

noon. We invited the families of our church members and probationers, and a few acquaintances besides. Although it rained a little, there were about eighty present, nearly half of them children.

We had moved Doctor Crandall's organ out into the meeting-room, and it was quite a curiosity to some of the people. We had also removed the partition between the waiting-room and the study-room, converting it into one large room, and a large evergreen star and bunches of heavenly bamboo with red berries brightened it. There were several songs besides the hymns by the congregation. One was, "Who was in a manger laid?" our helper singing the question and the evangelist's six children singing the answer. The smallest one, not yet three years old, really led the rest. She has a strong clear voice and learns a tune very easily. She seems the brightest of them all. Another was a duet by our young lady assistant and myself, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," to the tune of "Refuge." I also sang an English song.

Mr. Tong's children recited about the shepherds and the angels' message, and he preached a short sermon. After the service the women and girls came into our dwelling-house while the men and boys stayed in the dispensary building, and all were treated to tea, cakes and oranges, and all the peanuts they could eat. As they, according to Chinese fashion, threw all the shells and peelings on the floor, the rooms presented an interesting appearance after they were gone! But we felt sure they had enjoyed themselves and were satisfied, if tired.

I have long wished to visit Peking, but knew no one here, so waited till there should be a good opportunity. Recently my old assistant, Mrs. Chow, has come to live in Peking, as her husband is working here on the Board of Agriculture. She was anxious for me to visit her, so at this China New Year vacation I took the opportunity to come and visit her and at the same time see something of this historical city. My visit is now drawing to a close—indeed we are to start in an hour for the train to Tientsin, where we take a steamer for Shanghai. Eling is with me, and Mrs. Chow's daughter is going back with us to our Girls' School in Shanghai, and her adopted daughter is going to Lieu-oo with me to be a helper in our medical work.

I hope she will be as efficient a one as was her foster-mother before her.

Although I have been living in a Chinese home and eating Chinese food for two weeks, it is such a nice home, the food so good, and the people so companionable I hardly realize they are not my own; indeed, I feel almost related to them! Again and again I am rejoiced to see the difference in the atmosphere of a Christian home, and that of a heathen one. It promises hope for China. This poor country seems to need a promise of some kind, for just now the prospect for its prosperity and peace is not at all reassuring.

My host, Mr. Chow, spent almost nine years in Paris taking degrees in the Cavalry School, in the Pasteur Institute, and in the School of Veterinary Surgery. So now, besides the work he is doing for the government, he also earns a good deal in the practice of his profession. He speaks both French and English readily. He was away on a mission for the government when I arrived. While talking together the first evening after his return, he surprised me by saying that when I got ready to build a hospital he would give one hundred dollars toward it. That is fifty dollars in United States money. That was pleasant to hear, especially after the letter I had from a friend in America who has been trying to raise some money for our prospective hospital and had met with little success.

We have not felt like asking the Board or the people at large to contribute toward this object, because there have been so many calls for money for our schools, the African investigation and work, and many other things. So we have felt unwilling to ask anything for this object and we are trusting that, if God wants us to have a hospital, he will in some way provide. Perhaps it is not his will. He can work, however, in ways we know not of, to accomplish what he wishes.

February 15 (three days later), on steamer to Shanghai. We have had unusually pleasant weather for our visit, it seems, and, we have been especially favored in many ways. The Chow family share the house with another man, who is in the Presidency, one of the President's military council as I understand it. He also studied in France at the same time with Mr. Chow, so they are good friends.

Before Mr. Chow came home this man used his influence in several ways for us. He got passes for us all to visit the grounds of the Summer Palace, which have been given to the Imperial family as their private property. He also obtained for us the use, for the whole day, of one of the automobiles belonging to the Presidency, as it is quite a distance to the Summer Palace. It was all without expense to us. Another day he obtained leave for us to visit the grounds of the Winter Palace, now occupied by the President and Vice-President. We saw neither of these men, but did see one of the twenty-two (or according to some reports twenty-five) children of the President. There are conflicting reports as to the number of his wives.

Many of the buildings were closed to us, but we went into the Ceremonial Hall where the inauguration took place, and into the room in which the Empress Dowager died, which is now occupied by an immense marble image of the Goddess of Mercy, brought from Thibet. The house in which the Emperor died is occupied by the Vice-President, and very prettily situated on a peninsula extending into quite a large lake within the walls of the palace grounds. A small military officer had been detailed to guide us and he was very polite and obliging.

This gentleman also lent us his horse and carriage for this visit and also to visit the Altar of Heaven, where the Emperor used to go on the Chinese New Year's Day to worship and sacrifice to heaven.

The Altar of Heaven is a large round structure not very high, approached by steps on four sides and with terraces leading up to it. On each terrace is a white marble balustrade, or parapet, and the whole thing is made of marble. The top is just a flat round stone surface of large area. At a little distance is the brick altar on which sacrifice is offered, and near it are some very beautiful bronze incense urns.

We visited some temples, especially the Lhama Temple, and the Temple of Confucius. The first contains an immense standing Buddha, the third story of the building being just on a level with its shoulders and face.

The Temple of Confucius contains no idols but the spirit tablets of Confucius and his disciples (being a step in advance

of Catholic cathedrals filled with *images* of Christ and his disciples).

The grounds of this temple contain fine old cedar trees, one, a cypress, being over one thousand years old. In the grounds are also many pavilions, each containing an immense stone monolith, borne on the back of a large tortoise, also carved out of one piece of stone. Each one of these memorial tablets has been erected by an emperor of the Manchu dynasty, though some are even older, and each has carved upon it some sentiment in Chinese and in Manchu characters.

Peking is full of Manchus, of whom we see very few in Shanghai. The Manchu woman's head dress is a wonderful affair, and they paint their faces till the skin looks ready to crack, a ghastly white, with the cheeks and around the eyes a brilliant pink, and the lips a vermillion red.

They wear brilliantly colored silk and satin clothes and are always on the streets mingling with all classes of people, in great contrast to good class Chinese ladies, who seldom walk about the streets.

Peking is the dirtiest Chinese city I have seen, for the earth is a loose sandy, dark-grey soil, and the houses are all the color of the earth. Windstorms are frequent and then this black sand is distributed everywhere through the houses, going through the smallest cracks.

There was only one wind-storm while we were there, lasting part of a day.

We are now on the steamer on our way home. We came to Tientsin two days ago to take a steamer advertised to leave then, but found it had not yet arrived from the South. So we were obliged to stay at a hotel two days till one came in and was unloaded and reloaded. We were to have left at daylight today but a heavy fog was on, so we did not get started till eleven o'clock. We are traveling Chinese first-class, but it is rough enough. The berths are only boards and we have to furnish our own bedding, wash-bowls and other toilet articles. I doubt if the floor of our room has been mopped for a month, and I am sure it has not been well swept for some time. The eating-saloon, the hallways, the side-decks, between decks, and upper decks are patched with human beings who have passed the night under the open sky, in the fog which froze upon their clothes. Still they are alive, looking

cheerful and almost happy. They are sturdy Shantung men used to hardship.

