

The Sabbath Visitor

*Gives More for Its Price
Than Other Juvenile Papers*

It contains eight pages, *weekly*, and three holiday numbers contain twelve or sixteen pages, making 428 or more pages of reading matter per year. Compare this with other juvenile weeklies or monthlies at one dollar or more per year and you will find that in buying the Visitor at 60 cents you receive much more for your money

In each issue are splendid short stories, historical articles, juvenile poems, the funniest of funny stories, and the Sabbath School lesson told in simple form for the child

While the price is 60 cents per year, we will send the Sabbath Visitor to a new subscriber six months for 25 cents. In clubs of ten or more the price is 50 cents per year

Send for Free Sample Copies

The SABBATH VISITOR, PLAINFIELD
NEW JERSEY

The Sabbath Recorder

SOLACE

When I am bowed with grief, let me not say,
"Lord, I am cheered in mine adversity
To know that countless thousands in this world
Today are bowed with burdens heavier
Than those allotted unto me." Let not
The selfish thought that hearts of others ache
With pangs more poignant than mine own, be made
A balm to soothe me to contentedness.
No, rather let me say, "Though I am thrall
To sorrow, it is comfort unto me
To know that countless others at this hour
Are glad of heart. I thank Thee that my gloom
Eclipses not the noontide of their joy."
O brother, though my hearth be desolate,
Lonely and dreary, let my solace be
To know that in thy house is warmth and love,
Dancing and feasting, and the sound of mirth:
Yea, brother, let my worthier comfort be
To know thy path is bright though mine is dark.

—Walter Malone, in Scribner's for June.

—CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—The Problem of Mixed Membership; George B. Carpenter Gone 673-675	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Employers and Employees; The Lighthouse Keeper 689-691
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES—Which Is the Specter? Old Soldiers—Secure a Right of Way; Honesty Pays Good Dividends 667	Philip's Vacation 692
The Triangle of Religion 678	CHILDREN'S PAGE—On Grandpa's Farm (poetry); Some Home-made Toys; My Neighbor (poetry) 697
SABBATH REFORM—More Testimony From the Other Side; The Sabbath 681	Our New Church by "The Western Sea" 698
Dedication Services at Milton, Wis. 682	SABBATH SCHOOL—Teacher Training; How the International Lesson Committee May Hereafter be Formed 699
The Mocking Bird (poetry) 683	Milton in Sight of the Goal 700
WOMAN'S WORK—Green Things Growing (poetry); Aunt Parson's Story; Worker's Exchange 684-687	HOME NEWS 701
Among the Scattered Sabbath Keepers of the Southwest 687	Denominational News 702
A Reminder 688	MARRIAGES 703
	DEATHS 703
	Judas (poetry) 703

Alfred University

ALFRED, N. Y. Founded 1836

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

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

Alfred Academy

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

For catalogue, illustrated booklet and further information, address

H. L. GILLIS, PRINCIPAL.

Milton College

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

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

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

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

Classes in Elocution and Physical Culture for men and women.

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

For further information address the

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

Milton, Rock County, Wis.

Salem College SALEM West Virginia

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

The aim of the college is:

Thoroughness in all work.

Graduates who can "make good."

Soul culture as well as body and mind.

A helpful spirit.

Christian character.

For catalogue and other information, address

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

The Fouke School

REV. G. H. FITZ RANDOLPH, PRINCIPAL.

Other competent teachers will assist.

Former excellent standard of work will be maintained.

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

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

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.

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

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

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

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

Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.

Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

American Sabbath Tract Society

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

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

Recording Secretary—A. L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.

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

THE SABBATH VISITOR.

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

TERMS.

Single copies per year60 cents
Ten copies, or upwards, per copy50 cents
Communications should be addressed to *The Sabbath Visitor*, Plainfield, N. J.

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK.

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

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

A JUNIOR QUARTERLY FOR SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOLS.

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

Price, 15 cents per year; 5 cents per quarter.
Send subscriptions to the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

President—Wm. L. Clarke, Ashaway, R. I.
Recording Secretary—A. S. Babcock, Rockville, R. I.
Treasurer—S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. E. B. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I.

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

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY.

President—Rev. W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Arthur E. Main, Alfred, N. Y.
Recording Secretary—Prof. Frank L. Greene, Alfred, N. Y.

Treasurer—Prof. Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.
The regular meetings of the Board are held in February, May, August and November, at the call of the President.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Next session to be held at Alfred, N. Y., Aug. 23-25, 1914.

President—Prof. A. B. Kenyon, Alfred, N. Y.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.

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

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

BOARD OF FINANCE.

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 76, NO. 22.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 1, 1914.

WHOLE NO. 3,613.

The Problem of Mixed Membership

We have been reading with much interest a discussion upon the question of admitting to Baptist churches those who do not believe in Baptism by immersion or who do believe in infant baptism. The discussion beginning in February in the *Baptist Standard* of Chicago, ran through several weeks and closed with the issue of May 9. The RECORDER did not secure some of the earlier writings in the controversy, but there lie upon the desk of the editor no less than thirty-four articles, long and short, including some from well-known Baptist leaders and from the editor of the *Standard*. While the discussions were pointed and strong, still there was manifested an excellent spirit through all the writings. It seems that both regular Baptists and Free Baptists took part in the discussion.

The principal writer in favor of open membership, by whom a plea was made for admitting to Baptist churches members from Methodist, Presbyterian and all other Christian bodies who might desire to join the Baptists, did not give his real name, but wrote under the signature, "Hereditary Baptist." One other on this side of the question signed himself, "Another Hereditary Baptist," while one on the side opposing open membership signed, "A Baptist from Conviction." Most of the writers signed their own names.

With our Baptist friends the important and vital question of the Sabbath did not enter into the matter of debate, but all the arguments centered around some phase of the doctrine of baptism. This to the open membership men does not seem of sufficient importance to warrant the practice of making immersion the door to the church. The writers on that side made as strong a plea as could be made for opening the door of the church to any and all who accept Christ and give evidence of conversion, whether sprinkled in childhood or after reaching the years of understanding. The main writer on this side challenged his opponents to show any New

Testament command as to the manner of baptism or as to its being the door to the church. This gave rise to more criticism than any other one point. He also took the ground that his people had placed too much emphasis upon the ceremony itself and not enough on a real spiritual change. He questioned the matter of regarding what he called "imperative baptism" as having any "saving quality." According to the editor of the *Standard* the writers on this side gave many good reasons for their position, and it was admitted that there might be individual cases where open membership would be the best thing under the circumstances. Under the Baptist policy such churches have freedom to act as seems best in view of their special surroundings; but the opinion prevailed that the open membership plan as a general policy would prove disastrous to the denomination.

One writer's objections to mixed membership were, first that it would produce discord—it has already done so in some places; and second, the advice of the General Conference should be respected, to the end that immersion should be required of candidates for membership.

Another says:

Would they (the open membership writers) have the denomination that has stood four-square for the New Testament, regenerate, baptized membership, with over 5,000,000 adherents, with such honored names as Cary, Judson, Wayland, Ashmore, dear to the hearts of the faithful, put down the bars? If so, for what? Would the world applaud the retreat and rush pell-mell into the conglomerate "fix-up"?

Another expresses himself thus:

Many are heard to say, "I am a Baptist, but I am not tied by creed." As a result the churches are losing their influence upon the people. In former times the men attended church. Today comparatively few do. I am aware that there are other contributing causes, but I am convinced that the weakening along doctrinal lines has had much to do with it. Men demand manliness and faithfulness in the teachings of the pulpit. People as a rule reason that if a church has no special and positive reason for existence, there is no special reason why they should unite with it.

This same writer and one other refer to the statistics, which show that since 1910 the Southern Baptists have made an increase of 188,323 while Northern Baptists show a decrease of 34,008. The conclusion drawn from these figures is, "Southern Baptists are positive in their teaching of the distinctive doctrines of the word of God." One writer in the same issue of the *Standard* says: "It is time for loyalty to the word rather than to sentimental unionism."

In the next paper one writer claims that while people of other denominations, such as Methodists and Presbyterians, make no sacrifice of principle and no concessions whatever when they practice the unmixed membership plan, the Baptists would be sacrificing two distinctive principles if they should adopt it, and then says: "Other denominations would not do this in order to get Baptists into their fellowship. They have too strong convictions of what they believe, to do this, and I believe that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand Baptists in the world, outside of England, would not consent to such a surrender of conviction of truth."

Another writer announces that the Baptists have no quarrel with those who do not adhere to Baptist interpretations of the Scripture, but insists that the Baptist Church still has a mission in the world which no other denomination can perform so well; and to retreat from the position that has made it a power among men would be suicidal.

One man, after admitting that there might be here and there a case where mixed membership would be wise, goes on to ask several pertinent questions: "Would not the general practice of open membership impair the efficiency of the denomination? Would it not hinder ministers from preaching the truth regarding baptism? Would it not seem to be a concession that the Roman Church had a right to change the ordinance? Would it not lead to internal troubles?"

In the same paper a "Michigan Layman" says:

The admission to membership in Baptist churches of those from other denominations who have not been baptized, and who do not believe in our fundamental principle, would constitute a virtual surrender of it and destroy the essential reason for the existence of the Baptist Church as a separate organic body of Christians.

... Therefore to admit to membership those whose faith and practice are a denial of this fundamental principle of our faith, ... would be inconsistent with, and a practical renunciation of, what we stand for, and instead of promoting unity, would prove destructive of it."

THE FINAL WORDS IN THE DISCUSSION

As we said, the debate was closed in the *Standard* of May 9. In this issue two prominent educators entered into the discussion, and the editor had a closing word.

The first article referred to is by Pres. Edgar Y. Mullins, of Louisville, Ky., who after a clear scriptural exegesis, meeting completely the arguments set forth by the open membership writers, says:

The idea that people care much for membership in bodies when they prescribe their own terms, or where anything is acceptable, is an illusion. What Baptists need in communities where they are "losing out" is indeed not a revival of the pugnacious and intolerant and narrowly sectarian attitude. Baptist ecclesiastics are no better than any other kind. Baptists must base their efficiency on self-respect and self-consistency. A church with door held open to all who will enter will be respected. A church with walls down has not enough left to make people care to enter. Indeed they are already in if the walls are down. . . . It is infinitely better for the world that Christians embody their convictions in distinct organizations, love each other and cooperate in all practical ways, than that our Christianity should become so colorless and our motives so feeble that we would be without vitality enough to differ.

The other educator referred to was Dean Shailer Mathews, of Chicago. After speaking of his interest in the discussion, and stating some fundamental Baptist principles, and Baptist views on liberty of conscience, he says:

For my own part I do not favor the English position. I believe a Baptist church loyal to all the elements of the Baptist position is a stronger influence for the simplicity of our faith when it insists upon immersion than when it does not. I further believe that any agitation of the subject at present is unwise. The Baptist Denomination of America has problems on its hands of incalculably greater significance than the choice between two historic Baptist conceptions of church membership. . . . To elevate the question of open membership into the center of denominational concern is only to provoke misunderstanding and dissension. The more fundamental commands of our Lord must stand over against the present tendency for religion to become mere philanthropy on the one side or ritualism on the other.

Editorially the *Standard* sums up the case in an excellent spirit and states its position against open membership and in harmony

with the views of Edgar Mullins and Shailer Mathews. The editor admits that the local church may, under the policy of church independency, work out the matter to suit itself under local conditions. Among many other good things he says: "Thus far it does not appear that any considerable number of Baptists are in favor of open church membership. We are not yet ready to commit denominational hari-kari. . . . We are opposed to open church membership, because it is virtually a surrender of our historic protest against infant baptism. . . . We do not agree at all with the position taken by 'Hereditary Baptist,' but we believe that the Baptist name is great enough to include him as well as such men as Charles Haddon Spurgeon (an open communionist), John Clifford and Alexander MacLaren, both of whom favored open membership."

WHAT ABOUT SABBATH KEEPING BAPTISTS?

During the study of this question as found in the *Standard*, we could not help asking several questions; "How can a people be so loyal to the truths of the Bible and plead so strongly for obedience, without seeing and accepting the truth about the Sabbath their Lord kept all his days? How can they guard so well against giving even countenance to the Roman error of infant baptism and at the same time overlook entirely the error of Rome as seen in the substitution of Sunday for the Sabbath of Christ?"

As to our own people, it must seem clear that if our Baptist friends can make a strong plea against open membership on the ground of the form of baptism alone, then Seventh Day Baptists, with the all-important Sabbath question at stake, must have many times stronger ground against such open membership.

If the Baptist brethren feel that to let down the bars for every one to come in, whether holding their distinctive truth or not, would be virtually to surrender their claim to a separate organization and so to let everybody out at the same time,—then Seventh Day Baptists may doubly fear that such a step would seal their doom. Certainly it would embarrass us in preaching Sabbath truth and in holding our own young people, if we were to receive into membership those observing Sunday; for by so doing we would virtually say that Sunday-keeping is good enough.

George B. Carpenter Gone

Most of our readers will be shocked to learn of the death of Hon. George B. Carpenter of Ashaway, R. I., well known to them for many years, as an active member of the Missionary Board, and a faithful worker in the various councils of the denomination. As yet we have little data regarding the accident that caused his death. We learn through the *Westerly Sun* that on Thursday, May 21, while on the way to Hopkinton City, a little village four miles from his home, one of the carriage wheels came off and let the axle down suddenly, pitching him out against a rock by the roadside. He was picked up unconscious and taken to his home, where without regaining consciousness he died on Sabbath morning, May 23. He was in the seventy-second year of his age.

When George was about five years old his father was accidentally killed, while helping to take down the frame of a mill that had been burned. At the age of nineteen he entered the Union Army and after faithful service for nearly three years he lost an arm in the explosion of the famous mine at the siege of Petersburg. In civil affairs he occupied many places of trust; from the position of councilman in his township to that of a legislator in his State. He was for many years a leader in the business affairs of the community in which he lived. Seventh Day Baptists in the East and West will remember him as a prominent worker and leader on the committees and on the boards of our General Conference. He was seldom absent from our great annual gathering, and was always interested in the affairs of the Eastern Association. He had been for many years a member of the Missionary Board and was president of the Joint Committee from its inception.

In due time a more complete sketch of his life will doubtless appear in the *RECORDER*. We wish here only to record our sorrow over the loss of a faithful coworker and a true friend, and to express heartfelt sympathy for his companion in her loneliness and grief, and for his bereaved children who mourn the loss of a good father. In this expression of sympathy all *RECORDER* readers will join.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Which Is the Specter?

