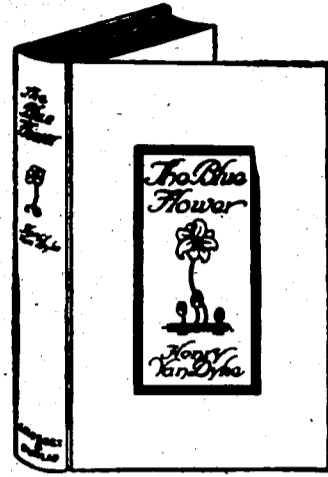


The Sabbath Recorder

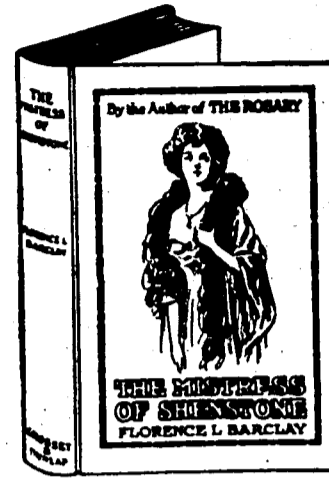
YOUR CHOICE FREE
FOR ONLY ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION TO THE SABBATH RECORDER



THE BLUE FLOWER
 by Henry Van Dyke

With colored frontispiece, blue and gold inlay. This volume is probably the most widely sold and universally beloved of all Dr. Van Dyke's books. Its underlying motive is the search for true happiness, as symbolized by the rare and beautiful Blue Flower.

Most of the tales are deeply poetic in conception and are told with that delicate feeling and fresh felicity of style which is at the command of this vigorous and fascinating writer.



JOYCE of the NORTH WOODS
 by Harriet T. Comstock

Illustrated by John Cassel. A very beautiful woman, married to a drunken rascal, has an experience in an affair of the heart that carries her through joy, misery, the censure of friends and the reproach of her little world. Through it all, Joyce remains the strong, noble aspiring soul that one finds among those who live midst primitive civilization.

The great impassioned love story is handled with rare skill.



MARY MIDTHORNE by George Barr McCutcheon

Illustrated by Martin Justice. Into the narrow and bleak life of an old New England town come Mary Midthorne and her brother Eric, just from Georgia, headstrong, warm hearted, passionate, human and altogether lovable. Thereupon begins a story of adventure and love-making, of rare tragedy and comedy, of a cousin who is a real villain and gets just that punishment that all real villains ought to get; of two brave, able girls that all heroes deserve to marry; of a cold financier who finally becomes a real man; and much more. Hot-blooded Eric and winsome Mary Midthorne are flesh-and-blood people whose adventures hold you with bated breath.



THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE
 by Florence L. Barclay

In this delightful love story, a worthy successor to THE ROSARY, we follow the fortunes of the young and lovely Lady Ingleby, recently widowed by the death of a husband who was never capable of really understanding her. While rusticated incog in the country, she meets her heart's delight under the simple and classic name of "Jim"—in reality an Earl—and these two proceed to fall deeply and rapturously in love with each other. When he learns her identity, a situation of singular power and fascination is developed, which Mrs. Barclay handles in a masterly manner. A most absorbing and unusual story.

BEN-HUR: A Tale of the Christ by General Lew Wallace

This is a famous religious-historical romance with a mighty story, brilliant pageantry, thrilling action and deep religious reverence. It is hardly necessary to give an outline of the story, for every one is familiar with the "Star of Bethlehem and The Three Wise Men," and the wonderful description of the "Chariot Race" and "Christ Healing the Sick on the Mount of Olives." In the thirty years since "Ben Hur" first attracted the attention of readers, no work of fiction has appeared which has had so great and so enduring a popularity.

Your choice of the above volumes sent postpaid on receipt of one new subscription to the Sabbath Recorder, paid one year in advance.

SABBATH RECORDER :: :: **PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY**

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.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—Threescore and Ten—Memories; A Timely Protest; The Bible Speaks for Itself; A Thing to be Regretted; A Good Month's Record for the RECORDER; Read the Philemon Story	481-485	Contribution for Expenses of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America	499
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES—The Queen of Bulgaria is Coming; England's Queen Happy at Windsor	485	CHILDREN'S PAGE—The Bravest Boy (poetry); The Prize Story	500-502
An Exposition of Paul's Letter to Philemon. Nile, N. Y.	487-490	Letter From Pastor D. Burdett Coon	502
WOMAN'S WORK—No More Liquor Advertising; Why Don't They Do It? Treasurer's Report	491-493	Quarterly Meeting	503
Letter From North Loup, Neb.	493	Index Volume for the Catholic Encyclopedia.	503
The Golden State in Line	495	SABBATH SCHOOL—Graded Bible School Lessons	504
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK	496	American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasurer's Report	506
A Miracle of God's Grace	496	DENOMINATIONAL NEWS	507
The Process	499	Requests for Prayers	508
		Operation to Promote Devotion	508
		DEATHS	510
		Resolutions of Sympathy	511

Alfred University

ALFRED, N. Y. Founded 1836

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph. D., D. D., Pres.

Alfred Academy

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSES.
GENERAL ACADEMIC TRAINING.
TEACHERS' TRAINING COURSE.

For catalogue, illustrated booklet and further information, address

H. L. GILLIS, PRINCIPAL.

Milton College

A college of liberal training for young men and women. All graduates receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Well-balanced required courses in Freshman and Sophomore years. Many elective courses. Special advantages for the study of the English language and literature, Germanic and Romance languages. Thorough courses in all sciences.

The Academy of Milton College is an excellent preparatory school for the College or for the University.

The School of Music has courses in pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, vocal music, voice culture, harmony, musical kindergarten, etc.

Classes in Elocution and Physical Culture for men and women.

Club boarding, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week; boarding in private families, \$4.50 to \$6.00 per week, including room rent and use of furniture.

For further information address the

Rev. W. C. Daland, D. D., President

Milton, Rock County, Wis.

Salem College SALEM West Virginia

Salem College offers six courses of study—three leading to diplomas, the college preparatory, normal and music; three leading to college degrees, the arts, science and philosophy.

The aim of the college is:

Thoroughness in all work.

Graduates who can "make good."

Soul culture as well as body and mind.

A helpful spirit.

Christian character.

For catalogue and other information, address

REV. C. B. CLARK, M. A., Ped. D., President.

The Fouke School

REV. G. H. FITZ RANDOLPH, PRINCIPAL.

Other competent teachers will assist.

Former excellent standard of work will be maintained.

Special advantages for young people to pay their way in school.

Address, for further information, Rev. G. H. Fitz Randolph, Fouke, Ark.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.

President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.

Vice-President—D. E. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.

Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer—Joseph A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.

Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

American Sabbath Tract Society

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

President—Stephen Babcock, 48 Livingston Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Recording Secretary—A. L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

THE SABBATH VISITOR.

Published weekly, under the auspices of the Sabbath School Board, by the American Sabbath Tract Society, at Plainfield, N. J.

TERMS.

Single copies per year60 cents

Ten copies, or upwards, per copy50 cents

Communications should be addressed to *The Sabbath Visitor, Plainfield, N. J.*

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK.

A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons. Conducted by the Sabbath School Board. Price, 25 cents a copy per year; 7 cents a quarter.

Address communications to *The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.*

A JUNIOR QUARTERLY FOR SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOLS.

A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons, for Juniors. Conducted by the Sabbath School Board of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference.

Price, 15 cents per year; 5 cents per quarter.

Send subscriptions to the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

President—Wm. L. Clarke, Ashaway, R. I.

Recording Secretary—A. S. Babcock, Rockville, R. I.

Treasurer—S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. E. B. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I.

The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY.

President—Rev. W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Arthur E. Main, Alfred, N. Y.

Recording Secretary—Prof. Frank L. Greene, Alfred, N. Y.

Treasurer—Prof. Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.

The regular meetings of the Board are held in February, May, August and November, at the call of the President.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Next session to be held at Alfred, N. Y., Aug. 18-23, 1914.

President—Prof. A. B. Kenyon, Alfred, N. Y.

Recording Secretary—Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Theo. J. Van Horn, Dodge Center, Minn.

Treasurer—Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.

Executive Committee—Prof. A. B. Kenyon, chairman, Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Rec. Sec., Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Theo. J. Van Horn, Cor. Sec., Dodge Center, Minn.; Rev. William L. Burdick (for three years), Alfred, N. Y.; Mr. Ira B. Crandall (for three years), Westerly, R. I.; Mr. Roy F. Randolph (for two years), New Milton, W. Va.; Rev. L. D. Seager (for two years), Farina, Ill.; Dr. George E. Crosley (for one year), Milton, Wis., and Rev. E. Adelbert Witter (for one year), Adams Center, N. Y. Also ex-presidents and presidents of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

BOARD OF FINANCE.

Geo. W. Post, Chicago, Ill.; Orra S. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J.; Dr. A. S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.; Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.; Grant W. Davis, Adams Center, N. Y.; A. B. Kenyon, Alfred, N. Y.; Dr. H. L. Hulett, Bolivar, N. Y.; Winfield S. Bonham, Shiloh, N. J.; Wm. M. Davis, Chicago, Ill.; A. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.; Walton H. Ingham, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly, Published by The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 76, NO. 16.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., APRIL 20, 1914.

WHOLE NO. 3,607.

Threescore and Ten—Memories.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten." It does not seem possible! We used to think that those who had lived to see their seventieth birthday were very old. The years that must stretch away between life's sunny morning and its gathering shadows of evening time seemed many and long. But how different it seems today! It was only yesterday that we were counted among the boys. Today we look around for the friends of other years and behold they are gone! Memories come crowding in until we are compelled to realize that we stand at the threshold of "borrowed time."

This morning as the day dawned with its beautiful April sunshine making glad the earth, with triumphant songs of birds filling the air with music, something in the surroundings, something in the nearness of a birthday, something within the heart, started memories that would not be crowded back. Really we are glad to welcome them, for it is worth while sometimes to "remember the land we passed through," since "it is an exceeding good land." Even in the days of his extremity Job was urged to "inquire of the former age," and to apply himself "to that which their fathers have searched out. . . . Shall not they teach thee?" In the triumphant song of Moses we find the admonition, "Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee." And the Psalmist of old sang, "The memory of the just is blessed."

Memories of the fathers were always helpful to Israel. They were sources of encouragement and strength, or they served as admonitions against walking in forbidden paths. Why should not such memories be helpful to Israel of today? The son that forgets a good father or goes back upon his teachings is foredoomed. This holds true of a denomination. Sad will be the day for Seventh Day Baptists when they cease to cherish memories of the

fathers who wrought so well to secure for their children a goodly heritage. Time and again in days of old, when Israel was discouraged and the way seemed dark, did the children of God recall the deeds of their fathers and the hand-dealings of Jehovah with them. This gave new courage and enabled the people to renew their hopes and bear their burdens. Who can estimate the value to God's people of that list of heroes and the story of their faith as found in the eleventh of Hebrews? It is evident that the apostle counted upon that story of the fathers to encourage and strengthen the believers, and to remind them that they were "compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses."

Seventh Day Baptists too have a long list of heroic men, of whom they should be proud, and whose deeds they should try to emulate. We love to read the story of their faithfulness. But some of us can turn to the book of memory and see vivid pictures of the worthy ones who were carrying the burdens when we were boys. Our hearts burn within us as we recall the old men of fifty years ago who stood at the front among our people; for "there were giants in those days." There were Leman Andrus, Thomas B. Brown, Nathan Wardner, J. W. Morton, S. S. Griswold, Halsey Baker, Alexander Campbell, William M. Jones, M. B. Kelly Sr., and James Summerbell, every one of whom was a convert to the Sabbath. "These all died in the faith," for "they had respect unto the recompense of the reward," and "they obtained a good report through faith." They took up the cross of Christ among a small people, and turning their backs upon the promising opportunities offered by larger and wealthier peoples, they did valiant service for the Lord and his Sabbath. Among these men were found some of the ablest pens of those times in defense of the Bible Sabbath.

Then there were others, "to the manner born," who molded denominational life and shaped church policies, whose faces are still fresh in memory, and from whom we re-

ceived some of the best impulses of our lives. There were N. V. Hull, pastor of Alfred for a whole generation, father of churches in the Western Association; George B. Utter, editor of the SABBATH RECORDER for more than twenty-five years; Lucius Crandall, editor of the *Carrol* for Sabbath schools, whose words were like arrows shot from a strong bow; Varnum Hull, whose logic was irresistible; Darwin E. Maxson, with his fiery eloquence; William C. Whitford of Milton College, the warm-hearted friend; Jonathan Allen, of Alfred, the profound thinker, and Thomas R. Williams, the strong theologian. All these men and others like them were men of whom any people might be proud. They commanded respect among others as well as among our own people.

No one could ever be at a loss to know just where these men stood. They were always to be found on the right side of every moral question and in the front rank among reformers. And whatever they did, they never made one feel that they regarded the Sabbath as a matter of small importance. They felt that the Sabbath doctrine was the only distinctive truth that made us a separate people, and they were careful to magnify that truth on all occasions. No one could ever get the impression from them that it might be about as well to keep Sunday as the Sabbath, for they always made it clear that, no matter how sincere a man might be in his Sunday-keeping, he was nevertheless in error, and that it never could be as well to live in error as to be loyal to Bible truth at whatever cost. All our heroes of faith who had once been sincerely in error, and who "verily thought they were doing God's service" by keeping Sunday have confessed, after conversion, that life in the truth is infinitely better and brings a double blessing.

Paul was conscientious and sincere in his supposed loyalty to Jehovah until his eyes were opened; and then he saw and confessed that he had all the time been in rebellion against God and the "chief of sinners." If a man can sin against light with an open Bible in his hand, and with the record of Bible heroes all against him, and be just as well off in the end as though true to the commands of God, then what is the use of sacrificing to keep up our denominational life? The noble men of fifty

years ago left no room for doubt upon this question.

How is it with us all today? We fear that, in these easy-going times, too many are leaving the impression that the Sabbath truth is not so very vital after all! The fathers we love to remember were straight as a die upon the one truth that makes us a separate people. "Out of weakness they were made strong, waxed valiant in fight," and they "obtained a good report through faith."

Who can forget the eloquent appeals of A. H. Lewis, Courtland Rogers, George E. Tomlinson, Charles M. Lewis, Joshua Clarke, J. M. Todd, J. L. Huffman and A. B. Prentice! The very air about them was filled with the spirit of evangelism, and to sit under their preaching was to have the heart stirred to the depths by the truths of the everlasting word of God. It is blessed to have known such men and to have listened to their teachings. They "fought a good fight," they "kept the faith," they finished their course.

Who can think of the excellent work they did, and of their loyalty to the cause we love, without being more loyal himself? Who could have a heart to neglect or abandon a work that is surrounded by such precious memories? We should love it as we do our lives.

A Timely Protest.

In the "People's Column" of one of the great dailies, there appeared last week a most timely and suggestive protest against the attitude of the editor toward the Secretary of the Navy's order prohibiting the use of liquor in the navy. The appearance of a cartoon on the editorial page, showing in the most distorted and ridiculous manner Secretary Daniels and Secretary Bryan in a sort of fantastic dance with little imp "jackies," with every stroke of the crayon and every line of the doggerel verse evidently intended to ridicule and belittle them, aroused one or two writers to express their opinions in no uncertain terms.

In an editorial note of the same paper, entitled "Grapejuice in the Navy," the paper takes issue with the Secretary for interfering with "ancient unwritten laws," and for presuming to abolish the long-standing "officer's wine-mess" and to pro-

hibit the use of liquor for beverage among the officers. It was claimed that the order "strikes a blow at the social traditions of naval life," and the writer thinks the officers of our navy will be greatly embarrassed when called upon to entertain men of other nations. The general tone of both cartoon and editorial was similar to that found in the expressions of ridicule published about the wineless banquets of the President and Secretary of State, all of which are attempts to belittle the men who have the moral stamina to be true to principle on the temperance question.

In the two letters referred to, which appeared in the very next issue, we find such expressions as these: "Don't you think it is about time to stop poking fun at the statesmen of this country who happen to have high moral standards and who live up to them? The cartoon on your editorial page this morning is a disgrace to your otherwise good paper."

