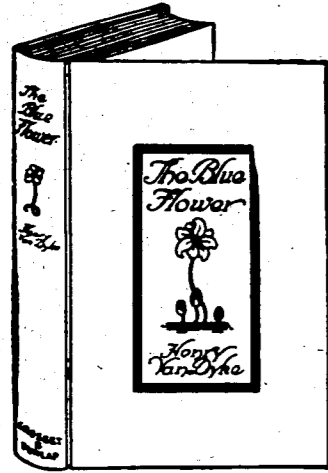


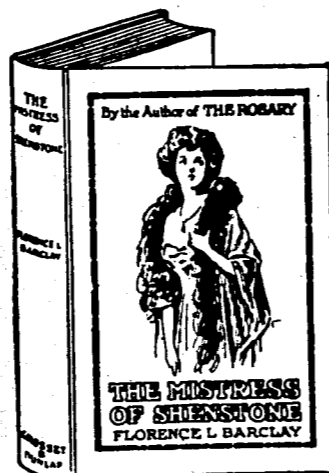
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WE SING THE VICTOR-STRAIN.

O conquering Christ, Death's reign toward thee is over,
 And all thy dream of sacrifice complete;
 A world redeemed, exultant and adoring,
 Bends at thy pierced feet.

O wounded Christ, the blinded world that slew thee
 Saw not the wondrous beauty of thy dream;
 Saw not the majesty of love which led thee
 Thy lost race to redeem.

O loving Christ, whose life-blood paid our ransom,
 Whose sacrifice may cleanse and make us free,
 Today we celebrate thy resurrection,
 Love's incense lift to thee.

We ask of thee, stoop thou in benediction;
 We ask for pardon and the strength to go
 Along the pathway where thy footprints lead us;
 Thy will each day to know.

For love of thee, O slain-one, yet victorious,
 We set our face against each crimson stain,
 Each glittering mesh Time, tempting, flaunts before us,
 And sing thy victor-strain.

—George Klinge, in Watchman-Examiner.

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WHOLE NO. 3,605.

Advantages of Farm Life.

In these days of strenuous city life, when thousands are pressed almost beyond endurance with the nerve-straining burdens of business, when other thousands are struggling beyond their strength for a scanty living at most, and when great armies of men, once free and happy in country homes, are found among the down and out classes suffering in penury, it is no wonder that we hear on every hand the cry, "Back to the farm!" Memories of the old farm home with its blessed influences and comfortable, care-free life have made many a poor man homesick during these hard times in our cities. And many a man has deeply regretted his hasty decision to leave the country and seek what he once thought to be the superior advantages of the city. Too late has he found that the supposed advantages of city life are delusions, and that when he turned his back upon his old country home, he really left behind him, all too soon, the very things designed to make him strong and successful.

A large proportion of our readers are found in the comfortable, unpretentious homes of farmers. We sometimes wonder if they fully appreciate the advantages they now enjoy, and if they realize their opportunities for increasing these advantages until the charm and contentment to be found on the modern farm are multiplied many fold.

SOME DELUSIONS

If the restless boy on the farm today could look at things in the light of future years; if he could use the eyes of men who once stood in his place, and who have traveled ambition's road to the end only to learn how delusive many of the promises of youth are, he would not be so eager to forsake the advantages and blessings he now enjoys. Many a man knows what it is to look back upon his life in the country, after years of unsuccessful struggle in the city, only to feel that he made the mistake of a lifetime when he left the old farm.

Many another man, after a most successful business career, or after a prosperous professional life, looks back upon his early years on the farm as the one period in which foundations were laid that enabled him to succeed. Indeed, many of our great and proficient men have reason to be thankful that they were once farmer boys, and that for years they had to live near to nature's life-giving, strength-imparting heart. To the boy who really has the qualities that will fit him for some profession, or that will ensure his success as a leader in the business or industrial world when he does leave home, we would say, "Don't be in too great haste to break away from the old home. Your future success may in more ways than one, depend upon a few more years of faithful service on the farm.

Does it seem to you that life in the business world is the ideal one? Are you attracted by the glaring advertisements of some great business college, promising that after three or four months of study you can be sure of a good position in some large business house? We know several who years ago were made dissatisfied by such alluring promises and even borrowed money to go away to business college, who found to their sorrow that such easy roads to success were delusions. One in particular there was who had his eyes opened by experience to the fact that not one in a hundred succeed in that way, and who then, a wiser boy, returned to the farm to work by the month and pay his debt. It was, however, the best thing that ever happened to him. It cost him more than it should have done to learn the lesson, because he had no one to open his eyes to the delusive nature of such glowing pictures of success. But the lesson was worth while. It taught him what every boy should know, namely, that a country boy fresh from the farm, with only the rudiments of a common-school education and ignorant of business methods, can not hope to compete with hundreds of city boys familiar from childhood with store and

office, and in a three months' race for business positions secure them by means of a little smattering of business education.

Another delusion is likely to be cherished by the boy on the farm who desires to exchange his home life for life in the shop. A few years ago it meant more for a boy to enter the machine shop to learn a trade than it does today. Then a boy stood some chance of becoming an all-round proficient mechanic. He could go higher step by step, until familiar with every part of the business, and finally become a master mechanic with his position as such well assured. Today the farmer boy entering the shop finds things entirely different. If he hopes to learn soon all parts of the business, he will find to his sorrow that in order to hold his place he must make himself an expert in some one little thing, and stick closely to that until he can do it better than any other. If he can not do this, the other gets his place. The main thing cared for by the owners is not the broadening and perfecting of the man as a master mechanic, but the amount of daily production the man can bring forth. And under the division of labor now practiced, there must be some years of grind at only this one thing—he can truly declare, "This one thing I do," but he can hardly say that he is thereby pressing "toward the mark for the prize" of a high calling. The shopman from the farm today discovers that he must compete not simply with boys of his own kind and condition, but with tireless, able-bodied immigrants from all climes, who are perfectly willing to keep on the narrow treadmill life, doing but one thing year after year, and who, not caring for enlargement of life, are able to do that one thing just as well or better than the American-born youth. Too many of those entering great shops have to settle down to a life of disappointment so far as their ever becoming all-round, proficient machinists is concerned. Even though here and there one by superior ability and broader culture may arise to higher positions in the shop, it still remains true that the same wide-awake energy and breadth of brain-training that make him broadly proficient there if exercised diligently on the farm would bring much greater and more satisfactory gains.

Boys, things are not always what they seem. Some have the impression that the

people they see in the city wearing good clothes and keeping clean hands, are having an easy time and are more successful than those on the farms. The attractions of the city are alluring. The many opportunities for entertainment, the graceful ways of some "city folks" with their apparent care-free manners lead the country boy to regard city life as the ideal life. These things too are delusive. We do not see far beneath the surface, and exterior things do not always reveal the real inner life. There are thousands of people in our cities today who regret from the bottom of their hearts that they ever left the farm. And thousands more there are, city-born, who long for an opportunity to get out of the turmoil and the strife into God's open country.

Memories of the old farm home come flooding in at times, until some who have grown weary with years of toil, whose locks have faded, and whose brows have become wrinkled from the heart-burdens of life are homesick for the old scenes of other days. Frank L. Stanton, in "The Sweetest of Memory's Bells," gives voice to the heart-yearnings of many a man whose early years were spent in the woodlands, in the harvest fields, and in the flowery meadows. "Like a child to his mother" such a one "would creep," for the comforts and peace of the old home, as seen through long years of tears and toiling.

Wild is the way through the woodland; but there
are the sweet fields of clover,
The sighing, sad pines, and the jessamine vines,
and the rill that leaps laughingly over
The lilies that rim it—the shadows that dim it—
and there, winding winsomely sweet,
Is the path that still leads to the old home through
rivery ripples of wheat!

And hark! 'tis the song of the reapers, and I
know by its jubilant ringing,
There is gold in the gleam of the harvest and
love in the hearts that are singing!
And still as of old to the ether its music mel-
liferous swells,
And the wind that sighs westward is swaying the
sweetest of Memory's bells.

Let me pass through the wheat and the clover,
O men and rose-maidens, who read!
I, who come from the sound of the cities, like a
child to its mother would creep;
For through long years of tears and of toiling,
like harbor-bells over the foam
Your voices far winging and ringing were sing-
ing me—singing me home!

And here, from the pain and the pleasure—from
the sorrow and sighing, I flee
As the birds when the storm-winds are blowing,
as the ships seek the haven from sea;
And I fancy the violets know me in gardens of
beauty and bliss;
And do not the red roses owe me the peace of
the prodigal's kiss?

The sun is still bright at the portal: there the
love-light all radiant shines:
Heart! Heart! there's a face we remember in
the tangle and bloom of the vines!
Far off the glad reapers are singing—far off in
the rivery wheat,
And the arms of a mother are clinging, and the
kiss of a mother is sweet!

LOOK AT THE ADVANTAGES.

Some one has said: "No nation was ever overthrown by its farmers. Chaldea, Egypt, Greece, and Rome grew rotten and ripe for destruction, not in the fields; but in the narrow lanes and crowded city streets, and in the palaces of their nobility." It is a great thing to belong to a class of men who are coming more and more to be regarded as the hope of the nation. If we would look for the breeding-places of vice and crime; if we would recover the seeds of degeneracy and shame; if we would seek the sources of moral and physical decay, we must go to thronging cities and to the homes of the idle, pleasure-seeking rich, but never to the homes of the intelligent and progressive farmers. In these country homes everything tends to promote the strength of manhood and the excellencies of character so much needed in every department of national life. Years on the farm are most conducive to sound physical health. Many a man has been able to do double work simply because his first twenty-one years were lived in the country. No life is more sure to give a man the needed self-poise, the steady nerve, the general knowledge and the broad sympathies most essential to true success in either a professional or a business life. The boy who sticks to the farm until he becomes a well-developed man is sure to have treasured up a store of strength and a wealth of experience that will stand him well in hand when the stress and strain of after years come upon him.

In city homes the boy is likely to be coddled to his ruin, while in the country the farmer's boy is early made to realize his relation to a universe in which he occupies a small place. He must bear his

full part in the duties that press upon the family. He must early learn to be responsible for his share of the work. He must learn to milk, to cut wood, to clear land, to work in garden, and field, and forest, to care for flocks and herds, to gather fruit—in short, he must know his job and stick to it, doing an amount of labor that would astonish the favored and spoiled city boy. All this training and experience in close touch with nature builds up the entire man as nothing else can. He enjoys the best of health, becomes self-reliant, and develops the power to take the initiative in life's great work.

Then, to these accessions of superior qualifications may be added "the dignity and the sense of proprietorship" when the young man comes to own the ground upon which his home is built, with the fields and gardens and forests that surround it. What a glorious sense of freedom comes to him who tills his own fields, who works under no boss, who escapes the close, impure air of pent-up offices, and enjoys the breath of spring in God's glorious universe!

And, in these days the farmer may enjoy this sense of proprietorship, may live in the open air of the country, without the sense of isolation that his fathers felt. The telephone puts him in full touch with the towns and brings him into communion with the world about him. Rural free delivery places the world's news in his home every morning. Free circulating libraries furnish the literature of the world and most helpful works of science and art, while the improved school systems in the country give his children equal advantages with city children in matters of education. The progressive farmer of today is no longer a "hayseed." He is often a college graduate, and well up in all lines of knowledge. More and more is a liberal education coming to be prized and enjoyed by the farmer. The farmer who gave the writer his greatest inspiration and encouragement in early life was a college graduate.

But time and space do not permit the mention of all the glorious advantages that come to the boy of today who is willing to join the great host of free and independent farmers upon whom our country must depend for its true men, and for its strong national character.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

The World-wide Fight Against Alcoholism.

A vast convocation of the enemies of the liquor traffic is being arranged for, to assemble in Atlantic City in July, 1915. This will be the sixteenth biennial convention of the International Congress which has hitherto been held in Europe, but which has been invited by the United States Government to hold its next convocation in this country. Delegates will be sent from all important nations of Europe, and the Congress of the United States will appoint commissioners to attend.

The temperance leaders of America are also planning to center all the temperance forces of this continent around this great gathering. It is expected that this world-wide movement will give an impetus to public opinion against the saloon such as we have never known.

Temperance Education Campaign in Russia.

The educational campaign in Russia against intemperance is gaining considerable headway and promises great things for the future of that country. The Minister of Ways and Means has had fitted up a large railway car with exhibits showing the results of excessive drinking, and this car is being sent over the railways of northern Russia, accompanied by teachers who lecture upon the evils of drink, illustrating their teachings by use of a stereopticon.

Emperor Nicholas has even made changes in his Cabinet, so St. Petersburg reports tell us, in order to strengthen his campaign against alcoholism. Fully determined to do away with "the national vice" he has ordered his new ministers to attack the drink evil with vigor. The laws curtailing the sale have been made very drastic for that people. Liquor can not be sold in towns between eleven at night and nine o'clock in the morning, while in country districts it must not be sold after six o'clock in the evening. No sales whatever are allowed in public gardens, in government offices, in refreshment rooms, or in theaters and concert halls.