On May 24, in St. Louis, Congressman Richard Bartholdt, according to reports of the associated press, gave utterance to these words: "The dark specter of Puritanism is beclouding the sun of freedom. It is the lot of the present generation to defend the sovereignty of the individual against the tyranny of the majority." He is one of the chief opponents of prohibition, and the words were used as a preface to the declaration, that, if Carl Schurz, Emil Prentiss and Carl Daenzer were living today, they would find a new fight for freedom to be waged.

So they would! but not in the sense indicated by the words of this brewers' and distillers' friend. What they would find would be a fight to save the struggling slaves of appetite from the cold-blooded, merciless, avaricious grasp of those who plot to send them to drunkards' graves, all for the money there is in it. They would find a fight for freedom from the powerful octopus of inhuman greed, which takes advantage of human weaknesses and uses the strong pull of depraved appetites to drag men to ruin in order to fill its coffers with gold; a fight to save the homes of thousands from being compelled to furnish recruits for the army of drunkards and prostitutes out of their own family circles; a fight to prevent designing men from setting traps baited with every tempting thing in order to catch and ruin America's sons and daughters; a fight to save the nation from becoming a nation of drunkards, in order that a few brewers and distillers may become millionaires, their families live in luxury, and that a few thousand greedy men may live without honest toil and get rich without rendering an equivalent for the money they receive!

Which is the specter—the people of so-called "Puritanism" who are trying to curtail the freedom of men who deliberately plot ruin for their children, or the men whose business sends a hundred thousand Americans to the drunkard's doom every year and fills their homes with misery and shame? Possibly the three German editors referred to by Mr. Bartholdt, who served their adopted country so well in

the struggle to save the Union, might, if alive today, take the same stand the Emperor of their Fatherland has taken, and place under ban the products of the still. The spirit of prohibition is in the air, and the real specter that beclouds the sky of America's future sees in this his doom.

Old Soldiers Secure a Right of Way

On May 29, 1897, on the battle-field of Antietam, a granite shaft sixty feet in height was dedicated to the memory of the brave men of the Ninth New York Volunteers, better known as Hawkins' Zouaves, who fell in one of the charges made during that battle. Out of 373 men, 54 were killed, 164 wounded, and 22 were reported missing.

For years approach to this monument has been very difficult, there being no road to it, and all effort to secure land for one having failed. A few days ago a small company of the old command went to Antietam in automobiles, and after some negotiation succeeded in buying a right of way for a road from Harper's Ferry to and around the monument. This strip is twenty feet wide and nearly half a mile long. The company was headed by William J. Rogers, ex-president of the Borden Company, manufacturers of condensed milk.

Honesty Pays Good Dividends

One day last week a sixteen-year-old boy, penniless, sore-footed, and discouraged, because his inability to speak English had prevented his finding employment for which he had searched long and faithfully, was making his way homeward on Fifth Avenue, New York, when he picked up a roll of \$250 in bank-notes. He had never seen so much money in all his life. On the roll was a band upon which he was able to spell out "Fifth National Bank." The lad, whose name was Morales, went to that bank and while he was timidly telling the cashier about his find a phone message from a business firm in the city came telling the cashier, a lady had been so unfortunate as to drop the roll. Immediately the story of the boy's act was phoned back, and the inquirer promptly replied: "Let the boy peel as many bills off that roll as he likes, and send him round to us; we've got a job for a boy like that." The bank replied, "We'll give him one if you don't."

A surgeon of the Brazilian army, Dr. José Cajazeira, is said to have boarded the steamer on the Amazon, upon which Mr. Roosevelt, a very sick man, was being borne toward civilization, and to have taken charge of the case in a most faithful and thorough manner. The physician gave his entire time to Mr. Roosevelt and nursed him through until he was able to sit up and be carried on deck.

Francis Kossuth, son of the great Hungarian patriot, died in Budapest, on May 25, aged 73 years. He was a man of superior gifts and ability as a statesman. When a mere boy, eight years old, he was seized as a hostage by the Austrians, against whom his father was leading his forces in the Magyar war, and kept a prisoner until Louis Kossuth was compelled to flee to Turkey and the Hungarian cause collapsed. Then the boy was released and exiled by Francis Joseph. He soon joined his father at Kutahia and traveled with him to England and the United States. He made his home near by his father until the latter's death twenty years ago.

At the earnest request of his countrymen Francis took his father's body back to Hungary for burial, and thereafter made his native land his home.

In Parliament he soon became leader of the Hungarian party for independence, and served in the Cabinet and House of Commons. He adopted a conciliatory policy toward Austria for which he was severely criticized by many people in Hungary. His course was wise and brave, culminating in a most friendly visit with Francis Joseph who had imprisoned and exiled him, and who would once have killed his father.

According to reports published, the United States Senate inserted in the Agricultural Bill a paragraph forbidding the Department of Agriculture to accept any aid, in farm demonstration, from the General Education Board. Since that board has rendered valuable service in a practical way, by which the productivity of farms, especially in the South, has been increased, and by which a successful fight with the cotton boll weevil has been made, this action of the Senate has called forth considerable criticism.

The General Education Board in aid of the Agricultural Department spent about a million dollars in six or seven years, with

hundreds of demonstrators in the field, showing farmers improved methods; and last year 91,000 boys and 36,000 girls were studying these methods. This was made possible by the gifts of John D. Rockefeller; and it is claimed that on this account the Senate put the stamp of disapproval on this laudable enterprise! No wonder leading papers say, "The Senate ought to be ashamed of itself."

A bronze statue of Thomas Jefferson, the work of William Ordway Partridge, is to be unveiled at Columbia University, June 2, during commencement exercises. This monument is the gift of the late Joseph Pulitzer, as provided in his will. Unless affairs of state prevent, President Wilson will take part in the ceremony.

The figure of Jefferson is eight feet six inches high and stands on a pedestal of Indiana limestone, five feet in height. The cost is \$28,000, of which Mr. Pulitzer gave \$25,000.

Flags flying on the old Brooklyn Bridge one day last week reminded the people that that wonderful structure was celebrating its thirty-first anniversary. Thirty-one years ago it was opened to the public. Today it is supporting a much heavier burden of traffic than it was designed to bear, yet experts say that it was never in better condition. Since it began its burden-bearing three other great bridges have been stretched across the river between the two cities, all of which are crowded with the teeming life of commerce and travel.

On May 25 Premier Asquith announced in the English House of Commons, that Great Britain has determined to stand by her decision not to take part in the Panama-Pacific Exposition next year. This is probably final. The Premier stated, however, that the sending of a fleet to participate in the canal opening would sufficiently show the good will of his government toward the exposition and the importance attached to the event. It is understood that a "hard and fast agreement with Germany from which England could not withdraw" is the real cause of refusal.

A bill for \$6,000,000 for military purposes growing out of the Mexican trouble is now pending in Congress.

The Triangle of Religion

REV. EDWIN SHAW

What doth the Lord require of thee?
—*Micah* 6: 8.

Those who are servants, and those who do service for others, sometimes have a spirit which prompts them to watch the clock lest they labor a second past the hour of closing. They listen for the whistle in order that they may not overrun for an instant the time required by their schedule. They never go beyond the stated task, they never do one whit more than the program calls for. Now it is in no such spirit as this that I would bring to your attention this verse of Scripture, "What doth the Lord require of thee?" for as Jesus taught us, when we have done our best, when we have done all that we are able to do, we can even then but say, "We are unprofitable servants," and we should always have the spirit that sets no limits to our service but the ever-widening, always advancing limits, the requirements of love.

Now this passage of Scripture is very frequently made the text of a sermon by pastor and evangelist, and especially so in these later years. There are few preachers who have not made it the theme of a discourse at some time in the last ten or a dozen years, "What doth the Lord require of thee?" for it is a practical question, and this is a practical age.

The discoveries in the science of astronomy, years ago, brought to pass great changes in man's conception of the great universe. The discoveries in the science of geology, in later years, revolutionized man's conception of the origin and age of the earth. The discoveries in the science of biology have, more recently, wrought many changes in man's conception of the origin and development of life. The discoveries in chemistry, and in the various forms of electricity, together with the practical uses to which these discoveries have been put, have revealed many secrets of nature, removed many of the superstitions of the past, and radically changed many of the theories almost universally believed.

The same scientific study and search for truth when applied to ancient literature have likewise brought to light facts and principles which have made great changes in man's conception of the early history of the world, and the peoples and nations

that have risen and fallen in the course of the centuries.

Now it is absolutely impossible that all these changes and revolutions in man's knowledge and conception of things could take place without large changes at the same time occurring in man's conception of God and of spiritual things.

It was thought at one time that an acceptance of the discoveries of astronomy, the revelations of the telescope, would result in atheism. It was thought that an acceptance of the truths as revealed by the science of geology would discredit the Bible as being a revelation from God to man. It was thought that an acceptance of the discoveries in the science of biology would be paramount to the denial of God in the world. And it was thought that an acceptance of the truths and facts brought to light by scientific historical investigation would make heretics of all of us, destroy our faith in things divine and relegate the Word of God to the dusty moth-eaten volumes of the second-hand book stores.

But the religion of Jehovah, and of Jesus Christ his Son, has passed through all these changes and is stronger and more powerful than ever before.

Now our conceptions of God, of what he is, and how he works, may and do change. That is theology. What is theology? Why, it is man's ideas and views about God, what man thinks about God. These do change, are bound to change. This is not saying that God changes. So, too, man's conception, or views, of the Bible change. This is not saying that the Bible changes, not at all, but that our views may and do change. But through all these changes the Bible today holds a stronger and higher place than ever before. It used to be worshiped almost like an idol; now it is loved as a friend divine.

But I have chosen this text to show that while there may be changes in regard to theories and beliefs, yet there are fundamental principles that are essential and are as unchanging as God himself, and that the words of Micah addressed to the people of Israel are just as fittingly spoken to all the ages since his time, and especially so to our land and at this time.

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

These requirements are not a statement

of beliefs that must be subscribed to, not a creed, not that. They are not a ritual of ceremonies that must be performed, of sacrifices and offerings that must be made, not that. They are not an organization, a system that must be established and maintained, a church or institution, not that. They are not a set of rules of conduct detailing what shall not be done and what shall be done in certain conditions and circumstances, not that. They simply lay down three general principles, which, when followed, will determine the policy of one's life, will determine one's attitude towards men and towards God.

And this after all is religion, not a belief, or a form, not words or conduct, but an attitude of heart, a life policy. Are you a Seventh Day Sabbath-keeper? That depends not so much upon what you say about the matter, or what you do on the Sabbath, as upon what your life policy towards the Sabbath is; and what your life policy is, what your attitude is, will generally be clearly revealed in what you do, in fact will determine what you do. Our conduct on the Sabbath is no more our real Sabbath observance, than the mercury in the thermometer is the weather. It only indicates what the temperature is; but as a rule it is a very just and reliable indicator.

I am interested to notice something of the times in which Micah lived, times that brought forth the message to Israel from which our text is taken. Micah's career as a prophet was about the same time that Israel and Amos were delivering their messages to the people. It was a time of great material prosperity for the people of Judah and Israel, possibly the greatest the nation ever experienced; and if we would understand the messages of these prophets we must bear in mind the condition of the people to whom they spake. Hear this from Isaiah: "Wo unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field until there be no room." What does he mean? Why, he is referring to the accumulation of land by one man, to the monopolizing of land into large estates, till nothing is left for the ordinary man, the man of small means. The Roman poet Horace, writing at the time of the great glory of the empire, soundly scourges this same evil, and tells how land is taken from the poor and industrious farmer, to make fish-ponds and hunting-parks for the wealthy.

Hear this from Amos: "Ye turn aside the needy in the gate from their right, ye take a bribe." The gate means the court of justice, and Amos says that the poor man has no show in the courts, he is turned away from his right, that bribes are given and taken, where justice should rule and reign. And in this same chapter, with our text, Micah says, "Are there yet the treasures of wickedness in the house of the wicked, and the scant measure that is abominable? Shall I be pure with wicked balances, and with a bag of deceitful weights?" The prophet is flaying the unfair, cheating, deceitful ways of doing business, ways by which large masses of wealth are heaped up at the expense of others.

Or, as one more example, hear Amos as he says: "Wo unto them that are at ease in Zion, that lie upon beds of ivory, that eat the lambs out of the flock, that sing idle songs to the sound of the viol, that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with chief ointments, but are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph." These are the people who in careless and selfish pleasure take no thought for the distresses and needs of the unfortunate and afflicted.

It is in the light of such conditions as these, that we are to interpret the words of our text. And I leave it to you to say in what measure these conditions, as described by the prophets of old, are being repeated and exist in America today.

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

I sometimes think of this verse as being the triangle of religion. *Doing justly*, that is one corner here on the left, doing what is fair and square, doing always the right, the true, the honest, this is one corner. Then over here on the right hand is, *loving mercy*. Mercy goes even beyond justice, and to love mercy means an attitude of heart, a life that delights in kindness, a life whose pleasure is found in mercy. This is the second corner. And then above, pointing up toward heaven, is the third corner, completing the triangle, reaching out one way towards justice, and the other way towards mercy, *walking humbly with thy God*; a feeling of companionship with God, that is what walking with God means; a reverent companionship, that is what walking humbly with God means.

I suppose it is possible for one to do justly, perhaps it is possible for one even to love mercy, and yet not walk humbly with God, that is, not enjoy a reverent companionship with him; but as a matter of fact, it is seldom so. This is because there must be some motive, some reason, which prompts to doing justly, and to loving mercy; without some motive stirring one on, there will be many failures in doing justly and in loving mercy; but a reverent companionship with God provides the motive, a walking humbly with God prompts to action that is just, and to a heart of loving kindness.

These requirements, this triangle of religion, applies to all ages, to all places, to all stages of civilization. It applies to us today even as it did to the people to whom Micah spake. It especially applies to our complex industrial life here in America. What is needed on the part of all, rich and poor, capitalist, manager, and laborer, is "to walk humbly" with God, and thus to "do justly" and "to love mercy." This is religion, this is Christianity. This would solve all the problems that beset us, this spirit of the triangle of religion wrought into the fabric of our life. This is what Jesus meant by the coming of the kingdom of God among men.