This writer then tells of seeing a naval vessel loaded for a short cruise, and states that the amount of liquor taken on was enormous. He had a friend who became lieutenant-commander in our navy, and who later, under the influence of the wine-mess practices, died of delirium tremens. The fact that heavy drinking is all too common among the officers gave Secretary Daniels ample justification for taking the lead in this much needed reform.

The other letter referred to was written by one who had sailed on navy vessels and knew from experience whereof he wrote. After speaking of his depression in spirit over the way some city editors are treating Secretary Daniels, he refers to the unfair way in which the newspapers are treating the public. He then draws a vivid word-picture of conditions on shipboard among officers who freely patronize the wine-mess at banquets, of the contempt for drunken officers felt by the blue jackets, who are not allowed to touch liquor, and shows the soundness of a policy that has for some years required total abstinence of privates in the navy. His claim, that officers should now come under the same order as regards the use of intoxicants, will meet the approval of the great mass of thinking people.

It is a shame that so many of the leading political papers treat this matter with

contempt or in the spirit of ridicule! It is a shame that so many are found to sympathize with the short-sighted naval officers who threaten to resign if the order is enforced! We believe that Secretary Daniels has the full sympathy of the rank and file of enlisted men in our navy and that his action will meet the approval of the American people. The citizens of this nation should speak out with no uncertain sound and give the Secretary and President to understand that they have the backing of a mighty temperance army in their fight against drunkenness in the navy.

The Bible Speaks for Itself.

Not long ago we read of a commercial traveler who by mistake packed in his grip a Bible which had been placed in the hotel by the Gideons. That night on the train he discovered his mistake and began to read the Bible, with which he was far from being familiar. After keeping it a month he returned it to the hotel, with a note saying he had bought one for himself. He also enclosed a five-dollar bill, with the request that it be turned over to some charity fund of the city "as a little contribution from one who has become a better man from stopping in that town." This is another illustration of how the old, old story wins its way to the hearts of men wherever it is allowed to speak for itself.

It is marvelous how the foes of this blessed book in all ages have been thwarted in their efforts to destroy it. Some leading Christian papers have recently published the story of a Bible-burning by representatives of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, when several hundred Bibles were publicly burned to show their opposition to the progress of Protestantism in the islands. This reminds one of the days of the Inquisition. However, the very next day after this burning, so the papers state, three thousand copies were sold in that same place by the American Bible Association.

The marvelous power of the Bible to stand against every onslaught upon its sacred truths is one evidence of the power above the human always ready to raise up friends for its defense. When destructive critics assail it, up rises constructive critics to meet them on their own grounds. When

men assail its truthfulness as history, the very ground opens to deliver messages from ancient tablets in its behalf. The Bible has a way of keeping still itself, and yet a way of raising up scholars and archeologists who under the providence of God defend it and establish its truths. Modern scholarship carefully strips away the husks that medieval fanatics have wrapped around it, and the real truths stand out clearer than ever. Skeptics carelessly pack it in their baggage, but it wins its way, and skeptics become believers, with lives transformed. Fanatics despise and burn it, but the very world of business rushes in to replace it in the hands of men. Scholars attack it and in comes the acme of scholarship to its defense. Meantime it continues to speak for itself to the hearts and consciences of immortal men, and in spite of all opposition the desert blossoms as the rose.

Sometimes men fear the Bible may be lost in the church as the scroll was in the temple of old, but it will not. It is speaking for itself as these years go by. Some may fear it is being lost in our pulpits, when men preach something else, but no, it can not be lost for long. It has stood the test of ages, and always gained its cause, and it is now enthroned in too many hearts to be buried out of sight. It will continue to speak for itself in ways of its own while time shall last.

A Thing to be Regretted.

We are sorry to see the temperance forces, that for years have been doing good work against the liquor traffic, spending any of their energies in fighting each other. The Prohibition party in many States has done excellent work in arousing public sentiment against the saloon. The men who have led that movement have been noble patriotic leaders. Such men as St. John, Finch, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk and others like them can hardly be excelled as noble conscientious workers in the great temperance reform.

The leaders of the Anti-Saloon League, too, stand among the best citizens of the land. They have done a great work in marshaling the church in non-partisan work to drive the saloon from the land. Then all honor is due to the Woman's Christian

Temperance Union for years of faithful work in educating the masses against the liquor traffic.

Now it seems that all are more or less interested in nation-wide prohibition by a constitutional amendment. It is wonderful what rapid progress prohibition sentiment is making, due largely to the work of all these organizations. And it is to be regretted that some of them are wasting energy in a bitter fight among themselves.

It is probable that when the constitutional victory comes, as we believe it will, we shall see some readjustment of political forces, by which the liquor men will be arrayed on one side and the temperance people on the other, with an administration that will carry out the will of the people. For the people are the real rulers, and when the people stand true as steel for prohibition it will come. All these organizations against the saloon are hastening that day. It will surely come. As for myself I can never help to elect a man who stands for rum. I want my vote to read different from the vote of the brewer and the saloon-keeper, and will see to it that it does. But the SABBATH RECORDER is not a political paper, and we would not feel right to discuss that phase of the matter here. It is ours to give spiritual food to readers of all parties; to present all the evidences we can against the liquor curse; to open the eyes of the people to the ravages the saloon is making upon all the best things in life; to offer every inducement by which men and women may be persuaded to unite for national constitutional prohibition, and then leave each reader to follow the lead of his own conscience in the light of God's word, as to what he ought to do.

In answer to some questions that have been asked, we repeat that the SABBATH RECORDER is unreservedly for the prohibition of the liquor traffic throughout the entire land. And the mere fact that it quotes sometimes from the W. C. T. U. papers, sometimes from the papers of the Anti-Saloon League, sometimes from the Federal Council of Churches, or from the *Vindicator* of the Prohibition party, should not be construed to mean that we oppose or antagonize any organization that may now and then not be quoted from. What we seek is good temperance data wherever we can find it.

A Good Month's Record for the Recorder.

The net increase of subscriptions for the SABBATH RECORDER during the month just closed was thirty-two. This is encouraging to all concerned. The Tract Board is anxious to see the RECORDER going to hundreds of families who have it not. The editor is always thinking of the people in all the churches and of the "Lone Sabbath Keepers" throughout the land who are to read the messages found in its pages, and of course he feels better when the subscription list is growing. Then there are the readers in over two thousand homes who must be glad to hear of any extension of the RECORDER'S influence among the families about them.

How is it, reader? Do you care whether this paper is read by many or by few? Is it anything to you that hundreds of homes never see this tie that helps bind us together as a people? Is there anything you can do to help the matter?

This is the way one man is helping in one of our old churches, where all too many families were without the RECORDER. He has hustled around among them and secured thirteen names, with the money, all new subscribers, to send us at one time; and he thinks he can double that number in his community. What would happen if one-half the families now taking this paper should send us one new subscription? This would happen: We would have at least one thousand new subscribers. Our audience would be enlarged by more than a thousand readers, and the Tract Board would be some two thousand dollars better off. What do you think about it? Can you help matters any? Why not try?

Read the Philemon Story.

On another page will be found an exposition of Paul's epistle to Philemon, or the story of a runaway slave, by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, which will have a charm for any one who will read it. Do not pass it by because it seems a little long; if you do you will miss a good thing. With Paul's letter to Philemon as a basis, Brother Van Horn has made a most interesting story, and if you begin it you will not stop until you have read it through.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

The Queen of Bulgaria is Coming.

The personal representative of Queen Eleanora of Bulgaria has arrived in New York to arrange the details of a visit of the Queen to America in May. She expects to remain here about five weeks. One object of the Queen's coming is to study our methods of handling immigrants and to learn about our hospital work and the training of nurses.

American nurses did so much to relieve suffering, during the Balkan war, among Bulgarian soldiers, that the Queen comes to study our methods. She is to bring with her four Macedonian women to be instructed in American hospitals. These young women will go back to instruct others. Moreover, the Queen proposes to take back with her several American nurses as teachers. No other nation sent such competent nurses to the Balkans as did the United States. The Queen wishes to travel as a private individual in this country. She will visit the principal cities.

England's Queen Happy at Windsor.

It is reported that the Queen of England is particularly happy when the family can all be together in the old royal home at Windsor Castle. The family usually spend Easter time there. The Queen enjoys driving over the estate, mornings, to visit the laborers' cottages and to inspect the gardens. Her afternoons have been spent in the castle unearthing many old relics that date back to the days of George-III. These forgotten treasures are being catalogued as fast as she unearths them from the little-used rooms where they have been hidden.

Quite a commotion was stirred up in Vienna, over the announcement to the court barber, by Emperor Francis Joseph, of the Emperor's intention to have his whiskers, which he has worn for sixty years, removed and his face clean-shaven. The people seemed horrified when the barber gave away the secret, and such strong protests were made that the Emperor after considerable resistance yielded to the wishes of his people and the famous beard was

saved. The photograph of this bearded face, on postage-stamps and bank-notes and coins, is so familiar to the civilized world that Frances Joseph would hardly seem like the emperor of Austria-Hungary without his beard.

As to American visitors in London the influx this year is expected to be 32,500 a month, and according to the estimate of the proprietor of one of the great hotels, will aggregate 200,000 by the close of the season. It is estimated that Americans spend \$60,000,000 to \$100,000,000 in Europe every year.

It is reported that the complete skeleton of a prehistoric elephant has been unearthed in the La Bera fossil fields, near Los Angeles, Cal. The animal, in life, measured more than sixteen feet in length, and some fourteen feet in height. Its tusks are sixteen feet long. It is supposed to have roamed the earth along the Pacific coast thousands of years ago.

The published report of Trinity Church Corporation, New York City, shows that aside from church buildings, chapels and cemeteries, the church's property is valued as \$16,204,512. Of this amount \$15,812,400 is productive property.

A chauffeur in Buffalo who charged an immigrant girl \$12 for carrying her about two miles has been sent to prison for six months.

Fearing a railroad strike, some 500 American tourists stampeded with many other visitors from Rome, Italy. All trains were crowded and extra cars were required to carry the people.

Austin K. Jones, the old bell-ringer of Harvard, who for fifty years rang the bell for the university, and who was known among the students as "Jonesy," died at Cambridge, Mass., on April 8, aged eighty-eight years. During his long service he never failed to ring the bells for rising in the morning and for chapel exercises, although many times the students tried to prevent him from doing so. He served under four presidents of Harvard University.

The expedition of the University of Pennsylvania into British Guiana, in the interests of the university museum, is reported as meeting with great success. Many valuable ethnological specimens, many photographs, and much archeological data have been secured. Some new tribes of Indians have been discovered, and dictionaries made of their languages.

Under the will of Dr. Louis A. Duhring, for years a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, that institution receives a bequest of \$1,000,000. This is the largest gift ever received by that school from one individual.

It is estimated that more than 30,000 barrels of flour were required in New York City to supply the demand for unleavened bread during the Passover festival. Arrangements were made for the Jewish soldiers and sailors stationed in and around New York to attend services at the Fifth Avenue Temple, and in Tuxedo Hall. There are about five hundred Jews connected with the army and navy in that city.

An appeal is being made to the United States District Attorney and to the Department of Agriculture to put a stop to the practice of "sanding" and "overcropping" poultry by Western shippers. After starving the chickens for twenty-four hours or more, they are given a paste, just before reaching New York, composed of grain, pebbles, and finely crushed stone. This, it is said, often adds four ounces to a four-pound chicken and brings a large profit to commission merchants. For some time local authorities have tried to stop the frauds, but with little success; and now the appeal is made to the general government.

A movement is on foot to do away with the regulation striped suits in the New York Penitentiary, and to make a blue suit the reward for good behavior. This is a good move. For centuries the state prison stripes have been looked upon as most degrading, and they are a constant shock to the friends and loved ones who visit the prisoners. If the measure succeeds, the new suits will be made in a color that will be unmistakable as that of a prisoner, but they will lack the grotesque and shocking effect of the old stripes.

An Exposition of Paul's Letter to Philemon,

Or the Story of a Runaway Slave.

REV. T. J. VAN HORN.

The Epistle of Paul to Philemon is a personal letter to an old friend. The letter taken with the one to the Colossian church supplies the data, and an imagination of no great vividness can supply the details of a narrative of thrilling interest.

It was on Paul's second or third missionary journey in the western province of Asia Minor that he made the acquaintance of a man of unusual nobleness of character and of social influence. His native place seems to have been Colossae, a town situated on the banks of the storied Meander among the Phrygian hills. Picture to yourself a beautiful home, adorned with such attractions as the civilization of a Roman province afforded in the first century A. D. Although a remote place it was doubtless embellished with many a touch of culture and refinement. There was an air of luxury about the place, and we may well assume that men of leisure and culture often resorted thither for comfort and social intercourse. This was the home of Philemon, and over the internal affairs of this household there presided, with the charm and grace which wealth and leisure bring, Mrs. Apphia Philemon. Another member of this household was the bold and dashing youth Archippus, a horse-trainer, perhaps, as the name may indicate.

How large a retinue of slaves there were in this household we may not know, but we are assured that there was one, Onesimus, mentioned here in this letter along with Philemon. Now, however well regulated this home may have been, we can not think of it as quite happy with that one discordant element of slavery in combination with its life. The slave Onesimus and the son Archippus may not have been congenial companions: Onesimus, restive under the restraints of his serfdom; Archippus, indolent and exacting of the services of his slave. That made discontent and wretchedness in the home. Mrs. Philemon getting nervous, Mr. Philemon sees danger of a nervous collapse. What can he do? It is about the time of year for his annual trip to Ephesus. A bright idea strikes him. He will take the slave

with him, and thus relieve the tension at home. And so before many days you see him in company with Onesimus joining the great company of merchantmen and adventurers in the highway traversing the province to that great metropolis.

During his stay in the city, he was attracted one day by a great throng of people crowding the street near a Jewish synagogue. Drawing near he is surprised to find that the center of attraction there is a man of small stature and unattractive personal appearance. But with a magnetism that surprised and thrilled him, he feels the power of a great personality. On inquiry he learns that this man has been in Ephesus a good many days. The city is strangely moved by what this man says and does. His name is on every tongue. It is Paul, the Jew.

One day he sees a great bonfire in an open place of the city. He is astounded to learn that it is made by a great collection of valuable books. Those who had practiced magical arts, being convinced by the powerful preaching of this strange man that they had been doing a great wrong in practicing those things, brought their books to be burned! This was a mighty argument as to the power of the doctrine which this man preached. One day he goes to hear him through. He tells about a man who had lived some years before this in the land of Palestine—a man who had lived a holy life, who had wrought marvelous things for his countrymen, had incurred their hatred, was crucified by them, was buried, and raised from the dead, and had ascended to the right hand of God. Hearing him again one day he heard that this man had died for the sins of the whole world. It was God's own Son, whom he had sent into the world out of great love for men, to tell them the way of salvation. His own heart was deeply moved; his conversion followed.

He and Paul became fast friends. From henceforth anything which was in his power to do to show his love for Paul and especially for Jesus whom Paul preached he determined to do. And he returned to his quiet Colossian home with a new joy and a new purpose in life. And from henceforth others should hear from his own lips the story of Christ and him crucified. Naturally his own household was the first to hear the glad story. The ardor with

which he told the story, the light in his eye, the glow and warmth of his whole being were not long in making their impression on that household, and very soon the wife and mother Apphia, and then the son Archippus gave themselves in glad surrender to the found friend and Savior. But there was the poor slave Onesimus. He had likewise heard Paul preach in Ephesus and he had heard the story repeated from the lips of his master to his own household, but it had fallen on dull ears. He saw and was impressed with the man Paul, and he had seen with dull interest the change in his master Philemon, and yet no desire had been kindled in his own breast.

And so the master and the slave returned home, the one with a glad new joy, the other with a more restless dissatisfaction than he had known before, in his servile condition. It is not right to assume, perhaps, that a brief course of instruction in the principles of the gospel would eradicate the false doctrine that was woven into the fabric of all civilization of that day,—that it was right to own slaves.

