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The SABBATH VISITOR, PLAINFIELD
NEW JERSEY

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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The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 18, 1914.

WHOLE NO. 3,611.

Influences of Mothers' Day.

On Sabbath, May 9, the Plainfield Sabbath School enjoyed a brief informal program in honor of Mothers' Day. Only a part of the hour was used for this purpose, and no elaborate preparation had been made. There was just the reading of three little poems, with two items of special music, yet we do not remember having heard a more touching and impressive Mothers' Day service. The very simplicity of it made it beautiful, and many hearts were moved by the tributes that were offered to mother-love, and by memories of their mothers, which were freshened by the services. The audience had just come from the morning worship, in which the pulpit platform was a veritable bower of white spring flowers; and white carnations, the mothers' flower, were in evidence throughout the congregation. After the usual introductory services, Mrs. Henry Maxson read the little poem, "The Motherlook," by W. D. Nesbit:

"You take the finest woman with the roses in her cheeks,
An' all th' birds a singin' in her voice each time she speaks;
Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a glowin' mass o' gold—
An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n half-way told.
There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies—
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

"A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocence an' fun,
Or snap a warnin' message to the ones she wants to shun.
In pleasure or in anger there is always hand-someness,
But still there is a beauty that was surely made to bless—
A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all but glorifies—
The motherlook that sometimes comes into a woman's eyes.

"It ain't a smile exactly—yet it's brimmin' full o' joy,
An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends aboye her boy
Or girl when it's sleepin' with its dreams told in its face;

She smoothes its hair, an' pets it as she lifts it to its place.
It leads all the expressions, whether grave or gay or wise—
Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin' woman's eyes.

"There ain't a picture of it. If there was they'd have to paint
A picture of a woman mostly angel an' some saint.
An' make it still be human—an' they'd have to blend th' whole—
There ain't a picture of it, for no one can paint a soul.
No one can paint the glory comin' straight from paradise—
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes."

The audience was much impressed both with the reading and with the sentiment of the poem; and before Frank J. Hubbard was half through reading Eugene Field's stanzas, "To My Mother," many eyes were filled with tears:

"How fair you are, my mother!
Ah, though 'tis many a year
Since you were here,
Still do I see your beauteous face,
And with the glow
Of your dark eyes cometh a grace
Of long ago.
So gentle, too, my mother!
Just as of old, upon my brow,
Like benedictions now,
Falleth your dear hand's touch;
And still, as then,
A voice that glads me overmuch
Cometh again,
My fair and gentle mother!"

"How you have loved me, mother,
I have not power to tell,
Knowing full well
That even in the rest above
It is your will
To watch and guard me with your love,
Loving me still.
And, as of old, my mother,
I am content to be a child,
By mother's love beguiled
From all these other charms;
So to the last
Within thy dear, protecting arms
Hold thou me fast,
My guardian angel, mother!"

Then followed a flute solo by Clarence Spicer, accompanied by the piano played by Mrs. Roland Davis. We always enjoy

the flute, whether the music is familiar or not, but when we hear it in some well known tune of childhood days it has a double charm. This time it was the old one entitled, "The Shepherd Boy," which always reminds one of the fields and hills and forests around some country home. Mrs. Julia Cottrell then sang, "O Little Mother of Mine," and Supt. W. C. Hubbard closed the special exercises with John Allen Wyeth's stanzas, "To My Mother."

"Deal gently with her, Time; these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than
tears.

Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now;
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That, like a sunset of the northern clime,
When twilight lingers in the summer time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light,
So may she pass—since 'tis the common lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not."

The sweet aroma of that precious half-hour has been with us ever since, and many times have we thought of the blessed influences of Mothers' Day as similar exercises are held throughout the land. When Anna Jarvis suggested the idea of Mothers' Day to be held in the flowery springtime, she probably did not realize what a blessing her suggestion would bring to the world. We now wonder that this, the latest of our sacred memorial days, was not thought of sooner. This annual celebration means more than a mere outburst of sentiment, more than a display of filial gratitude once each year; it is one of the most impressive object-lessons, teaching and emphasizing the dignity and divineness of motherhood as nothing else does.

This age needs strong and impressive lessons often repeated, by which the holy and sacred flame of true motherhood shall be lighted and kept burning in human hearts. The tendency to shirk the obligations of motherhood and to bring reproach upon the holy name mother is all too great. By the ways of modern life as regards mother and child, one can but feel that too many mothers regard their duties done when they have become responsible for the physical existence of their children. The shameful desire for freedom and pleasure that consigns the child to the custody of others during its early years, makes many a child what Thackeray, in his description of Becky Sharp and her son, calls a "poor little benighted boy!"

Nothing touches and arouses the best that is in us like the memory of true old-fashioned mothers, whose loving service, night and day caring for their children, gave the best expression of genuine child-nurture the world has ever known. All their strength, if needed, was dedicated to the care and training of their children. With joy they accepted the glorious crown of motherhood, and to them the ideal of true life was to be a good mother.

More and more as the years go by do we grow to appreciate the finer traits of true mothers. The sweet fragrance of their lives, more than that of all others on earth, makes us think of Christ. There is no more possibility of mistaking it than there is of mistaking the sweet perfume of roses when they are brought into your room. Men can never forget it. A man may go out into the world away from home and mother; he may deaden conscience and become an apostate; he may go to the depths of degradation and lose all self-respect; he may efface all the finer qualities of manhood; but there will remain one picture that can not be blotted out. Living or dying, there will ever be in his heart of hearts the memory of that personification of goodness he called mother.

If we stop to think, every day is mother's day with each of us. It is good to set apart one day in which to emphasize the memories of her who gave us birth and made our world for us in childhood. But after all, we shall find that every day brings to thoughtful men and women the consciousness of mother's love, and that in no mean sense mother is with us, so that we never know a day without her. In childhood we lived in her day by day. Her voice soothed all our sorrows, her smile made our sunshine. She was with us in our young manhood and womanhood to smooth our pathway, to comfort our hearts and to supply our wants. When we went away from home she followed us to the door, gave us the good-by kiss and watched us out of sight. Then we were assured that mother followed us day and night with her love and prayers. And during all the years mother has been an ever-present memory influencing and strengthening our lives. With many of us only a memory now to be sure! but this is a blessed possession, for she is ours still and will be

unto the end. She still binds us to the best things in life. She gives us our best conceptions of God and heaven, and every quality of our Christian life is somehow connected with our mother. When we long for the consolations of God we love to cherish the words of the prophet, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." If we look for an exemplar of faith, of hope or of love, we instinctively think of mother. She is so interwoven with everything that is good and true and noble in life, that to lose her out of the heart would be to reduce our own life to a ruin. And the thought that in heaven she does not cease to love her child, brings heaven near to many a weary pilgrim of earth.

When President Taft sent a gift to help a little church along, he wrote these words, "Just in memory of my mother. I know she would like to have me do something of this sort." So the ever-present memory of mother has prompted many a man to good deeds for human betterment. When a noted singing evangelist lost his mother he sang at her funeral:

"O mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary,
Thy gentle hand upon my brow,
Is leading me to Jesus now."

That New Premium Offer.

On another page will be found a statement by Mr. Worden, our business manager, regarding a book of poems he is able to offer as a premium to RECORDER subscribers. There are over sixty of these books to be given away upon the conditions named in that statement. All our older readers know something of the writings of that excellent woman, the late Mary Bassett Clarke, wife of William L. Clarke, the aged president of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society. Those who years ago read Mrs. Clarke's poems will best recognize her under her literary name, "Ida Fairfield."

During the month just closed there were no gains in RECORDER subscriptions. After our statement of the substantial gains during the preceding month, and after what Brother Cottrell wrote to his flock of Lone Sabbath Keepers, urging greater activity in securing new subscribers, we did hope

the list would continue to grow. Now here comes this gift of Brother Clarke, showing his love for the cause, by which more than threescore of these fine new books are offered free to new subscribers and to the old ones who pay two years in advance. What will be the result? Every one of these volumes of poems ought to be gone inside of two weeks after this paper reaches its readers, and we ought to have as many new subscribers as we now have books. Will it be so? In order to bring it to pass *somebody* now taking the RECORDER will have to hunt up some one who does not take it, and secure a subscription; or some of our old readers will need to pay two years in advance. Who will respond?

Illinois is Not a "Black State."

Mr. L. A. Burdick of Farina, Ill., calls attention to an error in one of our temperance articles wherein we were so unfortunate as to class the State of Illinois with Pennsylvania and New Jersey as States marked in black on prohibition maps. Just who is to blame for the misstatement we are not able to tell. We found it in one of our exchanges and placed it on our own pages, but we now see by maps sent by Mr. Burdick that the statement is not true. Illinois, even before the last election, was more than half white, and today it stands more than three-fourths white. We are glad to make the correction.

There are one hundred and two counties in that State, and fifty-three of them are dry. This shows a gain of twenty-two counties as the result of the April elections. According to data sent, 900 townships in Illinois were voted dry in 1908, putting 1,500 saloons out of commission. The township is the largest voting unit on the saloon question. Public sentiment seems to be rapidly growing against the saloon curse, and the figures go to show that just as soon as the people can get a chance to vote on constitutional state prohibition, with the entire State as a unit, the liquor business in Illinois is doomed as certainly as it was in West Virginia last year when that State made the state-wide fight. We are glad to see that the temperance people of Illinois are wide-awake and determined not to allow the liquor men to steal a march on them.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Honoring the Nation's Dead.

On Monday, May 11, public national honors were paid to the nineteen men of the navy who fell at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and seventeen of the bodies were shipped to their respective families for burial. The United States cruiser *Montana* entered the harbor the day before the service, bearing the caskets of the seventeen sailors and marines who were killed while entering Vera Cruz. The other two bodies for whom services were held, died in the hospital after the fight, and were en route upon the hospital ship *Solace*, to arrive later.

As early as six o'clock the removal of the bodies from the *Montana* was begun. The caskets were lowered by the boat cranes to tugboats there to receive them, and taken to Battery Park, at the southern end of New York City.

When President Wilson arrived at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, he found that the secret service men had planned to keep him out of the parade, owing to the danger to him in case of his appearing in the public streets. They had studied the conditions and decided that he ought not to expose himself in that way. But President Wilson would not listen to such a plan and, in spite of their arguments, insisted upon showing the full measure of honor to the nation's dead by riding near them in the parade, even though this might involve peril to himself. The necessary changes were therefore made, and the President, surrounded by a heavy guard, was sent in an automobile to Battery Park where the procession was to start.

Seventeen black-draped artillery caissons had been provided to bear the dead to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and when the President arrived these stood ready, with their precious loads draped with flags, to start when the order was given. Fully ten thousand people had assembled to pay homage to the dead. Solemn silence prevailed during the preparation for the march.

A mounted troop of police led the procession up Broadway, followed by the combined bands of the *Wyoming* and *Texas*. Then came eight companies of sailors and marines followed by the seventeen caissons

with flag-draped caskets buried in flowers. The President's carriage came next, encircled by mounted police and accompanied by secret service men. The Governor of New York and the Mayor of the city, with many noted men, followed. Throngs of people with uncovered heads filled the streets and every available window was crowded with sightseers.

At City Hall Park the caissons stood still while the Mayor spoke a few words in behalf of the city of New York. After paying solemn tribute to the dead and extending sympathy to their stricken families, he stepped to the caisson nearest to him and placed upon it a beautiful wreath. Five hundred school children sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Then the procession wound its way through the streets of the "East Side," across the Manhattan Bridge to the navy yard in Brooklyn. Here the President found ten thousand people inside the barracks, and twenty thousand outside who could not get in, some of whom had waited five or six hours.

The bodies were laid in a row at the President's feet as he stood with uncovered head while the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Mr. Wilson was deeply stirred and won the sympathy of many hearts by his address.

In the public schools of New York and Brooklyn 600,000 school children participated in exercises in the various schools in honor of the dead sailors and marines.

President Wilson's words of eulogy were excellent. Our readers will undoubtedly see them in the dailies. "He seemed tremendously in earnest," "mightily moved and inspired by his theme," are expressions published regarding the address. We were especially touched by these words that fell from his lips:

We have gone down to Mexico to serve mankind, if we can find out the way. We do not want to fight the Mexicans; we want to serve the Mexicans if we can, because we know how we would like to be free and how we would like to be served if there were friends standing by ready to serve us.

A war of aggression is not a war in which it is a proud thing to die, but a war of service is a thing in which it is a proud thing to die.

I never went into battle, I never was under fire, but I fancy that there are some things just as hard to do as to go under fire. I fancy that it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you. When they shoot at you they can only

take your natural life; when they sneer at you they can wound your heart. And men who are brave enough, steadfast enough, steady in their principles enough to go about their duty with regard to their fellow men, no matter whether there are hisses or cheers—these are men of which a nation may be proud.

The cheers of the moment are not what a man ought to think about, but the verdict of his conscience and of the consciences of mankind. So when I look at you I feel as if I also, and we all, were enlisted men—not enlisted in your particular branch of the service, but enlisted to serve the country, no matter what may come, what though we may waste our lives in the arduous endeavor. We are expected to put the utmost energy of every power that we have into the service of our fellow men, never sparing ourselves, not condescending to think of what is going to happen to ourselves, but ready, if need be, to go to the utter length of complete self-sacrifice.

Missionaries Are Safe.