What can we do to promote this spirit? What can we do to cherish and foster it in the world? What is being done now? For all the world, when it really stops to think, wholly agrees with what I have said. What is being done now to establish and develop the spirit of this triangle of religion? Prayer and praise and worship. Yes, all the services of the churches are intended to do this very thing; but we must remember that prayer and praise and worship are not an end in themselves, but a means of an end; and unless our attendance at the services of the church, unless our prayers and our hymns of praise, and our bended knees and our bowed heads and our words of confession and profession, result in our doing justly all the week, and loving mercy day by day, and walking humbly with our God, moment by moment,—then, indeed, these things are of no avail, they are even mockery; as Micah says in the verses just before our text, "Shall I come before the Lord with burnt offerings? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands

of rivers of oil?" And then follows the text.

We also attempt to promote this spirit of the triangle of religion, by religious instruction, by education, by Bible study. And we do well to do this. For these are times when knowledge is the forerunner of action; fear and superstition now have little place in fostering a religious life. Once they were powerful. They are no longer so. Intelligence now in these days of enlightenment prompts us on to action. And so in our churches, our Protestant churches, the pulpit has largely taken the place of the altar, and the Sabbath school has taken the place of the confessional, and religious education is extended. But remember, here again, these things are not an end in themselves, but the means to an end; and unless the teachings of the pulpit on Sabbath Day, and the lessons of the Bible in the Sabbath school, and all our reading and study,—unless all this knowledge and information is in some way linked up in a vital connection, with our every-day lives so that we do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with God, it is of no avail, and has failed in its purpose. It is not an end in itself in a religious sense.

A similar mistake, it seems to me, is sometimes made by people in reference to what is sometimes called ethical culture, including all kinds of new thought theories and philosophies. Ethical culture, or the cherishing of morals, the consideration of the theories and philosophies of the good and the bad, the right and the wrong, the noble and the pure,—these things are all right and helpful, but they are not religion, they are not an end in themselves; and unless they result in promoting the spirit of our triangle of religion, unless they cherish the doing of justice, the loving of mercy, and the walking humbly with God, they are failures as factors of religion.

In the life of Jesus Christ I see the perfect example of these requirements of our text, in his teachings I see the perfect interpretation and explanation of this message of the prophet, the gospel itself, the salvation of the world, the coming of his kingdom, where all from the least to the greatest shall do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.

Which may God grant in Jesus' name.

SABBATH REFORM

More Testimony From the Other Side

The following article on the Sabbath question, taken from *Reedy's Mirror*, appeared in the Milwaukee (Wis.) *Daily Leader*, a socialist paper. It shows that people outside church circles understand very well that the Sunday sabbath has no Bible authority whatever. The wonder is that Christian leaders can be so persistent in efforts to uphold an error that has been so thoroughly exposed as has the error that Sunday is the Sabbath by any divine authority. If the socialists of America are ever brought to the point where they have regard for any sabbath, it will not be through Sunday laws, but by appeals to conscience in behalf of the only day they can regard as having divine authority.

The Sabbath

"Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." This injunction is as old as creation; in fact, one might suppose from reading Exodus that it is even older. Finally it appears in the Decalogue, first written on tables of stone by the finger of God and given to Moses on Sinai. From the hour the children of Israel were forbidden to gather manna on this holy day, down to the coming of Jesus, the Sabbath had been kept holy unto the Lord. Jesus came, taught and departed without abolishing this day of venerable sanctity, or instituting another. So, at the time of the crucifixion, all men who believed in the God of the Jews, who observed the ordinances of Moses and the injunctions of the Decalogue, held this day sacred.

In the latter half of the first century, or early in the second, the astrological division of time was introduced at Rome and shortly thereafter into the provinces. Dio Cassius tells us that this calendar came from the astrologers of Egypt who early had devised and long used it. Probably, but not certainly, this system had been worked out by the priests of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis (City of the Sun), the seat of liberal learning in Egypt when Moses lived there, and to which, in a later century, Plato journeyed for instruction in

astrology. In this city of the fabled phoenix was "a college garden and a willow hanging over the Fountain of the Sun; and here a stone quadrant was pointed to the heavens." This was the birthplace and home of the sun worshipping cults of Egypt. When the Ptolemies built Alexandria, the college and library of Heliopolis were moved thither in the third century, B. C. Soon the magnificent Temple of the Sun was dismantled, its materials transported and used in building the city of Cairo. As the centuries passed, two of the three beautiful obelisks which the Pharaohs of the twentieth century B. C. had erected near the temple were removed; one now stands in a public square in London, the other in Central Park, New York, while the remaining one, still erect and plumb, keeps vigil over the mounds of ruined temples and desecrated tombs.

In the new calendar, to which we have referred, the dies solis (sun day) was placed first in the week of seven days. In A. D. 321 Emperor Constantine made this day one of rest, and the Christians adopted it for a day of worship. The council of Greek bishops, held at Laodicea, in A. D. 363, formally condemned the observance of the Sabbath of the Decalogue and enjoined all Christians to ignore it.

Paul, failing in his ministry among his countrymen, conceded to the Greeks the abandonment of the Sabbath of his fathers and adopted the "Lord's day" in lieu of it. This was the day on which Christians believed that Jesus rose from the dead, the first day of the week—the dies solis of pagan origin.

Justin Martyr (A. D. 100-167) is the first of the fathers to write of the Christian Sunday (1 Apol. C. 67). "But Sunday (dies solis) is the day on which we all hold our common assembly, because it is the first day on which God, having wrought a change in the darkness and matter, made the world (?), and Jesus Christ, our Savior, on the same day rose from the dead. For he was crucified on the day before that of Saturn and on the day after that of Saturn, which is the day of the Sun (dies solis), having appeared to his apostles and disciples, taught them these things which we have submitted to you."

The Christian can not reconcile his attitude with his profession. He accepts the God of the Jews, the Decalogue, the pro-

phies—the Bible as a whole, but weekly ignores the early injunction of his God, repudiates and violates the fourth commandment—"Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy."

Our Sunday is that of the Egyptian astrologers, made a legal holiday by the "Constitution of Constantine," long recognized as the venerable day of the sun, and as such is without religious significance.—*A. S. Garretson.*

Dedication Services at Milton, Wis.

On Sabbath, May 16, this church held a rededication service which drew an audience that filled the house to overflowing. The occasion was the completion of the new basement rooms. These will be of great service for the regular use of the Sabbath school, which for a long time has been obliged to rent extra rooms outside, as well as for the social uses of the church and community. The improvements include one large room, a kitchen, a choir-room and a furnace room with new furnace. The floor space below is nearly as much as it is above. The rooms are finished in white and are all well lighted with windows by day and with electric lights at night. The cost was about \$2,500, including labor contributed.

The services were under the direction of Pastor L. C. Randolph. Seated with him in the pulpit platform were Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Platts, L. A. Babcock, president of the Men's Brotherhood, Amos Crandall of Milton Junction, the oldest person living who was a charter member of this church, and Mrs. O. U. Whitford.

Doctor Platts read "The prayer at the dedication of the sanctuary" as given in 2 Chron. 6: 18-41. Mr. Babcock offered prayer. The usual choir of twenty voices rendered two beautiful anthems, duet and solo parts being given by Miss Alberta Crandall, Allison Burdick and Prof. A. E. Whitford.

Pastor Randolph introducing Mr. Amos Crandall said: "This building has been made, as it were, on the instalment plan. First, in 1852, this main part of the church with entrance in front, under a gallery for the choir, was erected; later at different times the additions for the choir, the Sabbath school and the primary room or kitchen. Now the basement has been com-

pleted in less than five months after the first public action looking toward it, because 'the people had a mind to work.' Mr. Crandall helped to build the first instalment. He is now ninety-one years old."

Mr. Crandall said: "I feel very much at home in this church and I love this people. My father and uncle and I hauled stone from Rock River for the first building and also helped in the changes; I never expected to get up as high as this."

Introducing Dr. and Mrs. Platts, the pastor said: "At one time Doctor Platts was chorister here and the young lady who sits by his side today was a member of the choir; they were married fifty years ago. Their work here in recent years when Doctor Platts was pastor of the church is fresh in your memory and it is a dear privilege to us all to have them with us today. They did much to prepare the way for this happy consummation."

Doctor Platts said: "When I came to Milton, about 1854, the church embraced the whole territory from the Newville bridge over Rock River to a point four miles east of here, the Bullock schoolhouse. When the chorister left here to help form the Rock River Church, I took his place. When I went east Sherrill Clarke became chorister. While Rev. W. C. Whitford was pastor, an extensive revival resulted from Elder Whitford's own labors from house to house. Ezra Goodrich had in his livery stable an old horse named 'Whiskey.' They used to say that Elder Whitford took 'Whiskey' when he went out to make calls. When he agreed to be principal of the academy until they could find a better man, they took him from the pastorate. They never found a better man. In the last year of my pastorate, seventy-four were added to the membership of this church, one half of them by baptisms. I think the strength of the church spiritually has kept pace with the growth of the house."

Mrs. Platts said: "The first time I saw Milton was during the stirring times of the Civil War. Pliny Norcross was training raw recruits in the park. What a host could say, 'I too feel very much at home in the old Milton church.' If we could marshal them all before us today, wouldn't we shake hands! I was converted in a meeting when Dr. Clarke Stillman said, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved.' I arose as soon

as he sat down. I was baptized by dear Elder Whitford who was then the same dominant influence that he remained to the end. He was in the forefront of everything. I taught the first infant class in the Sabbath school. Dear Aunt Polly Goodrich sat in the class and upheld my efforts and was responsible for whatever success I had. Those were times of great earnestness, of ability and fixedness of purpose. People were not easily diverted after they had made a stand for Christ. My years in Milton were on the whole happy years and I hope they were years of usefulness."

Mrs. O. U. Whitford, seventy-seven years old, was introduced to represent the ladies of the Circles, the Whitfords, the whole denomination, a pastor's wife, and finally because she is "Mother Whitford," who did more than anyone else, except his own mother, to lead the pastor into the ministry.

Mrs. Whitford said: "I am glad I said that encouraging word to Lester Randolph, aren't you? I believe many more are helped by encouragement than by criticism. I have been a Whitford for fifty years, 'grafted on,' and all know what the name stands for in this community. For twelve years my husband was missionary secretary, so the whole denomination was his and therefore mine. We are all one family, these churches make up the denomination. I would have you all loyal to the Missionary Society and to the Tract Society. Every family ought to have the SABBATH RECORDER, for to be efficient we need to know what the denomination is doing. The Circles are like a hive of busy bees, working in such harmony for the denomination and for the community. In some respects I think this church is the best organized of any I know. But the work is not all done. Are we doing to the full extent of our ability all the Master expects of us? Let us have a new consecration of hearts and lives today for a closer walk with God."

Pastor Randolph in closing said: "We will have the text last, Haggai 2: 9. We have had the sermon from many lips. It is said, 'The best dedication for these rooms is to use them.' We shall have a social evening in them next Wednesday. There was a fountain with a great central basin and round about it a dozen small basins. These lesser basins could be filled

separately but this was not the plan of the designer. He intended them to be filled from the overflow of the central basin. Let our spiritual life be abounding and overflow, filling to the full the social fellowship which our new rooms represent. I think of David E. Titsworth as he stood in our Chicago Mission school telling about Christ. 'Jesus comes knocking, knocking at the door of your heart; not getting tired like a neighbor and going away, but he keeps on knocking.' And the boys listened!

"I plead with you each one to give your heart to the service of Christ in this community. We stand on the threshold of a new era in our church work. In this work let every one have a part. Let there be such a warmth of fellowship here that no one can come within the influence of this church without feeling it and being drawn toward Christ. Let the dedication today be a personal consecration of all our lives to him."

The service closed with the pastor's dedicatory prayer and deeply impressive prayer anthem by the choir.—*Milton Journal-Telephone.*

The Mocking Bird

LOIS R. FAY

I love thy song, dear mocking bird,
Thy carols to the sons of men
In notes more sweet than many a word,
Surpass music of lip or pen.

Thy song rare inspiration brings,
As from a leafy height it rings;
Not toiling for thy daily bread,
But cheering those who thus are fed.

Cheered by thy song men break the sod,
And pulverize each gathering clod;
And while they cultivate the soil,
Thou callest each to hopeful toil.

The children pause, as forth they go,
To hear thy cheery warbles flow;
Thou breathest comfort on the breeze,
Thou dost the grieving heart appease.

Thou makest joy more joyous still;
Thou dost the sufferer's spirit fill
With gleams of hope and promise rare,
Banishing gloom, relieving care.

With God to bless the well-tilled land,
And friends like thee on every hand,
What joy doth fill the days of spring!
We join the praises thou dost sing!

Princeton, Mass.
May 17, 1914.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Green Things Growing

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,

The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!

I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!

How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so, my green things growing,
And I think they love me without false showing;

For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,

With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

—Dinah Maria Mulock.

Aunty Parson's Story

I told Hezekiah—that's my man. People mostly call him Deacon Parsons, but he never gets any deaconing from me. We were married—"Hezekiah and Amariah"—that's going on forty years ago, and he's jest Hezekiah to me, and nothin' more.

Well, as I was saying, says I: "Hezekiah, we aren't right. I am, sure of it." And he said: "Of course not. We are all poor sinners, Amy: all poor sinners." And I said: "Hezekiah, this 'poor sinner' talk has gone on long enough. I suppose we are poor sinners, but I don't see any use of being mean sinners; and there's one thing I think is real mean."

It was jest after breakfast; and, as he felt poorly, he hedn't gone to the shop yet; and so I had this little talk with him to sort o' chirk him up. He knew what I was comin' to, for we hed had the subject up before. It was our little church. He always said: "The poor people, and what should we ever do?" and I always said: "We never shall do nothin' unless we try." And so when I brought the matter up in this way, he jest began to bitin' his tooth-

pick, and said: "What's up now? Who's mean? Amariah, we oughtn't to speak evil of one another." Hezekiah always says poor "sinners," and doesn't seem to mind it, but when I occasionally say "mean sinners," he somehow gets oneasy. But I was started, and I meant to free my mind.

So I said, says I, "I was going to confess our sins. Dan'l confessed for all his people, and I was confessin' for all our little church.

"Truth is," says I, "Ours is allus called one of the 'feeble churches,' and I am tried about it. I've raised seven children, and at fourteen months old every boy and girl of 'em could run alone. And our church is fourteen years old," says I, "and it can't take a step yet without somebody to hold on by. The board helps us, and General Jones, good man, he helps us—helps too much I think—and so we live along, but we don't seem to get strong. Our people draw their rations every year as the Indians do up at the agency; and it does seem sometimes as if they never thought of doing anything else.

"They take it so easy," I said. "That's what worries me. I don't suppose we could pay expenses, but we might act as if we wanted to, and as if we meant to do all we could."

