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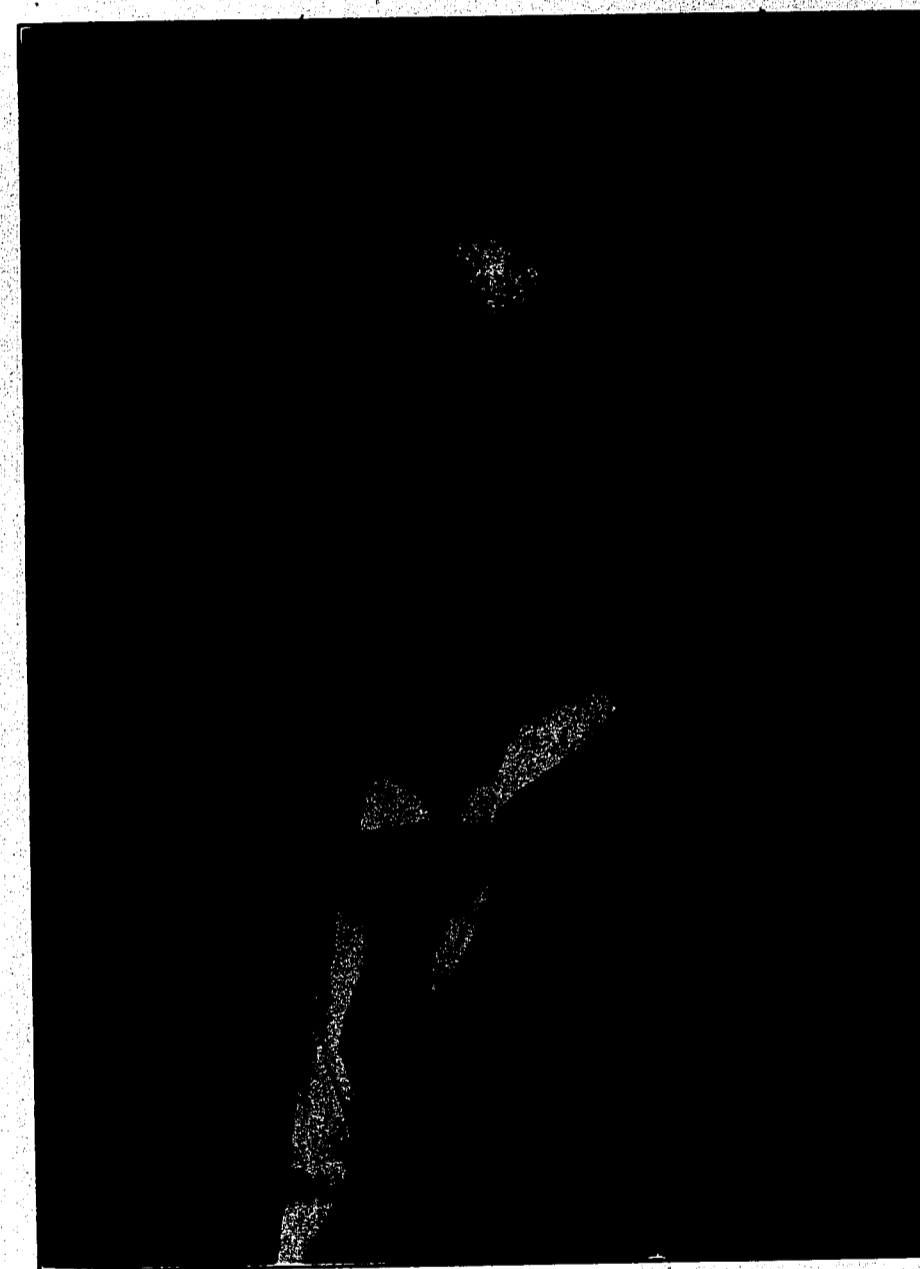
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The SABBATH VISITOR, PLAINFIELD NEW JERSEY

The Sabbath Recorder



DAVID EDGAR TITSWORTH

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The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY II, 1914.

WHOLE NO. 3,610.

David E. Titsworth—Services of Appreciation.

Farewell Services at the Home.

In the departure of David E. Titsworth, whose going home was mentioned in the SABBATH RECORDER of last week, a well-known friend to most of our readers has passed from among us. He was born October 10, 1850, and went to his heavenly home on April 21, 1914, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

It is not our purpose to give here a life-sketch of our friend, as that will be found on another page, but simply an account of the memorial services held at his home at half past two on Friday afternoon, April 24, and of the "service of appreciation" in the church on Sabbath morning.

A large company of friends and neighbors filled his late home on Madison Avenue, Plainfield, N. J., to pay tribute to the loved one gone. The church and Sabbath school, the Men's club, the Tract Board, his business firm, and many individuals had contributed to the beautiful floral offerings that filled the rooms until the casket rested in a bower of lilies and roses.

Pastor Edwin Shaw had charge, and the services, according to Brother Titsworth's own wishes, were very simple, consisting of Scripture reading, poems, and a prayer, with three hymns by the Lotus Glee Club of New York City. The pastor read the Ninetieth Psalm and a part of the fourteenth chapter of John, and was followed by the glee club with the song—"Crossing the Bar." Then the Twenty-third Psalm and selections from the fifteenth of First Corinthians and from Revelations were read by Pastor Shaw. As the last words of these beautiful passages about the resurrection and the future life died away, the glee club began to sing, "Serenity," touching all hearts, and preparing the way for the two poems which our brother loved and which had been chosen for the occasion.

Dean Arthur E. Main then read "Work," by Henry Van Dyke, which Brother Titsworth had kept among his treasures.

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room:
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom:
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way."

After a moment's pause, Dean Main read the stanzas entitled, "A Hymn of Comfort," by Rev. John W. Chadwick, from which our departed brother and his companion had often received comfort.

"It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it one and all;
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

"'Tis hard to take the burden up
When they have laid it down,
They brightened all the joys of life,
They softened every frown—
But oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

"More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there,
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They can not be where God is not,
On any sea or shore—
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore!"

At the close of this reading Dean Main fervently prayed that the God of comfort would bestow all needed grace upon his sorrowing children, and the glee club completed the services at the home by singing, "Still, Still with Thee." The interment was in beautiful Hillside Cemetery, under the light of the afternoon sun of a bright spring day, with all nature bursting into bud and blossom after a winter of death. How suggestive of the coming glorious morning when our loved ones shall live again.

Services on Sabbath Morning.

The Sabbath morning services at the church were turned into a service of appreciation. Instead of the usual sermon several friends had been asked to speak a few words of appreciation in honor of Brother Titsworth.

After the usual introductory exercises, including the hymn, "Heaven is My Home," the Pastor read Galatians, sixth chapter, which contains the verses sent by our brother to the last annual meeting as his message to the church. Rev. E. B. Saunders made the prayer, and the choir sang, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

The next hymn was one of Brother Titsworth's favorite prayer-meeting songs. After the toils and cares of the week, he sometimes asked for this song in the meeting on Sabbath eve.

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

"In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord.
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

"O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

"Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

"Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still small voice of calm."

After the singing of this hymn, "words of grateful appreciation of David E. Titsworth" were spoken by the following persons: Pastor Edwin Shaw, William C. Hubbard, superintendent of the Sabbath school, Mrs. Thomas H. Tomlinson, Henry M. Maxson, Rev. John S. Zelig, pastor of the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church, and by the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER. We give their addresses here in the order in which they came.

WORDS OF PASTOR SHAW.

For several weeks I have carried in my pocketbook a scrap of paper that was handed to me one day by Brother David E. Titsworth. He had written there these words, "Keep your face to the sunshine, and the shadows will always fall behind you." How like himself was this! both in the thought suggested and in the thoughtfulness in suggesting it. He delighted in giving cheerful service, helpfulness wrapped up in gladness, counsel stayed about with encouragement, sympathy all fragrant with love.

How often has the mourner, standing by the casket of a loved one lost, received from him in person, or by post or messenger, words of comfort, or the healing balm of flowers! And how the darkness lighted up, and the burdens seemed less overwhelming because of this timely touch of tenderness! And how often has each one of us, when standing in the shadows of our own depressed spirits, suddenly felt them dissolve and disappear in the light of his genial undimable brightness!

And when perplexed and almost blinded in the shades of uncertainty and disappointment into which we were anxiously peering, how often has his hand of loving friendly firmness turned us about to face with him and by his side the sunshine which we had not seen, but which was, none the less, flooding the earth.

He was an apostle of good cheer, called to it by his own clear conviction of the Christian life, by his unfailing fund of hope and push and gladness, and by the need he saw in human life for sympathetic helpfulness; and that he was faithful to his calling, this apostleship of good cheer, a multitude of witnesses are ready to give grateful testimony.

And we can best honor him, the friend we dearly loved, by giving and by living in full and generous measure this message, his message, of good cheer, built on no insecure foundation, but on the solid rock of his belief in God, his faith in Jesus Christ, and his love for man.

Pastor Shaw then read the following lines by George Klinge, entitled "Recompense."

"We are quite sure
That He will give them back—bright, pure, and
beautiful.
We know He will but keep
Our own and his until we fall asleep.

We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.
He does not mean—though heaven be fair—
To change the spirits entering there, that they
forget

The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.
He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us, that when most I would grow sad
I just begin to think about that gladness,
And the day
When they shall tell us about the way
That they have learned to go—
Heaven's pathway show.

"My lost, my own and I
Shall have so much to see together by and by,
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that his heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for you
and me,

As we have suffered most. God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side—
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified—
And meant to break
The quivering threads between.
When we shall wake,
I am quite sure, we will be very glad
That for a little while we were so sad."

TRIBUTE OF WILLIAM C. HUBBARD.

"Behold how he loved him." These were the words of the onlookers as they noted how that "Jesus wept" when Lazarus whom he loved passed from this to a better world. It was both a human and a divine sorrow; and these words instantly came to my mind as I was asked to represent the Sabbath school in this service of appreciation.

Without attempting to eulogize, for he needed no eulogy from you or from me, nor wished any, I wish to speak of two traits, among many, which endeared him to us all, which made him your brother and mine in the broadest sense. These may be designated as *service* and *sympathy*.

What does it mean to be of service? It means the placing of self *last*, and doing for others those things which are needful, helpful, encouraging. By this service he strengthened our optimism, or supplied it

if we lacked, endearing himself to all, from the youngest to the eldest.

The younger children sent him a bunch of pure white roses, yesterday, and wrote, "We loved him dearly."

He spared not himself in any walk of life, and your superintendent testifies to the benefits already received from the rewards of service prophesied by this brother who had for a score of years, served you so faithfully and so well.

And what shall I say of his sympathy? Who of you in this church family, having known sorrow, has not felt his quick, warm grasp, has not heard the spoken word of comfort, has not noted the moistened eye as his heart melted with yours in a common sorrow?

The ability to really sympathize—to suffer with—another, is a rare one and a wonderful one. Let us emulate these Christian gifts of *service* and *sympathy*. This old world needs both so much.

David Edgar Titsworth joined our Sabbath school, September 6, 1856, nearly fifty-eight years ago, and has been a member almost continuously ever since.

In grateful appreciation of the long service of our brother, we have asked Mrs. Thomas H. Tomlinson, long associated with our school, to present the following:

MEMORIAL.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." No more truthful text could be applied to our beloved friend, associate, brother than the one quoted.

When David was twelve years old, his father enlisted in the army during the Civil War, and his mother with her four children—all of whom are now in the great beyond—were staying with her father, Mr. David Dunn, in New Market. The oldest child, Mary, a beautiful young woman, was taken ill with typhoid fever. As I was living very near and it was during a vacation from school, it was my privilege to assist in caring for her, and never shall I forget the devotion of David to his mother, as he tried to comfort her, when the spirit of Mary was leaving us. He seemed to feel the responsibility resting upon him in the absence of his father.

When his mother lay upon her dying bed, and his boyish heart was well-nigh breaking, she asked him to promise her that he would never use tobacco nor any

alcoholic drink, and that sacred promise was faithfully kept. I wish that every boy in our Sabbath school would make and keep such a promise to his mother and to his God, that he might live as clean and pure a life as did our promoted friend.

We remember the loyal, faithful, unselfish love that he gave for twenty years as superintendent of our Sabbath school. We shall not forget that hand ever extended to render assistance; that eye so quick to discover necessity and to provide for it; that active, fertile brain, constantly devising plans for the best interest of the school he loved so well.

His leadership of the Sabbath-school song service was to us an inspiration, for he desired not only the singing of the hymn, but the song of the soul within each singer.

"A life with purer thought and aim, a voice more kind,
We may not hope on earth to find;
And love that lingers o'er his name
Is more than fame."

We mourn not a leader lost or fallen, but a comrade gone before; we will not despair; the work of Sabbath truth and of Bible teaching must and will go forward. God's dealings with his children are often mysterious and his ways "past finding out," for finite minds can not fathom infinite thought; but he is "his own interpreter" and, in his own way and time, he will make even this affliction "plain." May the faithful, kindly life of this friend, so well known to each one of us, incite to increased fidelity, to more noble endeavor.

"Great-hearted toiler—thy work all done;
Great-hearted soul, into glory gone;
Beautiful life with its crown now won;
God giveth thee rest,
Rest from all sickness and watching and fears;
Rest from all possible sighing and tears;
Rest through God's endless, wonderful years
At home with the blest."

TRIBUTE OF HENRY M. MAXSON.