We came to Peking by railroad, passing through hundreds of miles of the most desolate looking country I ever saw occupied by human beings. It is the famine region, constantly being either flooded or dried up, and the place from which the crowds of begging people come that are constantly passing through Lieu-oo in the winter time.

I wanted to be back in Shanghai several days ago, but Mr. Chow thought he must come with us to Tientsin, and he could not get away earlier. Indeed, it was well he came, for I do not know how we would have managed alone, as this dialect is entirely different from ours.

I prayed that my visit might be a help to my dear friend, Mrs. Chow, and during these two days of waiting Mr. Chow and I have had a chance to talk over many things. He has been in danger of putting ambition and money-making above everything else, and getting a little cold in his Christianity, so it made me glad when he told me, at supper last evening, that my visit had been a great help to him and he thanked God for my coming.

I pray that all that has been, and that shall be done in His name may bear fruit.

Your fellow worker,

ROSA PALMBORG.

Goat Flesh as Meat.

When the housewife goes to market and buys what appears to be choice mutton chops or a most attractive leg of lamb, she sometimes discovers, after the meat is on the table, that it is uncommonly tough. She can not understand how lamb or mutton that looked so fine and inviting could be so unyielding to the teeth.

But the mystery is solved. A Texas banker attending the convention in Boston revealed the secret to a group of friends. "You people up here," he said, "who eat mutton quite frequently are eating goat's meat without knowing it. When sold down in Texas it is called 'mutton,' if the goat has been fattened for market, and the name sticks when it comes up here, because it is a little easier to sell. The next time you get some particularly tough 'mutton' you may be sure it is goat's meat."—*Boston Globe*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

The Divine Whisper.

The call is loud; earth's honors wait;
Its golden prizes meet the gaze,
And eager crowds are rushing on
Amid the blare and 'neath the blaze;
Deaf to the mandate—"Be thou true!"

But here and there in crowded way,
A pilgrim wends him toward his goal,
Pressed and alone amid the strife,
Within his secret faithful soul
He hears the whisper—"Be thou true!"

And so he walks the higher way,
And learns the meaning of his choice,
Beyond the reach of change and spoil,
Through the divine eternal voice
That whispers on—"Be true! Be true!"
—Mary R. Baldwin.

Announcement has been made that the coming year will see the erection at Rangoon, Burma, of a "tower of peace." This tower is planned as a memorial to five men who, on February 6, 1812, in the Tabernacle Congregational church of Salem, Mass., were ordained as America's first foreign missionaries. These men were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Newell, Gordon Hall, Samuel Nott, and Luther Rice.

This tower, which is to be a replica of the tower of the Tabernacle church, will also serve as a memorial marking the centenary of the great Baptist mission established in Burma by Judson. In December of last year a party of Americans were in Burma to assist in the celebration of the centennial of the arrival of Judson in Burma. The *Missionary Helper*, one of our exchanges, has a very interesting account of this missionary celebration, from which we clip the following:

The Judson Centennial.

As I write, we are in the midst of an event of world importance that is being enacted here in the land of Judson. From east and west, north and south, delegates and guests have traveled the world around to do honor to the memory of—not a political potentate or glittering grandee, but a humble pioneer missionary.

This occasion celebrates the centennial of the arrival of Judson in Burma as the first Baptist missionary, the centennial of the organization of the Baptist Foreign Mission society, and the centennial of American Foreign Missions.

The beautiful modern city of Rangoon with its 250,000 and more people, two-thirds of whom are foreigners, is in sharp contrast to the "eight or ten thousand miserable huts" of Judson's day. And the Baptist College is a structure that commands the pride and approval of its supporters. The Stars and Stripes and Union Jack drape the outer entrance. Inside at the center rear, above a colored map of Burma, is the goal, "Burma for Christ;" while on either side in large characters in white on red, there stretch away across the large auditorium, the mottoes, "A ruby shall glow in our Savior's crown," and "The prospects are as bright as the promises of God."

The Judson World Tour Party, via the Pacific, arrived at the gathering just at the moment of opening, Wednesday, December 10, 8 a. m. Missionaries met our ship and conducted the party at once to the College Auditorium. As we entered by the middle aisle, finding places on the platform and front seats, the hall was already filled, and we shall never forget that sea of brown faces and brilliant head-gear.

Others had come via the Atlantic, until there were assembled in unique conclave representatives from many nations, denominations and world organizations. On the platform sat Doctor Smith of Rangoon, presiding officer; Doctor McArthur of the World Alliance; Doctor Mabie, former foreign secretary; the "five little girls" who remembered Judson, natives of five tribes and languages; Doctor Thomas, the cyclone interpreter, and many others.

A cablegram was received from Edward Judson: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Christ." Of chief interest among the speakers and guests were Miss Judson, an American Board missionary from Japan, a cousin of the Burman hero, and William Carey, L. M. S., missionary at Serampore, a great-grandson of the first missionary, William Carey.

The two days of sessions have continued crowded, in a hall seating 1,500. The natives, who form the greater part of the

audience, are constant in attendance and perfect in attention, many of them understanding in English.

An evening of special interest was the grand concert given by the Burmese and Karen choruses, Christian students of the various schools, coming in groups from considerable distances. With their sweet voices, bright faces, exquisite silk gowns, flashing jewels and blossom bedecked hair, they seemed, as they are indeed, a garland of flowers and jewels gathered from the dark corners of earth to adorn the brow of the king of kings. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

A wanderer come suddenly upon the achievements of a century can but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

LATER.—Oh, the marvel and the joy of one hundred years of the Christian gospel in Burma! It has been the testing-ground where methods and policies have been worked out to some degree of satisfaction, where the influence of Christian home life and intensive educational training have had time to demonstrate their true value, and where itinerant seed-sowing has had a chance to return in harvest one-hundred fold, until now we see whole communities and entire villages Christian; pastors, teachers, Bible-women, from second and third generation of Christian families, and native leaders equipped with government titles or American university degrees. The whole work here is so full of gladness and speaking results! This does not mean that Burma is won for Christ, but that the past is worthy, the present splendid, and the "prospects bright."

The Judson Centennial has surpassed in richness of experience, in variety of demonstration, and in warmth of fellowship anything we could have anticipated. The celebration in Rangoon, as wonderful as it was, proved but the beginning of the good things in store for us.

The second of the three main gatherings was held in Moulmein, 175 miles south-east of Rangoon. This is one of the chief sites of Judson's labors, and here are buried "Angel Charlie," son of Ann Hazeltine, and Emily Hanna, granddaughter of Judson, and missionary at Moulmein. Of the three splendid mission compounds, one is

known as the Judson compound, where is the English church founded by him, the new Judson Memorial Hall, high school, where the mass-meetings were held. Within this enclosure, too, is the site of Judson's first church and home, the tank where he baptized, and trees now standing planted by him. My eyes have looked upon Judson's pulpit, chair, communion table and writing-desk, carefully treasured here. To be guided about these sites by a native who knew Judson, to clasp the hands of converts baptized by that pioneer-hero, is no mean privilege. The dedication of a woman's hospital, a Talain baptism, a banquet and garden party tendered the guests by the Burmese church, were among the events here.