"I read," says I, "last week about the debt of the board and this week, as I understand," says I, "our application is going in for another year, and no particular effort to do any better, and it frets me. I can't sleep nights, and I can't take comfort Sundays. I've got to feelin' as if we were a kind of perpetual paupers. And that was what I meant when I said: 'It is real mean!' I suppose I said it a little sharp," says I, "but I'd rather be sharp than flat, any day, and if we don't begin to stir ourselves we shall be flat before long, and shall deserve to be. It grows on me. It has jest been 'board, board, board,' for fourteen years, and I'm tired of it. I never did like boardin'," says I, "and even if we were poor, I believe we might do something toward settin' up housekeeping for ourselves."

"Well, there's not many of us; about a hundred, I believe, and some of these is women folks, and some is jest boys and girls. And we all have to work hard and live close; but," says I, "let us show a disposition if nothin' more. Hezekiah, if

there's any spirit left in us, let us show some sort of a disposition."

And Hezekiah had his toothpick in his teeth, and looked down at his boots and rubbed his chin, as he always does when he's goin' to say somethin'. "I think there's some of us that shows a disposition."

Of course I understood that hit, but I kep' still. I kep' right on with my argument, and I said: "Yes, and a pretty bad disposition it is. It's a disposition to let ourselves be helped when we ought to be helping ourselves. It's a disposition to lie still and let somebody carry us. And we are growing up cripples, only we don't grow."

"Kiah," says I, "do you hear me?" Sometimes when I want to talk a little he jest shets his eyes, and begins to rock himself back and forth in the old armchair, and he was doin' that now. So I said: "Kiah, do you hear?" and he said: "Some!" and then I went on. "I've got a proposition," says I. And he sort o' looked up and said: "Hev you? Well, between a disposition and a proposition, I guess the proposition might be better."

He's awful sarcastic sometimes. But I wasn't goin' to get riled, nor thrown off the track; so I jest said: "Yes; do you and I get two shillin's worth apiece a week, and out of that blessed little church of ourn do you think?" says I. "Cos, if we do, I want to give two shillin's a week to keep it goin', and I thought maybe you could do as much. So he said he guessed he could stand that, and I said: "That's my proposition; and I mean to see if we can't find somebody else that'll do the same. It'll show disposition, anyway."

"Well, I suppose you'll hev your own way," says he; "you most always do." And I said: "Isn't it most allers a good way?" Then I brought out my subscription paper. I had it all ready. I didn't jest know how to shape it, but I knew it was something about "the sums set opposite our names," and so I drewed it up, and took my chances. "You must head it," says I, "because you're the oldest deacon, and I must go on next, because I am the deacon's wife, and then I'll see some of the rest of the folks."

So 'Kiah sot down, put on his specs, and took his pen, but did not write. "What's the matter?" says I. And he said: I am

sort of 'shamed to subscribe two shillin's. I never signed so little as that for anything. I used to give that to the circus when I was nothin' but a boy, and I ought to do more than that to support the gospel. Two shillin' a week! Why it's only a shillin' a sermon, and all the prayer meetin's throw'd in. I can't go less than fifty cents, I'm sure." So down he went for fifty cents, and then I signed for a quarter, and then my sunbonnet went onto my head pretty lively; and says I: "Hezekiah, there's some cold potato in the pantry, and you know where to find the salt; so, if I am not back by dinner time, don't be bashful, help yourself." And I started.

I called on the Smith family first. I felt sure of them. And they were just happy; Mr. Smith signed; and so did Mrs. Smith, and Long John, he came in while we were talkin', and put his name down; and then old grandma Smith, she didn't want to be left out; so there was four of 'em. I've allers found it a great thing in any good enterprise to enlist the Smith family. There's a good many of 'em. Next, I called on the Joslyns, and next on the Chapins, and then on the Widdie Chadwick, and so I kept on.

I met a little trouble once or twice, but not much. There was Fussy Furber, and bein' trustee he thought I was out of my sphere, he said; and he wanted it understood that such work belonged to the trustees. "To be sure," says I, "I'm glad I've found it out. I wish the trustees had discovered that a leetle sooner." Then there was Sister Puffy, that's got the asthma. She thought we ought to be lookin' after the "sperritoalities." She said we must get down before the Lord. She didn't think churches could be run on money. But I told her I guessed we should be jest as spiritual to look into our pocketbooks a little, and I said it was a shame to be tarnally beggin' so of the board.

She looked dreadful solemn when I said that, and I almost felt as I'd been committin' profane language. But I hope the Lord will forgive me if I took anything in vain. I did not take my call in vain, I tell you. Mrs. Puffy is good, only she allers wanted to talk so pious; and she put down her two shillin's, and then hove a sigh. Then I found the boys at the cooper-shop, and got seven names there at one lick; and when the list began to grow people seemed ashamed to say no, and I kept

gainin' till I had just an even hundred, and then I went home.

Well, it was pretty well toward candle-light when I got back, and I was that tired I didn't know much of anything. I've washed, and I've scrubbed, and I've baked, and I've biled soap, and I've moved; and I 'low that a'most any one of that sort of thing is a little exhaustin'. But put your bakin' and movin' and bilin' soap altogether, it won't work out as much genuine tired soul and body as one day with a subscription paper to support the gospel. So when I sort 'f, dropped into a chair, and Hezekiah said, "Well?" I was past speakin', and I put my check apron up to my face as I hadn't done since I was a young, foolish girl, and cried. I don't know what I felt so bad about; I don't know as I did feel bad. But I felt cry, and I cried. And 'Kiah, seeing how it was, felt kind o' sorry for me, and set some tea a-steepin', and when I had my drink, with weepin', I felt better.

I handed him the subscription paper, and he looked it over as if he didn't expect anything; but soon he began saying, "I never! I never!" And I said, "Of course you didn't; you never tried. How much is it?" "Why, don't you know?" says he. "No," I said, "I ain't quick in figures, and I hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it will make us out this year three hundred dollars or so."

"Amy," says he, "you're a prodigy—a prodigal I may say—and you don't know it. A hundred names at two shillin' each gives us twenty-five dollars a Sunday. Some of 'em may fail, but most of 'em is good; and there is ten, eleven, thirteen, that sign fifty cents. That'll make up what fails. That paper of yourn'll give us thirteen hundred dollars a year!" I jumped up like I was shot. "Yes," he says, "we shan't need anything this year from the board. This church for this year, at any rate, is self-supporting."

We both sot down and kep' still a minute, when I said kind o' softly: "Hezekiah," says I, "Isn't it about time for prayers?" I was just chokin', but as he took down the Bible he said: "I guess we had better sing somethin'." I nodded like, and he just struck in. We often sing at prayers in the morning; but now it seemed like the Scriptor that says: "He giveth songs in the night." 'Kiah generally likes

the solemn tunes, too; and we sing "Show pity, Lord," a great deal; and this mornin' we had sung "Hark from the tombs a joyful sound," cause 'Kiah was not feelin' very well, and we wanted to chirp up a little.

So I just waited to see what meter he'd strike up tonight; and would you believe it? I didn't know that he knew any sech tune. But off he started on "Joy to the world, the Lord is come." I tried to catch on, but he went off, lickerty-switch, like a steam engine, and I couldn't keep up. I was partly laughing to see 'Kiah go it, and partly crying again, my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes and jumped over some of the others, and so we safely reached the end.

But, I tell you Hezekiah prayed. He allers prays well, but this was a bran new prayer, exactly suited to the occasion. And when Sunday come, and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said: "It is all the work of one good woman, and done in one day," I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shook hands with me, after meetin', and said, with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church, and all that, I came awful nigh gettin' proud. But as Hezekiah says, "we're all poor sinners," and so I choked it back. But I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boarding any more.—*Layman.*

Worker's Exchange

Shiloh, N. J.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of Shiloh fills, as it long has filled, an essential and helpful place in the life of our village. Last year a literary program, usually based on suggestions from the leaflets published by the Woman's Board, added greatly to the interest of the meetings. At our last annual meeting, Mrs. Eva Bonham, who has faithfully served as president for a number of years, resigned and our pastor's wife, Mrs. Skaggs, was elected to fill the vacancy. It was the unanimous opinion that the program should be continued.

As in the spring feminine thoughts turn toward housecleaning, Mrs. Carrie Davis, the chairman of our Program Committee, suggested Village Improvement as an appropriate topic for our consideration. Excellent papers on the subject were present-

ed by Mrs. Etta Tomlinson and Mrs. Anna Glaspey. These were followed by an animated discussion, in which almost every one present suggested some possible improvement.

Realizing that words are futile unless they lead to action, it was voted that the president call a public meeting to consider the subject. This meeting resulted in the organization of the "Shiloh Community Improvement Association."

Under Mrs. Eva Bonham's leadership, the Java Mission was considered at our last meeting. We hope, by our sympathy and prayers, to come into closer touch with our sisters who are preaching the gospel in far-away Java. *

Walworth, Wis.

A message from Circle No. 2 of Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Several weeks ago we voted that each circle member earn a dollar; so on May 3 we met at the home of our president, each member coming with her dollar, and by verse, story or otherwise we told how the money was earned. Much enjoyment was had in listening to all these narratives. One of the members, in placing her dollar in the plate, left a five dollar bill to keep it company. We also had a short program consisting of two duets by Pastor and Mrs. Davis, two readings, a song by the circle, and a chapter read out of the book we are reading, "The Foreign Missionary."

In this way we netted a sum of twenty-one dollars and eighty cents. The Ladies' Aid was invited to be with us at this meeting. Light refreshments were served.

"Behold the waving harvest field
Abundant with a golden yield;
And hear the Lord of harvest say
To all, 'Go reap for me today.'"

SECRETARY.

It is easy for us to forget the benefits we receive from God. We see no divine hand giving us the good things we need, and we forget that there is such a hand. Our common blessings come to us in what we call natural ways, and we fail to remember that every good gift is from above. Life would be wonderfully changed for us if we could keep ourselves always aware that it is God who gives us everything we receive. It would give a new sacredness to all our blessings.—*Selected.*

Among the Scattered Sabbath Keepers of the Southwest

REV. E. H. SOCWELL

Thirty-one miles southwest of Lyford, Tex., and but six miles from the Rio Grande River, is Mercedes, the city of palm trees and pomegranates, said to be the most beautiful city in all this southwestern country. This is the home of Mrs. L. W. Reid, a faithful lone Seventh Day Baptist who has the distinction of living at a point farther south than any other Seventh Day Baptist in the United States, since Mercedes is in latitude still south of that of Palm Beach, Fla., and almost that of Key West. Mrs. Reid is indeed a Lone Seventh Day Baptist and a faithful, trustful Christian. It was a source of great pleasure and of spiritual strength to sit in the presence of this faithful one and to listen to her simple story of the trials and adversities that have fallen across her spiritual pathway, and of her victory over them.

Her daughter, Virginia, is now in school at Fouke, Ark., her son is married and from home, and her husband is dead; thus she is left alone, yet not alone. She has the RECORDER; she reads it and prizes it. Fourteen long years have rolled my since she last saw a person of like precious faith, and during these years she has endured innumerable trials and oppositions; but her faith and devotion and trust have brought her through all of them. She has lived to see her children grow to maturity, maintaining their Christian integrity and true to God's Sabbath, and is thus comforted to the declining years of her life.

She was grateful for the visit made her and we, in turn, are grateful for the privilege of visiting this faithful one and, by it, gathering fresh courage and inspiration for the arduous days that are before us. While in that country we spent an interesting day in Brownsville, located on the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, Mexico, visiting the United States troops which were mobilized there, the wonderful natural palm grove, the "International Bridge" which spans the Rio Grande, connecting Brownsville and Matamoras, and other points of interest in the city.

We very much desired to cross the historic Rio Grande and press our feet upon the soil of Mexico, but we were advised

to the contrary; therefore we contented ourselves with wandering along the banks of the river and viewing Mexico from the safe side.

The country around Mercedes and Lyford, where our Seventh Day Baptists are located, is a new country and only a small part of it under cultivation; but it yields an abundance of corn, cotton, sugar-cane and other crops. The fruits produced are oranges, lemons, grapefruit, figs and bananas.

Eagle Lake, Tex., is situated sixty-two miles west of Houston, in a prairie country, where the chief crops are corn, cotton, sugar-cane and rice. Six miles west of Eagle Lake and near the Colorado River is the home of W. C. Lammes, to which home we were welcomed. Two weeks were spent in this pleasant home and in visiting people near by.

On the first Sunday spent here, we preached in the schoolhouse at Ramsey, three miles north, to an appreciative audience. On the following Sunday we preached in the same house, and after the service the congregation repaired to a near-by grove of live-oak trees, where a picnic dinner was enjoyed by all present. After a social time at the grove, seats were improvised and the Sunday school was conducted beneath the tall spreading trees. This was followed by preaching service before a much larger audience than had greeted us at the morning service. It was a pleasure to greet these new-found friends amid these unique and pleasant surroundings and try to point them to the way of salvation and peace.

On the previous day we had the pleasure of visiting the baptismal waters, and baptizing the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Lammes; and by the request of Brother Randolph and the Fouke Church, receiving them into the fellowship of that church. It was an impressive and gladsome service and will long be remembered by those who witnessed it.

We have at this point two loyal ones, Mrs. Estella Lammes, and Mr. John Glaiser, whom we found to be faithful and true. It has been nine years since this place was visited by any of our ministers, and eighteen years since a Seventh Day Baptist sermon has been preached in this region. While Mr. Lammes is not a member of our churches, yet he is a

Seventh Day Baptist in belief, was pleased to have his children baptized, and did all that was possible to make our stay in his home a time of pleasure that will frequently be recalled in the oncoming years.

Our work at this place is done and we are all ready to journey on to untried fields among unknown friends; but we are glad that we came to Eagle Lake and formed the acquaintance of our own Seventh Day Baptist people and so many other people. We are glad we had the privilege of preaching to the people, of baptizing the children, and of enjoying the warm hospitality in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lammes. And we also are glad to believe that good was accomplished where poor leadership, many years ago, worked detriment to the cause of God's Sabbath.

We carry with us a happy remembrance of our visit at Eagle Lake and pray that God's rich blessing may ever abide with those whom we learned to love.

*Eagle Lake, Tex.,
May 20, 1914.*

A Reminder

Inasmuch as the personal worth of the writer of the letter published in the RECORDER on page 632; his official positions; and the fact of its publication in our denominational paper, will combine to give weight to its contents, possibly a kind of "semi-official" influence, it seems but fair that Mr. Kimball himself, and readers of the RECORDER in and outside the denomination, should be reminded that there are many Seventh Day Baptists whose views are not in harmony with the letter.