The brewers of Newark, N. J., placed an advertisement in one of the daily papers which read as follows: "Alexander the Great drank beer and conquered the world before he was thirty-two. Perhaps he could have done it sooner if he had not drunk beer, but you'd better take no chances." A day or two later the Anti-Saloon League added this little item as a paid ad in the same column with that of the brewers: "Alexander the Great died in a drunken debauch at the age of thirty-three. You'd better take no chances."

The American Medical Association's Journal contains an article from the pen of Dr. Robert N. Wilson of Philadelphia, in which this noted physician expresses the belief that alcohol is always a harmful influence as a medicine. In regard to its use in cases of pneumonia the Doctor writes:

Alcohol is no longer considered a cardiac tonic, and has well-nigh lost its right to a place in a sane pharmacopeia. . . . Alcohol is a cardiac muscle poison and a vasomotor paralyzant. Both of these forces we wish to preserve, not destroy. Therefore, after many hundreds of years filled with object demonstrations so plain that they stare us in the face, we are reluctantly beginning to cease teaching our patients well-nigh incurable drug-habits under the guise of beneficial treatment.

Four years of careful investigation by a legislative commission in Massachusetts, as to the results of the drink habit, has brought out the official statement that about sixty-five per cent of the total cost of crime in that State may be directly traced to the saloon.

Face to face with such well-attested facts as this, and cognizant of all the heart-aches and miseries that such data suggests, the people of these liquor States continue to enthrone the liquor traffic behind a legal permit to carry on its ruinous work!

Effective Revivals.

Revivals are being reported as unusually effective this spring in many sections both East and West. But we have heard of none that seems any more thoroughgoing than two reported in the Kansas papers. A friend sends some clippings describing the work in Emporia and in Hutchinson, from which we glean these statements. The assessors of two counties report that the

assessed valuations have increased many thousands of dollars, due to the quickened consciences of the people through the evangelistic campaign:

People who never before reported rings, watches and other personal property easily concealed, are now making honest reports to the assessors. Thousands of dollars' worth of stocks, bonds and mortgages, heretofore forgotten by people of easy consciences, are now being reported in.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find an increase of \$250,000 in the assessed valuation of the county due directly to the people being more honest and their consciences quickened," remarked one of the assessors.

During this evangelistic campaign four thousand converts have been reported. More than 3,000 of these live within the city limits of Hutchinson, equal to one-sixth of the entire population of the city, the other 1,000 being residents of the county outside of Hutchinson.

Since the revival campaign the police department has had practically nothing to do. Bootleggers have voluntarily quit their business and many of them have been converted, joined the church and taken other employment. Houses of ill fame have been voluntarily closed. Drunkenness and disorderly conduct is now almost unknown. Police court receipts are almost nil. This is the closing week of the campaign.

The revival at Emporia, conducted by the Wichita Gospel Team, has also been remarkable for the conversion of strong men who were melted to tears and brought to the foot of the cross. The mayor was among the converts.

"The Life of Our Savior" in moving-picture films is in preparation, and the pictures are to be shown in about fifty theaters throughout the land during the first week in April. Under the present rigorous censorship the better class of moving-picture entertainments are undoubtedly doing much good as educators. In some places they keep scores of men from spending their evenings in saloons. A city magistrate in an English town reported that thousands were being kept from drinking-places, and that the drinking habits of the city show marked improvement. The "movies" keep open until the hour when the saloons are compelled to close, so men can not go to the saloons after the entertainments are over. If the "movies" can be made to take the place of the saloon—"the poor man's club"—they will lack a good deal of being the unmixed evils some have thought them to be.

It is reported that in all probability the Brazilian Government will name the river now being explored by Theodore Roosevelt, after him. Since it would be hard for natives to speak the name Roosevelt, it is suggested that the river be called "Rio Teodora." On March 30 it was expected that Mr. Roosevelt would reach the coast in about a week.

Miss Mattie R. Tyler, seventy years old, and a granddaughter of President Tyler, after holding the office of postmistress in Courtland, Va., for seventeen years, has been turned down by the political appointment of a man for that place. President Roosevelt promised this grandchild of a president that she should retain the office as long as he remained in the White House. Upon hearing that she had been superseded by another, Miss Tyler hastened to the White House to see President Wilson, who received her graciously, and it is believed that she will be reappointed if he can find a way to do so.

After a motion to levy one per cent on all pastors' salaries of \$1,000 and over, for the benefit of country pastors with small salaries, was overwhelmingly defeated in the M. E. Conference of East New York, arrangements were made by the ministers for a *voluntary* levy of one per cent to aid the superannuated ministers' fund.

The New England Southern Methodist Conference expressed its great satisfaction with the action of the New Haven Railroad in forbidding the sale of liquor on its trains, and requested that liquor-selling be also stopped in its stations.

Mrs. Royal R. Thorngate at Rest.

Our readers have known for several weeks that the wife of Rev. Royal R. Thorngate was critically ill at their home in Verona, N. Y. Thursday morning, April 2, we received this message from Brother Thorngate: "The end has come at last. After more than ten long anxious weeks of intense suffering, Mrs. Thorngate passed peacefully away at noon yesterday." Brother Thorngate has the heartfelt sympathy of RECORDER friends.

That \$10,000.

REV. G. M. COTTRELL.

It will be remembered that we set \$10,000 as the mark at which to aim as the money gifts from the L. S. K's.

Counting our number at 1,000—a most liberal estimate—this would require an average contribution of \$10 from every one of us. It was expected, as a matter of course, that some could not give so much, while some others could give much more, and so maintain the average. Yes, I know it is a delicate question, this money question, and is often thought to bring a coolness over the meeting if mentioned before a public congregation; but those who feel that way about it have got another "feel" a coming, if they get the viewpoint of the Master.

Money represents time and labor. It is earned by the sweat of brain or muscle. It is the concentrated fruitage or harvest of our highest intelligence, our most scientific researches, our most strenuous labors. It stands also as a representative of values of most material things. It will buy for us food and clothes, houses and lands, books and works of art. It will pay our way around the world, pay the expense of government, build schools, churches and cathedrals, print Bibles, support ministers and missionaries, and furnish the sinews of war or the propagandas of peace.

A man's money, then, is one of his great assets, second only to his life itself. And the Lord made a requirement that his people should devote at least one tenth of this to him and his service. The Lord Jesus gave himself, his entire life for man and man's redemption. Many missionaries and ministers have in large measure given all of life for Christ and those for whom he died. The poor widow who cast her two mites—her *all*—into the treasury, and received therefor the notice and praise of Christ, was, in a way, giving her life. How meagerly we do, then, even when we have given our tithe. We can still think of ourselves as unprofitable servants.

I quote from the last RECORDER lying before me: "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 with what they keep. What is \$5 a year to the man who burns up \$25 a year to satisfy a selfish and unnatural habit? What is \$5 to a woman who pays \$10 for a single hat? What is \$1,000 to the man whose wealth is leaping into the millions? Over against the gift of life these gifts are nothing." If we bear the name "Christian" the consecration of our life is assumed and the gift of our tithes should be a joyous service.

But to come back to where we started—that \$10,000. From the partial reports thus far coming in, very little seems to be doing under that financial item. Either the secretaries must have failed to make it clear and strong, or the L. S. K's must have overlooked it for some reason. Only one \$10 gift has been reported to me—nothing from the rest.

How shall we explain it? If it is because of *poverty*, then it is a pretty plain case that the Lord's blessing is not upon us in our isolation, and that we better take steps to get back into the shelter of the fold, hoping for more temporal favors as well as spiritual blessings. If it is because this item was overlooked, better read the secretary's letter again and see if he didn't ask how much you would contribute to denominational causes this Conference year, and then write him or her again, stating what you will do. If it is because you make your gifts through, or to, your home church, then write him again and report the amount. If it is because you have grown worldly, and lost your spiritual interests, then write asking for prayers that you may be revived. Indeed, if you will send along a liberal contribution, it may be an act of obedience and worship, and if in the right spirit, a prayer of itself that may open your heart to a richer blessing from the Lord.

The cause should not languish because of failure to do your part. You should not languish because of failure to accept present opportunities and open your life for the blessing. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing."

SABBATH REFORM**The Sabbath of Christ and of the Moral Law.**

PRESTON F. RANDOLPH.

Jesus asserts that he is Lord of the Sabbath. He made it. "All things were made by him" (John 1: 3). In making this assertion Christ (1) reserves unto himself all authority over the Sabbath; (2) warns against all efforts to change it; and (3) against those who come in his name and shall deceive many" (Matt. 24: 5). He knew all things and referring especially to things "spoken of by Daniel the prophet" (Matt. 24: 15) he knew that there would arise a power which "shall think to change times and laws" (Dan. 7: 25). Notice particularly that that beastly power shall only *think* to make such changes; they are not truly made. Among these changes are the substitution of Sunday for "the Sabbath of the Lord," and of midnight instead of evening for the beginning of the day, as at creation (Gen. 1: 4, 8, 13, 19, 23, 31). See also Leviticus 23: 32. The seventh day is still the Sabbath of the Lord, and his Sabbath day begins as it did, and will continue to do so until "the Lord of the Sabbath" himself shall change it, of which he has given no hint, but quite the contrary; he gave his people instruction about the Sabbath day (Matt. 24: 20) during events which were to occur about thirty years after his death. The gospel of Matthew, written many years after the resurrection, speaks of both "the sabbath" and "the first day of the week" in one sentence (28: 1) as distinctly different days. Doctor Talmage while editing the *Christian Herald*, said, in answer to a question, that the Sabbath never was changed, that Sunday was not the Sabbath, but that the disciples could not bear to think of working on the day of the week on which Christ arose. In this last statement the Doctor differed from Matthew (28: 1) who says, "In the end of the sabbath," the angel at the sepulcher said, "He is risen." Moral laws, divinely prescribed, are as immutable as their maker. The Ten Commandments, "written by the finger of God,"

are the basis of all moral laws. In the midst of these commandments God has written his Sabbath law, as unchangeable as himself, connecting our duties to him with our duties to our fellow man. The Sabbath law specifies the seventh day of the creation week, on which the Creator "rested from all his work which God created and made." That the reckonings of the days of the week have been correctly made and kept is tacitly admitted by all who recognize the Sabbath as the seventh day of the week and all who keep Sunday as the first day of the week, as defined in dictionaries, and as given in every calendar and almanac.

In that immutable Sabbath law notice a number of particulars: (1) "The seventh day," counting from creation week, "is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." (2) It is the only weekly sabbath in the sacred canon, or the moral law. (3) It is the only sabbath day to be remembered every week, each seventh day. (4) It is the only weekly sabbath that we are commanded to remember in any way. (5) It is the only weekly sabbath that is to be kept holy. (6) It is the only day of the seven of which it is said, "In it thou shalt not do any work." (7) It is the only sabbath of which it is said, "The Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it." (8) The Seventh-day Sabbath is the only day that can be a memorial of a finished creation. (9) It is the only day that the Lord calls "my holy day" (Isa. 58: 13). (10) It is the only sabbath for the keeping of which a great reward is promised (Isa. 58: 14). (11) It is the only weekly sabbath for the neglect of which cities were burned, a nation destroyed, the people led into captivity, the land desolated. (12) It is the only day that is designated as "the sabbath."

If the body of Jesus was laid in the tomb late on the sixth day of the week (Friday), and if as Mark says (16: 2, 6), "very early in the morning . . . at the rising of the sun," the angel at the sepulcher said, "He is risen," then Jesus was not in the tomb, "the heart of the earth three days and three nights;" not any part of a third night. Jesus means what he says. If the next day that followed the day of the preparation had been the regular weekly Sabbath, the chief priests and Pharisees would not have gone then to Pilate to transact business. The day of

the preparation refers to the Passover and not to the weekly Sabbath alone.

The Sabbath of the Lord is sometimes called in derision "The Jewish Sabbath," but it is unscriptural; it is never so called in the Bible. The Sabbath was made for man thousands of years before a Jew existed. Jesus stripped the Sabbath of Jewish things, and Paul warns against them (Titus 1: 14).

Do those who deride the Sabbath of the Lord realize that they scorn an holy thing, scoff at what God has blessed, and sneer at what he has told them to keep holy?

Finally, the seventh day, the Sabbath of the Lord, is the only weekly sabbath that Christ kept and taught by example and precept to observe by attendance at Sabbath services, and by deeds of relief in love and mercy.

Christian Morality.

REV. J. T. DAVIS.

Outline of Sermon preached at West Edmeston, N. Y.

Text: Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.—1 *Thes.* 5: 21.

Let me say by way of preface that, seeing a notice that any pastor who would preach to his congregation on the above theme at a given time would, by sending to the National Reform Association, receive certain tracts on that subject, and being interested in the theme, as well as curious to know their position, I wrote telling them that I could not preach on the date suggested, but would in the near future. In due time the tracts came, with request for pay and asking also that I have an outline of my sermon published and a copy sent to them. Because of other duties pressing, and the fact that I had paid for the tracts, I have felt at liberty to take more time than I should otherwise have taken.

