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PLAINFIELD, N. J., APRIL 13, 1914.

WHOLE NO. 3,606.

Farmers and Their Boys.

Last week we had a word with the boys about being in too great haste to leave the farm. Today we wish to remind the fathers that this matter does not rest entirely with the boys, but that the fathers are sometimes more to blame for the young men's dissatisfaction with farm life than the boys themselves. There are some things that make farmers' boys restless and eager to leave the old home, which might easily be corrected by the fathers if they only realized their full significance.

The farmer who is always dissatisfied with his lot; who talks of money-getting as the main thing, and who sacrifices home comforts and mental culture in order to get it; who is always complaining of his moderate income, just as though money made up the sum and substance of life, can not hope to have contented boys. If one is willing to jog along in old ruts, simply plowing and sowing, with land wearing out and with constantly diminishing returns for his labor, with orchards becoming fruitless, fields getting barren and vines empty; with runts of common stock for pigs and sheep and cattle, all eating up his products and bringing little profit, while he adds nothing to his knowledge of farming nor will adopt methods by which he might do well, then he can not expect his ambitious boy to be satisfied with farming as a lifework. If the boy has any desire to get on in the world, he will revolt at such a life.

In these days of agricultural schools and scientific farming, offering the most fascinating studies as to chemistry of soils, the needs of the land, the nature of plant life, and as to animal husbandry—studies by which one may know exactly how to make his land most productive, just what his orchards and fields and vines need to make them bring forth fruit in abundance,—a man has no excuse for settling down on a farm in ignorance and poverty, while pests and vermin eat him out of house and home! If he does so, he need not complain

if he is left alone while his fields grow up to briars.

We know farms that a generation ago were not considered worth tilling, some of which were "sold for a song," and yet under proper modern methods they have become productive; and stirring, prosperous young men—boys of twenty-five years ago—are contented and happy thereon, some of them getting rich. Many a boy might become interested in nature studies and wedded to the farm from choice, if in his childhood he could see his father intelligently grappling in systematic ways with the pests that ruin crops and with the problems that have to do with enriching his land, until he triumphs over them all. The very rocks bring such a one most interesting and profitable messages. And we know of nothing more healthful and attractive, nothing more uplifting than the nature studies in forest and field that have to do with the question of profitable farming. Intelligent up-to-date work with the orchards, the fields, the vineyards, the cattle, the sheep and the fowls will give a boy a place of honor among scientists, awaken his dormant powers, develop his abilities, and convince him of the importance of country life. A change in tactics by some farmers would be likely to so interest their boys in the old farm that they would never wish to leave it.

If the fathers would be content with moderate but sure incomes; if they would take more pride in making homes attractive, be less ambitious to add broad acres to their farms already too large for profitable farming, and less inclined to drive the work to the limit of human endurance, more of their boys would be contented to stay at home.

GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE TO OWN SOMETHING.

It is poor encouragement for a boy to have better school opportunities offered him for improvement in farm methods, if after all he is to be driven by hard labor all through his teens, and left empty-handed at twenty-one. After a healthy boy is

sixteen or seventeen he usually does a man's work. Then there are before him four or five years of hard labor from which he can see no adequate returns if his father does not allow him some share in the profits of the farm. If he has been well taught, the chances are that his services are as useful and productive as are his father's. If now he can feel that, as the years go by before he is of age, he will be accumulating something for himself, so that at twenty-one he can find himself squarely on his feet, this will go a great ways toward making him contented with his lot.

We once knew a farmer's boy whose uncle gave him a fine calf, which was cared for by the boy with great pride and called his own. But when the calf had grown to be a young cow the boy's father sold it and pocketed every cent of the money! There are too many such cases. Boys who are kept plodding away at hard work summer and winter, with little opportunity for schooling, with never a dollar of pocket-money given them and no chance to earn any, with seldom a holiday or a play-spell, and who, after all this, are allowed to go when of age without a dollar to start with, can not be expected to love the farm well enough to stay on it.

We were reading not long ago of a plan adopted by some western farmers which seemed very fair. Special pains were taken to train the sons in financial matters throughout the years of their minority, so that when they went out for themselves they could stand the test. "At the age of twelve one boy was given a pair of colts with the understanding that he should care for them, and help with the other work to pay for their feed. At sixteen he had a good team of work horses all his own to work with. At nineteen he bought another horse and sets of harness, rented land of a neighbor to work for himself, while he also helped father with the home work." Suffice it to say that at twenty-one this boy "landed squarely on his feet" with a team and tools of his own with which to begin life.

The farmer boy should be allowed to have a horse and buggy or saddle of his own some years before he reaches his majority. He should be allowed some time to play, and have opportunity for social culture. The perpetual grind of work from sunrise to sunset, and chores

to do after dark until bedtime, and this, too, for weeks and months with no let-up, have driven many a boy away from home. If the boy could be made to feel that his services and presence are fully appreciated, and that he is in some sense a partner in a business which will make it worth while for him to do his best; if he can see that faithfulness and loyalty to the home interests will bring him something of value which he can call his own when he becomes of age, he will feel very differently toward life on the farm. But if he sees that father seems more interested in the welfare and improvement of his stock than of his boy; if he thinks his father fails to see that manhood and character are to be cultivated under well-defined laws as well as are the qualities and values of cattle and fruits; if he feels treated more like a slave than like a son, with seemingly the main object to get the most possible out of his work and to put the least possible into his culture as a spiritual, intellectual being, then will the sense of loyal sonship fade away, and the boy will turn elsewhere to seek the things that are necessary to supply the natural and imperative demands of his growing life.

Let each father remember that he no more surely provides clothes for the body of his boy than he does the habiliments of mind and soul which that boy will be wearing after the father is dead. The spirit prevailing in the home, the atmosphere of the farm life in which the boy must live, the degree of comradeship between father and son usually settle the question as to how long the boy will be satisfied, and as to what he will do.

The Farmer's View of It.

So much has been written about the country church and the causes of its failure, that a country farmer has taken up the pen to protest, in the *Watchman-Examiner*, against some of the statements so freely made about the failure of the country pastor. The writer's views are so much in harmony with what was written in these columns last week on the advantages of country life, and so well express the editor's own convictions on the subject of the country church, which is, after all, but the expression of what is highest and most

worth while in our rural life, that we are impelled to give the substance of them here.

This farmer, who has been a member of a country church over forty years, confesses to having in his home a room known as the prophet's chamber, even though the church has been disbanded for some years and the building turned into a market. Nevertheless, he worships in a church of a different faith and serves on its board of trustees, sings in its choir and teaches a class of thirty-five young men in its Bible school. He also claims that although some of the people have deserted the country for business life in the city, still there are those left who are "proud to farm the land once owned by their grandfathers!"

This farmer thinks some of the writers on the country church problem have taken wrong views owing to "distorted interpretations of the things they write about." Evidently he regards the assumption that failures in the country church are due to lack of earnestness on the part of pastors as entirely uncalled for. He claims that the city church is as certainly making failures in some lines as is the church in the country, and the fact that city churches too are going out of existence, or combining with others in order to live, is given as evidence of the truthfulness of his claim. Naming two well-known churches in New York that have recently consolidated in order to live, he asks the pertinent question, "Is it because the life-work of Dr.— has been a failure, or because of the penuriousness of the members" that these churches are uniting and one of them disbanding? Then naming another church, once prosperous in Brooklyn, but now having a hard struggle for existence, he asks if this low condition is to be charged to the want of faithfulness in the pastors for years, or if it reflects upon the loyalty and earnestness of the members? In all these cases the writer thinks the failures are due to similar causes, and that the problems are essentially the same in both city and country. The economic factors in both cases are essentially the same, and so far as the "spiritual and mental factors" are concerned, there is little room for disparagement of the country church. The writer declares that the country pastor is not losing his hold on the community any more than his city brother; but he suggests that in regard to both city and country some

writers and some pastors are out of touch with the vital problems and real needs of the laity.

The spiritual needs are the same in city and country. The farmer does not need a minister to teach him the principles of agriculture, and the city people need no one in the pulpit to teach them business methods. Whether in city or in country the common people need the spiritual food which a true man of God can give. The pastor who is in sympathy with his people and gets their viewpoint, can lead them, by the gospel of God's love, to higher and better things.

One writer, referring to the young people of the country says:

The moment these young people become Christians they get a new outlook on life, its meaning and possibilities, and begin at once to feel the stirring of ambition to do a man's or woman's work in the world, . . . so that the rural church is being depleted in the interest of larger churches in the populous centers.

To this our farmer replies:

I hardly think this writer means to say that there is no opportunity for doing a man's or woman's work in the country. I remember hearing a woman reason along similar lines, about a man who wanted his boy to be a farmer. But that son, who became a farmer, has been a leader in every movement for the advancement of his town, an earnest supporter of his church, largely instrumental in securing for it a remarkably fine organ, an apostle of good highways, and by thorough cultivation he has made his farm noted for its productiveness. Another friend, a graduate of Cornell, is a noted fruit grower whose methods of culture and packing are pointed to as models in pomological circles. These men are plain "bread and butter" farmers, but are not jobs' such as these men's jobs, jobs worth doing? I shall always remember the admiration Colonel Roosevelt, certainly no friend of the mollicoddlle, expressed for the high class of citizenship displayed by a quiet, unostentatious country gentleman, who simply served his town and village in whatever capacity required, regarding his large landed estate as a trust to be handed on with fertility increased rather than diminished, and to be so managed as to promote the general prosperity of the community. There are "acres of diamonds" all around us. The man who can not live a rural life largely will be a nonentity anywhere.

Another one writes: "The best young men and women invariably seek business openings in larger towns."

Again the farmer replies:

This exaggerated statement might perhaps pass unnoticed were it not reiterated so often that loose thinkers are wont to believe it. We breed

many good youngsters upstate. Some go to the cities, but not all. To the young minister who is following the light, who feels that "woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel," the country church offers a job well worth doing, in which he can make good to as large an extent as God has given him ability, and he need not fear for recognition here or hereafter. The tribute paid by Sir George, the Queen's physician, to Maclure of Drumtochty has been merited and received by many a country practitioner. I can not believe that the worth-while city pastors are less generous toward their country co-workers. If the snob gets on our nerves let us read our Thackeray that we can get his just value. Every country worker should read "Laddie." His mother says some things it is worth while for us to remember.

We Honor Those Who Stand the Test.

We know a young man who recently lost a good position in a machine shop because he could not consent to work on Sabbath Day. Some turn in control of the shop had changed its plans and it began to run on the Sabbath, but the Sabbath-keeping boys were allowed to stop work on that day. Finally word came to this young man, who was overseer of a group of men and greatly beloved by them, that he must stick to his job on the Sabbath or leave the shop. This came as quite a shock to him as he and his loyal young wife could ill afford to be left without a salary. But the young man without hesitating a moment decided to leave rather than work on the Sabbath. This he did, and accepted a place in another shop where his pay is about \$500 a year less than the salary he had been receiving. In speaking with the young man we were much impressed with his words of loyalty to the faith of his father and mother. He said, "I could not for a moment think of working on the Sabbath Day. There is too much father and mother in me for that." He'll have to pinch a little to live, but his beaming face told of the heart-joy his victory for conscience and the truth had brought to him.

We love to think of the many young men we know, who have stood the test and remain true. We would as soon expect the sun to fail to rise as to see these boys go back upon the Sabbath. Loyalty to God is everything to them. They will endure many hardships rather than forsake the truth. All honor to those who put their trust in Jehovah!

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Pittsburgh Bankers for Prohibition.

The recent action by the Board of Governors of the Pittsburgh Chapter of the American Institute of Banking shows most clearly the rapidly changing sentiment of the business world toward the liquor traffic. The stand taken by that influential body could hardly have been expected five years ago; but today it causes no surprise. Indeed, it is just what the advanced sentiment on prohibition leads one to expect. The willingness of the great daily papers to publish such action without any unfavorable comment is another significant evidence of the oncoming prohibition tide. The resolution of the bankers as published is as follows:

Resolved, That this organization, realizing as never before the increasing burden of taxation caused by the figures as given by the census of the United States; realizing the great gain morally to the citizenship of our country by a material reduction of our saloons; realizing that it is poor economy to allow the granting of liquor licenses which grind our grist of humanity for which we must pay an unnecessary tax; realizing the economic loss to the country through the inefficiency of the individual, and recognizing the fact that more than 47,000,000 of the population of our country already live in territory from which liquor has been banished by the sovereign will of the people; be it

Resolved, That this organization place itself on record as favorable to the passage of the bill now before Congress, submitting the question of national prohibition in the several state legislatures that the question may be settled in harmony with the will of the people; and be it further

Resolved, That these facts be presented to the License Court of Allegheny County at its next session with a request that it is the sense of this organization that the court refuse to grant any liquor license, retail or wholesale, in the county of Allegheny.

Three Miserable Liquor Bills.

Three bills now pending in the New Jersey Legislature are stirring up the temperance people to remonstrances against their being passed. One of these has already passed the Assembly and is ready for the Senate. It provides for the privilege of selling in dry territory when the seller has a license in the place where the liquor business house is situated. The other two are intended to permit sales on

Sunday after one o'clock, and the serving of liquor with meals at public places on Sundays.