A. E. MAIN.

Alfred, N. Y.

Paul stated a far-reaching doctrine and rule of conduct when he said that "your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit." To surrender that body to sinful and depraved practices, to permit it to be corrupted, polluted, its powers prostituted, is abhorrent to the normal Christian who recognizes, even in a partial sense, that he has been "bought with a price." Such debasement is incompatible with his relationship, fellowship, dignity, calling, service.—*The Continent.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Employers and Employes

REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS

*Christian Endeavor Topic for June 13,
1914.*

Daily Readings

Sunday—Israel's strike (Ex. 5: 1-9).

Monday—The unemployed (Matt. 20: 1-16).

Tuesday—Duties of masters (Eph. 6: 9).

Wednesday—Duties of servants (Eph. 6: 5-8).

Thursday—Each doing his part (1 Cor. 12: 14-26).

Friday—Brotherhood (Matt. 23: 8-12).

Sabbath Day—Topic: How employers and employes should work together (Col. 3: 22-25; 4: 1).

The relation of the employer to the employe has been likened to the running of a cross-cut saw. If they do not work together, the saw stops, or at least the difficulty of the work is increased for one or both.

In the order of life there is no one who does not sustain some relation to others, and to a greater or less degree is dependent upon the manner in which the work of these others is carried on. Because of this relation business ventures are entered upon when one feels that he can do a certain kind of work better than any other one can do it. So business become a specializing of natural and acquired gifts along certain lines. And as a degree of success is gained, there follow a broadening out and enlarging of the work engaged in. This necessitates the employment of others who can best aid in accomplishing these ends. But when the desire for progress and gain overcomes the conscience, then we find the great problem of the relation of employer to employe arising. The employer is too often interested in that which increases his wealth only and enables him to enjoy more pleasures at the expense of some one who has made this possible for him.

Such a state of affairs has gone on until we see the organization of capital and also of labor, which so often results in these great labor wars and strikes. The eyes of the nation have been turned toward such a

war in Colorado, and we wonder what relations can possible exist which will result in the slaughter of, not only men, but also innocent women and helpless children. But such is the spirit which arises when the rights and happiness of the other fellow is ignored. In one of the great shops in Gary, Ind., there is an employer who has the welfare of his men at heart and, consequently, has one of the finest organized shops to be found in the country. He has in a prominent place a large bulletin-board upon which are to be found notices and signs which concern the welfare of the men. He calls them safety devices. Such signs as the following may be seen, "Look out for the other fellow, you might hurt him."

The awakened conscience of the public has brought about better relations between the laborer and capitalist, for the public has observed that these conditions have their effect upon the social life as well as upon the physical. When goods are sent out to the sweat-shops and from them taken into homes where the greatest degree of wretchedness, filth, and disease exist, there is apt to follow the contaminating disease in the home to which these goods may go. There also follows from this neglect of the rights of the other fellow a diseased conscience. The man or woman who is overworked can not in the long run be of the greatest value to the employer nor to himself and to those about him in his social life. The plan which has recently been adopted by the Ford Automobile Company is evidence of an awakened conscience in regard to this problem. The giving of the increased wage may not of itself be a value, but the conditions which must be met in order to gain the increase is where the value lies. Agents are sent out whose duty it is to see that there are more sanitary and healthful conditions to be found in the homes of these employes. This whole work of the Ford Company's new plan would be an interesting one for some member to study and report on.

But that which perhaps is of greatest interest and importance is that which relates to the hours of work. Here is where the law entering and limiting the time which a man shall work is a means of great improvement on the social side. A man who is all tired out when night comes after the continual monotony of industrial work

is in no condition to make advancement in thought and in the social questions which concern him. One who is in such a run-down condition finds an enjoyable place in the saloon and with the associates which he finds there. I would not dare to make these statements on my own experience, so I will report some of the observations of the men who know. John Mitchell, ex-president of the United Mine Workers, says: "You would be surprised to note the progress the coal miners are making since the inauguration of the eight hour day three years ago. In many places they are organizing libraries, they are taking greater interest in public questions, and their family life has become much improved and sweetened. . . . The eight hour day is the greatest temperance advocate I know of." Josiah Strong says: "It is true that the effect of shortening the hours of labor and giving men more leisure sometimes is to increase drinking and irresoluteness, but experience is almost universal that, in the long run, a gradual and reasonable reduction of hours tends to awaken desires for life on a higher level. Long hours in the factory or under wearing, exhausting conditions drive men to seek stimulant and excess. Short hours in industrial labor, in the long run, mean long hours in the home, the garden, and the library."

Professor Clarke of Columbia College says: "If you want a man to work for you one day, and one day only, and secure the greatest possible amount of work that he is capable of performing, you must make him work for twenty-four hours. If you would have him work a week, it will be necessary to reduce the time to twenty hours a day; if you want him to work for a month, a still further reduction to eighteen hours a day. For the year, fifteen hours a day will do; for several years, ten hours; but if you want to get the most out of a man for a working lifetime, you will have to reduce his hours of labor to eight each day." Such a theory has been worked out in several States and found to be the most satisfactory both to the employer and to the employe. There comes to exist a fellowship, a brotherhood between them which can not be attained when the workman feels that he is driven to the limit and that the other fellow is getting all the profit and pleasure out of it.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

"Those who wish to be fairly paid should work fairly. There is as much underworking as underpaying."

"Suspicion, toward employer or employe, is a great breeder of causes for suspicion."

"The willingness to do occasionally more work than one is paid for should be met by the willingness occasionally to pay for more work than is done."

"There is no rule for the employe which has not corresponding to it some rule for the employer."

The Lighthouse Keeper

On one stormy Sunday, seven years ago, a young lighthouse keeper, along the New England shore, was to become a member of the church on the mainland. The light was one of the most isolated kind, rising sheer out of the sea like a pillar, not an inch of land about it, and no entrance until halfway up its granite tower, on account of the breaking surf which at times ran fearfully high. On this Sunday, the keeper was to have been relieved for a few hours while he attended the church service. But when the day came, the signal, "Impossible to make a landing," had to be run out, for the power dory that was to take off the keeper could not get near the tower. So the service went on, and the solitary disciple, out in the ocean wilderness, could not join the company on land.

The next time he could do so, however, the light keeper came into the church, and was a faithful member. But soon he was transferred to another light, on a small, neglected island fourteen miles off the coast. There was a small church there, and a schoolhouse. But no service had been held in the church for three years, and there was no Bible school. There were forty-nine grown people on the island, nine of them at the life-saving station, and seventeen children.

A clergyman came to the island on a vacation. He held a service, and some of the people came. When he left, he suggested to the church authorities at home that there ought to be some sort of religious service held there regularly, and that, in his opinion, the keeper could do it as lay reader. At once the pastor of the keeper's former church wrote asking him to try it.

He received a letter from the keeper saying that it seemed impossible for such a one as himself to undertake a service, and that he had started to say he would not do it. But, the letter went on: "If you think that I can handle the job, I shall try and do my part with God's help. I have always wanted to do something for the Master, but never thought I had the education or the courage. But perhaps in this out-of-the-way place I may be able to do something for him."

Sure enough, the next letter that came brought the news: "We started the Bible school last Sunday, and the evening service. We had sixteen children and seven adults to Bible school and five more adults came to the service. I have a Bible class in the school, and it's about two hours of talk and sing and pray for me, and for one that is not used to it, it comes hard."

There were other difficulties, too, in the way. The church was so out of repair that the schoolhouse had to be used. "We thought we could get the organ from the church to use in the schoolhouse," he wrote, "but they said the chalk dust would spoil it. So I hunted up an old one, and we are using that and it does all right." The people became interested in the Easter program, so that they practiced the hymns, and twenty-three attended the service, in "an awful week of rain, fog and gales." Sunday after Sunday, on the tiny, sea-girt island, the light of the little service shines, like the great light overhead that guides the ships. Humble, unknown, distrustful of his own ability, the light keeper is doing "something for Him."

Such a true story may well set many a Christian thinking. Here is a man whose Christian life seemed blocked from the first. He could not attend service, not even being able to reach the mainland on the day set for his entering the church. He could not stay in the church he had joined, being taken away from it and from all church privileges. His lot was cast on an island where a church had been tried and abandoned. Surely he might be excused from any responsibility as to church work. As he himself said, he had neither the education nor the courage he thought necessary. But he had the great qualities of faith and faithfulness. Therefore he took up, in fear yet in determination, the work that had failed before,

and gathered in half the island, to services that meant something to every soul.

Each person has some chance to help others to Christ, to witness for Christ and "do something for Him." If the living desire is but there, the opportunity will come. Of all the people who joined that church on the mainland, the light keeper seemed to be the one who had the least chance to become an evangelist. Shut up on his granite pillar, he seemed more like a hermit, lonely and apart. Yet he kept in his heart the hope of doing Christian work, and God did not forget that desire.

There is no individual so solitary, so helpless, so shut in by circumstances, that God can not use him or her as a blessing to others, and for real and needed work. The thing to do is to be ready. It is the unready Christian that blocks every chance in his or her own life. "If I had a talent for teaching, I would be glad to try," said a girl who was asked to take a Bible school class of boys. "But I have no training, and I must refuse. They would laugh at me!" So the class of boys was taken by a young man who had no training, and no education to speak of, and who stammered badly—and the boys did laugh at him. He knew they would; he had braced himself to bear it, because he had determined to do this thing for his Master. A year went by, and every boy in that class—there were twice as many of them, now—was ready to fight anybody who even smiled at their teacher's stammer. "He's white!" they said. Before long, his class headed its department. It has continued to head it ever since. His opportunity was there, against evident obstacles, and his faithfulness had given him power to find it.

Such Christians are the light of the world, even as their Master has called all his disciples to be. What are we doing to answer that call?—*Forward*.

WANTED—Sabbath-keeper with a small amount of capital to take exclusive manufacturing and selling rights in eastern territory of patented household article of unusual merit. Sells readily, good profit. Manufacturing experience not necessary. This is a good opportunity for a hustler to make money. Particulars on application. N. O. Moore, 2056 Howard Avenue, Riverside, Cal.

Philip's Vacation

Philip Carey was walking very erect, very manly, as he passed through the gate and along the walk toward his home, after three years at college; champion at athletics and head of his class. It was a part of him, this dignified bearing.

His little mother was in a flutter of excitement as he stooped down to kiss her. It scarcely seemed real that this tall youth was her little Philip.

"And father! mother, dear, where is father? I expected him at Dorchester," Philip was saying.

"Father isn't well," the little mother was trying to say cheerfully. "He has been ill a little while. He wouldn't let me write about his illness. He was sure he would be better by the time you came."

Philip's face paled. "Has he needed me, mother?" he asked.

"No, no; there is nothing you could have done; farm-work and things trouble him. Sweeney left, and he's been bothered about hands."

"And yourself, mother; you are frail; have you been ill?"

"No, dear; only headaches and minor maladies. Otherwise I am quite well."

He almost carried her up the steps.

Mr. Carey had his reclining-chair rolled out on the veranda. He would not have Philip's home-coming dampened, he had thought, by finding him in bed. But, by and by, he had to admit that his illness was of a nature to demand quiet and freedom from anxiety. This his physician had particularly urged.

Mike Conley, the one farm-hand left, went about his work of feeding and watering stock and milking cows, muttering to himself of hard times and what was going to become of the people.

Philip smiled at first, but by and by he became sufficiently impressed to follow him into the shack in the corner of the yard that he called his office, to inquire about the farm. Mike had stopped to bathe his face in the basin by the door.

"Well, Mr. Conley," Philip began, as he seated himself on a trunk at the foot of the bed, "how was it that Sweeney happened to get tired of you and father?"

"Just took a notion that he wanted to stroll around, I reckon. Your pa had always paid him well, and he had saved up

a little money, and he wanted to take up some government land. He said he was getting too old for a wage-worker; he wanted a bit of land of his own. I reckon he couldn't be blamed. But it left us in bad shape. Me crippled up half the time with rheumatism; and after Sweeney left, your pa just got right down."

The doctor was coming in at the gate and Philip leaned forward to see.

"I wanted to ask you, Mike, what it is about the wheat? I know it needs harvesting, and I guess we would better get some hands and go to work at it."

Mike had hung the towel up, and settled himself down in the door. He took some very brown tobacco from his pocket and bit off a chew.

"We'll have to telegraph to the planet Mars, if we get any hands," he observed. "Ain't none to be had in this country. I've been riding for a week, hunting hands."

Philip began to understand what his mother and Doctor Moulton had meant, when they said that his father would worry over farm work.

A large white rooster began to crow near the door, and Mike waved his hat to frighten it away.

"I used to think," Mike went on in a philosophic way, "that big landowners were to be envied. But the day has come when we can be land-poor as well as land-rich. The little farm from this on, with its thrifty husbandman, will be the farm that pays. The day has passed when the big land-grabbers will grow rich from their farms. The taxes will eat them up."

Mike looked toward the house; the doctor was coming out; then he turned his eyes toward the lawn where the white rooster had gone, still crowing his best.

"I'm not saying a word against your pa," he continued. "He inherited what land he has here, except the small tract he bought from Tom Brown; and he took that to accommodate him, because he was going away."

"I believe you are right, Mike," Philip agreed, "but we must save the wheat, or we may not be able to pay the taxes. And, perhaps our next wisest step will be to persuade father to break it up into small tracts, each with its cottage, and sell or rent to good householders, who will make it blossom as the rose."

"The day has pretty near come when

that is all that's going to pay. It may be a judgment on these big fellows that want to grab it all."

"Well, we must think over this thing, Mike. You're not able, and I couldn't do much alone. But, listen! I have it now! Our college ball team will be here tomorrow. We had planned a trip to the mountains. You understand I did not know that father was ill, or that I would be needed at home. They were coming to spend a day with me, and we were going together on our outing. Now I have a different plan. We will keep the boys here if they will work—and I believe they will, for they are game every inch. We will pay them well. And we will put in two or three binders, and you can boss and see that the work is done right."

Mike turned his quid of tobacco about in his mouth and smiled.

"Now this must be kept secret," Philip continued. "We will not hint it to any one, until we see how we come out. We can keep 'bach' over in the house where Sweeney lived, and work from that side, so we will not be in sight of the house here till the last day."

Mike smiled again, perhaps a little incredulously.

"Why don't you all come on to dinner?" Martha was calling from the kitchen-door yard. "I have rung the bell three times."