On Tuesday, April 21, David E. Titsworth entered into rest, and with his going from us we have lost one who touched more lives among us than perhaps any other one man. He was so much to so many of us—we met him at the shop—in the city—in our offices—and in our homes. And more than all we met him here in this building—our

church and his. He has given us his willing service since the time of his joining the church in 1872. With nearly every one of its organizations his name is connected. I shall not attempt to describe his service. It is enough to say that wherever he accepted an office he filled full the duties of that office by his service.

He has been a trustee since the year 1900, when he was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Charles Potter. He has been a member of the Men's Club since its inception, and one of the honorary members of the Woman's Society for Christian Work for many years. He was one of the earliest members of the Christian Endeavor society, his name later being transferred to the honorary list.

But it is as chorister of the church that I think we shall feel his absence most. He has directed the music of the church since 1880—thirty-four years of cheerful and beautiful service. He gave not only of his time and thought, but he also stirred our hearts from week to week with the vigor and sympathy of his voice as he led the others in the choir.

If you go into a pine forest, where there is no sign of maple or birch or beech, and cut down the trees, in a few years the ground will be covered with a forest of birch and beech and maple. Man knoweth not when the seeds come nor when they were placed there; but when circumstances gave them a chance, they sprang into life and covered the ground with new verdure and new beauty. So the life of every good man and woman is ever sowing seeds of goodness and happiness in the hearts of those whose lives they touch, and in the years that follow these seeds are ever springing into life and bearing fruitage for generations that know not their sower.

On a bright, sunny day, when the winds are hushed and the whole world seems at peace, you may stand on the seashore and see the waves pounding the beach with uncontrollable fury, driven by the force of some far-off storm. You know not when or where the storm raged, but the waves it has created are before you with resistless power. So the influence of the strong life centered so many years in this church will spring up again and again and show its power in coming generations. No man will trace it back to its source in the life of

this faithful friend of ours, but the power will be there, a power for higher living, a power for greater happiness, a power for greater good.

REV. JOHN S. ZELIE'S TRIBUTE.

Rev. John S. Zelig, who was a fellow passenger with Brother Titsworth two or three years ago as they crossed the Atlantic, bore a loving testimony to the spirit of friendliness possessed by our brother. Friendship is a great force in human life. He could hardly tell when it first began between himself and Mr. Titsworth, but it had come very naturally, as they met in this city, or on the ocean, or in cities of other lands. People loved our brother because he always took the lead in friendship, and carried it to the world instead of waiting for others to bring it to him. He did not wait for others to be friendly, but took the initiative.

CLOSING WORDS.

The editor of the SABBATH RECORDER was the last speaker. He said in substance: Ever since the sad news of our brother's departure reached me, the words in the story of love and friendship between David and Jonathan have been uppermost in my mind: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. . . . And David's seat was empty."

I first knew him as a boy, some fifty years ago, when he came with his father to dwell in our home town in western New York. He was a bright, happy boy whom everybody loved, and his sunny disposition was his characteristic through life.

While these friends today have been bringing their words of tribute, my heart has responded to every thought expressed, so forcefully has each utterance emphasized the words quoted above, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." Look where we will today, we are painfully reminded of the empty place which no one can fill.

Who of us does not know what it means to have an empty place in the home? No words can tell how dark and lonely the home is when a dear one has been called away never to return. How our hearts go out today to this home where the empty seat is the constant reminder of an unspeakable loss!

Then in the church, which David loved so much and to which he was so loyal; in

the choir to which he gave so many years of faithful service; in the Sabbath school where for twenty years he served as superintendent, and where he was equally efficient whether student or teacher in classes, whether chorister or general leader; and in the prayer meeting, where his voice was always heard in prayer or praise,—in all these places he will be missed, because his seat will be empty.

In every phase of our social life, whether in church socials, in the Men's Club, or in happy home gatherings, he will be missed. In all these he brought sunshine to cheer our hearts, and services to advance the cause we love.

And in the councils of the denomination—in the Tract Board, Memorial Board, Supervisory Committee of the publishing house, Joint Committee of the two boards, and in the meetings of the General Conference—David will be missed, for his place will be empty. No layman among our people ever proved himself more efficient and helpful in all matters pertaining to denominational work.

Our brother was an enthusiastic lover of the beautiful, whether in music, poetry, or in the world about him. One day in springtime, as we stood together at a point overlooking this beautiful country, I was much impressed with his ecstasy of soul over the magnificent landscape. The mountains, the plain, the sky, all bathed in the sunshine of spring, stirred his soul to its depths, and I shall never forget how he enjoyed the scene. What a joy heaven must bring to one who appreciates so well the harmonies of earth!

How can I better close than with the words of another whose description of a successful life might well be applied to that of our departed brother:

"He has achieved success who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others, and has given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, his memory a benediction."

The choir then sang another of Mr. Titsworth's favorite songs:

"He sees when their footsteps falter, when their
heart grows weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, and lis-
tens to each complaint.
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway
has grown more steep;
And folded in fair green pastures
He giveth his lov'd ones sleep.

"Like weary and worn-out children that sigh for
the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and
its sweet repose;
So he calls them in from their labors, ere the
shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them
He giveth his lov'd ones sleep.

"Weep not that their toils are over, weep not
that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work,
like theirs, is done.
Till then we would yield with gladness our treas-
ures to him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance
He giveth his lov'd ones sleep.

David Edgar Titsworth.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Once in a while we lose from this world one whose life of unselfish service, in all walks of life, endears him universally. Such an one was David Edgar Titsworth, who passed from earth into eternal rest on the evening of April 21, 1914, after an illness of several months.

He was born in Plainfield, N. J., October 10, 1850. On both sides his parents were of old New Jersey stock and traced their ancestry to Revolutionary War times.

The youngest of five children born to Edward Burke Titsworth, son of Lewis and Rebecca Dunham Titsworth, and Ann, daughter of David and Mary Holton Dunn, he received his early education in the public schools of Plainfield, before they had risen to their preeminent position in the State. Feeling the need of more culture he spent one year (1864) in Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y. After a number of years at work he spent two years, 1875-76, at Milton College, Milton, Wis., and always maintained an especially deep and abiding interest in Milton, paying loving tribute to the influence such self-sacrificing heroes as William C. and Albert Whitford had on his life.

He never ceased to cultivate mind and heart in both secular and religious channels. In 1863 his mother died when he was but

thirteen years old and this was a sad blow for the lad so early in life. His father had gone to war, and being wounded in battle at Gaines Farms, and incapacitated for service, took a contract with the Commissary Department. David was taken along. This was a great experience, and he often spoke of reaching Washington, D. C., about midnight on a beautiful moonlight night and beholding the gilded dome of the Capitol for the first time, and, though having seen it hundreds of times since, with its additions and embellishments, the view spread before his boyish eyes, fifty years ago, always reverted to his memory.

During the months spent in camp with his father he became familiar with the faces of many of the officers, including General Grant. On one occasion, attending a public reception at the White House, he shook hands with President Lincoln, who had a cheery word for the boy.

From 1863 to 1885 his home was principally with relatives. Among these, he lived longest with Isaac S. Dunham and Deacon J. Dennison Spicer; and Mr. Titsworth often paid a loving and heartfelt tribute to these Christian homes, and their influence for good on his life.

His was a struggle to make a satisfactory start in business. Before going to Milton to school he worked for Spicer and Ross, learning the sash and blind business; also after returning from Milton College he worked for Spicer and Hubbard, as foreman of the same business, but the dust affected his throat and interfered with his singing and he was obliged to give it up. After engaging in several business enterprises he entered the employ of C. Potter Jr. and Co., 1877, and was sent to Springfield, Mass., where he literally absorbed everything he could learn about the printing business and vernacular in a large printing establishment. Upon his return to New York he traveled extensively for many years in selling the product.

In 1890 he was admitted to partnership, and in 1893, when the Potter Printing Press Company was incorporated, was made secretary and a little later was elected vice-president and general manager, which position he filled until called home.

In the printing-press industry he found ample opportunity for employing his abili-

ties as sales-manager, a persuader of men, and as a designer of special machinery. An owner of one of the largest press manufacturing companies writes, "He was the most genial companion and the fairest competitor I have ever known."

The Government Printing Office and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, D. C., are equipped with many marvelously efficient presses which Mr. Titsworth thought out, and then persuaded the officials to install.

These have resulted in great economies in the conduct of this important branch of government work, and include presses on which all our postal cards and money orders are printed, presses for printing all transactions of Congress and numbering and scaling all paper money issued by the United States. In business he was optimistic, courageous, honest.

In civil affairs he was interested in the institutions which made for betterment and found time, among others, to serve on the Directorate of the Dime Savings Bank, and as a member of the State Geological Survey of New Jersey, National Civic Federation, and Printing Press Manufacturers' Association. He was also a member of the National Arts Club of New York.

Mr. Titsworth's knowledge of music and love for it caused him to identify himself with the best musical interests of our city.

On November 11, 1885, he was united in marriage to E. Minette Potter, daughter of the late Charles and Sarah Wilcox Potter, at Plainfield, N. J. To them were born two sons, Charles Potter, now with the Potter Printing Press Company, and Roy Edward, now with the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company.

This marriage was ideal in many ways. The home abounded in Christian hospitality to friend or stranger, especially the latter who happened to be among us over the Sabbath. The sympathy which instantly went out from this home in case of illness or bereavement, and the congratulations quickly extended at one's successes, were traits we learned to expect from David and Nettie, and traits which are good enough for every one to emulate.

But even in a larger sphere than business, and in a wider horizon than the city and the home was his influence felt. He was intensely denominational, and Seventh

Day Baptists knew him, or of him, and listened to his counsels and pleadings and took heart at his splendid optimism.

In 1856 he joined the Sabbath school and for fifty-eight years was a member, serving in the various capacities of scholar, secretary, chorister, assistant superintendent, and from 1884-1904—twenty years—as superintendent, the longest in term of years, and one of the most successful in character of service, ever rendered in the Plainfield School. He was especially fond of little children, and won their hearts by his genial manner and his personal magnetism.

On March 21, 1872, he was baptized and united with the church, during the pastorate of Rev. Darwin E. Maxson.

Always a great lover of music and a fine singer, he had charge of the music of the church as chorister from 1880-1914, and instilled a spirit of worship into the singing which added much to the value of the services.

Since 1894 he has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the Plainfield Church, and at the annual meeting held a few weeks ago, was unanimously reelected for another term of five years. During these twenty years he has given much of loving thought and care to the church of his boyhood, which, next to his own family, he loved above everything else on earth.

Denominationally he was honored in many ways; in 1893, as president of the General Conference, held at Milton Wis., and as a member of various boards as follows: vice-president of the Board of Managers of the American Sabbath Tract Society; for twenty years a trustee of the Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund, for nine years as secretary, and the past nine years as vice-president; for many years a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education societies,—and taking active part in all in shaping denominational polity.

In private life he was most congenial, a wit, quick at repartee, fond of fun, a good raconteur, the life of every social gathering. Affable and buoyant, forceful but kindly, unselfish, sympathetic and loving, he attracted by his facile personality and held by his devoted service.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.
W. C. HUBBARD.

An Appreciation.

The dominant characteristic of David E. Titsworth's life was helpfulness, and next to that, cheerfulness and optimism.

Have you heard him tell of his experiences as a lad when his father took him on his trips with the army, and do you recall how Dave would say, "I was the *freshest* kid that ever went down the pike"? I have always imagined that even in those days he was quick to lend a hand where it was most needed and that he had that rare smile of friendliness and the quick repartee which we knew so well in later life,—three attributes which would make any man lovable and which, combined as they were in him, bound all our hearts to him in loving affection.

To these qualities he added a rare business ability that made his opinion especially sought on all matters in which he was interested and it was long recognized that to have David E. Titsworth on your side of a controversy went a long way toward success, for he was a clear and logical thinker, an excellent talker "on his feet" and quickly got and held the attention of his audience.

Denominationally he was one of our foremost men for he was to an exceptional degree familiar with our conditions, alive to our needs and ever striving to advance our cause.

It is not alone that he was a good talker, for we have all known brilliant speakers who were cold as stones; nor was it simply that he had good business judgment, for sometimes business makes us hard-hearted and forgetful of the rights of others; nor was it entirely the optimistic side of his nature that appealed, for some people have cheerfulness without depth,—but David was full-blooded and warm-hearted and his sentences rang true every time,—his judgment was charged full of right and justice to *the other man* and he never even considered the exaction of his pound of flesh if it were to raise the faintest question of injustice to his opponent,—while his optimism was of that rare sweet quality which entertained only the good that was in us.

Another of David's characteristics was his faithfulness to the duty required of him. Ever since the publishing house of the Tract Society was moved to Plainfield, which antedates the memory of some of you, David was a member, and of late

years the chairman of the Supervisory Committee, which passed on the business of the publishing house. During all of these years this committee has met on the alternate Sundays and I do not believe a meeting ever passed during that period without David's attendance unless he was ill or out of town. One who has not had some such duty for a long period will hardly realize what sacrifice of time and pleasure and inclination such devotion means, but no one ever heard him murmur against it.

The meetings of the Tract Board, the Joint Committee, the Memorial Board and its various committees, the Church Trustees,—all of these found him in his place, often at the sacrifice of time and strength he could ill afford. As superintendent of the Sabbath school, as chorister for years and years, did any one ever stop to think of the time he has spent in preparing his lesson for the school, in looking up music, in getting around at nine o'clock Sabbath morning and throwing all his energy into the choir drill that it might add to our spirit of worship, in taking charge of the Sabbath-school services,—and doing this week after week, and year after year!