Considerable anxiety has been felt regarding the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the interior of Mexico; but a telegram stating that the entire company of thirty, excepting one, has reached New Orleans greatly relieves the church. One of them, Miss Laura Temple, has joined the Red Cross for service in Mexico City.

Thirty-two undergraduate students in New York University are being aided by the University Loan Fund. Thus they are enabled to go on with their studies, a thing they could not do if there were no such fund. The fund amounts to \$20,000. The records show that many who have received aid in this way have been a great credit to the institution. Last year almost \$2,000 was returned by those who had received loans and after graduation earned and paid back the money.

Reports from Kansas say that 40,000 more men than are available will be needed to harvest the splendid crops now growing in that State. The present outlook gives promise of an immense production of wheat. Already search is being made for help during harvest time.

The Russian authorities have of late years been a good deal exercised over the sinking, or subsiding, of the Caspian Sea. The surface of this sea is twenty-seven yards below the ocean level, and for the last four years it has been constantly

shrinking, until now it is difficult in some places for steamers to reach their landings. The government has appointed scientific men to ascertain the cause, if possible. It has been discovered that the great rivers, especially the Volga, are not supplying as much water as of old, and the reduction by evaporation is greater than the increase by river supplies.

A movement in Congress for a new post-office building in New York City resulted in the appropriation of \$200,000 to repair the old one. The people of New York are disappointed, as they regard the old Federal Building as an eyesore in these days. Many of us can remember when the old postoffice was the wonder among all the buildings of that city.

Denominational Solidarity.

REV. EDWIN SHAW.

Especially unto them who are of the household of faith—*Gal. 6: 10*.

I have always been, even from boyhood, intensely denominational. I think it is not because I am partisan, or narrow-minded, or small in my sympathies, or illiberal in my views. In fact I failed to fill satisfactorily, some years ago, the position of referee in games of football because it was said I did not favor my team, as the other official favored his team, in my decisions. And I have often thought how delightfully restful it would be, if I could be contented to feel that what I believed and did was just about right, and that the other fellow was the one who always made the mistakes; and it is very disconcerting oftentimes to the quietness of one's life to realize, as I do, that other people are just as sincere as I am, in their lines of conduct and in holding to views that are very unlike mine.

None the less, I am, and always have been, intensely denominational. This is not saying that I think that the cause of the Sabbath truth would go down in failure if Seventh Day Baptist churches dwindled away and perished from the earth. God's truth does not depend for its ultimate triumph upon this church or upon our denomination. And when our work of usefulness is past, God will find some other means for extending his truth. But, friends, would you not prefer to be a battleship, like the good ship that went

down, crew and all, in Boston Bay, in the war of 1812, flying the flag from the last mast to disappear beneath the waves, and end your usefulness that way, rather than to lie idle in the yards or in the dry dock, and at last be sold as rubbish and old iron to the junkman? Wouldn't you? But some one may argue with you like this: If you are a ship and you sink in the deep sea, then your usefulness is lost forever; but if you are sold to the junkman you may lose your identity, but you may be made over and used in other things, in boats, perhaps, and though scattered, you still will be of great use and service in the world. But, come now, tell me, if you were a battleship, and I may speak of battleships in these days, fighting for a cause, for this country, would you not choose to be that ship that goes down, gloriously loyal, goes down struggling bravely, than to be, because of your unfitness for service, relegated to the scrap heap, your identity lost forever? Yes, I know you would.

The ship I speak of went down, the captain calling out, "Don't give up the ship," and all was lost. Oh, no, the cause struggled on to ultimate victory, and the example of those men and that ship has meant more to the American people and the cause of liberty, than have ten hundred other larger boats, discarded year by year, remodeled, made over into something else. I am not denominational because I think that we are the only custodians of the oracles of God, or that the success of the Sabbath of necessity depends on us. I think that God has used us in the past. It seems to me that the testimony of all those years in America continuously since 1671, almost two hundred and fifty years, is evidence quite conclusive. And it appears to me that the Lord yet has work for us to do.

I say I am and always have been intensely denominational. This is not saying that we have no duty to the world at large, no obligations to other people; that we should hedge ourselves about, and have no sympathy or help for any but ourselves. Rather in the words of our scripture text of the morning, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

Now in the application of this text, please do not understand that I for a moment

have the idea that the household of faith that Paul spoke of was restricted, or is restricted, to Seventh Day Baptists. But I do want to apply the principle that Paul mentions, of special service, and special care, and special loyalty, to one's own household; I want to apply that principle to our attitude towards our denomination. If I did not believe with all my heart that our denomination had a mission, I would not care how quickly it passed out of existence. But believing that it does have a mission, I am intensely interested in its welfare and its work, and as a people we today stand in need of what I call denominational solidarity. Several causes which in the years gone by have tended to produce and strengthen this denominational solidarity are passing away. They are of course secondary causes, for the first and chief cause is the individual's loyalty to the Christ of the Sabbath. These secondary causes which I have in mind are, first, the fact that relatively very few of our young people in these days get their high school training in Seventh Day Baptist atmosphere. Denominational solidarity is a great loser from this fact. It is a fact due to the conditions in which we live; we can not change it. But we should face it.

Another equally important factor in making denominational solidarity in the past was the influence of the SABBATH RECORDER. Many will testify that the SABBATH RECORDER was never a better paper than it is now, but the fact remains that its influence upon the coming generation is less than its influence has been in years gone by. This is because it now comes to homes where papers and magazines and books are so plentiful that all too often its influence is wholly lost by neglect. Where once the RECORDER was one of three or four or less periodicals, now it is lost in a dozen or more. This fact we can not change, but we must face it, and we must talk and think and act more loyally to the RECORDER and to our schools, and thus cultivate a denominational solidarity, so necessary for the best work of our people. Let us therefore do good to all men, and especially to them who are of our own household of faith.

It lies in the scope of the work of the leaders of our denominational organizations to plan and carry out methods for developing and strengthening this spirit of

loyalty, this denominational solidarity; but the responsibility none the less rests largely upon the homes and churches, the instruction and inspiration and example therein given to the children and young people. I am not today pleading for a denominational spirit that is exclusive, that shuts others out. I believe we are broader than that. We welcome today to this service of the Lord's Supper all who love the Lord Jesus Christ and in sincerity are striving to do his commandments. We are not narrow, we can work with other Christians in organized Bible study, and temperance work, and young people's work, and so on and so on, and God has blessed us in this yokefellowship.

What I am thinking of today is our need of emphasizing "especially to them who are of our own household of faith." This we can do and yet be large-hearted and liberal-minded, and generously charitable to all the world.

Am I partial to my own wife and children? I hope so, I ought to be. Am I partial to this church and people; I hope I am, I ought to be. Am I partial to our own schools, to Milton and Alfred and Salem, and especially to Milton? Of course I am.

We love the most where we do the most, even where we sacrifice. Denominational solidarity, so essential to efficient service for the Sabbath truth, needs unity and oneness of organization; but first and far more, it needs oneness of spirit, loyalty of heart and affection. Let us do more, and sacrifice more, if need be, for our cause; then shall we love the more; then shall our loyalty be stronger and firmer; then shall we help one another in every possible way, and do good, "especially to them who are of the household of faith." Which may God grant in Jesus' name. Amen.

Semi-annual Meeting.

The semi-annual meeting of the Minnesota and northern Wisconsin churches will convene with the Dodge Center Church, May 5, 1914. A large delegation from other churches is desired.

Respectfully,

MRS. ROSA WILLIAMS,
Corresponding Secretary.

Northland, Minn.

Quarterly Meeting at Milton Junction.

Because I was so presumptuous as to insist that there should be a write-up of the recent quarterly meeting it was voted that I should do that work. In undertaking that task I shall not speak of each part of the program in detail. That would make this article much too long.

The greatness of the meeting is to be measured by its influences. These were many and pervasive. On Friday night Pastor Davis set the pace for subsequent sessions in his thoughtful, heart-searching message, "The Mind of Christ." The one great purpose of those who were present was that Christ should possess and use all for his glory.

A spirit of optimism was with us throughout. The sermons of Pastors Randolph and Sayre and Brother Loyal Hurley were earnest, direct, encouraging messages that bid the people take heart and "press on." Doctor Daland did not fail to impress his hearers with the mighty obligation that rests on the home, parents and church in developing the child in the graces and character of him who said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A heavy rain-storm on Friday night undoubtedly kept many who had planned to attend from that and following services. Yet the church was crowded to its limit on Sabbath morning when we gathered to worship and to listen to the sermon of Doctor Randolph. It was very encouraging to see the good attendance at all the other sessions, especially those of Sunday afternoon and evening, times when the attendance and interest is usually small.

It seems easy to believe that the impression is gaining headway that the quarterly meeting is a power for local and denominational, religious and spiritual good. It has the possibilities of a potential, progressive organization. Its social, religious features are not to be ignored, for there is great good attached to gatherings of old friends and Christian brethren. But pastors and people are determined to have more definite things to aim at, a definite program to follow. To illustrate the last statement, the brethren of the quarterly meeting are definitely committed to the encouraging and financing of the work of the quarters for this summer. At the business session at Milton Junction one hundred dollars (already on hand) was

paid towards that work. Likewise, more than eight dollars was raised there for the expenses of Rev. O. S. Mills in his visits upon families in a nearby city where there are persons who are looking into and living the truths of the Bible Sabbath.

There is feeling among us that the time is opportunely present when we should "launch out into the deep and let down the nets" to make catches for God and his truth. Brother T. J. Van Horn, in a recent letter, speaks to the point: "How blind we have been to our opportunities and how unreasonable to complain of slow growth, or no growth, when we have disregarded or ignored the great conditions of growth, namely, intelligent activity and proper assimilation of material." "How I wish we had the courage and strength to strike out into entirely new fields and win victories for the Lord and his truth."

Two additional interesting features of the quarterly meeting should be mentioned. The first was the inspiring singing and ringing testimonies of the quartet boys. Each quartet had a definite part on the program in leading a prayer and praise service. Hearts were thrilled by their messages and some of the "old-timers" quartet singers couldn't help wishing they were to get into the work again.

The other feature was the Sabbath-school institute. The addresses were excellent and the discussion of practical workable suggestions for the progressive Sabbath school was lively and helpful.

From now on the quarterly meeting is to keep the denomination in touch with the good things which it enjoys. Its blessings are of more than local concern; they belong to the brethren of the denomination. Pray for us.

HENRY N. JORDAN.

Letter From Rev. George Seeley.

Rev. Edwin Shaw, Corresponding Secretary American Sabbath Tract Society:

MY DEAR BROTHER, AND BRETHREN OF THE TRACT BOARD:

Greeting. May the dear Lord and Master bless you all most abundantly in all things pertaining to his kingdom and glory, for time and eternity. I am glad and thankful to the Lord for his blessings bestowed upon me since I began to recover from the bad spell of grippe that almost laid me aside; or sometimes I almost had

reason to think I would never get better from the attack.

Here I have suffered isolation from my brethren of the same faith and order, and have often felt and do feel now that I have no one to speak to on the subjects that concern us as Seventh Day Baptists. I cling to the old standards of our dear people in faith and practice, and do not want any change. These are changing times, but for our people to depart from the ancient teachings of the fathers of our denomination would be nothing else but departing from the teachings of Christ and his apostles and the early apostolic church. Let us cling to the old faith and order; surely we want nothing better—a baptized Sabbath-keeping people as our membership, nothing more or less; Protestants of the highest type. I can't drop out "Protestant." Seventh Day Baptists can't afford to take up with every new notion of people that do not know what the whole truth means, and do not know what to do with themselves. Let us be firm and abiding, abounding in the work of the Lord.

The output of literature from the Canadian Branch Office for the month of April is 38,912 pages, going in all directions, from East to West, among the rich and great and the poor, who are all the same in the sight and heart of the Master, our Lord Jesus Christ. We are set for the defense and upholding and spread of the Sabbath truth, and the whole truth of God—"the Bible, and the Bible only." I ask your prayers for the work, and for myself, that I may be able to do the work assigned me with Christian zeal, interest and faith, and love for the Master and the souls of men. With Christian regards and well-wishes, I remain,

Yours in His Name,

GEORGE SEELEY.

Sunnie Brae, Moncton, N. B.,

May 6, 1914.

Katherine's uncle had come to pay them a visit. After the first greetings were over and he was comfortably seated with little Katherine on his knee, he asked, as uncles often do, if she were "a good little girl."

"Yes, but nobody knows it," was Katherine's prompt answer.—*Delineator*.

"A wrinkle might be termed the nick of time."

MISSIONS

A Visit to Lieu-oo.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

It has been some time since I furnished anything for the readers of the RECORDER. Perhaps some of our friends would be glad to see a few words from me. It was my purpose to write during the China New Year when we are usually a little more at leisure, but at that time I found it impossible to do so on account of sickness in my family. Over a week ago I began a letter to you, but various things prevented me from finishing it, so now I make another effort.