There are but two or three States where the liquor interests would have the brazen effrontery to crowd such bills for passage. New Jersey is one of them. It is found with Pennsylvania and Illinois on all prohibition maps in solid black. The churches are being asked to vote upon the matter of a remonstrance. Some of our largest churches are voting solidly against the passage of such bills.

Liquor Drinking to be Driven From the Navy.

After the first of next July absolute prohibition will be in force in all departments of the United States Navy. The sweeping order of Secretary Daniels does away with the long practiced use of wine by the officers. The "wine mess" must go, and with it, according to this order, must go all alcoholic liquors from every ship and shore station of the United States Navy. Each commanding officer is to be held strictly responsible for the enforcement of this sweeping order. It is one of the most notable victories for prohibition we have seen. The recommendation for prohibiting liquor came from the Surgeon-General and was heartily welcomed by the Secretary of the Navy. Only a few days ago an officer was court-martialed for intoxication, and Secretary Daniels speaks of it as being one of the saddest duties he has to perform when he is called upon to approve a sentence for intoxication among the boys of the navy. Several have confessed to him that they learned to drink in the wine mess on shipboard. The Secretary expresses the opinion that officers should in all respects be examples for the enlisted men, and the many cases of discipline among the officers are destructive to the morals and discipline of the enlisted men. It is demoralizing to subject the men to discipline, even for having beer in their possession, while they see that officers use it freely. This order stops it all with officers and men alike.

We notice that some navy men are already prophesying that the rule can not be enforced, and that some of the great political dailies are looking askance at the new order.

The Holland Society, at an annual meeting held in the Hotel Astor, New York City, took steps toward the erection of a monument to commemorate Dutch influence in New York in early times. This society has already raised \$8,000 for the monument, which is to be a replica of the statue of William the Silent, which now stands facing the Hall of Peace at The Hague. The site proposed for this statue is on Riverside Drive, along the Hudson River.

According to advices from South Carolina, Governor Blease of that State has added to his long list of pardons fourteen names of prisoners. This makes 1,190 pardons in three years. Many of the pardoned men have been murderers. It is stated that there are still left 186 prisoners in the penitentiary. It looks as though the Governor might yet fulfil his promise to empty the penitentiary by the first of August.

An Italian has invented an apparatus which condenses and utilizes atmospheric electricity. With it he lighted and extinguished at will fifteen electric bulbs placed six hundred yards away. This discovery is regarded as most important as bearing on the matter of cheap electric power for industrial purposes.

The City on the Hill.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

It is not hidden; all who pass it by
May see its white shaft pointing up to God,
And summer flowers that blossom at its gates
Strew their bright petals o'er the sod.

No song of child nor patriot's voice is heard
Thrilling the hush of evening's quiet air,
But soft winds murmur and the little birds
Pipe their sweet message here and there.

Device and labor are not found with these,
Knowledge and wisdom evermore must cease:
They give not, neither ask, the whole year long,
And all their days and nights are full of peace.

O, lone and lowly city on the hill,
The wickiup in forests green
Is gayer than thy silent streets
With white shafts lifted up between;

Yet here is hid a glorious hope
That only One hath power to give,
Ye blessed in the Lord who died,
Because he liveth ye shall live.

Among the Scattered Sabbath-Keepers of the Southwest.

REV. E. H. SOWELL.

After closing my labors at Elkhart, Kan., and Grimes, Okla., I visited Camargo, Okla., and labored for several days. Camargo is located on the north fork of the Canadian River, in Dewey County. Because of its close proximity to the river, the country is somewhat broken and abounds in hills and deep canons, but when moisture is supplied the soil produces good crops. W. G. Estee, M. D., resides in Camargo and is engaged in the practice of medicine. It was a pleasure to meet him and renew our old acquaintance of many years ago, when we were boys together at West Hallock, Ill.

It was thought best that my time in this vicinity be spent at a point eight miles from Camargo, where Doctor Estee's daughters, Misses Elsie and Olive, and his son Leonard reside. The daughters are successful teachers in public schools and are from home much of the time, while the son operates the farm. Several days were spent in this vicinity visiting the people and preaching. Our meetings were held in "River View" schoolhouse and were well attended; excellent attention was given. Never before had any of our people preached in this part of the country, and many questions were asked us about the faith and practice of Seventh Day Baptists.

I regard this as a favorable point for more extended labors by us as a people and I was really sorry to leave the field when I did; but so much work ahead compelled me to move on to other fields.

Waynoka, Okla., was the next point visited and but a few days were spent at this point. Waynoka is located on the Cimarron River, in Woods County, northwestern Oklahoma, and the surrounding country is a rolling prairie capable of producing good crops. Here we made a brief visit with our former friend, Erwin Van Horn, and his wife, which we enjoyed very much. And while there we did what we could to encourage and help.

Our next stop was at Fairview, in Major County, Okla. Fairview is located in the beautiful Cimarron valley and is in the midst of a fertile and scenic country which produces abundant crops when visited by suitable rainfall.

In this valley are located over a hundred Sabbath-keepers who are identified with the "Church of God" and who hold weekly Sabbath services in two or three different places not far from Fairview. It was my privilege to preach twice to good congregations of these devoted people, and to visit in many of their homes. During the few days spent at Fairview, we were pleasantly entertained in the home of Eld. S. S. Davison and wife, old-time friends from Iowa. We feel that our stay at Fairview was not without profit and it certainly gave us much pleasure.

The next field of labor was at Lone Wolf, in Kiowa County, southwest Oklahoma. Lone Wolf is in the midst of a most beautiful rolling prairie in the winter wheat belt of the great Southwest, where, under favorable conditions, large crops are grown. Just to the south the rugged Wichita Mountains lift their wrinkled brows, adding beauty and variety to this fine country. Here at Lone Wolf live Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Burdick and their son Ellery and wife, while their daughter, Mrs. Benedict, lives in Hobart, nine miles east. We had a most enjoyable time among these loyal Seventh Day Baptist friends, who spared no pains in making our stay among them one of constant pleasure.

Owing to local conditions we were not permitted to conduct a series of meetings at this point. By invitation of the pastor, I preached in the M. E. church in Lone Wolf to an appreciative audience. This was the first sermon ever preached in this country by any of our people. Our Seventh Day Baptist people have lived here for thirteen years and my visit among them was the first official visit they have enjoyed from our people.

I regard this as a promising field for more extended labor by our people and I regretted to leave it when I did, but the needs of other fields forced me to do so.

At each place mentioned I have been treated with the utmost Christian courtesy by First-day people, and warmly welcomed by our own people, who have done all in their power to make our stay among them a season of pleasure.

Frederick, Okla.,
March 30, 1914.

SABBATH REFORM

An Old Advertisement.

[Pastor Edwin Shaw has handed us the following Sabbath Reform advertisement prepared by Doctor Lewis for the *Homiletic Review*, in which it was published as a display ad in 1906. Aside from the points upon the Sabbath question found in it, the very advertisement itself may suggest a possible method of keeping the vital truths regarding the Sabbath before the public eye. Would that our leaders of today manifested more active zeal in Sabbath Reform. It should not be so difficult to secure up-to-date articles on this question from Seventh Day Baptist pens.—ED.]

CHRIST AND THE SABBATH.

Sabbath Reform is a religious question. It centers in the Fourth Commandment as interpreted and exemplified by Jesus, not as a "Jew," but the Son of God. Whatever reduces Sabbath Reform to a political issue or to an economic and rest-day basis destroys true Sabbath observance. Public worship and the teaching of moral and religious truth from the Bible with JESUS, THE CHRIST OF GOD, as the central figure, depend on religious Sabbath observance. Such observance has never existed on any other basis than Biblical authority and conscience toward God. The "Civic Sabbath" idea destroys conscience—enforced idleness promotes crime. The need of these years is not more enforcement of Civil Law but more regard for Divine Law. God's will is the source of human conscience.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

Christ created it by his interpretation of the Fourth Commandment and by his example in casting away those evasions through which men disobeyed under pretense of obedience. He purified and exalted the Sabbath. He did not set it aside.

THE SABBATH RECORDER,

A. H. Lewis, D. D., LL. D., Editor, promulgates such views concerning Sabbath Reform.

BACK TO CHRIST.

As the Highest Authority on the Sabbath question, is the call made by the Seventh Day Baptists. The real issue is

not Saloons, but Public Worship; not Baseball, but Spiritual Life among Christians; not Civil Enactment, but God's Law, and conformity to Christ's example. Judgment and reform must begin in the Christian Church. Correspondence welcomed.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Babcock Building,
Plainfield, N. J.

The Greater Law of Love.

Matthew 12: 7, 8.

The law of love is greater than the letter of law, whenever the latter hinders the practice of the former.

The prophet Hosea (ch. 6: 6) was speaking to people who offered sacrifices and observed the externals of religion, but were wicked in character and conduct; and so he said, It is not sacrifice and burnt-offerings that God desires, but goodness and the knowledge of God. Sacrifice and burnt-offerings were not pleasing to God unless the worshipers understood him and were good.

Jesus said to the Pharisees, Your strict outward observance of the Sabbath counts for nothing with my Father, because you do not show love, sympathy and mercy toward my disciples, your fellow men. God wants both Sabbath-keeping, and love, kindness, fairness, and compassion; but if he can not have both, he a thousand times prefers love, mercy, and kindness, to any Sabbath-keeping that is possible without these virtues.

Christian disciples may act under the authority of their Lord, who has the right to regulate and control the Sabbath; for the Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and therefore is subject to the ideal Man, who represents the race and has authority to determine the way in which the principle of the Sabbath can best be carried out for man's benefit. Christ is not claiming authority to abolish the Sabbath. The Sabbath was the ordinance of God for the good, not merely of Israel, but of all mankind. But the traditional methods of observing it were of man's devising, and these must yield to circumstances. By connecting the Sabbath with benevolence, Christ was fulfilling its fundamental purpose. The Pharisees had made the Sabbath an institu-

tion so burdensome that its Divine character was lost sight of; this could best be restored by showing that it was a blessing and not a burden. The Son of man vindicates man's freedom."—*Arthur E. Main, D. D., in Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question.*

Christ and Oneness.

REV. S. R. WHEELER.

That they all may be one. . . . That they also may be one in us. . . . That they may be one, even as we are one.—*John 17: 21, 22.*

These words in the Savior's prayer the very night in which he was betrayed and arrested, show his anxiety for unity of the multitude that would become his followers. Praise God, this prayer will be answered, and Christians are the human agency to bring it about.

To suppress evil and advance righteousness needs the united thoughts and action of all the godly people in every generation. No Christian wants to sanction error. Seventh Day Baptists do not want to do anything which shall approve of keeping the first day of the week for Sabbath. But individuals will have different opinions as to how closely they can and should associate religiously with First-day people. But whatever differences there may be in this, all Christians should join in suppressing those sins which all recognize as sins.

Prominent at this time is the elimination of the liquor traffic. A united effort of all Christians, regardless of denomination, drove the sale of intoxicating drink from Dodge Center, Minn., and has kept it out for the last quarter of a century. The Ministerial Alliance of Boulder, Colo., is composed of the pastors of the churches in the city. The word protestant is not in its organic rules and never was. The Roman Catholic Church has never been connected with it. The Episcopal Church was represented for a few years by two successive rectors. Each year, officers, committees, and public work are distributed among the membership without reference to size of church or denomination. Last year the pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church was secretary-treasurer. Also by course he preached the sermon at the union thanksgiving service in the Christian

church. Neither the articles of faith nor any business action of the church has been interfered with at any time. No one feels himself sanctioning what he believes to be wrong in any other denomination.

A number of years ago, at the beginning of the year's work, the pastor of the Presbyterian church suggested that each pastor present a paper on the faith and practice of his own denomination. This was agreed to with the understanding that the papers and discussions thereon should be courteous, and no one be offended. Some time after, at the farewell reception of the aged retiring pastor of the Congregational church, that year's work was spoken of by himself and others as being especially enjoyable and profitable. Such manifestation of brotherly feeling has been a healthy and helpful example through the years.

The city has been greatly benefited by this organization. The first vote ever taken on the liquor question—license or no license—was ordered by the city council, because it was asked by a committee sent to the council chamber by the Ministerial Alliance. This was in 1894. The women were not then voters. But be it said to the credit of the city, the majority for no license was forty-five. But there was no law to enforce this voice of the people. The united effort was continued, and the ten saloons have been closed nearly a decade. Also the alliance has been helpful in suppressing other evils, and in giving active support to whatever would improve public morals. It also calls the people together on special occasions. It gave a very effective memorial service when President McKinley fell a victim of the assassin. Each year it provides a union thanksgiving service when a generous collection is taken for charitable purposes. It is also active in the religious department of the annual six week's session of the Chautauqua, and in the religious exercises of the State University. It was through the Ministerial Alliance that "Billy" Sunday was secured for a six weeks' service in the summer of 1909. A tabernacle seating about 3,000 people was erected, and the result was quite equal to our expectations.

If the churches in every city were united enough to bring their full power against the devil and his human angels, municipal corruption would hide its hideous head.