The principle in the text selected, we wish to apply to the position taken by the National Reform Association, as set forth in the tracts. This position is, we think, well set forth on page 2 of a tract entitled, "Christian Public Education," and reads as follows:

"The Bible should be more than a mere text-book in the public schools of every

grade; the simple, broad elements of the historical and the ethical in Christianity should be diligently and sympathetically taught, and the whole attitude and atmosphere of the system of public education should be reverent, positive, and true to the genius of the Christian faith, though free from any taint of bigotry and sectarian bias."

Sectarian is defined thus: "Pertaining to, peculiar to, or devoted to the interests of a sect or sects; especially, marked by attachment to a sect or denomination," while a sect means, "The adherents collectively of a particular creed or confession; a denomination; communion; as, the Presbyterian sect; the various sects of Jews, Mohammedans, or Christians" (Standard).

Our author also says: "It is only to the atheist that the idea of God is sectarian." If the idea of God, to the atheist, is sectarian, it follows that to the Jew the idea of Christ is sectarian; and granting this to be true, how can the Bible be more than merely a text-book, or be taught "free from any sectarian bias?"

Again our author says: "The Supreme Court has formally pronounced the United States a Christian nation, and declared that Christianity is a part of the law of the land." Granting that this is true, and that therefore we are a Christian nation, then we are face to face with the fact that Christianity teaches that "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Can we, then, as a Christian nation, as lovers of the principles for which our fathers fought, tax atheist and Jew to support sectarian schools?

It is a new thought to us, that a nation can be made Christian by the declaration of its Supreme Court, having been taught that Christianity is a life. If, however, the court can make a nation Christian by its declaration, why may it not make the individual such? Why should it not decide the mode of service? By all the laws of reason and logic, it must decide what is Christian, what is the Christian standard, else how will it enforce its Christian laws? If this is our attitude, how far are we removed from Rome, from church and state? Read English history and kindly tell me which is the better, Protestant or Roman Catholic intolerance?

We agree with our author, in that our

teaching should be without "bigotry," I care not whether in the home, the school, or the pulpit; but who will decide that it is without "bias," if our teaching is "reverent, positive, and true to the genius of the Christian faith?" If we teach the "broad elements of the historical and the ethical Christianity" of the Bible, who will decide that the teaching is not biased in its nature? Who will decide that the teaching is not having an undue influence or effect? Shall we trust the Supreme Court?

We cry out against Rome for the Ne Temera and other decrees, calculated to control the moral, social, and religious life of its subjects. Shall the Supreme Court of the United States take the place of the Pope and dictate to the people the ethical in Christianity? The Jew or atheist is as truly a citizen of these United States as the Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist, or Presbyterian, and deserves the same protection in his rights of conscience.

At this point in the preparation of this address, there came through the mail, from the National Reform Association, the official report of the "Second World's Christian Citizenship Conference," held at Portland, Ore., June 29-July 6, 1913, and on page 3, under "Program Preparation and Local Arrangements," we read; "The other financial obligations—amounting to fully \$25,000—were assumed by the National Reform Association."

We assume, therefore, that the sentiments expressed by this conference are the sentiments of the National Reform Association, and when placed by the side of the tract just considered, become of especial interest.

On page 263, under "The Lord's Day," we read: "We believe that the fourth commandment is permanently binding; that it designates the proportion of time to be devoted to sacred rest, but not the specific day to be used (that is, "not to be always used"—Ed.); that the first day of the week, commonly known as the Lord's Day, has been set apart as the day of rest by divine authority; that rest from secular employment on that day is the right of every individual; and that this, like other civil rights, should be protected by statute law. Christian citizens should not only obey our rest-day laws, but should strive for their wise enforcement. They should combine to prevent the weakening of these

laws and to strengthen them where they are found to be defective."

The word "enforce" we find defined to mean, "To exact, obtain, or produce authoritatively or by force. To present or urge forcibly or cogently. To force; impel; urge; compel." Therefore, if we can understand the attitude of this conference, it is to compel obedience to their "rest-day laws" as defined.

Fain would we hope that the wording of this report misrepresents the committee, this conference of Christian workers, as well as the National Reform Association which sent it out; for when you legislate upon the Sabbath, logically you may legislate upon baptism, or any other ordinance or manner of Christian service, and credulous as the world may be, thinking people can but see that all such moves are religious, however much the effort to clothe them in civil robes.

Regardless of the fact that this committee says, "Christian citizens should not only obey our rest-day laws, but should strive for their wise enforcement," they must have known that there are hundreds—yea, thousands—as loyal and true to this government as any member of said committee can be, who believe in the Christian religion and are trying to follow their Master's teaching and example regarding the Sabbath, and who deny the right of any man, or set of men, to insinuate that therefore they are not "Christian Citizens."

To them may be added other thousands, who will say: "The statement that the fourth commandment is permanently binding, that it designates the proportion of time to be devoted to sacred rest, but not the specific day to be used, has no foundation in fact. While the fourth commandment designates the proportion of time, it also designates the specific day." And these will quote both A. V. and N. V., showing that the honor and scholarship of the translators did not permit of any other thought than that expressed in Exodus 20: 8-10, "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God," etc. Even Douay's version, approved by "His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons," says: "Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor, and shalt do thy works. But on the seventh

day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God," etc. And they will ask: "How can any body of Christian men, claiming to be unbiased and unsectarian, make such a statement?" They will say: "Even the fact that our commentators on our Bible-School lessons speak of the First Day, or Sunday, as the Sabbath, using the terms Sunday and Sabbath interchangeably, does not change the fact that God has said, 'The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God.'" The fact that one commentator said, a short time ago, to the Sunday-school scholars of our land, that God gave the children of Israel a double portion of manna on Saturday, and none on Sunday; and another, prominent in N. R. A. circles, said in substance that the seventh day of the week was the original Sabbath, but that now the first day of the week, occurring every seventh day, is the Sabbath, set over against God's own word that "the seventh day is the sabbath," will not be conducive to confidence in these men, either as religious teachers, or men to dictate laws regarding religious life.

We have been taught that the Christian Sabbath is in commemoration of the resurrection, and many will therefore say: "If the Christian Sabbath is binding because of the resurrection, the fourth commandment is not permanently binding, unless there are two sabbaths binding; for the sabbath of the fourth commandment commemorates creation, was instituted before sin, and before the world had need of a Savior, because man had not sinned, and the world was not lost; therefore, the two have no connection in fact." Can we expect honest, conscientious men to face these facts, and not protest against "rest-day laws" to enforce the observance of the "first day of the week commonly called the Lord's Day?" Who will have the right to say they are not "Christian citizens," because of it? With this tendency of harking back to the intolerant spirit of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, can we expect free, liberty-loving Americans to say: "The Bible should be more than merely a text-book in the public schools of every grade?" With this spirit, who can conceive of its being taught in our public schools "free from any taint of bigotry or sectarian bias?"

Let us face these facts like honest, conscientious, Christian men, filled with the

spirit of brotherly love, remembering our Master's words, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them," before we attempt to force upon others the teaching of the Bible, with this "taint of bigotry and sectarian bias." But some one may ask, "Shall we allow Rome to drive the Bible from our public schools?" We answer no, a thousand times no; but let us be fair with her. If Rome can not so much as teach in our schools, with the sable shroud of the nun, to do its silent work, let us not force upon her, and others, the teaching of the Bible as more than a text-book.

No Jew, Catholic or infidel could reasonably object to having an historical selection or recorded fact from Homer, Anabasis, Cæsar or Cicero read at an opening exercise of our schools. Why, then object to the same from the Bible? The Bible as a text-book, used at any time and in any connection, has its rights as any other book, but dogma or doctrine is not the province of the public school; and when the Bible is so used, it should be used by the church, or a school supported by the church and not by taxation.

You can not legislate men into the kingdom of God, nor make them good by law. All human effort along this line has been a failure, and ever must be. When the Stem of Jesse shall rule (Isa. II: 5, 6), "righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." Then indeed may we trust in religious legislation.

Till then let us respect men for their honest convictions, meeting them in the spirit of brotherly love, not thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think; for there is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it is not safe for any of us to try to control the rest of us (religiously).

What Christ wants to know of you is whether you can make good. It's just the same as a football team. If you can not make good you are dropped off the team.—*Dr. W. T. Grenfell.*

MISSIONS

On Shipboard for South America.

REV. E. B. SAUNDERS.

On Sabbath afternoon, February 21, just as the sun was setting, the steamship *Parima* of the Quebec Company loosed from the dock and cut her way through the ice out of New York Harbor, bound for Demerara, Georgetown, South America. Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, our missionary, is located in that city, the population of which is estimated at from fifty to sixty thousand. Here he has organized a Seventh Day Baptist church of thirty-five members, since his return from our last General Conference. When he was in this country he used to say, "I want you to visit us and see us with your own eyes." More than once he was met with the reply, "How I would like to do so." At the January board meeting of our Missionary Society he made request that its corresponding secretary be sent to visit this field and people. The board made reply that a visit should be made at once before the heat of the season came on, and very kindly is sending its secretary on this mission.

We, with many others who went aboard the *Parima*, were compelled to wade through six inches of crumbling snow to the pier. The ship which was to leave at two o'clock could not finish loading its cargo until six o'clock. This delay gave me the opportunity to meet with our New York City Church. After speaking to them of the work and the mission on which we were just starting, they by a rising vote assured us of their interest and prayers. Then Pastor Van Horn accompanied me to the ship.

Ten miles from the harbor the pilot left us and the log was put out. By Sunday noon we had traveled 176 nautical miles; by Monday noon 277 more; the next noon 283. Friday morning we found ourselves in a beautiful little bay of horseshoe shape, surrounded by mountains except at two points where there were straights, only one of them wide enough to let ships pass. The city on the beach, a quarter of a mile away, extended back up the mountainside of the island of St. Thomas. We are now in

the tropics where our lightest summer clothing is a burden.

The island of St. Thomas is under Danish rule, and has a population of about eleven thousand people, principally black, except some of the officials who are sent from Denmark. The island is noted for its manufacture of bay rum. As it is a free port the Panama hat is imported in large quantities free of duty and sold more cheaply than at most of the other West India Islands. Sugar-cane is grown to some extent, but I judge the industry of chewing it for its juice is greater than that of raising or manufacturing it into syrup. The botanical garden is beautiful with its tropical foliage and fruits, its coconuts, pomegranates and bananas. The streets are clean and from ten to twenty feet wide. A fine is imposed on the occupant of each building if his half of the street is not swept by eight o'clock in the morning. After our party had visited the stores we took a drive. We first went to the governor's house. We saw his wife in her carriage. Her hat was immense, decked with large red flowers; the dog by her side was of a light complexion like the governor's wife, but the coachman was black. We then drove to the cemetery which was very pretty with tropical plants and trees, among them the mahogany. The driver said that they were government property. They were twenty years old and in ten years more they would be suitable for market. The cost of a burial lot he said was \$19.00 in front, in the middle of the grounds the price was \$6.00, and in the rear \$3.00; while just over a narrow alley was a gloomy-looking lot, the potter's field, where one could be buried free of charge. We passed through a French village of little huts where hundreds of people lived in poverty. Most of them seemed to be making baskets in the doorway. They lived principally on fish caught on the beach in front of the huts.

Our driver was a cunning black man who found it cheaper to entertain his passengers by telling stories than to push his ponies with his very poor whip. It was becoming apparent that the plan might work, to spend the hour for which we were to pay him one dollar in reaching the park, and then it might require another hour to return. I finally suggested that we did not wish to waste his time in going so

slowly, at which he took the hint and drove along. We afterwards learned that he had charged a party of our fellow passengers a dollar and seventy-five cents for an hour's drive.

In the better portion of the city people were leisurely walking the streets, the women were often carrying on their heads firewood, boxes, pans and pails of water. A child could carry a pail of eight or ten quarts, make its way through the crowd and not spill a drop. Our driver complained that in all this island of eleven thousand people there was only one drug-house, which was the exclusive right and property of an old Danish family. We asked if they would allow another store to be opened, to which he replied, "Oh, no, we would not patronize it." It is said that no stranger is allowed to open business on this island. We asked if the doors of the houses and huts were closed at night, to which he replied that they were not, that there was very little stealing because the penalty is heavier than that imposed for murder. We next visited the prison whose cells were of concrete. Only one prisoner was there, a young man who had been in for some days. He was released while we were looking through the prison and told that if he came back he would be dealt with more severely. About twenty other prisoners were at work on the streets. A small boy told us that the prisoners were first severely flogged before imprisonment. When we left, the keeper gave us a beautiful white lily, for which he evidently expected a tip. We gave him a small one, but saw no way to make it "Board Expenses" unless we should adopt the method used by the newly employed salesman of which Rev. O. D. Sherman, of blessed memory, used to tell a story. In this salesman's first expense account he charged a new suit of clothes for himself. This the manager struck out. His next statement when examined was also too large, but the manager said he saw no suit of clothes charged, to which the salesman replied, "It is there all the same."