"Hello! Conley, there the boys are!" Philip had sprung from the trunk and was peering through the window. "They have walked from Dorchester." He sprang out of the shack and was dashing across the lawn.

Martha had gone back into the kitchen and did not see. After waiting a moment she came bouncing down the steps again, into the kitchen-door yard. It was evident that her patience was exhausted.

"Do you wish any dinner, Mr. Conley?" she called.

Mike arose, bowing suavely, as he replied: "Yes'm; you'll have some hands for your dinner presently; better put down eight or ten more plates."

Martha had seen the boys, and she ducked back into the kitchen with a woebegone face, and began to mend up the fire in the kitchen range.

"Now, don't stay here and help me on this wild lark of mine for a single minute, just for the sake of helping me," Philip

was urging, next day, as the gang were deep in the plantation, looking at the wheatfields; "the proposition must appeal to you either as pleasure or profit."

"Boys," Clarke was gushing, "let's stop here under these shade-trees and settle the question."

They had reached a spot where a brook ran, transparent as crystal, between mossy banks. And on the overflow side the trees and shrubs were green, and wild flowers and ferns grew rank. The boys were tired from tramping through orchards and sunny fields. They dropped down and threw their hats on the grass. Clarke had settled himself on a log.

"Now, boys, it's like this," he began: "Carey came home thinking that he would enjoy himself with the folks awhile, and then we would all rush off to the mountains and have a great time. But you see how it is! His father ill, and nobody to do this work. He'd be a craven to sneak off. He wouldn't be worthy the honor we've always accorded him if he could leave his post of duty. For my part, I believe we would have the time of our lives, camping in that Sweeney lodge and reaping the fields of wheat. It will teach us something, and it will be profitable to us in more ways than one to have money in our pockets that we have earned. And, as for precedent, we may take the leading nations of the earth at the time of their greatest glory, and agriculture was their foundation stone—the rock on which their preeminence rested. In the days of Rome's prowess, when she sat mistress of the world, a Roman, next to the honors of war, prided himself on his skill in agriculture. And many of our own greatest men have been, at some time in life agriculturalists. And if we elect to play the game for a fortnight, we will, perhaps, feel that, like Cæsar and Washington and Lincoln, there may be a place for us at the top of the ladder."

Clarke had risen, and was standing on the log, making an oration, which he had not intended to do. And the boys listened and smiled, and now they cheered lustily.

"It will be a real lark," all agreed.

"The trip to the mountains doesn't approach it," somebody said.

"There'll be nothing in the way of a trip to the mountains after our little house-party is over," Keats interposed.

"Or field-party," chuckled Timmie Grant.

"Open-air party," maintained grim Rupert Simms.

"Possibly, with more adaptability, we might call it a sunshine-party," suggested Clarke.

Some two or three voices had urged: "Let's go and look at the camp again." And, with common consent, almost a score of feet were clattering pell-mell through the underbrush to the ford, on the way to the Sweeney cottage.

It was a four-room affair, with a tiny porch in front, and steps at the back, and a well and smokehouse in the rear, somewhat back of the door-yard.

The boys were stamping around, trying to decide how to arrange for the most comfort. "It's like this, boys," Philip explained; "it must be kept secret, so as to play a joke on father. He's worrying himself to death about the grain because he hasn't been able to find hands to cut it. Now, what we wish to do is to camp out here, and let him think we've all gone to the mountains until the grain is cut and shocked, and then we'll be ready for our reward and his blessing."

Everybody shouted approval; and little red-headed Jack Knowles jumped up and popped his heels together and declared that this would lay the mountain trip in the shade.

"Now we must get ready for housekeeping, elect cooks, etc., etc.," continued Philip.

"Who would ever have thought of so many possibilities?" gushed Timmie Grant.

"Now let's find who knows about running the machines. We have some farmer boys with us, I am sure. Let's have expressions from everybody, but don't all talk at once," Philip recommended.

Mike Conley had come up and was looking in at the back door.

Finally it was decided that everybody who chanced along was to be sworn to secrecy. Tim and Jack were to cook, and Mike and Clarke and Philip were to run the binders. Martha was to be sworn in for use in getting out quilts and mattresses and dishes and grub and chairs. Mike and the boys were to haul the things after night, together with a discarded range and cooking utensils, buckets, two old tables, etc., etc.

"I'm not coming to cook," complained

Timmie. "If I can't have as big a job as anybody, I won't work at all."

"Well, I won't back down," Jack chuckled. "I'll cook by myself, and I know how, too. And when I'm through, I'll go to the field and help shock grain."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to shock grain, if you cook for nine hungry boys," laughed Clarke.

"You're a real hero, Jack, for you have taken the toughest job," commented Keats, as he slapped Jack approvingly on the back.

"We'll remember it, Jack," admitted Philip, genially. "And you will have some help, too."

"I'll help bring in water," agreed Timmie, "but I don't want to be tied down in a treadmill; and that is what cooking is. I want to work in the grain-field."

Timmie felt that he was in disgrace, and he wished to reprieve himself as far as he might.

"I'll milk," cried Tom Grayson. Everybody laughed, as there was not likely to be a cow to milk.

"Well, I will tell you what we will do, Tom," agreed Philip. "We will have Mike to hike us a cow or two over; and we will have fresh milk. Mike will have to haul feed anyway for the horses. And the barn is all ready; we will not have to build that."

Everybody laughed again.

Clarke hoisted a window and was sitting in it, swinging his feet.

"I make a move that this honorable convention adjourn," suggested Philip. "We'll go now and take dinner with mother, and this afternoon Mike can take us to town in the wagon, and we'll get some working-suits, and return here to the lodge, and go to work toward our housekeeping, and getting ready for the harvesting."

The boys fought obstacles and overcame them, and sang and shouted and worked, and relished Jack's cooking, and drank new milk, and slept on the floor, and declared they never had had such a jolly time, and never would again.

Mrs. Carey was happy at the thought that Philip was gaining strength in the mountains, after his hard college work; and Mr. Carey was glad that, at least, he had been able to make things pleasant for their only child. But he had been suffering more, and the doctor came every day.

Mrs. Carey had been in close attendance in the sick-room. She had forgotten how many days it had been since that happy group of boys had come and gone away. She was trying to think how long it had been; and how happy they had made the old homestead. A catbird was singing in an apple-tree close to the window. Mr. Carey's eyes were closed, and she hoped that he was taking a nap. But just now some one was rapping at the door and she arose and went out. It was Mr. Abe Pettigrew, who had called to see his friend, John Carey. She tiptoed back to see if Mr. Carey was asleep, while Mr. Pettigrew waited in the hall.

Mr. Carey had opened his eyes, and she returned and brought Mr. Pettigrew in.

"Hard to get any work done," Mr. Pettigrew was saying, after some commonplace remarks had been exchanged. "I passed by your fields some days ago. That wheat of yours is fine. But it needs harvesting. I see it is beginning to fall down. A few more days, and maybe a rainstorm on it, and you'll never be able to harvest it."

"Adam Clinton promised to come next week," Mr. Carey rejoined. "But I am getting pretty anxious about it. I don't like to wait a day, let alone a week, when my grain is in that condition."

"Adam Clinton got word yesterday that his father was dead, and he's gone to Simpson County."

Mr. Carey lifted himself to his elbow. Mrs. Carey winced.

The doctor had said he must not be worried about things. And she was sure his life was worth more than the wheat. She regretted that she had brought Mr. Pettigrew into the room. But he and Mr. Carey were such old friends, how could she have refused?

"Could you get some hands for me, Abe? You see how my hands are tied here in this bed. And Sweeney's going away ruined me. I would pay you well. There are a thousand bushels of wheat in that field. I can't afford to lose it."

"We have more than we can do, John. I wish I could help you out; but just now it is impossible. Too few people working. It's the cry everywhere you go. No hands. Nobody to work." Mr. Pettigrew changed his position and cleared his throat. "The colleges are full of knowledge-seekers, the excursion trains are full of pleasure-seek-

ers, and who is to do the work? Such as you and me, who ought to be ready to quit. I wonder what they're all going to eat after awhile. If they had to work like we had to when we were young, they'd be some account."

"Well, we had our time for study, Abe; and our days at the old academy. And if we can't improve conditions for the younger generation, what are we here for?" rejoined Mr. Carey, as his dark eyes, seeming paler now in his anxiety, passed from Mr. Pettigrew's face toward the window, from which could be seen, in the distance, the grainfields across the garden and potato patches.

"Oh, yes, John; but it was not all play in our day. Now its mountain trips and what not, and the grain going to waste." Mr. Pettigrew had arisen, and stood crushing up the brim of his soft straw hat, declaring that he must be going, for there wasn't a minute to lose.

Mrs. Carey had slipped from the room, to relieve, a little, the tension in her breast.

After Mr. Pettigrew departed, she entered the room by a rear door.

Mr. Carey looked helplessly into her face from his pillow, his tired eyes appealing for aid to whom he might.

"Father!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "can you walk to the window? I will help you." She ran to get his dressing-gown and slippers. "You must see our boy—our blessed boy. They did not go to the mountains. Martha says they have been all the time camping in the Sweeney house, and working and starving and sleeping on the floor, and they have cut all the wheat in all the fields and shocked it; and yonder they are now, finishing up. Look at them in their white ducks. Isn't it a picture for angels to behold?"

"Mother, call Abe Pettigrew," Mr. Carey quavered.

Mrs. Carey ran to an opposite window. "He's gone, father," she faltered.

"Call him back—run—send Martha! I've got to have him! Hurry!"

The little mother ran. She called Martha. The two of them ran. The young limbs were nimble; they outran the little mother.

Mr. Pettigrew had passed through the big swinging gate from the broad, wooded lot out into the roadway, and had just climbed onto his sorrel mount.

"Mr. Pettigrew, come back! Mr. Carey—" was all he heard Martha say.

He stopped and turned about. Mr. Pettigrew never acted on impulse. He weighed the matter a moment, and then he got down.

"Carey! Has he been taken again—and all so sudden? A few more of these attacks and he won't last six months."

Martha said she did not know. Must be something bad, from the way Mrs. Carey ran.

She opened the gate; and he led the sorrel through.

"What seems to be the matter now?" he asked, when he had got his tall, commanding form back into the room and found John Carey standing by the window in dressing-gown and slippers, and such a smile on his face as, perhaps, he had scarcely worn since in their youth these two had played cricket at old Westfield Academy.

"Just come to the window, Abe; I couldn't let you go yet. I wanted you to see the boys—Philip's class. They had started on a pleasure trip to the mountains. I thought they had gone. I told him to go; but, instead of going, there he is with the ball team in that grain-field. There'll be no money I've got too good for that gang of boys. They are worth it all yet, Abe." The tears were running down Mr. Carey's cheeks.

Mrs. Carey took his arm. "You must lie down, father," she was saying. "You'll be worse if you tax your strength too much."

"Oh, no, Mollie; I don't feel that I should ever wish to lie down any more. Get me my clothes, I will dress myself."

Abe Pettigrew was bowing himself out. "I'm glad there are a few that will make good," they heard him say as he passed through the hall.

"There'll be a thousand acres coming to him, mother; and he'll be capable," Mr. Carey commented, as the little mother led him toward the bed. "Get me my things, Mollie; I don't need this bed any more."

They laughed and cried together for awhile, and then the little mother thought of something.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, gleefully, "they have given us a surprise, and now I will give them one. They will finish by tomorrow noon, I am sure, and Martha

and I will go to work at once and give them a little supper and a party tomorrow night."

Two days later all was over, and the boys were at Dorchester, on their way, at last, to the mountains, happy at the prospect of an outing well earned. The train was not yet due, and Doctor Moulton came into the waiting-room, saying that he could not have such a heroic bunch of boys leave without his shaking hands with every one of them. He then asked them to walk out on the platform, explaining that the *Dorchester Eagle* had a full column with big headlines that morning of their exploits, and that a crowd of people were waiting outside to see them, and, if possible, shake hands.

As they passed out, feeling very much surprised that their little house-party had created a sensation, Doctor Moulton withdrew to the rear with Philip. Pressing his hand again, he said: "My dear boy, do you know you have saved your father? I will not deceive you. He is suffering from a serious malady. But with care and freedom from anxiety, he may live many years. And this morning he seemed five years younger than he did three days ago."

—Mrs. T. C. Alford, in *Christian Standard*.

The body of John L. Griffiths, American Consul-General in London, England, who died suddenly of heart trouble, was brought home on the steamship *Carmania*, after lying in state one day in the town hall at Liverpool.

The State Department at Washington paid tribute to Mr. Griffiths in the following statement: "He exerted in addition to his efficient service as an officer of the government a far-reaching influence for good will and friendliness throughout a large section of English society and the business world. His loss here is keenly felt."

The department has placed the American Embassy in London at Mrs. Griffith's service during her bereavement. Secretary Bryan also cabled his sympathies and regrets to Ambassador Page over the death of Mr. Griffiths.

WANTED.—Sabbath-keepers want man of like faith to do haying the last of June and first of July. Can accommodate man and wife two weeks. Fay Farm, Princeton, Mass.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

On Grandpa's Farm

Oh, don't you know the fun on grandpa's farm?
For grandpa says, "Let 'em; it ain't no harm";
An' Cousin Bob leads us and cries, "Here goes!"
An' mamma—she just says: "Such clothes!"

We've Crusoe's Island an' a robber's cave
An' a Tower of London; an' don't you know,
When one of us wants to let on he's brave
He crawls under the sawmill, scared and slow!

Oh, you don't know half the fun out there!
For grandpa—he never tells us, "Take care!"
An' Cousin Bob laughs and says to "carouse,"
An' mamma, you see, is off in the house.

We fish in the brooks and play in the sands,
An' try to catch tadpoles out of the springs;
We hide in the bushes like Injun bands,
An' fight with the hornets and get their stings.

Oh, there's plenty of fun on grandpa's place,
For grandpa—he says, "Now scoot on a race!"
An' Cousin Bob he smiles an' says, "There she
blows!"

An' mamma—she only just says: "Such clothes!"
—Our Little Folks' Magazine.

Some Home-made Toys

For a little birthday remembrance nothing is nicer than something you have made yourself; and often on a stormy day, when only indoor play is possible, you grow tired of books and games and welcome any change of amusement. For an inexpensive gift or for your own pleasure you will find help in the construction of games and toys from such simple home materials as boxes, pasteboard, spools, corks, old magazine pictures and so on.