The tenderest notes of the Judson journey were touched at the grave of Ann Hazeltine at Amherst, as special pilgrimage was made from Moulmein in an all-day trip by water. That lonely grave, piled high, on this occasion, with fragrant roses, spoke tellingly of the incense of that life Godward and a-down through the century to the Christ-leavened Burma of today.

The third great center of celebration was Mandalay, 386 miles to the north. To break the journey, an evening with the Pegu missionaries and Burmese Christians was enjoyed, and a two days' stop at Toun-goo, where a jungle band of native instruments proclaimed our arrival. Industrial school work is at its best at this station. A mountain jungle trip of sixty miles was made from here over British roads that are a delight for automobiles; pheasants, monkeys, cobras and pythons were incidents by the way.

Mandalay spells Buddhist bigotry at its basest. Fruit here is hand-picked and slow gathering. Yet no finer or larger group of pastors and teachers came within our experience than the one that gathered here, to the front of the church, for benediction under the uplifted hands of Doctor Mabie.

It was here I clasped the hand of a princess, a member of the deposed royal household, who has given her entire property to Baptist missions among her people.

Out from here we made a 30-mile pilgrimage along the Judson prison march from Ava to Aungbinle, then marked by blood, now by promising Christian effort.

The Judson party, till now moving to-

gether, separated from Mandalay into five groups for the Christmas festivities. Your representative spent Christmas on the great Irrawaddy, landing twice during the day for missionary demonstrations by the way, and at the sunset hour meeting in prayer service with an eager band of Burmese Christians at Prome, in a beautifully decorated native church. Ending the six hundred mile river trip at Henzada, and being rejoined there by other Christmas groups, a great mass-meeting and reception was held, presided over by the Deputy Commissioner. This was followed by a twelve-course dinner at the home of a Burmese official. Roses and rubies and regal hospitality gave fragrance and flash and fun to this unique function.

Burman officials, both native and British, have everywhere honored themselves by graciously recognizing by word, message or act the name and work of Judson. Cablegrams have also been received from the Secretary of State, William J. Bryan, and from President Woodrow Wilson.

One more demonstration awaited us, this at Bassein, perhaps the most highly developed Baptist mission work in the world. Here we found self-supporting churches sending forth from their membership foreign missionaries to other peoples and sections of Burma.

At Bassein, too, a brass band—coming in forty miles from the jungle—greeted us at the station, and a grand concert was tendered us in the evening, for which the Pwo Karen, the Sgaw Karen and the Burmese schools furnished each a chorus. More than 1,200 people attended.

A Sabbath of jungle services capped the climax of experiences. Then an all-day of rail—192 miles—with last words and waving handkerchiefs from missionaries whom we had met all along the run, brought us into Rangoon. From her green shores and gilded pagodas we took a reluctant farewell in the early dawn of today.

A brave group of missionaries were these at the pier who thanked us for coming, and bade us Godspeed, while in our hearts welled great gratitude to God and man for the blessings of this trip.—this modern pilgrimage unique in the history of the world.—*Lena Sweet Fenner, Bay of Bengal, Dec. 29, 1913.*

Chicago Friends Entertain for Miss Burdick.

On March 9 Miss Susie Burdick reached Chicago, her first stopping-place on her long return journey to Shanghai, China, going to the home of her stepsister, Mrs. Mallie Prescott McArthur.

The friends of the Chicago Church wishing to meet Miss Burdick and give to her their "greetings and farewells," Mrs. McArthur kindly opened her home for the occasion.

Here the friends gathered from various parts of the city, most of them coming many miles and were graciously received by Dr. and Mrs. McArthur, and their dear guest of honor, Miss Burdick, who was glad to see the friends once more before leaving this country. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Cossum, who were formerly missionaries to China, being located at Peking. The presence of our veteran brother, Mr. Ira Ordway, whose increasing infirmities make it difficult for him to get about, was a source of pleasure to the company.

The program of the evening was a delightfully informal one. Dr. Arthur Platts sang, accompanied by Dr. George Post Jr. on the piano, and Dr. Edwin Lewis gave the address of the evening, expressing for the friends appreciation of Miss Burdick and the work to which she has given her life, emphasizing the importance and scope of her work by giving many interesting and significant facts relative to China, showing conditions in that great land where four hundred million of our brothers and sisters are still living in the darkness of the middle ages.

Miss Burdick responded by telling how she was helped and strengthened for her difficult tasks by the prayers of the friends at home, of which she was conscious even at that great distance.

The writer being present, through the kindness of Doctor Post who gave notice of the meeting accompanied by an invitation, and being called upon, was glad to use the opportunity to bring greetings from the Woman's Board and through them from the women of the denomination, and assure Miss Burdick of our continued love and interest, and most of all our prayers.

Ice-cream and cake were served, follow-

ed by coffee, and after more of social chat the company rose and sang the dear old hymns, "Blest be the tie that binds," and "God be with you till we meet again." Then followed the good-by greetings accompanied with messages to our dear people in China, whom we all love, and wishes for a good voyage and safe journey; then good nights to our kind host and hostess and out into the city streets to the various homes by means of trolleys, cars or autos, with the pleasant memory of a greeting by the way on the long journey of life.

Miss Burdick is to spend a few days at Nortonville, then go on to San Francisco by way of the Grand Canon. She sails from San Francisco on March 21, so when this reaches RECORDER readers she will already be on the ocean.

We bid her Godspeed.

HATTIE E. WEST.

Too Thirsty and Cold.

A chaplain in our army during the war was passing over the field, when he saw a soldier who had been wounded, lying upon the ground. He happened to have his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man:

"Would you like me to read you something that is in the Bible?"

The wounded man said, "I am so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water."

The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water.

"Could you lift my head and put something under it?"

The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on.

"Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I am so cold."

There was only one thing the chaplain could do, and that was to take off his coat and cover the man. As he did so, the wounded man looked up in his face and said:

"For God's sake, if there is anything in that book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."

There is a world of meaning, to my mind, in this incident. The need today is acting the object-lessons the Book teaches.

—*Dawn of Day.*

An Appreciation.

A little over a month ago I returned from Nortonville, Kan., where in response to an urgent call I had gone to assist Pastor Kelly in a series of meetings. It is not my purpose to write of these meetings, but rather to express my deep appreciation of the privileges these meetings afforded me. For not least among the blessings of a revival meeting are those that come to the pastor, or minister, conducting them. These are better felt than described.

To engage in active service for the Master among an earnest, devoted people is always an inspiration. To be associated intimately with that prince of pastors and preachers, Rev. M. B. Kelly, to live with him in his home, to work with him shoulder to shoulder as a brother, to see his spirit of earnestness, devotedness and surrender to God, to mark his fearlessness to condemn sin, yet blended with a spirit as loving and tender as a child's—in short, to know the man, live with him, work with him, pray with him, this to me has been a blessed privilege.

But Brother Kelly is not a well man. He is now in the Battle Creek Sanitarium for rest and treatment. May God restore him to health, to his family, and to the church by whom he is so deeply loved. And may he grant him many years of active, blessed service in the great field where such men are so much needed.

A. L. DAVIS.

Boulder, Colo., March 9, 1914.

Cruelty in the Human Race.