Philemon was without doubt a Roman citizen and would yet hold that this Onesimus was his property just as his horse or his cow, and was to be accorded treatment as considerate as these animals would receive provided he was worth as much to him as these animals. And it would not be strange if Onesimus was plotting, as the days and months went by, a plan for his escape from this life of serfdom. And so one dark night you can imagine him going out from his master's house under cover of the darkness, having concealed under his outer cloak or mantle what treasure he could lay his hands on and safely carry away with him. Out of the valley and over the hill he once more takes his way. "All roads lead to Rome" was a proverb in his day, and ere many days pass in Ephesus he learns of a great ship that is soon to sail for the Imperial City. Out of his stolen treasure he pays his passage on this merchantman, and is soon sailing away on the great waters of the Mediterranean. Now he is a free man. He thinks of the pleasures that await him in the great city, to which he is going. "I now have money," he muses. "Of course I stole it, but after all it is mine by right. Did I not earn it all and more during those years of service to my master Philemon? Now

I'll see the sights of Rome. I'll see the gladiators fight in the arena." And so as the great ship plows her way through the rolling waves he dreams of the free life of pleasure he is to lead all unrestrained in that dissolute city. "What fun it will be to spend money and do as I please."

In the meantime Paul has completed his third missionary journey, has returned to Jerusalem, is arrested, sent to Cæsarea, and in his trial before the Roman officials there makes his appeal to Cæsar. Then follows that terrible experience at sea, the shipwreck, and the final arrival, after all vicissitudes and dangers, at Rome. Here, still kept in confinement by the Roman authorities, he is yet accorded large privileges. A gospel mission in his own hired house is soon established, where all classes of people are welcomed. And here Paul has great joy in preaching Christ to all who will come.

One day a poor wreck of a man is discovered among the crowd that are coming and going to see and hear that wonderful man who is preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified. His face is deeply marked by the signs of sin and dissipation. The quick eye of Paul soon singles out this woebegone specimen of humanity. Something about the man moves upon the sympathy of this preacher of the gospel, and he is stirred to preach, with more than his usual fervor, of temperance and righteousness and a judgment to come. And fixing his attention upon the poor hopeless man before him, he tells of the Good Shepherd who goes out into the mountains to seek and to save the sheep that was lost. He tells of a powerful Savior who is able to save to the uttermost those who come to God through him. And the poor fellow sits there in rapt silence as he hears the marvelous story of a Jesus who was put to death, voluntarily giving up his life to save just such men as he. And as the poor man hears, a deep sense of sin takes hold upon him, and at the same time a great new hope dawns upon his life.

The meeting is dismissed, but he lingers. Paul hastens to his side. Tactfully and tenderly he finds his way to the man's confidence. You imagine him saying—

"My poor man, I am glad you came in with us today. I am more than pleased to have you remain after the close of the service. What can I do for you? Your

face is familiar. Have I not seen you before? Ah, now I have it. Were you not in Ephesus when I was preaching there about three years ago?

"Yes, I saw you there," Onesimus says. "But I did not suppose you saw me."

"I was quite sure I was right," Paul answers. "Your name is Onesimus. Your master's name is Philemon. He is a friend of mine. I remember he was converted in that great revival at Ephesus. How is he? How I would like to see him."

And the Paul notices that the man shrinks back from his gaze fastened so intently upon his face. Then gently he draws from him the story of his leaving his master and taking away the money belonging to him, of the long voyage to Rome from Ephesus, of his arrival and of the dissolute life he had since lived, spending the money he had stealthily taken from his master.

"And oh!" he concludes, "I thought I had a hard time serving my master Philemon, but I've had it many times harder serving myself and Satan since coming to this wicked city. I have gone as far, and down as low, as I can in wickedness. Do you suppose that Jesus whom you were telling us about a little while ago can save a wretch like me?"

You know what the answer of Paul would be. And in loving words Onesimus hears repeated the message of the Christ to lost men, the way of pardon and salvation through "repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." But the gospel of repentance was not a way of roses for this renegade slave.

"Are you willing to make amends for the sins committed against God and your fellow men?" Paul urges.

"Oh, I am willing to do anything if God will only forgive me," the poor man cries.

"But are you willing to make amends to Philemon?"

"Oh, anything but that; I can never go back to that man and confess."

But Paul insists that faith in Jesus implies the willingness to do anything that he commands. "Is anything too hard, the doing of which will bring you pardon and cleansing and everlasting life?"

And thus by loving insistence the heart of Onesimus is brought to a willing compliance to the will of Christ, and he ex-

claims, "God helping me, I will go back to my master, and do what I can to make it right with Philemon. But he will be angry with me, and, moreover, I have no means to pay back the stolen property."

"We will try to arrange that," says Paul. "Only do you go back to Philemon, and I will write him a letter asking him to take you back, and I myself will become responsible for your debt."

And so Paul sits down and writes the letter to Philemon. (Read verses 8-21.) And after some months' delay, in which Onesimus abundantly proved his fidelity and genuineness, having made himself all but indispensable to Paul and his mission work at Rome (vs. 11, 12), he starts on his long journey to the home of his old master, bearing the epistle to Philemon. Tychicus, bearing a letter to the Colossian church, is his traveling companion, and together they make the journey back to the fertile valley of the Meander.

Such is the simple story of Philemon and Onesimus, the details of which our imagination easily fills in. It would be pleasant to dwell upon the brotherly love, the sweet grace, the simple tact that characterizes the letter which Paul wrote for Onesimus to bear to his old master, Philemon. But we must not fail to get one or two of the lessons which cluster like lucious fruit about this story.

The question intrudes itself, why, since slavery is wrong so radically, should Paul insist upon Onesimus' return to his master? Why should Paul not have encouraged the still farther flight of the fugitive slave as we did in slavery times in our own land?

We should remember that the primary cause of Paul's insistence upon the return of this man to Philemon was that he might make amends for any wrong done to his master or to make good the stolen property.

Then we must bear in mind that neither Philemon nor Paul had the light on the question of slavery that we have. It was an institution woven into the very fiber of Jewish thought, and the iron heel of the Roman conquests and government made slavery all but a necessity. Then, again, we need to recall the method by which the gospel of Christ was to make its way in the world against all wrong and every evil practice. It was not by opposing them by the force of political organizations or physical violence. There were great moral

principles implanted in the hearts of a few men and women, and the method of their propagation is represented in the teachings of Christ by a grain of mustard seed and a lump of leaven. And the way these forces were to make their way in the world was foretold by the prophet centuries before when he said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." Paul uses the force of this gospel method in reconciling master and slave. How tactfully he exercises this method in writing to Philemon. He might have used authority as he plainly infers. "Though I have all boldness to enjoin thee that which is befitting, yet for *love's* sake I rather beseech" (vs. 8, 9). It is Paul's joy to set aside temporal authority and every means upon which men would naturally rely, and let love have its way, and gain the victory. It was not only the love which Paul bore to Philemon, but it was also the love which Philemon had for Paul. On this Paul boldly based his appeal. He delicately refers to the fact that Philemon owes his happy estate as a Christian to the labors he had extended in his behalf (v. 19).

And so he boldly says, "Having confidence in thine obedience, I write unto thee, knowing that thou wilt do even beyond what I say" (v. 21). And always love will go farther and accomplish more than any other force.

We must not overlook the power recognized here, which the gospel of Christ has to elaborate from raw and worthless material into that which is of inestimable value. This worthless Onesimus, a thief, a profligate and a renegade, was transformed by the power of the gospel into so valuable a worker that it seemed to Paul an irreparable loss to part with him "Whom I fain would have kept with me, that in thy behalf he might minister unto me in the bonds of the gospel" (v. 13).

Finally, while it was the love of Christ bringing about such a transformation as we have seen in Onesimus, yet it was that love operating on secondary agents. It was the love of Jesus through that of Paul. Oh, how Onesimus is enveloped in the warmth of Paul's Christlike love! "I beseech thee," he writes, "for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds." "Whom I send back to thee in his own person, that is my very heart." What do you mean, Paul, by making so much of this

worthless vegabond? "Oh, I see in him one of the priceless jewels that Christ came to redeem. And I know that Christ's life, given so freely for such as he, will transform this carbon soot into a diamond for his glory."

Nile, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR GARDINER:

When you left us at the close of the meetings of the Western Association, we were in the midst of a spiritual revival. Our entire community was helped by the evangelistic note sounded during the association.

Our Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is growing—not so much in membership as in the quality of work. The attendance at the weekly meetings is increasing gradually. Once in two months we have a special meeting of the society, when the pastor preaches a sermon for young people and each officer and each committee is expected to do something special. These meetings are well advertised, and special invitations are given to young people living on the outskirts of our community. There were sixty-five present at our last bi-monthly meeting.

In the morning and afternoon of Sabbath Day, March 28, the Christian Endeavor societies of Little Genesee, Richburg, Clarksville, and Nile held a rally at Nile. The success of this rally is largely attributable to the work of Miss Mabel Jordan, who is the county secretary and also Seventh Day Baptist western associational secretary.

The church has granted me a leave of absence on the last Sabbath in April so that I can hear Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch at Alfred. Our Sabbath school will hold a rally that day in place of the regular sermon.

Our next communion service and the annual roll-call of the church will occur on May 2. We are now sending out letters to non-resident members reminding them of this service. If the personal letters fail to reach any, perhaps this letter may reach them. I hope, if possible, to visit some of our non-resident members about Bolivar, Bradford, and Olean during the Easter vacation at the Seminary.

W. M. SIMPSON.

April 6, 1914.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

In the death of Mrs. Stephens of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union the cause of temperance has lost a powerful advocate, and this loss is felt not only by members of this union of which she was the president, but also by all who desire the advancement of the principles of sobriety and right-living. During the years that Mrs. Stevens has held the office of president of this organization she has been permitted to see great changes in public opinion relative to the matter of temperance reform, and it has been her happy lot to assist in the reforming of this same public opinion. Shortly before her death she expressed great pleasure when told of the order of Secretary Daniels forbidding the use of liquor by officers of the navy.

On the Sunday following her death the *Chicago Record-Herald*, one of Chicago's great daily papers, having an immense circulation in the Middle West, presented, under striking headlines on its first page, the good news that it would accept no more contracts for liquor advertising. This notice means so much to the reading public that I am having it printed in this department that you may all read it and rejoice over it.

You know that the women of Illinois were given the franchise last fall and I have been much interested in watching for the spring election returns in that State. It is needless to say that I was much pleased when one paper came out with the announcement that "because women vote this spring 1,000 saloons in Illinois are closed this year." Is not that a splendid record for the women of any state?

Let us all read "Why Don't They Do It?" with an open mind and see if it fits us at all. In a letter accompanying the article the writer says, "I am inclined to take a 'dose of my own medicine,' and because I so often think, 'Why don't they have more original matter in the RECORDER?' send you some copy." She is always very welcome—as I think she knows—and I hope others will follow her example.

No More Liquor Advertising.

The *Record-Herald* has decided to eliminate liquor advertising from its columns. It will fulfil its existing contracts to print this class of advertising and having done that it will accept no more.

In making this announcement the *Record-Herald* desires to be rightly understood. The manufacture and sale of liquor are sanctioned by law and the advertising is legitimate advertising. However, printing this class of advertising involves social questions that call for emphasis and increased consideration.

The *Record-Herald* goes into many thousands of homes. In virtually all of these homes there is an abiding sense of the need of protection against the abuses of the liquor traffic, especially for the young. In a constantly increasing degree there is abstention from the use of liquor for the sake of the young. There is the haunting fear that from the first indulgence the young and unformed character may unconsciously drift into an uncontrolled and destructive habit of excess.

Liquor advertising does not discriminate between use and abuse. It commends without reserve what the best social sense of the day more and more disapproves as dangerous.

The *Record-Herald* does not deny the view that pure alcoholic liquors have their wise and proper use in individual instances, but contends that the responsibility for the advocacy of such use should rest with the family physician rather than the family newspaper, and declines henceforth to share this responsibility.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Why Don't They Do It?

I am moved to make a little homily with this heading as a text, upon the theme of Personal Responsibility. Written down, this looks like a very trite subject—in fact, a topic upon which a column or more of well-worn platitudes might be expected. But, after all, so many things have already been said that one seldom lights upon a topic quite new, and often those most threadbare are the very ones we most need to have emphasized.

The majority of people of average in-

tellect recognize personal responsibility as applied to *their own*. Men and women feel that they must look out for their own health, pay their own debts, make provision for their own old age; fathers must provide food and clothing for their children, educate them; mothers must devote themselves to the welfare of their families in a hundred ways; children must care for their parents in their declining years. But with the meeting of these demands as far as their own are concerned, the sense of responsibility in many people apparently ceases. Fortunately this is not always true, for there are men and women in every walk of life who are giving themselves in nobly altruistic service. The condition is, however, very apparent in small communities and among our smaller churches. In the large centers much of the community work is organized, and the charities, the social service, the educational interests are intrusted to trained workers. Large churches are similarly organized. But in the small church, the small community, this is not the case and these are the ones that suffer from the malady referred to. It is here that one hears the oft-repeated "Why don't they do it?" with all its changes. "I should think they would have better sidewalks," "Why don't they have a good choir?" "If they would have more interesting church socials, I would go to them," "They ought to have a lecture course this year." Why, my dear friend, do you not say, "Why don't we do thus and so?" Do you not belong to the community, to the church? You surely do not hold yourself as one *in* the village, but not *of* it, a member of the church, without part in its affairs? You would resent being deprived of a voice in any matter upon which you wished to vote. Why is it not then your duty to have an opinion and to express it upon every question of community or church life, backing this voice by readiness to act,—in a word, to feel that these are your affairs and to have the sense of personal responsibility in regard to *your own*?

What a world of difference this would make in community life and in the church. Interest in the school; interest in social service, providing entertainments for the young people, places of recreation other

than objectionable ones for men and boys; interest in the church, its finances, its various activities,—a vital interest in all these, as though they were really one's own work, could result in a quickening which would soon be manifest.

But one says, "I have no time for these things; I must attend to my own work." But are not these things your own work? Is not the church your own? You find time to do extra work when it is necessary; you take time for things you want to do. Why not for church interests? You spend much thought over a spring gown, and spare no pains in "doing over" the parlor, if you are a woman. Can you not give some time and strength to the Master's work, which is under your hand?

Another says, "I am not capable enough; I can not lead, and my ideas are not of value." Granting that all can not be captains, there must be soldiers to follow the command, else what were the good of a leader. And many interested, loyal, and willing helpers do more to insure the success of a cause than one who happens to be able to lead. It is good "team work" that counts.

This idea of personal responsibility might be further applied to our denominational activities, missions, education, Woman's work; there is need enough of it. But some one else may take that up. This talk is about the things that are within your own sight to be done, and the conditions that confront you, personally, every day, with a responsibility which can not be delegated. The pastor can not carry the whole church organization. Will you allow him to become disheartened, perhaps to fail, because you shirk your part of the work?

Indifference is more deadening in its influence than active opposition. You would disclaim an attitude hostile to the Sabbath school; do not kill it by your indifference. The prayer meeting, the Woman's society, the Christian Endeavor, all need *you*. Why not make them really alive with your own vital energy, for they are your own. Be loyal to them. Think about them, pray about them, and then stand back of your prayers with action. *Do your part.*

B.

Treasurer's Report.

For three months ending March 31, 1914.

Mrs. A. E. WHITFORD, Treasurer,
In account with
THE WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Dr.

