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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.

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WHOLE NO. 3,614.

Memorial Day at Plainfield

Sabbath Day, May 30, was observed in the Seventh Day Baptist church of Plainfield with exercises appropriate to Memorial Day. Pastor Edwin Shaw's sermon for the occasion is given on another page of this paper. The music in the church services was patriotic in character, the large organ was decorated with the American flag, and beautiful flowers surrounded the pulpit.

In the Sabbath school special songs and recitations were given and Capt. William Hand, an old veteran of many battles, told us about the battle of Gettysburg as he saw it. There was something about the services of both church and Sabbath school that was especially touching to some of us. Just as Sabbath school was convening the parade escorting a little squad of veterans of the Civil War passed our church. We paused a few moments to see them, and many hearts were touched and the eyes of some of the older ones were filled with tears.

In the Sabbath school a quartet sang, "Beneath the Laurel:"

"They sleep beneath the laurel, those soldier-boys of ours,
While o'er them winds are sighing amid the fragrant flowers;
And all the echoes whisper across the shine and shade,
To lull their dreamless slumber, beneath the laurel laid.

Chorus—

"Beneath the laurels sweetly sleep,
While angels fair their vigils keep,
No foes invade, no cares infest,
Sleep on, brave boys, and take your rest!"

"Their brows are crown'd with vict'ry, those soldier-boys of ours.
Whose weary hands are folded beneath the fairest flowers;
No more the call to battle by them shall be obey'd;
They sleep, no more to waken, beneath the laurel laid.—Cho.

"The battle march is ended, the stirring warfare done,
The armed ranks are broken, the victory is won;
Sleep on, O fallen heroes, no more by foes dismay'd,
God give you tranquil slumber, beneath the laurel laid."—Cho.

"Toll for the Brave"

More than one hundred years ago William Cowper, the poet, wrote, "Toll for the brave, the brave that are no more." The requiem was sung over a great naval tragedy of the poet's own time. It embodied the very spirit of our Memorial Day; and the rapidly thinning ranks of the old soldiers as the years go by make the words, "for the brave that are no more," doubly significant. To those who witnessed, in the parades on Decoration Day, the little handful of feeble tottering men who wore the badges of the Grand Army of the Republic; and who occupied so small a space in the marching lines, there came a shock of sadness. Every parade, in whatever town the day was celebrated, gave an object-lesson impressing with solemn emphasis the truth that each year swells the list of "the brave that are no more." A few of us can remember when companies of the "boys in blue" made the main feature of Memorial Day parades, when long lines of veterans of the Civil War marched promptly with soldier tread as the bands played "Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," or "The Star-Spangled Banner." We have seen the ranks dwindling year by year for nearly half a century, yet while the Grand Army was able to muster long lines of sturdy men the annual loss did not seem so great. It is only in recent years that the sad truth has been brought home with special force that those who risked their lives to save the Union are rapidly passing away. And to some of us the scenes of yesterday were unusually pathetic. Escorted by our soldiers in khaki, and by the "Boy Scouts" with Red Cross banners, the few veterans in blue showed plainly that they could not march to spread garlands on their fallen comrades' graves many more years.

Then the changes in the multitudes that greeted the marching lines are quite as impressive as those in the rank and file of the veterans. Forty years ago the audiences in memorial gatherings and the throngs that filled the streets were composed largely of the fathers and mothers, sisters and

brothers of the brave ones who fell in the war. Yesterday it was different. As we looked around among the people it seemed as though not one in ten knew anything about the days of the Civil War. Most of them were born a quarter of a century after the fearful days of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In the very nature of the case Memorial Day could not have the significance to the crowds of today that it had for their fathers and mothers. After the parade had passed, a dear old mother took me by the hand, and with voice choked with emotion and eyes filled with tears, she said, "Oh, that has a sad significance to me."

Memorial Day means more to the old people of our time than it can possibly mean to the children. And unless we are true to our trust and loyal to the brave men who died, teaching our children the wonderful significance of the day, it will lose much of its sacred and blessed influence over the American people. The time will never come when the tributes of affection and honor should not be paid to the memory of those who died in the war for the Union. And it is to be hoped that the distinctive and solemn character of Memorial Day may be perpetuated, for there is nothing better to weld the hearts of a great people together, and to foster the spirit of loyalty and patriotism, than a common and significant holiday. Courage, endurance, self-sacrificing patriotism, put forth in services for a common country, will always appeal to the hearts of men and women of every nation and clime. And when such services, rendered on fields of battle, are memorialized in annual holiday by appropriate ceremonies, the result must be a strengthening of the spirit of patriotism, and increased admiration for the institutions of a free and united people.