After reading Secretary Macfarland's address at the last General Conference, in the RECORDER (Sept. 15, 1913), I saw the Ministerial Alliance of Boulder, Colo., nationalized in "The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America." The work of both organizations is the same. The Federal Council of the thirty denominations will hasten national prohibition, restrain and crush the white slave monstrosity with other ruinous evils, and effectively encourage general Christian activities.

CONSTITUENT BODIES OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL.

Baptist Churches, North
National Baptist Convention
Free Baptist Churches
Christian Church
Congregational Churches
Disciples of Christ
Friends
German Evangelical Synod
Evangelical Association
Lutheran Church, General Synod
Mennonite Church
Methodist Episcopal Church
Methodist Episcopal Church, South
African M. E. Church
African M. E. Zion Church
Colored M. E. Church in America
Methodist Protestant Church
Moravian Church
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. (South)
Primitive Methodist Church
Reformed Church in America
Reformed Church in the U. S.
Reformed Episcopal Church
Reformed Presbyterian Church, General Synod
Seventh Day Baptist Church
United Brethren Church
United Evangelical Church
United Presbyterian Church
Welsh Presbyterian Church

If the Roman Catholics be added to this list, that would not show the Protestant denominations as approving Catholicism, nor the Catholics as approving Protestantism. When the council received Seventh Day Baptists it did not, by that act, approve of the Seventh-day Sabbath, and it knew Seventh Day Baptists did not approve of Sunday as the Sabbath. Neither the council nor the Seventh Day Baptists were sanctioning anybody's error.

Will the Federal Council crush Seventh-day Sabbath-keepers with a drastic Sunday law? The fact that such Sabbath-keepers have been received into the membership of the council would do much to prevent such an action. Also our protest would be more effectual inside than outside. We

should in no sense be responsible for the law; nor would the law be any more severe on those within than upon those without. But no such attempt will be made as long as the sentiments prevail as given out in the last two paragraphs especially of Secretary Macfarland's Conference address. Nor does the consideration shown to our representatives indicate any such purpose. There are also other safeguards about us. No doubt the council has its full share of the scholarly Bible men of the religious world, who readily admit there is no divine command for changing the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. Also there are many who regret the change was ever made, and are in real sympathy with those who call the attention of the people to the fourth commandment Sabbath.

Also, if under any future circumstance, a national Sunday law should be proposed, it would give the greatest opportunity possible, *if within the council*, to speak effectively in defense of the Sabbath of Jehovah.

If now the Catholics were within the council to tell how their church had divine authority "to change times and laws" (Dan. 7: 25) and that it did change the time of the weekly Sabbath, we can hardly estimate the effect upon the council and upon individuals in the council.

Brethren, my dear brethren, let us remember that Christianity does not thrive without the human agency. The chastisements of God, the Holy Spirit's power, with the earth-life and death of Christ, do not do the work belonging to man. The prayer of the Savior for the oneness of his followers must be answered by his followers. The union of all denominations in work that is common to all will lead the way to that perfect oneness, even as the Son of God is one with God the Father.

Verily, all Christians should combine to oppose the united powers of darkness, and unitedly work to advance the world in civilization, morality, and godliness.

Happiness is from within, not from without. No greater happiness can be found than that which comes from the sweet content of right thinking, right living, and a good conscience. Try it! See how warm and inviting its sunshine is!—*Leslie's.*

MISSIONS

The Secretary's Letter.

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:

We are now spending our second week here. Last Sunday night we held a gospel meeting in a public hall, which is centrally located in this city, and we had a good audience and interest. The meetings have been continued through the week at our chapel, only two blocks away, with a fair-sized congregation. Regarding the work of our cause and mission I will not write further, but first present it to the board.

We have no reason to be discouraged for we have planted here a very intelligent and conscientious church, now numbering thirty-nine people. There is more Sabbath conscience here than there is in our own country. Sunday is more strictly observed.

I sit on the enclosed veranda of a boarding house at 74 Main Street, which street is at least six rods wide. The walk, which is twenty feet wide, is located in the center, and bordered by narrow lawns and rows of trees. The wagon road runs on either side of this. When this city was laid out by the Dutch people dikes for drainage were located through the center of many of the streets. They are now gradually being filled in, and replaced by trees, lawns and walks. In many of the wider streets the dikes still remain, furnishing a breeding place for mosquitoes. The only drainage the city has is by means of open gutters, which, on the principal streets, are nicely made of concrete. The city has a limited water system running from a canal, which extends from the city limits back twenty-five or thirty miles into the interior, but the water is muddy and not used for drinking purposes except in case of a drouth or by the poor people. Rain water, which is conducted from the buildings into large wooden tanks, is used for drinking. At our boarding place all drinking water is boiled.

The winter or short dry season is nearly over although it has showered more or less nearly every day since we came. We are aware of spring by the cleaning up of the parks and yards and the transplanting of

shrubbery. The heat continues through the winter to quite an extent. Houses of the better class are usually built of wood, two or more stories high, on piers of brick, concrete or posts six or eight feet from the ground. The walls are of one-inch lumber with open shutters for windows or windows which open wide, admitting the breeze freely. The partitions are thin, either open or of lattice work at the top for one or two feet.

The city is quiet and orderly. There is a standing corps of five hundred police whose salary is \$18.00 a month. The salaries of commissioned officers run as high as \$50.00. The governor receives a salary of \$40,000 annually. His house and grounds occupy half a block. It is a palace, surrounded by a lawn filled with tropical beauty. Soldiers are stationed at the gates, so that no Lazarus is allowed to stop, but we see them passing almost hourly as we live on one of the streets only two blocks away from the mansion. Each morning a woman, whose body is bent horizontally with the ground so that she walks with two short crutches, passes by our house on her way to the market to beg. Traffic commences very early in the morning, before the heat of the day, and stores open by six or seven o'clock and close at four. Most all shopping is done in the morning.

After four o'clock linen suits are exchanged for darker ones, sunshades are put aside, and calls, drives and sightseeing commences. The day of pleasure has just begun. The sea wall along the beach, the parks, the tennis courts and cricket grounds are swarming. From seven o'clock, the dinner hour, until the small hours of the morning the saloon, picture shows, clubs, lodges, and dance halls carry on business with a high hand. Here this high privilege is denied the mass of humanity by poverty. The government officials, agents of mining companies, rice or sugar plantations, a few rich men and merchants live as they choose. Ships come and go several times each week bringing traveling salesmen of the liquor houses, the tobacco and cigarette abomination. There are some respectable men and tourists. On our ship from New York there was a young man sent to buy limes and another to establish a cocoanut trade for a New York house which uses tons of them daily.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," "The hewer of wood and the carrier of water." The native Indian of this tropical country dominates every race that comes here to stay, whether it be the coolie from China to work in the gold mines, the African to slave on the sugar plantation, or the English nobleman to rule. A common fate has come to all who stay, their descendants are bronze or black. The white man has had his opportunity to develop this, one of the richest and best watered countries in the world, but he has not improved it. The black boys of well-to-do parents graduate in the high schools here and at Barbados, then go to England, qualify for the professions and return to this country. They are now the principal physicians, business and professional men of this country.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

Georgetown, British Guiana, S. A.

Letter From Africa.

WALTER B. COCKERILL.

I am about a week's run up the coast from Cape Town, still on the same boat that brought me from London, but will change here to a small coasting steamer. It is very hot but there is a fine breeze blowing on the water. I have not been ashore here yet. It looks like a miserable low place. I was ashore at Cape Town, Durban, and Delagoa Bay, all good towns. I met no one in Cape Town who was interested in my mission. I do not know when I shall go on from here but I think it will be in a day or two. I have booked my passage right through to Fort Johnson on Lake Nyasa, so I think there will be no long delays. I have had a fine voyage so far. It was quite cool in the tropics when we came down the west coast.

I have seen a lot of Kafirs already. They load and unload the cargoes. I have heard a lot of discussion on the black question here. Every one says that the negroes should be left alone as far as their religion is concerned. You would be surprised at the feeling that there is here against missionary work. I am told by many that some of the missionaries have made a good thing out of it by trading with the natives, and the example has been set by bishops in high authority. Also it is claimed that

many articles sent from the home countries to be given to the natives are sold to them. People claim that the Christian native will lie and steal but the raw native will not, etc. One lady on the boat who lived in this country told me that the missionaries spoiled the negroes for servants and the last words she said to me this morning as she left the boat were, "Now don't spoil the Kafirs any more than you can help." They get a great many boys here from Nyasaland and they seem to be a little superior to some of the other tribes. I had some fine discussions with people who think they know how to handle the negro.

Of course I am not prepared to say whether missionary work in general in this country is a success or a failure, but there is no doubt that the results of many efforts have been discouraging. The cause of many of the failures is very evident to me, viewing them from the standpoint of a people with a comparatively pure doctrine like ours. Yet there are failures that no one seems to understand.

There is the difficulty of translating the Kafir language correctly; for example, there is no expression in any of their languages that means gratitude or even love as we understand the scriptural term. This seems to cause a great deal of trouble. I think that in such cases the only way to do would be to teach the English word and explain it the best way one could, for it is useless to change their language or use their words for these ideas.

Then there is the common custom among the missionaries of dickered dishonestly with the natives, and charging them too much for goods, as I mentioned before. There is no doubt that many so-called missionaries have made themselves rich in this country. But on the other hand I think there are great opportunities for good work here. If we could get a foothold here, no matter how small, and train a company of black people properly without changing their physical condition much, but make them really spiritual, it would set a great example at least. The physical condition of the raw native seems to be splendid. He can work hard in intense heat and do almost any rough work. The common morality of some of the raw tribes is good, barring polygamy perhaps, and the tribal discipline is good.

The common methods of conducting in-

dustrial missions seem to have serious faults. There is complaint that the missionaries teach the natives to make clothes and so on and then sell the goods, giving the natives only their food and a few rags for their work. Most people tell me that the lake region is a nice country. I will describe the conditions as best I can when I get there.

Berea, S. A., Feb. 21, 1914.

Opportunity, Privilege, Duty.

REV. A. E. MAIN.

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

My idea of the mission of the Church in the world has not changed unless in the way of emphasis and enlarged scope; but my conception of the true nature and object of local or individual church organization has changed very much in recent years. That Baptists, or Congregationalists or Episcopalians, or Methodists, or Presbyterians, or others, have the right to organize for the purpose of conserving their particular faiths and practices, would seem to be self-evident. But I am persuaded that, according to the spirit and purpose of the Gospel, no church has a right to withhold the privileges and duties of church membership from any one who receives Jesus Christ as Redeemer and Lord and seeks such ministries and obligations.

For example it is my conviction that the church of which I am a member ought to say to every believer, in substance, This is a Sabbath-keeping Baptist church; we expect to remain such with all freedom to teach and practice; but, in the spirit of our Savior, we offer you full membership with us, with all that that means of privilege

and duty, excepting the right to vote, to change our name, faith, and practice. In loyalty to God and conscience we must preserve our church integrity; but in loyalty, too, to what we believe to be the mind of Christ, we thus open the door to church membership, to privilege and service.

When I behold the conditions here, and especially since the recent great and blessed evangelistic mission,—that seem to me to spell for our pastor and our church, Opportunity, Privilege, and Duty, my soul is deeply stirred.

Alfred, N. Y.

The Prodigal's Return.

REV. G. M. COTTRELL.

(General Field Secretary L. S. K.'s)

The story of the prodigal son is one of the most touching of gospel narratives. It illustrates many points of human relationship and experience:—the man who forsakes his country and his flag; the husband who leaves his family; the wife or mother who forgets or spurns the responsibilities of her home; the youth who renounces the high ideals of his college days and turns to the gross and sensual, squandering his life in riotous living; the son or daughter who severs family ties and takes the journey into the far country—that country where they forget God; or the son or daughter of God's family who turns his back on all that he has been taught to regard sacred and seeks in the mad rush of the world and its allurements to satiate his hopes and ambitions.

And what heartaches do all of these lapses leave behind. The church mourns the loss of its wandering brother; the society, school or state, is humiliated and appalled by the fall of its honored member; the husband or wife suffers from the desertion of the life companion; and the mother and father, like the father in the parable, hoping almost against hope, pass the years in anguish looking and waiting for the return.

Did you read, "A Mother's Confession," in the RECORDER of March 16? Two or three times, as I read it aloud, I had to stop for the tears in my eyes and the lump in my throat. Through the mother's failure, as she feared, her boy had fallen a

victim to drink; and finding no understanding, no sympathy, no help at home, he went away. That is all. He went and he has not returned. That was a quarter of a century ago, but the mother has not ceased watching and waiting. Every night the light shines in her window. Her gateposts are marked, and every morning a man raps at her kitchen door and the steaming food is ready and waiting for him. Who knows but the next derelict may be her son?

What pathos, what tragedy! But this is only one side of the story. There is the other end of the journey, the far country, and a little experience by the prodigal himself. They may not all be alike, but the gospel narrative is not far-fetched in its relation of general conditions. It is a downward course, to the far country. It leads to waste and riotous living, and thus to want and poverty. It leads to servitude ("joined himself to a citizen") and low business ("sent him to feed swine"). But it gives time and occasion for reflection. By comparison, or contrast he can better realize what he has lost by the change. Every incident is a suggestion, and as he sees himself under the two conditions, he admits that he must have been beside himself, under the spell of a moral madness, to thus spurn love and home and friends, and seek out those who had no interest in him whatever, except to help separate him from the good coin of the realm that he brought with him. After that they would not even deign to give him of the swine's feed. After that his want and misery cried louder than his pride, conscience and will began to work, and he did the only sensible thing to do, and said he would arise and go back to home and father.