To cash on hand December 31, 1913\$ 372 59

Cowan, W. Va., Miss O. M. Bee:

Unappropriated

Milton Junction Church:

Miss West's salary\$ 4 75

Miss Jansz 5 00

Brookfield, N. Y., Missionary Aid Society:

Tract Society 20 00

Westerly, R. I., Ladies' Aid Society:

Rev. S. R. Wheeler 10 00

Milton, Wis., Mrs. A. R. Crandall:

Milton College debt 5 00

Alfred, N. Y., Woman's Evangelical Society:

Tract Society\$10 00

Missionary Society 10 00

Miss Burdick's salary 10 00

Miss West's salary 10 00

Akron, N. Y., Mrs. S. A. B. Gillings:

Tract Society\$10 00

Missionary Society 10 00

SABBATH RECORDER 12 00

Boulder, Colo., Woman's Missionary Society:

Unappropriated\$10 00

Fouke School 5 00

North Loup, Neb., Woman's Missionary Society:

Unappropriated 50 00

Dodge Center, Minn., Woman's Benevolent Society:

Tract Society\$15 00

Missionary Society 15 00

Miss West's salary 10 00

Miss Jansz 3 50

20th Century Endowment Fund 5 00

Board expense 1 50

Independence, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society:

Miss Burdick's salary\$ 5 00

Miss West's salary 5 00

Fouke School 10 00

Dr. Grace Crandall 5 00

Fouke, Ark., Ladies' Aid Society:

Tract Society\$ 5 00

Miss Jansz 10 00

Milton, Wis., Circle No. 3, Ladies' Benevolent Society:

Milton College Gymnasium debt 25 00

Milton, Wis., SABBATH RECORDERS 4 00

Brookfield, N. Y., Missionary Aid Society:

Fouke School 15 00

Daytona, Fla., Mrs. W. P. Langworthy:

Tract Society\$ 5 00

Missionary Society 5 00

Unappropriated

Alfred Station, N. Y., Ladies' Industrial Society:

Tract Society\$ 2 50

Missionary Society 2 50

Albion, Wis., Church:

Ministerial Relief Fund 2 00

Dodge Center, Minn., Mrs. E. L. Ellis:

Unappropriated 3 00

Marlboro, N. J., Ladies' Aid Society:

Unappropriated 11 00

Lost Creek, W. Va., Ladies' Aid Society:

Tract Society\$ 5 00

Missionary Society 5 00

Miss Burdick's salary 5 00

Salem 5 00

Unappropriated 5 00

Nortonville, Kan., Missionary Society:

Unappropriated 25 00

Guilford, N. Y., Mrs. Maryett Benjamin and daughter:

Fouke School 25 00

Welton, Iowa, Woman's Benevolent Society:

Tract Society\$ 5 00

Missionary Society 5 00

Miss West's salary 2 50

Westerly, R. I., Ladies' Aid Society:

Tract Society\$35 00

Missionary Society 35 00

Miss Burdick's salary 38 00

Alfred Scholarship 45 00

Board expenses 5 00

Ministerial Relief Fund 10 00

Little Genesee, N. Y., Woman's Board Auxiliary:

Miss Burdick's salary\$ 8 50

Board expenses 3 00

Albion, Wis., Miss. and Benev. Society, Mrs. Eliza Crandall:

Missionary Society 5 00

Dodge Center, Minn., Mrs. E. L. Ellis:

Unappropriated 1 00

Brookfield, N. Y., Mrs. Anvernette A. Clark:

Missionary Society\$ 5 00

20th Century Endowment Fund 5 00

Lost Creek, W. Va., Ladies' Aid Society:

Miss West's salary 12 00

Roanoke, W. Va., Mrs. S. D. Bond:

Missionary Society 2 00

Schofield Bks., Oahu, Hawaii, Mrs. Elmer Kemp:

Miss Burdick's salary\$ 5 00

Miss West's salary 5 00

Miss Jansz 5 00

Board expenses 2 00

Fouke School 3 00

..... 20 00

.....\$1,046 34

Cr.

Subscription, the *Missionary Review*\$ 2 50

Mrs. William I. Haven, Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions 10 00

Rev. S. R. Wheeler 10 00

C. E. Crandall, Treas. Milton College 30 00

L. A. Worden, Mgr. SABBATH RECORDER 16 00

C. F. Randolph, Treas. Alfred University 45 00

S. H. Davis, Treas. Missionary Society:

General Fund 102 50

Miss Burdick's salary 75 00

Miss West's salary 150 00

Dr. Grace Crandall 5 00

F. J. Hubbard, Treas. Tract Society 112 50

.....\$ 558 50

Cash on hand March 31, 1914 487 84

.....\$1,046 34

Letter From North Loup, Neb.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

I heard the other day while visiting Aunt Lois Green (Mrs. Lee Green) that Mrs. Chandler Sweet of Alden, Minn., would like to have me write another letter to the RECORDER. The above is one of three reasons for this letter. Brother Platts taught me to have three reasons for everything, or possibly I should say that I got in the habit of thinking in this way while a student at Alfred. It would not be wise to have many such letters in the RECORDER, but possibly now and then one would be a good thing.

I received a letter the other day from one of our non-resident members, Mrs. B. E. Lanphear of Proberta, Cal. I wish more of our non-residents were like Mrs. Lanphear. We do not worry lest she be a reproach upon us. We have no fear that

her Christian and Sabbath light will be hidden under business or put out by pleasure. She encloses a check for fifteen dollars to help the work here. If each of our non-resident members should send fifteen dollars, we could put a missionary evangelist on this great western field and support him with ease. Mrs. Lanphear refers to the expectation that Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Richmond will soon locate at Proberta. These women are sisters.

Our church recently voted to buy an individual communion service. There is a committee appointed to arrange for the organization of a Men's Brotherhood in our society.

We have had our usual spring changes among our farmers. Jason Green has sold out and moved to the village. Roy Lewis has moved to the Alfred Crandall farm. Gaylord Thorngate of Boulder, Colo., is farming with his brother Herbert in Mira Valley. Will Davis has moved to the Charles Mayo place, and his brother, Edgar Davis, comes from Oklahoma to the Coleman farm on Davis Creek. Lewis Stillman is on the Lark Mayo farm, south of town. E. D. Comstock has moved back to Custer county and Ralph Comstock is again a resident of our village. Delwin Green is on the Sheppard place. Glen Barber comes in from Pleasant Hill and is running the Beeson blacksmith shop. C. A. Nelson is farming for N. W. Green, who has bought the Ed. Stewart place west of the village. Leander Williams is on one of Mr. Green's places. Henry Webb has sold his farm and bought the Upwright property at North Loup. Mrs. Almeda Collins and Miss Laura Green are living at Courtland Green's, nearer Loup City than North Loup. I regret the fact that the Van Horn Ranch has all been sold. It is being broken up into farms. Three of our families are there: Fred Green, Frank Wright and Willet Wright. Ira Cruzan has built on the south part of the half section that he and his brother Roy purchased of J. B. Williams, east of the Union Ridge (Fussyville) schoolhouse. Harry Van Horn has sold and gone West. At the same time there went Beecher Bryan, Ana, and Leach Van Horn. At present they are at Heber, Utah, where with the families of L. L. Van Horn and C. Dee Green they have a Sabbath school of sixteen members. They are, however,

still a part of our school. Orel Van Horn is at Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., in search of health. Speaking of Florida, we are expecting soon the return to us from the land of flowers, of Dea. Henry Thorngate, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Robbins and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Green. We hear also that, when Henry Davis and wife return from Texas, Orsen Davis and family will come with them. There is always room in North Loup and it is a famous place to come back to. Prof. Peter Clement has moved from Fort Collins, Colo., to Moorhead, Minn. That was quite a move, but worth while. I think the same could be said of the move of O. Harley Greene from Lincoln, Neb., to Sheridan, Wyo. These are some of the changes that come to me as I write. There are many others.

The other day I called at Mrs. Sally Betsy Hoshaw's to get a quilt that she had made for Mrs. Shaw and discovered that this quilt cover had evidently been laid carefully away for twenty years. The names of some *young ladies* written on the different blocks awakened pleasant memories of my first visit to New York State, and the remarkable revival connected with that visit. These names appear: Lottie Pierce, Bessie Cooper, Altie M. Gardiner, Flora Gavitt, Edith Colgrove, Millie Fenner, Lillie Barber, Mabel Niles, Nellie Cornish, Mary Whitford, Ethel McHenry, Hattie Gavitt, Mabel Hadsell, Christie Lewis, Eva Gardiner, Grace Niles, Irene Vincent and Edith Lewis. How the generations change! Thursday night some of our young people held a banquet in the basement of the church. This was a new generation. There were fifty present. Oscar T. Babcock was toastmaster. One of my own girls—excuse me—daughters—was among the speakers. If you had been behind the screens you could have learned all about Woman Suffrage, Home Rule, the Currency Question, etc., etc. Possibly when we get our Brotherhood organized we "old men" may have a banquet.

When Mrs. Shaw and I were in Omaha the other day we were entertained in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Gavitt. You remember Mrs. Gavitt was Ethel Rogers. Mrs. Rogers is living with Ethel and we all had a good visit about Plainfield. By the way, there are several Seventh Day Baptists in and about Omaha.

I will try to spend more time there on my next visit. Omaha is only about two hundred miles from here.

Hastily, fraternally,
GEO. B. SHAW.

North Loup, Neb.,
April, 8, 1914.

The Golden State in Line.

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS.

"California Dry in 1914," is the slogan of the temperance forces of the Golden State. The wheels of the great temperance machinery were set in motion at the recent State Temperance Convention held in Los Angeles. It was a meeting of great enthusiasm and probably marked an epoch in the history of the State. The enthusiasm continues to increase instead of diminish, as is the case of most convention enthusiasm. Every temperance element of the State was represented in the convention, and the whole State has come under its influence. It is coming to be thoroughly realized by the temperance people that they have undertaken a mighty task, and must plan a great, hotly contested campaign.

The liquor forces are lining up for a death struggle, and they are strong. Some of the largest wineries in the world are located in California, where commercial wines and grape-brandy are manufactured by the train-load. Thousands of acres of wine-grapes are cultivated in the State. In some sections they furnish almost the exclusive industry. Boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and commercial clubs in several cities have become excited, and have passed resolutions of hot protest against the Amendment movement. They take great pains to picture to us the ruination of industry, and the commercial prospects of the State. These, with distillers, brewers, saloon-keepers, wine-grape growers, and their patrons and sympathizers, fill the air with dust and noise as they ring out the refrain that we have heard so frequently in other States for the last thirty years: "You will destroy the market for farm produce;" "throw many out of employment;" "raise taxes;" "destroy property values;" "ruin industries;" "raise the cost of living;" "bring a scandal

upon the State;" "deprive us of our personal liberty."

Then they add to their touching (?) refrain by giving us the positive (?) information that "you can't do it;" "prohibition don't prohibit."

There are really many stupendous difficulties confronting us. They are appalling, yet there are many very encouraging features that fill us with hope.

First. All the temperance forces of the State, of whatever name or affiliation, are thoroughly united. "Unheard of!" did you say? Yes, but the unheard of takes place out here by the "Western Sea." No temperance body or organization loses its identity, but all unite in what is called "*The California Dry Federation*," with home office at Los Angeles.

Second. There are six States lined up to make an amendment fight this year. This is very fortunate, as all are well aware that the fire of all the liquor forces of the entire country is centered upon any State that has the hardihood to engage in such a struggle. This time they will be obliged to scatter their fire out over six States instead of concentrating it upon one.

Third. The rapidly growing sentiment in favor of nation-wide prohibition is being strongly felt here; and we are getting added strength and encouragement from the hope that these six States will be added to the "dry territory," which will then be so strong a force that it can make a demand upon the government for national prohibition with a voice that must be heard. It is not so very unpopular now as in the past, to be known as a temperance voter. This fact alone is of much encouragement to the timid and undecided voters.

Fourth. The phenomenal victories so recently won in West Virginia, and in other localities; the wide expanse of the "dry territory" in the South; and the unparalleled prosperity of Kansas, so long dry, all wield a mighty influence to aid us on in the arduous duties and strenuous work of trying to bring about the right, for *God and Home and Native Land*.

"Come into the sunshine for a little while. It is a good world after all. You have had hard luck, ill health, and hard blows, but open your ledger and see if the credit doesn't overbalance the debit side."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

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

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

I wish to thank you all for the hearty welcome you gave me. I did not expect to get so many cards and letters, but needless to say I enjoyed them very much. I wish also to thank the brother of Ashaway, R. I., for the lovely book he sent me. I enjoyed reading it. Sunshine Louise would be glad to hear from you again. I will try to answer the ones that requested me to do so, but please be patient.

I wonder if you all enjoyed the piece entitled, "Young People and the Question of Amusement," that was in the RECORDER of January 26, as much as I did? I think it is just grand and hope all agree with me. I wish more would write pieces like that.

I often wonder why more of the young people do not write to the Young People's department. Get busy and let us hear from more of you.

I will close by calling your attention to First Thessalonians 5: 21-28. I will be glad to hear from all who wish to write.

Again thanking one and all for your kindness, I remain,

Cordially yours,

FELSIA BEE.

Kanawha Station, W. Va.,

April 10, 1914.

The Deadly Cigarette.

According to Bob Burdette: "A boy who smokes cigarettes is like a cypher with the rim knocked off."

President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, after many years' experience, says: "Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples. They drop long before harvest time. They rarely make failures in after life, because they do not have any after life. The boy who begins smoking before his fifteenth year never enters the life of the world. When the other boys are taking hold of the world's work, he is concerned with the sexton and undertaker."—*Biblical Recorder*.

A Miracle of God's Grace.

DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER:

To me there is nothing in the world so full of thrilling interest as the transformation of a human soul from the darkness and bondage of sin into the light and liberty of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I love to watch the transition, because primarily, it confirms the revelation God has given us in his word of his grace and glory, and power to save to the uttermost all who come unto him by Jesus Christ; and secondarily, for the inexpressible joy of seeing a soul turning to its original purity and beauty.

I was once one of a party who watched the simultaneous unfolding of two blossoms on a night-blooming cereus. While the company was merry I noticed a very serious expression upon the face of one of its jolliest members as she looked intently upon the opening flowers. Suddenly she turned around and said quietly, "Don't speak or laugh. My soul is filled with sacred awe. It seems to me we are standing in the presence of God, witnessing a marvelous manifestation of his power and glory. Let's keep silent before him." So I feel as I watch the unfolding of the spiritual life in the souls of those who have been groveling in the dust.

I want to write you of the regeneration of Lucky Baldwin—a twentieth century miracle. I heard him speak at Winona and have read a sketch of his life in the *American Magazine*. To these sources I am indebted for my information.

Lucky Baldwin, the son of an Irish mother and an English father, is in the forty-second year. His real name is Christopher J. Balf. He was born on Cherry Hill, under the Manhattan end of Brooklyn Bridge, where he grew up among fighting Irish.

In speaking of this place Lucky said: "It is of no use, friends, for me to try to give you any idea of the neighborhood where I grew up. If there wasn't a murder committed every month they would kill a man to keep up the reputation of the place."

A gang of young truck thieves made the block in which he lived the scene of their operations, stealing from truck wagons and spiriting their plunder down an alley where they had a "fence." These thieves were

the heroes of his boyish dreams, and he looked eagerly forward to the time when he would be large enough to enter the profession. His opportunity came when he was eleven years old and he continued therein twenty-five years, committing every crime known to him in the criminal's category. Yet so successful was he in evading the law that while city and county jails sometimes held him for a short period he was never inside prison walls. He was an expert in eluding policemen and often when they attempted to arrest him won his freedom by fighting. On this account he was given the name Lucky Baldwin.

His initial crime was stealing a keg of beer and drinking until he was "dead drunk." For this deed his father punished him severely. Lucky resented this interference with his "liberty" and ran away from home. At the end of three months he returned, puffed up with pride. He could lie, steal, smoke and drink, and consequently considered himself a man capable of taking care of himself.

At fifteen years of age he was an expert thief—one of a desperate gang of thieves. In his mad career drink played a greater and greater part, sinking him lower and lower in the scale of being. So the years, full of heart-sickening interest which we can not note, passed by until at thirty-seven years of age the whisper went around, "Old Father Time is getting the better of Lucky."

Lucky felt this fact keenly. He was failing physically and mentally and was not nearly so successful as he had been. He tried to reason it out. He felt that in some way he had played the game wrong, and wondered what new game he could devise that would be more successful. Finally a night came when he played the last successful act of his old game by robbing a man of thirty-five dollars. In two days' time the money was gone and he was prowling around an alley, almost too weak to walk. It was Thanksgiving evening, 1908. Cold, hunger and that terrible thirst for liquor were driving him to distraction. Liquor he must have, but he knew not how to get it. At length he spied a man standing with his hand in his pocket. He sprang upon the man like a cat and jerked his hand out of his pocket. As he did so a few small coins fell onto

the pavement, but at this moment a policeman came up. Lucky turned the wrong way and was caught. He made no resistance. Instead of arresting him the policeman dealt him two stinging blows with his club saying as he did so, "Now, Lucky, you keep off my beat. I know what you done the other night, and the next time I find you on my walk I'm going to give you the collar. You ain't a thief any more, you're only a dirty bum. Now beat it." With this he gave Lucky a final clip with his club "that jarred every bone in his body."

Lucky slunk down the alley, feeling that what the policeman had said was true. He was no longer a self-respecting thief. The situation was desperate. In addition to the cold, the pangs of hunger, and thirst for drink he was suffering from the effects of the policeman's blows and worst of all his spirit was broken. He had come to the last extremity, he was down and out. At this crisis a man approached and handing him a ticket said: "If you will present this at the Jerry McAuley Mission they will give you a cup of coffee and a sandwich." Lucky grabbed the ticket as a starving dog would grab a bone, and took his way to the mission.