Tomorrow we are to stop at another little island under Danish rule, later at those under English and French rule. The inhabitants of these islands are black in color. Some of them speak very good English, but the majority speak "patois," a dialect which they talk among themselves.

They are courteous, and many of them are quite well dressed. Their feet were bare. Owing to the large amount of cargo, our ship is to be delayed to unload freight which is lifted by derricks on board small lighters.

In closing I wish to call the attention of our people to letter postage necessary in writing to Brother Spencer. It is five cents for the first ounce, and three for the second.

Farmers and Insects.

F. S. PLACE.

A noted entomologist has said that if all of nature's checks on the increase of plant-eating insects were removed, not a vestige of plant life would be left on the earth's surface at the end of one year. This statement may be a slight exaggeration but need not be alarming, even if strictly true; for nature's balance is very nicely adjusted when man does not interfere.

The ravages of insect pests is steadily increasing and not so slowly as a farmer might wish, but man's superior mind has enabled him thus far to cope easily with the difficulty.

Insect-control is not a general problem to be solved by rules, but every "bug" must have his pedigree investigated and the time and method of attack must be arranged to meet him at the most vulnerable point of his life history.

It is interesting to note how many troublesome insects have been brought from Europe and other foreign countries. All kinds of immigrants, hexapods as well as bipeds, seem to thrive in the invigorating atmosphere of this land of freedom and plenty. Many insects, like the Gypsy moth, which are comparatively harmless at home, spread devastation and terror in their path in the new world.

Each branch of farming has insect troubles of its own. The orchardist has, along with a hundred less harmful "bugs," San Jose scale and codling moth, both importations; there is Hessian fly and chinch-bug for the wheat, cotton boll-weevil in the South, cutworms and wireworms for the corn, root borers in the clover, Colorado beetles on the potatoes; and, not only are our necessities thus taxed, but our flower gardens are invaded by a destructive

host, and the repressive influence of the thorn on the rose is as nothing compared with the repulsive army of plant-lice, slugs, leaf-hoppers, chaffers, et cetera hexapoda.

Usually the best way to get help for insect troubles is to apply to the Experiment Station of your own State. These are well equipped and you will find the director and his staff willing and efficient servants who will give your problem specific attention if it is a new one, or will prescribe standard remedies if it be an old one. To be prompt and thorough is the motto of the bug hunter, for most insects multiply with a rapidity that is out of all proportion to his knowledge of arithmetical calculations.

There is interesting variety in the natural checks which keep the proper balance between plant and insect life. Of course, we first think of the birds, which feed largely or exclusively upon insects,—their usefulness can scarcely be overestimated. If you look under the bark scales in the orchard for codling-moth larvæ you will find that most of them have already been discovered and devoured by the birds, usually by our winter residents. A chickadee has been known to destroy five thousand canker-worm eggs in a single day. Such examples of bird-help could be multiplied indefinitely. Inclement and unseasonable weather destroys insect life to a vast extent which we do not usually appreciate, gardeners often relying upon cold rains to rid their cabbage and cauliflowers of aphids. Insects are occasionally attacked by disease, though help from this source is insignificant.

Next to birds, if not the chief source of relief, is the large number of predaceous and parasite insects. In looking through the different orders of insects, notable examples of friends are found everywhere. Dragon-flies are predaceous in the adult state and the larvæ feed on mosquito "wrigglers." The lace-winged fly, a delicate green creature with beautiful golden eyes, feeds in its larval state so extensively upon plant-lice that it is called aphis-lion. Among the true bugs are found the wheel-bugs and the damsel-bugs, both preying upon other insects. Many Coleoptera, or beetles, are predaceous as larva or as adults. The bright green tiger-beetle that alights on the walk before you so often, lived when young in a hole in the ground and sat by his door in order to seize any

luckless insect that might pass incautiously near. He had a little spike on his back which he could dig into the dirt to prevent his victim, in its dying struggles, from jerking him unceremoniously out of his hole. A certain ground beetle, *Lebia grandis*, eats the larvæ of potato beetles, seizing them by the back and gnawing into their vitals with fatal results. The soldier-beetle, whose yellow coat has black tails, feeds on pollen when fully grown, "wallowing knee-deep in the golden pasturage" of goldenrod and sunflower; but when a larva it feeds on plum curculis and other soft-bodied forms.

A few butterflies and moths are strictly neutral in our fight, but most of them must be counted among our enemies. Among the flies we have many friends. Before me lies a little case containing a dozen specimens, all useful; many of them doing us great service. Some of the Hymenoptera show the highest form of insect intelligence and wonderful social instincts, notably ants, bees, and wasps. Here also are the most remarkable examples of parasitism. A female long-tailed ichneumon-fly measures one and three-fourth inches and has an ovipositor four and three-fourth inches long with which remarkable tool she bores into the maple tree and leaves her egg in the burrow of a pigeon-tremex. From this egg hatches a grub which goes after its prey like a ferret in a rabbit burrow. We do not read that the "girl of the Limberlost" had trouble to hatch her beautiful moths, but most of us do, for a great per cent of our large caterpillars are killed by parasites. Among these tiny wasplike creatures are some so tiny that they can live in scale-insects or even in the eggs of other insects.

While this insect host fills us with alarm when they are victorious and with joy when we win, we must admire, all the time, the wonderful adjustment of this truly wonderful world.

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Alfred University,
Alfred, N. Y.*

There is no preservative and antiseptic, nothing that keeps one's heart young, like sympathy, like giving one's self with enthusiasm to some worthy thing or cause.—
John Burrows.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"There Is No Unbelief."

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow—
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says "tomorrow" "the unknown,"
"The Future," trusts that power alone
He dares disown.

There is no unbelief;
The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

—Lizzie York Case.

A Pioneer Woman's Garden Brought Beauty, Pleasure and Profit.

To have a garden! Such had been her ambition for years and to her a garden meant, farmer's wife though she be, a flower garden. But she was a pioneer woman and when they took up the ranch in Boulder Canyon thirty years ago they found too many important things to be done to dally over a garden. So she went to work after the manner and custom of the pioneer women—all honor to them and may their race increase—she bore, she raised, she fed, she housed, she clothed, she managed, she advised, she served, she shared in all the labors of the farm.

In time, what had been a grand though barren hillside became a picturesque series of terraces caressed by the flowing waters

they had coaxed up from Boulder Creek and covered with mantles of alfalfa, corn, and peas. Cattle scrambled up the unfenced pastures of red clay and rock. Rhode Island Reds—to match the Colorado clay, doubtless—scratched up the roadside. Buildings dotted the tiny plateau that patience, industry and determination had dug from the precipice and dumped beside the Creek.

A VISION MATERIALIZED.

In time, too, the children all grew up. Most of them broke off little pieces of the ranch and went into farming for themselves. Then Mrs. Blanchard took out her lifelong ambition and started her garden. Whether in the soul of this vigorous little woman there had always dwelt the vision of the artist or whether, as she washed millions of dishes before the kitchen window the germ, merely, of the plan was born and was thereafter reared by hand and spade, I do not know. But now the vision is materialized. No wonder that the tourists who swarm Boulder Canyon in the summer season stop here with kodak and exclamations, finally wandering across the little bridge, up the long grass walk, to ask timorously if they may look at the flowers.

In the far background, rise the ledges of Boulder Canyon. At its base, terrace below terrace, each with its border of flowers and in the angle where the terraces meet, is the old unpainted frame house, ivy hung and almost buried in its rim of flowers. Further down the sloping lawn is the screen of perennial sweet peas and below that, the brush that borders Boulder Creek left discreetly as Nature disposed it.

"Tell me," I demanded enthusiastically, "tell me just how you did it!"

She really didn't know, herself.

"Was it—was it very expensive?" I asked.

"Goodness, no!" she exclaimed in a shocked voice, "It never cost a cent."

My eyes swept over the vision of loveliness. "Please explain," I pleaded.

"Well, one spring about fifteen years ago I said to Pa that I just must have some lilacs down by the driveway. He was buying some apple trees that year for the left-hand terrace, so I got the man to throw in a couple of lilacs."

"TWO LILACS,—BUT YOU HAVE A DOZEN."

She nodded. "But they all came out of those two. Well, those lilacs kind of enthused me. I said I simply must have some flowers to go with them, so I went up into the mountains with Walter—he's my boy—and we dug up all the columbines we could carry. There were millions of them then and most folks didn't prize them, but Walter made my beds along those terraces nearest the house and I set out my plants. That was in the fall. When spring came those terraces were beautiful. People stopped as they went by to look at them. Then they told the people in town about them and pretty soon strangers began coming out to look at that terrace."

"But these other things, Mrs. Blanchard? I know one can't buy yards of peonies like these for nothing. And the tiger lilies, pansies and baby's breath?"

"Much out of little," she quoted laughingly, "that's what my school teacher son calls my garden. You see I never did like specks of things and as soon as I could get hold of two or three bulbs I'd hoard them and divide and transplant them and save seeds and take slips until I had a whole row. Now, these peonies—they do look as if they cost a sight for they're good plants. Well, after I got a little start from the seeds folks had given me, and had kept cultivating and transplanting those columbines, those in the mountains began to give out. Folks had picked them dead. The second spring the graduating class here in Boulder couldn't get enough for their decorations. They're the state flower, you know. And they came to me and wanted to know if I'd sell them some of mine. I sold all I could spare. They paid me six dollars. That seemed a lot for flowers that had been as common when I came out here as chickweed is back east. But it gave me an idea. I went into the columbine business. I sold two-year-old plants. I sold seeds. And each year the price has increased. It was the profit from them that bought the peonies and other things. But they've paid for themselves too." She didn't want me to think her extravagant. "And I suspect there isn't a summer since that I haven't come twenty-five dollars into the clear besides adding to my garden."

Mrs. Blanchard is naturally a thrifty

lady as befits one who has made the desert blossom as the rose. When the tourists began to bother her with questions as to varieties and the care of flowers, she determined to get even. The next year she did up little envelopes of seed. When any sprung a question, the packet was produced and naturally a sale was made. Last year she cleared thirty dollars from her seeds. Her profits from the sale of columbine blossoms and plants netted her as much more.

"It isn't much money, of course," she said. "But it's no work, you understand. It's all pleasure and I think it's pretty nice to pick up a sum like that just out of your pleasure."

THE GROWING PICTURE.

In the spring her terraces are covered with the blooming columbine edged with narcissus. These come just after the crocus has died back into the grass. A little later she has a royal array of oriental poppies in front of baby's breath. A little later still, comes on the New England aster. This grows in masses on the edge of the terrace. Below it, are planted rows of tiger lilies whose stately blossoms mingle with the white clouds of the aster. The ugly plants of the lilies are concealed behind the leaves of the peonies that earlier bloomed behind German iris. In front of the peonies are purple pansies. Thus, she has a succession of bloom throughout the short Colorado summer.

On the other side of the house is the screen of perennial sweet peas which is a mass of white all summer long. In front of this are the roses and rare single specimens of plants she is testing out or gifts from the florists around Boulder who recognize in her a kindred spirit. Back of this screen is her seedling bed. There she keeps her year-old plants, her columbine out of season, the parsley and salads.

To paint a picture out of the things that grow is always wonderful. To do it without help of book, or hothouse, or purse is still more wonderful. But to make a profit of one hundred and twenty dollars in three months from the picture is, perhaps, most wonderful of all. So often we see women who long for a garden yet feel they can not afford the luxury. Here, however, is a suggestion for them. Even if one does not live near enough the city to send their

cut flowers into the market, they can always dispose of good seeds by mail. And even the small town offers some market of its own. There are always some people who have not the patience or the energy to raise flowers themselves who will be glad to buy flowers for decoration, and particularly the garden flowers which are now so popular. And there are always other people who plant a few flowers and will be glad to buy their seeds or plants right there at home instead of sending away. In the first place, they can see what they are getting and in the second they know that plants bred right there have a better chance of living than those raised in another soil and another climate.—*Emily Newell Blair, in Woman's Farm Journal.*

Alfred Theological Seminary.

REV. A. E. MAIN, D. D.

A publication of a small theological school, received a few days ago, mentions "some of the needs of the school" as follows:

1. An endowment of \$60,000 for the Chair of Old Testament Interpretation.
2. Fifty thousand dollars for the construction of a new fire-proof library building.
3. Six scholarships of \$3,500 each for the assistance of meritorious students.

And *The Christian Work* is authority for the statement that several missionary boards face the possibility of large deficits at the end of the current fiscal year.

The fact, then, that our own boards and schools are in need of more funds with which to carry on their work, stands for a condition not unheard of outside of our borders.

It seems to many of us that one can not but believe that the present responsibility and opportunity of the ministry call for the best possible education in body, mind and heart; that the sphere of influence and of opportunity for Sabbath-keeping Baptists is increasing to a degree that ought to renew us in hope and consecration; and that our young men who are preparing for the ministry ought to spend a considerable part of their student life together.