My purpose now in writing is to give you a brief account of a recent visit to our Lieu-oo station. The journey to Lieu-oo is not altogether a pleasure trip, especially if the roads are bad, as they happened to be on this occasion. I presume some of our friends know how the journey is made but others do not, so I will repeat what has probably been written more than once. In front of our Mission Compound, at Shanghai, we take an electric tram-car to the railway station, fare 8 coppers, a little less than 4 cents gold. At the station we buy a ticket for 50 Mexican cents, about 25 cents gold. This covers the railway fare to Nanziang, a distance of about 13 miles, and the steam-launch fare to Gading, a distance of 8 miles. There is a transfer from the railway to the steam-launch service at Nanziang which costs about 8 coppers or a little less than 4 cents gold. The launch tows a small Chinese boat into which the Chinese are crowded, usually as close as sardines in a box. There is a little room on this boat about six feet square, for first and second class passengers. This room usually gives one a little more fresh air, but it too is often filled with the better class of Chinese. Passengers in this apartment are required to pay a tip of one copper, one-half cent gold. I suppose this is to pay for the tea and the hot towels given for wiping one's face and hands. These cloths are plunged into hot water and then passed promiscuously to the passengers, being used over and over again during the day. We never indulge in this Chinese luxury of travel. It is doubtless

a custom prolific in the transmission of eye and other diseases.

We were two hours in making the journey from Nanziang to Gading, a distance of 8 miles. There was a young Chinese gentleman and his wife occupying the first and second class apartment with me, with whom I had much conversation. I learned he was from Shanghai and lived very near our mission, and was a teacher in the Government School located at Sicawei, a few miles west of us. After talking a long time in Chinese I asked him where he was educated and to my surprise I found he was a graduate of Yale College, having spent four years in the college. Then we carried on our conversation in English and I found that he had spent some time in England and Germany. He was very modest for a young man who had enjoyed these advantages. He is now professor of mathematics in the Nanyang College at Sicawei. He was a native of Gading, to which place he was going to celebrate, as he said, the fifth of the seventh week of his grandfather's death. The Chinese have the custom of celebrating the death of their relatives for seven weeks on the day of their death. This was the fifth-week celebration which this young man was going to celebrate; so with all his education he had not given up the observance of this practice. We exchanged cards and I hope some time to see him again. His wife had received an education in one of the modern Chinese schools.

Arriving at Gading I engaged a wheelbarrow man to take me to Lieu-oo, a distance of another ten miles. The usual price paid the barrow man for this part of the journey is 50 cents, Mexican, or 25 cents gold. There was only one man at the landing who seemed willing to go and he wanted 60 cents because it was getting late in the day and the roads were not good. I consented to paying the extra price but soon found that I had a poor stick of a man. He went very slowly and I was obliged to walk much of the way and did not arrive at Lieu-oo until after dark and the people there had given up my coming. On one occasion during the journey I saw that I was about to be plunged into a ditch at the side of the road and so hastily dismounted. This caused the man to lose control of the barrow and it fell over and dislocated the axle. After much grum-

bling and grunting the wheel was readjusted and we went on our way not altogether joyfully, for the wheel every now and then became dislocated from its bearings. This necessitated my walking much more than I otherwise would have done. But this man was a tricky sort of fellow. If I were walking ahead of him he would go very slow, or if I were behind him he would forge ahead with all haste so that it was difficult for me to overtake him. This evidently was all for the purpose of making it easier for himself. Men of this type always beg, at the end of the journey, an extra tip or, as they call it, "wine money." This is where tips and tipplers are closely associated.

My readers will notice that the total cost of the journey from Shanghai to Lieu-oo is about 69 cents gold. I wonder if there is any place in the wide world where one can get so much variety in travel and so much experience at the same time as this trip affords?

I found the doctors and the Chinese workers all usually well. After being refreshed with supper we had our prayer meeting, Mr. Toong, the evangelist, taking the lead. It was 9 o'clock when the meeting closed and I retired for rest. The next morning there was the study of the Sabbath-school lesson, Doctor Palmberg taking the lead. In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, we had preaching and communion service, which I conducted. The day was a most beautiful day and there was a large number in attendance.

Several days prior to my leaving Shanghai I had sent my stereopticon by a boat that makes trips from Shanghai to Lieu-oo, going by way of the Yang-tse River, or up the mouth of the Yang-tse and then into the Lieu-oo Creek to Lieu-oo. This is usually a very quick trip though it is not pleasant, especially for persons subject to being seasick.

I found upon arrival that my apparatus had not arrived, and upon inquiry we learned that the boat was being detained at the custom station at Oo-sung where boats enter the Yank-tse River as they come down the Whaung-Poo River from Shanghai. It seems that this boatman was attempting to smuggle salt fish, and for this reason was detained until he should pay the fine.

We had planned to use the stereopticon

in evangelistic meetings, throwing Bible pictures and texts on the screen to impress gospel truth on the minds and hearts of the hearers. I have a set of Pilgrim's Progress which I have found very useful in this work. The Presto-lite tank that I procured when on furlough in the homeland is most convenient and gives a very satisfactory light. I am able to get the tank recharged in Shanghai when the gas supply has been exhausted.

We gave out an appointment for meeting on Sunday evening, but the day was very rainy and it was impossible for the people to come out. Monday Mr. Toong, the evangelist, went with me to call on the church members and those who were inquiring into the doctrine. We invited as many as could to come to a special meeting that evening. As I went about the streets of this large town, from east to west and north to south, I discovered that on almost every street there were two, three or four families that had become interested, and from these as centers we may hope the light of the gospel will shine forth into all the surrounding darkness. To me this was a very interesting discovery.

Being desirous of becoming better acquainted with the church members and these inquirers, I had arranged for this special meeting. For my own use I had Mr. Toong write out all the names of the church members, together with the names of the inquirers and their occupation. There are 24 of the latter and the most of these came to the meeting on Monday night. It was a helpful meeting. It gave me the opportunity of speaking to them in a more personal way than I could have done in a promiscuous meeting. They all seemed to enjoy the meeting very much. These inquirers are an intelligent set of young men. Nearly all of them have a trade or are in business of some kind for themselves, and it is evident that they are not looking to the church for their support. Mr. Toong said some of them had accompanied him when he went out to the surrounding villages for preaching, and they insisted on paying the expense of the trip, paying for the barrow and the noon lunch, and in this way they show their interest in Mr. Toong and the work he is doing among them.

Let us pray that this work may be greatly blessed of God, so that the seed

that has been sown in bygone years may now spring up and produce an abundant harvest to the glory of God and our encouragement.

My lantern apparatus did not arrive and I felt obliged to return to Shanghai on Tuesday. I shall plan to visit this field again and carry out our program for meetings in the near future. I trust the people will continue to pray for this work and all that we are trying to do for the Master in this needy land.

Fraternally,

D. H. DAVIS.

West Gate, Shanghai, China,
March 30, 1914.

Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, May 10, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., Vice-President Joseph A. Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: J. A. Hubbard, Corliss F. Randolph, Edwin Shaw, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, T. L. Gardiner, W. C. Hubbard, Esle F. Randolph, M. L. Clawson, C. W. Spicer, J. B. Cottrell, J. G. Burdick, L. A. Worden, H. L. Polan, R. C. Burdick, A. L. Titsworth.

Prayer was offered by Rev. T. L. Gardiner, D. D.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The following report was presented:

The Advisory Committee reports an expense account for the month as follows:

Traveling expense of Rev. E. H. Socwell, as in itemized account, in Texas, for April, 1914	\$17 55
Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, traveling expense in visiting the Hebron (Pa.) churches	\$2 20
Pulpit supply	5 00
Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, traveling expense in visiting churches at Shiloh, Marlboro, New Market, and Plainfield, N. J., and Rockville and Hopkinton City, R. I.	15 20
Rev. Henry N. Jordan, traveling expense advanced to visit churches in Minnesota and north Wisconsin	30 00
	<hr/>
	\$69 95

Rev. Clayton A. Burdick plans to visit the churches in central New York during the month of June.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond has not as yet reported in reference to his work with the churches in West Virginia.

Rev. Wm. L. Burdick plans to complete his month of labor with the churches in the Western Association very soon.

Rev. Henry N. Jordan is at work on the Minnesota field.

Rev. E. H. Socwell reports from Lyford, Tex., work of the same nature as that which he has been doing in other places in the Southwest. Letters from San Antonio, Tex., Camargo, Okla., and Elkhart, Kan., commend the work that is being done by our Board, set forth the needs of the field, and ask that the work be continued.

The committee makes the following recommendations:

That Corliss F. Randolph and Rev. Edwin Shaw be asked to attend the annual meeting of the German Seventh Day Baptists at Snow Hill, Pa., on behalf of the Board.

That the Board ask Corliss F. Randolph to do a month of field evangelistic work during the coming summer among the German Seventh Day Baptists at Ephrata, Snow Hill, Morrison's Cove, and near Johnstown, Pa., the Board to give him a weekly salary of fifteen dollars (\$15.00), and pay the traveling expenses.

By vote the report was approved and the recommendations adopted.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature report tracts sent out for the month ending May 8, 1914, 200,914 pages. Of these, 198,000 pages were shipped to Rev. George Seeley, Canada, being the semi-annual supply.

No increase in RECORDER subscriptions for the month. Editions of "Pro and Con" and the "Exposé of Faith and Practice" were ordered printed in Spanish and Swedish.

W. C. HUBBARD,
Chairman.

Report adopted.

The action of the Corresponding Secretary in having ordered an edition of 15,000 copies of "Pro and Con" printed was approved by the Board.

Correspondence was received from Charles P. Titsworth, thanking the members of the Board for the floral tribute sent by them to the funeral service of his father, David E. Titsworth; from Rev. E. H. Socwell, E. D. Stillman, Dr. W. G. Estee, J. B. Williams, and Elsie L. Estee, concerning the work in the Southwest: from Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, and Rev. Henry N. Jordan, concerning the field work of the Board; from Rev. George Seeley, submitting his report for April; from Ch. Th. Lucky, Rev. Herman D. Clarke, John H. Austin, L. T. Clawson, concerning the "Circular Letter," and other things; from Rev. D. Burdette Coon, Rev. E. B. Saunders, Rev. Willard D. Burdick,

concerning matters of denominational interest; from Walter B. Cockerill, concerning his trip to Nyasaland; from Mary J. Willard, concerning Sabbath literature; from Rev. Geo. W. Hills, concerning the Pacific Coast field; from Nyasaland, Africa,—from D. P. B. Chinyama, C. G. Chinkazi, S. Bunyengo, J. K. Kundira, Roy Kafaningi, N. A. Kaia, G. K. L. Chinyengo, and K. C. Mathhed Jadel.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That \$100.00 be appropriated to the Pacific Coast Association for the traveling expenses of Rev. Geo. W. Hills in the interest of Sabbath Reform work on the Pacific Coast, all contributions received by Brother Hills on the field to be transmitted to this Board.

Voted that we offer as commission to agents selling our books, 40 per cent on the list prices, with free delivery on lots of ten or more.

Voted that a committee of three be appointed to draft a suitable memorial to the memory of D. E. Titsworth, to be presented at the next meeting of the Board.

A. L. Titsworth, Corliss F. Randolph, F. J. Hubbard were appointed such committee. The Committee being able to report at this meeting presented the following:

TRIBUTE TO DAVID E. TITSWORTH.

Once more, dear brethren of the Tract Board, we sit in sorrow, and in the shadow. One by one the faithful standard-bearers seem to be dropping by the way, and we all feel most deeply the loss of another stalwart from our ranks.

To our finite minds, the early calling home of Dr. A. H. Lewis, George H. Utter, Charles Clarence Chipman, and others, and now our co-laborer for so many years, David E. Titsworth, when we felt we needed them all so much, for many years yet, makes us feel that certainly, "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform," and his Sabbath to reestablish, yet we know, "He doeth all things well," but, oh! how lonely we begin to feel.

How can we go on without them? "It is hard to take the burdens up, when these have laid them down, but thanks be to God, that these have been, although they are no more."

David last met with us at our meeting on January 11, 1914, evidencing at that time a physical condition that alarmed us, and though we fostered hope, while there yet was life, and though he approached the end with marked bravery, composure, and a consciousness of its nearness, still it seemed to come suddenly, as in the early evening of April 21, 1914, being in the sixty-fourth year of his age, he quietly passed away.

Thus taken from life's labors, we shall miss his presence with us, and his counsel in our deliberations, and as a people, we have lost one deeply interested in all our denominational affairs.

David became a life member of the American Sabbath Tract Society in 1882, and since September, 1886, had been a member of the Board of Directors.

He was Recording Secretary from September, 1886, to August, 1890; Vice-President from August, 1894, to September, 1908, and since September, 1913. In June, 1893, he was chosen chairman of the Committee on the World's Fair Exhibit and Depository at Chicago; in September, 1894, was elected a member of the Committee on the Removal of the Publishing House from Alfred Center, N. Y.; in February, 1895, he became a member of the first Supervisory Committee of the Publishing House, and served as secretary of the committee from 1896 to 1910, and as chairman of the committee since 1910; in March, 1895, was made chairman of the Committee on Evangelistic Work in West Virginia, and in April of the same year, chairman of the Committee on Evangelistic Work in Louisville, Ky.; in September, 1895, was chairman of the Committee on securing Doctor Lewis to devote his entire time to Sabbath Reform work; in October, 1900, was chairman of a committee to confer with the Missionary Board, in regard to the field in London, England; in August, 1904, was secretary of the Conference Committee on the Work of the Tract Society; since January, 1909, was chairman of a committee from this Board, to confer with a similar committee from the Missionary Board, looking to the advancement of our general denominational work, the committee being known as the Joint Committee; since 1910, a member of the Budget Committee, and he served as a member of the Auditing Committee, and the Committee on Conference Program, variously, for many years.