I will spare you a recital of what he said regarding his physical appearance when he entered the mission. "I don't know," said he, "what was in that cup of coffee but while I was drinking it the desire came into my heart to be good. After I had eaten my lunch they asked me to come back to a gospel service, and although I had not the slightest idea what it was I went back at the appointed hour." Here he heard for the first time the gospel message, and as he listened some idea of its meaning crept into his bewildered brain. "The speaker that evening," said Lucky, "was deaf, and was wearing something on his head that looked to me like a telephone receiver. Suddenly I raised my hand and said, 'Telephone to heaven I'm coming.'"

There was no waiting for central that evening, for the message was carried by wireless telegraphy directly to the throne above, where it was received with great demonstrations of joy. Songs of praise resounded through the heavenly courts,

"And the angels echoed it round the throne, 'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!'"

It was Thanksgiving in heaven. Lucky went to the altar and a Mr. Wayburn who himself had been rescued from strong drink, knelt at his side and told him of the sufferings of the One who died for him. A great lump came up in Lucky's throat as he listened, and the scalding tears rolled down over his cheeks—the first he had shed since his boyhood days. The Christ had won.

They offered Lucky a bed ticket but he would not accept it. He walked the streets all night long, his soul filled with remorse as he contrasted his past life with what he had heard that evening.

Lucky soon found friends among practical Christians. Upon invitation he went to dinner for some time with a Wall Street merchant who taught him the use of napkins, knives and forks and the proper limitations to be put upon fingers. Employment was given him and with joy and pride he gave his first week's honest wages to the mission.

One evening Lucky had the privilege of hearing Doctor Schauffler teach a Bible class. The reading of the Bible story produced a shock which resulted in the quickening of his intellect. He left the room and rushed to the mission in breathless haste, almost too excited to talk.

"Dere was a guy," he labored, "lampin' some'n out of a book, 'bout two guys beatin' it along the street, and dey come to a guy panhandlin' on de curb. Dey piped him off, and one of 'em says, 'Pal, I ain't got a jitney (nickel), but beat it,' and (crescendo of breathless surprise from Lucky) *de guy beats it!* What 'do you tink o' dat now? What was dat he was lampin'?"

No one in the mission had any idea what he was talking about but finally it dawned upon the mind of an old Scotchman that it was the story related in Acts 3: 1-16.

Lucky's education at this time consisted of an imperfect knowledge of the letters of the alphabet. A Bible, opened at the story he had just heard, was given him. He took it to his room and save as hunger sent him out in search of food he didn't leave his room for seven days. During that time he mastered the reading of the story.

Friends sent him to a summer school at Northfield expecting him upon his return to take up some form of manual labor, but

nothing appealed to him like "telling the story."

Lucky Baldwin is now located in Chicago, the superintendent of a rescue mission known as the Home of Hope. It is located near the Bridewell, a prison that houses seventeen hundred prisoners. On certain Sunday afternoons Lucky conducts religious services at the Bridewell, and the prisoners listen to him as they listen to no one else. Some of those prisoners have traveled across the continent with this preacher, robbing as they went; some of them have put scars on his face that he will carry with him to the grave.

But he has a power over these men that no one else can have. "He knows the sequences in which they think, he knows the rhythm of their lives, and he skilfully turns the story of the prodigal son or the crucifixion account by John into that weird underworld lingo and drops it into the minds of the prisoners," and God, who has said that his word that goeth forth out of his mouth shall not return unto him void, is verifying that statement in the lives of many prisoners.

"Lucky Baldwin was host at a strange Thanksgiving dinner last autumn (1912). Three hundred men were his guests. Each guest was, or had been, a citizen of the underworld." Several "well-known criminals, now reformed or in the process of reformation, are spoken of as having been present. During the dinner hour many of these men stood up and told what the mission and its superintendent, who only four Thanksgivings back was an outcast like themselves, had done for them." "That dinner was the apotheosis of Lucky Baldwin. In it his guests acknowledged the completeness of his reform. He was a 'down and out,' now he is an 'up and in.' He was an apache, now he is an apostle."

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

Wellesley College has received a gift of \$750,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation, to aid in replacing the building recently destroyed by fire. This is a good send-off toward securing the \$2,000,000 needed to put the college again on its feet, fully equipped for work. Out of the ashes of a destructive fire, there will soon arise a greater Wellesley. Its old plant had become inadequate for housing and educating its 1,500 students.

The Process.

M. G. S.

It was "Palm Sunday," with no palms in view on my road. My friend Charles with his farm team took us over the ten miles of hills, rocks, slips and mud-holes with good force and promptness, making the earth fly. The local Sunday school was coming out that day and could see its shadow, but will stay in the light for six months according to custom. Much of this world goes according to custom—good or bad.

We arrived before ten a. m., and found the little church building needing a process. We found a broom and shovel which we gave backing for about an hour, then we made a ladder and set up the rusty, rickety old stovepipe that had tumbled down. We started a quick fire, and danced a little—a few seconds, to test the standing of the stovepipe—but quickly decided it was no time to dance. It seemed clearly to say, Thou shalt not, and we don't mean to any more. We shall never cease to be supremely thankful that the stovepipe stood up while we stayed. We had a good attendance. The seating fairly well filled, and most encouraging attention. My friend Charles has twenty-one relatives in that locality, (not responsible for the care of that church building), whom he had not seen for some years. It is my plan to visit them quarterly for a service. The people who own the church building are an encouraging people and welcome our use of the building.

What about my subject? Oh, I'm hitting it some. This is no parable. It is experience, human life, illustrating human and divine life spiritually. If you will stop to moralize a little, you can see the application. With a little force of mind we may moralize to some advantage. A man becomes converted by a sweeping out and firing up process. It is begun in a deliberate human choice and decision. Our feelings are very generally the result of our decisions. Our feelings must be judged and followed or encouraged only when they are good and make for strength. Even a decision for better life brings a joy which can only be complete as we sweep out the wasteful, poisonous habits and strive to live above reproach. A higher, cleaner standard of Christian living is grad-

ually prevailing. More and more people are saying that no one should be ordained to official Christian service who will not sweep out the nicotine and other bad habits and fire up in loving service for salvation. Give all glory and praise to God for our knowing about the divine process, and let us ever be convinced that in fully following him we may find his process quite available to us personally.

Contribution for the Expenses of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

At the session of the General Conference last summer the delegates to the meeting of the Federal Council presented a report including a recommendation "that our churches contribute at least fifty dollars a year, through the treasurer of our Conference, toward the expenses of the council." See page 34 of the Minutes.

The Federal Council is doing much in the direction of promoting Christian unity and efficiency of Christian activity, and is therefore certainly a worthy object of our giving.

The treasurer of Conference has as yet received no contributions for the Federal Council this year. A word to the wise is sufficient.

WM. C. WHITFORD.

Alfred, N. Y.

A Mansion for My Heart.

Son of man, I am hungry and thirsty, I am homeless and friendless, I am foot-sore and weary, but no mansion has yet opened for me. All other things have places prepared for them—all but my heart. Prepare a mansion for my heart, thou whose name is Love. My unplaced heart is the one miracle of creation, the only thing that violates the law of the Father. Annul the miracle and give me peace. Send me a promised land, whose reality shall not dim the expectant vision of Moses. At the beautiful gate of thy temple I shall hunger no more.—George Matheson.

The greatness of a man may be determined by how long he harbors a grudge.—*Baltimore American.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Bravest Boy.

At breakfast time we talked about
The very bravest boy;
I said I thought 'twas Billy White,
While Donald said 'twas Roy;
For Roy can swim and dive and skate,
And only just this year
He walked three miles the darkest night,
Without a bit of fear.

But Billy White is braver still;
He stopped his father's horse,
When it was bound to run away;
He told of it, of course.
He says he knows the crossiest dog
He has to pass each day,
But he is never scared a bit,
He isn't built that way.

But Mother said she knew a boy,
She saw him just last night,
And all his friends were teasing him
To do what wasn't right.
They planned to take a brand-new boat
That Mr. Smith had made,
And hide it in the woods for fun;
They said they weren't afraid.

And then this boy just spoke right up
And said he wouldn't go,
While all the others laughed at him
And called him 'fraid-cat, so
I guess what Mother says is true,
He's bravest of the three,
This boy who dared to do the right.
Do you agree with me?
—Alice Annette Larkin, in *Southern Farming*.

The Prize Story.

Clarence Ashbey looked first at his paper and then at the camera on Miss Millet's desk. Yes, it was a good one, there was no doubt about that; but how was he going to win it? Probably it cost at least ten dollars, for it would take a postcard-size picture, and the camera had to be a good one for that kind of work. The more he thought about it, the more he wanted it. And there was not a pupil in Room Six of the Winterville Graded School who didn't feel the same way.

A few days before, Miss Millet had made a very unusual announcement. A friend of the school, fearing that the pupils were not doing as well as they might in composition work, and being deeply interested in them, had offered a camera as a prize to the one who should write the best story from a picture, which could be

chosen by the pupil himself. For nine days the camera has been on display on Miss Millet's desk, and several stories had been written and handed in. There remained only one day before the prize was to be awarded.

The four o'clock bell rang and Clarence Ashbey hurried from the room. He wanted to get home as soon as possible and write that story the first thing he did. He wished he hadn't put it off quite so long.

Eagerly he hunted through the pictures in the magazines, looked over the snapshots and photographs in the desk, and even hunted up his mother's old scrap-book; but if there was a story in any of these, he couldn't seem to find it.

"Why don't you take that picture of your club at the beach?" his mother asked, when at length he appealed to her for help. "I'm sure I could write an interesting story about that."

"Well, maybe you could, but I can't. I want something more exciting than that. Where are those war pictures father bought?"

"Why, they must be on the top shelf of the bookcase, Clarence, but I wouldn't advise you to bother with them."

Clarence was already half-way up the stairs; there he stopped. On the fourth step from the top, where some one had dropped it, was an old farm paper, and on the open page was a large picture with "The Prize Story" printed above it.

Of course Clarence was interested, and he immediately sat down on the top stair and began to read.

"The very thing," he exclaimed, as he read. "I'll write about that picture. It's an old paper, nearly two years back, and it can't do any harm, anyway." So he read it through once more. By this time the story was well fixed in his mind, and a few minutes later, when he began to write, he found that he could think of nothing else.

"What harm would it do if I did write the same thing?" he asked himself for the second time. "Nobody'll ever know it if I change the title. I can call it 'A Hero of 1912,' instead of 'Under Difficulties.' Of course I wouldn't copy it, but just put down what I can remember. Nobody around here takes that paper, anyway, and I do want that camera."

The next hour almost flew, but the end

of it found the story written and hidden away with his school-books. Clarence didn't feel right about it, and the more he thought about it, the more uneasy he grew. Somehow it didn't seem just like an honest effort, but what else could he do?

Every one at the supper table seemed to be interested in the prize contest. Donald, the older brother, asked how things were coming on, and Clarence replied that the story was written at last.

"Good for you!" Mr. Ashbey said, as he suddenly looked at his second son. He had been afraid that Clarence wouldn't try to write anything, he had put it off so long. "I met Dick Carson down the road tonight, and he said tell you he had decided to write on the beach picture; he couldn't seem to find anything that suited him as well as that."

"There, now," Clarence said, turning to his mother. "I'm glad I didn't choose the beach one. Dick'll write something great about it; he always does, for there's nothing that ever bothers him."

"May I see your story, Clarence?" Mr. Ashbey asked, when the camera had been described for the third time that day.

"Wh-why, I'd r-rather not show it, father just yet," he managed to stammer in reply. "It's—"

"Oh, never mind, then! I merely asked." Mr. Ashbey wondered, but made no further remarks. His children were usually very ready to show him their work.

Clarence soon asked to be excused from the table. What was there about the thoughts of that story that should make him so uneasy? He took it upstairs with him and read it through; then he began to wish that he had never seen the farm paper. Finally he decided to change it before he went to school in the morning, and went to sleep wondering how he could do it.

But his father called him very early and sent him on an errand that took every minute till school time. Then he had to get his books and run.

The camera was still occupying a prominent place on Miss Millet's desk, and several admiring boys stood around it.

"Is your story finished?" Miss Millet asked, as Clarence went in. "I must have them all right away, for they are to be examined this morning."

Clarence hurriedly looked through his

pile of books, but the story wasn't there; it must have dropped out on the way to school. Miss Millet gave him ten minutes in which to search for it. Back he went the way he had come, looking on both sides of the road, but the story was nowhere to be seen. Half-way home he met Dick Carson; in his hand he held the missing papers.

"Lost something, Clarence?" he asked, holding out the picture from the farm paper.

"Bet you, I have! Where did you find 'em, Dick? Give 'em here, quick, for I've only five minutes to get back to school in."

But Dick still held the papers, and he looked straight at his friend, as he said, "You wouldn't do it, would you, Clarence?"

Clarence Ashbey saw the expression on his face and demanded, "Do what? Come, hurry up, or I'll throw away that chance. Think you'll have more show, don't you, if I don't get in on time? You're a good one."

Dick Carson's eyes snapped, but he held out the papers; then he turned and walked off. He was taking the longer way to school.

Clarence started to run, then he slowed down to a walk. Finally he sat down under an old apple tree by the side of the road. For a long time he studied the little pile of papers and the farm picture. "Dick must 'a' read it," he said, thoughtfully; now he's probably gone in to report me. I'm going to be honest if I can't be smart." And with quick fingers he tore the offending papers into small bits and threw them on the ground at his feet.

It was time for the morning recess when he returned to school. He had fought it all out with himself, and he was ashamed.

"Dick, he asked, touching his friend on the shoulder, "did you read that story?"

"Not by a long shot, I didn't, but I couldn't help seeing the first lines and the picture. Your mother lent that paper to grandfather, and I just took it back for him yesterday."

"You told Miss Millet—"

"Clarence Ashbey, what do you take me for, a squealer? No, I didn't; I told her I didn't believe you'd find any story to hand in this time."

"Dick Carson, you're a brick! Thanks! I'll tell you more some other time. Hope you win the camera; you ought to."

"Oh, I didn't hand my story in, either. This morning I got a camera from Uncle Jack, out in Iowa, for my birthday—not as good as that one, but 'twill do, so I've dropped out."

Promptly at four o'clock that afternoon Miss Millet awarded the coveted camera to one of the twenty pupils in her grade. There were eighteen stories handed in, and the prize story had been requested for publication in the local paper.

Clarence Ashbey met the questions that were put to him that night at the supper table as well as he could. Later he explained the whole affair to his father.

"There are some things better than cameras, and far more to be prized," Mr. Ashbey said, as he shook hands with his son. And Clarence Ashbey understood.—*Alice Annette Larkin, in Baptist Boys and Girls.*

Letter From Pastor D. Burdett Coon.

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

Upon the call of the Evangelistic Committee of the Western Association, and by consent of the Battle Creek Church and the Missionary Board, I spent the months of February and March in evangelistic work in Alfred Station and Little Genesee. Severe weather and much sickness prevailed in both places nearly all the time of the special meetings. I preached fifty-seven times, gave some addresses, conducted many prayer meetings, and made two hundred and thirty-nine visits and calls. Except for a few days when I was sick with a bad cold my health was excellent. I came out of the long campaign in the best of health. It was a great delight to me to work with these churches and with Pastors Cottrell and Sutton. It had been my privilege to engage in evangelistic work with the church at Alfred Station in previous years, and to serve the church at Little Genesee as pastor for five years at one time. These previous experiences with these churches made the work of these two months the more precious to me. So far as I know, every note struck by the churches, pastors, and evangelist during the meetings was in harmony with the effort being made. I am very sorry not to have been used in leading many more to Christ. For good that was done I would give glory to the Master. The

churches were awakened to new and more diligent service, backsliders took a new start, and sinners were converted. More than thirty people expressed belief in, and desire for, the Christian life. Baptism took place in both churches, and more were waiting baptism when I left.

Mrs. Coon joined me during the last three weeks. We enjoyed almost beyond measure the kindness and hospitality extended to us by the old Little Genesee Church. Our thanks are due to both the churches and their pastors for their true and loyal support. As is usual it was the faithful few who did the work.