Those signs of evil which are commonly most manifest on the human features are roughly divisible into these four kinds:—the signs of pride, of sensuality, of fear and of cruelty. . . . Cruelty is of all passions the least human; for of sensual desires there is a license to men, as necessity; and of vanity there is intellectual cause, so that when seen in a brute it is pleasant, and a sign of good wit; and of fear there is at times a necessity and excuse as being allowed for prevention of harm; but of cruelty there is no excuse or palliation, but it is pure essence of tiger and demon, and it casts on the human face the paleness alike of the horse of Death and the ashes of hell.—*Ruskin.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

The Power Verse.

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON.

Christian Endeavor Topic for April 4, 1914.

Daily Readings.

- Sunday—Power to preach (Luke 4: 14-19).
- Monday—Power to heal (Mark 16: 14-20).
- Tuesday—Inner power (Eph. 3: 15-21).
- Wednesday—God's power in us (Eph. 1: 15-23).
- Thursday—Power perfected (2 Cor. 12: 6-10).
- Friday—The source of strength (Isa. 40: 27-31).
- Sabbath day—Topic: Twelve great verses. IV. The power verse (Phil. 4: 13.) (Consecration meeting.)

THOUGHTS ON THE TOPIC.

The context of this verse shows that it is more of bearing than of doing that Paul is speaking. He has been initiated, he indicates, into the mystery of contentment. He knows how to reconcile himself to every extreme, how to conduct himself in plenty and in hunger, in abundance and in need. It is true in every sense of a Christian, and certainly it was true in every sense of Paul, that he can do all things when Christ strengthens him; but here we are especially called to notice that Christ enabled him, and can enable all who believe, to be content with any condition and with any circumstance of life which the providence of God has been pleased to ordain. Contentment is the ready acquiescence of the heart and will in that which is, and is for us; it is not reaching forth to that which is forbidden or denied us. It is the saying, and saying because we feel it in the depths of our soul. This is God's will, and therefore it is my will. It is the condition of one who is independent of all save God, of one whom neither riches nor poverty, neither suffering nor pleasure, neither success nor failure can so affect as to make the difference to him of being a happy or a miserable man.

Paul speaks of his own weakness as a thorn in the flesh. He seems to glory in his weakness, and that in his weakness God has manifested his strength, as though

he had been the empty channel which God had filled. He teaches us in these words a lesson which we have great need to learn, that God can strengthen us for any work he wants us to do. See what the apostle did about his thorn in the flesh. I do not doubt that, when he felt the thorn, an earnest prayer would go up from his heart that God would give him strength. When we feel our weakness and send our prayer up to God, we are in condition so that we can be used in the Master's work. If we feel that we are strong and do not need God's help, we will make a failure in any work we undertake to do. God can use the humble man but he can not use the proud, selfish one.

There are two ways of helping a man burdened with what he has to do or bear. The one is to give him less to do or bear, to take the burden off his back; the other way is to strengthen him to do or bear all that is sent to him, to strengthen the back to bear the burden. In brief, you may give less work or more strength. And it is the latter way which even we can see is the better way, and the way that an all-wise God thought best to use in the case of Paul, and that he thinks is best for us. How glorious to know that we are able to do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us.

All true power is constructive power. What is the power Christ gives? It renews men's lives; it gives a new heart and produces new virtues. One may give up his evil habits and yet not be building as he ought. It is the power of God that gives a new heart and thus lays a foundation upon which to build noble character. Religion is not merely education. Education is a help to religion but can never take the place of the work of grace in the heart. Men can not be educated into the kingdom; it is the work of God in the heart. If education alone was the door into the kingdom, many would be left out. Get all the education possible, but in the getting do not forget that it is through Christ who strengtheneth us that we are enabled to do all things for the advancement of his kingdom. How weak indeed is the society or church that depends upon education, refinement, or social standing for its power with men, but how strong is the society or church that can say, "I

can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

After the fervors of the first love are abated, and after the sweet freshness has passed from the actings and strivings of the new-born soul, there often comes a coldness and a pause. The young soul, new to the ways of grace, does not understand, is bewildered, discouraged, and is in danger of falling into a practical unbelief. But Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Your religion is not any past experience nor any grand deliverance once for all. It is a present force, which will control all your powers, a present help which will make a path of safety through all perplexities, a present help which will enfold and shelter you even if you stand amid a thousand griefs and fears.

Sometimes, as Seventh Day Baptist young people, we are afraid that we can not be successful in the business world and be true to the Sabbath of our God. If tempted to leave the Sabbath let us remember that God does not ask us to do anything that we are not able to do. He does not ask the impossible of any one. If we want power and true success, we must be true to our Lord and Master. When we come to realize that it is through Christ that we are able to do all things, we will stop our worrying and in his strength go forth to serve the world.

Christian Endeavor Week at Salem.

MILDRED LOWTHER.

In order that the observance of Christian Endeavor Week should not interfere with the school work, the program was so condensed and combined as to use only one school night, and hold all other meetings over the week-ends.

Sabbath Day, January 31, was observed as Christian Endeavor Day. At the morning service Pastor Bond delivered an appropriate sermon. At 2.30 in the afternoon the Juniors gave a special program, to which the mothers especially were invited.

At the Young People's meeting a report of the year's work was given by the recording secretary. Another member read a paper on "The History and Purpose of Christian Endeavor."

Sunday, February 1, was observed as Recruiting Day, with a social given in the college gymnasium. This was planned by the Social and Lookout committees, and about sixty young people were present. After an impromptu program, to which different members were asked to contribute, we closed by singing a number of hymns of different nations.

On Thursday evening, February 5, the mock trial, "A Cunning Conspiracy," was given very successfully. The net proceeds to the society were about \$10, which was applied on the Salem College Scholarship.

The Friday evening prayer meeting, February 6, was in charge of the young people, and was observed as Church Day. The program consisted of the singing of old church hymns, and the study of their history.

Sabbath Day, February 7, was observed by the church as Go-to-church Sabbath, and a special effort was made to have every one attend church. In the afternoon the Young People's society observed Decision Day, following the plan of the United Society.

The results of the signing of the decision cards follow:

		Having already signed
Decision No.	1-8	4
"	2-18	1
"	3-12	9
"	4-4	0
"	5-3	0
"	6-2	1

We as a society feel that the effects of Christian Endeavor Week have been far-reaching and we hope in the next year to more clearly approach the true standard of Christian Endeavor.

News Notes.

GENTRY, ARK.—Our Christian Endeavor society disbanded in January. The deciding vote was cast with many regrets; but no one, I am sure, was more deeply sorrowful that this step seemed necessary or advisable than he who made the motion.

Suffice it to say, it did seem to him—not, however, without prayerful consideration—the best thing to do.

The Junior society is still doing business, and it is hoped that ere many months pass, from this group of bright young people a Christian Endeavor society may be built

that will be a shining light in this great Southwest.

On the night after the last Sabbath in February the Juniors gave a reception for the grown-ups of the church at the home of Sister B. L. Huffman.

A good program was given by the children, after which they served light refreshments *free of charge*. No collection was taken. Every one present enjoyed the evening. Mrs. May Eaglesfield is Junior superintendent.

The pledge made by the Christian Endeavor society I am sure will be made good.

SECRETARY SOUTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Standing by the Bible.