I tell you, without disparagement to those who have labored here, that if any man ever worked unceasingly, untiringly and devotedly for the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Plainfield, that man was David E. Titsworth.

Were you ever seriously ill? Did you have loss and sorrow in the home? Did you need a friend? David was the first man there and his warm hand-clasp, the quivering lip and the word of sympathy have helped most of us at some time or other.

Some one wrote last week that one of the saddest things was to think of the great number who held him in loving memory for some such act and yet who felt they did not know the family well enough to express their feelings. Such a thought gives you some idea of how his life reached out and touched those on the borders of acquaintanceship.

A man whom I thought had only the slightest acquaintance with him said to me once, "I love Dave Titsworth like a brother," and men in every walk in life have stopped you and me in the last few months to ask, "How is Dave?"—men, many of them, whom we scarcely knew as having

an acquaintance with him, but who had been touched somewhere, sometime, by that quick, deep sympathy we had learned to expect from him.

David was always *starting* something. He was resourceful and initiative in a marked degree and his quick perception showed him where he could be of service,—so he was often coming to us with little schemes for the good or the pleasure of some one else,—a budget letter, a bunch of flowers, a kindly thought, a vote of thanks, a letter of sympathy, an expression of confidence,—some good thing that all of us could do for some one else.

So I want to leave with you, as I began, the thought of *helpfulness* and to take from his life, if no other lesson, that of being ever mindful of the word of appreciation which helps over the rough places.

None of us but will always feel the void in our lives left by David E. Titsworth, and there are none of us that will not be the better for having known him.

Like him, keep your face to the sunshine; and the shadows will always fall behind.

FRANK J. HUBBARD.

Tribute to Mr. Titsworth.

[We clip the following from one of our Plainfield daily papers. Though the writer does not belong to our people and is personally known to but few of us, yet so just is his estimate of the character and heart-qualities of our departed brother, that we give his letter entire.—Ed.]

EDITOR PLAINFIELD DAILY PRESS:

Will you kindly grant me space to pay a small tribute to the memory of a man whom many men in this city, myself included, were proud to call, not only our employer, but our friend? I refer to the late David E. Titsworth. He was so well and favorably known in this city, that to the average person it would appear as if nothing more were needed than that already known, to place him in the highest niche of memory. But there was a side to the man that was little known, except by those of his employes or friends who were in trouble, and to that side of the man I want to pay tribute. Every person knows that employer and employe have their differences, but very few employers can so far forget those differences as to extend the helping hand immediately following such

a difference, but such a man was David E. Titsworth. One instance I will quote. A few years ago, a man in the employ of the Potter Printing Press Company was discharged by Mr. Titsworth's orders, who had broken the company's rules as to sobriety, beyond any possible hope of repair. He had been warned of his impending fate, time after time, until all warnings seemed unavailing. And as a last resort he was discharged. On account of the pleadings of his wife he was again given his old position, only to hold it a short time, when he again forfeited the position. Two weeks after this, his faithful wife was taken suddenly ill and died. The undertaker, who had not been paid for a former burial in the family, refused to bury the wife, unless guaranteed his pay. This man, in his trouble, called Mr. Titsworth out of a meeting in the Seventh Day Baptist church, told him his trouble, and Mr. Titsworth not only furnished the money for the burial of the wife, but restored the man to his former position, which he held until claimed by the great reaper, death.

No man ever appealed to Mr. Titsworth for advice or help and was refused either. And many a family, irrespective of religious creed or indifference, was helped, beyond their expectations, from an unknown source; and eternity alone will reveal that the source of their help was Mr. Titsworth. Personally speaking, I owe the man a debt that I feel can never be repaid. I have gone to him for advice when he was so pressed for time that it would seem impossible to enlist his aid. But no matter how busy, his ear was always open to any appeal, and he was glad to render help, where help was needed, glad of the fact that his men would come to him with their troubles.

This is the side of Mr. Titsworth's character that was little known, except by those who went to him with their troubles, and to this side I want to bear public testimony—a thing that to him, living, would be repellent, but to his memory, a slight tribute that I feel is justly his beyond my feeble capacity to render. Personally speaking, I know I have lost a friend, and I know I pen the sentiments of many others who feel the same way. A friend in need is a friend indeed. Anyone who has ever worked for the Potter Printing Press Company, of which Mr. Titsworth was general man-

ager, knows its splendid reputation for square dealing with its men; and though he has left us, I feel that through him that reputation became a standard that any company employing men could emulate with profit. Peace to his ashes, and in closing I will say that to many of us his deeds of kindness and loyalty to those in trouble have erected a memorial that will endure while life shall last; a memorial, replete with acts of kindness, that all of us shall cherish beyond any that could be expressed by the erection of the grandest mausoleum art could produce, or wealth purchase.

GEORGE S. DUFFORD.

A Letter to Lone Sabbath Keepers.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

"Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?" These words of Jesus (Luke 17: 17) came to me this morning while I was thinking of the many who had failed to reply to the cards sent them some time ago. Of the forty-eight or fifty Lone Sabbath Keepers to whom cards were written only thirteen or fourteen have replied. "Where are the nine?" It has been a bit disappointing that the response was not larger. Will you not do your part, and help bring about a more organized state by replying promptly to the questions asked? It is such a small thing on your part individually, but means such a help when each one does his or her part.

Some have been very prompt about replying and to those I would say, "Thank you." I would be glad to thank you separately did time permit. It has been a very pleasant experience to receive the letters and cards from the loyal ones. One dear sister writes she is crippled and compelled to use crutches, but bravely does what she can; another that her earnings are small but pledges one-tenth for God's work. Nearly all speak of helping the home church. One brother says he is struggling to educate his two boys and pay off a mortgage, notes, etc., but will do what he can.

Loyalty to the home church and the Sabbath seems to be the key-note and one that can not fail to be encouraging. The RECORDER comes in for much appreciation; nearly all say they could not do without it.

Some of the letters have touched my heart, especially those from the dear sisters

who speak of being all alone in the world and perhaps dependent or partially so on others for a home, or who are semi-invalids.

But what of the others—those who have not yet replied to the card? Will you not each send me your name and address and reply to the questions asked on the card?

Lest some have lost or mislaid the cards I will repeat the questions here:

1. Name and address?
2. Church membership where?
3. Where and when attend church?
4. Take RECORDER? If not, why not?
5. Ten thousand is the sum set for denominational causes for 1914. For what cause and how much will you pledge and try to give before July 1, 1914?
6. Any suggestions? Planning to attend Conference?

Will not all who see this reply without loss of time? We are anxious to get in touch with all the lonely ones; it will mean a mutual incentive both as to loyalty and increased interest. Will you not do your part and give me the pleasure of hearing from each and all? Do not put it off any longer. Now is the time. Who will be first?

MRS. M. B. OSGOOD,
Secretary Eastern
Division L. S. K's.

Brentwood, L. I., N. Y.

Apple Blossoms.

REV. M. B. KELLY.

Scent that fragrance! sweet aroma!
Zephyrs laden with perfume;
From the orchard it is coming,
With the singing and the humming,
As the birds and bees resume
Heaven's instinct midst the bloom
Of the apple trees, in spring,
When all nature loves to sing.

Bluebird warbles, 'midst the fragrance,
And the robin's gleeful song
Waken all my powers to singing,
While my heart joins nature, bringing
Flowers and music, all day long—
Sweetest incense from the throng
Of God's children—as they bring
Their perfumes and songs of spring.

Oh, the blossoms! apple blossoms!
Sweet portents of future stores;
While I revel in your glory,
Whisper soft the dear old story
Of life's trees on vernal shores,
E'er abloom with God's own flowers;
Where woes and griefs can never come,
Where all's a joyous harvest home.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Federal Council of Churches for Peace.

The Commission on Peace and Arbitration, appointed by the Federal Council of Churches, has sent out the following letter, which we most heartily approve:

We, representatives of the federated forces of seventeen million Christians in the United States, desire to put on record our steadfast friendship for the Mexican people, and to express our sympathy with them in the disorders which now trouble their country. That a way out of their distresses may be found is our earnest and constant hope. We wish them prosperity and peace.

We wish further to express our conviction that the thought of war between Mexico and the United States is abhorrent to the vast majority of our people. The citizens of our Republic want no war with our southern neighbor, nor do they desire to dominate, or to interfere with its internal affairs, but on the other hand they desire cordial relations and friendly intercourse.

We rejoice that in our President and our Secretary of State we have men who are lovers of peace, and whose purpose it is to maintain peace, if at all possible, not only with Mexico but with all the nations of the earth. That the purpose of our President and his councillors shall be carried out is not only our hope, but our confident expectation.

We wish to assure our representatives and senators at Washington that the voices clamoring for war do not represent the sentiment of the sane and substantial people of our Republic, and we would remind them that the few newspapers which would hurry the government to extreme measures are voicing the wishes, not of patriotic and disinterested citizens, but of mischief-makers and of certain vested interests whose aggrandizement is furthered by war.

"Blessed are the peacemakers"—so we believe—and we are confident that the glory of the present administration will be enhanced and its fame augmented, not by the slaughter of tens of thousands of the young men of the two republics, but by the peaceful solution of a difficult and vexing problem, by the forbearance and long-suffering and calm wisdom of a Christian statesmanship.

An equally strong plea for peace has been sent out by the Society of Friends, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia, Pa. The public press is especially urged to promote the interests of peace by advocating a policy of reconciliation rather than by pursuing a course that will inflame the public mind and so bring on a war with Mexico. From the letter sent out we quote:

Whether a nation shall prosecute a war is determined finally not by those holding authority but by the power of the opinion of her people.

That opinion is formed in large degree by the public press. We believe the intelligent citizenship of this country is almost a unit against this war. Whether this same opposition shall continue depends largely upon the action of you who control the policy of the great newspapers. We urge you to stand firm for the patriotic policy of reconciliation. The news may be published in such manner as to arouse unduly the military ardor of the nation and obscure the true aspect of this question. We ask your earnest attention to this important matter and that in your editorial comment you will keep constantly before the people, not only the awful consequences of further hostilities but the trifling character of the reason assigned.

Austria Forbids Emigration.

The Austrian Cabinet, without making a new law upon the matter of emigration, has issued a decree forbidding youths and men under the age of thirty-four to leave that country. They will not even be allowed to cross the borders without passports showing that they have already served the required time in the army of Austria, which in reality means a military service of twelve years for the average man.

This decree not only covers cases of real emigrants to America or Canada, but it also prevents many thousands of farm laborers from going into Germany for field work during harvest time each year. It will also prevent many from going abroad to learn a trade or prepare for some profession, if carried out according to the letter of the decree. The ruling is likely to work a great hardship upon the peasants who annually cross the lines to earn wages during summer, but who return each autumn.

Object Lessons at Vera Cruz.

The difference between the American troops today in their second capture of Vera Cruz, and when they marched through the streets of that city nearly seventy years ago shows something of the progress being made in military matters. The whole affair in this invasion has been an eye-opener to the world—especially to the Mexican people. When the Mexicans realized that such an invasion could take place so quietly, with so little resentment shown when men were being "sniped" by hidden foes, with order restored and people made to feel safe who expected no favor, and with the enemy's wounded, instead of being shot, carefully nursed by the invaders, they seemed almost dazed; they could hardly believe their eyes! The quiet

self-possession of our navy boys, their patient endurance, their splendid physique and their perfect discipline were matters of surprise to the people of Vera Cruz. And when the sailor boys withdrew, giving place to the land forces of the army, we are told that the Mexican people of the captured city were profuse with their thanks for protection. The whole thing thus far had been a splendid object-lesson, giving them a new conception of the spirit and purpose of the United States and the efficiency of the navy on land as well as on water.

Again, when General Funston took formal possession to relieve the navy boys, another revelation came to the people of Mexico. There were none of the brigand, helter-skelter, mob-style army ways with which they had been familiar all their days. There were none of the terrorizing methods, the shooting up of a town, the wild-west, cowboy rattle-to-bang so well known to them; but instead they saw a splendidly disciplined army moving as one man, with soldiers in khaki looking like moving statues in bronze, and marching with such precision that six thousand feet struck the pavement at the same instant. Instead of cavalry mounted on scurrying little runts of ponies running pell-mell, they saw cavalry on stately well-drilled horses, with the men towering like centaurs in their streets.

It is said that the Mexicans marveled at our splendid army of khaki-clad men. They had never seen such soldiers excepting in pictures; and there came with them a sense of security such as they had not known for months. When our boys took possession of the offices, told the people to go right on with their business and have no fears, when they began to guard the homes for their safe-keeping, and when they set about the cleaning up of the city to prevent disease, the people of Vera Cruz had another object-lesson showing something of the attitude of the United States toward Mexico. We trust that through kindness rather than by the sword the people of Mexico will soon learn who are their best friends, and trusting to the American Government for counsel and protection, see their country soon restored to peace and prosperity.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is now making efforts to raise \$5,000,000 for its Superannuated Ministers' Fund. Two con-

ventions are proposed, one in New York and one in Chicago, for the purpose of booming the movement. There are now 6,000 ministers on their superannuated list. It is proposed to aid the widows of ministers, as well as the ministers who are living.