A very complete and happy surprise awaited Mrs. Coon and myself upon the first night after our return home. A goodly number of our Battle Creek Church poured in upon us at the parsonage, and gave us an old-fashioned "pound party" that will long be remembered as an evidence of their kindly thought.

Pastor Willard D. Burdick, of Farina, Ill., came the same night, and was with us over the Sabbath. He was sent here by the Tract Society. He preached an able sermon at our service on Sabbath afternoon, dealing with the Sabbath and other questions vital to our denominational life. At five o'clock that afternoon he conducted a parlor meeting in the parsonage, where Sabbath tracts and other denominational literature, and methods for distributing the same were freely discussed.

Of matters that happened in Battle Creek during my absence others may write. Suffice it to say here that the week before my return the Milton College Glee Club covered themselves and Milton College with great glory in Battle Creek. We praise God for these young men consecrated to his service.

April 13, 1914.

This Girl Is a Wonder.

You can make dollars and dollars selling Pure Fruit Candy; so if you want more money than you ever possessed, send forty-eight two-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing seventy-seven Pure Food Formulas, and a set of assorted bon-bon molds. I will help you start in business. I am glad to help others, who, like myself, need money. People say "the candy is the best they ever tasted"—therein lies the beauty of the business. You don't have to canvass, you sell right from your own home. I made \$12.00 the first day; so can you. Isabelle Inez, Block 1496, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Quarterly Meeting.

The quarterly meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of southern Wisconsin and Chicago will convene with the church at Milton Junction, April 24-26. Besides the usual good features of the meeting, there will be two sessions of a Sabbath-school institute which will be held on Sunday afternoon and night. The following program will be presented. General theme: The Everpresent Christ.

SABBATH EVE

- 7.30 Praise and Prayer, led by Milton Male Quartet
8.00 Sermon, "The Mind of Christ"—Pastor H. Eugene Davis
Conference Meeting

SABBATH MORNING

- 10.30 Public Worship
Sermon, "Christ and the Great Commission"—Pastor L. C. Randolph

SABBATH AFTERNOON

- 2.30 Sermon, "Christ and the Victorious Life"—Mr. Loyal Hurley
3.30 Young People in the School of Christ (devotional), led by Miss Minnie Godfrey
Juniors will be led by Mrs. John Cunningham

SABBATH NIGHT

- 7.30 Praise and Prayer, led by Milton Male Quartet
8.00 Sermon, "Christ and the Child"—Dr. W. C. Daland

SUNDAY MORNING

- 10.00 Business
10.45 Sermon, "Christ and the Daily Life"—Pastor C. S. Sayre

SABBATH SCHOOL INSTITUTE

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

- 2.30 Address, "Responsibility of the Sabbath School for Development of the Child"—Mrs. Mabel Sayre
Address, "The Ideal Sabbath School"—Prof. D. N. Inglis
Round Table, conducted by E. M. Holstein

SUNDAY NIGHT

- 7.30 Address, "The Sabbath School, the Church's Opportunity"—Mr. G. M. Ellis
Address, "The Teacher's Reward—A Christian Child"—Dr. W. C. Daland

The offering on Sabbath morning will be devoted to the work of the quartets in this association. It is hoped that those who attend will come prepared to make a generous offering, for a large sum is needed to meet the necessary expenses of the two quartets.

H. N. J.

Index Volume for the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Recognizing the need of a complete and extensive index, even of a great alphabetically arranged cyclopedia, the publishers of the Catholic Encyclopedia have just completed and issued an index volume of 960 pages. This great index will be hailed with joy by all owners of this work of fifteen large volumes, for it will enable one to turn quickly to any topic or sub-topic treated in the encyclopedia. The first 86 pages of the index volume are given to "Articles additional to the complete work, supplying information chiefly about prominent persons deceased," and "subjects suggested since the issue of the volumes."

The index proper contains 775 pages with four columns on a page, and contains some "350,000 titles and over 400,000 references."

At the close of the index about 60 pages are given to directions for courses of reading and study to be found in the encyclopedia, so any one desiring to do so can by these outlines find a complete treatise upon any branch of knowledge contained in the fifteen volumes—especially upon things pertaining to the history and doctrines of the church issuing the encyclopedia.

This index will make the entire work much more valuable than it could possibly be without such help. It brings to the readers the assistance of an expert staff of indexers, who have spent nearly six years in its preparation. The index volume is of uniform size and style with the fifteen volumes of the encyclopedia. The address of the publishers is

Encyclopedia Press,
16 East 40th St.,
New York City.

It is apparently beyond the power even of God to repair a sin-poisoned heart. God does not offer to do it. What he does offer to do for us hopelessly sin-destroyed men is to give us an entirely new start, by a literal new birth, this time giving us, not a repaired human nature, but God's own nature, brought into us by the actual indwelling of his Holy Spirit. David knew the need of this when, after his great sin, he cried out, "Create in me a clean heart, O God."—*S. S. Times.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE,
Contributing Editor.

LESSON V.—MAY 2, 1914. THE PRODIGAL SON.

Lesson Text.—Luke xv, 11-32.

Golden Text.—"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." Luke xv, 18.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Hosea xiv, 1-9.

Second-day, Ps. ciii, 1-22.

Third-day, Luke vii, 36-50.

Fourth-day, Luke xix, 1-9.

Fifth-day, Matt. xxiv, 32-51.

Sixth-day, Ps. li, 1-14.

Sabbath day, Luke xv, 11-32.

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

Graded Bible School Lessons.

Graded Bible School Lessons have come to stay in a large number of the Bible schools of our land. In order to understand the situation, it is necessary to take a brief retrospect of the past history of Bible-school teaching.

Up to 1872 Bible schools in the United States were making use of various kinds of lessons issued by denominational or undenominational publishing houses. Quite a variety of lesson courses were then presented to the Bible-school public. For some years before 1872 there had been agitation for the preparation and adoption of a Uniform Bible School Lesson Course, the same passage of Scripture to be studied by all classes on the same day. At the International Sunday School Convention at Indianapolis in that year the principle of a uniform lesson was enthusiastically adopted and an Interdenominational Lesson Committee appointed to prepare a cycle of lessons on the basis of uniformity in every department of the Bible school. From that time on for many years the International Uniform Lesson system steadily won favor and was adopted by a great majority of the denominational and undenominational publishing houses in the United States. For many years there was great enthusiasm over the results achieved in Bible-school work, because of the adoption

of the Uniform Course. The denominations also were more closely drawn together by the mere fact that all were studying the same Scripture passage on the same day.

As years passed, however, dissatisfaction arose and criticisms were aimed at the Uniform Lesson idea. Teachers of Primary classes urged, and with a good deal of reason, that many of the lessons were not adapted to scholars under nine years of age. After prolonged agitation, the Lesson Committee prepared an optional series of Lessons for Beginners, which was completed in April, 1903. This was a two years' course for scholars under six years of age. It was heartily welcomed by many teachers, and it worked well.

It was urged, however, that the idea of gradation in lesson material be carried further, and that the Primaries, ages six to nine have a series of lessons prepared, specifically to meet the needs of scholars of that age. It was still further claimed that gradation should go beyond this and should include all scholars of all ages. In answer to the earnest desires of many Bible-school workers, the Lesson Committee, meeting in Boston in April, 1907, voted to recommend to the Triennial Convention at Louisville (which was soon to meet), the preparation of a fourfold grade of lessons:—Beginners', Primary, General and Advanced.

This plan was never carried out, however, for the following reason: A group of Elementary workers, led by Mrs. J. W. Barnes, chairman, had long been at work on a complete Graded Lesson system. The idea which governed them was, that different portions of Scripture, graded to the intelligence and years of all scholars, should be prepared. This gradation was based on the idea that scholars required different lesson material for *each year* of their life. That is to say, a different portion of Scripture should be studied by a child four years of age from that presented to a child five years of age, and so on through the Bible-school life of the scholar. The Elementary workers formed a conference that elaborated this Graded Lesson system, and then presented the result of their work to the International Lesson Committee. After further conference and much labor expended on the whole scheme, the Lesson Committee issued a complete set of Graded

Lessons, the outline of which is herewith given so far as it has been completed.

From this outline it is apparent that any school, teaching this Graded system in its entirety, will have seventeen different passages of Scripture taught in the different departments on the same day.

During the whole discussion of Graded Lessons no proposal has been made to abandon the Uniform Lesson system. All have agreed that the large majority of the Bible schools in America will have to stand by the International Uniform Series. Many small schools in rural districts are not sufficiently graded in classes to enable them to adopt a minutely graded lesson system. Many thousands of schools have not a teaching force adequately trained to enable them to use a graded system such as has been outlined. It was, however, claimed that the larger schools in our cities were calling for and needing a thoroughly graded system of lessons, and for those schools, primarily, the system was launched.

At the same time it is true that in large sections of our land, some of the denominations have been very slow in adopting the Graded Lesson system in any of their schools. One reason for this is, that in this system extra biblical topics have been adopted, such as "Nature Study" lessons, "Missionary Hero" lessons, etc. This has raised much protest on the part of powerful denominations, who have insisted that all the lessons should be based directly on the Word of God. To meet this demand, the Lesson Committee issued parallel lessons to supplant those on "Nature Study" or on "Missionary Hero" study, thus making a Graded system entirely biblical in its lesson material.

It is now some years since this Graded Lesson system has been before the public. That it has met with marked approval on the part of many is beyond question. At the same time criticisms have arisen, due to the minute grading in the different departments, thus making it necessary, for example, in the Beginners' Department to have two classes each studying a different lesson; in the Primary Department, three classes each studying a different lesson, and so on throughout. Many teachers in these departments have found it difficult to meet the requirements of the new system, and a demand has arisen and seems to be steadily increasing in volume and in in-

tensity, calling for *Departmental Gradation*.

By Departmental Gradation we mean the study of the same lesson by every class in the same department on the same day. While we speak subject to correction, we incline to believe that this will be the ultimate result of the experiment that has been in course of trial since the Graded Lessons were introduced. There seems to be no reason why a scholar six years of age should not study the same lesson adapted to the scholar eight years of age, nor do we see why in the Adolescent period (which all admit to be the crucial period), a scholar thirteen years of age should not be able to study, with profit, the same lesson as the scholar fifteen years of age. Surely in handling these ages, a teacher who is at all capable can adapt the same material to the wants of the scholars three or four years apart in their development. Such a readjustment of the Graded Lesson system we believe will eventually win the day. Should this prove true, it would restore in each department the possibility of teachers' meetings which the minutely Graded Lesson system has made impossible. It would also restore in each department the review of the lesson for that day, which review has been made impossible because of the different portions of Scripture studied by classes in each department. These important features, which have been lost, will then be largely regained, much to the advantage of the Bible schools that adopt a Graded system. At the same time, let it be borne in mind that the Regular Uniform International Lesson is still called for by a great majority of the Bible schools in our land; and that, in our judgment, the day is far distant when this Uniform system can be treated as an old garment to be folded up and laid aside.—*Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D., in Sunday School World.*

No woman can be what she ought to be in the parlor if she doesn't spend some time in the kitchen.—*Christian Herald.*

WANTED—A position by a middle-aged woman, in a Seventh Day family, to be a companion to an invalid lady or to do house-work.

For full particulars, address Box 591, Brookfield, N. Y.

There Is a Difference Between Them.

The case of the United States Express Company, which has announced that it is about to liquidate and go out of business because of the competition of the parcel post, offers a good case in point for comparison with the position of the liquor business in event of prohibition. Here is a great company, having enormous investments, carrying on a legitimate and useful business, without injury to any and with valuable service to millions, that finds its field invaded and prospectively wiped out by the enactment of a law called for by the public welfare. Do we hear any whine about "injustice"? Do we hear any protest about "vested rights"? Do we hear a clamor for "compensation"? No; these gentlemen recognize the situation and the supremacy of the public interest and, though their loss is even more complete than the loss of the brewers will be, they go out of business in dignified fashion. That's one of the marks of difference between honest business and legalized robbery.—*The Vindicator.*

American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasurer's Report.

January 1, 1914, to March 31, 1914.

F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer,
In account with
THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

Dr.

To balance cash on hand January 1, 1914\$1,490 97
To funds received since as follows:
Contributions as published:
January .. \$ 281 36
February .. 68 72
March .. 313 08
663 16
Contribution for African Investigation 25 00
Income from Invested Funds
January .. \$1,912 38
March .. 239 00
2,151 38
Marilla B. Phillips Estate, 1/3 of 3 years' rent of farm, Lewistown, Ill. 150 00
George S. Greenman Bequest, proceeds of sale of 7 shares Tampa Building and Investment Company 503 75
City National Bank, interest on balances 10 35
Publishing House Receipts:
RECORDER .. \$1,971 74
Visitor .. 123 22
Helping Hand .. 225 27
Tracts .. 6 20
2,326 43
\$7,321 04

Cr.

By cash paid out as follows:
G. Velthuysen, appropriation\$ 151 50
George Seeley:
Salary .. \$75 00
Postage .. 30 00
105 00
Joseph J. Kovats, salary 60 00
Marie Jansz, appropriation 37 50
Los Angeles (Cal.) Church, appropriation through Rev. Geo. W. Hills 87 50

T. W. Richardson, salary 75 00
Italian Mission, through J. G. Burdick .. 87 50
604 00

Sabbath Reform Field Work:
E. H. Socwell:
Salary .. \$150 00
Expenses .. 40 97
190 97
H. N. Jordan, expenses to Northwestern Field and supply ... 40 00
230 97

Corresponding Secretary's Supplies and Expenses:
H. W. Boise, filing cabinet\$ 16 75
Neostyle Co., supplies 4 50
Postage 15 13
Stenographer .. 108 00
144 38

Committee on Revision of Tracts, 4 copies History of Sabbath, through Rev. A. E. Main 6 00
Treasurer's expense, telegrams and acknowledgment of legal papers 2 15
Benjamin F. Langworthy, acct. legal services Marilla B. Phillips Estate 100 00
Plainfield Savings Bank, proceeds sale of 7 shares Tampa Building and Investment Company stock \$ 593 75
Transferred from Land Sales Acct. of same stock 21 25
525 00

Publishing House Expenses:
RECORDER .. \$1,744 21
Visitor .. 284 03
Helping Hand .. 429 25
Tracts .. 19 54
Tract Society:
Committee on Revision of Tracts .. 9 88
Stationery, etc., Corresponding Secretary .. 27 33
Stationery, etc., for Geo. Seeley .. 7 17
2,521 41

By balance cash on hand \$4,133 91
\$3,187 13
\$7,321 04

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD,
Treasurer.

Plainfield, N. J.,
April 1, 1914.

Examined, compared with books and vouchers and found correct.

ASA F. RANDOLPH,
THEO. G. DAVIS,
Auditors.

Plainfield, N. J.,
April 12, 1914.

"At the battle of Cedar Creek," said the veteran captain of a company in one of Virginia's bravest regiments, "my company, which generally wasn't afraid of the arch fiend himself, grew demoralized and panic-stricken. Despite all my efforts, they broke and started pell-mell for the rear. "As one fellow, who I knew was as fearless as a lion, dashed by me, I drew my revolver and cried: "Halt, and return to your place! If you don't, I will shoot!" "Shoot and be hanged!" he replied, never slackening his pace. "What's one bullet to a basketful!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

SECOND HOPKINTON, R. I.—A very interesting installation service was held in the Second Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist church when Rev. E. A. Witter was installed as pastor. An organ voluntary was played by Mrs. Charles N. Kenyon, who had charge of the music. Scripture was read and prayer offered by Rev. E. P. Mathewson, followed by a hymn by the congregation. The charge to the church by Rev. H. C. Van Horn of Ashaway was made, and then the charge to the incoming pastor by Rev. A. G. Crofoot of Rockville. A solo was sung by Lloyd R. Crandall of Ashaway. An address of welcome to Mr. Witter was given by Rev. E. P. Mathewson, which was followed by suitable response. A hymn sung by the congregation concluded the service.—*Westerly Sun.*

ADAMS CENTER.—Thursday evening, March 19, at the Seventh Day Baptist church, a reception was given Rev. and Mrs. E. Adelbert Witter. A committee from this church was appointed to prepare and arrange for an entertainment for the evening. Committees were appointed from the First Baptist, the State Road and the Adventist churches, and invited to assist in receiving and welcoming all in attendance. The Grange and the Study Club, of both of which Elder Witter is a member, were also invited to be present. Although it was a stormy night, and roads were in bad condition, over two hundred gathered at the church to meet and greet the pastor and his wife, perhaps for the last time.