Wonderful Improvement in Caring for Troops

As we watched the sprightly young men in khaki on Memorial Day leading the veterans of the Civil War, we could not help thinking of the difference between their equipments and those of the boys who followed the flag fifty years ago. The improvements in the sanitary and hygienic conditions under which soldiers of today

go to the front, if they had been known and put in practice during the Civil War, would have saved many thousands of lives, prevented untold suffering from diseases, and sent thousands of veterans home at the close of the war with better health for the years before them.

According to data furnished from the Adjutant-General's office 89,650 more men died in the Civil War from sickness than the combined number of those killed in battle and dying from wounds, and this too without counting those who died in Southern prisons. In case we should have war in Mexico, the soldiers would not have to face anything like the dangers from disease which confronted them at every turn in the war for the Union, or even in the Spanish War. According to Colonel Maus, chief surgeon of the Department of the East, if we had known what we know now about prevention of diseases—especially about inoculation for typhoid—two thousand men might have been saved from death in the short war with Spain, and twenty thousand men might have been saved the sufferings from serious illness. Besides all this, millions of dollars would have been saved to the government, now spent in pensioning the war veterans who were permanently disabled by sickness.

We remember how many of our boys were smitten with typhoid soon after entering upon camp life in 1861-62, great numbers of whom died before ever reaching the front. Today typhoid vaccination is so perfect that typhoid fever in the army has been practically wiped out. There was only one case of typhoid in the regular army of 70,000 men last year, and that, too, when an army of over 12,000 was encamped in Texas enduring the extreme heat of a semitropical climate.

Since the Spanish-American War almost a complete victory has been gained over the yellow fever, and since the campaign in Cuba great gain has been made in conquering malarial fever. Twenty years ago it was not known that the mosquito played such a part in spreading this disease; but Col. W. C. Gorgas has demonstrated, in the Panama Canal Zone, that malaria can be practically wiped out through proper protection from this insect pest.

The ample arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded such as we see to-

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

A New Appalachian Forest Reserve

When George W. Vanderbilt died last March, he left a great forest estate of 86,700 acres, called Pisgah Forest, covering portions of four counties in North Carolina. For nearly twenty-five years Mr. Vanderbilt had showed his love for scientific forestry by preserving and improving at great cost this primeval forest, covering the entire eastern slope and a large portion of the northern and western slopes of the Pisgah Range. In it are to be found the headwaters and many tributaries of the French Broad River. This forest Mr. Vanderbilt stocked with fresh game, and he spent thousands of dollars building and grading roads and trails through it. There are about seventy-five miles of graded roads costing from \$200 to \$800 a mile, and one seventeen-mile strip costing \$3,000 a mile. Then there are one hundred and sixty-five miles of trails graded at a cost of from \$30 to \$80 a mile. The streams also have been stocked from year to year with eastern brook trout and rainbow trout from California. No better fishing can be found in the entire Appalachian system. All lumbering in this forest has been carefully done according to scientific methods, in order to do the least possible damage to the timber left standing.

Now Mrs. Vanderbilt, wishing to cooperate with the government in its efforts at forest preservation, offers this entire tract to the United States for the nominal price of \$5 an acre. Under the provisions of the Weeks Bill for the purchase of lands at headwaters of navigable streams in order to conserve the water supply, the United States Forest Commission has approved the purchase of the tract at Mrs. Vanderbilt's figures.

As to her husband's ideal and purpose she writes:

He has conserved Pisgah Forest from the time he bought it up to his death, a period of nearly twenty-five years, under the firm conviction that every forest owner owes it to those who follow him to hand down his forest property to them unimpaired by wasteful use.

I keenly sympathize with his belief that the private ownership of forest lands is a public trust, and I probably realize more keenly than any one else can do how firm was his resolve

day were practically unknown in the days of the Civil War. "Organized field hospitals, ambulance companies, base hospitals, evacuating hospitals, hospital trains and hospital ships, all supplied with capable military surgeons well organized," have come to stay. And by these and the aid of trained nurses and Red Cross workers danger from sickness in the army is reduced to a minimum. In cases of battle, sanitary troops accompany the military organizations onto the field, and perform their humanitarian duties to the wounded, oftentimes amid flying shot and shell. Thus does the soldier of today have a far better chance to escape the ravages of disease and the danger of dying from wounds, than did the boys in blue who fought for the Union.