Thank God for the olive branch of peace that we know will be held out by our heavenly Father, whenever we return in the spirit of the prodigal to him. Thank God for the hungry hearts that don't find the husks satisfying and are everywhere to be found waiting, it may be, for a little lift or a gentle word, to pack up and leave the swine-service forever. How many of us have felt the prodigal's pangs of hunger! How many have found the world unsatisfying! How many have longed for the well-filled table at home, for companionship and love, and have said, "We will arise and go back to sonship and service!" We have

all, in some measure, or at some time, been prodigals. I love to think of our beloved Elder Dunn, who gave up his lucrative government position at the call of such a spirit to take up the cross and service of the Master. Would that it might be universal, with both the clergy and the laity.

Our great field of Lone Sabbath Keepers, without prayerful watching, may prove to many to be the "far country." To many it doubtless is and has been. May it also prove to be the place of experience, discovery, coming to our true and better selves, resolution and return to our place in the Father's household. This is a part of the work that we are to accomplish, and already it has begun. This week I have received a most interesting letter from a brother who went out from one of our old Sabbatarian homes in New York State more than forty years ago. After these forty years of wandering in the western wilderness and on the plains, without the Sabbath, he now hears the call to return, and is drawn once more to the faith of his fathers—his mother's religion—and announces his return. May this be only the beginning of a movement which scores of others will join. His letter will be of such interest and help to us all, that I am sure the writer will not object to my reproducing it here.

Rev. G. M. Cottrell,

DEAR BROTHER: You have asked that each Lone Sabbath Keeper pay \$10 for the present year's expenses. I send in this \$5 as my first half, and will endeavor to send the other half by July 1, 1914.

I was born and brought up a Sabbath-keeper, my father being "Uncle Daniel" and my mother "Aunt Clara," and I "Daniel R." of Little Genesee, N. Y., and I am only known as Daniel R. in Allegany to this day. Even when I sent my daughter back there visiting, she was invariably introduced as Daniel R.'s girl, and every one knew her to be Miss Edwards.

I left that country in 1871, and since then have been in many places and never kept the Bible Sabbath; but I am going to return to the faith taught by my mother, as I see no way of following the teachings of the Bible, and keeping Sunday as sabbath.

Wishing you all manner of good things and success, I remain your friend and brother,
D. R. EDWARDS.

615 Wolverton St., Ardmore, Okla.,
March 30, 1914.

I have forwarded the \$5 to Brother Ingham for Milton College, to help in their present financial effort.

April 4, 1914.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

An Easter Canticle.

In every trembling bud and bloom
That cleaves the earth, a flowery sword,
I see Thee come from out the tomb,
Thou risen Lord.

In every April wind that sings
Down lanes that make the heart rejoice;
Yea, in the word the wood-thrush brings,
I hear Thy voice.

Lo! every tulip is a cup
To hold Thy morning's brimming wine;
Drink, O my soul, the wonder up—
Is it not Thine?

The great Lord God, invisible,
Hath roused to rapture the green grass;
Through sunlit mead and dew-drenched dell
I see him pass.

His old immortal glory wakes
The rushing streams and emerald hills;
His ancient trumpet softly shakes
The daffodils.

Thou art not dead! Thou art the whole
Of life that quickens in the sod;
Green April is Thy very soul,
Thou great Lord God!
—Charles Hanson Towne, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

The first number of the semi-annual bulletin of the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions is at hand and is very interesting reading. The bulletin is issued by the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. This committee, by the way, is the same committee that has been putting out the mission study books, one book a year for the last thirteen years.

Mrs. Peabody, chairman of this committee, and Mrs. Montgomery, author of the most popular study book, "Western Women in Eastern Lands," are now on a tour of mission stations in the far East and both have furnished very interesting letters for this number of the bulletin. Mrs. Peabody went to The Hague to meet with the Edinburgh continuation Committee, of which she is a member. Mrs. Montgomery's letter is so interesting and withal contains so many helpful suggestions that

I have decided to have it printed in this department; and after you have read it, I feel sure that you will want to read the letter from Mrs. Peabody—she writes of the meeting of the Continuation Committee and of their luncheon with Queen Wilhelmina and other interesting events of their trip. The subscription price of twenty-five cents a year is within the reach of all, and if you are interested in missions for women by women you need this little paper.

Send your subscriptions to M. H. Leavis, West Medford, Mass., or if you wish you may send them to me at Milton, Wis., and I will send them in for you. And that reminds me that the address of the editor of this department is still Milton, Wis., and she has heard that the reason this department is not interesting is because the rest of you don't write more for it. As this opinion coincides with her own, she asked me to mention it to you and ask you, "What are you going to do about it?"

Influence of the Home Base on the Work Abroad.

DEAR WOMEN OF THE FEDERATION:

Writing for the papers is awfully hard work these days. If there is an especially juicy incident my chief says sternly, "That must be kept for the book." Who am I that I should question the dictum of the Chairman of the Central Committee under whose banner we travel. When you consider that the demands of the Chief's book for college girls, her daughter's book for Juniors, and mine for the women must first be satisfied, it is not strange if only the crumbs of the missionary table can be scattered at this time.

Our weeks in India have made increasingly clear the fact that the crisis of foreign mission work is not in the field but at the Home Base. Everywhere we have seen open doors with no one to enter in, invitations with no one to answer, work for three pressing on the shoulders of one, needs of equipment that would be heart-breaking if they were not so long endured. Everywhere in India it would be quite possible to double the work and quadruple the efficiency if the church at home were roused. I have had laid upon me the conviction that the Christian women in America who will take as their field the

awakening and energizing of the churches are doing missionary work of the greatest value. The detachment at home is really an organic part of the campaign abroad.

Be of good cheer, dear missionary workers, serving without hope of distinction or earthly reward. On your fidelity, daring, initiative, and reliance on God, depends the advance of the next twenty-five years. As you progress, Christ is lifted up in India; when you falter, his Kingdom suffers here.

Another thing which has impressed me is the infinite variety of talent needed in the mission enterprise. Music teachers can help as well as evangelists; matrons have to do with the influence of a school as well as have teachers of science. In one school we saw a trained musician patiently listening all day to the clumsy notes of beginners whose only instrument was a cottage organ, yet she was opening the door to closed zenana homes that no other teacher or preacher could enter. The little gifts, too, have their place. Patchwork quilts made in obscure village churches in America are decorating hospital beds, and delighting by their bright colors the tired eyes of many patients; dolls have a missionary message; so have little leaflets, picture postals, and Bible-school cards. Among the King's messengers we have found automobiles and Victrolas. The gift of a Ford automobile has enabled a medical missionary to visit three times as many villages with not half the fatigue. A phonograph or a stereopticon will gather and hold a crowd for an evangelistic service as will nothing else.

These splendid missionaries of ours need tools to work with. We have too often been guilty of stopping short of that equipment which would really make them effective. It is not pious but foolish to let the messengers of Christ depend upon bullock carts, where we might give them motor cars. Transportation is like the circulation of the blood; when it is sluggish and slow, life is at a low ebb.

I have wished the American Christians who go so rapidly and easily in street cars, automobiles, and railroad trains might suffer for one day what the missionary endures, jolting and bumping in springless carts whose highest speed is two miles an hour. What sort of a preparation for preaching or medical work is four hours of

this through the heat of the day, when a motor cycle or automobile would cover the whole distance in a half hour?

I'd like to have a Missionary Automobile League in every denomination, that would equip and endow every station with a motor vehicle according to its needs; motor boat, cycle, or car. It would mean saving of life, prevention of breakdown, increase of efficiency that often would enable one missionary to do the work of two! If only people who had automobiles knew, it could be done so easily, too.

Speaking of automobiles makes me think of Christmas trees because they are so different! The *Bulletin* will come out just in time to suggest the having of summer Christmas trees on which to hang the gifts that should start the first of September in order to reach the missionary at Christmas time. What fun the classes in the Bible school could have getting things ready for the tree: dolls, scrap-books, little work-bags, pens and pencils, erasers, safety pins, little toys, bright ribbons, remnants of bright colored prints, and a hundred other little things that would be received with such pleasure. Then all the gifts could be hung on some living tree on a beautiful lawn. There could be missionary stories, pictures and songs and a good time which would never be forgotten! If every mission could receive such a box it would hearten and encourage the missionary with the certainty of the living sympathy and support of those in the homeland, and would anchor missions in the love of the children in our Bible schools as could nothing else.

It has been a surprise to me to see how great are the possibilities of usefulness of the Bible-school picture rolls. They are taken out on jungle trips, used in the day schools and in street preaching. When old they are given to Indian Christians who hang them on the walls of their homes.

While we were in Miraj a prominent gentleman sent to the missionary a torn fragment of a commentary on the Bible-school lesson which he had picked up, to ask if he could secure the rest of the book, as he liked the doctrine. There are many English-speaking or reading Indians who would welcome copies of periodicals, pamphlets, Christian weeklies which circulate so freely in the homeland and are so precious here.

Another gift which would be eagerly welcomed by the missionary schools is a stereoscope with a set of pictures. You know that Underwood & Underwood publish many hundreds of these photographic slides for use in the stereoscope. They illustrate trades and industries, life in various cities, scenery, great buildings, Bible stories, localities, and customs, and are the next best thing to moving pictures for giving a sense of reality. An auxiliary, at a trifling expense, could procure a stereoscope and set of pictures to be added to from time to time. Such a gift would be a great service in teaching history, geography, literature or the Bible.

Experiences that some of the missionaries have told me make me hasten to insert a paragraph right here on *prepaying the charges* on everything that is sent. It is better to do nothing than to send parcels for which the missionary must pay out of his own pocket. Sometimes it is better to send the money and allow the purchase to be made at one of the splendid shops in the big cities here. I have only been suggesting little personal extras, gifts that should never be paid for out of the regular receipts, every penny of which is needed to care for the work itself.

Now for a bit of personal gossip ere I close these random writings. You would all have been so proud of our American representative if you could have seen her at The Hague, or heard the splendid things said about her by the other members of the Edinburgh Committee. Yet I was prouder still and gladder when I saw her in Madras where she had formerly worked as a missionary. It is twenty-six years since she left the city with her two little children, yet as soon as people knew that she was in the city, deputations of them kept coming to speak with her. She thought that she had forgotten every word of the Telugu language, but when she saw the people it all came back to her in the strangest way,—the missionaries said it was like the gift of tongues. Several times she was able to give public addresses, quite impromptu, lasting for a half hour, and she constantly used the language freely in conversation.

She had such a beautiful illustration of the germination of seed long buried. The very Sunday before we reached Madras the first convert was baptized from a vil-

lage where she opened work thirty years ago. Since then a half dozen of the leading men have been baptized. The first man, Kantiah, says that all these years he has remembered the teachings he had in the Bible school and has been secretly believing. When he finally got courage to declare himself, they drove him out of the village, boycotted his shop—he was a leather worker—and intimidated his workmen. But God raised him up friends, he opened a factory in Madras and always has much work. One order of a thousand rupees came to him from Penang. He is an expert shoemaker. His little shop is often thronged far into the night with men eager to talk religion.

Since leaving Madras word has come of other baptisms in the village, and of the reconciliation of several families with the converts. Was it not beautiful that our visit should have come just at a time when Mrs. Peabody could see these fruits in a field so long apparently barren?

My heart is so full as I write. If only I could speak to you, each one, about this greatest enterprise in the world. Our deepest need is to take hold on God; to give him channels through whom his grace may freely work. This is it which makes it possible for those far away to be at the same time here in the thick of the fight. It is a fight. We wrestle not with human weakness but with the entrenched forces of evil blacker than we can dream. We are defeated without God. A church on its knees is the only power that can energize weak endeavorers and make them mighty to this pulling down of strongholds. Great prayers are more needed than great doers. Perhaps our prayerlessness is the secret cause of the tarrying of the Kingdom. The Woman's Jubilee began in a deepening of the prayer life of hundreds and thousands. If in every church there could be bands of intercessory missionaries there would be miracles wrought in India. Pray for us—you are praying, I know—we thank God and take courage.

MRS. W. A. MONTGOMERY.

*Written on shipboard
on the way to Rangoon.*

There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel than business.—Lowell.

Misfits in Education.

[The Plainfield (N. J.) *Courier-News* publishes an abstract of the annual report of Supt. Henry M. Maxson, read before the Board of Education, in which Doctor Maxson gives some sound advice regarding vocational training in the public schools. He urges parents to help their boys to decide upon the vocation for which they seem best suited, and to aid in the selection of study courses, so pupils may see some connection between their school work and their future. Doctor Maxson's remarks will interest parents who have not yet decided what life-work is best for their boys. We give it as published.—Ed.]