A short program had been prepared and was given, consisting of a chorus by the young people, and duets and solos by members of the different churches, while an orchestra furnished other music for the occasion.

After the program, remarks were made by Rev. R. F. Stolz, to which Rev. E. A. Witter, with much feeling and in a very able manner, responded.

After the remarks, all repaired below, where they were served with ice-cream and cake. A pleasant social hour was enjoyed by all, but many hearts were saddened by

the thought that their pastor was so soon to leave them for another field of labor.

After nearly all had taken their departure, a purse of \$43 was quietly presented to Elder Witter on behalf of the church and society, together with the papers containing all the names of those who had helped to make up this offering, which had been quietly gathered from his people to show him their esteem, and appreciation of his labors among them.

Sometime during the following week, the members of the Grange, desirous of showing him their interest in his welfare and their appreciation of his helpful service while a member, also presented him with a purse of money.

On March 28 Elder Witter preached his farewell sermon to the church. The theme was, "A Better Way." Texts 1 Cor. 12: 31; Ex. 3: 16, 17. In the evening of the same day he conducted his last prayer meeting service of the church. There were over sixty present, and as we gave him the hand of farewell, there were but few dry eyes among the people. May the Lord go with him to his new home and abundantly bless him and his labors; and when his toil and life's work is over, may he receive the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Monday night, March 30, he started with his carload of goods for Rhode Island, and arrived in Ashaway sometime Thursday, April 2. On Monday, April 6, his family left here at 2 o'clock p. m. for Hopkinton, arriving there Tuesday morning, April 7. We felt sorry to have them leave us, but may success attend their efforts and prosperity be theirs.

A SUBSCRIBER.

April 8, 1914.

Men and women make their own beauty or ugliness. Bulwer speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be," and, if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking, or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work.—*Alexander Smith.*

Requests for Prayers.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been earnestly requested to give to the press some information about the progress of our daily noonday prayer meetings which started January 19. Those who are interested in prayer will I am sure be glad to know that we have received some very encouraging answers. I give a few of them:

Mr.— of Mississippi was shot—intestines pierced eight times—doctors said there was no hope—superintendent of hospital telephoned for prayer. To the astonishment of a large number of people, the patient commenced improving. He is now at home getting along fine.

A mother from Granite, Okla., wrote: "My son is somewhere in the slums of your city—gone down on account of drink; his home is broken up and I have spent all my money on him. Pray for him; please try to find him." Soon after this request was presented it developed that a member of this church was, at one time, his companion in drink. He brought him in touch with the prayer meeting and he has been gloriously saved, has quit his drinking entirely and is prospering at his business as barber here in Memphis.

A man came requesting prayer for his mother who was very sick with pneumonia in Mississippi. He was converted. His mother commenced getting better right away and we were mightily impressed when he informed us recently that when he came to make the request he had not been in a church in forty years. Now he comes almost every day.

Request was made by a pastor of this city for a man in another State, fifty years old, who was unsaved—a drunkard and a dope fiend. About three weeks ago the good news came that he had been saved and had quit drinking and dope. He testifies that he is now trusting not in his own resolution but in the grace of God.

These are just a few of the many answers we have received. We are desirous that praying people everywhere who read this shall join in prayer daily between 12.30 and 1.30 p. m. for the following requests:

From a woman in Memphis—"I have been living the wrong kind of life and ask for your prayers that I may turn to God.

I want to live differently and I need divine help. Pray for me."

From Humboldt, Tenn.—Prayer requested for a husband who left home on March 24, 1913—has not been heard from since.

From Blue Mountain, Miss.—A son who has not been heard from since February 20, 1912.

From Texas—A wife whose home has been broken up on account of her own sin. She is deeply penitent.

From a widow 75 years old, whose home has been burned in Montana, that a customer be sent to buy the property.

From a mother—"Please pray for my daughter and me. We are alone in the world and no means of support, only our efforts. Pray that my daughter may not yield to temptation."

From Mrs.—, Helena, Ark.—"I have been afflicted with rheumatism for 12 years; at times my pain is more than I can bear."

From a husband for a wife in Huntington, Ind., who has been an invalid for years, and for help in solving financial problems.

From many with different kinds of sickness; from mothers whose sons have gone, and are going, down on account of drink.

Respectfully,

BENJAMIN COX,
Pastor.

Central Baptist Church,
Memphis, Tenn.,
April 11, 1914.

Operation to Promote Devotion.

W. H. MORSE.

In a Berkshire town there lived, for many years, a family whose name was not Colton, but it may so stand for the present purpose. They were always spoken of as "the little-eared Coltons," gaining the name from the fact that they had small ears, deficient in lobes. They were farmers, thrifty, hard-working, Christian people. On Sundays they drove five miles to church, and rarely missed a service. Thirty years ago there were in the family only a man and wife and one son. The latter, having reached the age of twenty-two went west and brought home a wife, who (as everybody remarked) was also small-eared.

One August afternoon I was driving with my preceptor in Hinsdale, when we met Doctor Dresser of that village.

"If it would not be out of your way," he said, "I wish you would stop a few minutes with me at the little-eared Coltons. I am on my way over there, and I'd like to have you at a little operation."

Without further explanation, he drove on and we followed. Reaching the farm, we soon learned the nature of the operation. The baby's ears had to be trimmed!

I can never forget the perplexed look on my preceptor's face, or the stern accent when he said to the young father, "What for?"

The grandfather gave the answer. Looking first at me, he said, "There is nothing for you to laugh at, boy! Baby has too large ears. In order that he grow up right and honorable, they must be clipped."

I did not find the tendency to laugh altogether controllable.

"Yes; and why?" asked my preceptor.

"Doctor," he said, in order that the baby grow up to be a good man, it must be done! Unless it is done, he might, and prob'ly would, turn out bad." He drew a long breath, and continued: "We allus remark this. My brother Eli had big ears, as father neglected it, and he—well, he was a bounty-jumper, and was shot for it. There have been others."

The operation was completed. Not long ago I took pains to inquire as to the subject. He is still living, the last of his family, a bachelor, highly respected, devout, and upright.

"No," he said, "I haven't married, for I can't hear of any little-eared woman."

I asked him about the family superstition.

"It is not superstition," he said. "Way back in Cromwell's time, my ancestor was a rogue till he had his ears cropped, when he became a Christian soldier. Ever since, if one is born with large lobes to the ears, they have to be cut, so as to make him or her devout."

When I was secretary of the Union County Bible Society, New Jersey, Rev. Dr. W. R. Richards, pastor of the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church at Plainfield, was a member of the executive committee, and took a live interest in the work. One day he came to me to tell me of an Italian who had been brought to his attention by

Rev. Dr. A. H. Lewis. Doctor Lewis had "discovered" him, and found that he was a Protestant. He had been attending one of the Crescent Avenue chapels, and also had attended the First Church of Christ, Disciples, with Davy Blow, a colored exhorter. He wanted to return to Italy, and to take with him a supply of Italian Scriptures for colportage, where the Latin church had prohibited their circulation. I saw him with Doctor Richards, and found a pleasant, intelligent man, eager to carry the gospel to his old neighbors.

"I do not know what they will say at first," he said, "for I was, at home, a maker of and dealer in wax arms, legs and ears.

Seeing that this was incomprehensible, he continued: "It is an old and regular trade. We have wax models of limbs, ears, heads, and breasts, and these are offered on the altar of a proper saint when the part is ailing. A wax leg, thus offered, cures rheumatism in a leg! A wax hand cures palsy! A wax ear not only cures headache, but helps to make one devotional! This is what superstitious Catholics believe."

I asked particularly about the ear.

"Oh, they believe it very sure," he said. "The ear is touched with the wax model, after it has been pierced as if for an ear-ring, and they say it makes one saintly! Oh, dear, it is sad," he continued. "But when I get to Palermo, I shall say, 'Chi ha orecchie da udire, oda!' (He that hath ears to hear let him hear!) And into those superstitious ears I shall pour the gospel."

Hartford, Conn.

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes.—Frederick W. Robertson.

"Don't mourn because someone who started in life with fewer advantages than you had has done so much better. Think of those you have left behind in the race. Yours must be a hopeless case if you are last in line."

DEATHS

CLARKE.—Edson D. Clarke, son of Jeremiah and Kate Crandall Clarke, was born August 29, 1852, and died of bronchial pneumonia, at his home near the village of Andover, March 2, 1914, after an illness of three weeks.

On November 30, 1881, he was united in marriage to Frances Langworthy, whose death occurred March 30, 1902. On May 25, 1904, he was united to Miss Betsey Odell of Alfred Station. In early manhood he professed Christ and united with the Seventh Day Baptist church of Andover, where he remained a faithful and beloved member until his death. He leaves a wife, an aged father, two brothers and one sister.

Funeral services were held at his home in Railroad Valley, and his body was laid to rest in the Alfred Cemetery.

A. C. E.

PIERCE.—Mrs. Mary Brown (Hawks) Pierce was born in West Almond, N. Y., February 18, 1854, and died at her home in the town of Alfred, N. Y., March 27, 1914.

She was married to John L. Pierce, October 12, 1871. Most of their married life was spent in Alfred, twenty-four of her last years in her late home near Alfred Station. She was baptized by the late Rev. B. F. Rogers and united with the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred with her husband and several of her children, about twenty years ago.

Sister Pierce was a queen of good cheer and helpfulness. She had good courage to believe she would get well, as long as there was a chance to hope, and when she saw she must leave this world, she could look forward, with strong faith, to a better home. She said to her weeping companion, "Don't cry, John, I am not afraid to die." She often said, "The Lord is my Shepherd." In her great suffering, she said to her family, "I am going to die, and go to Jesus, and I want you to meet me," and "Jesus doeth all things well." She quoted many passages of Scripture and lines of poems during her days of waiting and suffering.

She was a good wife, a true mother, and she enjoyed her family. It was a great comfort for her to have all her children come home in her sickness—one from Milton, Wis., another from Ashaway, R. I., and others from near by. She leaves her husband, twelve children, six daughters and five sons-in-law, six sons and four daughters-in-law, twenty-four grandchildren and one great-grandchild to mourn their loss.

Farewell services were held in the church, conducted by the pastor. A quartet sang three selections. The last one, "Lead Me Gently Home, Father," seemed especially appropriate, and was much appreciated. A large audience attended the services. Interment was made in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

I. L. C.

MAXSON.—Prentice Coon Maxson, second son of Mathew R. and Mary E. Maxson, was born September 9, 1837, and died at his home, 3547 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., April 3, 1914.

He was born in the township of Sharon, Pot-

ter County, Pa., his parents being pioneers of that county. His father died in 1845, leaving a widow and six children, the eldest being less than ten years of age. His early years were full of toil and hardships, but when nineteen years of age he spent a year in school at Richburg Academy, N. Y., and later at the Alfred Academy. In April, 1861, in response to earnest appeals of T. L. Kane, he with many others went to Harrisburg, making their way on foot, by lumber wagons, going down the river on extemporized floats, the last stage of the journey being by rail. That conglomerate gathering was the nucleus of the afterwards noted Pennsylvania Bucktails.

In September, 1861, he enlisted in Company D, 85th N. Y. Infantry. The regiment was sent to Washington, wintered at Arlington Heights and was then assigned to McClellan's army and took part in the heavy battles and skirmishes of 1862. In the fall or early winter the regiment and brigade (Wessels) was transferred, after the capture of Norfolk, to North Carolina, where it took an active part in many campaigns, with headquarters at Plymouth, until April 20, 1864, when the entire regiment (except Company A which was on detached service) was captured and sent at once to Andersonville. Here they suffered and endured all the insults and indignities that the "Prince of Hades" could invent, and here a younger brother, Horace L. Maxson, died. In September they were transferred to the Charleston jail-yard that they might be under fire of the blockading squadron then bombarding the city. After six weeks in the jail-yard they were transferred to another "Hades," described as a prison-pen, at Florence. This comrade had taken all precautions possible to preserve his health, but the rigors of the winter with the insufficient food and fuel told on him to such an extent that he was only a skeleton. The rebels thought, no doubt, that a starved Yankee in exchange for a fat rebel would be a good bargain, and he, with others, was paroled. He reached Wilmington on March 1, 1865, was sent to Parole Camp at Annapolis, Md., given a furlough and went home, where he recovered his health. He was finally discharged at Elmira, N. Y.

He came to Wisconsin in the spring of 1866, spent the summer at Albion, and the next spring located on a farm near Freeborn, Minn., where he lived for several years. October 28, 1871, he was married to Miss Villie Culver of Alfred, N. Y. A year and a half later he removed to Eau Claire, Wis.; thence to Clear Lake, Wis., where he engaged in lumber and mercantile business; then was cashier of Manufacturers' Bank at New Richmond, Wis., for seven years; thence to Amery, Wis., in the lumber and mercantile business; and for the last sixteen years resided in Minneapolis, Minn., though he still retained a heavy business interest at Barron and Amery, Wis., as well as in the United Crude Oil Company near Bakersfield, Cal., being president of the corporations.

The germs of disease injected into his system during his confinement in the prison-pens were dormant until increasing years lessened his vitality and thus gave the incipient germs an opportunity to increase and multiply. Death came silently and quietly. Of four brothers who were in the

army, three have passed away, and the eldest is on the waiting list for "taps to sound."

Besides his wife and son, Raymond B. Maxson, the deceased leaves one brother, two sisters and a half-brother, John Howe of Bolivar, N. Y., besides many other relatives and a host of warm personal friends. As a business man, he was the soul of honor and probity in all his dealings. He was an enthusiastic Grand Army man, and his service was frequently called for on patriotic occasions. He was trained and nurtured in the tenets of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and always held fast to the teachings of the denomination; but his life was passed among other societies and he never joined any church, though he was a Christian in practice and belief.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock p. m., April 8, at Lakewood Chapel, conducted by Rev. E. E. Stevens, with Grand Army ritual service by the members of Plummer Post. The services were attended by a large concourse of friends and relatives. The active bearers were from the lodge of Odd Fellows of New Richmond, Wis., of which he was a member. The honorary bearers were old soldiers, most of whom were ex-prisoners of war.

D. M. M.

BABCOCK.—Near Alfred, N. Y., April 3, 1914. Miss Minena Babcock, in the twenty-fifth year of her age.

Miss Babcock was the daughter of A. D. and Isadora (Babcock) Babcock, and was born in Jackson Center, Ohio. Since about her twelfth year her home has been in Alfred, N. Y. She was richly endowed by nature and had striven in her brief life to serve others. For ten years she had been a loyal member of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred, N. Y. Though in poor health for a number of years, yet few knew it, and death, which came after only one week's illness in bed, was a shock and sadness to all the community.

Her mother had preceded her to the spirit land by only sixteen months, since which time she had taken the mother's place in the home. She leaves, to mourn her departure, a father, Mr. A. D. Babcock of Alfred; four brothers.—Emile, Aubrey, and Edmond of Battle Creek, Mich., and Elverson of Riverside, Cal.; three sisters.—Mrs. A. L. Sloan of Ludlow, Ill., and Alvada and Janette of Alfred, and many friends.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held Monday afternoon, April 6, and burial took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

WM. L. B.

THE SABBATH RECORDER: In the RECORDER of March 30 I notice an invitation for views on the temperance question. There are perhaps very few readers of the RECORDER who do not advocate national prohibition. I for one do, and being away off in Oregon where state prohibition will be voted on this fall, I consider it my duty to put in a word for the cause.

While we may all differ as to methods, we all agree as to the results. Have any of the readers of the RECORDER stopped to

consider that the prime incentive to the liquor traffic is profit? Eliminate that profit and you have solved the question that has been agitated for the last century. How are we to eliminate the profit? Why, by simply having the federal government take over the breweries and distilleries, manufacture for medical purposes only, and sell at cost of manufacture. Then the liquor question will be solved for all time. When the means of production and distribution are owned and democratically administered, then we will have a saloonless nation, less poverty and fewer immensely rich. Then can the Golden Rule be applied as it was intended by the One who gave it.

Very truly yours,

J. W. BURDICK.

Drewsey, Ore.,

April 5, 1914.

Resolutions of Sympathy.