I should be glad if every one of our students could have a year or so in some great school like Yale, Union, or Chicago; but

the acquaintances formed here promote a friendship that is of no small value to those who are to be fellow-pastors in the years to come; many churches in our Western Association depend upon the Seminary for the supply of their pulpits; and while great general truths are taught in all good schools, there are special points of view relating to special conceptions of truth and duty which are needed by leaders in the work of Sabbath-keepers, and which, in the nature of the case, are not given in other schools.

• The maintenance of a theological school of our own that shall meet existing demands in some fair measure, must have the prayers, sympathy, and financial support of our people. It costs about as much to maintain a seminary having ten students as it would were there forty; just as it costs about as much to publish an edition of 2,000 RECORDERS as it would an edition of 5,000. The various kinds of subjects that must be taught in any seminary that tries to be progressive and really helpful, require that our own have not less than three professors; and even then we look to our college for aid from at least three departments. Owing to the necessary enlargement of seminary courses of study that our younger ministers may be prepared to render the larger service demanded of them in these days, our little school at Alfred has to teach more than twice as many subjects as were taught in the seminary that I attended. And the curriculum of that seminary today is strikingly unlike what it was forty years ago.

One of the many good things that can be said about Alfred is that college students may elect over one-fourth of their entire work in the Seminary. This is a clear recognition of the value of all young men and women of religious education. And we in turn allow our students to elect certain subjects in college, for example, sociology. We consider the presence of college, academy and agricultural students in our classes as among our best opportunities.

For the doing of our work in the world we need more well-prepared ministers and other religious and social leaders; and our Seminary seeks more students. Will not every praying reader intercede with the Lord of the harvest for more laborers? And will not our churches so support our

pastors, in every right way, as to magnify the high calling?

The first floor of the "Gothic" is used for class rooms, a chapel, and an ante-room that contains the circulating library and serves the purpose of a reading-room, etc. Our students have the first chance to occupy the rooms on the second floor, paying rent by janitor work or in money.

The expenses of the Seminary are not only for salaries but for light, fuel, insurance, printing, postage and stationery, repairs, etc. The building is in need of repairs to the amount of about \$200.

The Seminary is only partly endowed; and the income from this source must be supplemented by contributions from churches and individuals. Until last year these contributions have kept our treasury pretty well supplied with necessary funds. And this year we shall have to report a deficit unless some five or six hundred dollars are contributed before the last of June.

In addition to this general statement and appeal we are sending letters to individuals; and we solicit contributions, large or small, from all of our friends who have not given this year what they think to be their proportion. For the sake of strengthening a feeling of partnership in our work we would rather receive one dollar each from ten individuals, than ten dollars from one person and nothing from the other nine.

Toward the solution of this problem, as well as of many others, our pastors can do very much, although not everything. One of our student pastors recently called attention from the pulpit, to the financial needs of the Seminary; and the people responded promptly and generously with contributions of over thirty-three dollars,—a fine recognition of the principle that trusted pastors are vitally important connecting links between the churches and our schools and boards.

C. F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y., is treasurer of the Seminary.

Among certain tribes on the West African coast any stranger who dies in a town is buried on the road by which he entered it, so that his spirit may easily find the way back to his home, or at least watch the road thither and listen for the coming friends.—*The Argonaut.*

Talks With Uncle Josiah.

BROTHER BEE.

No. 2.—Praying Always.

Uncle Josiah noticed that Will had looked a bit worried of late, so the evening after the Sabbath following the first talk recorded, when supper and chores were over, he said to him, "Let's you and I have a little talk together in the kitchen."

"I'd like that," said Will, so they sat down, and he began right off.

"You see, uncle, it's dead sure that I ought to be at the work that will count most for right, and a many times I get a thinking that maybe after all I might do something that would count for more in that way than just farming, and these doubts bother me. I wish I was just sure what I was cut out for."

"Prayed about it, have you?"

"Yes."

"A good deal?"

"Why yes; a good many times."

"Go by Jesus's teaching that you 'ought always to pray?'"

"Why that's figurative language isn't it? We can't be praying all the time."

"Well, that's just what *always* means; it's from *pantote, every where, at all times*. And our Lord adds that in praying this way we're 'not to faint,' not to get discouraged and give it up, and nails this by a strong parable. Then, besides many such Scriptures, there's 1 Thess. 5: 17, 'Pray without ceasing;' literally, *uninterruptedly, without stopping.*"

"Why surely you don't think it means we're to stop work and do nothing but pray?"

"Of course not; God says, 'If any will not work neither let him eat,' which, by the way, would make the idle rich go without eating or go to work if 'twere enforced. But can't you work and pray at the same time?"

"I can pray at some kinds of work, but other kinds take my whole attention so I can think of nothing else. For instance, I was trying to figure out yesterday how I could best, out of the little space to spare, provide a private room for the milch goat that's expecting a kiddie soon; while I was doing that figuring I couldn't think to pray."

"You believed the making of that goat

pen was one of the 'best things,' as we've talked?"

"Surely; that's why I set out to plan for it."

"And you wished in a whole-hearted way to succeed in making it the best you could do?"

"Certainly that was my wish, and 'twas whole-hearted."

"Well, my boy, a whole-hearted wish for right has the full quality of real prayer; your sincere wish to succeed for 'right' was a sincere prayer to succeed, though somewhat different in form from what we usually think of as prayer."

"Then, too, your prayer-desire for success in that work kept right along all through your planning and was just as uninterrupted as your planning was, so that anyhow, while on the job of figuring out Nanny's boudoir, though you planned without ceasing you also prayed without ceasing. And, for our encouragement Scripture clearly says that God hears such prayer-desire; 'Lord, all my desire is before thee.'

"It's not necessary to the nature of prayer that it should always be expressed in words, or even come always into consciousness. It consists in the attitude of the spirit toward God; loyally submitting to him, lovingly confiding in him, heartily seeking to work out his inwrought life and work. Much of the time our necessary labor and thinking may be such as to push this prayer-attitude out of our conscious thinking; we may be so occupied in mind that our prayer-desire may not be thought of for the present, but if we're whole-hearted toward God it will stay in our subconsciousness, and every now and then it will like to show itself in thought, or express itself as recognized desire, or perhaps thanks spoken or petition uttered, and so, consciously or unconsciously, we may 'pray without ceasing.' For

'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.'

"The Holy Spirit himself wrestles for us in wordless prayer—'maketh intercession for us with groanings which can not be uttered.'"

"And keeps moving us to such prayer even when we don't know it! I'm glad

to see that, uncle. It's 'the communion of the Holy Spirit,' isn't it?"

"You catch on finely."

'Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.'

"You see your desire to make your work count the most for God and right showed itself in your looks, and this talk is a partial answer to it, and while you've been attentively listening this prayer-desire of yours has been consciously or unconsciously working, and you've been in the prayer-attitude and obeying our Lord's injunction that we 'ought always to pray.' This supposes, of course, that your desire is fully set for the fulfilment of what God purposes for you and through you; only such desire is real prayer."

"I see I must believe more in 'God-with-us,' and listen better to his voice."

"Yes, you must fully abide in Christ. And remember that when God prompts to prayer he intends to answer that prayer. So quit worry about being in the right place: pray the old prayer—

'Show me thy ways, O Jehovah;
Teach me thy paths.
Guide me in thy truth and teach me;
For thou art the God of my salvation;
For thee do I wait all the day.'

"Keep at it; don't 'faint'; you'll be answered in the best way and the best time."

Notice.

Mrs. M. B. Osgood, secretary of the eastern division of New York State Lone Sabbath Keepers, makes special request that all lone Sabbath-keepers who have received postal cards from her will be so kind as to write her. She has tried, at the cost of considerable work, to get in touch with all the lone ones, within the district assigned to her. May her efforts be rewarded with some response from every one. Address her at Brentwood, Long Island, N. Y.

The most awful and the most splendid fact in human life to me is this, that God puts the reins of my destiny into my own hands, and neither holds the reins before nor behind me.—*Lyman Abbott.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Consecration of Time.

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON.

Christian Endeavor Topic for April 18, 1914.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Time belongs to God (Ps. 31: 12-20).
Monday—Conservation of time (Ps. 90: 1-12).
Tuesday—Utilizing the time (John 9: 1-7).
Wednesday—Redeeming the time (Eph. 5: 13-21).
Thursday—Service on Sabbath (Matt. 12: 1-8).
Friday—How Christ kept the Sabbath (Mark 3: 1-5).
Sabbath day—Topic: The consecration of time (Eccles. 3: 1-8). (Sabbath-observance meeting.)

"All time is sacred, and all days are holy. They are measurable parts of eternity; they belong to God who is from everlasting to everlasting; and are to be used unto the Eternal one. But we can not literally worship God and meditate upon his greatness and goodness all the time every day. Therefore the Divine Providence, in the course of the world's religious history, has set apart the seventh day of the week, hallowing and blessing it, as a symbol of the true holiness and blessedness of all time and every day. It is this that justifies its place in the Decalogue and in the Gospel of the Kingdom."—*A. E. Main.*

The Sabbath is one of the most important as well as the best institutions ever given to man by his Creator. It was made by God and blessed by him. No other institution so constantly reminds one of the Creator; no other so directly connects man with God, and suggests his worship. Had the Sabbath been rightly observed, there would not have been so much sin in the world. The proper observance of God's holy day can not help but have a saving influence on mankind.

The history of the Seventh-day Sabbath embraces a period of nearly six thousand years. Let us notice three acts by which the Sabbath was made: (1) God rested on the seventh day after the six days of creation: (2) He placed his blessing upon the day on which he had rested; (3) He

sanctified or set apart this day for man. The Sabbath therefore like its twin institution, marriage, dates from the beginning of human history. The fourth commandment is the reenactment of a law in force from the beginning. Not only is the Sabbath found at the close of creation and at the giving of the law, but like a golden thread it runs through the Bible from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation. Throughout the centuries of Christianity there has been an unbroken line of Sabbath-keepers. With the Bible and these other witnesses for the Sabbath, we as a Sabbath-keeping people should feel the sacredness, more than many of us do, of God's holy day. It is not a matter of one seventh of the time but of the *Seventh Day*. Some try to make Sabbath-keeping a matter of convenience. It is not merely a matter of convenience, but a matter of love and obedience to God. Christ teaches that we are to show our love to God by obedience.

It is not enough that we lay aside our usual work on the Sabbath day but that we use it as a day to do work for God. I think this is clearly set forth by the Master. For many, Sabbath day is one of the busiest days of the week, but it is a different kind of "business," it is business for the Lord. In order to really keep the Sabbath one must feel the spirit of the Sabbath. Why not fill the day so full of the work of God that it will be for us a real spiritual feast so that we will not have time for worldly things? Christ did good on the Sabbath. Why not follow his example?

SUGGESTIONS.

Show how all time should be used by us. What are some of the things, according to Christ, we can do on the Sabbath? How can we make the Sabbath a joy? The Sabbath given to God, hallows the rest of the week and blesses it with peace and health.

Well-stored Memories.

MRS. CARRIE E. DAVIS.

[The following paper was read before the Shiloh Christian Endeavor Society in conjunction with the Christian Endeavor topic, "Well-stored Memories." This paper contained so many excellent and helpful thoughts that it was requested for pub-

lication in the Young People's department.
—Ed. Y. P. W.]

The topic of the evening is one too broad to be covered in a short paper but I will give to you some of the things that it seems to me are of vital importance to every young person.

In the first place I have always been glad that I was born with a love for *good* books, music, art and literature. There is a true saying that those accompanied by noble thoughts are never alone and there is no way to attain to this much desired quality in our characters except by studying, reading, and listening to, that which is the very best within our reach.

I believe it is good for every boy or girl to begin a collection of good books when very young. It is not impossible to add at least one good book in art, literature, science, history or fiction each year, and thus after a few years we will have accumulated a number of books for a library. Make personal friends of good books or poems. Treat them as you would a friend. Try and find what there is in them that will make you a better young man or woman. If there is nothing in a book that enlarges our knowledge, or is educative for good, or gives us impulses for better living, we would better turn away from it or destroy it.

Another way to have "well-stored memories" is to memorize verses of poetry or prose. Have these to draw upon when you need them. There may come a time in your life when, through trouble, sickness, sorrow or temptation, these gems will prove to be treasures that can not be taken from you. I am going to tell you some of these that have been a blessing in my life.

The first one was a poem given to us in day school by Miss Julia M. Davis when I was but a small girl. But I learned it well and it has been in my memory ever since.

"Our lives are songs, God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure,
And the song grows glad, or sweet or sad
As we choose to fashion the measure.
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the words,
Whatever the song or meter;
And if it is sad we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter."

And another—

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Henry Van Dyke's "The Foot-path to Peace" is a beautiful rule to live by.

"To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors." These are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

"Hitch your wagon to a star." If we set our ideals as high as the stars, we will always be climbing upward, even though we may never attain the much longed for goal.

Last, but not least, is filling our storehouse with verses from the word of God. The choicest bit of poetry or prose can never take the place of one of these gems. I have always been glad that I learned some of these verses when young and have tried to add to them each passing year. I will mention only a few that are some of my favorites:

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not on thy own understanding."