Most boys have a special aptitude for one thing more than another. If the life calling runs along that line of special aptitude, then the future man will find joy in his work and increasing success and happiness will come to him. If, however, his life calling falls along other lines—lines that are uncongenial, then it means a real tragedy in the life of the future man. He will not enjoy his work, and the success and happiness that come to him will fall short of what he might have had.

Has your boy such special aptitude? Do you know? Perhaps you have already chosen his life calling. Did you choose it because you saw he was specially adapted to it, or because you thought it a good calling, because of its respectability, or because of its money rewards?

The only one who can answer the question as to the life calling for a boy is the boy himself. But very few boys at the age of fourteen can give a definite answer in words. They do not yet know themselves; they do not know the callings. It needs the study and counsel of an older head that knows life and understands the boy.

The most suitable one to give this advice is, of course, the boy's father, but in these days, unfortunately, so many fathers are utterly absorbed in their business. As a rule, the matter drifts along until the boy leaves school, and then he drops into the first vacant place that promises a fair reward.

To the boy, the immediate returns look big. He can not look beyond them and see the larger rewards that might come to him in the future in some other pursuit that offers smaller rewards in the present. It

results in many, many boys getting into work that does not appeal to them, that does not bring out their aptitude and capacity. It produces a second-rate workman in one calling who might have been first-rate in another.

No one can estimate the loss to the world in pushing into the legal profession a boy who has an inventor's genius, and has no aptitude for law; in making a second-rate doctor of a man who might have made a first-rate engineer; in making a second-rate business man of a boy who might have made a successful artist. A square peg in a round hole always means loss.

Next to the father, the one best fitted for giving this aid is the teacher, but he is already overloaded. His time and his thought are absorbed in teaching the boy the subjects of the school course; he has but little time for this important work. By his very vocation, he is not enough in touch with the various callings outside to know their demands and their true value as regards the individual child.

The time is coming (in some cities it has already arrived) when we shall pay a good salary to some broad-minded, big-hearted man to devote his whole time and thought to this work, to studying the conditions, the demands and rewards of various callings, and then studying the boys as they come up through the course, and finally guiding the boy into that work out of which he can get the most for himself and the world.

The institution of such work will do much to keep boys and girls in school longer. Now they drop out in large numbers at fourteen years of age because they see no connection between school work and their future. They have no definite calling in mind and know nothing of the demands for fitness which the various callings make. Such an adviser would make them see the pertinency of school and the money value of two or three years more of special preparation. They would not, as now, drop out and go into the "dead end" occupations that leave them worse off at 16 or 17 as far as a profitable calling is concerned, than if they were just coming out of school. Such an adviser would also be of great value to the general work of the school, since he would bring to it definite information of what the world outside the school requires of the pupils when they get out into the business world.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER:

Word comes from Mrs. Sutton today that Erlo is sick and not able to write the topic for the next issue, so that it will have to go undone. I have no other material ready, so that it means that the Young People's Department will have to be made up of whatever you may be able to get hold of. I regret it very much, but the circumstances are unavoidable.

Tomorrow we shall lay away all that is mortal of my beloved wife and companion, and it is useless for me to say that these days are full of sorrow for me. It is as though my right arm had been taken away from me. It requires no small amount of courage for me to gather up the loose ends and go ahead again, but with God's help I shall be able to do so in time, I trust. In a few weeks again I hope to be able to vigorously take hold of not only my church work but the work of the Young People's Department.

Sincerely yours,

ROYAL R. THORNGATE.

Verona, N. Y., April 3, 1914.

Parent Love.

OLGA ARRINGTON JACOBS.

In my search for the sweetest promise of the Old Testament, I find no other that will compare with the one found in the first chapter of Isaiah and the eighteenth verse: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." It is so very surprising, so tender and comforting. "Come now, and let us reason together"—let us talk it over face to face and heart to heart; come near to me, very close, and let us think it all over and reason it out.

This is not shouted to us by an angry God from a lofty mountain top, but it is whispered to us by a loving Father right in our pathway, whispered tenderly and lovingly by a merciful Father who is very

near to us. He asks us to be still and listen to reason, come aside with him and talk it over—away from the busy whirl and the noisy gaiety of life's highway, for a little private talk with him.

It is only when we are quiet or when we are alone with God that we hear his voice. It comes to us in the quiet, away from earth's busy throng and the folly and the excitement of daily life. Like Elijah, we hear not the voice of God in the earthquake or in the fire, but in the still small voice.

When we are close to God, we can hear him. It is very necessary for us to be still and listen. In the busy tumult of the world we are apt to miss his whisperings.

How full of love and tender patience this promise is. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Come now, and let us reason together." Does this not remind one of a mother who talks to her child? One can see a picture of a mother, sad and loving, waiting alone at night for her child to come home. All the lights are out in the house save one; this burns dimly, for one lamb is gone from the fold. Hour after hour she waits. At last, when the old clock on the shelf is striking the small hours, the absent one returns. Mother is in the hall waiting, not with an angry frown and harsh words, but with a sad sweet smile and her loving eyes wet with tears.

She puts her arm around the loved one and says: "Come now, let us reason together; let us talk it all over face to face and heart to heart." She leads the way into the dimly lighted parlor and there, while the others are sleeping, they have it out. She points out the folly of it all and in a loving spirit leads the wayward one to new resolutions and a right purpose. They separate with kindly feelings and true determination.

Is this not a picture of God? Oh, the value of a true mother's love and advice. How willing she is to give it, if we will but stop and listen. How often our feet are kept from straying when mother points the way. How many rough paths and painful falls we can avoid by reasoning with mother. She is so willing to forgive, so anxious to comfort. The parent love, how wonderful!

But how much more wonderful is the love of God. He can advise when mother is gone. He can comfort when mother is not here. He will forgive our transgressions and remember them no more. We must learn to go to him, for mother can not be with us always to comfort and advise. These loving mothers will pass on. The roses in their cheeks will fade with the crimson in the west. It will be twilight for them; they will fade away with the day. We shall see their bright smiles vanish with the sunset, and we shall be left in the darkness alone, unless we can go to God and listen to his loving voice. Yes, the mothers will leave us, but while they are still here let us give them a chance to see our appreciation of their love; for next to God they are our best friends.

Dear mother, how I long for thee,
Long thy dear old face to see.
Thy faded cheeks and snow-white hair
To me tonight are wondrous fair.
Beautiful hair of snowy white,
Cheeks where the roses are not bright,
O, how I long thy face to see;
Mother, my own, I think of thee.

I think of when a child in tears
I came to thee with all my fears;
Soon all the storm clouds sped away
Changing the darkness into day;
Soon sun was shining fair and bright.
O that I were with thee tonight.
Mother, I long thy face to see;
Counselor dear, I think of thee.

Thy precious face hath furrows deep
In which thy secret sorrows sleep.
I'd love to kiss thy smiling lips,
And feel thy gentle finger-tips.
Thy dear old hands, so worn with care,
Often I see them clasped in prayer,
As thou didst kneel at close of day
Teaching me how my prayer to say.

Soon will thy tasks on earth be done,
Then thou wilt see the setting sun.
No one can ever fill thy place,
Nothing can cheer like thy dear face.
Mother, to thee would I give flowers
So they will cheer thy living hours.
O heavenly Father, help me cheer
My kind old mother while she's here.

Doing Missionary Work by Correspondence.

A. C. W.

Did you ever hear of the crippled child who, although confined to his bed in a little room above a busy street, made himself happy by writing Scripture texts on bits of paper and dropping them out of the

window, with the hope that some one might thus be led to live for Christ? Perhaps he did not think that some one might not be pleased with his handwriting—he had the love for souls and was improving his opportunities.

Our opportunities for such work are far greater, as we have the texts and comments upon them already printed in convenient form to accompany our written invitation to read.

THE FIRST LETTER.

One of the very best methods of opening a missionary correspondence is to send copies of our Sabbath tracts, etc., and accompany them with an earnest invitation to consider the importance of our general subjects, "Jesus Christ and Salvation through Him," and "The Sabbath." By the letter is also overcome the difficulty often experienced in mailing tracts, periodicals, etc., that of persons refusing to accept them, fearing a bill will follow. The invitation will be read, and usually the paper or tract.

IN PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Think of the opportunities in private correspondence. I recently read of one lady who in correspondence with a friend in Canada, mentioned the name of a magazine and its quality and began sending a copy each week. The answer to the letter contained the encouraging news that the paper was gladly received and read by her friend and that each week's issue of this magazine was passed on from home to home in her neighborhood and read with interest.

BY A MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

There are missionary societies of other denominations whose members are taking up missionary correspondence in this way: A list of names is secured from the missionary secretary. For convenience the names are kept in a small card-list,—each name, with spaces for record of letters written, etc., kept on a separate card. Here is a sample card from the list before any records are made:

Name (and address)
First letter written by..... Date.....
Second letter written by..... Date.....
Third letter written by..... Date.....
Reply

Correspondence with each person is taken hold of by the members under the

direction of the missionary secretary, who keeps the list and sees that the records are made properly. Each reply is reported, and recorded on the card. This simple system keeps the secretary in touch with the work, makes reporting easy, and is a help in planning for continuous and aggressive effort.

The members of these societies are very busy people. You may see the opportunities in this work: (1) It brings a blessing to the individual. (2) In a personal way others are invited to investigate the truth. (3) This work can be made a special feature of the continuous and practical work of a missionary society.

Let us think of the crippled boy and his work. Think of the far greater facilities God has given us for bringing the truth to others. Contemplate what may be accomplished by writing encouraging missionary letters, accompanying them with our truth-filled tracts, periodicals, etc. Shall we not begin improving our opportunities now?

The Harvest.

(Translated from the German of H. von Beaulieu, by Paul Emerson Titsworth, Alfred, New York.)

Over the low stretches of the North German plains sped the express, past the meadows still polkadotted here and there with pools of water from the spring freshets, past the woods of dark green pine and light green birch, past the red roofs and the gray buildings of the villages, and through the bustling towns. A few plum trees were still in bloom and the apple trees stood rosy and white like girls in ball array. Everywhere in wood and in meadow were troops of laughing, playing children seeking wild flowers. At the approach of the train they stopped in their search to wave gay salutes with their bouquets, and to give vent to their joy of life.

Some of the passengers gazed but idly upon the laughing picture, others with much interest; the older ones recalled pleasant, mellow memories of former springtides, the minds of the younger were filled with joyous impatience and an intoxication akin to the bubbling spirits of the shouting children outside.

Sitting in a corner of the car, almost un-

noticed, was a small slender girl. The other occupants of the same apartment, distinguished-looking ladies, hardly deigned to notice her except to remark her plain, countrified dress. Her countenance and movements manifested unease born of ignorance and of a feeling that she was out of place in her surroundings. Her face, neither young or old, was pale as that of one for whom life is a colorless existence.

For the most part she sat dreamy-eyed, gazing upon the picture, bright with the silvery light of the North German spring. At times her eyes lighted up with the radiance of a great hope, then again they filled with an expression of dread of all the great unknown into which she was going.

Isolated groups of barracks—the outposts of the great city—began to appear in the fields, then a few straggling houses and dusty streets. She caught glimpses of kitchens where were busy maids, of bed-clothes hanging from open windows, and of young girls in gay dresses. Next came with their fringes of trees, the thronged squares, the parks in their garbs of light spring green, and a multitude of carriages, bicycles and pedestrians.

The distinguished-looking ladies, with a few deft touches of their fingers, arranged their coiffures, and made their other preparations to leave the train. The girl sought nervously for her ticket, which, like all inexperienced travelers, she had put away too carefully. She did not dare sit down again lest she pass her station.

The train drew up in the big depot. Following the other travelers she descended the stairs. On the pavement two porters were calling each other unpleasant names, and outside two cab drivers were quarreling. With a shudder of fear she hastened past them. How quarrelsome the people were! And now she must plunge into the crowded streets.

She asked her way of some one—not of a policeman for she was mortally afraid of them—and received a curt reply which she did not understand. Again she followed the throng, passed over a bridge underneath which flowed the rippling river, gleaming in the light of the spring sun. At home she had carefully traced her way by the city map, and stamped the directions on her memory. But how different it all seemed now! The names of the streets did not come right; and these people who

were pushing and jostling one another had no time for a girl who had lost her way.

And the crossings! Standing long ir-resolute, then growing tired out with waiting, she threw herself into the stream of wagons and people. It was just at the wrong moment, and only the alertness of a policeman and the strength of his arm saved her from being run over, and brought her safely through.

There she stood all a-tremble, incapable of a second time risking herself in the maelstrom. A passing cab came to her rescue. The driver, probably recognizing by her puzzled and anxious face that she was a stranger, motioned to her invitingly; and she got in, and with a sigh of relief she dropped rather than sat down upon the cushions.

"Where to, lady?" asked the driver pleasantly.

"To the art exposition," she replied blushing, for in her confusion she had quite forgotten to give any directions.

At a lively trot the cab passed along streets, across squares, past many, many statues, until it finally stopped before a large iron gate surmounted by tall flagpoles.

She bought a ticket and a catalogue and followed the crowd. She sought something quite different from the others, however. The atmosphere within, that special art exposition atmosphere—dust, smell of oil, people and perfumes—oppressed her; or was it the ever increasing uneasiness? The paintings all became blurred before her gaze as meaningless daubs of color.