C. G. BOND.

This is a subject on which there is room for endless study; not but that every true Christian knows it to be his duty to stand by the Bible, but does every such Christian fully understand just what it is to stand by the Bible?

It is true that if a rank infidel tries to convince us that there is nothing in the religion we profess, we are ready on an instant's notice to defend the cause we love, but there is a greater and far more subtle foe to the old, old story than any doubter or outright infidel ever was or ever will be.

It is not my purpose to enter into a controversy with the higher critics; I have not the time to use in that way, if I had the learning, and I have not the inclination if I had both. When, however, I see among Christian leaders a tendency to discuss some of the miracles wrought by our Savior in almost the exact language used by an infidel who was trying to convince me that Christ was a hypnotist and a sleight-of-hand performer, I begin to wonder if there is not something wrong somewhere.

The great political evils which have been the undoing of nations have not been sudden, radical changes, but have been a gradual corruption of the laws and principles upon which their government was founded. Thus it is with the Christian religion; the individual is so concerned in the fight against the temptations that come to man through man's natural passion that he loses sight of, or perhaps never sees, the

dangers that threaten the foundation of the faith.

And what are the dangers? They are many. I can not name them all, but will name a few of those that seem to me the ones against which we are called to marshal our forces.

I. A tendency to try to fit the Scripture to social and political conditions as they are, instead of adjusting those conditions to the teaching of the Bible as it is. This tendency is aptly described in Isaiah, the thirtieth chapter, ninth and tenth verses: "This is a rebellious people, lying children; children that will not hear the law of the Lord; which say to the seers, See not; and to the prophets, Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." In other words, it seems that none of us want to hear the Scripture handled in a way that it will touch us in our social, political, or business associations. This places the minister in a difficult position. Whatever may be the truths he would present, it is a task for him to present them in a way that will be acceptable to all his hearers.

We sometimes wonder why it is that the cause of Christ does not advance as we would like to see it, that the revival efforts of today are not blessed with the results they have been blessed with in the past. What else can we expect, if our every-day lives are in almost every way the same as those of the unprofessing element, unguided by any biblical teaching, except as such teaching may be embodied in the civil laws of our land?

II. There is an inclination among the students of the Bible to question, or, in some instances, altogether to discredit some biblical narratives because they have, so far, been unable to harmonize them with the isms and ologies of science. Men in this age wish to know the "why" of everything. But what does it profit them? No matter what course of reasoning they pursue, they come inevitably to something which they are unable to answer or understand.

One of our leading educators questions the truth of the statement that God made man of the dust of the earth. "Why," asks he, "would it be necessary for a God who could at a word bring worlds into existence to make man from the dust of the earth and breathe into his nostrils the

breath of life?" We can not understand why it was that Christ, who could still the tempest at a word, anointed the eyes of the blind man with *clay*, to restore his sight, but shall we conclude that the story is a myth? No! There is an old saying to the effect that "he who condemns that which he does not understand is either a knave or a fool."

Man has reduced all known compositions to their several elements but farther than that he is unable to go, yet he can not deny that these elements exist. Scientists who tried to account for the existence of matter—mineral, vegetable, and animal—have evolved a wonderful theory of its all having had its beginning in one small speck of protoplasm, but they are unable to tell us from whence came that protoplasm. Why should those who profess to believe the Bible cling to these theories? They do not in the end enlighten, but lead into ever-darkening shadows of unbelief. The only satisfactory answer to the questions concerning the origin of the universe is the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

III. We do not study the Bible as we should. It should be studied in such a way that we would not have to resort to any of the savings of man in defense of our belief in God. Look at the number of religious denominations we have today; this is one of the results of following the ideas of some man upon some question, rather than searching it out in the word of God. The Bible is of necessity self-explanatory, and all subjects pertaining to the earthly welfare and ultimate salvation of man are fully explained somewhere within its covers, if we will "search the Scriptures."

To stand by the Bible, then, is not merely to express our belief in it, but to *live* that belief so that our lives will reflect the image of the Divine; to give our sanction to nothing that will cast a shadow of doubt upon the Scripture; and above all, to search the word of God for an answer to all the questions which perplex us.

Nortonville, Kan.

He was not able to realize his ideals, but he had the "angel aim" by which he *idealized* his *reals*.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

War Veterans Devoted Friends.

It had been planned that the flag above the Soldiers' Home at Kearney, N. J., should fly at the top of its mast on Washington's Birthday, but it flew from half-mast. In the morgue of the home under another flag, there lay the bodies of two old men, both veterans of the Civil War and intimate friends since they met at Gettysburg in 1863. The two men were John DeForest, seventy, who belonged to the hospital corps, and Michael Clark, seventy-eight, of the infantry, who was wounded at Gettysburg and nursed back into life by DeForest. After the war they kept up the intimacy of their friendship by correspondence. About fifteen years ago Clark went from New Brunswick, N. J., to the Soldiers' Home at Kearney, and DeForest, who lived in Iowa, to the Soldiers' Home in Marshalltown, that State. Three years ago DeForest was transferred to the home at Kearney, and the two old chums were inseparable and perfectly happy. Clark became very ill and his friend insisted on nursing him, but could not save him. The hand of death that laid low his friend struck him very hard. As they were taking the body of Clark to the morgue he ran ahead to open the door, and fell dead in the open doorway just as his friend's body reached it. On the next day they covered the two coffins with one flag and buried them in graves side by side.—*Christian Herald*.

You may proclaim the Lord as a great ethical Teacher, but the ethics may generate no more energy than the Ten Commandments painted upon the cold surface of the walls of a church. You may proclaim him as a young Reformer, but the program will no more life men out of their deadly grooves than a party program will lift men out of their sins. Jesus, the young Prophet, may draw cheers; the uplifted Lord draws men. The young Reformer may gain men's signatures; the sacrificial Savior wins their hearts.—J. H. Jowett, D. D.

If you want to be happy, make others happy. If you want to make others happy, be first happy yourself. There you have the whole formula.—Ossian Lang.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Same Kind of Boy.

Although Truman Holmes was not a malicious boy, he smiled a little at what he saw as he looked out of the window that snowy morning. Across the street an undersized boy of Truman's age was struggling to clean the walks before three of the houses. The snow was deep and heavy. Truman knew that, for he had cleaned his own walks an hour before. The boy had made a beginning before each house, evidently to hold his job, for he did not live on this street. The work was hard for him. He lifted the shovelfuls of snow with difficulty, and sometimes the snow slid off for him before he could throw it aside. Yet he was working conscientiously. He cleaned the width of the walk, and quite down to the stones.

Ordinarily Tru would have sympathized with the boy's difficulties, even to the extent of going out to help. But this boy was Paul Alger, and Paul had been a thorn in the flesh to Truman ever since their first meeting.