Three hundred members of the Wild West Show at Madison Square Garden, New York City, attended a special service for them in Grace Church on Sunday, May 2. The most impressive features of this service were the singing of "Rock of Ages" by fourteen Indians in their native tongue, and the interpretation, by one of their number, of what the minister said to the Indians. The interpreter was dressed in native garb, with head-dress made of eagle feathers, and carried in his right hand a silver-headed hatchet. He told the Indians, after the preacher, that all were brothers in the sight of God.

It has been discovered that 600 lepers are living in France and circulating freely among the people. Among the various measures recommended to prevent the spread of the disease is a plan to set apart one of the islands off the coast of France for a lepers' colony, and so isolate those most afflicted by the disease. Those who are but slightly touched as yet will be cared for in a lepers' hospital.

After many weeks in the wilderness of Brazil, Colonel Roosevelt has appeared once more, and is on shipboard en route for civilization. He has endured many hardships and added much to the knowledge of botany and zoology and especially the geography of South America. The district explored has been regarded as too deadly for white men to live and travel in, and the world will be glad that Mr. Roosevelt is safely out of it.

President Wilson's efforts to avoid war with Mexico were heartily approved by the semi-annual session of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the following resolution:

Resolved, That we heartily commend the efforts of the President of the United States and his Cabinet to avoid war with the people of Mexico, as manifested both in patient forbearance during months of provocation and disorder and in the prompt acceptance of mediation proffered by three friendly South American repub-

lics, acting under the provisions made by the second Hague tribunal.

We sincerely trust that the efforts of the mediating powers to bring about conditions that shall perpetuate the relations of peace so long existing between the United States and Mexico may be entirely successful.

The American Red Cross Society has placed \$2,500 to the credit of Consul-General Hanna at Monterey, for the relief of many wounded Mexicans. This is the second appropriation by the Red Cross within three days for Mexican relief work, \$5,000 having been sent to Vera Cruz. Two American doctors are engaged in the work, and the Methodist Church hospital is given up to the service of relief.

The President is arranging to make his office in a large open-air tent on the White House grounds, where most his business will be transacted during the afternoons and evenings. He is advised to live as much as possible in the open air.

The cost of maintaining a first-class battleship has almost doubled in ten years. It now requires nearly \$1,000,000 a year to maintain one.

On May 3 the battleship *Montana* sailed out of the harbor of Vera Cruz with the dead on board who fell as the marines marched into that city. The flags of Great Britain, Spain, Cuba and France were all at half-mast, as well as our own. When the launch of the British cruiser *Essex* was returning to that ship, Rear-Admiral Cradock caught sight of the fluttering flag which had not been dipped to half-mast and he called out sharply, "Your flag! Half-mast your flag! the American dead are passing."

The reports from Panama on May 4 state that the great canal is to be opened to commerce on the tenth of this month. A steamer of the Hawaiian-American line, with a cargo of sugar, is booked as the first one to go through.

The funeral of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles was held in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Fifth Avenue and 51st Street, New York. He was baptized as a Catholic after being wounded at Gettysburg. It has been his lifelong wish to be buried in the Arlington National Cemetery at Washington.

War News From Colorado.

REV. F. O. BURDICK.

It may be of interest to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER to get the war news from Colorado directly from the seat of war. By way of introduction, I will state that the State of Colorado has been on the verge of internal war ever since the coal miners' strike began about four years ago. Steadily the war cloud has been gathering, until now it has reached an alarming attitude.

The seat of this war, so far as the State is concerned, is in what is known as the Northern and Southern coal districts. In the Southern district, Trinidad and Walsenburg are the storm centers. There the clash came about six months ago, between mine owners and mine workers. The clash became so fierce that the state troops were called out, and after remaining on the field for six months at least, matters quieting down seemingly, the troops were recalled. Hardly had the troops reached home when the union miners, well organized and armed, attacked the mine guards at Ludlow, Colo. As the result of this battle the Ludlow Colony was wiped out, with a loss of about forty lives, and the destruction of many thousand dollars' worth of mine property. The troops were hastily returned and it is now more than the militia can do to preserve peace, as the outbreak of the Miners' Union seems to be simultaneous. As a result the United States troops are called out and are expected in Colorado any moment.

In the Northern field, Boulder County is the seat of the trouble. In this field the strike has been on for about four years, getting worse all the time, till now there is a general outbreak, and troops have been ordered here. In this field the strikers have seemed to be playing a losing game, as the mine owners have been successful in getting enough non-union men to work their mines by building stockades around their mines and placing armed guards within these stockades. But the clash between the factions has become so alarming and so frequent that martial law has been declared and the state troops are on the field.

To give the readers of the RECORDER an idea of the present conditions I will quote from the Boulder *Daily Camera*.

"A reign of terror, unequaled in the

four years' history of the coal strike in Colorado, prevails in the Northern Colorado coal field, with no absolute assurance of peace. Shooting began simultaneously at three different sections of the county about nine o'clock last night. Sheriff Buster arrived at Louisville, with the message that the deputies, in accordance with the arrangements agreed upon by the mine operators and officials of the United Mine Workers of America, were to take charge of the machine guns at the different mines. Trouble broke out first at the Vulcan mine, a mile southwest of Lafayette, attack being made on the mine from two sides, by about one hundred strikers. The news flashed to the Union Hall at Louisville, and Sheriff Buster, who was present, asked for assistance in stopping the attack. Receiving no encouragement, he summoned his deputies and made a rush for the Heckla mine. Before reaching the stockade, they were fired upon and forced to seek shelter in a house near by the office of the mine. They spent the greater portion of the night between the fire of the strikers and the guards. The house in which he was located was riddled with bullets. The women and children of the house hid in the cellar. Several hundred shots, says Sheriff Buster, were fired and he and his guards did not fire a gun, and the mine guards were not using their machine guns."

During the day Sheriff Buster was rescued. Four or five hundred names were enrolled in Boulder, volunteers to assist the sheriff in preserving law and order. It reminded me of the time during the Civil War when men volunteered to go South to preserve the Union. A company was speedily organized, armed and sworn in, here in Boulder, and attempted to go to the war scene, some six or eight miles distant, but the Interurban Railway Company refused to haul them, and now they are waiting, for a signal to go if further disturbance occurs by the Miners' Union of America.

Truly the situation is alarming in Colorado. What the outcome will be no one can forecast. The unions are urging on their men all over the country, and aid from a distance is promised if needed of men, arms and money. The Legislature has been called in extra session. Whether this will help the situation or not is problematic. The unions have already begun

to intimidate and buy off legislators. Nothing but a recognition of the unions will satisfy the strikers, and they are bound to carry their point if they have to do it with arms. So an internal civil war seems to be imminent. To the citizens of Colorado, the Mexican situation falls into insignificance beside our home trouble.

From the Seat of War in Colorado.

FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Two days ago I sent a communication to the SABBATH RECORDER about the time the Heckla mine battle took place, near Boulder. I herewith send a clipping from the *Denver Times* of April 30:

"From the Northern coal fields come reports of impending battles and it is feared that there will be great loss of life and destruction of property in the district before the United States troops can reach there, unless President Wilson is immediately informed of the danger and rushes federal troops to that section as soon as possible. Armies of strikers, militia and gunmen were resting on their arms this morning (April 28) ready to renew the battle which had raged in Louisville (a coal camp a few miles east of Boulder) and the surrounding hills. The strikers are preparing to attack again the 135 militiamen camped at the Heckla mine where a fierce battle was fought Tuesday. . . . The people of Louisville are leaving in terror at the prospect of that town being riddled with bullets. Already 30,000 shots from the long siege have made Louisville (3,000 inhabitants) look like a pepper box, hardly a house in the northern end of the town having escaped, most of the houses showing 30 to 40 bullet holes. Several hundred women and children have fled from Louisville. The refugees are coming to Denver and Boulder. . . . Actual warfare is still in progress in the north.

"That the situation presages more killing is indicated by the fact that Sheriff Buster of Boulder has been warned by telegraph that 20,000 rounds of ammunition have been shipped to the strikers at Erie. Colonel Davis, who is in command of the Louisville district, has rushed a detachment of militia to Lafayette (10 or 11 miles east of Boulder) and the strikers swear they will fight them to a finish if Governor Ammons refuses to withdraw them." F. O. BURDICK.

MISSIONS

Monthly Statement.

April 1, 1914, to May 1, 1914.

S. H. DAVIS, Treasurer,

In account with
THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Dr.	
Balance in bank April 1, 1914	\$ 525 24
H. E. Davis and wife	10 00
G. P. Kenyon	13 00
"A Friend"	5 00
"A Friend, Wisconsin"	5 00
Lucius Sanborn	10 00
J. A. Miliken	2 00
J. H. Coon	10 00
Churches:	
North Loup	10 75
Pawcatuck	213 54
Milton	58 05
Dodge Center	17 50
Riverside	2 45
Nortonville	23 18
Hammond	5 37
Fouke	10 00
Farina	24 74
Plainfield	39 76
Milton Junction	27 90
Farnam	23 00
Cumberland	5 55
First Hopkinton	12 30
Salem	16 55
Second Westerly	6 63
Syracuse	1 00
Albion S. S.	2 00
Rockville S. S.	10 00
Denver S. S.	4 60
Hebron S. S.	10 00
Young People's Board	25 00
Memorial Board, 1/2 D. C. Burdick Bequest, income	40 49
Memorial Board, 1/2 D. C. Burdick Farm, income	6 75
Verona S. S.	6 19
Income Permanent Funds	200 00
	\$1,377 54

Cr.	
Marie Jansz, salary April 1 to June 30, 1914, and exchange	37 90
G. Velthuysen, salary April 1 to June 30, 1914, and exchange	75 40
J. I. Kovats, March salary	20 00
T. L. M. Spencer, April salary	50 00
J. E. Hutchins, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	25 00
G. P. Kenyon, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	25 00
J. S. Kagarise, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	25 00
Ira S. Goff, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	12 50
R. R. Thorngate, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	12 50
A. P. Ashurst, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	50 00
R. G. Davis, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	25 00
G. H. F. Randolph, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	75 00
Wilbur Davis, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	50 00
G. W. Burdick, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	25 00
A. L. Davis, salary Jan. 1 to April 1, and expenses	118 11
G. W. Hills, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	87 50
J. A. Davidson, salary Jan. 1 to April 1	75 00
J. A. Davidson, account of salary April 1 to June 30	25 00
J. G. Burdick, Italian appropriation for April.	29 16
Treasurer's expenses	20 00
	\$ 863 07
Balance in bank May 1, 1914	514 47
	\$1,377 54

Bills payable in May, about	\$ 250 00
Notes outstanding May 1, 1914	1,000 00
E. & O. E.	S. H. DAVIS, Treasurer.

"Never judge a man by his looks. Judge him by the looks of his wife."

Among the Churches.

III.

REV. H. D. CLARKE.

On the way to the next church "of our faith" we were pleased to stop off in Cortland County to see a cousin of whom any person might be proud. One of the brothers of our mother was a sea captain on the Atlantic. Before leaving Liverpool he wrote his wife that he was coming home to stay with her and the baby. It would be his last voyage. A terrible storm at sea and he was drowned. It was the last voyage. Later on the baby was made an orphan, but was cared for by her step-father. She grew up, and turning to art, studied in Syracuse, New York and Paris. She returned to this country, her hard-earned means used up in obtaining her education. But she faithfully stood by the step-father and in his old age is caring for him by means of the brush. Her little home is on the banks of the beautiful Tioughnioga River, and there she gets the inspiration to paint the scenes that make one long to be an artist. She says with Ruskin: "High art consists neither in altering, nor in improving nature; but in seeking throughout nature for 'whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure'; in loving these, in displaying to the utmost of the painter's power such loveliness as is in them, and directing the thoughts of others to them by winning art, or gentle emphasis. Art is great in exact proportion to the love of beauty shown by the painter, provided that love of beauty forfeit no atom of truth."

Two days there and we arrive at

SYRACUSE.

We had never visited this church but we knew a few who had settled there. Pastor R. G. Davis and wife made us welcome. Dr. E. S. Maxson took us to one of the synagogues. The doctor is doing a lot of missionary work among the Hebrews of that city and they recognize in him a good friend and able student on their lines. Together we dined at the Y. M. C. A. The Sabbath service was a delight, though numbers were few. We spoke an hour on some of the problems connected with child-placing. The problems connected with our maintaining a city church we could not solve. While Paul was successful in so doing, we seem to have either

"lost the art," or else conditions being so different, we are unable to succeed as in rural districts.

In "doing the city" we made a call at the shop of Norman L. Burdick, who was once superintendent of the Leonardsville Sabbath School and a successful shoe merchant there. Advancing to shake hands, for we had never met him since his leaving there years ago, we called to mind one of his old advertisements that we never forgot. (showing how easily the slightest thing makes an impression on a boy).

"Boots and shoes for men to wear,
Boots and shoes that never tear,
Boots that's coarse, and boots that's fine,
Boots that's made of wax and twine," etc.

Where did you learn that? he said. He had forgotten it. A boy does not forget. Would that fathers and mothers and companions would remember that the boy does not forget what they say and do and how they act.

Syracuse is a hustling city, a growing city. What a pity that such cities swallow up some of our bright young people who are never heard from again by us. If you stop off in Syracuse over a Sabbath, do not fail to go to the services and take a RECORDER with you to give you the time and place.