She sought but one picture and one name. She knew it in anticipation from the descriptions in the papers. When she really saw it, her feelings so overcame her that she sank into a chair. It was *his* picture the one that had made *him* famous. Its name was "The Harvest." It was the ripened harvest of years of struggle.

The picture was a splendid triptych. The two sides portrayed the harvest of Life and Death respectively; the middle picture showed a smiling August landscape with young men and maidens loading sheaves upon a wagon. Brightness of life was in it, not because of the gold of the late afternoon sun, but because of the life-loving, conquering spirit which it gave forth, the spirit of the artist which he had breathed into it. Grace and natural rhythm were revealed in the movements of these young

peasants, who, busied in this most ancient and venerable of tasks, appeared at one with nature. In the foreground a young man was in the act of swinging his sheaf up with such a triumphant air that in him nature's son was exalted to nature's master.

"Most of the pictures smell of oil, but this one smells of the fields and of healthy, ardent youth," some one remarked.

The girl, who had been engrossed in contemplation, looked up quickly at the words. Two gentlemen were discussing the picture.

"Yes, and besides, considered from a purely technical point of view it is the best painted canvas here," said the second.

"Without doubt; and I value that most of all. Often one is so filled with what a picture expresses that one almost forgets how well it is done."

"Yes; he is one of our great men, and yet it took years for him to win out. He has had almost insurmountable difficulties—extreme poverty and all sorts of obstacles.

About ten years ago he was engaged to the daughter of the village pastor—quite the stupidest thing that an ambitious young man in his circumstances could do. An indiscreet marriage has blighted many a young talent. Heaven be praised that he escaped!"

"It was a good thing, and for his social success, too," the second gentleman smilingly replied. "Fame is a texture composed of all possible influences."

Then they spoke again of the qualities of the painting in technical terms which the listener did not comprehend; but she did understand that it was praise and admiration, and therefore each and every word gave her deep satisfaction.

Other people came up. There was always a crowd of enthusiastic admirers gathered before the picture.

"Great art;" "broad comprehension of life;" "eminent ability;" and similar expressions struck the girl's ear.

No one remarked the provincial-looking person except when some one waited for the chair which she occupied. She, however, did not stir from her place. For the first and only time in her life she kept a seat from others. She did not realize it, but it would have made no difference to her if she had, for she was contemplating *his* picture, her ears were drinking in *his* praise, and her soul was glorying in *his*

fame. Aside from these impressions she saw and heard nothing.

She was no longer alone and strange and uneasy in this rustling, curious, and chattering multitude. She was no stranger here. The others were the strangers and the trespassers. She possessed a sacred right to his picture, for she had sacrificed the happiness of her life that it might be.

It had not been he himself, but a friend who had come to her and said:

"You must give him up. The misery of poverty which will follow your marriage will mean death to his art. He is already suffering under the pressure of the yoke, but he has not the courage to confess it. I know that he has passed many hours of despair because of his youthful foolishness."

She had given him up. Consequently she felt a deep interest in his art which was the splendid flower that had arisen from the ashes of her sacrifice, from her youth spent in waiting, and from her un-lived woman's life. She looked upon the picture with something like motherly tenderness. She had helped in its making.

A great and holy joy thrilled her. It seemed as if a ray from the vital, summer-warmth of the picture had fallen upon her and had cast about her the halo of happiness and of a new and beautiful youth. The brightness, however, did not come from without but from within herself.

At that time murmuring and rebellious voices had arisen within, trying to make her believe that the renunciation was unnecessary. Many times since she had wondered if perhaps it had not been in vain.

Today the doubts were all silenced. With face aglow with rapture she sat in the glory of the "Harvest;" and this glory she carried away with her. She was no more the awkwardly uneasy; she walked calmly and with sure step like those whose lives have had an infilling of that peace that passeth all understanding.

She knew that he lived somewhere in that great city, but she did not wish another meeting. She knew, too, that in truth he had become a great artist.

The light of an indestructible happiness was on her face as she journeyed along into the night, back into the old life, which was no longer colorless, for a harvest sun gilded it with splendor.

Advice From Bishop Brooks.

Although much has been written of the well-beloved Phillips Brooks, many of his most helpful words and deeds are still generally unknown. It is a privilege to record three of his sayings that have a message for the world at large as well as for those to whom they were particularly addressed.

One was his benediction to a young girl of his congregation, who had sought his guidance. "God bless you," he said. "Do you know what that means? May God make your life just what he wishes it to be." Often in after years those solemn words must have recurred to her, and challenged her life again and again to the final test of all blessedness.

At another time a woman in the thick of temptation went to him for counsel that he gave so freely, yet considered so carefully. As they talked, he saw that her mind was confused concerning certain aspects of her case, and he said:

"Try to get outside yourself, and look at this as if it concerned some one else. Is there any one of whom you are especially fond, for whose welfare and happiness you would give a great deal?"

The woman, deeply touched, said that she had a younger sister, who was dearer to her than any one else in the world.

"Then try," said Bishop Brooks, "to think how it would be if your sister, and not yourself, were placed in these circumstances, and what you would think it best for her to do." That penetrating suggestion was of great help to the sorely tried soul in the successful struggle that followed, and in other moral crises of her life.

Again, he was holding one of those brief, informal services at Trinity Church which were like family prayers in their simplicity and intimacy. It was toward the end of his life.

"Let us not be disheartened," he said, "if we find ourselves wearing out; for to wear out is one of the natural processes of life. Only, let us make sure that we are wearing out over something that is worth while."

Surely whatever stage of life we have reached, whether the wear and tear we have thus far undergone has been wise or foolish, for "something worth while," or for husks and bitterness, there is an inspiration for the rest of our lives in these words.—*Youth's Companion*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Song of the Bee.

Bumble, bumble, through the grass,
Through the sweet new clover;
Hear me as I quickly pass,
Happy little rover!
Sun just risen o'er the hill,
Dew upon the blossoms' still,
Light of heart and light of wing,
This the message that I bring—
God is watching over!

Bumble, bumble, through the grass,
Through the sweet new clover;
Hear me as I quickly pass,
Happy little rover!
Hear the message that I tell,
Flying over lea and dell,
Tiny frame but strong of heart,
Of creation still a part—
God is watching over!

—Regina Reilly, in *Saint Nicholas*.

How to Build Bird-Houses.

Perhaps some of the little people who read this page of the SABBATH RECORDER would like to get their fathers or big brothers to help them build a bird house this spring. Edward Howe Forbush knows a great deal about such things and this is what he says:

"More than 20,000 nesting boxes, or bird-houses, have been put up in Massachusetts at my recommendation during the past ten years, but unfortunately many of these have not been occupied by birds. People need instruction regarding the sizes of bird-houses and when, how, and where to place them. One reason why people in cities have not been successful is that native birds which nest in boxes will not settle in numbers where English sparrows, cats, and squirrels are numerous.

"Nesting boxes for the smaller birds should be made with entrances so small that gray squirrels can not get in. Sparrows may be kept out of the wrens' nesting boxes by making the entrance not over an inch in diameter. They may be discouraged from building in other nesting boxes by taking the eggs, which involves no cruelty, or by keeping the boxes closed until the sparrows have built elsewhere, and then opening them about May 1, when the native birds have mated.

"The entrance holes of the nesting boxes

should be $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches for chickadees; $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches for bluebirds or swallows, and 2 inches or more for martins. Pine wood is the best material for a bird-house, as it is light but strong and durable enough. Metal or pottery may be used if put up in the shade. We must allow the birds to be the judges of what they want. The inside measurements of a box for wrens may be $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times 6$; for chickadees, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$; for bluebirds, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$; for swallows, $5 \times 5 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. The longest dimension is always the vertical one. These measurements are not arbitrary. The boxes may be larger, but not much smaller. The swallow box may have a perch, but that is not absolutely essential.

"The back board should project two or three inches below the box so that it may be nailed or screwed to a pole, building, or tree. The roof may be horizontal or sloping toward the front, and it should project at least two inches over the entrance hole which should be near the top. The size of the entrance hole is most important.

"Most people put up too many bird boxes at the start. The birds quarrel for them and sometimes do not nest at all. They should be placed at least 100 feet apart at first; 200 feet or even more, is better. After the first comers have settled and have eggs or young, a few other boxes may be put up."

"Loyal" and the Policeman.

One morning as I walked along the water front to my office, I noticed a peculiar looking man and a small dog. After that, for weeks, I saw them in the same place. The man had every appearance of a tramp and was almost always intoxicated. The policeman on the beat, Mr. C—, told me that no one ever attempted to go near him as the dog never left his side, and growled unpleasantly if any one tried to approach him. That continued all summer.

Early in the fall business called me to another part of the city, and it was late in December before I passed my old place of business again. Seeing the policeman, I asked what had become of the dog and his master, admitting that I had had my eye on the dog for some time and would like to get hold of him, and I confessed that, although he was so dirty it was almost im-

possible to tell what breed he was, I had noticed that he had some very good points. Mr. C—— said he was afraid the man would freeze when cold weather came on, and so they had sent him to Blackwell's Island. He told me also that the dog had snapped and snarled so furiously when they tried to take him from his master that they had been obliged to club him, and after they succeeded in separating them, he took the dog to police headquarters. He laughed when he told me that his brother officers were very indignant with him for bringing such a looking dog into the precinct, but they took a scrubbing brush and water, and after the bath the dog came out a beautiful thoroughbred fox terrier. Then Mr. C—— took him to his own home, but he said that he growled so that his wife and children were afraid to go near him and he had to put him on a chain and feed him from a distance.

Several weeks later I inquired again and found that the dog, who had been named Loyal, was still so ugly that they did not know what they could do with him.

About eight months after, I met Mr. C—— once more and asked if the tramp had ever left Blackwell's Island and how Loyal was getting along. He said the dog had grown to be so kind and affectionate that his wife and children and even the baby made the greatest pet of him; but the tramp had died on the island. In looking over the latter's papers, which had been sent abroad, they found that he was a German nobleman. Intemperance had reduced him to the condition of a tramp, and all that he had left of his old life was the faithful little fox terrier.

Now Mr. C—— told Loyal's story as a very ordinary incident of his daily life, but I am sending it to your paper for it seems to me that we shall all be more worthy of our homes and our jobs when we have more of the spirit of faithful, heroic devotion that Loyal had. And, again, may we not profitably learn to speak with more respect of our policemen? We are too seldom brought at close range with some of the many ways in which they protect not only people but animals. Most of us take the policeman's duty too much for granted. Let us greet them with a kindly nod of recognition and acknowledge their safeguarding. Perhaps when American boys and girls think of our policemen with

the admiration and respect English boys and girls have for theirs, we shall have more officers like Mr. C—— appointed to the police force, and that will be one of the greatest assurances of the protection of our dumb animals.—*Bessie G. Bowen, in Our Dumb Animals.*

A Camel's Stomach.

The stomach of a camel is divided into four compartments, and the walls of these are lined with large cells, every one of which can be opened and closed at will by the means of powerful muscles, explains a writer in the *Presbyterian*. When a camel drinks, it drinks a great deal. Indeed, it drinks for such a long time that you really would think it never meant to leave off. The fact is that it is not satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with water, and as soon as each is quite full, it is tightly closed. Then when, a few hours later, the animal becomes thirsty, all that it has to do is to open one of the cells and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it goes on day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all, and so is able to travel quite easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart.

Going a Bit Too Far.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking, but the man was reluctant.

"I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

"My inimy, is it, father?" responded Michael. "And it was your riverince's sif that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our inimies!"

"So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest: "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"—*Exchange.*

"Be energetic, wide awake, pushing, but be patient."

The Federal Council.

E. W. BLACK.

It is easily within the memory of men still living when the impious head of the anachronistic enormity at Rome had himself declared infallible by compelling and suborning his creatures and his dupes, and the Vatican Council of 1870, which ratified the papal pronouncement, reiterated its studied antagonism, not only to Protestantism, but to almost every form of truth or element of thought that has tended to modern progress. As an object of especial hatred, however, it denounces "that most pernicious and insane opinion that liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man;" the very basis, foundation and kernel of the Protestant Church!

Knowing the undisputed facts of history so recent, if the Federal Council of Churches premeditatedly omitted the word "Protestant" from its official title with a view to conciliating its ancient and remorseless foe, it has simply bartered its priceless birthright for the odor of a mess of pottage.

Of its faults, its foibles, and its crimes, Protestantism has long since repented in sackcloth and ashes. It is ideally, theoretically, and practically, *progressive*.

Not so its traditional rival; not only does it justify its crimes and defend acts of its most cruel partisans, but even glorifies the history of its shameful past. It has trained its votaries in bigotry and superstition and pauperized its lower classes to add to the luxuries, and fill the coffers of the princes of the church. Clad in its shell of diaphanous infallibility, its decretals become, for all time, irrevocable. Such an institution is necessarily ideally, theoretically, and practically, *non-progressive!*

Between these rival forces there may be an hysterical and deceptive truce, but there can be no coalition. The august purposes of eternal truth can never be furthered or accomplished by a sycophantish subserviency to an uncompromising competitor who points with pride to sacred robes bespattered with the blood of a thousand martyrs.