Another Strong Word Against Alcohol

We were glad to see the words of Col. L. Mervin Maus, Chief Army Surgeon of the East, in his article about sanitation in the army, regarding the use of alcohol among the soldiers. In spite of the desperate efforts of liquor dealers and their sympathizers to show that the army needs the canteen, and face to face with the thus far fruitless efforts to restore it to the army, the sentiment against giving liquor to the soldiers is constantly gaining ground. A few weeks ago it was an order of the Secretary of the Navy that fairly dazed the advocates of the wine mess, and gave a stunning blow to liquor interests. And now comes the veteran Surgeon-General of forty years' experience in the service, who at the close of an article on army sanitation and health says:

"One reform that is needed in all armies is greater restrictions concerning alcohol in time of war. . . . Alcohol should be absolutely prohibited. It was responsible in my opinion for a larger part of the stomach and mental trouble of our troops in the Cuban campaign and in the Philippines. It is a fact that soldiers do not know how to use intoxicants properly, and never will."

"Young people of today have a rich heritage. The past and the present contribute to their living the normal and complete life."

never to permit injury to the permanent value and usefulness of Pisgah Forest.

I wish earnestly to make such disposition of Pisgah Forest as will maintain in the fullest and most permanent way its national value as an object-lesson in forestry as well as its wonderful beauty and charms; and I realize that its ownership by the nation will alone make its preservation permanent and certain.

In order that the land may yield a dividend, the government will probably observe the conditions of a twenty-year contract for lumbering made by Mr. Vanderbilt, the stipulations of which are that nothing but approved methods shall be used.

Fourth of July at Independence Hall

A committee of representative citizens of Philadelphia, Pa., has laid before President Wilson a unanimous invitation from the various interests of that city to participate in the observance of the Fourth of July in old Independence Hall, as a precedent to be followed in the years to come. The Mayor of Philadelphia joins heartily in the movement and it has the endorsement of governors and congressmen who realize the fitness of such an observance in the hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed. Exercises will be presented at Valley Forge and on the battlefield of Germantown, as well as in the hall where convened the Continental Congress. It seems to the RECORDER that it will be most appropriate to make the celebration each year at Independence Hall one of nation-wide significance.

The Strange Catastrophe on the St. Lawrence

We have all been shocked again over another horrible tragedy of the sea. Indeed it is hardly proper to call it a tragedy of the sea, when it was one of the river instead! This makes it all the harder to understand. How the *Empress of Ireland* could be sent to the bottom of the St. Lawrence by a freight steamer and nearly a thousand lives sacrificed after both vessels had sighted each other and recognized each other's signals is more than any one can at this writing understand. The papers have been full of harsh words of condemnation, and wild rumors of negligence and cowardice and inefficiency have gone far and wide. Both captains flatly contradict each other, and it is folly for any one to make sweeping charges until a thorough investigation has been made.

The catastrophe was so complete, so sudden, so overwhelming, that there was little time for heroism, and no chance for organized or concerted action on the part of the passengers. The bravest captain or the best disciplined crew could do but little in the brief time between the shock of collision and the engulfing of the great ship. Wireless telegraphy did prompt work but had only time to give half its message. Ships ten miles away at the nearest harbor rushed rapidly to the rescue, but none could rush through quick enough to even witness the wholesale sea burial! The disaster was too fierce and complete for the quickest help to be of much avail! The whole world awaits the result of the investigation.

Some weeks ago we noticed that Miss Helen J. Sanborn of Wellesley College, who after purchasing an old Spanish manuscript in Amsterdam discovered on it the seal of the Columbian Library indicating that the precious paper had probably been stolen from Seville, had returned the document to the King of Spain. A few days ago King Alfonso, in a letter to Miss Sanborn, expressed his appreciation and profound gratitude for the kind return of the manuscript.

On June 1 President Wilson sent a message of condolence and sympathy to King George of England, on the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland*, and the bereavement brought by it to so many English hearts.

Twenty-three Chinese students will receive degrees in Columbia University during commencement week. China will be well represented in American colleges this commencement season. It is reported that five hundred and ninety-four Chinamen will be graduated with degrees in the United States. Canada stands ahead in this matter with a list of six hundred and fifty-three Chinese graduates. A Chinaman in Cornell captured the Browning prize.

In Pelham Hall, Mrs. Hazen's school for girls, the flag ceremony is a fixed thing as a memorial to Mrs. Hazen's mother, Abigail Farman Hall, a devoted worker in the Union army during the Civil War. This year Rear-Admiral Sigsbee, who commanded the *Maine* when it was des-

troyed in Havana Harbor, will present an American flag to the winner in the American history contest of that school.