Next we stopped off to see a lawyer nephew of Mrs. Clarke, who has a large practice at Fulton, N. Y. Attorney Jennings is the grandson of Albert Clarke, late of Clayville, N. Y., who was a member of the First Verona Church. We'd like to repeat a little argument we had on the Sabbath question, but it would take too much space. The attorney saw the point and did not press his suit. Seventh Day Baptist blood flows in almost every city in the United States, but too mixed with other matter. We then passed on to

WALCOTT.

There is no church here, but there ought to be. Here lived for many, and his last, years that great evangelist, our Alexander Campbell. The late L. C. Rogers and ourself held tent meetings for several weeks in this place and had crowds to hear the truth. Here has lived a successful Seventh Day Baptist merchant and his son, Delos C. Whitford, who keeping the Sabbath won the love and respect of the First-day community and prospered. Often in "doing up" goods he would slip in a package

of tracts and lost no trade in so doing. Said the people: "Here is a man with convictions and he lives up to them; and if he can sacrifice the best day in the week for trade, to keep the Sabbath, he is the man we can trust for best and most honest bargains." But all of our men who go into such communities do not stand true like that. And as a rule they do not prosper in material things as well either. We gave two addresses in Methodist and Baptist churches, by invitation of the pastors, to the school children, Y. P. S. C. E., and leagues.

Going to other towns near by, we found the mother of one of our wards, who had not heard of, nor from, her in seventeen years. What a surprise and delight to the girl, who plans on a trip east to see the long-lost mother. The girl is now a stenographer and typewriter in a large manufacturing plant in Iowa. We were made her legal guardian by the court and superintended her education with this gratifying result.

At Lyons, N. Y., we called on old friends who were so kind to us when we were studying music with the late Mr. Sherwood, who at one time was America's greatest pianist. Together we used to row a boat down the Erie Canal and together we did other stunts. Here we become acquainted with the Methodist's famous hymn-writer, Mary A. Lathbury, author of that beautiful hymn—

"Day is dying in the West;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee!
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high!"

Set to music by Wm. F. Sherwin, it is one of the greatest songs we sing.

At Canisteo, N. Y., we visited the adopted son of Dea. Slocum Livermore, late of the Independence Church. He was a New York City waif and now is the father of several fine young people who are scattered. The next stop was

FIRST ALFRED.

So much is said and written of this large church that we will not take space for lengthy "remarks." A week here with headquarters at Prof. F. L. Greene's was most pleasant. There were so many calls

to make that we did not visit any of the University buildings, except the Seminary, where, upon invitation of Dean Main, we talked to the students and gave a few hints as to the relation of the pastor to the children of his congregation and elsewhere. While there we secured a fine home for one of our Haskell Home girls. The advice and encouragement of our matron, Miss Flora E. Burdick, also was of great help in this deal. It was a noble sacrifice, giving up the matronship and care of so many children, to return and minister to a dying step-mother and a lonely father.

SECOND ALFRED.

This stop was very brief. We found Pastor D. B. Coon, of Battle Creek, conducting a series of meetings with Pastor I. L. Cottrell. Pastor Cottrell is denominationally well known and his winning ways and fatherly oversight of a people makes him an under-shepherd appreciated. We heard quite a little of the work of the former pastor, C. S. Savre, commended as a necessary effort to prepare the church for its greater influence and spiritual prosperity.

ANDOVER.

This little church is largely made up of recruits from the Independence Church, who moved to town for greater advantages. Andover has a nice new library, well patronized. Its young pastor was kindly and well spoken of.

INDEPENDENCE.

This was one of the most enjoyable visits of this vacation. Here we tried—weakly enough no doubt—to be the undershepherd for over six years. They were a good and most indulgent people, and probably for the sake of our family whom they loved, they tolerated much that was faulty in the pastor. We gave one address here and the next Sabbath listened to the interesting account of the Kansas City Convention, which Pastor Greene attended as delegate, and an account of which has appeared in the RECORDER. It was a right royal welcome given us everywhere in the homes again visited, and the old-time social held at Dea. S. G. Crandall's was a lively and profitable affair. The church was buying the old store for a parish house and it will be an added help in social affairs and in the entertainment of the coming association. This church is furnishing this year an able teacher for Fouke in the person of Elrene

Crandall. The church that has such sacrificing workers is sure to prosper.

Twenty-one years' absence since our pastorate has made great changes. A new generation was there. Independence does not believe in race suicide. "Teddy R." would award a medal to Independence.

This church was organized in 1834 and has had strong men in it. It will be a long time before the names of N. R. Crandall, Stephen Clarke, Slocum Livermore, and many others are forgotten. It has had successful pastorates, Stillman Coon, Sherman S. Griswold, Thomas Babcock, Jared Kenyon (twenty-five years pastor), I. L. Cottrell, W. L. Burdick, A. G. Crofoot. Its present pastor is giving excellent satisfaction and the members are anxious for the Seminary vacation to come that the parsonage may be inhabited.

LITTLE GENESEE.

Two Sabbaths were spent here and addresses given each time. This is a productive oil and gas region. The homes are nice and the people happy. The price of land for farming purposes is too low, however. Some lay that to the fact that their produce has to be handled and values exploited by too many middlemen. Eliminate the middleman and let farmer and consumer get together, and both will greatly profit by the change. We are not informed as to all the pastorates, but we find that such men as Henry P. Green, James Bailey, Thos. B. Brown, Geo. W. Burdick, S. S. Powell, Simeon H. Babcock, D. B. Coon are spoken of with esteem. Pastor Sutton is a successful pastor to date and giving strong sermons. The church is eighty-seven years old and should stand as long as the world stands. Why not?

We gave a short talk to the W. C. T. U., and observed that Miss Mary Bowler was still a leader in the great work, and the Genesee Union very much alive. The state and county unions may well be proud of the workers at Little Genesee, and they have been prominent for years in temperance and prohibition efforts. We formed a lasting acquaintance, we hope, with many of the children of that society. With them we find our greatest happiness and we love them. Their—

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Now we start for Wisconsin.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Acknowledgment.

I came to God. I wished to make acknowledgment,
For wondrous good received, and blessings sent.
Dear Lord, though poor and few my words may be,
My heart is full of gratitude to thee.
Thou hast answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that I have brought to thee
With blessings richly showered from above.
Father, accept my thanks, my grateful love;
Come very near, and make me well content
That thou art pleased with my acknowledgment.

Then, as I waited, plainly did I hear
My answer come from God, direct and clear.
"The good I sent is not alone for thee,
But must be scattered wheresoe'er thou be.
Pass on thy blessings, and make room for more.
To hoard will tend but to decrease thy store.
Whate'er of good may come to thee or thine,
Think of it always as a trust divine.
Give to the needy, share thy joys heaven-sent,
Thus will I honor thy acknowledgment."
—*Louise Adrian.*

The paper, "Salem of the Present and Its Needs," was written at the request of Mrs. C. M. Bassett of Leonardville, who found herself upon the program of the monthly meeting of the Benevolent Society for such a paper. The paper was read and post-card views of Salem College were given out at the meeting. The members of the society are glad to share their good things with us and so we have the privilege of reading this excellent paper, and other societies may have it presented up on their programs.

Salem of the Present and Its Needs.

The Leonardville Women's Benevolent Society:

DEAR SISTERS:

It affords great satisfaction to those who are bearing the heavy responsibilities and facing the perplexing problems so often met in the wearing efforts involved in struggling for the uplift of humanity, to know that they are prayerfully remembered.

Salem College is open for inspection and friendly criticism. She would send

out, as the results of her efforts, only such workers as will be a benefit to the world, fully equipped to meet and conquer its battles. To do this she must be progressive. Her workers must study to improve, be up-to-date in methods and liberal in thought and ideas. To this end the investigations and suggestions of friends are solicited. Inquiries regarding the work are gratefully received and cheerfully answered. They betoken interest and that interest will increase with intelligence.

The enrolment of students on opening day of the fall term five years ago was forty-three. The enrolment on opening day of fall term 1913, was one hundred fifty, not counting seventy-five children in the training department and several music and art students not in regular work.

This will give some idea of the rapid growth of these few years and it can readily be concluded that a multiplicity of problems must have followed such growth. They have led in many directions but a chief one has lain in the fact that the weight of influence has been for the most part among new and inexperienced students. Student sentiment has not carried over from year to year but has grown with each year.

This problem, it is hoped, is practically solved, for various reasons.

First, the limit in attendance is nearly reached until more room is provided. Class-rooms are crowded. Our training department works under great disadvantage and will continue to do so until it is installed in quarters more favorably adapted to its work. The rooms it is now using are needed for other purposes.

In auditorium alone is there room for growth. This room is used for daily chapel exercises. It is the largest of its kind in the village, containing seven hundred and fifty stationary chairs. The lecture course numbers are held here as are also many other exercises.

Then the body of actual college students is steadily and encouragingly increasing. After four years of preparatory work they are well prepared to enter upon higher work with definite ideas of the sentiment and principles which should actuate a college.

Our teachers are well prepared for their work, thorough, and each a master in his line; but for lack of funds and class-rooms

all are carrying more work than they can perform in justice to their own physical good.

Aside from the two administration buildings, the college has in use two dwelling-houses dignified by the name of dormitories. No boarding system is in connection with them, however. The rooms are rented to students who either board themselves or find board elsewhere.

The upper floor of the old college building is used for a gymnasium and basketball hall. It is also a very attractive place for college and class socials and other gatherings of like nature, having been newly papered and painted and otherwise tastily repaired.

One half of the first floor is used as a music studio, the other half by the teachers' training department.

The student organizations are quite limited, but are all that are needed and well handled with present equipment and grade of students. Two mixed lyceums are supported, also a Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A. and an athletic association all doing good work.

Athletics at Salem College are not excessive, no other object than mere sport being encouraged. Basketball is played with much interest during the winter term and baseball during the spring term. There is no football. Work in athletics is on the basis that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well and ranks with the best in the State. Physical culture classes do regular work throughout the year. A field meet for the classes is one of the features of Commencement week and the awarding of the loving cup to the winning class by the athletic director, one of the features of the Commencement day exercises.

It is the policy of Salem College to be a school of high ideals and clean character; such a school as the most devoted parent might seek and patronize with restful assurance. The school may not always meet her ideals. There will always be difficulties to surmount, and problems to solve; but with a clear conviction, that nothing but the highest type of manhood and womanhood, men and women who will be a benefit to the world, morally strong, thorough and courageous, should be among her graduates, the policy already adopted will be courageously pursued.

To this end it seemed expedient to have

a definite expression of principles, and with the opening of the current school year this was made. A copy was placed in the hands of each student and otherwise generally distributed. This has been very helpful in giving a better understanding of the aims of the college.

Many parents have said that no school showing less interest in the welfare of its students would receive their patronage so long as they could find one with such principles as these.

Much appreciation is due a sympathetic, interested and earnest pastor. Several weeks since, Pastor Bond took occasion to preach a college sermon, speaking forcefully concerning its aims for clean character. It was very helpful and has often been mentioned as having given a better understanding of the work attempted than anything which has heretofore been done.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Salem College has many needs.

Most needed are loyal friends both near and far—friends who will interestedly seek to know her and her possibilities for usefulness to not only the young people with whom she directly comes in contact but to the homes and communities they represent, as well as to future generations.

Salem College needs denominational cooperation and sympathy. Not that she has ever felt to question already having it, but she still needs it and more of it as her problems increase. There may be trying hours before her. We would be humble and keep an even step, but in any event Salem College would work for denominational interests and in turn needs the assurance of denominational prayers, sympathy and moral support.

There are many problems distinctly sectional in West Virginia and the college can be a great factor in their solution as it works for the young people who are to go out and mingle in her affairs. Such an adjustment will take time and patience and at every step the college will need friends—strong, loyal denominational friends.

Salem College will from time to time need recruits to her faculty, which means that for the present there should be young people preparing to fit themselves for such positions. In this she needs denominational influence.

Salem College needs funds. The thorough, laborious canvass of last year, though not

all collected, will result in lifting the debt from the new building, but there are current expenses, also growing conditions which will cause growing needs, and they must be met. She needs funds for various equipment and she needs endowment.

Please notice in SABBATH RECORDER of March 23, the first item under Denominational News. This item was entirely unsolicited and gives evidence of the standing of the college in the educational circles of the State.

Salem College is still struggling, always expects to struggle, but with a devoted faculty, sincere and loyal friends, noble purpose, an ever-faithful, all-wise Father as her guide, and the prayers of God's people as her support, her success is assured.

Yours for devoted service,
MRS. CHARLES BEED CLARK.

Quarterly Meeting of the Memorial Board.

The quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund was held in the parlor of the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., Sunday, April 12, 1914, at 10 a. m.

There were present Henry M. Maxson, Joseph A. Hubbard, William M. Stillman, Orra S. Rogers, William C. Hubbard, and Accountant Asa F. Randolph; President Maxson in the chair. Visitor: Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Westerly, R. I. Mr. David E. Titsworth and Mr. Stephen Babcock were absent because of illness.

The minutes of the last quarterly meeting were read.

Correspondence was read from Miss Ethel Brown, Mrs. Mary Williams, A. S. Childers, C. E. Crandall, Rev. Arthur E. Main, Rev. S. R. Wheeler, G. M. Cottrell, P. Taekema, Rev. Wm. C. Whitford and L. E. Skogquist.