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding."

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

"And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Letters to the 'Smiths.

To Irma Elizabeth Smith:

MY DEAR NIECE: I am glad you have become a teacher, for I believe that a consecrated, tactful teacher of practical common sense can do more good in the world than most other people.

And now, if you do not mind, I'd like to ask you to do something to please your uncle. I'd like to have you take special pains to teach your boys and girls to speak and write the English language well. I presume you are required to put considerable time upon German and, perhaps, Latin. You should, of course, undertake to do that work well, yet I hope you will do your best in teaching English—our own mother tongue.

I regret that I had in our little log school-house not much opportunity for such training. The work and experience of life have led me to feel the need of it. I think now that if I were in school again I would do my best to acquire the ability to express my thoughts well.

Not long ago I attended a reunion of the regiment in which I served during the Civil War. At our evening camp-fire three high-school students—a boy and two girls—gave some pleasing recitations. I thought I would like to print in our reunion story the pieces they recited, and so I asked the young people to send copies of them to me, which they did. I rather expected that, coming from high-school students, I could send the pieces directly to the printer. But, Irma Elizabeth, you should have seen that writing, that capitalization, the punctuation! I will not undertake to tell more about the sorry-looking manuscript than to say that I had a time of it getting it into shape. While I was working at it I decided to write this letter to you.

I have seen papers written by university students that were almost unreadable,—poorly written, sometimes poorly spelled, carelessly punctuated and capitalized. If it was an examination paper in mathematics, and I should speak of the careless manner in which it had been written, I would, perhaps be told that all the professor required was mathematical accuracy. And so I would, very likely, be told concerning a paper in civics or psychology. The three

Each boy or girl, young man or woman, can search out the verse that appeals to him most strongly. Even though he may not be able to comprehend it entirely, new beauty and truth will be revealed in it as we grow older.

A vest-pocket companion, containing Bible verses for every circumstance or condition in life, would be a helpful companion for every young man or woman. Next to the Bible, I would recommend, as a good book to begin a library with, "Heart Throbs," a book of prose and verse, containing the heart-treasures of fifty thousand American people.

These things I have mentioned are only a drop in the bucket compared to the vastness of knowledge to be found in good books and good doctrine with which to fill our memories.

Meeting of the Young People's Board.

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

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

The meeting was called to order and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Davis.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

The Treasurer's report was read.

Correspondence was read from C. C. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark.

The committee appointed at the last meeting to prepare blanks to be sent to the churches reported that 150 such blanks had been printed and sent out.

It was voted that a bill of \$4.35 be allowed to cover cost of printing the blanks, and postage on same.

The President appointed a committee of three to prepare blanks to be sent to the lone Sabbath-keeping families for the purpose of learning how many young people and children are in such families.

Miss Carver, Fred Babcock, and George Thorngate composed the committee appointed.

Adjournment.

CARRIE NELSON,
Recording Secretary.

young people who sent me copies of their recitations were evidently in training for the same kind of reply when they get into the university.

A few days ago I asked a gentleman—a minister—to write down for me the minutes of a certain meeting. I had, soon after that, to copy those minutes. It would be better, perhaps, to say I had to *translate* them. I studied his writing carefully, still I could not make out some of it. It was as bad as that of the three high-school students. I must confess that I was annoyed. I had too much to do to afford, without protest, the time I spent trying to read that minister's writing. I felt that he had broken the commandments by stealing the time I needed for other work.

But I have something better than that to tell you. I have on a shelf near by several bound volumes of papers written upon patriotic topics by boys and girls all the way from the first grade to senior classes in high school. Almost all these little compositions, as well as the longer essays, are models of neat penmanship and clear expression of thought. They are chosen from the best in a large number of schools, and they show that many teachers are undertaking to train their pupils in the use of plain English. I take pride in showing these books to people who I think will be interested in them, and I am pleased with the praise they receive.

I do not suppose that any teacher can succeed in getting every pupil to speak well and read well and write well, yet every teacher can set a high value upon these simple, fundamental attainments, and strive earnestly to lead young people to do their very best.

It is well worth while to be a good reader. Not long ago I was in an audience where my good young friend Mabel was called upon to read a story. She stood with her chin dropped so low that she could not speak the words distinctly, and I do not suppose that half the people got more than a bare outline of her story. And then her reading was almost without expression. I have heard ever so many young people read in much the same way. I think that good reading—clear, bright and distinct—is about as interesting as good singing. Not every one can become

a good singer, yet there are few who may not be good readers.

Once I heard a minister preach from a text in which I was greatly interested, yet I understood but little of what he said, for he did not speak distinctly. I thought of what Paul once said, about speaking five words easily to be understood rather than ten thousand in an unknown tongue. I suppose that every time a minister goes into the pulpit he has before him one or more good old people who are rather hard of hearing, and who would be very thankful to him if he would speak distinctly. I once heard my dear good old mother say at Conference that she understood every word in the sermon of a certain one of our preachers—because he spoke distinctly. Still, though she could understand him so well, he was not a loud talker. He had practiced speaking plainly until it was, happily, his habit to do so.

You will do well, Irma Elizabeth, if you lead your boys and girls into such a habit of speaking and reading. Speaking and writing are means for the communication of thought, and both tongue and pen should be trained to do their work well. Language is often spoken of as the garb of thought. If this is so, good thoughts should be decently dressed,—not elaborately, not extravagantly, but in simple, decent raiment—in good taste.

One time I found myself by the side of a young Miss, whom I knew, on the street-car. She was of the high-school age. I undertook to talk with her. In response to whatever I said upon this subject or that her almost invariable remark was, "Well, I should say." That remark, or something akin to it, seemed to reach the limit of her conversational ability. I saw her at another time with a young fellow of about the same age. He was trying to say funny things and she—just giggled. Good conversation is a practical fine art. I wish every boy and girl in school would undertake to acquire it. Can you not do something in the way of helping them?

I am sorry to hear so much slang, especially among students. It seems to me that they should be aiming at higher ideals in the use of language. He who gets into the habit of slangy expression loses the ability to use easily what is better.

I once heard the president of a big university say this: "Two young men came to

me to ask for good positions. Though I liked their general appearance they made use in the course of our conversation, of certain words they would gladly have recalled. I could see that they were so much in the habit of such expressions that they used them involuntarily. They do not know to this day why I did not give them the positions they desired. Perhaps I should have told them."

I wish that what is commonly known as college slang might be left off the curriculum; and that high-school students would not cultivate its use.

Why should not the young people in your classes, Irma Elizabeth, practice speaking good clean English? And why should they not be able to write now and then an article fit for the printer—something not requiring any fixing up by the editor? If you wish to do practical work as a teacher, here is a field for you. If you succeed you will, I think, merit the gratitude of the editor as well as the good will of your.

UNCLE OLIVER.

Searching in the Cold.

The quest of our religious explorers is too often in the ice-bound region of cold intellectuality. They are watching intently for rifts in the ice-floes of speculative philosophy; but they are frequently frozen in before their investigations have proceeded far. They henceforth slowly drift with the ice-pack, through which they can not even get a plummet to find the depth of the sea. They may move north, west, east or south, whichever direction the irresistible tides and currents lead. They go with the movements of their age. But what do these investigators hope to reach? Is it not some imaginary pole of ideas, where contradictions are seemingly harmonized, where all the meridians of thought converge and then divide again?

We have sometimes feared that some good men whose early zeal was normal have had their hearts congealed and their sympathies benumbed in the long winter night of cold investigation. When men spend their years searching for spiritual realities in the intellectual realms, in which little grows, in which few can stay, and in which many have died, we can but ask

to what purpose is this sacrifice? Christianity can stand the test of reason, but the paths of our theological investigations should lie in the regions in which souls may be cured, in which life can be renewed, and the social strata of humanity strengthened. Our studies should be biological. The test is not in the barometer that registers the unseen currents of air, but in the thermometer that reveals the fevers in the lives of men, that the diseases of the soul may be detected, studied and overcome. The best professor of theology keeps his finger on the pulse of humanity and his eyes on sociological conditions. He is not a theorist, but a practitioner. He does not stress dialectics, but diagnosis. The study of theoretical ethics seldom leads to a study of humanity, but the study of practical ethics leads to the paths that converge on the social needs of our generation. He who pursues the former may be so eager in his quest as to be like the Levite, who passed by the poor fellow that fell among thieves. Such a man neglects the struggling mass of humanity until he has settled his theory of religion. The other is a good Samaritan who lifts the load of sorrow from his brother's heart, and at personal inconvenience and cost takes him even to his own home. There is great danger that even ministers of Christ may drift within that arctic circle of philosophy where to navigate between the icebergs of doubt and unbelief is more dangerous than to sail among the human derelicts of the social seas.

What we need is the vision of God, and what is that but the vision of Christ going about among men doing good? He did not theorize about God, man and human destiny. He thrilled men by his touch. He purified them by his presence. He uplifted them by his love. Happy are we if we walk the paths he walked, and in the spirit that he showed. For if we forget ourselves and follow in the way he went, we shall some day surely reach the foothills of the upper country.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

"Poverty is true riches when it turns men's thoughts from things to God."

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—*Longfellow*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Happy Children on the Farm.

A barn with doors facing southward,
 Broad eaves where the swallows nest,
 Billows of hay, summer-scented,
 Deep stalls where the horses rest;
 Bins rich with grain from the uplands,
 Eggs that were treasures to find,
 Kittens and chickens and children,
 Grandfather busy and kind;
 Swallows and pigeons a-flutter,
 Dogs always ready for play,
 Sunbeams adrift in the rafters,
 Dens hollowed out in the hay;
 Frolics of hiding and seeking,
 Musical patter of rain,—
 Oh, the delightings of childhood!
 Would we might find them again!

—Emma A. Lente, in *C. E. World*.

Child Life in Mexico.

We are all interested today in child life in the sad land of Mexico; in the little children who are in the midst of all the trouble and strife. One has given us this vivid picture of the children of that land:

No matter how narrow the street, no matter how straggling the low buildings or how devoid of real beauty, there is always an element of the picturesque in the Mexican village or city. Even in the poverty of the adobe houses there is much that is quaint and interesting, and the narrow streets of the better localities, lined with latticed windows and balconies, remind one of the sixteenth century old world.

And even though the face be dirty and the clothing ragged, there is something very lovable about the dark-eyed, dark-skinned midget who runs up to our side and holds up a little hand to receive the penny which we can hardly keep from giving. And as the little one runs quickly away we are impelled to follow him to his tenement home. We cross the plaza (park) where the children of the wealthy, with their beautiful toys, and the children of the poor, unwashed and half-clothed, are always in evidence, go on through the streets where live the well-to-do, turn into a side street and enter one of the low adobe houses.

A patio, or court around which Mexican houses are usually built, throngs with children and chickens and pigs in indiscriminate confusion. Around the court is

a number of rooms with wide-open doors, each the home of a family of from five to fifteen persons. The family pig lies at the door, and after we have stepped over him we can discern in the room, which receives no light except from the door, scant articles of furniture upon the damp dirt floor. A pile of rags or straw in one corner serves for the family bed, and at night the father, the mother, the little Petra and Petros, and the others throw themselves upon the bed, without taking the trouble to remove the clothes worn during the day. A few chairs and perhaps an old wardrobe are in the room, and from the ceiling is suspended a queer hammock made of four boards nailed together to form the sides, and a piece of hemp or canvas loosely nailed in to form the bottom. Here swings the wee little black-eyed baby who blinks at the strange white lady in such a cunning way that we immediately want to get him in our arms and give him as big a hug as we would any other baby.

In the center of the room digging his hands into the dirt floor, is another specimen of Mexican humanity, hardly larger, it seems, than the one in the rude hammock; and several others play about the room and the court.

The mother comes forward to meet the American senorita who has made the acquaintance of her boy, and with true native hospitality assures you that her house is your home whenever you wish to come. But, catching a glimpse of the great picture of the Virgin upon the wall, before which a candle burns, we know that when the woman learns we are Protestants, we may enter the home less freely than we do now.

We would not wish to accept the mother's invitation and sit upon the dirt floor with the family while the tortillas (corn-cakes) are passed, and so with the best Spanish at our command we wish the senora good day and go out from the dirty, close room with a new appreciation of pure air and cleanliness.

What a number of children are upon the streets! And how many of them are ragged and dirty and even hungry-looking! How do they even live beyond the days of merest babyhood in the damp, ill-smelling places which many call home? Perhaps the answer to the question is found in the fact that they are upon the streets most of

National Anthem.

No nation has such a varied selection of national anthems as America, and the music of most of them comes from England. Before "Yankee Doodle" emigrated across the Atlantic, late in the eighteenth century, it was well known in this country as a musical vehicle for nursery rhymes. Another national song, "America," is wedded to the melody of "God Save the King," the author of the words having used that tune, which he found in an old music book in ignorance of its being our anthem. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is also English in music. This is the most difficult of all national songs, and the *North American Review* recently suggested that it was time to lay it on the shelf, "seeing that the American people have for a century been trying in vain to sing it." —*London Chronicle*.