Six months before Tru's parents had moved in from the country, mainly for the sake of giving their children the advantages of good schools. Tru was not a brilliant student, though a steady one. The city methods were new to him. He had to struggle hard to keep in the grade with boys of his own age, and he made many blunders. He found that the leader of his class was Paul Alger. Paul was easily the best student in the class, and he ruled by force of intellect. He was a poor boy, and there were better-liked pupils, but Paul was indispensable. He was not strong enough to hold a good position on the ball team, but he was the manager, for he could lay out the plan of campaign that usually resulted in victory. He could remember every weakness of every player on opposing teams. He could think quickly in an emergency, and change his style of attack in a moment. Without Paul the team lost, with him they usually won. It was the same in many other school activities, and Paul kept the leadership undisputed. He took an immediate dislike to Truman. He ruled him off the football and basketball

teams in the fall, he ridiculed his mistakes, he named him country jay, he defeated him for an office in the school society. The first few months in school had been very bitter to Truman. Now he was slowly winning his way with his mates, but every step was won against Paul's opposition.

So it is not surprising that Tru looked out of the window and smiled over Paul's difficulties.

"To see him strutting around at school," thought Tru, "no one would imagine that he had to do odd jobs to buy his school-books."

The boy across the street leaned heavily on his shovel. He beat his cold hands together, and stamped to warm his feet. After a few more feet of walk were cleared, he turned and went toward his home in the next street. He did not look up, but Tru could see him plainly when he passed. He was blue with cold and he dragged his feet wearily. Through Tru's complacency over his enemy's difficulty shot a thrill of pity. He remembered what some of the boys had told him. Paul was the son of a widow. Because Paul gave such promise as a scholar they were making great efforts to keep him in school. Paul worked through vacations, and out of school hours, earning his own clothes and books, while his mother did plain sewing to keep them sheltered and fed. Tru turned away from the window uncomfortably. He had everything that Paul lacked—a comfortable home, and freedom from anxiety about where the means for his education was coming from.

"He's a mean little rascal, but he is smart and plucky, and he ought to get along," said Tru, as he pulled his lined gloves on again.

Paul was out of sight when Tru came out on the street with his shovel in his hand. He crossed the street, and fell upon the unfinished walks. He completed two, and had the third almost done before Paul turned the corner. Then he had time to escape to his own home without being seen.

Paul stood before the first walk with consternation on his face. Had some one else secured the job, and his pay? The woman of the house opened the door. "I suppose you are working in partnership with that big boy," she said. "He finished the work, but he didn't come in for pay. Here is your fifty cents."

"I'll see that he gets his share, ma'am," said Paul.

He did the small amount of work remaining, and then collected the rest of his money. Afterward he crossed the street, and rang the Holmes bell. Tru answered the door.

"Come on in," he said. "It's too cold to stand on the steps to talk."

Paul stepped inside, and pulled off his cap. He did not look up.

"What do I owe you for the work you did across the street?" he asked.

"Oh, forget it!" said Tru. "I didn't have enough exercise this morning, and I thought it would be a joke to do part of that while you were gone. I forgot that people might tell who did it."

"That was a pretty nice joke for me if you did it to help me out. But honest, I'd rather pay you," said Paul.

"Why, no," said Tru. "That wouldn't be square at all, to go over there, and take your job away from you. I just did it for fun."

"It was mighty nice of you," said Paul. Then he didn't find it easy to say what was really in his heart. He twisted his cap about in embarrassed silence. "Say," he blurted out at length, "I wish you'd come down for basketball practice in the gym Monday after school. Some of the fellows say you are awfully quick with the ball. I'd like to see you make the team. Ted's going to drop out."

This was a handsome apology and a sincerely offered olive branch in one, and Tru understood it so.

"Why, I'd like to come," he said heartily. "And I'll do my best, though I don't know whether I can play up to a fellow like you."

"That's all right. I guess you can play up to most anything," said Paul. "We'll look for you. Good-by."

"He isn't such a bad kid," said Tru, as he watched Paul down the street. "I shouldn't wonder if I'd come to like him when I get to know him."

And Paul, hurrying down the street, was reflecting. "That Holmes boy is all right. I thought he was an awkward fellow that wanted to run things, when he first came, but I guess he's big in more ways than one. I shouldn't wonder if I'd like him first-rate when I get to know him."

Boys are not given to generalizing, or else both boys might have thought: "He's

just the same kind of boy I am. You'll find most boys pretty much alike, with hearts of kindness, and hands of helpfulness, when you really come to know them."—*Zelia Margaret Walters, in Christian Standard.*

Remember that acquaintance with God can come through no casual introduction. Calling on God in the morning and leaving your visiting-card of devotion but having no care as to whether you find him at home and really catch sight of his face; talking to God through the minister or the sacraments, or the hymn-book—but knowing nothing of real personal conversation with him—this is not acquaintance with him.—*A. J. Gordon.*

An unprepared man went to address a Bible school. Thinking to be funny, he asked this question: "What would you do before so many bright boys and girls, who expected a speech from you, if you had nothing to say?" "I'd keep quiet," replied a small boy.—*St. Louis Mirror.*

A STORY A DAY

A year's number of the Sabbath Visitor contains more than 365 short stories, besides fine poems, the funny stories in the "Smiles" department, timely historical articles, the editorials, Sabbath School Lesson, etc., etc. All for 60 cents a year.

TRIAL OFFER—*We will send the Visitor weekly to new subscribers six months for 25 cents.*

SABBATH VISITOR

Plainfield, N. J.

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE,
Contributing Editor.

LESSON I.—APRIL 4, 1914.
CHRIST'S TABLE TALK.

Lesson Text.—Luke xiv, 7-24.

Golden Text.—"Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke xiv, 11.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Matt. vii, 15-27.

Second-day, Acts xxiv, 10-27.

Third-day, Matt. xxi, 18-32.

Fourth-day, Matt. xxi, 33-46.

Fifth-day, Matt. xxii, 1-14.

Sixth-day, Luke xiv, 1-6.

Sabbath day, Luke xiv, 7-24.

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

The Pastor and the Sabbath School.

Churches and Sabbath schools differ so in their make-up and relation that it would be folly to attempt to solve this problem of a pastor's relation to his Sabbath school, or to outline even a general policy which would apply universally. After all, nothing is more helpful than honest reference to experience, and so I am going to talk to myself and take the chance of helping another as well.

I have noticed that many pastors do not know the teachers, classes or individual scholars in their Sabbath schools. The work of organization and instruction is so given up to those who have these responsibilities that little or no attempt is ever made to become actually acquainted with the members of the school.

This does not apply in the small country school or in the younger city schools, at least it is far less liable to take place, but it is quite frequent in the larger churches.

Of course, the pastor should not attempt to guide or direct the school except in an unrecognized and unofficial manner, but he should always be known as an *actual part* of the school, and let his personality and sympathy be felt in the life of every man, woman and child.

"Who is that man?" whispered a newcomer of four weeks' standing in a large city school as the pastor appeared during a hymn.

"Why, that's the minister," was the reply. "And what's that?" came back.

The urchin had never been in church in his life and had never laid eyes on the pastor, for he had looked in only a few times during the winter.

A pastor should attend teachers' meetings regularly, but not to restrain or dictate. He should appear in the school some time and somewhere each week, so that the scholars take for granted he is there without expecting him. He should know every one of his teachers, and keep in touch with their work and method. He should learn the composite of the classes, and the individual scholars. This is not so much a matter of memory and commitment as familiar and repeated association.