Among our miscellaneous tracts, is one entitled, "The Bible and the Sabbath," containing scriptural passages bearing on the Sabbath, and one entitled, "How the Sabbath was Established," with an arrangement of Bible passages, both by D. E. Titsworth.

In looking over the minutes of our Board meetings since 1886, in order to secure the foregoing historical data, it was very noticeable that among the "members present" at our meetings, the name of D. E. Titsworth invariably appeared unless he were away from home, or ill, and the larger part he bore in all our activities marked him as an efficient and indefatigable worker; a wise, cautious, and conservative counsellor; an eloquent and persuasive writer and speaker; and one who was prompt and vigorous in action, and who took a large and hopeful view, even amid many discouragements. The execution of his manifold duties as officer, director, and committee worker, and his deep interest, especially of late years, in the African problem, elicited our sincere admiration.

In the final accounting, a man's life is measured not by years, but by deeds, and on that basis, we can all bear the testimony, that David had *lived his life*, and viewing all his labors, we bespeak for us all, his mantle of fidelity.

"God grant that to our brother, now freed from the limitations of the flesh, may be granted a new vision, revealing to him the full fruition of his hopes for the people that he loved."

To his bereaved widow and sons, we extend our warmest brotherly love and sympathy, trust-

ing this sorrow visited upon them may be greatly assuaged by the memories of his life so nobly spent in loving service for them, his friends, his church, and our denomination, and we commend them to the loving care and upholding of Him who alone giveth abiding comfort and consolation, in so dark an hour.

Respectfully submitted,
ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
CORLISS F. RANDOLPH,
FRANK J. HUBBARD,
Committee.

On motion, the report was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

The following preamble and resolution were presented and adopted:

Whereas, The Board of Managers of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society has called Rev. Willard D. Burdick, now pastor of the church at Farina, Ill., and Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor of the church at Battle Creek, Mich., to enter the employment of the Society as missionary-evangelists; and

Whereas, These men have accepted the call; and

Whereas, This work to which these men are going is in its scope denominational and includes all that we as a people represent as exponents of the gospel, including the Sabbath; and

Whereas, These men will in spirit represent all the organized activities of our denomination; and

Whereas, We realize the great need and importance of such work as these men are to do; therefore

Resolved, That we most heartily approve the work thus undertaken, and we pledge to the Missionary Society and to these men our sincere and earnest support.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

Association Minutes.

Following the publication of the minutes of the Southeastern Association of 1911 and 1912 I have mailed copies to pastors and officers of the denomination. I have received copies from some of the other associations, but have failed to acknowledge. I regret the neglect for, come to think about it, the copies were worthy of some expression of gratitude *and much more*.

Now all you men or women who sometimes read the RECORDER, please sit up a minute and take notice. The last minutes are ready, but I'll wait for your call. It will cost you a postal and a few minutes to write who you are, where and what. It may be that you owe me as much as a

postal message. If you would like a copy, whoever you are, of whatever complexion or previous condition of servitude, just write and while they last you shall have one postpaid. Let me get 100 cards right away.

M. G. STILLMAN,
Recording Secretary.

Last Creek, W. Va.,

A New Subscription Premium.

Through the kindness of Mr. William L. Clarke of Ashaway, we are able to offer, as a premium for one new subscriber to the SABBATH RECORDER for one year, or for a renewal subscription paid two years in advance, one copy of the book of poems, "Autumn Leaves," written by Mary Bassett Clarke.

The size of the volume is 5½ x 7½ inches and it contains 238 pages. It is printed on a good grade of antique book paper, with cloth binding, and the cover is stamped in gold.

The poems are grouped according to subjects, and number as follows: *Legendary Poems*, 18; *By the Sea*, 11; *Religious Poems*, 31; *Memorial Poems*, 13; *Temperance Poems*, 5; *Miscellaneous Poems*, 26; a total of 104 titles.

L. A. WORDEN.

The Return.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

If man that walketh might direct his steps,
I should not stand today beside this stream,
Where ghosts of all the vanished yesterdays
Throng like the phantoms of a restless dream.

But, as Hagar weeping in the wilderness
Rose up and followed with reluctant feet
The voice that called her back to servitude,
So come I to this woodland's lone retreat.

But here the Master's table hath been spread;
A portion shall he send from his own hand
To every one that with obedient heart
Is found contented in his place to stand.

The bread unleavened that he breaketh me
Is sweeter far than honey Gentiles bring,
And I shall boast with an exultant heart
That I this day have feasted with my King.

Though I draw water from the blackened pool,
His angel hath a gracious care for me,
And mingled with the hyssop's tender leaves
It is more fragrant than the sweet wines be.

How then shall I rebel, succored and kept
With all the wealth of his abounding grace,
And knowing that, at midnight or at dawn,
I shall awaken and behold his face.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

How the Salem Ladies' Aid Society Earned for the Scholarship Fund.

N. M. W.

By the Ladies' Aid it was decreed
That every member should do the deed
Of earning a dollar wherewith to speed
Salem Scholarship Fund which was in need;
And furthermore request was made
That they tell in rhyme their efforts in trade.

So without delay and with right good will -
Each set about her task to fulfil;
And tried to find what her hands might do
To bring in the money when it was due.

And then when the dollar was fairly earned
Each one's attention to rhymes was turned.
'Twas hard at first to make the Muse work,
But not a woman even cared to shirk.

At last they were done, and came the day
To read the rhymes and the dollar to pay.
The women they came most every one
To hear the rhymes read and enjoy the fun.

And now if you like I will relate
How the money was earned before this date.
'Twas by honest endeavor and sweat of the brow,
And nothing that hindered did they allow.

One good woman who lives on the hill
Drew pails of water (not a drop did she spill)
For the makers in cement, and her dollar earned.
Another to egg-raising her attention turned.

One became barber "and it wasn't funny,
But that was the way she earned her money."
The adage old about the penny
Being saved was helpful to many.

One who had earned but not collected
Because on that day was the money expected,
Sent a hundred pennies, every one
Which she had saved by not chewing gum.

Another "painted her kitchen and oiled the floor,
Did her own sewing and many things more,
Made over an old hat 'stead of purchasing new,
And thus saved the dimes to help the Aid through."

One dear woman with patience did labor
To make a hair switch for her good neighbor.
The Jersey cows helped out in the fun,
For they gave the milk which brought in the mun.

But the woman who worked the hardest of all
Was the woman who thought on the pockets to call
Of her good spouse; most oft did she search
And came very near being left in the lurch.

She thought 'twould be easy to get it this way,
But she soon found out it didn't pay,
For try as she would for the dollar round
It was almost more than could be found.

For the good man, as you may easily guess,
Was a teacher in college, and had no excess
Of dollars and dimes or pennies, in fact,
To leave in his pokes from which to extract.

One busy lady who practices tithing,
Said there was no need for her contriving,
She had but to put her hand in the box,
And simply take out, be it bonds or stocks.

There was one whose husband "without any holler
Divided the profits, and she got her dollar."
One tied a comfort, another fed
A hungry man with her good bread.

There was teaching of music and baking cake,
And "pressing Tom's clothes for the dear Aid's sake."
So the dollars were earned, for each one wrought,
And the work of her hands most cheerfully brought.

Forty dollars was the sum that came that day,
And others there are who want to pay.
So we hope before the pledge is due
To have the full fifty all in view.

Working for Missions in Summer Months.

For years the Church looked upon winter as its great harvest-time. Beginning with the Week of Prayer special evangelistic services were held, and Christian work of all kinds was pushed with great ardor. Then spring came, and the special efforts ceased. The harvest was past, the winter was ended.

In summer the Church took a vacation and the Devil had his great harvest-time. The Church and her children were idle, but he found plenty to do. Then the Church became wise. She tried the experiment of working in summer and found that it paid. Now, in a large number of cities, evangelistic campaigns are conducted during the summer in tents or outdoors, and thousands of souls are brought to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Missionary leaders, too, have learned the wisdom of working all the year round. In Great Britain special missionary services are held on the beach at the seaside resorts. In America the most beautiful spots have been preempted for missionary conferences and summer schools of methods. They are thronged every year and

have become great recruiting stations for the army of the Lord. No church can afford to be without representation at them.

"If only the six hundred women at Northfield, the eight hundred at Chautauqua, and the other hundreds at the other summer schools of missions could be multiplied like leaves, there would be no trouble in enlisting women for missions," says Mrs. Montgomery. "Every woman goes home a live wire. Will not every circle resolve to have a delegate at some summer school this year? Have rubber sales, newspaper sales, make aprons or bedquilts, nut-bread or grape-juice. Try one-egg cakes instead of two and give the egg-money. *Do anything honest*, but get the money to send the delegate!"

Missionary Services at Seaside Resorts.

Every summer since the year 1868 holiday services have been held during the months of July and August at sixty or seventy seaside resorts around the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland.

These services are held under the auspices of the Children's Special Service Mission, and are for the most part conducted by honorary workers, a large proportion of whom are university and professional men. Last summer nearly 140 graduates and undergraduates were sent by Oxford and Cambridge universities alone.

The object of these services is to lead young people definitely to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior, to encourage them to read the Word of God daily, and to show them the true secret of the daily overcoming life. The work at each place usually lasts from three to four weeks, and is in charge of a responsible leader, supported by a band of helpers.

Each morning a short meeting is held for prayer and praise. This is followed by the large general meeting, held upon the sands. It lasts for one hour, and is a bright, happy gathering for prayer, hymn and chorus-singing, text-searching, Bible objects, and short addresses. Previous to the service the children are invited to come with "good spades and bright faces" and dig the sand pulpit and make sand seats to form the sand "cathedral." The pulpit is decorated with seaweed and shells or flowers, and is provided with stone steps.

Each evening special meetings are held. Sometimes it is a meeting for boys or girls

only; at other times there is a procession when the boys and girls carry Chinese lanterns, or decorated designs, or ride illuminated bicycles. Stops are made at different places in the town and on the sea front, and bright choruses are sung and gospel addresses given. All these meetings attract great crowds—not only of young people, but of adult visitors, clergy and others, and are times of inspiration.

During the afternoons various means are adopted to entertain the boys and girls—text-writing, compositions on the sands, sand designs, excursions, picnics, cricket, hockey and other sports. These all give opportunities for personal work and show the children the reality of the Christian life. It is an object-lesson that

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

The value of the work of this mission has been acknowledged in all quarters and the fruits of the last forty-five years are abundant. Perhaps the greatest feature is the special *atmosphere* of this mission with an utter absence of cut-and-dried, regular, committee-made, clockwork and professional performances which so often repel young life.

The workers emphasize the fact of sin, the inspiration of the written Word, the necessity of conversion, and the possibility of a life of power and joy in the Holy Spirit.

One of the great features of the work is the emphasis laid upon *Foreign Missions*, and one day in the week is usually set apart as "Missionary Day." At all the services during that day special reference is made to some part of the mission field, missionary hymns are sung, and missionary literature is distributed. The morning meeting on the beach is addressed by some one specially interested in missions—a Student Volunteer, a missionary home on furlough (sometimes dressed in native costume) or a missionary bishop. Occasionally some of the children are dressed in foreign costume and exhibit letters from the "Missionary Alphabet." Curios are also exhibited, and diagrams. In the evening it is customary to hold a mass-meeting in one of the halls and an illustrated missionary lecture is given.

Perhaps the greatest feature of the day is the "sand map" on the beach. A band of workers goes down four or five hours

before the time of the service to make the map. A large space is roped off, the lines of latitude and longitude are marked by thin twine, and the outline is carefully drawn on the sand. This outline is filled in with large white stones, outside of which is placed a layer of seaweed, and so the coast line at once appears prominent. Next the rivers are carefully traced and are filled in with strips of very bright green seaweed. Then the lakes are marked out and covered with seaweed. Sand heaps are made for the plateaus and mountains, and upon the tops of the higher mountains white flour or salt is placed to represent the snow. If there is a volcano some red substance is placed on top of the sand to represent the flowing lava. The chief towns and mission stations are marked by black letters on white cards supported on wooden stakes.

When the map is completed the effect is very fine—the white and green coast line, the green lakes and rivers on the brown sand, and the mountains with their snow-white tops. Large texts or missionary mottoes are worked in shells of flowers outside the boundary lines of the country outlined. Around the enclosure flags are placed and missionary diagrams are exhibited. During the time (three to five hours) that the construction has been going forward, numbers of visitors who would not otherwise be attracted stop and ask questions and often remain for the service, and thus many opportunities arise of helping to disseminate information concerning the mission field. As soon as the map is completed a special missionary service is held and at its conclusion visitors are admitted within the enclosure and are taken around the map on "personally conducted tours."

The whole idea is very popular with the young people—the construction of the map gives occupation for several hours for the children and is interesting to adults. It is more than a practical geography lesson. It is a vivid missionary lesson, and one can feel that impressions then made are destined to remain long after the tide has washed away the map. In money given, in interest aroused, and in other ways, these services in vacation time have been abundantly owned of God.

In our public and private schools, in

home and business life, the influence of this work is going on, and today, both at home and abroad, in the ranks of the clergy and in the mission field there are many who first heard the call, "Come unto me," at these gatherings by the seaside.

Grass Maps on the Lawn.