From hat boxes beautiful toy houses and shops may be constructed; the furniture made of smaller boxes or of corks and pins, with cord woven in and out of a row of pins for the backs of chairs. Small, round hairpin or pill-boxes will furnish the kitchen with all conveniences. They provide pans and pails (with hairpin handles) or a churn, with dasher formed of a meat-skewer and round pieces of pasteboard.

The boxes used for safety matches are easily changed into many things. Six boxes in their covers, fastened two wide and three high to a cardboard back, make a bureau. The handles of the drawers are

brass paper fasteners or buttons and the mirror is tin-foil pasted on the cardboard back, which extends above the bureau top.

A cradle is made from a match box or a small candy box, by fastening on it cardboard rockers; by using the same sort of box, with meat-skewers or matches for axles and wooden button molds for wheels, a cart or baby's carriage is provided. Crêpe paper will add a dainty touch to these bits of furniture.

Instead of houses and furniture made of boxes you can make "picture houses," as I call them. Use an oblong paper seven by ten or twelve inches for the foundation. On this paste wall paper half way down and cover the rest with a plain color or pictures of rugs or carpet. Now your room is ready to furnish with pictures cut from magazines. Paste the furniture on, so that it will look as though standing on the floor, and add pictures of doors, windows and framed pictures in their proper places on the wall. Be sure to ask some older person if you may have the magazine before you cut it up.

Another way to use magazine pictures is in a "cut-out town," made from pictures of automobiles, wagons, animals, trees, houses and people, each one standing up, braced by an empty spool or a stiff paper standard, and all arranged to represent the street of a town. Of course only one side of the picture can show, just as in a stage scene.

Very absurd looking geometric animals can be made from cardboard, the different parts of the body formed of squares and oblongs fastened together with brass paper fasteners. The rectangles may have the corners cut off, if this better suggests a particular animal. The size of the different parts of the body must be made in right proportion, so far as possible.—*The Churchman*.

My Neighbor

Across the way he calls and calls—
I can not read or think:
Although he dwells in lordly halls,
He seems half crazed with drink.
He sings and reels, yet keeps the fence,
Then seems to rise and sink;
And while I wait in some suspense,
He twists and turns, and with a wink
He almost topples over:—
It is the merry bobolink,
Up from his bed of clover.

—Eli Barber.

Our New Church by "The Western Sea"

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS

I have a bit of choice news for RECORDER readers that I am sure they will greatly enjoy. It is this: Yesterday was the birthday of our youngest Seventh Day Baptist church. It starts out in life with seventeen live members. May 9 will be long remembered at Long Beach, that "beautiful city by the Western Sea."

As our little congregation assembled for its morning service in the beautiful home of Frank Muncy and family, its accustomed meeting-place, the invigorating southern California sunshine and the delicious air from the Pacific were refreshing. But the faces of those who were soon to form the new church bore evidences that "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" had come to their hearts, which had been fully surrendered to the Master.

It was an epoch-making event in their lives as they journey on the way to "the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." They covenanted with one another and with God to walk together in "The commandments of God and the faith of Jesus," and faithfully trust and serve "him, whom not having seen we love," and to follow "in his steps" as "seeing him who is invisible."

The articles of faith and practice adopted are very similar to those found in our denominational Handbook. The brevity and simplicity of the statements show that we believe that Christianity consists in life and character, rather than in a creed, although we recognize the fact that what we believe is a determining factor in building character and shaping life.

I have been in such services before, but never when conditions were so strikingly impressive. The influences of the Holy Spirit's presence were very marked indeed, but there was added power I never before experienced. I think you will catch my meaning when I tell you how very near every member of the new church seems to me. My brother-in-law, F. C. Wells, and family, only a few weeks from Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. Lucy Sweet and her daughter, Lillian, whom I met at Dodge Center, Minn., years ago. My first church membership was there, and that vicinity was my home for twenty years; Mr. and

Mrs. Scott F. Randolph were among my West Virginia friends; the Frank Muncy family, only a few years from Nortonville, Kan., where I was pastor for twelve years; Mrs. Carry Muncy Carson, whom I baptized at Nortonville, whose letter was from Boulder, Colo., A. A. Hurley and wife, Matie Muncy Hurley, were among my young people at Nortonville. When they decided to establish a new home of their own I was invited to perform the ceremony that made it possible. Their letters were from Cosmos, Okla., G. E. Osborn and family came from Milton a few years ago. Their son and daughter I never saw until I reached California; but I knew Mr. Osborn while a student in Milton College, and Mrs. Osborn was one of my girls while pastor at Milton Junction, my first pastorate. I married them twenty-one years ago last Sunday. Mrs. Osborn and her sister, Miss Eva Brown, who also joined the new church, are daughters of our good old Dea. Erastus Brown of the Milton Junction Church, and one of my stalwart workers while pastor there. He passed from the land of service to the home of rewards while I was his pastor.

Now, I think you see, without much exercise of imagination, that yesterday was, to me, much more than a "red-letter day."

One of the mothers of the membership was originally a Presbyterian. She and her two daughters joined the little company. All the others have been members of Seventh Day Baptist churches in other localities.

Prayer meetings and Sabbath school had been held at Long Beach before I came to the coast. For several months there had been a Christian Endeavor society. All the people, old and young, are good Christian workers—not a drone among them. There are a goodly number of bright children in our families. These are a valuable asset in the work of the Lord, and increase the brightness of our hopes for the future.

I have felt this blessing of being able to respond to new friendships very strongly lately, for I have lost many old and valued connections during this trying spring. I thank God far more earnestly for such blessings than for my daily bread, for friendship is the bread of the heart.—*Mary Russell Milford.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE
Contributing Editor

We regret that credit was not given to the writer of the excellent article on "The Responsibility of the Sabbath School in the Spiritual Development of the Child," which appeared on this page in the issue of May 18. Read it again and remember that it was written by Mrs. Mabel Clarke Sayre of Albion, Wis.

Teacher Training

The ideal method of teacher training is for every Bible school to train its own young people and have them in readiness for the work of teaching. A regular teacher-training class which older pupils may enter as they reach the ages of sixteen to nineteen, taught by one who realizes the great opportunity and privilege, is the best asset of any school.

At a banquet recently tendered to Rev. Charles A. Oliver, who has now, for a number of years, forwarded teacher-training work in Pennsylvania, it was stated that, whereas ten years ago only thirteen per cent of those enrolled in teacher-training classes in that State pursued their work to graduation and secured their diplomas, this percentage has now risen to 35. More than 4,000 graduate and receive teacher-training diplomas every year in Pennsylvania. The pastor of one church in that State, who about ten years ago woke up to the importance of training the young people in his own school for the work of teaching, now reports fifty teachers in the main school who hold teacher-training diplomas, while forty others have taken teacher-training courses and are ready to teach when their services are needed.

Even the smallest school, if it becomes thoroughly aroused to the importance and possibility of training its most promising members for teaching, will certainly be able to increase its efficiency and spiritual results.—*Sunday School World.*

How the International Lesson Committee May Hereafter be Formed

It was a conference of far-reaching significance, perhaps opening a new chapter in Bible-school history, that was held in Philadelphia, April 22-24, when the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations and the Executive Committee of the International Sunday School Association, with the American Section of the International Lesson Committee, met to consider a possible basis for more effective coöperation between the denominations and the International Sunday School Association in the selecting of Bible-school lessons and the forming of the (American) Lesson Committee. Following the closed and official session of these bodies, there was an open conference in which there met, with the above, editors and publishers of interdenominational Bible-school periodicals. This conference gave opportunity for free expression of views concerning the principles of Uniform and Graded Lesson selections. The open conference took no action, but was intended to throw light upon the vital questions involved.

The official action of the conference is set forth in the following statement; and this action will be passed upon, so far as the International Sunday School Association is concerned, at the International Sunday School Convention at Chicago, June 23-30.

ACTION TAKEN BY THE JOINT MEETING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL COUNCIL OF EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS AND THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Regarding principles for which the two bodies stand:

1. Unity of lesson courses, with denominational freedom for any desired modifications.
2. The joint selection of all courses on the part of the International Sunday School Association, the Sunday School Council, and denominational agencies.
3. All lesson courses available for all publishers.

Regarding the Lesson Committee:

1. We recommend that the International Sunday School Lesson Committee be created as follows:
 - (a) Eight members to be selected by the International Sunday School Association.
 - (b) Eight members to be selected by the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations.
 - (c) One member to be selected by each denomination represented in the Sunday School

Council, now having, or that in the future may have, a Lesson Committee.

2. It shall be the duty of the International Lesson Committee thus selected to construct lesson courses to be submitted to the various denominations, subject to such revision and modification as each denomination may desire to make in order to adapt the courses to its own denominational needs.

3. No course shall be promulgated or discontinued by the Lesson Committee unless the action is approved by a majority of the members of each of the three sections of the committee.

4. The Lesson Committee shall be created not later than July 1, 1914, and the lesson courses constructed by it shall take effect at the close of the present cycle of Uniform Lessons.

5. Beginning July 1, 1914, the members of the sections of the International Lesson Committee, representing the International Association and the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations, shall be elected as follows:

(a) One-half for a period of three years, and one-half for a period of six years, and thereafter for periods of six years.

(b) The representatives of the denominations shall be elected for a period of three years.

6. The foregoing agreement may be changed only by mutual consent of the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations.

This action will be submitted for final adoption to the Triennial Convention of the International Sunday School Association at Chicago, June 23-30, 1914.

It will be seen that, if the plans here outlined go into effect, the International Lesson Committee will be made up in a different way from heretofore, and there will be closer cooperation between the denominational boards and the International Sunday School Association in the preparing of lesson courses. Paragraph No. 3 is of great significance, as providing that no action can be taken by the Lesson Committee except as it is approved by a majority of the members of each of the three sections of the committee.

May Bible-school workers and all interested in the enrichment of the Bible study of the Bible schools of the world be much in prayer that God's own wisdom and grace shall prevail at the Chicago Convention, and shall direct in the selection, meantime, of members of the Lesson Committee; and for the guidance of that committee, if finally constituted as here proposed in the selection of lesson courses.—*Sunday School Times*.

LESSON X.—JUNE 6, 1914

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM

Lesson Text.—Luke xvii, 20-37.

Golden Text.—"Lo, the kingdom of God is within you." Luke xvii, 21.

DAILY READINGS

First-day, Gen. vii, 1-24.

Second-day, Gen. xix, 12-28.

Third-day, Acts i, 1-14.

Fourth-day, Matt. xxiv, 1-14.

Fifth-day, Matt. xxiv, 15-31.

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

Sabbath day, Luke xvii, 20-37.

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

Milton in Sight of the Goal

Sixteen hundred dollars more in cash and pledges will bring Milton to the place where she can claim Andrew Carnegie's \$2,500, clear the obligations from the Auditorium-Gymnasium, and prepare the way for new forward movements. Sixteen hundred dollars is not much. But the fields have been mostly canvassed and the time is short. Commencement is only two weeks away.

Milton needs *your* gift. She needs it *now*.

It is not necessary to pay the money now. That is much to be preferred, of course. But your pledge will do, payable at a date you will name.

Let us not be content with simply crawling across the line with a scant margin. Let us leap *past* the goal with a cheer. Let us heap up the measure, starting the new era with money in the bank for needed improvements. Boost Milton. Give the old school a vote of loving confidence and a Godspeed.

The college has won new laurels this year in debate and athletics, in concert and contest, in scholarship and life. *The best is yet to come.*

More new students are in prospect for next year than President Daland has ever known before at this season. The present students are loyal and enthusiastic. The "Forward Movement" is bearing fruit.

We want to celebrate a great Anniversary Day, June 18, with thanksgiving for the past and optimism for the future.

Only \$1,600 more! The plans are made! The timbers are in place. The joints are shaped. Now for the raising! Everybody lift! *Yeo, Heave!*

LESTER C. RANDOLPH, '88.

The "efficiency experts" in a factory study every moment of each employe to see that nothing unnecessary is done. How immensely we could add to our own efficiency if we wasted no energy in sighing over the past and in envying our neighbors!—*Baptist Commonwealth*.

HOME NEWS

DERUYTER, N. Y.—The repairs on the parsonage, which have been in progress for some weeks, are nearing completion. The improvements which have been made will make it much more convenient and comfortable for our pastor and family.

Mr. F. W. Kenyon of Nortonville, Kan., has bought a farm in this vicinity, and with his wife, has joined our church. We are so glad to welcome these dear people among us, and trust that we may be mutually helpful to each other. We also had the joy of receiving into the church a few weeks since a young lady from a near-by town who had been looking into the matter for some time and was baptized a few months since. She has come into this experience through trial and difficulty, and we believe will prove faithful. E. M. A.

ALFRED, N. Y.—Seven were baptized last Friday, sixty-one since the closing week of our evangelistic campaign, sixty-eight during this Conference year, and others are awaiting baptism this week. Not all these have joined the church yet, but over sixty have joined by baptism or letter since the beginning of the meetings and about eighty since the Conference year opened. There are quite a number who have commenced the Christian life but are putting off baptism. The time to be baptized is when one is ready—when he has begun the Christian life—whether any one else is ready or not. Christian people can encourage such to take this step; an encouraging word may do a world of good.

MILTON, WIS.—A very pleasant social was enjoyed Wednesday evening by the people of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in their new church parlors. An interesting program was given, the concluding number of which was an illustrated talk on his trip through Palestine by Pastor Randolph.

Pastor Randolph lectures next Monday at Viroqua, as the last number of their lecture course. Tuesday he delivers the Commencement address for the Osceola High School and Thursday for the Hartland High School. A. G. Churchward is principal at Osceola and F. B. Coon at Hartland.

LITTLE PRAIRIE, ARK.—I think it will be of interest to some of the readers of the RECORDER to hear from this part of the country. I will write of the Prairie Gem schoolhouse.

As I was returning home from a business trip to Clarendon, I stopped in the neighborhood where the three Monroe families live. There being of them six members of the Little Prairie Church, I hoped to make arrangements for holding meetings at the Prairie Gem schoolhouse, near where Lee Monroe and his mother live. This schoolhouse is seven miles from DeWitt and about twenty-five miles from the Little Prairie church. On my arrival I was informed that Deacon Ray and Lee Monroe had obtained permission of the directors and there was a request to hold meetings in the schoolhouse.