He should each year or oftener spend a few moments in each class, always adjusting his thought and message to the teacher's work, or to some subject of real and vital importance to the scholars.

He should keep enough in touch with the boys and girls to see the restless or careless tendency when it develops in boy or girl, and restrain and overcome it by the power of his personal word or a brief written word.

The pastor should so gain the actual confidence of his officers and teachers that they will instinctively come to him before they make their final decisions or arrange their new plans. He should be so definite a part of the school that he can join in response, hymn, or prayer so naturally that it will scarcely be noticed.

It is also important for him to think over the family problem, and note the potentiality of thinking out for people some of their unrecognized chances to help.

For instance, the Junior Department was in great need of a few more teachers. One and another had declined an invitation to teach, but in the Primary Department the pastor noticed a new boy and marked his interest. His mother was a young college woman of exceptional talent. A call on that mother was enough. The responsibility of the work was coupled with the fact that now she must get the boy ready Sabbath morning anyway. A little added suggestion brought the father out to take an older class of boys, and soon the whole family, including "the little girl who had never started to come," were ardent,

faithful attendants. The pastor did what superintendent and teacher had never attempted nor seen, but to which they agreed with enthusiasm when it was presented to them.

Again this touch with the Sabbath school will do much to direct the pastor's attention to the need of Bible study and child nurture in his home calls.

The day has passed when a pastor's duty is defined by his regular and constant calling at fixed times in each home. The pastor should call with a real errand in view, with the need and problem of the home on his heart.

If he knows the children, their names and personalities, their classes in Sabbath school as well as day-school, their teacher and their parents, what a fund of conversation, helpful and attractive, at once opens up. When he leaves that home a new sense of responsibility rests on parent and pastor alike, and the child will feel the influence of it.

A pastor should hesitate to take responsibility and leadership in his school except when it is absolutely necessary, and then only with a temporary view. Many a pastor has hindered, curtailed, or destroyed the spiritual and executive growth of able men and women in his church by allowing his own versatility of gifts to outshine or obscure others. The rule is a good one in the Sabbath school, as in other departments, that he should not do what he can get others to do.

The pastor should value very highly the place and work of the school. No department in the entire church should or may count for so much. By quietly studying its weak points, and planning and counseling as to how to strengthen them, he may increase greatly the usefulness of the whole church.

As pastors we should invite and accompany our elders more frequently to the school sessions. We should pray more definitely and frequently from the pulpit at all public services for our officers, teachers, and students. We should use all kinds of slight and thoughtful means to show our real heart's interest. Dr. Maltbie Babcock's last gift from the Holy Land of four hundred floral postals from Palestine touched four hundred homes, and almost four hundred little picture frames adorn as many homes in Baltimore to this day.

The pastor has today an added responsibility also in adding to the child's interest in the church services. The Sabbath school should not be a substitute for the church service, but how frequently it is.

To counteract this we must personally invite the boys and girls to attend church. We must speak to the ushers about them and see that they get good seats. We must use more illustrations which will appeal to them. We must visit their day-schools, and know their schoolbooks and adapt our truth and applications.

We must have children's sermons when practicable and use children's hymns. In other words we must be children ourselves in simplicity of speech and spirit, and gain their hearts and loyalty by sharing their pleasures and knowing their lives, and all this will tend to make our own lives sweeter, our faces happier, and our churches more attractive, useful and hopeful.—*John Timothy Stone, in Sunday School Times.*

Home News.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The Ladies' Aid society held its annual meeting on January 14, and elected the following officers for the year 1914: Mrs. Daisy Schrader, president; Miss Maggie Burdick, vice-president; Mrs. Ada Buten, secretary; Mrs. Matie Frink, treasurer. At the same time the committees for the different departments were appointed for the ensuing six months, namely: Work Committee six members, Mrs. H. N. Jordan, chairman; Entertainment Committee, five members, Mrs. R. C. Maxwell, chairman; Lookout Committee, Mrs. P. F. Garthwaite, chairman; Program Committee, Mrs. Daisy Schrader, chairman; Press Committee, Mrs. I. B. Clarke.

Our membership consists of forty resident and five non-resident members, and our dues are sixty cents each for the year.

We meet Wednesday afternoon every alternate week for work, which is piecing and tying comfortables, quilting some, making aprons, and frequently sewing for some one who has work for us. We endeavor to have a program once a month.

Late last fall we had a bake, apron, and fancy article sale, which netted us \$40.00.

At our last meeting, in November, we

voted out of the treasury 110.00: for Anna West \$50.00; the Tract Society \$15.00; the Twentieth Century Endowment Fund \$25.00; Marie Jansz \$5.00; for other purposes \$15.00. Of this, \$95.00 paid our apportionment to the Woman's Board for the Conference year ending next July.

Since the annual meeting, the Entertainment Committee has supervised a bake sale, which was held February 19 in the store of Mr. A. M. Hull. Receipts \$17.50.

It is always an encouragement to us to learn through the columns of the RECORDER what other societies are doing, and we hope this may be of service to some.

MRS. I. B. CLARKE.

March 10, 1914.

NADY, ARK.—We wish it understood by our many dear friends that the Little Prairie Seventh Day Baptist church still stands on the same ground and we trust on the solid Rock of Christ Jesus. The members in reach of the church are few, owing to death and removals. Mrs. Reves died some time ago and I have not yet been able to see any of the family so as to learn the particulars; and now Mrs. Mitchell, wife of one of our deacons, is taken from us.

I have seen nearly all the members who live in this part of the State. We have established appointments and, since November, kept up preaching at the church on the Sabbath day once in two weeks at 11 o'clock, and on Sunday night following the Sabbath meeting. We have also had prayer meeting weekly at the schoolhouse on the night after the Sabbath. All these meetings have been broken up very much by bad weather and sickness. At present there are eight sick in the neighborhood.

Rev. J. L. Hull is called to the pastorate of this church where he has already served for fifteen years. J. L. HULL.

P. S.—We hope also to have a monthly appointment where the three Monroe families live—twenty miles away on Grand Prairie.

March 8, 1914.

We avow clearly and unmistakably our conviction that the authority of the fourth commandment has no more ceased than the authority of the fifth. There is nothing distinctly Jewish in the Decalogue.—Dr. R. S. McArthur.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

No school in the State has improved more during the past few years than Salem College. The honest character of its work impresses all who are acquainted with it, and its student-body has increased until the buildings are now literally overflowing. If somebody would give President Clark a good round sum of money there is no telling the amount of good he could do with it.—*School Journal (W. Va.)*.

Rev. H. D. Clarke of Dodge Center, Minn., visited friends in town the latter part of last week and gave an interesting talk on his relief work among orphan children. He has placed hundreds of children in good homes during the past fifteen years.—*Bolivar (N. Y.) Breeze*.

Rev. H. D. Clarke, who was a guest at the parsonage, occupied the pulpit with Pastor C. S. Sayre Sabbath morning and gave an interesting talk concerning children, the care he had taken of them and how he had placed them in homes where they have grown to be excellent young men and women.—*Albion (Wis.) Items, in Journal-Telephone*.

All our readers will be sorry to learn that Pastor M. B. Kelly of Nortonville, Kan., has been obliged to go again to the Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich., in search of health. We sincerely hope Brother Kelly will soon be able to take up his work again.