It is not necessary to go to the seashore to make use of the plans outlined in the foregoing article. Outdoor meetings can be arranged for the stay-at-homes with grass maps on the lawn. This has been done in England and it will be done in America this summer. The maps can not be made quite so attractive, perhaps, but they can be made fully as effective.

Last summer when the Rushden (England) branch of Ropeholders (an organization of young people in the Baptist churches of Great Britain) held what they called a "summer school," one feature of it was a map of India outlined on a lawn. "The summer school of the Rushden Ropeholders began with a cricket match," says *Wonderlands* (an English Baptist magazine), "Boys versus Girls. This was followed by a tea in the orchard. After tea a demonstration was given on a large map on the lawn, in which about thirty took part. Each told something about our work in India, and as each place was mentioned, a flag was planted on the spot. At the close of the demonstration the Ropeholders' hymn was sung."

Another adaption of the sand map idea was worked out by a company of Wesleyan Methodist young people at a meeting held in the grounds of Mr. John I. Parkes, of Birmingham, England. This took the form of a *living* map of India, the outline of which was marked on the lawn by means of white tape twisted around long nails driven into the turf at many points. On the map hoops were placed at the proper geographical places to represent the nine districts in India where the Wesleyan Methodists are working. Young people, appropriately dressed in native costume, then took their places on the map, one in each hoop, and told, in turn, stories of the work done in the different districts and the workers engaged in it.—From "Department of Best Methods," conducted by Belle M. Brain, in *The Missionary Review of the World*.

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Executive Board met in Milton with Mrs. Crosley on Monday afternoon, May 4. Members present: Mrs. West, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. Crosley, Miss Phoebe Coon, Mrs. Maxson. Visitors: Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. L. M. Babcock.

Mrs. West read Psalm 81 and Miss Coon offered prayer.

The minutes of the April meeting were read.

The Treasurer gave the report for April. The receipts were \$223.00, disbursements \$175.00. The report was adopted. The Treasurer read one letter which she had received with an enclosure of \$5.00 toward the Lieu-co Hospital Fund.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Knox of the Federation of Woman's Foreign Missionary Boards asking for statistics of our Board.

Miss Coon, our representative in the Chicago Territorial Commission, made a very interesting report of the meeting of the Commission held in Chicago, April 22, telling of the organization and purpose of the Territorial Commissions.

It was voted that the Board pay the expense incurred by Miss Coon in going to Chicago to attend the meeting of the Territorial Commission.

The program of the Woman's Hour at the Northwestern Association was discussed.

Mrs. West read letters written by Miss Susie Burdick to Mrs. Nettie West, giving an account of her journey across the Pacific, and the Corresponding Secretary read a letter written by Miss Burdick to the Woman's Board, and a letter from Dr. Grace Crandall. Mrs. O. U. Whitford also read a letter from Dr. Grace Crandall. These letters added much to the interest of the afternoon.

A motion was made and carried that after the reading of the minutes the Board adjourn to meet June 1 with Mrs. Maxson.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.

"You pray for patience, and the Lord lets you have rheumatism, and you do not think your prayer has been answered."

What Shall We Read?

(From the manuscripts of the late Rev. B. F. Rogers.)

What shall we read is a question of deep interest to all, except those who read nothing, and those indiscriminate literary gourmandizers who desire to read everything. It is a question very easily asked, and in the view of many as easily answered. But many of the answers returned are deficient either because they are too general or too specific. We can not reach the heart of this question and yield a satisfactory answer, by giving the universal direction to ignore all books and periodicals that are positively pernicious, nor by giving a catalogue of those regarded worthy of general perusal. To the former the assent of all will be given, except those who are persistently perverse; but the latter is faulty because no single mind has the scope, if it has the honesty, necessary to lay out a complete course of reading for another.

Without ignoring all general or specific rules of selection, or partial catalogue of books, or perhaps what is better, a naming of a few with a careful critique upon each, still every reader must look within and about himself to determine what he ought to read.

No purely human influence has so great a power in determining what the moral status of a man will be as the books he reads. If they are correct in sentiment, faultless in style, they lift the reader into a purer atmosphere, and stamp their impress upon every achievement. But if they are loose or tainted in morals, or corrupt in style, the reader can no more escape their baneful influence than can the body escape health or disease with the air breathed or food consumed. As it is the expansive force of the powder behind the bullet that makes it an unseen missile of death, so it is the mind of the writer that gives force to the words we read; and neither mystery or magic can make them better than the one who writes them.

But that which gives to reading its formative influence on character, and makes so important what and how we read, is the intimate relation into which we come with our authors. If they write passionately we are likely to read with the same spirit; if they write calmly we read in a subdued yet receptive mood. Scarcely more sus-

ceptible is the mercury to heat and cold, than is the mind of the reader to the influence of his favorite authors. He may resolve to keep his mind as calm and placid as the lake among the hills, but the sweeping winds will ruffle and disturb the one, and the thoughts of the author impress the other.

The normal law in the production of books, either good or bad, is intensity; so that which is of any worth is intensely good, and what is evil is intensely evil. The best or worst side of an author's mind stands out in bold relief in his written thoughts, and these bear the impress of his own personality. The historian, from Herodotus down, is yet to be found, either foreign or native, who can write a history of church or state without giving it the coloring of his own sentiments or prejudice.

And it requires at least another trial to prove that a writer can tell "what he knows about farming" without betraying his political proclivities and aspirations. It crops out in the make-up of dictionaries, where, if anywhere, we might expect a man to escape the specter of his own personality. But Doctor Johnson very cleverly reveals his private opinion of Scotch diet in his definition of oats: a grain in England, fed to horses, but in Scotland supports the people. And the tory that he was is seen when he says that Whiggery is the negation of all principle, and the first Whig was the devil. Our own Webster is more than half sarcastic when he defines dandy as a fop who dresses himself like a doll and carries his character on his back. His definition of obedience would rank as quite a respectable treatise upon theology, and he could not pass it by without telling us the only kind acceptable to God.

It is no fault then of an author, nor are his works to be condemned because they reveal the spirit of the writer, but it is a reason why the reader should ask what he may read, and have the criteria at hand by which to decide.

But again, authors as a class have an advantage which the speaker can never hope to gain. For while it is true that the orator may carry with him a controlling influence which gives him a power over his hearers that his words might not otherwise have, yet he must necessarily be more select in his theme of discourse, more pure in senti-

ment, more chaste in expression. Public sentiment, esthetic culture would never tolerate from the platform what is cherished with delight as it comes from the author's study. Nothing written is so stupid or worthless, corrupt or pernicious and nothing so vile, but that for gain men can be found to aid in giving it an extended circulation. To accomplish this, the tricks of trade are numerous, such as publishing the tenth or fourteenth edition of some worse than worthless book before the first has seen the light. This evil, already alarmingly great, is constantly increasing. Cheap vile literature occupies the center of an everwidening circle of influence, and following comes the tidal wave of destruction.

What shall be read is already a question of equal or greater importance to any community than what shall be drunk. Certain prudential reasons occur to the minds of all, which deter the multitudes from being drawn into the maelstrom of inebriation by strong drink, but which do not serve equally well in guarding the avenues to inebriety by a corrupt literature. The suicide imbibes the fatal draught in secret; so under similar circumstances does the omnivorous reader drink in literary poison until all his faculties become diseased and incapable of healthful action.

With many, the only thing asked for in a book is, Does it afford entertainment? But entertainment and death, both spiritual and physical, are conjoined in much that passes under the name of wholesome reading, and even that which purloins the title of Christian literature. But the seeds of death will fall as rapidly and freely from plague-stricken robes of damask and purple, as from homespun linsey-woolsey, or Kentucky jeans. Books sparkle with brilliancy, but it is often with a putrescent sparkle.

But on the other hand, we would give as a simple yet important rule in the selection of books, Read only those which interest; and by this we mean those which tell us what we most need to know and in a way that we can understand and appreciate. In nothing do we show our literary weakness more clearly than by feigning to be interested in authors whose writings are far beyond our comprehension. Study to know your wants, and let the one most pressing be for the present your guide in the selection of books. If the Colorado beetles are

destroying your potato vines, do not read just now Bowditch's Navigator, nor Linsgard's History, nor yet Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar," but some treatise that will assist you in ridding your fields of this terrible pest. Books thus selected and properly read will make real to the reader the fable of "open sesame" in the Arabian Nights, and that will be his which he most of all wants to know. This rule is worthy of general application, and if faithfully followed will save time, money and morals.

Again, disproportion is so great between the amount of reading at hand, and the time we have to read, that it is impossible for any man to read everything. There are single libraries so capacious that the contents of each alcove would occupy the working hours of a lifetime. Be not in haste to read everything new, for good books, like good wine, never spoil with age. But age alone is not sufficient test of the worth of a book, for some authors seem to care but little whether they are blessed or cursed of fame.

But here the question may with propriety be asked, Shall we reject all works of fiction commonly called novels? We answer that a book is not necessarily bad because imaginative, for it may be this and still be conformable to the possibilities of truth. Reading, except for simple diversion, is of but little use unless it arouse the mind to recreate thoughts for itself, and it has no such power independent of the imagination. But the reason why so much of this class of literature falls so justly under condemnation is that it makes its appeals to the beastly rather than to the regal powers of human nature. It ignores or maltreats the conscience and presents for initiation the ideally false. The evil is not merely that bad characters are described, but it is *how* this is done. Two writers describing the same or similar characters may leave diverse or opposite impressions upon the mind of the reader. In proof of this, contrast Shakespeare's Hamlet with Byron's Manfred.

If you would know the good or bad effect of reading a book, notice the difference between your standpoints of observation and judgment before and after reading. If it has led you to think permissible what you regarded wrong; if under its influence the claims of society, religion and

God have come to be lightly esteemed, the book is working for you an irreparable damage, no matter what may have been its pretensions.

Considering then the intimate relation into which the reader comes with his author, and how little the time he has to waste on worthless books, and still less on pernicious ones, this question of what we shall read comes to assume gigantic proportions, and can be answered in the interest of the reader only as he studies well his own needs, and then draws wisely and largely from the vast storehouse of material garnered for his use.

A Year on the Farm.

FRED S. PLACE.

Tune—Happy Day.

When do farmers have their fun?
In the summer time;
For the work is never done
In the summer time.
Rise up early in the morn
While the dew is on the thorn,
Milk the cows, then plow the corn,
In the summer time.

When can farmers happy be?
In the autumn time;
For there's work still left, you see,
In the autumn time.
Cut the corn, then go and plow,
Chuck the buckwheat in the mow,
Snatch the apple from the bough,
In the autumn time.

When can farmers leisure take?
In the winter time;
Chilling breezes make him shake
In the winter time.
Bundle up and step outdoors,
Work all day to do the chores,
Poke the fire until it roars,
In the winter time.

When do farmers hate to work?
In the glad spring time;
Want to just sit down and shirk
In the glad spring time.
Hens they cackle, calves they blat,
Breezes flap your old wool hat,
Sit right down where you've just sat,
In the glad spring time.

"Come, sir," said the teacher to the boy at the foot of his class, "how do you pronounce 's-t-i-n-g-y'?"

The boy at the foot scratched his head. "Well," he answered thoughtfully, "it depends on whether the word is applied to a human being or to a bee."—C. V. M.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Moral Lesions.

In "The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth" Isabel Gordon Curtis tells a story to explain her theory of moral lapses which has startling significance for young men and women.

The theory is that a person's character is formed before he is twenty years old, and if, before that time, he has sinned—given way to violent temper, lying, passion of any kind—the sin, whatever it may be, leaves a moral lesion. The individual may apparently grow out of it and feel secure, but some day temptation may strike him like a whirlwind, and he will go down as if his backbone were so much gristle.

The story referred to is that of a man who murdered his wife in a fit of rage, and then shot himself dead. He was not a man given to outbursts of violence, and people could account for his awful deed only on the assumption of insanity.

Investigation, however, showed that in his youth he had experienced two terrific outbursts of rage, when murder really was in his heart. Then followed placid years, and at last another outburst, when a gun was at hand. But the tragedy was prepared years before by earlier lapses. The old moral wound broke open, and the last lesion was worse than the first.

Careful students of human nature know that there is more than a grain of truth in this theory. One does not need to end in tragedy to be a victim of youthful moral lapses. The easy, cowardly way of escaping from awkward situations by indulging in small and unimportant lies, if any lies can be called unimportant, is quite certain to lead to habits of prevarication when larger interests are at stake.

We may live through many years without indulging in our youthful weakness, and then the strain of strong temptation may cause our moral nature to snap at the point weakened in the years that fashion the man.

The time to make character is youth.

This is old doctrine. The new element in it is the fact that we never really get away from the moral lesions of early years.

This invests the years between eight and twenty with tremendous importance. No effort can be too great to safeguard the growing youth and maiden, to direct their thinking, and to instruct them in self-control.

Unfortunately young people themselves rarely see the importance of keeping the moral life clean and strong. They do not know that thoughts of impurity, only thoughts, may blossom twenty years later, when conscience is no longer tender, into deeds that make us blush. They do not consider that deviations from the straight path of integrity may prepare the way for a hurtling fall from a dizzy moral precipice in days to come.

We can not be too insistent upon two things. First, the rigid necessity of standing up to every temptation in early youth and manhood, meeting it squarely, and putting it under foot. This applies to the temptation to *think* evil as well as to *do* evil.