We gave out a hurried appointment for service Sabbath night, April 18, and Sunday and Sunday night. There were good congregations and good order. I left an appointment for May 9 and 10, when I visited them again. At this time heavy rains had kept the farmers from the fields, and the ground had just become dry enough to work. Every farmer was in a hurry. So when it was 8 o'clock by my watch I thought best not to wait longer though there were only a half-dozen present. But some one suggested that as it was a work-day with the people it might be best to wait a few minutes, as my time might be a little fast. In ten minutes there were forty in the house. On Sunday at 11 o'clock there were fifty present, and more Sunday night—I do not know how many. The seats were full and there were some out of doors. There was good order and good attention and there was no one who had to go out during any of the services. It was indeed a pleasure to talk to such a congregation.

It was a great pleasure to me to meet several of my pupils of twenty-eight or thirty years ago, whom I had not seen since the close of the school. I have now regular monthly appointments for the summer, or as long as I am here, at the Prairie Gem schoolhouse.

There has been so much sickness here at Nady, where the Seventh Day Baptist church is, that we could not keep up the appointments. At present there are several cases of measles and, it is thought, two

cases of pneumonia. We try again May 23 and 24. There is a good prospect for fruit, crops, and mast.

J. L. HULL.

Nady, Ark.,
May 19, 1914.

Denominational News

Dean Main and his son George of Florida spent last Sabbath in Shiloh, N. J. Dean Main spoke twice at Shiloh and once at Marlboro.

Last Sunday afternoon Dean Main spoke in the Memorial Baptist church of Philadelphia. As an experiment this afternoon meeting, following the Bible school, is substituted for the usual Sunday evening service. Dean Main's cousin, the Rev. W. H. Main, D. D., is pastor of this church, and boys and girls receive much attention at his hands. A group of sixty or seventy sit in the front pews every Sunday morning, taking part in the worship and listening to a short discourse prepared especially for them.—*Alfred Sun.*

President Daland gave a talk before the Janesville High School Wednesday on music. He gave a more extended lecture on the same subject at Battle Creek Friday evening in the Sanitarium gymnasium. Sabbath morning he conducted services in the chapel, and he spoke at the Seventh Day Baptist Church service in the afternoon, returning Monday to meet his classes.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the college last Wednesday evening Mr. J. N. Daland was elected to the chair of Latin Language and Literature. Mr. Daland is to take up his duties as Professor Daland next fall. Mr. Daland, while in Milton College, won high honors for his scholarship, especially in Latin, his major study. Since his graduation he has been studying at the University of Wisconsin, and he will receive his master's degree in June. His work at Madison has been in the line of his profession and has received flattering attention from the professors.—*Milton (Wis.) Journal-Telephone.*

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others can not keep it from themselves.—*J. M. Barrie.*

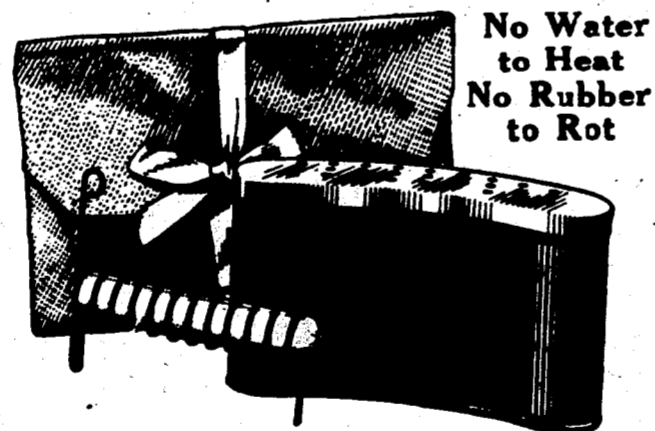
Love and Service

A spirit of loving service should fill the heart of every Christian. Those to whom we give kindness and love will return the same with fidelity and service rendered in like spirit. We are usually paid in returns of our own gifts. Love invites its own response; service inspires to service; and the memory of a kindness done may prove to us a welcome shelter and defense in time of need. It may be thou doest not love thy neighbor; it may be thou thinkest only how to get from him, how to gain by him. How lonely, then, must thou be! how shut up in thy poverty-stricken room, with the bare walls of thy selfishness and the hard couch of thy dissatisfaction!—*George Macdonald.*

"A woman eighty years of age was asked how she kept so youthful in looks and heart. "I know how to forget disagreeable things," she replied. Some girls of sixteen are old in spirit and in countenance because they refuse to forget the disagreeables of life, but brood upon them constantly."

THE WELKOM WARMER

Endorsed by the medical profession and hospital authorities as the only modern and sensible substitute for the Hot-water Bottle.



No Water
to Heat
No Rubber
to Rot

THE WELKOM WARMER OUTFIT

It is made of metal, and is heated within one minute by the lighting and insertion of tube containing a blazeless, smokeless and odorless fuel, generating a heat of uniform temperature which lasts two hours, at a cost of less than one cent.

As a pain-killer the WELCOME WARMER has no equal as it can be put into instant action, thus avoiding heating water and waiting for the kettle to boil.

Complete outfit, including Warmer, bag, belt, box and 10 tubes of fuel, \$1.00.

Write today for descriptive folder.

WELKOM WARMER MFG. CO.

Dept. S. R. 108 Fulton St., New York.

MARRIAGES

GEUDER-CASE.—At the home of Mrs. Emily C. Wells, where the bride made her home, Sunday evening, May 17, 1914, by Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, Mr. John H. Geuder of Olean, N. Y., and Mrs. Ida Brown Case of Little Genesee, N. Y.

DEATHS

GREENE.—Mrs. Rhoda Tift Whitford, daughter of David G. and Aurilla Burdick Whitford, was born in Stephentown, N. Y., August 4, 1840, and died at Berlin, N. Y., May 10, 1914.

When she was a young girl, her parents moved from Stephentown, N. Y., to Berlin, N. Y., where she lived until her death. On December 28, 1856, she was baptized by Rev. L. C. Rogers and joined the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Church. She was married to Mr. William D. Greene, October 18, 1862. Her husband died January 12, 1911.

For several years she has been in very poor health and unable to leave her home. In former years she was always faithful in her attendance at all the meetings of the church, and until her death was interested in the welfare of the church and denomination. For the past few months she has been failing very rapidly, and the summons, when it came, released her from her pain and suffering and ushered her into an upper and better kingdom. During her sickness she gave evidence that she was leaning for help and strength upon the loving arms of her heavenly Father and waiting patiently for his summons, "Come up higher."

The funeral, conducted by her pastor, Rev. H. L. Cottrell, was held at her late residence, Wednesday afternoon, May 13, 1914. Interment was made in the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery.

H. L. C.

Spring and Autumn

God in his heart made autumn for the young
That they might learn to accept the approach
of age

In golden woods and starry saxifrage
And valleys all with azure mists o'erhung.

For over death a radiant veil he flung,
That thus the inevitable heritage

Might come revealed in beauty, and assuage
The dread with which the heart of youth is
wrung.

And for the consolation of the old

He made the delicate, swift, tumultuous spring
That every year they might again behold
The image of their youth in everything,
And bless the fruit trees flowering in the cold,
Whose harvest is not for their gathering.

—*Mary Robinson.*

Judas

REV. M. B. KELLY

"Dear Master, I love thee
Much dearer, I'm sure,
Than all else beside thee;
My love shall endure.
I love to sit by thee
And lean on thy breast;
I'm sure, of all things,
I love thee the best."

With this declaration,
In feigned sweetest bliss,
The speaker stepped forward
And gave him a kiss.
But Judas had bargained,
E'er this, with the Jews,
To sacrifice Jesus,
For them to abuse.

Oh, life so perverted!
Oh, heart so untrue!
To vow deep devotion
While treachery grew;
To claim with such unction
That love daily grows,
While secretly selling
Your Lord to his foes.

Oh, heartless disciple!
Why sharpen his pain
By strong protestations
Of love that were vain?
Why sacrifice Jesus
To gratify self?
Why deepen his wounds
For earth's paltry pelf?

To sacrifice Jesus
Whose love is so true,
Was not the worst, Judas,
Thy false life would do:
For through this bad bargain
Thy Lord reached his goal;
But in the transaction
Thou'st sold thine own soul.

For the comfort of some who write for our paper we quote the following description of Robert Louis Stevenson: "No writer ever displayed a fuller knowledge of the meaning of words or strung them together more musically, yet, says his biographer, in every language he learned, the grammar remained unknown to him, however correctly he might use its idioms, and the spelling of his own tongue was dark to him to the very last. It was one of the tasks of Sir Sidney Colvin, to whom Mr. Stevenson forwarded most of his manuscripts, to make the author's eccentric orthography conform to conventional standards before appearing in print."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

The Sabbath Recorder

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

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year \$2.00
Per copy05

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

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

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

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

Advertising rates furnished on request.

When Jesus Christ says that he has overcome the world, he means that his conquest is the pledge of ours. If he had failed, we could not have succeeded. It is because he has succeeded that we can not fail. These are Christian promises; these are Christian delights; these are the joys of the sanctuary.—*Joseph Parker.*

NEW

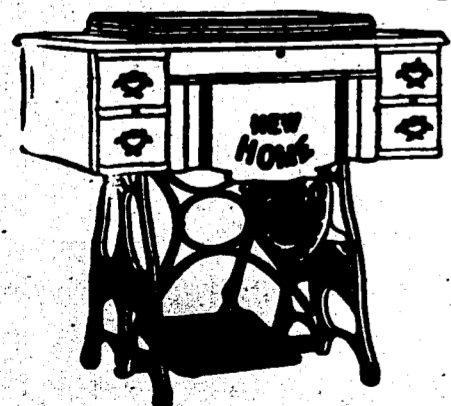
THE
SEWING
MACHINE
OF
QUALITY.

NOT
SOLD
UNDER
ANY
OTHER
NAME.

HOME

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.

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



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

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

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

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.

One morning last Spring, little Ruth, aged seven, was watching a meadow lark in the adjoining field, and listening to his song. In a little while she came running into the house to her mother and said, "Mother, he wasn't a bit afraid, he looked at me and then turned round and sang another verse."—*Exchange.*

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

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

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

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

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

Board of Trustees—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.; Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.; Mr. W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.; Rev. H. Eugene Davis, Walworth, Wis.; Rev. Charles S. Sayre, Albion, Wis.; Rev. Lester C. Randolph, Milton, Wis.;

Mr. N. O. Moore, Milton, Wis.; Mr. R. Vernon Hurley, Milton, Wis.; Dr. Geo. E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.; Prof. D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.; Miss Mabel Maxson, Milton, Wis.; Prof. Leman H. Stringer, Milton, Wis.;

Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Milton Junction, Wis.; Mr. Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis., and Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, New York, N. Y.

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

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD.

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

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

Recording Secretary—Miss Carrie Nelson, Milton, Wis.

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

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

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

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

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

Field Secretaries—Miss Edna Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.;

Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, Verona, N. Y.; Miss Mabel Jordan, Nile, N. Y.; Miss Lucile Davis, Salem, W. Va.;

Miss Daisy Furrow, Battle Creek, Mich.; Miss Bernice Burdick, Welton, Ia.; Mr. C. C. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark.;

Miss Luella Baker, Riverside, Cal.; Rev. Peter Taekema, Rotterdam, Holland, and Miss Anna M. West, Shanghai, China.

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT.

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

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

Corresponding Secretaries—Rev. E. B. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I.; Prof. E. E. Whitford, 180 Claremont Ave., New York, N. Y.;

Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.;

Mr. W. K. Davis, Milton, Wis.;

Mr. F. J. Ehret, Salem, W. Va.;

Mr. W. R. Potter, Hammond, La., and Dr. H. C. Brown, Brookfield, N. Y.

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

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

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

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

Plainfield, N. J.

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

Babcock Building.
Printing and Publishing of all kinds

WILLIAM MAXSON STILLMAN,

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

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

FREE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Catalogue sent upon request.
Address, Alfred Theological Seminary.

BIBLE STUDIES ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.

In paper, postpaid, 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.
Address, Alfred Theological Seminary.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND.

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

New York City.

HERBERT G. WHIPPLE,

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
220 Broadway. St. Paul Building.

HARRY W. PRENTICE, D. D. S.,

"THE NORTHPORT,"
76 West 103d Street.

ORRA S. ROGERS, Metropolitan Manager,

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company,
149 Broadway, New York City.

Chicago, Ill.

BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY,

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

The Sabbath Visitor

*Gives More for Its Price
Than Other Juvenile Papers*

It contains eight pages, *weekly*, and three holiday numbers contain twelve or sixteen pages, making 428 or more pages of reading matter per year. Compare this with other juvenile weeklies or monthlies at one dollar or more per year and you will find that in buying the Visitor at 60 cents you receive much more for your money

In each issue are splendid short stories, historical articles, juvenile poems, the funniest of funny stories, and the Sabbath School lesson told in simple form for the child

While the price is 60 cents per year, we will send the Sabbath Visitor to a new subscriber six months for 25 cents. In clubs of ten or more the price is 50 cents per year

Send for Free Sample Copies

The SABBATH VISITOR, PLAINFIELD
NEW JERSEY

The Sabbath Recorder

SERVICE

Untouched by grief, how should I walk these ways,
These common ways of earth, wherein each man
Is set apart, as by some unknown plan,
To work his problems out, for blame or praise?
So eager the desire for happier days,
The wish to crowd with joy life's narrow span,
All nobler thoughts might end where they began,
Nor guide my footsteps through this tangled maze.

But, taught by sorrow, lessoned by defeat,
I feel at last the strange electric thrill
That binds true hearts together, and I greet
All men as brothers, seeking, serving still.
I own my human heritage complete,
To love and suffer with undaunted will.

—Emma Endicott Mearns.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—Memorial Day at Plainfield; "Toll for the Brave"; Wonderful Improvement in Caring for Troops; Another Strong Word Against Alcohol	705-707	Our Circulating Library	721
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES—A New Appalachian Forest Reserve; Fourth of July at Independence Hall; The Strange Catastrophe on the St. Lawrence	707-709	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Chief Seats	722
Eternal Life	710	Among the Churches of the Southeastern Association	723
God's Care (poetry)	715	My Mountain Climb	724
WOMAN'S WORK—What Kind of Service Shall We Give? (poetry); A Newsy Letter From Doctor Crandall; Worker's Exchange	716-718	CHILDREN'S PAGE—An Odd Surprise (poetry); The Cherry Tree Robbers	726
Memorial Day Sermon	718	Can Not be Trusted	727
		Words of Sympathy	727
		Why I Am Quitting the Liquor Business	728
		A Prophecy	731
		SABBATH SCHOOL—Adult Class Questions	732
		HOME NEWS	733
		DEATHS	735
		Denominational News	736