The spirit of Saint Bartholomew's eve, though perhaps apparently latent, doubtless still looms large in the secret councils of Rome, and, were it not for the inex-

pediency resulting from modern progressiveism and the strong arm of the civil power, it might still be thought desirable for the Holy Inquisition to visit the non-conformist of every cult and type with the "purifying touch" of the martyr-fires. In order to hold the unquestioning allegiance of his faithful flock, the Holy Father must, at all cost, maintain the prestige of a waning hierarchy and the moldering traditions of a Changeless Church.

*North Loup, Neb.,
March 29, 1914.*

1 Cor. 13: 12.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

"Now we see through a glass, but darkly,"
And everything looks so dim;
We may see life's great truths but partly,
We trust the unseen to Him.

We look for more light, we're longing
For vision more deep and keen;
While the cares of this life are thronging
Our pathway which lies between.

Vexations and cares without number,
Mistakes and sorrows thrown in—
So often we grievously blunder—
Is it mere error or sin?

Our neighbor in other position
A different viewpoint has;
We wonder at his sad condition,
He wonders if we will pass.

We see the outward form—but dimly—
We might judge, and judge amiss;
Yet, if through faith we see but singly,
Love's correction is but bliss.

The time is soon coming, when clearly
We shall see Him, face to face;
But now we may trust Him sincerely,
For none can fathom His grace.

If one can keep sweetness of thought and calmness of poise, when bitter and rebellious feelings press hard and close upon the tortured soul—that must be the victory of overcoming; that must hold its own reward, somewhere, by adding strong fiber to character. That is the time to remember, to the exclusion of complaint, that to be overcomers we must have something to overcome. Ay, and they must be hard things, which press severely on a weak point in character or temperament, in order that the weakest link in our chain may be fully tested.—*Eliza M. H. Abbott.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE,
Contributing Editor.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 25, 1914. THE LOST SHEEP AND THE LOST COIN.

Lesson Text.—Luke xv, 1-10.

Golden Text.—"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke xv, 10.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Luke xix, 1-10.

Second-day, Matt. ix, 1-13.

Third-day, Matt. xi, 1-19.

Fourth-day, Matt. xxi, 23-32.

Fifth-day, Luke xviii, 1-14.

Sixth-day, Matt. xviii, 1-14.

Sabbath day, Luke xv, 1-10.

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

Special Days and How to Make Them Count.

L. GERTRUDE STILLMAN.

Read at Sabbath-school Institute, Ashaway, R. I., March, 1914.

There is a story told by Dr. Wayland Hoyt that reads something like this: "A young Japanese forced himself into a city pastor's study with the abrupt question, 'Can you tell me where I can find the Beautiful Life?' The somewhat puzzled pastor asked the man if he had read the Bible. 'Yes, somewhat, but I do not care about that; we have Japanese books as good as that.'

"'Had he ever been to church?'

"'Yes, but churches do not interest me. I want to find the Beautiful Life?'

"'Had he ever seen the Beautiful Life?'

"Then the story came out. The young man had come to this country to study in one of our universities, but his main longing was to see the Beautiful Life. He thought he had seen it once when he first landed in San Francisco. The man illustrating it was not a scholar like himself, but an old man and a carpenter. He seemed never to be thinking of himself; always of others and wore always the happiest smile upon his face, as though his heart were held and shining in a strong peace. Since then he had been searching but could get only glints.

"The minister read St. Paul's hymn of love in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. The student said that was something like it.

"Then the minister gave the youth a New Testament and charged him to study it.

"Months afterward, and just before sailing to his native country, where he had been called to fill an important post, the Japanese burst in again upon the minister, now with his face aglow, exclaiming, 'I have found the Beautiful Life. I have found Jesus.'

In this way will the Lord solve our problems for us. Jesus is the "Beautiful Life." To get others to behold him, and to so illustrate him in our lives that, as in the old times, the children may see that we have been with Jesus, is one aim of the Bible school. And there is no ministry more compelling or more needed.

All our anniversaries and special days should emphasize and make more real to the children the gladdest tidings ever brought to man, the tidings of Jesus Christ who brought to the world the most beautiful life ever lived, and lived it before us, and made it possible for us to live the Christian life after his example and through his power.

Change, recreation, sociability, festivity, are as natural to children and young people as eating, drinking and sleeping. In the exercise of these qualities, boys and girls expand, enjoy, and grow.

So our special days should furnish "good times" for our young people, affording change from the routine of the weekly service, furnishing something for them to do out of the ordinary, making them feel personal responsibility for the success of the occasion by inviting parents or others who do not habitually attend the Bible school, thus fitting them in the best possible way for elementary social service.

There is nothing that gives greater pleasure to a child than the knowledge of something really accomplished.

As an illustration of this may I be pardoned a personal incident.

Just a few days previous to our last Christmas service, on my way to school one morning, a little girl whom I very seldom see, joined me and soon informed me that she was going to "speak in a piece" with some other children at the Christmas

tree. She said she liked to go to Sabbath school and her mamma wanted her to go.

I asked her if she had invited her mother to come with her. She said she had, and then, after a pause, came the question, "Can't I ask my papa, too?"

Now her father has been very bitter in his denunciation of the church and of all those who are connected with it, but I replied, "Ask your papa, by all means," and promptly forgot all about it.

Imagine my surprise when on Christmas eve this very "papa" attended the service.

Two weeks later, while passing through the lower hall at school, two small, but very vigorous, arms clasped me from behind and a little childish voice shouted, "He comed, he comed."

When I was able to collect myself, literally and figuratively, I found that small upturned face fairly radiating joy because her papa had been to hear his child speak her little piece.

Happy in the accomplishment? Oh, yes, and who knows how much was accomplished! Certainly that special Christmas service counted in the heart of a child made gloriously happy, if no further.

We do not know the value of these things nor their far-reaching influence. We never know when we do anything for Christ what the end of it will be, what a harvest of good may come from it.

Some one has said of a quiet man,

"In the desert where he lies entombed,
He made a little garden there, and left
Some flowers, that but for him had never
bloomed."

That was worth while. It is worth while to change a bit of desert into a garden. It is still more beautiful to get love into a heart where selfishness and hate were before. It is best of all to get Christ admitted where he has never been.

The special days, however, are not entirely for the benefit of those who are *in*, but largely for the attraction of those who are *out*.

The program of every particular day ought to have something to appeal to every hearer, to make him remember that there is always a Promised Land before us. This is one of the great opportunities that should never be neglected. Every one should be reminded that there is always a better, nobler, happier, more useful life

waiting for those who will listen to God's invitation to enter in.

The consummate efficiency of special-day programs is to perpetuate the entreaty of Jesus to the youngest child or the world-weary pilgrim, "Come unto me."

"Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee."

"Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home."

An Important Report, of Value to Bible-School Workers.

The printed minutes of the fourth annual meeting of the Bible School Council of Evangelical Denominations in the United States and Canada are now available. This meeting was held in Chicago, January 27-29. The 1914 proceedings of the council are valuable because they contain, besides the complete reports of the various committees and officers, many important findings, suggestions and recommendations in regard to lesson-making and Bible-school standards.

Of greatest importance, perhaps, is the action taken concerning the uniform lesson cycle and departmentally graded lessons, in which matters the council is to cooperate with the International Sunday School Association in a joint conference soon. Other subjects of genuine interest to Bible-school workers that are treated in the minutes are courses of study for colleges and universities, for parents, and for foreign-speaking peoples; also concerning summer schools, exhibits and cooperation between the churches and the public schools in the matter of Bible instruction.

The minutes, in addition, contain valuable statistical data, showing that in twenty of the twenty-seven denominations affiliated, a total increase in enrolment of more than nine per cent is reported. The membership roll, after revision, shows 156 members, comprising editors, publishers and executive officers of boards. The 1914 minutes are a well-bound book of 96 pages, larger than any yet published by the council.

Pastors and Bible-school workers of

evangelical churches can obtain it by sending their applications accompanied by twelve cents in stamps to the secretary of the council, Henry H. Meyer, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Tract Society—Treasurer's Reports.

Receipts for January, 1914.

Contributions:	
Battle Creek, Mich., Church	\$ 3 20
Second Alfred, N. Y., Church	10 70
Plainfield, N. J., S. S.:	
General Fund	\$10 03
Boodschapper	6 96
Plainfield, N. J., Church	16 99
Adams Center, N. Y., Church	9 85
First Hopkinton, R. I., Church	25 00
Walworth, Cal., Church	24 95
Riverside, Cal., Church	22 12
Boulder, Colo., Church	1 60
Salem, W. Va., Church	7 19
Farina, Ill., Church	14 55
Farina, Ill., S. S.:	
Milton Junction, Wis., Church	13 47
Shiloh, N. J., Church	8 62
Nortonville, Kan., Church	15 65
First Brookfield, N. Y., Church	32 82
Independence, N. Y., Church	9 18
Berlin, N. Y., S. S.:	
Marlboro, N. J., Church	5 15
Hartsville, N. Y., Church	11 00
North Loup, Neb., Church	15 00
Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg, Shanghai, China	3 70
Mrs. E. L. Noble, Bristol, N. Y.:	
Mrs. T. W. Jones, Llangammarch Wells, Wales	2 25
Mr. and Mrs. Amos S. Crandall, Milton Junction, Wis.	6 00
Contribution for African Investigation: Wm. R. Crandall, Independence, N. Y.	10 00
Income from Invested Funds:	2 50
Eugenia L. Babcock Annuity	4 87
Geo. S. Greenman Bequest	5 00
Elizabeth L. North Bequest	
Richard C. Bond Bequest	\$ 281 36
Julius M. Todd Bequest	25 00
Sarah E. Burdick Bequest	
Eliza M. Crandall Bequest	
Nancy M. Frank Bequest	
Lois Babcock Bequest	
Deborah Randall Bequest	
Susan E. Burdick Bequest	
Sarah Elizabeth Brand Bequest	
Rosannah Green Bequest	
S. Adeline Crumb Fund	
Geo. H. Rogers Bequest	
American Sabbath Tract Society Fund	
D. C. Burdick Bequest	
D. C. Burdick Farm	
Geo. H. Babcock Bequest	
Sarah P. Potter Bequest	
Henry W. Stillman Bequest	
Edwin W. Burdick Bequest	
Publishing House Receipts:	
RECORDER	
Visitor	
Helping Hand	
Tracts	

Receipts for February, 1914.

Contributions:	
Stone Fort, Ill., Church	\$ 5 00
Welton, Iowa, Church	14 29
Plainfield, N. J., Church	33 43
Sgt. and Mrs. Elmer Kemp, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii	10 00
S. C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y.	5 00
Henry Thorngate, New Smyrna, Fla.	1 00
Marilla B. Phillips Estate, 1/3 of 3 years' rent farm, Lewistown, Ill.	68 72
	150 00

City National Bank, int. on balances	10 35
Geo. S. Greenman Bequest, proceeds sale shares Tampa Building & Investment Co.	503 75
Publishing House Receipts:	
RECORDER	\$ 724 45
Visitor	63 32
Helping Hand	38 79
Tracts	1 65
	828 21
	\$1,561 03

Receipts for March, 1914.

Contributions:	
Milton, Wis., Church	\$ 50 26
Berlin, N. Y., Church	12 00
Plainfield, N. J., Y. P. S. C. E.	5 00
Plainfield, N. J., Church	24 03
Plainfield, N. J., S. S.:	
General Fund	\$8 37
Boodschapper	2 55
Friendship, N. Y., Church	10 92
Gentry, Ark., Church	20 62
New York City Church	55
Piscataway (New Market), N. J., Church	24 20
Rev. G. M. Cottrell, Topeka, Kan.	25 00
C. Champlin, Medford, Okla.	20 00
S. C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y.	3 00
Woman's Executive Board	5 00
	112 50
Income from Invested Funds:	313 08
George Greenman Bequest	\$ 45 00
Maria L. Potter Bequest	15 00
Ellen L. Greenman Bequest	6 00
Paul Palmiter Gift	6 00
Nancy M. Frank Bequest	12 00
George S. Greenman Bequest	125 00
Sarah E. Saunders Bequest	3 00
Mary A. Burdick Bequest	1 80
Mary S. Stillman Bequest	7 50
Sarah A. Saunders Bequest	60
Mary Saunders Bequest	60
Reuben D. Ayres Bequest	7 50
Charles Saunders Bequest	1 50
Benj. P. Langworthy 2d Bequest ..	1 50
Villa Ridge, Ill., Church Fund	3 57
Susan E. Burdick Bequest	1 08
Sarah Elizabeth Brand Bequest	1 35
	239 00
Publishing House Receipts:	
RECORDER	\$ 604 44
Visitor	43 70
Helping Hand	104 01
Tracts	2 45
	779 60
	\$1,306 68

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD,
Treasurer.
Plainfield, N. J.,
March 31, 1914.

Discussing motherhood once, Prof. William James said: "A teacher asked a boy this question in fractions: 'Suppose that your mother baked an apple pie, and there were seven of you—your parents and five children. What part of the pie would you get?' 'A sixth, ma'am,' the boy answered. 'But there are seven of you,' said the teacher. 'Don't you know anything about fractions?' 'Yes, teacher,' replied the boy, 'but I know all about mother too.'" —*Junita Rohrback.*

"Christian, you must never look for an end to your sorrows, till you see an end to your sins."