No man can get away from temptation. The seeds of it are in the mind, inherited from past generations. Our environment thrusts it insistently upon us. The important thing is the attitude we take toward it. If we yield, the moral nature is wounded, and, as we have said, even if the wound heals, the lesion remains. If we put the evil from us, we not only preserve our soul in moral health, but strengthen it against days to come.

Second, we must insist upon the importance of resistance in little things. The childish flash of temper or burning rage is prophetic of fearful dangers in the future. Lies multiply and become a host. Dishonesty in small matters grows into bloated proportions and brings up, in some cases, in the penitentiary.

Further, we must point the way to the Great Healer. Left to itself, human nature is forever open to moral lapses. Old diseases break forth with increased virulence. The only remedy is Christ. His healing influence applied to moral lesions restores the soul and calls strength out of weakness.

The truth is dawning upon us that we must let Christ cleanse our minds, for our

greatest dangers arise in the unregenerate activities of our hearts. The measure of our Christian growth is the condition of our thoughts. We need to seek the aid of Christ's divine power to root out tendencies and habits of thought that are like sullen inflammatory spots which preserve the poison of unregeneracy in hidden corners of our nature.

Trusting in Christ, with mind controlled by his love, assured of his aid in any crisis that may arise, we shall not fear the future.

The past may be healed, but only if we seek its healing. If we do not—and many do not—it leaves a lesion that will some day fail to stand the strain.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Health Hints for Better Living.

DR. THOMAS H. TOMLINSON, M. D.

Read before the Young People's Society of Plainfield, N. J.

God created us with intellect, body and soul, and it is our duty to cultivate equally these endowments in order to fulfil the obligations resting upon us as human beings.

Good health and a long life are the natural desire of every person. The Psalmist made the following declaration in the Ninetieth Psalm: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Times are far different now. The sanitation of today, the methods for preserving health, the wonderful discoveries in medicine and surgery were unknown when the Psalmist wrote. I fancy if David were here today he would add another score of years, as the allotted time for our existence. Let me suggest to you on this occasion some rules and principles that may be of profit while on your pilgrimage to your one hundredth milestone.

In the first place, it is of utmost importance that we have a good beginning. This takes us back to the prenatal period, the germ cell. The qualities of a human being, physical, mental and moral, depend primarily upon the inherent properties of the germ plasma which went to their making. To be sure of reaching the goal for

which we are aiming we must start with an inheritance free from congenital physical defects and feeble mentality, and thus be able to assimilate and act upon the stores of knowledge which have accumulated through the centuries. The fundamental right of every human being is to be born with pure blood.

This leads us in the realm of heredity and eugenics. Though delicate subjects, they are matters which must be considered by every one who has an interest in the well-being of humanity. I am heartily in favor of instruction in sex hygiene in the upper grades of our public schools, by tutors who have had special training in child psychology. The impressions we first receive in childhood are never forgotten; therefore hygiene should be learned in early life. The soul of a child is like plaster of Paris that can be molded into any shape we desire. Young people should be made to realize that no action is lost.

Whether for good or evil we must reap the results of our imprudence in later life; for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Among the factors which make for the conservation of every human being are pure air and sunshine, good food, pure water, plenty of sleep, total abstinence from tobacco and alcohol, avoidance of excesses of every kind. The benefits of open air, sunshine and exercise as conducive to health and longevity are being more and more appreciated. Football, tennis, golf, athletics, cycling are all good in moderation; but remember sport is a two-edged sword. If moderately indulged in it will improve our physical condition, but it may prove disastrous if reason be not exercised.

Boys and girls as well as older people should have, if possible, a flower or vegetable garden, as it will bring them into the open air and sunshine, and also create in their hearts a greater love of nature. As an illustration of the importance of sunlight, place plants in a room where no sunshine can penetrate, and they lose their color and soon show quantities of parasites. Similar changes occur in persons who live in dark rooms. The following proverbs are pertinent: "Where comes no sun the doctor is coming." "The funeral coach turns twice as often on the shady side of the street as on the sunny side." Instinct tells the house dog and cat to lie in the sunshine

for its well-being. Follow their example. Open-air life as a preventive as well as a cure in tuberculosis and other diseases is universally acknowledged.

All children are supposed to be taught how to breathe properly, but how soon that is neglected when they grow older. The great majority are indifferent to the necessity of deep breathing to insure proper oxygenizing of the blood, which is in great measure our life. Deep breathing repeated a number of times a day should be the rule of every one. Confined and ill-ventilated quarters should be avoided.

Good food is essential. "Eat to live and not live to eat." Sleep is of utmost importance. A person can live for a month without food, but only a few days without sleep. Franklin, who lived to be almost ninety said, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

To those who are entering the active duties of life, these words of caution from the work of "Wear and Tear," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell may be of service: "Wear is a natural and legitimate result of lawful use—tear is another matter; it comes of hard and evil usage of body or engine; of putting things to wrong purpose; using a chisel for a screw-driver, a penknife for a gimlet; wear comes of use, tear of abuse."

If you desire to reach a serene old age, add to the suggestions I have given you the following: Cultivate the good qualities of the mind and heart, as kindness, good-heartedness, friendship, love, magnanimity, hope, modesty, liberality, generosity, frugality; and above all things, contentment of mind and a thankful heart for all the blessings showered upon you by our heavenly Father.

Some one has written the following: "The morning has its delights and its enticements; the noon its triumphs and satisfactions; but there is a charm and tranquility and a spiritual uplift about the close of the day that belong to neither." May this thought be to you an inspiration which will lead you to do your utmost to cultivate a good mind and body and with it a good heart; so that when you have reached your one hundredth birthday, and your summons comes to join the innumerable throng, moving to the great beyond, you will be welcomed through the golden gates to the city of the New Jerusalem.

The Three S's.

"Four months ago," runs part of the report of a worker among the lumbermen of Oregon, "I was in one of Mr. Smith's lumber camps. I met a lumberjack who was down and out. He had been drinking and begged me for the price of a meal.

"I sized the man up, and saw that he was in need of the three S's—Soup, Soap and Salvation: Soup to fill him up; Soap to clean him up; and Salvation to keep him up. I tried to have him supplied with all three. On leaving him, I gave him a little Gospel of John, and marked eleven verses in it. I did not see him again until four months later.

"Then, one Sunday morning in one of the camps, I was rounding up my congregation from the shacks. I found this man in one of the shacks, reading the very same Gospel that I had given him four months ago. He seemed changed, and told me that he had memorized every one of the eleven verses that I had marked in the Gospel. He went to the service with me, and at the close of the service he got up and said:

"Say, parson, I would like to say a word."

"Coming forward, he continued:

"Boys, you know what I was four months ago—a drunkard, down and out. This man met me and gave me a meal; but best of all he gave me a little Gospel of John. He marked some verses in this which I memorized, and through the little book I have found light."

At the close of that service thirty-eight men among the lumberjacks came forward to ask for copies of the Gospel of John. The evangelist was shown, by the man he had helped, a bank book, which recorded that during the four months he had put one hundred and sixty-five dollars in the bank. But the lumberjack did not feel that this meant anything, in comparison with the heavenly riches which he now sought after. It was just a bit of evidence to show what religion had done for him, even in a material way.

The three S's—surely this worker, who knew men, was never wiser than in framing that phrase. "Soup, Soap and Salvation" is no slang phrase—it sums up truths which are often ignored. There is logic behind its quaint alliteration—logic which can be followed with profit. Men

insist that secular things are secular—that they belong to this world, and that sacred things belong to the next, and should not be mixed with secular matters. But God made man, made him to be a citizen of two worlds, a child of dust, yet an inheritor of glory. The way of salvation is not an abstract, far-removed path; it runs through the midst of every day, and belongs to today, as well as to the eternal years.

Daily bread, as typified by "Soup" in the evangelist's epigram, is necessary to man. God provides daily bread. The Lord's Prayer includes a petition for it. It is a perfectly allowable thing to couple, in one's prayers, with the higher needs of the soul. It is a good thing for every Christian, every day, to remember that daily bread is part of God's plan. The trouble begins just when man forgets this, and thinks that he can get his daily bread without any reference to salvation or to the righteous will of God. Daily toil without any recognition of God in it, daily eagerness to get rich quick by evading God's laws, or at least the spirit of them, are what debase man and breed those disputes between capital and labor which shake our present civilization so continually. The daily meals of the Christian should be eaten with grace asked from God and thanks returned to him. That custom has vanished from many households which call themselves Christian. It may sound homely to mention soup and salvation together—but there is a real connection, for God feeds his children, body and soul, according to his promises.

"I have been young, and now am old,
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,
Nor his seed begging bread."

testified the Psalmist.

Soap is a thing that has its psychological side. Being clean, physically and morally, is a true part of Christian living. The oldest laws in the Pentateuch, given by God to his people, include laws of personal hygiene and cleanliness. We read of Christ's washing the travel-stained feet of his disciples, just before the Last Supper. Cleanliness typifies much. Clean hands must not be soiled by cruelty from unjust gains. A clean heart is free from impurity and anger and pride. But, like daily food, daily cleanness of heart and life must be joined with salvation, and touched with the thought of sacred things. Mere morality

is soap alone, without salvation. The people who believe that ethics will purify everything, forget the infinite difference between the soul's desire to be clean, and the fire from heaven which cleanses the heart as no man can cleanse it for himself. A soul swept and garnished in the spirit of self-righteousness is sometimes only made ready for the entrance of overwhelming temptation. To be pure in heart is to see God ever clearer, ever more adoringly.

Salvation—there is the main point. The other two can but lead up to it. It means life in its fullest sense. It is as primal a need as food, it brings the only cleansing that can keep a man clean in heart. Those philanthropists who believe that a soup kitchen can really help a down-and-out toward manliness, those philosophers who believe that ethics will suffice without religion, need the evangelist's epigram to set them right. Religion, and religion alone, satisfies human needs, because the earthliest human needs are still human, and God made man for himself, to glorify him and live before him forever. Religion in the daily bread-winning, religion in the daily order and cleansing of life, religion that links the daily round with eternity—these make the soul complete, and reach its every need.—*Forward.*

Correspondence.

Between Alfred R. Kimball, treasurer of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and Rev. Edwin Shaw, pastor of the Plainfield Church.

*Rev. Edwin Shaw,
Plainfield, N. J.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR SHAW:

While it is clearly understood that your official relationship to the Federal Council and its departments does not involve any financial responsibility on your part, you can readily see that we must look for our main support, both moral and financial, to those who are in the closest touch with our work, who are constantly receiving our reports and who thus have an intimate and sympathetic acquaintance with the important matters undertaken.

By looking through the annual reports which have recently been sent you, I think you will see the rapidly enlarging scope and obligations of the council.

It is understood that a part of the sup-

port of the Federal Council shall be secured by direct gifts from individual churches. Would it therefore be possible for you to secure a moderate appropriation, if only \$5 or \$10, from the church with which you are connected, as an appropriation for the cause and work of Christian unity? Would this not be of value to the church as well as to the Federal Council? Will you, if possible, endeavor to secure either from this or some other source such an appropriation for the fiscal year 1914?

We are now reaching the point where the council gives evidence not only of its moral but also of its economic value. Take for example one item to illustrate this—the increase of navy chaplains from twenty-four to fifty-two, which means diverting about \$112,000 a year from the battleship funds to religious work among the sailors. This is a fair indication of what it means to get the Protestant churches united in their work.

Please read through the reports pretty carefully before laying this letter aside.

Faithfully yours,

ALFRED R. KIMBALL,
Treasurer.

105 E. 22d St., New York City,
May 7, 1914.

Alfred R. Kimball, Treasurer,
105 East 22nd St.,
New York City, N. Y.

MY DEAR MR. KIMBALL:

Your letter of May 7 is at hand concerning a contribution from the church I represent as pastor, the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ at Plainfield, N. J., to the work of the Federal Council.

I hesitate to bring the matter before the trustees of the church, or to read your letter from the pulpit for the following reasons:

First. The Seventh Day Baptist Denomination represents a constituency in the Federal Council of one to fifteen hundred people, and the individual contributions made by members of our churches seem fairly adequate to meet this proportion.

Second. While as a denomination we are committed to cooperation in the Federal Council, yet it is a fact that a rather large element among our people doubts the wisdom and advisability and even the consistency, of the cooperation. Manifestly, it would not be wise to ask from the church,

as a church, a contribution to an outside cause that faces somewhat of opposition.

Third. We are a people of few numbers, and with little money. We are maintaining a distinct and separate organization for only one purpose, that is to proclaim the truth of the Sabbath of Christ, the only Sabbath that has any basis in biblical teachings, the seventh day of the week. We have organized activities for this purpose, activities which need all the financial support that we can give them. It would seem unwise to divert funds to the larger more general cause at the expense of the cause for which we are maintaining a separate existence.

This may seem to you at first thought to represent a spirit of narrowness, but we are not a narrow-minded people, we have always been willing to cooperate with others in all sorts of interdenominational efforts; and we are now cooperating with the Federal Council. I myself am a member of one of the commissions, and a member of the church I serve belongs to the Executive Committee. It is simply a matter of advisability of using funds as a church to a work that in no way undertakes to promote the truth for which we are organized, only as it passively permits our officially appointed members to be present at meetings and protest.