The action of the Treasurer in sending \$5 per month to Rev. S. R. Wheeler since January 1, 1914, was ratified by the Board. The Board voted \$10 per month beginning April 1, 1914, and until further notice, from the Fund for Feeble and Superannuated Ministers, to be sent to Brother Wheeler.

The request of L. E. Skogquist, Metuchen, N. J., for a release on part of his plot was referred to the Committee on Finance, with power.

Correspondence was received from Rev. W. C. Whitford, executor for the estate of Mrs. Adelia M. Sherman of Alfred, N. Y., enclosing 1,317 shares of Limber Lake Mining Co., of no value, 12½ shares of Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., and 25/65 of one share of the same. The disposition of the Marconi stock was referred to the Finance Committee, with directions to sell the stock and turn the proceeds into the general Ministerial Fund.

The Finance Committees report showing changes in securities for the quarter was read, approved, and ordered placed on file.

The Treasurer's report was read, audited, and having been accepted was ordered placed on file.

The following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The attention of the Board having been called to the fact that but two of the three Auditors had examined the second quarterly report of the Treasurer just presented; and

Whereas, George L. Babcock, one of the elected Auditors, has never entered upon his duties and has declared his intention of withdrawing from this Board; be it

Resolved, That the President appoint an additional member of the Auditing Committee.

The President appointed Orra S. Rogers as an Auditor.

The action of the Treasurer in sending, at the request of Miss Ethel Brown, \$3 from the Fund for Superannuated Ministers, to help toward the expense of the burial of her grandfather, Rev. T. G. Helm, who died February 7, 1914, was approved. Minutes read and approved.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Secretary.

Disbursements for the Quarter.

Alfred University	\$749 42
Milton College	275 18
American Sabbath Tract Society ..	134 95
Missionary Society ..	40 64

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was putting up his lunch for him to take to school one morning. He stood by the table watching her. Suddenly he looked up in her face.

"Grandmother," he said, "does yer specs magnify?"

"A little, dear," she answered.

"Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad just like it if ye wad take them off when yer packin' my lunch, grandmother."—*Exchange.*

Revival at Ashaway.

REV. H. C. VAN HORN.

There has just been closed at Ashaway, R. I., a successful revival campaign of unusual interest and widespread influence. Conducted by the Rev. Ely J. Forsythe and party, of Chicago, Ill., the work opened on Sabbath morning, March 28, and closed Sunday night, April 26. From beginning to end the power of God was wonderfully manifest.

For three weeks before the meetings commenced, prayer meetings were conducted in six different districts in the villages of Ashaway and Potter Hill. In one district five prayer services were held in one week. After the campaign opened, prayer meetings were held in these districts from 9.30 to 10, four mornings in the week. Notwithstanding the repeated prediction that such meetings could not be held in mill towns at such an hour, the aggregate attendance grew from fifteen on

the first morning to seventy-nine in the last prayer meeting of the campaign.

It was a union effort, the Potter Hill people joining most heartily and loyally with the First Hopkinton Church. Services were held every night except Monday, which was the rest day for the evangelist and his coworkers. Services were held three times on the Sabbath and two and three times on Sunday, Mr. Forsythe preaching Sunday afternoons at the Potter Hill chapel. Two Sunday morning serv-

ices were held in the chapel. During the first two weeks of the campaign, Bible readings were held three afternoons a week, one week in both church and chapel. Four afternoons a week, Mr. Charles Forsythe, musical director, and Mr. Archa Hill, assistant to the evangelist, conducted children's and young people's meetings at the church after school hours. A message was brought each time, a "Booster" club was formed and a "Booster" choir drilled, which later had an important part in one

of the evening services. The last week of the meetings these young people assembled at the church at 8.30 a.m. for a prayer service of twenty minutes. Usually every child of the many attending took active part. Sabbath afternoons the evangelist brought messages to men only, at the church, while Mrs. Forsythe preached to the women only, at the parish house. On the last Sabbath afternoon a service was held in honor of Mother and was one of the largest gatherings of the meetings.

The evangelist in a most convincing and logical manner brought the truth of the gospel to sin-hardened and indifferent men and women. With sledge-hammer blows of logic, wit and humor and sometimes sarcasm he drove home the teachings of the Bible without fear or favor. His great vital messages constantly appealed to men, and more than fifty per cent of the converts are men.

With all the party's splendid equipment and organization the presence and power of the Holy Spirit is manifest to all who



REV. ELY J. FORSYTHE

come into close touch with its members. Each one is consecrated to the work, and fits into his place without ado quietly and persistently. Nothing is left to chance; every detail is carefully looked after. And the spirit of the Master is so beautifully illustrated in each of their lives that to know them is to love them.

PERSONNEL.

Rev. Ely J. Forsythe, whose picture is given in this issue, is a large man in every way, physically, mentally and spiritually. For years a railroad man, division superintendent of the Grand Trunk Railway, he knows how to handle men successfully. He is most convincing in spirit, manner and method, and a knotty problem and opposition only sharpen his keenness for his task. He is a lovable man with a heart as big as his body, an evangelist sane and fair to the highest degree. He preaches with all the power of his great avoirdupois and of his skyscraper intellect. He is ever enthusiastic, but ever avoids the excitement unduly used by many workers. His appeals for men and women to come down the aisle for Christ in the quiet and without personal solicitation are rarely unheeded and from one third to one half of the converts on any one night usually come down at this time and in this way. His instructions to the converts are remarkable, and his faith in God unbounded, and he talks with him as he would with an honored and loved friend.

Mrs. Forsythe is a princess among women, with a charming personality, and devotion and zeal for her work that carries her beyond fear and insures success in the most trying situation. She conducted one men's meeting during the campaign, at the parish house, in which four live business men gave their hearts to Christ. She more than holds up her end of the evener and as a personal worker is wonderfully successful.

The son, Charles H., is the musical director, and a specialist in children's work. With a winning personality and a wonderfully strong and rich baritone voice, well trained as a soloist and leader, he is ever master of his audience in the conduct of gospel song. He keeps the people busy and in good humor. His solos are not merely voice exhibitions, but real gospel messages from his heart to the hearts of others.

Mr. Archa Hill of Roodhouse, Ill., pianist and secretary to the evangelist, is an artist at the piano, alert, and ready every minute

for his duties. Quiet in turn, modest and unassuming, he is nevertheless consecrated and full of the Spirit, tireless. Nothing escapes him, and the success of the campaign in no small measure is due to his careful attention to detail. He is always a live wire.

But words are inadequate to describe this splendid, godly group of workers. The people of Ashaway and Potter Hill will never forget them.

RESULTS.

To begin with—sixteen churches will have accessions from the converts of these meetings. After a solid week of preaching to the people of the church, on Sabbath morning at the close of a marvelous sermon on the Holy Spirit—"Did ye receive the Holy Spirit when ye believed?"—about forty Christians came forward in answer to a call for those who had consciously and conscientiously been trying to serve God. From forty to fifty more came down for reconsecration. That night the first invitation for sinners to accept Christ was responded to by ten coming forward and finding Christ. From then till the close of the campaign, with only two exceptions I believe, there were conversions every night, from three to sixteen, until one hundred and forty-five had confessed Jesus as their personal friend and Savior.

One of the most remarkable meetings was held on Friday night, April 17, when the subject was cards and the dance. The evangelist held the audience for three hours. It is the general verdict that this community never before heard such a sermon on this subject. In the presence of the church officials lined up as witnesses, fully one half of the crowded house confessed they had engaged in these amusements within the last five years and gave their pledge that they would do so no more. It is a wonderful victory. These things will be no longer tolerated in the church as from now on church members who dabble with them will be discredited as Christians.

Bibles are open and read in the homes; family altars have been reestablished and new ones formed; religion and the Christian life is the talk on the streets; everywhere personal work is still being done and souls are being saved; the church has a new vision, her interest has been quickened and her zeal awakened. "Surely the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Meaning of Recent Events.

REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS.

Christian Endeavor Topic for May 23,
1914.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Interpretation (Dan. 5: 25-31).

Monday—The inner voice (John 16: 12-15).

Tuesday—A prophet's explanation (Hag. 1: 1-11).

Wednesday—Christ's comment (Luke 13: 1-5).

Thursday—Meaning of calamity (Neh. 1: 3-11).

Friday—God's providence (Phil. 1: 12-21).

Sabbath day—Topic: The Christian meaning of recent events (Ps. 11: 1-7). (A newspaper meeting.)

TO THINK ABOUT.

With what purpose should we read our newspapers?

How can we learn to recognize God's hand in current history?

What evidence can you give that God rules over the affairs of men?

If the writer of this psalm in his time could say such words as, "For lo, the wicked bend the bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may shoot in darkness at the upright in heart," how much more strongly might the reader of recent events say these words as he looks at the morning paper! It would almost dishearten the most optimistic to see the daily chronicles of war, murder, divorce, drunkenness and all manner of crimes taking place in the most high-handed manner. Not only are these crimes being committed by those who lack the principle to resist these baser passions, but like those of whom the Psalmist wrote, they seek opportunity to bend the bow, and make ready the arrow upon the string, in order that they may in the darkness shoot at the upright in heart who dare to rise against them. These recorded events the Christian sees, but gives or should give but little time to them more than to read the headlines, as these are but the surface marks which reveal the interior. And yet, these contain the news items that are given as attractions. Underneath, away from the

glaring headlines, are recorded the real issues of life.

A few days ago I was looking for something special in one of the Philadelphia morning papers. I looked the paper over several times, item by item, but what I sought was not there. I took another paper and after page upon page of war news with great pictures, "striking" events, athletics, and so forth, I finally found what I was looking for, down at the bottom of the page under almost a page advertisement. The war news was exciting and the newsboys upon the street were doing a rushing business with their cries of "Extra edition! More Mexicans killed! All about the war!" Everybody was reading these items, but very few read that one about the meeting of representatives of the United States and Canada who were considering the best ways of presenting the Bible lessons to the Sabbath schools of these countries. For the Christian these were the epoch-making events. These were to stimulate the true spirit of bravery and valor in the hearts of American boys and girls, which would make them capable of resisting the forces of evil every day; and when the forces of an evil nation come against them they will be the ones to stand firmest for right and justice in the face of great issues. It is not by these striking events that we are to interpret the Christian meaning, but by those which may be given only a small place. There is also significance in the more popular news, if interpreted with a view to its Christian meaning. I mean the view which the Christian may take of it, making it spell for him the need of greater earnestness in preparing for the life of service which he is to render to the circle in which he is placed.

This interpretation or these items so hard to find are the palimpsests of the age. In early times, when writing paper was not so easy to get as it is now, writers would take a piece of parchment which had been used before, and after attempting to erase what had been written upon it, would then write upon that same piece again. When such as these are found and the later writing is removed, some of the most valuable manuscripts may be discovered. Now these worldly events are the later writings, but when they are removed, underneath may be found the writings of the finger of God. But the Christian must with pains-

taking care remove that which covers up the most valuable. We must be able to translate all the news into its Christian meaning. For example, as we put all the news together we are able to realize the force of the great temperance wave which is sweeping over the country and which is bound soon to make our nation a prohibition nation.

It is impossible to gain this point of view by an occasional reading, but we must keep at it continually, yet without spending too much time. It has been said that "he who goes through life reading only the headlines, never gets any farther." But on the other hand, the one who spends his time pouring over some of these long-drawn-out trials, or divorce cases and such things will soon fail to find time for the reading of the palimpsest, to say nothing of getting it in shape to be read.

Although there is much that is bad in most of the large city dailies, still it is a wonderful work which they have accomplished for the race. Today a great volcanic eruption takes place in a distant part of the earth; tomorrow morning I read about it in the morning paper. And so with all great events. In an exceedingly short time the facts are in the hands of the world. What does it all mean? Well, that is for each one to interpret in terms of life and relationship of man to man the world over.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

To his meeting let each member bring some newspaper clipping or be able to report some recent event.

Have some one appointed beforehand to make a summary of the events reported and at the close of the meeting let him make the application of their real meaning.

A good event for some athlete to report—an item which every one should read—may be found in the *May McClure's*, an article which reports an interview with Connie Mac on "Clean Living and Quick Thinking."

SOME QUOTATIONS.

History is the revelation of Providence.
—*Kossuth*.

It is when the hour of conflict is over that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim, "Lo! God is here, and we knew it not."
—*Bancroft*.

The sea may move in high waves when there is no apparent wind; but the wind started the waves, perhaps many leagues away. So every mysterious event has its cause, though in a distant land.—*Wells*.

"Our Church."

REV. EDWIN SHAW.

Yes, "our church." What a hold it has upon our lives! Even when from neglect and indifference or change in beliefs we have severed the official ties that once existed.

This year in sending out letters and blanks I included many people who do not have an official church membership with us. One such blank was returned, unfilled, but with these significant words written across the page, an unconscious expression of a real tie, "I am not a member of our church."

Recently a young man who has severed his membership with us by joining a Baptist church in another city, brought a friend to the parsonage to show him "our church." And his pleasure was evident and sincere as with pride he pointed out to the friend the place where his mother, now dead, worked and taught in the Sabbath school.

Yes, "our church." Those were his words used several times. What a power for good upon our lives! And may these two, and others like them, here and elsewhere, feel these ties holding them so true and strong, that under the influence of the Divine Spirit, they may give the best they have of strength and service, even though it be through sacrifice, to "our church."

It's Raining Violets.

It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.—*Robert Loveman*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Spring Music.