"Give some people the earth in their hands, and they care not who has heaven in his heart."

the time. And many of them do not live, for in Mexico, where the children are so warmly welcomed in the home of rich and poor alike, it is not at all an unusual sight to see the poor mother follow the uncoffined body of her little one to the grave unattended by any of the comforts which go so far toward helping the grieving mother-heart to bear her sorrow. And the happy mother in the well-to-do family gathers her children about her and takes them with her to mass. We do not see so many of the little girls of the well-to-do playing about the streets, for they are more carefully guarded than the poor children.

The Woman's Home Mission Society is doing a great work with kindergartens and teachers and nurses for these little ones of Mexico. We can all be helpers together with them with our prayers and the money that we can give.

Just a few dollars will keep a poor child in one of the schools for a year. I wish that many of us might have shares in this blessed work. As we do it unto the least of these we do it unto the Master.—*Mary Putnam Denny, in Baptist Record*.

Queer Generosity.

Hospital patients of today, enjoying the benefits from "Good Samaritan" performances, are better off than their ancestors of "the good old times." Mr. Wheatley, in his book on "London," quotes from a Scottish act of Parliament of 1386 to the effect that "gif ony man brings to the market corrupt swine or salmond to me sauld, they sall be taken by the maillie, and incontinent, without ony question, sall be sent to the leper folke"; and if there be no lepers, then only "sall they be destroyed utterlie." The same pleasant custom obtained in Oxford in the fifteenth century, where all putrid meat and fish was by statute sent to St. John's Hospital. Our hospitals are the scenes of a constant warfare with death; in medieval times they fought with life.—*London Chronicle*.

"No man lives so far above sin that he is not mightily akin to every other sinner." Love, hope, fear, faith, these make humanity. These are its sign and note and character.—*Robert Browning*.

Biggest Value

For only 60 cents a year you receive eight or more pages of interesting reading matter, WEEKLY, in the Sabbath Visitor. Compare this with other juvenile papers—most of which are issued monthly—and you will appreciate the big value given in this weekly story paper for Seventh Day Baptist children.

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SABBATH VISITOR, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON III.—APRIL 18, 1914. THE COST OF DISCIPLESHIP.

Lesson Text.—Luke xiv, 25-35.

Golden Text.—"Whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." Matt. xvi, 25.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Matt. xix, 16-30.

Second-day, Matt. x, 24-42.

Third-day, Mark viii, 22-38.

Fourth-day, Luke xii, 41-50.

Fifth-day, Mark ix, 38-50.

Sixth-day, Matt. v, 1-16.

Sabbath day, Luke xiv, 25-35.

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

A Sabbath-school Institute in Rhode Island.

Carrying out the plan of the Sabbath School Board, a Sabbath-school institute was held at Ashaway, March 20-22, 1914, with all the Sabbath schools of Rhode Island and Waterford, Conn., invited. The representation outside of Ashaway and Westerly was not large. The church at Ashaway was well filled Sabbath morning and afternoon, more than one hundred being present from Westerly. Luncheon was served at noon in the parish house. The interest was very good and it was conceded by all that the institute was a success. By invitation, Rev. A. J. C. Bond of Salem was present to assist in the institute. The program as carried out was as follows:

SABBATH EVENING

Sabbath-school prayer meeting, led by Rev. H. C. Van Horn. Subject, "The Importance of Bible Study"

SABBATH MORNING

Sermon—Rev. A. J. C. Bond

SABBATH AFTERNOON

Study of the Sabbath-school lesson by classes
Paper, "The Opening Services: How Make Them More Devotional?"—Dr. Edwin Whitford, Westerly

Address, "The Graded School"—Rev. A. J. C. Bond

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Paper, "Home Study of the Lesson: Parents' Responsibility"—Mrs. Pauline Wells

Paper, "How Hold the Young People in the Sabbath School?"—Mrs. L. K. Burdick, Westerly

Round-table discussion, led by Rev. A. J. C. Bond

SUNDAY EVENING

Paper, "Special Days and How to Make Them Count"—Miss Gertrude Stillman
Address, "Teacher Training"—Rev. A. J. C. Bond

We hope to give to RECORDER readers most of the papers that were presented at the institute and trust they will be given the careful reading they deserve.

Home Study of the Lesson.

Parents' Responsibility.

MRS. PAULINE WELLS.

Presented at a Sabbath-school institute, Ashaway, R. I., March 21, 1914.

How to secure the study of the Sabbath-school lesson at home is in no wise an easy subject for our consideration. One of the hardest problems a teacher has, is the planning of some suitable way to induce the members of the class to study the lesson at home; for pupils coming without any previous knowledge of the lesson come in an uninterested and careless frame of mind and must be carefully managed by the teacher.

The teaching process involves coöperation between teacher and pupil, and the first thought of the teacher is to arouse the pupil to take more active part in the studying of the lesson.

If a teacher can get the pupil to undertake a series of tasks, in successive weeks, that very fact will have engendered interest, or at least a habit, that is very good. Real work on the part of the teacher will influence the pupil in the right direction. A. F. Schauffler, in his book, *The Teacher, The Child, and the Book*, affirms that "a teacher gets just about as much work out of a class as he puts into it."

There are many methods used in securing the home study of the lesson. In some cases an appeal to the sense of duty on the part of the pupil will be sufficient, but others have to be dealt with differently, and then the problem is, how to reach them. It might be by giving out special work or tasks to be done at home, and suited to the pupils. I have read of a teacher who organized his class into a club, to meet weekdays for debates, illustrated lectures, and athletic sports, and it proved the means of awakening a spirit of interest in, and loyalty to, the class and school. But then,

when the pupil is thus identified with the teacher and school there still remains the farther difficulty of transferring his social interest into a studious interest in the Bible study of the lessons. The memorizing of the golden text, and verses from the lesson, and other verses of Scripture has been used by some teachers and is an excellent idea for the children; for these things learned in their early days will be a rich store for the future and of much value in molding the life. Archbishop Leighton says, "Fill the bushel with good wheat, and then there is no room for chaff and rubbish," which is equally true as regards the minds and hearts of young children; and if, in any way, we can help fill them with good thoughts and incite to loving deeds, we can help keep out much that will be a detriment to their future.

Another good method that is being carried out in some classes in our own school is the teaching of the lesson by one of its members, making it very instructive and helpful for the pupil as well as pleasing for the teacher. I have read also of the use, made in some classes, of pictures illustrating the lesson. The teacher furnishes blank books to be filled during the week and brought to the teacher for inspection.

The teacher can be wonderfully helped, in any of these methods, by the coöperation of the parents. It should be the home and the teacher, working in unison for the good of the pupil. There is one way, I think of, in which the smaller children could be greatly benefited by home study, and that is by having father or mother read with them the lesson, explaining the hard words; for many strange and mistaken ideas find lodgment in the small brains through wrong notions of the meaning of the words.

The responsibility of the parents regarding the study of the Sabbath-school lesson is very great. Those parents who leave the education of their children almost altogether to the Sabbath-school teacher, have intrusted the most important business of life to hands not so fully competent to discharge it. More responsibility, perhaps, rests on the mother, who has them in her care from the first. The first impressions of a child are taken from the mother; hence she it is who has more opportunity for influencing the child in the right direction.

In the day school the pupils are compell-

ed to study and learn their lessons, but in the Sabbath school it is more a question of reaching the heart and conscience. We must put the study of the lesson before the children in such an attractive way that they will be interested and pleased to study it, and then be influenced for good work. We have many beautiful examples of mothers' teaching their children; for instance, the mother of Moses, Mary, the mother of Jesus, and in our own times the mother of Abraham Lincoln, and others without number. To no one as to the parent has been given the divine right to teach.

The Church Peace Union.

On February 10, at a luncheon at his residence, 2 East 91st Street, New York City, Andrew Carnegie announced the names of twenty-nine representatives of different religious denominations of the United States to serve as trustees of a Church Peace Union to administer the income from two million dollars in five per cent bonds to promote the cause of universal peace. He left the plans for the use of this peace fund to an executive committee, of which Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York, is the chairman. It will take several months, at least, to complete the details of the plans which the committee have already begun to formulate for the working out of this great Christian peace foundation.

Some of the suggestions which have been made for the use of the income are: Exchange visits of clergymen and noted peace advocates between different countries; the holding of peace conferences of the clergy of Europe and the United States; the circulation of peace literature and the propagation of world peace by means of sermons, lectures, pageants, and the like.

If the work of this new foundation be well planned and comprehensively carried out so as to reach the religious forces in all the churches, Bible schools, and religious social organizations of the country, it will almost certainly be the most powerful and efficacious agency (not even excepting his great ten million dollar peace endowment) which Mr. Carnegie has ever hit upon for putting an end to the "foul-est blot" upon civilization.

It has often seemed amazing that the

Christian men and women of the world, more than a hundred million strong, should not long ago have combined in such fashion as this to put an end to strife, warring, and bloodshed, the very end for which religious bodies exist.

After the luncheon at his home Mr. Carnegie made the following address to his guests:

"Gentlemen of many religious bodies, all irrevocably opposed to war and devoted advocates of peace: We all feel, I believe, that the killing of man by man in battle is barbaric, and negatives our claim to civilization. This crime we wish to banish from the earth; some progress has already been made in this direction; but recently men have shed more of their fellows' blood than for years previously. We need to be aroused to our duty and banish war.

"Certain that the strongest appeal that can be made is to members of the religious bodies, to you I hereby appeal, hoping you will feel it to be not only your duty, but your pleasure, to undertake the administration of \$2,000,000 of 5 per cent bonds, the income to be so used as in your judgment will most successfully appeal to the people in the cause of peace through arbitration of international disputes; that as man in civilized lands is compelled by law to submit personal disputes to courts of law, so nations shall appeal to the court at The Hague, or to such tribunals as may be mutually agreed upon, and bow to the verdict rendered, thus insuring the reign of national peace through international law. When the day arrives, either through such courts of law or through other channels, this trust shall have fulfilled its mission.

"After the arbitration or international disputes is established and war abolished, as it certainly will be some day, and that sooner than expected, probably by the Teutonic nations, Germany, Britain, and the United States first deciding to act in unison, other powers joining later, the trustees will divert the revenues of this fund to relieve the deserving poor and afflicted in their distress, especially those who have struggled long and earnestly against misfortune and have not themselves altogether to blame for their poverty. Members of the various churches will naturally know such members well, and can therefore the better judge; but this does not debar them

from going beyond membership when that is necessary or desirable. As a general rule, it is best to help those who help themselves; but there are unfortunates from whom this cannot be expected.

"After war is abolished by the leading nations, the trustees, by a vote of two-thirds, may decide that a better use for the funds than those named in the preceding paragraph has been found, and are free, according to their own judgment, to devote the income to the best advantage for the good of their fellowmen.

"Trustees shall be reimbursed for all expenses, including traveling expenses, and to each annual meeting expenses of wife or daughter.

"I am happy in the belief that the civilized world will not, can not, long tolerate the killing of man by man as a means of settling its international disputes, and that civilized men will not, can not, long enter a profession which binds them to go forth and kill their fellow men as ordered, although they will continue to defend their homes, if attacked, as a duty, which also involves the duty of never attacking the homes of others."—*Advocate of Peace.*

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions of respect were adopted by the Ladies' Aid society of Scott, N. Y., March 25, 1914.

"Whereas, The icy hand of death has again invaded our midst and removed from us our dear sister, Mrs. Libbie Potter, therefore,

"Resolved, That in her death the society is called to mourn the loss of an official member, a trustworthy friend, always cheerfully looking on the bright side, and one who was ready for every good word and work.

"Resolved, That while our hearts are deeply saddened at her early affliction, her long illness and her departure, yet we will bow in humble submission to the will of our heavenly Father, knowing that he does not willingly afflict, but that in his infinite wisdom he has seen best to remove our sister from this world of affliction to the better life.

"Resolved, That we tender our sincere and loving sympathy to her deeply afflicted family, and point them to Jesus for comfort, who alone can console in every trying hour.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family, one placed on record, and one forwarded to the SABBATH RECORDER and also to the county papers for publication.

"MRS. F. M. MAISON,

"MRS. B. L. BARBER,

"MRS. C. E. SAUNDERS,

"Committee."

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Welcome Meeting to Secretary of Missionary Society.

On Tuesday evening a welcome-meeting was held at the Seventh Day Baptist church, upper Regent Street, in honor of the Rev. E. B. Saunders and family of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, U. S. A. The meeting-room was crowded to overflowing with an appreciative audience. Rev. T. L. M. Spencer presided, and on the platform with him were Rev. Mr. Saunders, and Rev. A. T. Collins. The meeting was opened with a hymn, followed by prayer and the reading of the Twenty-third Psalm. A solo was sung by one of the members of the church, followed by the reading of an address by Mr. C. L. Davis from the church. Rev. Mr. Collins then delivered an address.