Fourth. Since one of the fundamental principles of the Federal Council is that the relationship does "not involve any financial responsibility," why undertake work that makes it necessary to appeal indirectly for financial obligations? We all believe it is the part of wisdom that this relationship should not involve financial responsibility.

For these reasons I hesitate to bring the matter in any official or public way before the church.

In the meantime find enclosed a small personal contribution. I will also bring the matter, personally, to the attention of a few people who I know are especially interested.

I am sincerely yours,
EDWIN SHAW.

Plainfield, N. J.,
May 12, 1914.

"If you can't do what you like, suppose you try liking what you do—and see what happens!"

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Gratitude.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

If I was Billy Jones's dog,
I'd be so very glad
To think of all the dandy things
To eat and drink I had,
I'd never try to run away,
Nor chase the Maltese cat;
I wouldn't tear such awful holes
In Billy Jones's hat.

I'd thank him with my loudest bark
For teaching me to speak;
I tell you I'd be kind and good,
Seven days in every week.
Now don't you think that Billy's dog
Had really ought to be
The nicest dog in all this town?
Say—Billy Jones is me!

Ashaway, R. I.

What to Do With a Secret.

Jenny sat miserably waiting. She had never before heard grown-up people speak rudely to each other. She wished she might run away, but she had been told to wait. Presently the angry voices ceased, and Mrs. Stone came, and gave her the note for mother.

Jenny went home, trying to straighten it all out in her mind.

"Mother," she burst out as soon as she was in the house, "what do you do when you hear things that people didn't mean for you to hear?"

"That depends," said mother; "if you should overhear two thieves planning to rob a house, what would you do?"

"Oh, I'd tell that, of course, and try to have the thieves caught."

"And if you heard some one say that your grandmother set fire to the church, what would you do?"

"That wouldn't be true. I'd tell them so if I could. And, anyway, it wouldn't be worth bothering about."

"Well, that is the way with most things we overhear. They are not worth giving another thought. If you overhear anything that ought to be stopped for the sake of other people, you will have to go and tell the person who can stop it. And, in case of doubt, I think a young person like you had better ask mother. But in the case of little things we overhear in other people's

houses, or in conversations that take place about us, we never mention them to any one. Remember this, Jenny, it is only the meanest sort of a person who goes about telling other people's little secrets. You can not do it and keep your own self-respect, to say nothing of other people's. When you hear a thing not meant for you, you must simply forget it. It is not yours any more than the piece of money you see lying on a friend's desk is yours. You would be a thief if you took that. And the person who carries secrets about sometimes becomes another kind of thief. He steals people's good reputations, and makes others have a bad opinion of them."

"I don't want to be that kind of person. And this is something that is past, and nothing can be done about it; so I will forget it right away."

"That's my wise little girl," said mother.
—Elsie Vernon, in *Christian Advocate*.

A Wonderful Bird Market.

Los Angeles is the home of a wonderful bird market. The owner, who is a lover of nature, has made the place so beautiful that the finest public aviaries in the great city parks do not compare with it in many respects. It has about 18,000 square feet of ground, placed under wire netting shaded by acacias and palms, provided with grass and flowers and supplied with fountains and ponds for the water fowl. It is all open to the public and anyone can walk along the gravel paths, with doves, quail and other shy birds almost underfoot. More than 1,500 birds of about eighty varieties, some of which are exceedingly rare, are at present accommodated. With the exception of the birds of prey, the birds are allowed the utmost freedom, and small animals, including squirrels, monkeys, puppies and rabbits, run about like one big family.—*Popular Mechanics*.

"If we knew more about our children's bodies, we might pay more attention to the advice and warnings of men wise in physiology in regard to their education."

Though self-seeking had its birth in heaven, yet, being justly cast out, it can never find its way thither again.—*William Secker*.

Happy Delusion.

REV. SAMUEL R. WHEELER.

About fifty years ago Prof. Ethan P. Larkin, of a good Seventh Day Baptist family of Rhode Island, gave a Christian testimony in the Sixth-day night prayer meeting at Alfred, N. Y. Happy Delusion fits that talk. This remarkable man was a forceful character. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might. When less than twenty years of age he was the moving power in founding Union Academy at Shiloh, N. J., in the late forties. That was among the first of academic schools. His unbounded faith in the value of an education, and his enthusiastic talks aroused the people to join in this forward school movement. Also his incisive earnestness gave an inspiration to some of us, even in our early teens, that never left us. My intimate friend, George E. Tomlinson, who became such a brilliant preacher, was one of them. It has always been difficult for me to be reconciled to his early death, in June, 1876. In my case, after a delay of several years, the inspiration carried me to New Market Seminary, Milton Academy, and Alfred University.

From February, 1846, to March, 1850, my Shiloh home was in the family of Dea. Isaac D. Titsworth. This was also the home of the young Professor Larkin and others, teachers and students of Union Academy. That home, with Professor Larkin, was headquarters for up-to-date reforms. His evening talks amused, instructed and aroused us. In his radical talks on hygiene he would stand in the middle of the room, fill his lungs to the utmost, beat upon his chest and say, "I'm to live a hundred years." If cold baths every morning in midwinter would give a century of life, he certainly was entitled to it. Cheered on by him, some of us boys, one morning before breakfast, took a run of some minutes, barefooted, in a newly fallen snow about a foot deep.

But to that Happy Delusion talk in that prayer meeting. Professor Larkin said: "Some people call religion a delusion," then with much force, "If a delusion, thanks be to God for such a delusion." Then after telling the great worth of this delusion to himself and recommending it to every one, he folded his arms tightly over his breast and said, with effective emphasis; "I want to die hugging this delusion."

The last time we met I asked about living a hundred years. There came the same straightening up, the same inflating of the lungs, and the same beating upon his chest, as he answered; "Yes, I'm to live a hundred years." Then in a more serious tone he said: "Now notice, I do not say I shall live a hundred years. Mine may be the first death you will hear of after you get home. But, I'm to live a hundred years." As my memory serves me this was near the middle of the eighties and he died in a year or two after this conversation. He was a valuable man and did a great deal of good; but he died in full strength of his manhood, some years less than threescore years of age. It seemed to us many years too soon. Praise God, most assuredly, he died hugging this Happy Delusion which gave him a home in glory with all the redeemed.

Now a word about delusions. Generally they are damaging, many times bringing great trouble, sometimes ruinous for time and eternity. It is best to see things as they really are.

A few, comparatively very few, call the future existence of man,—heaven, hell, God, the devil,—all a delusion. Without the Bible, there are strange notions and gross superstitions linked with these universal beliefs. But the abstract beliefs are God-implanted. They are inborn in man, the same as the instinct is born in the bird to build her nest, brood over her eggs, and feed her young; or as the instinct is born in wild beasts to seek and select their food, and protect themselves in the caves and caverns of the earth.

It is delusion to think the Creator has left man in the dark as to his origin and destiny. It were like father and mother neglecting or refusing to answer any questions of their children.

It is delusion for a man to think his belief will govern God in his dealings with him. The opinions of men do not change the ways of God. If a man should come to believe corn would grow on the barren rocks or in a frozen zone, God would not alter his laws and give him a crop.

It is delusion for one who has been brought up in a Christian home, in a community of Christian civilization, to think God will judge him by the same standard as he does the benighted heathen. Christ said: "And that servant, which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself,

neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes" (Luke 12: 47, 48). Fifteen hundred years before the Savior spoke these words, God taught his people to apply this principle in dealing with each other. If an ox killed a person, "the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past," the owner was dealt with as a murderer (Ex. 21: 28, 29). This same common sense justice is applied in our courts now. The maximum or minimum penalty is given according to the knowledge and intention of the criminal.

It is delusion to disbelieve the religion of Jesus Christ because some who profess it do not live in accordance with it. As well might a man disbelieve in the science of mathematics because some mechanics make serious blunders in its application. The science of mathematics has been proved true by thousands who have used it very much to their advantage. So also the Christian religion has been proved true by the multitude who have been changed from lives of bitterness, sin, and shame to lives of sweetness, honesty, and Christian integrity.

But, bless the Lord, it is no delusion when a convert is filled with ecstatic joy with the internal assurance that his sins are forgiven. A person knows when he is in a state of ease, comfort, and enjoyment physically. So also a person knows when he is in a state of peace, satisfaction, and ecstatic joy spiritually. Nor is it a delusion when the dying Christian gets a glimpse of angels and eternal glory, and passes away with calm joy. As the sunlight pierces the cloudy sky, so heavenly light shines through the tenement of clay, when the departing spirit is being released to take the homeward flight.

It was no delusion with the great apostle Paul when he said: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5: 1).

Let us now suppose the religion of Jesus Christ and all pertaining thereto is a delusion! What is the loss to the Christian? Nothing. He feels himself vastly better off here because he is a Christian. At the least, he is as well off in this life as he who

calls religion a delusion. Also he is as well off after ending this earth life. If there is a future life, whatever its conditions, no one can think the Christian will be worse off for having been a Christian during his earth life. And if there is no future life, if all there is of man sinks down at death into dead, earthly material, then surely the Christian is as well off as any one of the multitude of the dead.

But if the Bible doctrines of the future life of man, of God, of heaven, of hell, and salvation through Christ are not a delusion, but shall prove to be solid realities, the Christian gains, gains, GAINS the eternal home of glory. Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

But what about the condition of those who have rejected all these Bible doctrines as a delusion unworthy of their notice? Verily, verily, it is running a fearful risk to die without Christ.

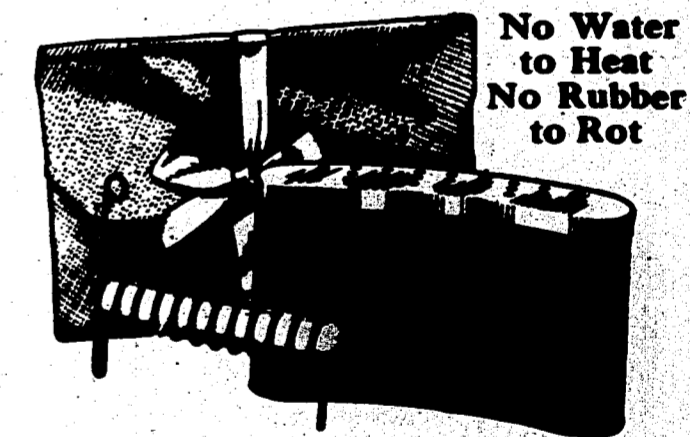
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16: 31).

"Neither is there salvation in any other" (Acts 4: 12).

"On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

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SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE,
Contributing Editor.

The Responsibility of the Sabbath School in the Spiritual Development of the Child.

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

Let us consider first the aim and purpose of the Sabbath school. In the quotations which follow I shall substitute the word Bible school for Sunday school, as this will give the meaning intended and apply to both Sabbath and Sunday schools.

The aim and purpose of the Bible school "is to teach religious truth chiefly through the Bible, for the formation and development of religious character" (Clifton Conference) "Character training for service in the extension of the kingdom," says Trumbull. "The function of the Bible school is to grow souls possessed by Christ's passion to win souls. It should be keyed to the purpose of giving the gospel to every creature."

T. B. Meyer, at one time president of the World's S. S. Association, has said: "If the world is ever to be saved, it must be saved through its childhood." And Moody asserted: "If we can save one generation of children, the devil will be out of business." "Talk about the questions of the time," averred Gladstone, "there is but one question—how to bring the truths of God's word into vital contact with the minds and hearts of all classes of people."

The institution equipped for this herculean task by its organization workers, and the things for which it strives is the Bible school. The public school is not teaching God's word and the great majority of homes are not doing so. This condition is largely responsible for the evolution of the Bible school. The Sabbath school should not be a substitute for religious training of the young in the home, but as in the training of Hebrew children, supplementary to it. It must be that the home department and the attendance of parents upon the Sabbath school and church services will help bring a new religious vitality to the home and restore the word of God

to its rightful place as the center of home worship. To quote Brown, "The Bible school is rising splendidly to its opportunity through the perfecting of its organization, the development of its literature, its including of all ages in its plans, the training of its workers, its use of a sane evangelism, its outreach into the community and the world. It is more and more commanding the respect of educators. It is enlisting the fidelity, the intelligence and the business genius of a million and a half of Bible-school officers and teachers in North America alone, in its voluntary service. It is rapidly increasing in numbers and efficiency."

Now the influence of the Bible school is nation-wide and is felt in the civic life of our people as well as in their individual lives. Whatever develops our spiritual natures can but make us better citizens. Said DeTocqueville, a distinguished French statesman, "I sought in vain the secret of America's greatness until I went into her Bible schools and churches. Then understood I why France is a slave and America free." "I challenge the gentlemen present, to name any institution that means so much for the safety and prosperity of our country as does the Bible school." (Hon. John W. Foster). "The Bible school is one of the greatest institutions of today. As a school of religious instruction it is inestimable, as a civil institution it is priceless" (Daniel Webster). "Our navy can not save this country, our public schools can not save this country, but Bible schools can do it, sown thick as schoolhouses throughout the land" (General Ruthford). "Education in things spiritual and moral is most necessary to the making of the highest type of citizenship" (Theodore Roosevelt). "We shall maintain our liberties only by the religious education of our youth" (George Washington). "America has been practically saved to Protestant Christianity by the Bible school" (Trumbull).