His young people are helping out in the services of the church at Nortonville.

Elder Oscar Babcock, who has been sick for some time, does not improve in health as his friends would like to have him.—*North Loup Loyalist*.

Our readers will be interested in the following from the Rome (N. Y.) *Sentinel*:

"The sympathy and generous feeling of the community for Rev. R. R. Thorngate and family in their affliction were expressed by a union donation held in Masonic Hall, New London, last week. It was led by

(Continued on page 383—second column.)

MARRIAGES

RANDOLPH-MYERS.—At Roadstown, N. J., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Everett Smith, by Rev. James L. Skaggs, Mr. Erle Roy Randolph and Miss Lucy Garton Myers, both of Shiloh.

HOWELL-CAVINDER.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, Jackson Center, Ohio, February 12, 1914, Mr. Raymond B. Howell of Bodkins, and Miss Bonnie Cavinder of Jackson Center, Rev. George W. Lewis officiating.

HYDE-DILLMAN.—In Verona, N. Y., February 18, 1914, by Rev. Adelbert Warren, Orville W. Hyde of Verona, and Miss Alice E. Dillman of Oneida.

DEATHS

MITCHELL.—Enola Jackson Mitchell was born July 3, 1871, and died February 27, 1914, aged 42 years, 7 months and 24 days.

She was the daughter of R. N. and M. M. Jackson. On December 28, 1887, she was married to Dea. M. M. Mitchell. To them were born nine children. One of these died in 1905 and Lydia, the eldest, entered into rest two years ago, leaving an infant son to whom Mrs. Mitchell has been a mother since Lydia's death.

She with her husband were converts to the Sabbath in 1902 and joined the Little Prairie Seventh Day Baptist Church of Nady, Ark., of which she remained a beloved member till death. Besides her husband, seven children, and grandchildren, she leaves a father, mother, three brothers and two sisters to mourn her loss.

Funeral services were held at the home, March first, by J. L. Hull, the pastor of the Little Prairie Seventh Day Baptist Church. J. L. H.

DAVIS.—Harriet L. Davis, daughter of Jonathan and Sally Gavit Nash, was born in the town of Westerly, R. I., April 19, 1829, and died at her home in Orange, Cal., February 26, 1914.

Her younger years were spent in the town of Preston, near Norwich, Conn. While attending school at Shiloh, N. J., she was baptized by Rev. William M. Jones and united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church. In 1853 she was married to Percival F. Davis of Shiloh who passed to the beyond February 10, 1876. Mr. and Mrs. Davis came to Milton, Wis., the same year they were married, but soon moved to Edgerton, where Mr. Davis entered the mercantile business. After his departure for California in an early day, Mrs. Davis lived for a number of years at Walworth, Wis., moving to Milton in 1869 that she might have better school advantages for her three children.—Percival W., who died February 19, 1891, and Effie M. and Evan, now residing at Orange, Cal., where the family have lived for the past twenty years. Besides the daughter and son, the deceased leaves two grand-

children, and a sister, Mrs. L. E. Roe of Oxnard, Cal.

Mrs. Davis united with the Milton Church in 1870, but changed her membership to the Riverside Church soon after its organization. Poor health prevented the dear sister from doing all that she would have liked to do in the Master's service and she often regretted that she could not do more. She loved to read and study the Bible and was ever faithful to its teachings.

Farewell services were held Sabbath morning, conducted by Pastor Severance, who read for a Scripture lesson a portion of the fourteenth chapter of John and the tribute to a noble womanhood found in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. Mrs. Davis had requested that her pastor use for his text the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the fourth chapter of First Thessalonians, which he did. She had also selected two hymns she wished sung, "My faith looks up to Thee," and "Asleep in Jesus." These were touchingly sung by two young ladies. R. J. S.

Denominational News.

(Continued from page 382.)

Rev. Mr. Schloop and Rev. Mr. Haskarl. Notwithstanding the zero weather, there was a large attendance and over \$100 was donated. This heartfelt expression of sympathy and assistance was gratefully accepted by Rev. Mr. Thorngate and family. Mrs. Thorngate still lingers beyond the help of human skill. Two nurses, the Misses Emily and Edith Davis of Syracuse, are attending her."

Every message from Brother Thorngate brings the same sad story of the long-continued illness of Mrs. Thorngate.

A recent letter from Dr. L. A. Platts at Milton Junction brings the information that he is still confined to the house, slowly recovering from pneumonia contracted the Sunday before Christmas. He is looking forward to the coming of warm weather when he hopes to be able to go out of doors and enjoy the springtime, but thinks that is some weeks away yet.

Brother S. R. Wheeler, too, thinks he is convalescing all too slowly. But he writes a cheerful letter and looks hopefully toward the sunset.

"I see you've headed this article, 'One More Veteran Less.'"

"Yes; anything wrong with it?"

"I'm not positive; but don't you really mean: 'One Less Veteran More?'"—*Boston Transcript*.

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.

Many, if God should make them kings,
Might not disgrace the throne he gave;
How few could as well fulfil
The holier office of a slave!

Great may he be who can command,
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

—A. A. Proctor.

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor.

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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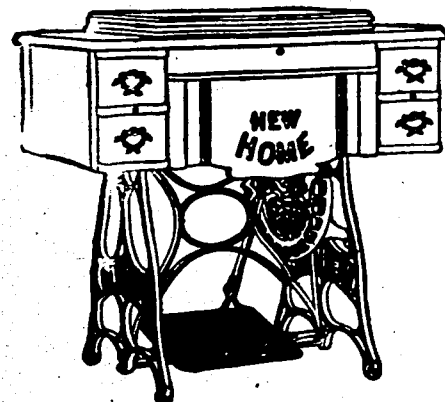
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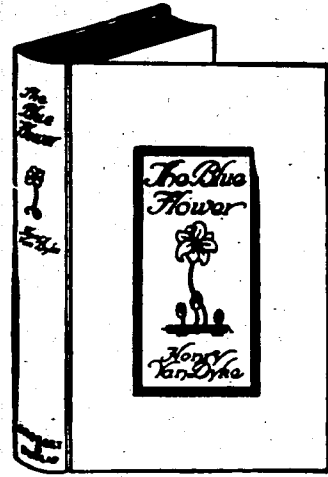
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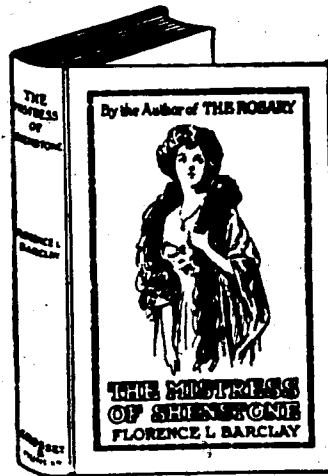
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It is of momentous importance to remember that the very core of faith is motion—a movement of the will toward the holy Lord. The act of faith is the yielding of the personal life to the God who is revealed to us in Jesus Christ our Lord. And the life of faith is the constant repetition of that act of surrender until the repeated acts become an attitude and every choice and will in life is stamped with the pleasure and fear of God.—*Dr. John H. Jowett.*

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