Rev. Mr. Spencer rose and spoke of the circumstances which led to the visit of Rev. Mr. Saunders. He felt it a great privilege to introduce to them this ambassador of God. Rev. Mr. Saunders was a man of large missionary experience. He was one of those whom God had called from the law and the bank to preach the gospel, and was an instrument in bringing many souls to Christ. He had also traveled through the Orient and had seen many of the places made famous by our Lord's ministry.

Rev. Mr. Saunders said he was glad to be present on such an occasion as this, and in the language of Paul, when brought before King Agrippa, he would say, "I think myself happy." The question that appealed to him forcibly was, could he represent his Lord and Master. He brought with him the greetings of the Missionary Society and of the denomination in the United States of America. They were greatly interested in this work. He had found Rev. Mr. Spencer a man of God who during his visit to North America had made many friends. He was glad to see some of the faces he had seen in the photograph in the Missionary report. Just before leaving New York City he had had the privilege of speaking at their church pastored by Rev. E. D. Van Horn, a friend of their pastor, Rev. Mr. Spencer. After he had finished

speaking on the work here Rev. Mr. Van Horn asked those in the congregation who were in sympathy with it to stand and the whole congregation rose. He came simply as a humble representative of the Lord. He was just a "voice" preparing the way for the Lord. He was quite pleased with what he had seen that evening and sincerely hoped that the work of God would prosper.

After the singing of a quartet the benediction brought to a close the interesting service, never to be forgotten by Seventh Day Baptists.—*Daily Chronicle, Georgetown, British Guiana.*

The Jackson Center paper says that Elder D. C. Lippincott, who has been quite ill at the Central Hotel for several weeks, has improved very much and was able to take advantage of the beautiful day Sunday by a walk around town.

The Seventh Day Baptist congregation will meet next Sabbath day and for several Sabbaths thereafter in the College Auditorium on account of work being done in the basement of their church.—*Milton Journal-Telephone.*

What the Post Office Costs.

The money spent by Uncle Sam on his postoffice includes, as its largest item, the railroad transportation of mail, \$47,393,205.30. Compensation to assistant postmasters and postoffice clerks totaled \$45,785,826.34. Rural delivery cost a little more than \$45,000,000; city delivery, something more than \$36,000,000; compensation to postmasters, \$29,000,000; railway mail clerks, \$23,000,000; star routes, 7,000,000, and so on down through a long list of expenditures that include everything from \$200,000 worth of wrapping twine and \$283,000 worth of mail bags. The manufacture of postage stamps cost \$687,000, the manufacture of postal cards \$272,000. Special delivery service cost \$1,675,000. Mail transportation in Alaska is listed as a separate item at \$231,000.—*Leslie's.*

Let us hope on though the way be long
And the darkness be gathering fast,
For the turn in the road is a little way on
Where the home lights will greet us at last.
—J. R. Miller, D. D.

HOME NEWS

LOST CREEK, W. VA.—This seems to be a good fruit year spiritually in West Virginia. The pastor of the Roanoke M. P. Church, who could make very little impression on his audience a year ago, has had some seventy or more converts, and has been having a good response elsewhere. Here at Lost Creek village was a response of about forty making their beginning of redemption, while the result a year ago was very small. Two miles up the creek also there has been a good interest and ingathering. Some eight or ten of our own young people, among families too far scattered to sustain a service in our own building, have made profession of faith in four different Methodist churches. We are expecting them to join our church as soon as we arrange for the baptism. Our Lost Creek church is taking in repairs to the extent of \$600 or more.

M. G. S.

March 30, 1914.

NEW AUBURN, MINN.—We are glad to announce to the readers of the RECORDER that Mrs. Minnie Green Churchward of Osceola, Wis., is here as our pastor. She is spending two Sabbaths of each month with us. As we have been nearly a year without a pastor, we are very glad to welcome her among us for there is plenty of room for aggressive work.

Our Sabbath school has been maintained regularly. While our members are few, we are not ready to be blotted from the map, for we love the songs of Zion and the study of God's precious word.

This is one of the best farming districts in the Middle States, equally productive with the best lands of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, or southern Wisconsin. After traveling in these sections we wonder why some of our Sabbath-keepers in the States mentioned above don't move to New Auburn, Minn., where land and rent are just one-half as high.

While taking one of his lecture tours L. C. Randolph of Milton dropped in one Sabbath eve, was with us the following morning, and in his genial way left us a couple of his heartfelt sermons which were much appreciated by all. Come again, Lester.

G. S. T.

Are You Under the Thumb of This King?

In the current issue of *Farm and Fireside* appears the following:

"I am the mightiest king that ever lived. Other kings have yielded to me as a child to its sire, even have I laughed at all the gods of every land from Osiris to Jehovah.

"With my breath have I wiped whole nations from the face of the earth.

"For me have men discarded honor and women virtue. I destroy ambition, shame priests, debauch nuns, ruin statesmen—and still they love me.

"I fill insane asylums and prisons, house my subjects in hovels and feed them on husks. Still they love me.

"Fathers give me their sons, mothers their daughters, and maidens their lovers, and beg me to stay.

"With one touch I have ruined great industries.

"Judges yield to my power and advocates forget under my spell to plead.

"I burn cities. With one touch have I sunk navies and destroyed great armies.

"I never sleep.

"I turn gold into dross, health into misery, beauty into caricature, and pride to shame. The more I hurt the more I am sought.

"I, by turns, raise a man to highest heaven and sink him to deepest hell.

"I am Satan's right-hand man. I do his work freely, cheerfully, and without pay, yet he is ashamed of me.

"My name is Rum. Have you ever heard of me?"

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has arranged a tour of American cities by Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, of the Doshisha University, Japan. Doctor Gulick is speaking before city clubs, chambers of commerce, universities, and other organizations on the Japanese situation from the Christian point of view. He most ably represents the spirit of the people of Japan, having had twenty-six years of close observation and intimate association with Japanese leaders. A dozen or more volumes have been written by him, the latest being one on the "American-Japanese Problem: A Study of the Racial Relations of the East and West." His addresses are making a profound impression.—*Advocate of Peace.*

DEATHS

MULFORD.—William H., son of Jarvis and Jane Grosscup Mulford, was born in 1859. He died at the Cumberland County Hospital, near Shiloh, N. J., February 16, 1914.

He was married in 1884 to Miss Lizzie Davis. To them were born two children, one of whom, Frank, lives with his mother at Shiloh. The other is dead.

Mr. Mulford became a member of the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church in the year 1900. He had not lived in Shiloh nor had he been closely connected with the church for a number of years prior to his death. Many were impressed by the spirit of a letter from him which was read at the last roll-call service of the church, in which he spoke of his abiding faith and purpose and closed with a prayer that the church might be greatly blessed.

J. L. S.

BENT.—Maria Ross Shirley Bent was born in Stonington, Conn., October 4, 1826, and died in Westerly, R. I., March 14, 1914.

Mrs. Bent had lived all her life in this vicinity. She united with the Pawcatuck Church many years ago. For some time past she had been confined to the house because of a fall. She was married to Isaac Bent July 5, 1856. Eight years ago they celebrated their golden wedding. She leaves, beside the aged husband, one son, William A. Bent.

C. A. B.

TAYLOR.—Miss Jennie A. Taylor was born in Ashaway, R. I., March 23, 1855, and died in Westerly, R. I., at the home of her sister, Mrs. George A. Champlin, March 16, 1914.

After a patient yet painful illness, death came to her as a sweet release. When young she professed faith in the Savior, was baptized by Rev. A. E. Main and united with the First Hopkinton Church at Ashaway. She leaves three sisters, Mrs. Wayland Lewis of Ashaway, Mrs. F. Frances Hazzard of Providence, and Mrs. George A. Champlin of Westerly; also two brothers, Charles I. Taylor of Alabama, and Orin P. Crandall of Providence.

C. A. B.

BURDICK.—Harry Alonzo Burdick was born in Pawcatuck, Conn., December 12, 1874, and died in Westerly, R. I., March 20, 1914.

He was the son of Edward H. and Sarah A. Burdick. He early professed faith in the Master, was baptized and united with the Pawcatuck Church. Some fourteen years ago he was married to Alice Mason, who, with four small children, survives him. Besides these, his mother, one sister, Mrs. James Jolly, and one brother, Edward N. Burdick, all of Westerly, are left to mourn his loss.

C. A. B.

KELLY.—James F. Kelly was born in Hebron, Washington Co., N. Y., October 12, 1836, and passed from earthly sufferings and labors on March 23, 1914.

He was the third of nine children who were born to William Sr. and Betsy Rice Kelly. His mother was a native of Lynn, Mass. Of his

father's large family Mr. Kelly was the last survivor. In 1857 he came West with his parents who settled in the township of Fulton, Wis. Here he resided six years. On February 19, 1863, Mr. Kelly was united in marriage to Fanny R. Oviatt, who lived with her parents at Albion, Wis. The Rev. O. P. Hull, who was then pastor at Milton, officiated. The happy young couple began their home-making at Edgerton where they lived seven years. Later they moved into the vicinity of, and finally resided in, Milton Junction. To them were born four children, two of whom, both daughters, the oldest and youngest, died in infancy. Dr. Charles D. and Alice B. are living, the latter, together with her brother's wife, Mrs. Helen Kelly, being the help and comfort of the aged wife and mother. Mr. Kelly is also mourned by a sister-in-law, Mrs. David Kelly, several nephews and nieces, and a large circle of friends.

For a long time Mr. Kelly had not been well. But within a few months his ailment assumed a more acute form. At times he suffered intensely, yet he tried to conceal his feelings and to bear the pain quietly that he might not be a burden to his family and friends.

He was an undemonstrative man but one who held earnest, deep convictions about essentials that enter into and make up the larger life. He had a real interest in religious work and his great longing was that he might recover and attend the services of the house of God once more. He served his country in the civil strife as a volunteer in company D, the 49th Wisconsin Regiment. Three brothers also served with him in the Civil War. He served his community by upright daily living, in deeds of thoughtful kindness and brotherly regard. He cherished his home as heaven's best gift to man.

Farewell services were held at his late home on Wednesday afternoon, March 25, and were conducted by Rev. Henry N. Jordan assisted by Rev. O. S. Mills. The services at the grave were in charge of the G. A. R. Post, who were assisted by a male quartet. Interment was made in the Milton Junction Cemetery.

H. N. J.

Be Still.

Be still! Just now be still.
Something thy soul hath never heard,
Something unknown to any song of bird,
Something unknown to any wind, or wave, or star,
A message from the Fatherland afar.
That sweet joy the homesick soul shall thrill,
Cometh to thee if thou canst but be still.

Be still! Just now be still.
There comes a Presence very mild and sweet,
White are the sandals on his noiseless feet.
It is the Comforter whom Jesus sent
To teach thee what the words he uttered meant.
The willing, waiting spirit doth he fill.
If thou wouldst bear his message,
Dear soul, be still. —*Author Unknown.*

There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.
—*C. Mackey.*

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, 1153 Mulberry 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.

We have crossed many a gulf and many a roaring stream on the bridge of faith, and have exulted to find ourselves safely landed, and have learned to trust Thee as a child a parent, not because we know, but because Thou knowest.—*Beecher.*

It is curious to see how the space clears around a man of decisive spirit, and leaves him room and freedom.—*John Foster.*

The Sabbath Recorder

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

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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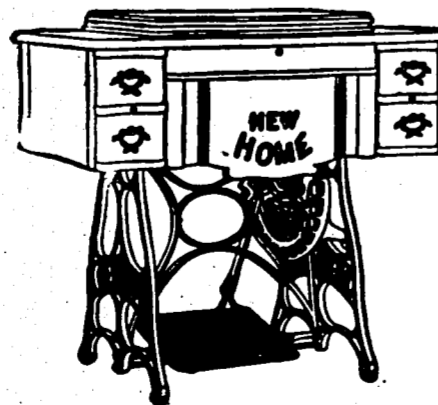
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THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

"Why art thou white among thy thronging trees,
White from afar upon the long hill's crest?"
"The country children gather at my knees,
I call the farmers to their Sabbath rest;
The neighbors all are neighbors most through me;
An upward path leads here, a path well trod;
Fair for their sake, and constant, must I be,
The white church on the hill, watchman for God."
—*Florence Kellogg, in the Survey.*

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture saith,
The pastor's memories are;
No day that has gone was shadowless,
No night was without its star;
But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
The portion of his cup.
"The hand that in love hath smitten," he saith,
"In love hath bound us up."

It is not in vain that he has trod
The lonely and toilsome way;
It is not in vain that he hath wrought
In the vineyard all the day;
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own, and shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road.
—*Author Unknown.*

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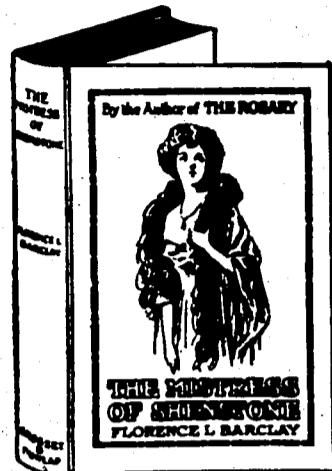
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