Whereas our heavenly Father has seen fit to remove suddenly from our midst our sister, Mrs. Lois N. Newey, who for many years has been a member of our Ladies' Benevolent Society, therefore

Resolved, That the great loss which has befallen the family is shared in many homes.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, and pray that a kind heavenly Father may comfort and sustain them in their great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and also a copy be published in the SABBATH RECORDER.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose

Not wholly what he has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed,
As truly as in his heaven."

IDA THAYER,
MYRTIE WILLIAMS,
ZILLA SHOWDY,

Verona, N. Y.

Committee.

The Shadow of a Great Rock in a Weary Land.

"Are you in a weary land?" Listen to him who bids the weary come to him for rest. Sit beneath his shadow with great delight. Fling yourself down at the feet of the Man who is a high priest touched with the feeling of sorrow, acquainted with grief, strong, tender, true, combining in his glorious person every attribute that can make life blessed, and learn how he can be the shadow of "a great rock."—F. B. Meyer.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

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

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock, preaching at 3. Every-body 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.

Patience is one of the most useful of the Christian graces. Scarcely an hour in the day passes without there is a call for its exercise. Growth in grace is always marked by growth in patience. We should be so filled with humble love that we can bear provocation without being provoked. We should have patience with our own blundering, as well as with the mistakes and perversities of others.—B. T. Roberts.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year \$2.00
Per copy05

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed.

Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the SABBATH RECORDER, Plainfield, N. J.

Advertising rates furnished on request.

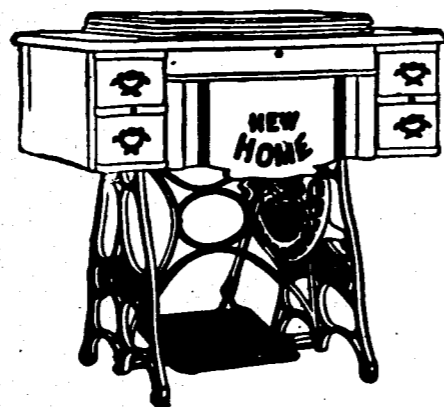
A fly had fallen into the ink-well of a certain author who writes a very bad and very inky hand. The writer's little boy rescued the unhappy insect, and dropped him on a piece of paper. After watching him intently for a while he called to his mother, "Here's a fly, mamma, that writes just like papa."

NEW THE SEWING MACHINE OF QUALITY.

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME. **HOME**

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.

If you purchase the NEW HOME you will have a life asset at the price you pay, and will not have an endless chain of repairs.



Quality Considered it is the Cheapest in the end to buy.

If you want a sewing machine, write for our latest catalogue before you purchase.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co., Orange, Mass.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

President—Mrs. A. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. J. W. Morton, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Milton, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. A. S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.

Treasurer—Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.

Editor of Woman's Work, SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.

Secretary, Eastern Association—Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.

Secretary, Southeastern Association—Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Lost Creek, W. Va.

Secretary, Central Association—Miss Agnes Babcock, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Secretary, Western Association—Mrs. Mary F. Whitford, Nile, N. Y.

Secretary, Southwestern Association—Miss Phoebe Stillman, Hammond, La.

Secretary, Northwestern Association—Miss Phoebe S. Coon, Walworth, Wis.

Secretary, Pacific Coast Association—Mrs. G. E. Osborn, Long Beach, Cal.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

President—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.

Treasurer—W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.

Vice-Presidents—Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, North Loup, Neb.; Rev. W. L. Davis, Brookfield, N. Y.; Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Farina, Ill.; Prof. S. B. Bond, Salem, W. Va.

Mr. A. Clyde Ehret, Andover, N. Y.; Rev. R. J. Severance, Riverside, Cal.; Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, Fouke, Ark.; Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, Berlin, N. Y.

Board of Trustees—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.; Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.; Rev. H. Eugene Davis, Walworth, Wis.; Rev. Charles S. Savre, Albion, Wis.; Rev. Lester C. Randolph, Milton, Wis.; Mr. N. O. Moore, Milton, Wis.; Mr. R. Vernon Hurley, Milton, Wis.; Dr. Geo. E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.; Prof. D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.; Miss Mabel Maxson, Milton, Wis.; Prof. Leman H. Stringer, Milton, Wis.; Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Milton Junction, Wis.; Mr. Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis., and Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, New York, N. Y.

Stated meetings are held on the third First-day of the week in September, December and March, and the first First-day of the week in June, in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wisconsin.

Young People's Executive Board.

President—Rev. H. Eugene Davis, Walworth, Wis.

Vice-Presidents—Mr. Fred I. Babcock, Albion, Wis.; Mr. Philip L. Coon, Milton, Wis.; Mr. George Thorngate, Milton, Wis.; Miss Ethel Carver, Milton, Wis., and Mr. William D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Miss Carrie Nelson, Milton, Wis.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Helen Cottrell, Milton Junction, Wis.

Treasurer—Prof. Leman H. Stringer, Milton, Wis.

Trustee of United Society—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.

Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Verona, N. Y.

Junior Superintendent—Mrs. H. Eugene Davis, Walworth, Wis.

Field Secretaries—Miss Edna Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.; Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, Verona, N. Y.; Miss Mabel Jordan, Nile, N. Y.; Miss Lucile Davis, Salem, W. Va.; Miss Daisy Furrow, Battle Creek, Mich.; Miss Bernice Burdick, Welton, Ia.; Mr. C. C. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark.; Miss Luella Baker, Riverside, Cal.; Rev. Peter Takema, Rotterdam, Holland, and Miss Anna M. West, Shanghai, China.

Young People's Executive Board.

President—Rev. H. Eugene Davis, Walworth, Wis.

Vice-Presidents—Mr. Fred I. Babcock, Albion, Wis.; Mr. Philip L. Coon, Milton, Wis.; Mr. George Thorngate, Milton, Wis.; Miss Ethel Carver, Milton, Wis., and Mr. William D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Miss Carrie Nelson, Milton, Wis.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Helen Cottrell, Milton Junction, Wis.

Treasurer—Prof. Leman H. Stringer, Milton, Wis.

Trustee of United Society—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.

Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Verona, N. Y.

Junior Superintendent—Mrs. H. Eugene Davis, Walworth, Wis.

Field Secretaries—Miss Edna Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.; Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, Verona, N. Y.; Miss Mabel Jordan, Nile, N. Y.; Miss Lucile Davis, Salem, W. Va.; Miss Daisy Furrow, Battle Creek, Mich.; Miss Bernice Burdick, Welton, Ia.; Mr. C. C. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark.; Miss Luella Baker, Riverside, Cal.; Rev. Peter Takema, Rotterdam, Holland, and Miss Anna M. West, Shanghai, China.

Board of Pulpit Supply and Ministerial Employment.

President—Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I.

Recording Secretary—Mr. Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.

Corresponding Secretaries—Rev. E. B. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I.; Prof. E. E. Whitford, 180 Claremont Ave., New York, N. Y.; Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.; Mr. W. K. Davis, Milton, Wis.; Mr. F. J. Ehret, Salem, W. Va.; Mr. W. R. Potter, Hammond, La., and Dr. H. C. Brown, Brookfield, N. Y.

The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.

The Board will not obtrude information, help or advice upon any church or persons, but give it when asked. The first three persons named in the Board will be its working force, being located near each other.

The Associational Secretaries will keep the working force of the Board informed in regard to the pastorless churches and unemployed ministers in their respective Association, and give whatever aid and counsel they can.

All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries will be strictly confidential.

Plainfield, N. J.

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. Babcock Building. Printing and Publishing of all kinds.

WILLIAM MAXSON STILLMAN, COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. First Semester began September 17, 1913. New catalogue sent upon request.

FREE CIRCULATING LIBRARY. Catalogue sent upon request. Address, Alfred Theological Seminary.

BIBLE STUDIES ON THE SABBATH QUESTION. In paper, postpaid, 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents. Address, Alfred Theological Seminary.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND. For the joint benefit of Salem, Milton, and Alfred. The Seventh-day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests.

New York City.

HERBERT G. WHIPPLE, COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. 220 Broadway. St. Paul Building.

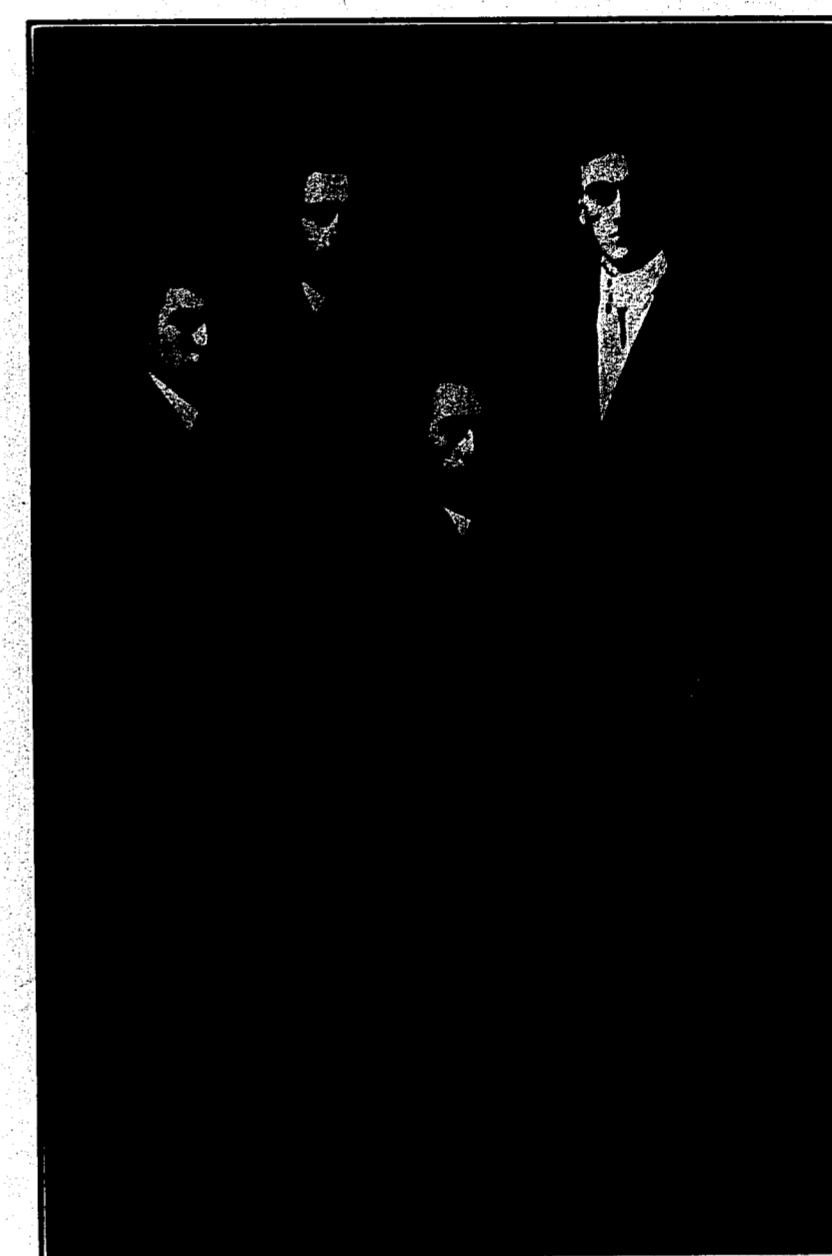
HARRY W. PRENTICE, D. D. S., "THE NORTHPORT," 76 West 103d Street.

ORRA S. ROGERS, Metropolitan Manager, Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 149 Broadway, New York City.

Chicago, Ill.

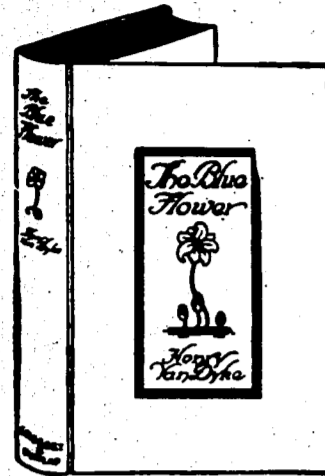
BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. 1140 First Nat'l Bank Building, Phone Central 360.

The Sabbath Recorder



BERLIN SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST QUARTET

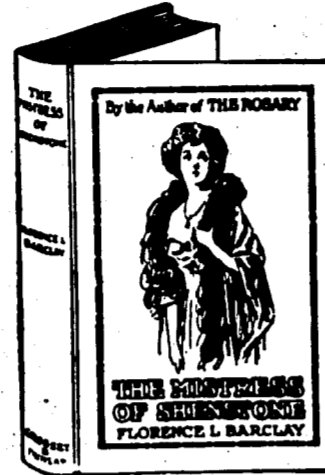
YOUR CHOICE FREE
 FOR ONLY ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION TO THE SABBATH RECORDER



THE BLUE FLOWER
 by Henry Van Dyke

With colored frontispiece, blue and gold inlay. This volume is probably the most widely sold and universally beloved of all Dr. Van Dyke's books. Its underlying motive is the search for true happiness, as symbolized by the rare and beautiful Blue Flower.

Most of the tales are deeply poetic in conception and are told with that delicate feeling and fresh felicity of style which is at the command of this vigorous and fascinating writer.



JOYCE of the NORTH WOODS
 by Harriet T. Comstock

Illustrated by John Cassel. A very beautiful woman, married to a drunken rascal, has an experience in an affair of the heart that carries her through joy, misery, the censure of friends and the reproach of her little world. Through it all, Joyce remains the strong, noble aspiring soul that one finds among those who live midst primitive civilization.

The great impassioned love story is handled with rare skill.



MARY MIDTHORNE by George Barr McCutcheon

Illustrated by Martin Justice. Into the narrow and bleak life of an old New England town come Mary Midthorne and her brother Eric, just from Georgia, headstrong, warm hearted, passionate, human and altogether lovable. Thereupon begins a story of adventure and love-making, of rare tragedy and comedy, of a cousin who is a real villain and gets just that punishment that all real villains ought to get; of two brave, able girls that all heroes deserve to marry; of a cold financier who finally becomes a real man; and much more. Hot-blooded Eric and winsome Mary Midthorne are flesh-and-blood people whose adventures hold you with bated breath.



THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE
 by Florence L. Barclay

In this delightful love story, a worthy successor to THE ROSARY, we follow the fortunes of the young and lovely Lady Ingleby, recently widowed by the death of a husband who was never capable of really understanding her. While rusticated in the country, she meets her heart's delight under the simple and classic name of "Jim"—in reality an Earl—and these two proceed to fall deeply and rapturously in love with each other. When he learns her identity, a situation of singular power and fascination is developed, which Mrs. Barclay handles in a masterly manner. A most absorbing and unusual story.

BEN-HUR: A Tale of the Christ by General Lew Wallace

This is a famous religious-historical romance with a mighty story, brilliant pageantry, thrilling action and deep religious reverence. It is hardly necessary to give an outline of the story, for every one is familiar with the "Star of Bethlehem and The Three Wise Men," and the wonderful description of the "Chariot Race" and "Christ Healing the Sick on the Mount of Olives." In the thirty years since "Ben Hur" first attracted the attention of readers, no work of fiction has appeared which has had so great and so enduring a popularity.

Your choice of the above volumes sent postpaid on receipt of one new subscription to the Sabbath Recorder, paid one year in advance.

SABBATH RECORDER :: :: **PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY**

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—The Broken Quartet; Milton College Glee Club; Some Important Questions; David E. Titworth at Rest, 513-515	of the Woman's Board Meeting 526-529
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES—Results of Election in Illinois; The Mexican Crisis; 516	Notes From the Field 530
Among the Churches 517	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—The Places of Power; Henry's Kind; Alfred University Happenings; News Notes 532-535
Milton College Glee Club Visits Battle Creek, 520	Thoughts From the Field 535
MISSIONS—Missionary Board Meeting; Treasurer's Quarterly Report 522	CHILDREN'S PAGE—Judge Not 536
God, Our Father 523	SABBATH SCHOOL 537
The Federal Council of Churches 525	Mrs. Lura A. Hull 538
From Rev. Darwin C. Lippincott 525	Albert Boardman Cottrell 539
WOMAN'S WORK—Little Bits of Heaven (noetry); Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens; Minutes	HOME NEWS 540
	DENOMINATIONAL NEWS 542
	MARRIAGES 543
	DEATHS 543