"To the influences generated by the Bible school we are indebted for many of our strong national leaders, men whose names are household words. The rising tide of temperance sentiment in our land had its origin in the seed planted in the thousands of Bible schools of our land. The children and grandchildren of immigrants

obtain new ideals of personal and home life through their absorption. The Bible school lays a moral and religious foundation under the home, and the home is the unit of a perfect national civilization" (Brown).

Said Chief Justice Brewer: "If it were possible for any organization or number of organizations so to take this Bible and send it through the land, that its teachings and precepts could be brought home to the people, the results would be grander than all the victories won in all the wars since the beginning of time."

Now the gathering together in the house of God of congenial spirits for mutual interests and a common purpose, is of inestimable value in molding the lives of the young who come under that influence. Crowds play important parts in the history of nations. By association crowds develop ideas respecting their interests and come to realize their strength. There is an indescribable atmosphere in a crowd, and a gathering together of people for a common purpose is often the essential for moving them to action. It is much easier to arouse people and enlist their interest and support by gathering them together and stirring their common emotions. The child is no exception to this rule and his character is molded by contact with the crowd with which he is allied. How important that the atmosphere of the Sabbath school be such as to influence the child to make Christ his personal example.

The school atmosphere is the largest factor in the school's success. The superintendent's and teachers' personal relationship to Christ is vital in creating this atmosphere. We should be so filled with Christ that his presence will be recognized and desired by our pupils. We must pray for guidance and wisdom in a task where, by personality, example, word, and work, we may become so large a molding force in the lives of young people when life is in the making; and the power of our lives will be in prayer.

Have we caught a vision of our task? It involves the planning and carrying forward of satisfactory ways of educating in Bible knowledge, the attachment of the scholar and the home to Christ and his church, the spiritual nurture of young Christians, provision for the week-day life of the scholar and the ingathering of those without. It is said that where anything

is growing, one former is worth a thousand reformers.

The Sabbath school must teach the scholar to know Christ. It is the religious agency which contains the largest number of people at a time of life easiest to be reached, and when it is reached it will tell the most for Christ. I believe that the Bible school is the most fundamental thing in church work. Brown says: "The startling fact is that the additions to the church membership aside from the Bible school and the direct influence of the Bible school upon the homes probably do not exceed 10 per cent of the total. And this in spite of expensive and strenuous revival efforts. If the church was wise and invested its energy and money in holding in the Bible school and bringing to Christ its young people from twelve to twenty, its problems would be largely solved; for God speaks most certainly to the life during these strategic years and they can then be molded easily as workers. It is a church folly akin to crime to permit these young people to slip from under the direct influence and training of the church by failing to use the Bible school's opportunity of holding and reaching them."

Parents, would you have your children under the influence of this mighty evangelizing agency? Then bring them there. Say "Come," not "Go." Remember the most effective way to get them there is to go yourself. "And he (Amon) walked in all the way that his father walked in, and served he idols that his father served" (2 Kings 21: 21). That is just as true today as it was when written, and if you love a comfortable seat by the fire with your daily paper better than God's house, don't expect your boy to continue in the Sabbath school very long. The vacant seats on the boys' side of the Sabbath-school room, that are the despair of the superintendent, are an eloquent commentary on the influence of the fathers of those boys. The homely doggerel—

"On the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of strife,
You will find the Christian soldier
Represented by his wife."

contains a deal of truth.

"The supreme aim of the Bible school is to introduce every scholar to Jesus Christ as Savior, Friend and Lord, through the Book, and the words and life of teacher,

superintendent, and pastor, and to culture that life in Christian knowledge" (Brown).

Parents, come, reverently, prayerfully and helpfully, to the Sabbath school and bring your children with you; and if you do your part and the Sabbath school does its part faithfully and well, there is a practical certainty that their lives will belong to the Master.

Sabbath-school workers, ours is a place of power. We are standing at the threshold of young life to put upon it the touch which will mold it for all time. It calls for a God-filled personality. That much we *must* have. That we *may* have, and it, after all, is the most essential quality. We must stick to our job, be the weather foul or fair. Lawrance says: "Nowhere in the Bible are found the words, 'Be successful.' The Book only bids us 'Be faithful.'" Fellow workers, let us "be faithful." The great God himself will send success.

Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 23, 1914.
UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS.

Lesson Text.—Luke xvii, 1-10.

Golden Text.—"He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." I Cor. i, 31.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Mark vii, 24-37.
Second-day, Matt. viii, 14-27.
Third-day, Matt. xiv, 22-33.
Fourth-day, Mark ix, 38-50.
Fifth-day, Matt. xviii, 6-20.
Sixth-day, Matt. xviii, 21-35.

Sabbath day, Luke xvii, 1-10.

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

Home News.

HOPKINTON, R. I.—Having enjoyed very much the items of Home News from other parts of our denominational family, I thought it might not be amiss for me to send you a communication. We are certain we want all to know that this church is struggling for a new life. Last Sabbath, May 9, was a day never to be forgotten and it has left its impress upon some for a quickened life and a deepened interest in the real work of the church. At 9.30 that morning we gathered at the stream about a mile and a half from the church, where eight candidates were baptized. One of these was an old man of seventy-five, the rest were young people from fourteen to

twenty-one. The morning was bright and beautiful with the sun shedding its halo of glory on all around. As the bird choir sang in the forest that skirted the stream on one side, it seemed as though all nature was uniting in praise to God because of this scene at the river's edge. At the church six were received into membership, and after a short talk on the value of church relation to the spiritual upbuilding of the individual member and a thought expressed upon the responsibility of the church to newly received members, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. This sacrament had been postponed one week for this occasion. It was evident that many had been moved to thoughtfulness and at the prayer meeting in the evening there was manifest the aroused interest.

There are many more in this community that should be gathered into the church, who will doubtless be yet reached if those who have been long in the service can be enlisted in the real work of rescue. The Master said, "Go out into the byways and hedges, and compel them to come in." What a grand work would be wrought for the Lord if all the active members of all our churches could but feel the real import of this injunction and go out to compel those outside to come into the church and into the service of the blessed Master, not by force but by the drawing power of the spirit of the Christ we serve manifested in our daily lives, in our interest in their welfare, and seen in the spirit of real helpfulness to all mankind.

If Christ lives and reigns within us, many who now sit in the region of darkness and the shadow of death will come to seek the better way found in the Master's service.

E. ADELBERT WITTER.

May 12, 1914.

Milton Church Reopened.

The Milton Seventh Day Baptists will be in their own house of worship again on the coming Sabbath. The reopening of the church will be signaled by an evangelistic service on Friday night conducted by student quartet No. 2 and Pastor Randolph, and on Sabbath morning by the observance of "Mothers' Day." The rededication services will be held a week later—*Journal-Telephone*.

MARRIAGES

HULL-COTTRELL.—Lester Wallace Hull and Helen Marie Cottrell were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ormanzo Cottrell, in Milton Junction, Wis., May 7, 1914. Rev. Henry N. Jordan officiated.

DEATHS

FLINT.—Lenora G. (Britton) Flint was born at Dodge Center, Minn., April 5, 1884, and passed from this life, at New Auburn, Wis., April 8, 1914.

On November 23, 1902, she was married to Adelbert D. Flint at Dodge Center, Minn., where they made their home until two years ago when they moved to New Auburn. Sister Flint had never made a public profession of faith until during her last sickness when she expressed her faith in Christ and asked for membership with us, after baptism, if she should be able to attend to it.

Brief services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist church on April 10, by Pastor J. H. Hurley, and the body was taken to Dodge Center, Minn., for interment. J. H. H.

GREEN.—Sarah Casendana Worden was born at Stephentown, N. Y., December 25, 1827, and died at Nile, N. Y., April 29, 1914, aged 86 years, 4 months and 4 days.

In early life she came to Allegany County, N. Y., and on November 8, 1856, she was married to Mr. Henry Dwight Green at Little Genesee. They lived there about fifteen years after that. They had two daughters. The first, Edna, died of a fever at the age of only three weeks. The second daughter, Ida Eugenia, lived a little more than eight years.

In 1870 Mr. and Mrs. Green moved from Little Genesee to Nile. Mrs. Green's parents were not Seventh Day Baptists, but from the time she was about eighteen years old she kept the Seventh-day as a matter of conscience. However, she did not affiliate with any Christian church until she was about forty-five. On July 6, 1872, she and Mr. Green were both baptized by the Rev. B. F. Rogers and became members of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Friendship at Nile. They both held their membership here the rest of their lives.

Since the death of Mr. Green, Mrs. Green has been tenderly cared for by his niece, Mrs. Milton J. Jordan. Mrs. Green often said that she could not have received better care from her own children if they had lived. Sorrow for the loss of her husband, and increasing weakness due to the nature of her disease have kept her at home since. For more than six years she has remained in her room, and she has kept her bed since last January.

Notwithstanding such close confinement, her memory remained strong and she enjoyed the jokes she heard; she loved to hear hymns and

reading from the Bible; and she appreciated the kindness shown her by friends in the home,—nurses, pastors, and physician.

Besides the immediate family of Mrs. Jordan, her nearest remaining relatives are a niece, Mrs. Florence Hull, and a nephew, Mr. Clarence Lewis, both of Little Genesee.

Funeral services were held at the home last Friday afternoon, and interment was made at Mount Hope Cemetery. W. M. S.

GREENE.—In Alfred, N. Y., May 3, 1914, Mrs. Lucy C. Greene, in the eighty-third year of her age.

Mrs. Lucy C. Greene was the daughter of Dea. Jairus and Julia Ann Wells Crandall and was born in Hopkinton, R. I., September 24, 1831. When about four years of age, she came with her parents to Little Genesee, N. Y. This was before the day of railroads and they came on the canal part of the way and drove the remainder. Little Genesee, together with the rest of Allegany County, was new then, and theirs were the experiences incident upon the settlement of a new country.

November 7, 1852, she and Thomas H. Greene were united in holy wedlock, and it was theirs to travel life's pathway together fifty-seven years, Mr. Green dying August 6, 1909. Until 1882, their home was Little Genesee, and the last thirty-two years it has been Alfred. To them were born five children, two of whom, Miss Minnie Greene and Mrs. W. W. Coon of Alfred, remain to mourn a mother's departure. She is also survived by two brothers, George H. Crandall of Little Genesee and Prof. A. R. Crandall of Milton, Wis., two grandchildren, Aaron Coon and Miss Grace Coon, and many friends.

Early in life she was baptized and united with the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Little Genesee; upon coming to Alfred she became a member of the church of like faith in Alfred and of this church she remained a most loyal and faithful member till called home. Hers has been a life of cheerful service to others, marked by kindness in word and deed and an unflinching trust; her neighbors as well as "her children rise up and call her blessed."

Farewell services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held at the house Tuesday afternoon, May 5, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery. W. M. L. B.

From Dark to Light.

"The late Dr. Weir Mitchell, besides being famous as a physician, was a poet and novelist. His Christian character is nowhere better indicated than in these verses, written several years ago:"

"I know the night is near at hand,
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry,
But I have had the day.

"Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at the call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light."

The Sabbath Recorder

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L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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Denominational News..

The following letter, taken from the North Loup *Loyalist*, will be of interest to all RECORDER readers.

To the Editor of the *Loyalist*:

DEAR BROTHER ROOD: May I have a little space in your paper to speak especially to the congregation that I serve?

I have been called to become pastor of the church at Nortonville, Kan. It has always been my theory, as applied to other men, that such a call ought not to be declined without giving an opportunity for the expression of opinion on the part of the church served. I have been in North Loup six and one-half years. I do not know of any reason why I should go now, but possibly others may. On Sabbath day, May 9, an opportunity will be given all members of the congregation to express their opinion by ballot. The result of the ballot will be the private property of the pastor. What is wanted is a frank, private, personal expression of opinion as to what will be for the best interest of the North Loup Church.

Respectfully,

GEO. B. SHAW.

"The gift of prayer may have praise from men, but it is the grace of prayer which has power with God."

"Life out of death is heaven's unwritten law; Nay, it is written in a myriad forms; The victor's palm grows on the field of war, And strength and beauty are the fruit of storm."
—Harry Burton.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, 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.

"The work of intercession is the greatest work a Christian can do—the time we give is a proof of the interest we feel."—Andrew Murray.

"A little American boy at Naples wanted to climb Vesuvius because he had been told that if you did you could 'see the creator smoke.'"

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A PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH.

O God, we pray for thy Church, which is set today amid the perplexities of a changing order, and face to face with a great new task.

When we compare her with other human institutions, we rejoice, for there is none like her. But when we judge her by the mind of her Master, we bow in pity and contrition.

Baptize her afresh in the life-giving Spirit of Jesus.

Grant her a new birth though it be with the travail of repentance and humiliation.

Bestow upon her a readier responsiveness to duty, a swifter compassion with suffering, and an utter loyalty to the will of God.

Help her to proclaim boldly the coming of the Kingdom and the doom of all who resist it.

Fill her with the prophet's scorn of tyranny and with a Christ like tenderness for the heavy-laden.

Give her faith to espouse the cause of the people, and in their hands that grope after freedom and light to recognize the bleeding hands of the Christ.

Bid her cease from seeking her own life lest she lose it.

Make her valiant to give up her life to humanity, that like her crucified Lord she may mount by the path of the cross to a higher glory.—*Walter Rauschenbusch*

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