My heart sings with the robin,
The silver flashing rill,
And carols with the breezes
In joy's delicious thrill;
With flowers and grass and lambkins,
It joins the glad refrain;
"Oh, fairest days!
Oh, rarest days!
'Tis blossom-time again!"

—*George Cooper*.

The Courage of Little Content.

They named her Content in those days when her mother was so very ill that the baby lay in her crib hour after hour with almost no attention at all, and scarcely made a sound.

"She cries only when it is necessary," said one of her young aunts. "When she can tell us what she wants, she will not cry."

And so it turned out. Little Content was the sweetest, sunniest daughter that ever blessed a home. It was a farmer's home, far from cities and city ways. But love lived there, and that is all that really matters, you know.

Like every true-hearted little girl who ever lived, Content loved dolls and to "play house." But her home was so far in the country that store dolls were few and far between. So Content and her friends kept house and played as their mothers had before them with home-made rag and corn-cob children. Content's best beloved was Aramintabella, a nine-pin "down underneath;" but, as her mamma dressed her in long clothes and a very frilly nightcap, her woodenness was not painfully in evidence.

"Oh, I wish we had one of the store dolls," wailed one of Content's little neighbors. "Their heads are china, and they can cry, and you can comb their hair."

Content squeezed Miss Nine-pin's unyielding form. "I am glad Aramintabella does not cry," she said, bravely kissing down under the nightcap frills. "And it hurts dreadfully to have the snarls taken out."

Something came to pass in Content's home that very night, worse than tangles.

It was while the small hand of the great-grandfather clock on the stairs was moving

solemnly among the smallest hours on the big dial that Content's mother leaned over the trundle-bed and gently patted her little girl's cheek.

"Wake up, darling! Wake up! No, it is not morning yet. Mother wants you to do something for her, sweetheart."

"It—it's—all—night," stammered the sleepy girl, rubbing her eyes.

Mother worked right along, gently but briskly drawing on the stockings, lacing the stout little shoes, slipping skirts over her head, and then softly touching the heavy eyes with a wet cloth to help them open.

"What is it, mother? Are we going somewhere?" asked Content.

"Yes, dear—you are. Listen! Father is very, very sick, and we must have Doctor Osgood right off. Jake"—that was the hired man—"went to the village yesterday, and there is no one for me to lean on but my own little girl. You know the way?"

Content nodded. "Down our lane, across the big pasture, along the path by the west woods, up the road to the church, and over."

"Yes, that is it. The stars are all out, and there's a slice of the moon. It will take you just about twenty minutes' quick going, and it takes a half-hour for a horse by the road. The doctor will bring you back in his gig. Pound hard on the door. There—are you all comfy?"

The dear mother's hands were trembling, but she attended to the dressing herself, neglecting nothing. "I have some milk warming for you, and you may take old Tige along for company."

Content drank the cup of warm milk and gazed out into the clear night. Her mother kissed her on cheeks, forehead, and grave, sweet lips. "Now, darling, look mother in the eyes! Remember you are as safe out there at night, when you are doing something right and good, as you ever are in dear father's arms. Now, then, just as quick as you can!"

Things look queer at night. Fences do not seem to be just where they are in daylight. Trees are four times as tall as they ought to be. Hayricks are mountains. Cows turn into camels and hippopotami, and—can fairy tales and hobgoblin stories be true, after all?

Tige knew all about nights, and had no idea how he frightened his little charge as he snuffled about and ran hither and yon.

One would really think he had a dozen bears and fourteen snakes right where he wanted them!

I can not tell you that Content's heart did not climb up into her throat several times—indeed, it stayed there most of the time. Three times she stumbled and fell, but straight on went those faithful little feet.

At the end of just eighteen minutes—Content thought it was about six hours!—the village street woke up to the rat-a-tat-tat-tat of the big brass knocker on the doctor's door.

"Coming! Who—? A child! Bless my soul, it is Content! Alone? Father sick? Wife, come and cosset this woman of courage while I hitch up! Haven't you got some hot raspberry vinegar, or something? Why, it's the loneliest—but I always said Content would be a wonderful woman. She was a wonderful baby."

By this time the good old doctor had his boots on and his coat. Then he hurried away to hitch up. Content set down her glass and stretched her toes to the quick blaze just kindled on the hearth. "It's good—where it's light," said the child, with a catch in her breath.

"You blessed!" cried the doctor's wife, folding her in her arms. "There—they are at the gate. You just snug down and sleep all the way back." And she did.

Content awoke next morning, astonished to find herself still in coat and sunbonnet with a shawl tucked all about her. The doctor and her mother were standing near.

"Ten minutes later would have been ten minutes *too* late," the doctor was saying. "Ah, little one! Good morning. Better take your bonnet off and stay to breakfast. Child, you saved your father's life!"—*Ada Melville Shaw, in Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

"Where are you goin', ma?" asked the youngest of the five children.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Are we all going too?"

"No, dear. You weren't invited."

After a few moments' deep thought: "Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

A Few Biographies Left.

Just now I noticed the pile of *Biographies* of Dr. A. H. Lewis in our depository room and decided to count them. There are just one hundred and thirty-eight left of the edition in cloth. It occurred to me that probably a good many more than that number of people are expecting to buy one of these books. They are only waiting for a convenient season, and have long wanted one of these souvenir volumes containing the life-sketch and a good picture of our leader whose work is done, and whom we loved so much while he was with us. Probably if one half of those wishing to possess one of these books should order within the next ten days, the edition would be exhausted; and for the other half of those wanting them it would be too late, as there is little probability of a second edition being printed. Seventy-five cents will secure one for you now. When they are all gone no amount of money could buy one. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Resignations.

We see by the Rome (N. Y.) *Sentinel* that, on April 18, 1914, Rev. Royal R. Thorngate of Verona, N. Y., surprised his people by offering his resignation as pastor, and that a special meeting was called to consider the matter. It was voted that the pastor be requested to reconsider his resignation and to accept a unanimous call to remain with the church another year.

We have known for several days that Brother Thorngate, under the deep shadows of his sad bereavement in the loss of his companion, was feeling that he must resign and get away from the scenes of his sorrow; but we sincerely hoped that the way would soon seem clearer, and that under the all-sustaining love of God, he might feel able to go on with his work in Verona until the Master should show him another field. We are now glad to say that, in a letter just received from Brother Thorngate, he says after speaking of the new call, "After all, the pull of the heart-strings is too strong, and I shall stay for

(Continued on page 607.)

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE,
Contributing Editor.

The Sabbath School the Church's Opportunity.

GEORGE M. ELLIS.

*Presented at a Sabbath School Institute,
Milton Junction, Wis., April 26, 1914.*

That the Sabbath school offers one of the best possible opportunities for the church to accomplish the ends for which it stands is of course axiomatic. It is therefore unnecessary to devote any time to proving the assertion but rather may we endeavor to point out some ways in which the Bible school may prove a more efficient organization.

For the past few years the search-light of public criticism has been thrown upon the methods of all sorts of organizations, public, private, religious, educational, political and otherwise. Much of this criticism has been of the nature of "Muck-raking." In other words, the principal effect of this criticism has been of a destructive rather than a constructive nature.

What is the chief end for which our Bible schools stand? Were this question asked, I presume the more general answer would be that the chief function of the school is to offer religious instruction, to drill both the old and young in biblical truths. To be sure this is most desirable, but nevertheless should be considered but a means to another end; and it is because of this misconception of the fundamental purpose of formal instruction that many Bible schools are not efficient.

At the outset permit me to express my firm conviction that the chief end of our Sabbath schools should be to save souls. In accomplishing this end those who have already given their hearts to the Lord will find themselves drawn closer together by the deep religious experience that will strengthen their moral fiber, that will enable them to have a keen sense of the real values in life, and will inculcate habits of right thinking and right conduct.

Let us for a moment observe the exact condition that confronts our work. I know that statistics are often misleading but

nevertheless they often offer the best way of showing that not a mere theory but a real condition confronts us.

Not long since a careful investigator wrote to four thousand professing Christians and, from the three thousand five hundred replies, reached the following conclusions: The greatest percentage of definite religious decisions were made between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Of the total number 75 per cent of the males and 85 per cent of the females gave the age as under eighteen. Statistics seem to show that the average period of life is about forty-six years. If this is true, then over 89 per cent of the males and nearly 95 per cent of the females make their religious decisions during the first half of their life period. After twenty but very few are converted, and after thirty almost none, comparatively.

Consider what these figures mean, when we try to determine the function of the Bible school. Of three hundred ministers in England, taken at random, it was found that two hundred and twelve had made their decision before they were twenty. Four hundred ministers were asked to estimate the percentage of those received into church membership who came directly from the Sabbath school. Their estimate was 48 per cent, practically one half.

Five hundred ministers of different denominations reported that 73 per cent make their religious decision before the age of eighteen.

At a certain gathering where there were twenty-five missionaries present, it was found that twenty-four of the twenty-five had dedicated themselves to their life-work before they were fourteen years of age.

It is evident then that we should seek to develop a strong religious personality in those in our Bible schools, and that our most fruitful endeavor for the winning of souls will be among those who have not yet passed the adolescent period.

Certainly, one of the chief functions of a teacher in a Bible school is to enable his pupils to pass through a real religious experience and to impress upon them the reality and importance of life. One writer well says, "Woe to us if we allow the passion for souls to become obsolete."

Those who have been closely in touch with youth have noticed, time and again, what a transition there is in a boy and girl when they decide upon their life-work. So

long as there is no definite goal, there is inattention, carelessness, often an abnormal desire for pleasure, fertile ground for the forming of bad habits, a disregard for authority. But once let such a one catch a vision of a real purpose in living, and what a change there is. When once this period is reached, I believe that the possible pitfalls are comparatively few, provided that the home and the school have thus far done their part in offering instruction and training that is vital and is directly correlated with the daily experience of the youth.

But it is not enough that the Bible school shall extend its privileges to those who have been brought up in an environment that is more or less religious. The attractions offered by the Bible school, which aims to save souls, must be such that there is a strong social appeal that will bring in those who at first may have no desire whatever for religious instruction. I firmly believe that, in the not distant future, the church and the public school will have such a vision of the wonderful opportunities before them in the way of enriching the community life that they literally will never close their doors. When such a time comes, the Sabbath school should prove one of the strongest agencies in the church. It must be conceded that the encroachment of the saloon, the gambling den, the public dance hall and many other agencies of a similar sort has been due primarily to social causes. And I believe that these problems will never be settled permanently until the church, school and other constructive agencies unite in offering social opportunities attractive and at the same time uplifting and healthful.

It would seem that the Bible school has a wonderful opportunity before it in seeking to foster such a social life, that will attract to it many who otherwise would never come under its influence. Certainly the school that recognizes its fundamental purpose to be the saving of souls would not allow its efforts to be perverted by any such plan as the one suggested. The spiritual development of those in the school would be as important a goal as ever. It is not my purpose to discuss plans in this respect but merely to suggest a somewhat different point of view which would help us, I believe, to enlarge the field of usefulness of our Bible schools.

It is evident that the efficiency of our

Sabbath-school work is dependent upon having expert supervision and a group of good teachers, who are well trained, have good teaching ability, and are in sympathy with the general policies referred to.

I do not wish to be placed in the position of criticising our present methods of handling our Bible schools, until I can offer something better. But if it is true, as we must admit, that the Sabbath school is the source of the greater part of church membership and therefore the corner-stone of the church, is it not reasonable to expect that the amount of money expended in the various departments of Bible-school work should be much larger than is generally the case. In fact, why should not about as much be spent as on the principal appointments of the church? In maintaining the church appointments, we recognize the importance of having a pastor who has become more or less of an expert as a spiritual adviser, through training and experience, and we endeavor to make the regular church services as attractive as possible.

I believe the time will come when we shall consider it just as imperative to have equally expert supervision and administration of our Bible-school work. To be sure this means a greater expenditure, but why not? I hope the time will come when our Bible schools will demand this and will be willing to pay the price. Is not religious and moral instruction as important as that given in our regular public schools? If so, why not give it more financial support than is usually the case?

It is not to be expected that a person can devote perhaps several years to special training and preparation for expert supervisory work in the Bible schools, unless he is to be paid in some way for such expense. Especially would this be true where such a supervisor must spend a large part of his time in developing an efficient teaching force, overseeing the efforts to so enlarge the endeavors of the school along various lines that more souls may be reached and saved. To be sure no financial reward will ever give us that consecrated type that we want, any more than it will guarantee the efficiency of a church pastor, but it will furnish an opportunity for the right ones to give their undivided attention to the work in hand. In that way perhaps it may be possible to offer to our Sabbath-school teachers the services

of a trained expert, who could do so much to develop a strong and efficient teaching force. I am very sure that the teachers in our Sabbath schools are loyal and as a rule consecrated to their work, and I do not mean to discredit them in the least when I assume that we as teachers do greatly need a much more thorough training for our work. It is also absolutely essential that we should be in the spirit of teaching in order to accomplish maximum results.

Unfortunately much of the instruction in our secondary schools and more especially in many of our universities and colleges is such that it apparently does much to counteract the effect of earlier instruction in the Bible school given our youth, and does much to set up loose standards of conduct and to bring about loss of moral control. The result too often is men of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde type, who have one code of ethics while they are sitting in their church pews and a code quite different when engaged in their daily business. I remember distinctly the comments of one of my professors, a devoted Christian in the University of Pennsylvania, along this very line and his urgent plea, "For pity's sake, believe something."