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

The concert given by the Milton (Wis.) College glee club in the Sanitarium on the evening after the Sabbath will go down on record as one of the most pleasing musical entertainments of the season. The club represented a great deal of talent, and the music rendered by the eighteen male vocalists was excellent. Prof. L. H. Stringer, the director, gave a reading on "A Morning's Mail," which was well received. "Old King Cole" and "A Medley from the South" were the most popular numbers given by the club.

Not only did the voices harmonize well, but the students sang together in a manner that showed that their training had been thorough.

Members of the Milton club conducted the services at the Seventh Day Baptist church in the Sanitarium chapel Sabbath afternoon in the absence of the Rev. D. B. Coon, the pastor. The students gave a program which lasted an hour and a half. This included solos, duets, quartets, and a number of speeches, the latter telling of Milton College life. The speakers told of the college, and its many advantages, dwelling upon the purpose of the institution.

The sermon of the afternoon was delivered by L. F. Hurley, of Garwin, Iowa, a member of the glee club. He gave an excellent address and the audience listened with undivided attention to the words of the student preacher.—*Evening News, Battle Creek.*

Rev. M. B. Kelly returned last Friday evening from Battle Creek, Mich., where he has been the last five weeks. His friends will be glad to know that his health is greatly improved and that he feels more robust than for many years. His people were not expecting him to arrive until early this present week and the pastor thus enjoyed the uncommon privilege of sitting in his own congregation last week as a lay-member and listening to a men's program.—*Nortonville (Kan.) News.*

It will no doubt interest a large number of our readers to know that Rev. E. B. Saunders and family arrived safely in

Georgetown, British Guiana, S. A., on March 9. In a letter to his sister, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, he says that though the weather is very warm they are well and comfortable and have a good boarding-place. In the first service he held with the Seventh Day Baptist church there 150 were present.

March 18 being the anniversary of Mrs. G. W. Lewis' birthday her Sabbath-school class, with well-filled baskets and a token of remembrance, invaded the parsonage at Jackson Center, Ohio, uninvited and a most enjoyable time followed.

A large company of the parish folk of Rev. and Mrs. H. N. Jordan invaded the parsonage the evening after the Sabbath to give Mrs. Jordan a birthday surprise. The evening was happily passed in music, a recitation by O. G. Crandall, and social intercourse, ending with popcorn and candy.

Rev. Lester C. Randolph occupied the pulpit in the M. E. church Sunday morning, preaching a helpful and instructive sermon, which the audience enjoyed and appreciated.

Pastor Randolph lectured this week at Woodstock, Tuscola and Virginia, Ill.

Rev. W. D. Burdick, of Farina, Ill., who is here in the interests of the American Sabbath Tract Society, spoke in the chapel Friday night and held a meeting Sunday night at the home of B. I. Jeffrey.—*Milton (Wis.) Journal-Telephone.*

Rev. E. A. Witter is now installed as pastor of the Second Hopkinton Church in Rhode Island, and the Adams Center Church is without a pastor.

The farewell meeting at Adams Center, just before the pastor left, showed universal regret over his departure. People outside his own church joined in expressions of sorrow in view of losing Brother Witter. It cost him a great struggle to tear himself away from that good field, but he felt that it was best to do so.

"If a man keeps on doing his duty because he wills to, and knows he ought to, and wishes to glorify God in the doing of it, suddenly, one day, the dull brown root of drudgery will send up a stem, and the stem will bear a flower, and the flower will be the rose of joy."

HOME NEWS

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—The seventy-sixth annual meeting of the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church was held April 5 on both afternoon and evening as usual. The business meeting in the afternoon was attended by about one hundred people. The reports showed a prosperous year. The present membership is 251, of whom 51 are non-resident. The average attendance at Sabbath services is about 150. Twenty-two have been added during the year, and there has been a loss of seven, making a net gain of fifteen. The contributions for the Lord's work have averaged about \$15 a member, including children. The Woman's Society for Christian Work numbers 115 members, who have raised \$433.38 during the year.

The social hour between the afternoon and evening sessions was a most enjoyable season. A great company partook of a bountiful supper prepared free of cost by the women of the church. The evening program included the reading of letters from absent members, which is always greatly enjoyed by the resident members. The question box, too, is an interesting item in the evening session. Questions are asked and suggestions made regarding matters that pertain to the efficiency and welfare of the church. The pastor, Rev. Edwin Shaw, was re-elected for two years.

A Patriotic Protest.

Four or five years ago I knew a young man who was very talkative, for one of his age—fifteen or sixteen years old. Sometimes he talked politics. When he did so he invariably spoke of Governor Davidson, as "Old Davidson," and of President Taft as "Old Taft." This mode of expression labeled the boy as one of that altogether too numerous class of both men and boys who have a kind of contempt for any one holding public office.

This boy was hardly to be blamed for either his attitude of contempt for those in authority or his way of expressing it. He had learned it of those older than he. While with the boy it did not then mean

so very much, it was a fact that he was coming into young manhood with a most unfortunate state of mind concerning our government and those whose duty it is to administer it. It is very likely that when he reaches middle age he will by his spirit and example lead other boys into a like contempt.

This attitude toward government and those in authority is most unfortunate for us. When carried to an extreme it becomes anarchy, and its slogan is, "Down with government! Down with authority!"

I read a few days ago a protest against high taxes and the state government. The writer did not speak of our state officers as such, but as salary suckers; and he suggested the elimination of Governor McGovern and his high salaried "sucklings." I have of late read not a little newspaper matter of the same sort, some of it in the form of resolutions said to have been adopted at popular assemblages. All such language implies a lack of respect for men in authority and for our state government. Its effect is to create in the minds of certain people a kind of contempt for men who hold public office. I do not care so much for the influence of this sort of thing upon men of mature years and good judgment, but I do feel sorry about its effect upon the minds of our young people. Its tendency must be to lessen their respect for all law and authority.

We have with us all the time and everywhere—especially in cities—men who are naturally more or less anarchistic. They are in full sympathy with every expression of contempt for law and men in authority, and when they hear anything of the kind they are encouraged, and so feel strengthened in their position. . . .

All this kind of talk, both in print and out, has a tendency to lead John Smith and Tom Jones, who do not know these state officers personally, to think that they must be anything but honest, clean, faithful men.

The patriotic, public-spirited citizen does not discredit good men just because they have been called upon to do public business.—H. W. Rood, in *Madison (Wis.) Democrat*.

"Do not mistake a prejudice for a principle."

DEATHS

DAVIS.—Coral Criss Davis died at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Davis, Salem, W. Va., March 17, 1914, aged fifteen and one-half years.

Her illness was brief, there being no symptoms to give concern to the physicians or friends until the day she died. Her death came, therefore, as a great shock to us all. When Coral was sixteen months old she lost her mother and came, a delicate babe, to make her home with her grandparents and to be cared for by her aunt, who has been a mother to her all these years. She was in her first year in high school. She was a bright girl, and was the sunshine of the home. Her father, Fillmore F. Davis, who has been in India for several years in the oil business, has just started home, and has not yet learned of his loss.

Funeral services were held at the home, conducted by Pastor Bond. The large number of people present attested her popularity, and gave evidence of the sympathy of the community.

A. J. C. B.

COALWELL.—Laura Adena, the infant daughter of Leonard L. Coalwell and his wife, Grace Sanford Coalwell, passed away early Sunday morning, March 22, 1914, aged five months and six days. Whooping-cough was the cause of her death.

Rev. Mr. Symons preached the funeral sermon from the text, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Interment was made in the United Lutheran Cemetery at Ulen, Minn.

Our Dependence on Immigrants.

In the April *American Magazine* Mary Antin, a remarkable young Russian Jewess, writes an exceedingly entertaining and able article about immigration. Of the success of immigrants in this country and our dependence on them she says in part:

"The virility of our immigrants is indicated by the fact that the great majority of them make good. Any settlement worker, any census clerk will tell you that the history of the average immigrant family of the 'new' period is represented by an ascending curve. The descending curves are furnished by degenerate families of what was once prime American stock. I want no better proof of these facts than I find in the respective vocabularies of the missionary in the slums of New York and the missionary in the New England hills. At the settlement on Eldridge Street they talk about hastening the process of Americanization of the immigrant; the country

minister in the Berkshires talks about the rehabilitation of the Yankee farmer. That is, the one assists at an upward process, the other seeks to reverse a downward process.

"The fact about the modern immigrant is that he is everywhere continuing the work begun by our pioneer ancestors. So much we may learn from a bare recital of the occupations of aliens. They supply the animal strength and primitive patience that are at the bottom of our civilization. In California they gather the harvest; in Arizona they dig irrigation ditches; in Oregon they fell forests; in West Virginia they tunnel coal; in Massachusetts they plant the tedious crops suitable to an exhausted soil. In the cities they build subways and skyscrapers and railroad terminals that are the wonder of the world. Wherever rough work and low wages go together we have a job for the immigrant.

"The prouder we grow the more we lean on the immigrant. The Wall Street magnate would be about as effective as a puppet were it not for the army of foreigners who execute his schemes. The magic of stocks and bonds lies in railroad ties and in quarried stone and in axle grease applied at the right time. A Harriman might sit till doomsday gibbering at the telephone and the stock exchange would take no notice of him, if a band of nameless Dagoes a thousand miles away failed to repair a telegraph pole. New York City is building an aqueduct that will surpass the works of the Romans, and the native New Yorker will know nothing about it until he reads in the newspapers the mayor's speech at the inauguration of the new water supply.

"Our brains, our wealth, our ambitions flow in channels dug by the hands of immigrants. Alien hands erect our offices, rivet our bridges, and pile up the proud masonry of our monuments. Ignoring the fact that in these mighty works the engineer as well as the laborer is often of alien race, we owe to mere muscle a measure of recognition proportionate to our need of muscle in our boasted material progress. Whatever merit there was in hewing and digging and hauling in the days of the first settlers, still inheres in the same operations today. Yes, and a little extra; for a stick of dynamite is more dangerous to handle than a crowbar, and the steam engine makes more widows in a year than ever the Indian did with bloody tomahawk and stealthy arrow."

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, 696 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.

A retired clergyman tells a good joke at his own expense. He officiated as a vacation supply in a suburban church. One Sunday after service, an old lady, the housekeeper in the home of a friend, spoke to him. "I want to tell you, sir," she said, "how much I enjoy going to church on the days that you preach." The clergyman was much gratified. "Oh, sir," she added, with appalling candor, "I get such a good seat then!"—*Newark Star*.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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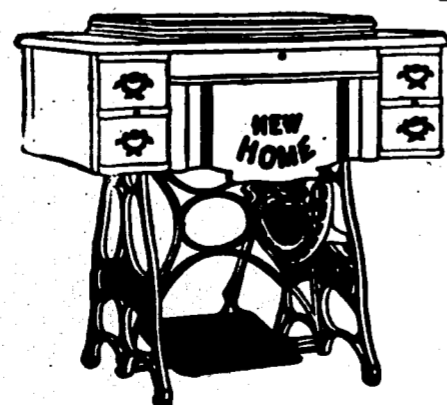
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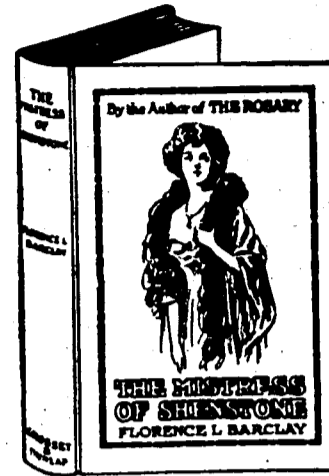
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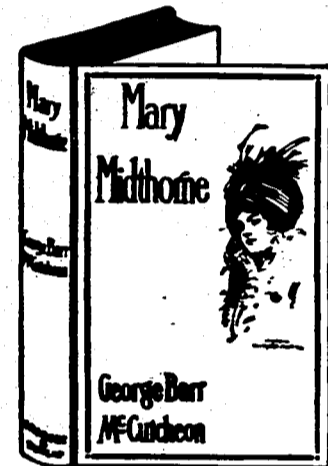
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DEATH.

We are too stupid about death. We will not learn
 How it is wages paid to those who earn,
 How it is the gift for which on earth we yearn,
 To be set free from bondage to the flesh;
 How it is turning seed-corn into grain,
 How it is winning Heaven's eternal gain,
 How it means freedom evermore from pain,
 How it untangles every mortal mesh.

We are so selfish about death. We count our grief
 Far more than we consider their relief
 Whom the great Reaper gathers in the sheaf,
 No more to know the season's constant change;
 And we forget that it means only life,
 Life with all joy, peace, rest, and glory rife,
 The victory won, and ended all the strife,
 And Heaven no longer far away or strange.

Their Lent is over, and their Easter won,
 Waiting till over paradise the sun
 Shall rise in majesty, and life begun
 Shall grow in glory, as the perfect day
 Moves on, to hold its endless, deathless sway.
 —Rt. Rev. William Crosswell Doane.

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