The best protection against these unfavorable influences, I believe, is to see that our children are better grounded in our faith. There is no salvation, I am sure, in our religious practices in holding to certain things, merely because we have been brought up that way. We must, after careful and prayerful study on these matters, hold to those practices because we are convinced that they are right, or discard them because we believe they are wrong. It is a wonderful opportunity that our Sabbath schools have of seeing to it that our youth become well grounded in the faith. If our Bible schools and our Christian homes will place due emphasis on this, there will be much less complaint about certain agencies reacting unfavorably upon our young people.

It is indeed a difficult task, sometimes, to nurture our boys and girls through the long formative period up to the time when they are prepared to make definite religious decisions. But the welfare of the church depends upon the thoroughness with which this task is performed. I believe that the surest way of accomplishing this very thing in our Sabbath schools is to arouse in both

young and old a desire for saving souls. In trying to save others we will be much more likely to save our own souls at the same time. The Sabbath school will prove to be the church's opportunity largely in the degree that the Sabbath school fosters a missionary or evangelistic spirit.

No time is more opportune than the present to secure in the Bible schools here represented a general and deep interest in the glorious opportunity of saving souls. Much has been said of late about the evangelistic campaign that is to be conducted this summer in nearby territory by the quartets, made up of men from the college.

The young men are all well known. They have the qualifications for the work they are to undertake. It is a credit to any home, to any church or community to be able to furnish young men of such staunch moral fiber, and consecration to the Master's work. I feel confident that, with the proper support of us all, the campaign contemplated will be blessed with success. The young men can be depended upon to do their part. Now it is up to us to do ours.

There is a great opportunity for us to find out how much our Sabbath schools can do by way of coöperation in this commendable campaign for souls. What can we do to make every member of our Bible schools, both old and young, feel that he or she has a personal responsibility in the work?

If every class in each of our Sabbath schools could have a part, however small, in raising funds for the campaign, it would be a factor in impressing upon us all the importance of the principal function for the accomplishment of which we have shown our Sabbath schools to exist.

Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON VII.—MAY 16, 1914.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

Lesson Text.—Luke xvi, 14, 15, 19-31.

Golden Text.—"Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he shall also cry, but shall not be heard." Prov. xxi, 13.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Isa. i, 1-17.

Second-day, Amos v, 1-15.

Third-day, Matt. xi, 20-30.

Fourth-day, Luke vi, 20-38.

Fifth-day, Luke xii, 13-32.

Sixth-day, John xii, 1-11.

Sabbath day, Luke xvi, 14-31.

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

MARRIAGES

LEWIS-LAFASH.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Burrellville, R. I., Mr. Harold M. Lewis, of Hopkinton, R. I., and Miss Beatrice LaFlash were united in marriage the evening of April 15 with the beautiful ring service. An uncle of the groom, Rev. E. Adelbert Witter, officiated. After the ceremony a bountiful wedding supper was served and the evening was passed in pleasant visit and song. The young couple are now settled in a tenement the groom had fitted up in Hopkinton.

DEATHS

NICHOLS.—Adolf Mortis Nichols was born in Pittston, N. Y., September 22, 1853, and died at St. Luke's Hospital, Utica, N. Y., April 21, 1914, at the age of 60 years, 6 months and 29 days.

In early life he made a profession and joined the Seventh Day Baptist church of West Edmeston, N. Y., and on November 7, 1877, he was married to Miss Cora Champlin, since which time West Edmeston has been their home.

For several years he made the butter and cheese for the community, has been postmaster since January 1, 1898, and has conducted a mercantile business there for fourteen years, so that in all the country round, no one is more familiarly known, and if we may judge by the expressions of confidence, sympathy and regret, no one is more favorably known than he. Always genial, kind and considerate, for all these years, unconsciously, he has been gathering round him friends that mourn his sudden taking away.

To Mr. and Mrs. Nichols was born a daughter, who passed away some years ago; so that with the exception of two brothers in the far West, a sister, Mrs. Pauline Powers of Clyde, N. Y., his faithful and loyal companion for over thirty-seven years is left alone, yet not alone, for neighbors and friends, with one accord, join her in her sorrow, and pray God's sustaining grace to be her support.

J. T. D.

GOLDEN.—Benjamin F. Golden was born in the town of Ellington, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., November 5, 1829, and died at South Edmeston, N. Y., April 26, 1914, at the age of 84 years, 5 months and 21 days.

Mr. Golden spent his youth and young manhood in his native town, and at the age of thirty was married to Miss Mary Eggelsden, with whom he enjoyed the blessings of a happy home for twenty-nine years, when she passed away. To them were born four children. Ida M. and Jay F. having passed to the great beyond, there are left two sons, Leroy D. of Ilion, and Frank C. of South Edmeston, N. Y. With the latter, Mr. Golden has not only had a home in his declining years, but the most tender and affection-

ate care from him and his faithful wife. He leaves also a brother, Robert L. of Frensburg, N. Y., a sister, Mrs. A. A. Parker of Fennimore, Wis., three grandchildren, and many friends who join in sympathy with these mourning ones.

Although Mr. Golden had never made a profession of religion, he was said to be temperate, living an honest and upright life, doing unto others as he would that they should do to him, and one who had been associated with him said in substance: He was honest, straightforward, and square-toed in business. So, truly, a good man has fallen.

J. T. D.

FERREN.—William H. Ferren was born in Erie County, N. Y., April 30, 1843, and died in Calamus, Iowa, April 14, 1914.

On August 9, 1861, he enlisted at Chicago as a private in Co. D, 39th Illinois Volunteers for three years, or during the war. He participated in the battles of Winchester, Harrison's Landing, Malvern Hill, and in the siege of Fort Wagner and Morris Island, S. C. He was discharged at Hilton Head, S. C., December 31, 1863, and reenlisted the next day in the same company, with the office of sergeant.

His regiment was assigned to the army of the James, and took part in the battles of Drewry's Bluff, Petersburg and Richmond Pike, Deep Bottom, Chaping Farm, Darlington Road, Fort Gregg, Appomattox Court House, and some others. He was promoted to first lieutenant October 11, 1865, and was honorably discharged at Washington, D. C., by reason of his resignation.

September 29, 1866, Mr. Ferren was united in marriage to Miss Julia M. Cook, at Calamus, Iowa, who, with three of the nine children born to them, survives him. The three surviving children are W. H. Ferren Jr. and Mrs. V. A. White of Calamus, and Mrs. E. R. Enburg of Boone, Iowa. Mr. Ferren had no religious affiliation, but his wife, one daughter and two granddaughters are members of the Welton Seventh Day Baptist Church.

The funeral services were held in the M. E. church at Calamus, and conducted by Pastor Burdick of Welton.

G. W. B.

WEED.—Phebe M. Ayers was born in Brighton, N. J., May 5, 1853, and died at her home, Tuesday morning, February 3, 1914.

At the age of three years she moved with her parents to Freeborn County, Minn. They were among the early settlers of that country. Here she grew to womanhood and in 1870 was married to H. S. Weed, whom she had known from childhood, their folks having been neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Weed made their home near New Richland, Minn., residing there about thirty years. They then decided to move to Lake Mills and in 1900 became residents of this city, Mr. Weed opening up a grocery and general store at that time. Several years ago they bought the residence on East Main Street.

Mrs. H. S. Weed had been a sufferer for many years with the disease that finally claimed her, but through it all no word or complaint made it known to those about her that she was not in her usual health. She was cheerful at all times and her friends and acquaintances were always glad to bid her welcome, for she scattered sun-

shine wherever she went. She was a good neighbor and there are many who will miss her as such, for she was ever ready to help those who were in need of her assistance. During the last few weeks she was confined to her home, and a few days before death came to relieve her she expressed the wish that she might be spared further suffering. Throughout all her sickness she was ever thoughtful of her husband, who has been in poor health for a long time. Never by word or deed did she cause him unnecessary worry, and it is hard to think of the breaking of these ties. Two children blessed this union,—a son, Mr. W. M. Weed, and a daughter, Mrs. John Sumnicht, both residing in this city. These two, together with their father, mourn the taking away of the one who made home the sweetest place on earth.

Services were conducted at the house on Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Mr. Winterstein, and the remains laid to rest in the South Cemetery. Those from out of town who came to attend the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Olds of Wells, Miss Hattie Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Ayers, Miss and Mrs. Fanny Davis, and C. W. Ayers of Albert Lea, Minn.

M. L.

WHEELER.—In Westerly, R. I., April 16, 1914, Mrs. Adaline Wheeler Stanton, in the seventy-fourth year of her age.

Adaline Wheeler Burdick, oldest daughter of Welcome Clark and Adaline Wheeler Burdick, was born at Bradford, R. I., May 24, 1840. At an early age, with her parents, she moved to Hopkinton City where her girlhood and early womanhood was spent. At the age of sixteen she confessed Christ and united with the First Day Baptist church of Hopkinton. March 20, 1877, she was married to the Rev. Sherman S. Griswold, with whom she passed nearly six very happy years. Upon her marriage she united with the Seventh Day Baptist church of Hopkinton City. In 1884 she moved to Westerly and became a member of the Pawcatuck Church. January 22, 1900, she was married to William C. Stanton. A few years ago they moved to Providence where they remained until Mr. Stanton died, December 21, 1911, soon after which she came back to the old home on Elm St., Westerly.

Mrs. Stanton had not been well for some time and it was known for weeks that she was nearing the end; but her cheerful courage and confident assurance continued to the very end. The farewell service was held at her late home, Sabbath afternoon, April 18, and in the absence of the pastor, was conducted by her former pastor, Rev. Samuel H. Davis.

C. A. B.

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions of respect were adopted by the Ladies' Aid Society of the New Market Seventh Day Baptist Church, April 21, 1914:

Whereas, It was the will of God to call from this earthly life our dear sister, Mrs. Carrie Millard, therefore

Resolved, That we tender our loving sympathy to the bereaved children and other near relatives, resigning them to the comfort of the all-wise Savior, who alone can lead and light the path in every time of affliction, and that a copy of

these resolutions be presented to the family, one placed on record and one forwarded to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

In behalf of the society,

MRS. H. L. POLAN,
MRS. H. L. DUNHAM,
Committee.

Denominational News.

(Continued from page 602.)

the present at least. To go would cause me more pain than to stay."

RECORDER readers will be glad to know of this decision, and we can assure our brother that he has the sympathy of all, and that many prayers will go up to the loving Father that grace and strength may be given to his servant for all the burdens that come upon him.

A letter from Pastor M. B. Kelly of Nortonville, Kan., brings the information that he has resigned as pastor of the Nortonville Church, to accept a call from the church at Battle Creek, Mich. He expects to enter upon his new field soon. In speaking of the matter Brother Kelly says: "I hate to leave the dear people here. The great importance of our work at Battle Creek, however, and the urgency of the call have caused me to yield. Pray that I make no mistake, and that the dear Lord may bless my labors on that great field."

Mr. Cockerill Goes Forward.

In last RECORDER Mr. Walter Cockerill's letter showed that, at the time of writing, he was having a hold-up of some weeks, until his money sent on ahead could be returned to him, since quite a deposit was required by the authorities before he could be allowed to enter Nyasaland. (This deposit is to be returned to him after six months of good behavior in that country.)

A card recently received by Secretary Edwin Shaw brings the information that Mr. Cockerill has received his money and been permitted to go on his way. It will be remembered that he is on a voluntary mission, at his own expense, and under the auspices of no board. We all wish him the greatest possible success, and shall watch with interest for the messages that may come from him from time to time.

"The best sermons are poor to those who never try to live them."

The Sabbath Recorder

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

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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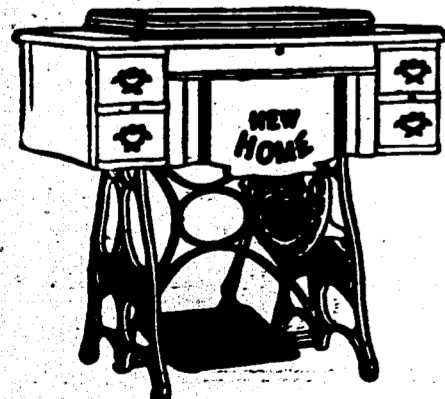
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The address of all Seventh-day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

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

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

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

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock, preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d St.

Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services at the home of Mrs. Frank Muncy, 1635 Pine Street, at 10 a. m. Christian Endeavor services at the home of Lester Osborn, 351 E. 17th Street, at 3 p. m. Prayer meetings Sabbath eve at 7.30.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry St.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium), 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor, 198 N. Washington Ave.

Seventh Day Baptists living in Denver, Colorado, hold services at the home of Mrs. M. O. Potter, 2340 Franklin Street, at 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon. All interested are cordially invited to attend. Sabbath School Superintendent, Wardner Williams.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida, and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

A Soliloquy.

"What sort of church would our church be
If every member were just like me?
Better or worse would our church be
If every member were just like me?"—Anon.

What sort of church can our church be—
Most every member is just like me.
Not much worse could our church be,
Too many members are just like me!

—R. A. C.

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The Sabbath Recorder

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along asunder:
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life—and then we fall asleep
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by.
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die.
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mold the age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors as they often go
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence and the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing light—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy? Ah! day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood.

O God! That men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they can not see!
O God! That men would draw a little nearer
To one another! They'd be nearer thee,
And understood.

—Thomas Bracken.

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