According to a recent report the \$15,000,000 Carnegie Foundation Fund has, in eight years, distributed a total of \$2,936,927 to teachers and officers of educational institutions in this country. During last year \$579,440 went to retiring professors, and \$80,949 was given as pensions to teachers' widows alone.

More than four hundred delegates to the International Convention of the Salvation Army, to be held in London, Eng., sailed last week on the White Star liner *Olympic*. The sad fate of their companion delegates lost on the *Empress of Ireland*, three days before, cast a great gloom over the company. The New York delegation came near taking the *Empress of Ireland* since she offered special Salvation Army rates.

Fifty-eight countries are to be represented in the great meeting, and all will wear uniforms distinctive of the lands from which they go. The American delegates are wearing a convention uniform with small American flags bordered with gold as shoulder bars, and the red seal of the army in front. With the delegates went Emma Westbrook, the only survivor of the first band of Salvationists to come to America in 1880.

On Decoration Day the Spaniards united for the first time with the Americans in the Philippines in memorial services for the dead of both countries. Two speakers at Fort William McKinley, one American and the other Spanish, made addresses, paying tribute to the brave soldiers on both sides who died in the war with Spain. The Spanish officer expressed great appreciation of the friendly spirit displayed by the Americans in promoting the welfare of "one-time foes who now are friends."

In August, 1915, will come the half-century anniversary of the freedom of the negro in America, and plans are already under way for an appropriate celebration of the event. The negroes are themselves taking the initiative. A bill has been introduced in Congress to appropriate \$150,000 toward an exposition to be held in Chicago.

According to advices from London we may expect that when the International Postal Union meets in triennial conference next September, the five cent postal rates on foreign letters will be reduced to three cents. A majority of the governments are in favor of this reduction, although it is stated that there is a strong effort being made by English leaders to make the rate two cents as is now the case between the United States and Great Britain.

Our government has just ratified an agreement with European nations to close all foreign mails against obscene publications.

The president of the American Tobacco Company has taken a decided issue against Mr. Thomas A. Edison for his stand against cigarettes. Mr. Edison posted a notice on his shops at West Orange, N. J., "Cigarettes Not Tolerated. They Dull the Brain." The rule for these shops is said to have grown out of a correspondence between Edison and Mr. Ford of Detroit, the automobile manufacturer, who is also taking stand against the cigarette evil. The tobacco company is much disturbed to think two men of great influence have testified against the use of cigarettes, and it has challenged Mr. Edison to make good his charges that cigarette smoking dulls the brain.

Seven British army officers, and eight civilians charged with grafting in the form of receiving and giving illicit commissions in connection with army supplies, came before the court and pleaded guilty. Grafters are not all in America.

Sir Francis Henry Laking, M. D., the physician to King George and the Prince of Wales, died in London on May 21, aged sixty-seven years.

The Swiss Government has rescinded its action of last year and announced its purpose to be officially represented in the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

"A full sense of responsibility to God and to those whom we should serve necessitates watchfulness over our physical and mental powers, that health be not destroyed, thus greatly hindering efficiency. And efficiency is the watchword of the hour."

Eternal Life

A. E. WEBSTER

He . . . hath eternal life—*John 5: 24.*

Belief in eternal life does not rest on a materialistic philosophy. Eternal life is based on the assumption that there is a life of the spirit. It assumes that in spite of fleshly changes in man there is a continuity of self-consciousness and self-direction. There exists memory; there is consciousness of the ego. There is self-identity. Because of these facts there is what we narrowly call a spiritual life independent, largely, of the flesh.

Because eternal life is, as Christians believe, godlike in character, it must therefore be endless. Therefore the spirit in man is destined to be clothed in some other form when its present habitation falls to pieces.

Eternal life, I believe, depends for its character, if not also for its reality, upon the nature of the present life. Eternal life is not a free gift handed out to those who may wish it. I prefer, rather, to think of it as an achievement wrought out by the individual here and now. It will come to those who earn it. The persistence of the personality after death depends on whether or not the personality is worthy to persist. And the nature of any existence after this life must depend for its content upon what development has come to the personality in this world. The soul that is so shriveled and small that it finds little of worth here and does little of value, will experience, if it experiences anything at all, about as contentless a life as can be imagined in the world to come. While, on the other hand, the personality which is most fully developed, the life most completely matured, the individual who has most truly served his fellow men, will be the one most worthy to persist in another world, whose future life will be most rich and satisfying.

The term "eternal life" occurs often in the New Testament. Though found but two or three times in the Synoptic Gospels, it is frequently used in the Gospel of John. Among other meanings the phrase implies everlasting existence, and in this sermon immortality and eternal life will be used as synonymous terms.

The question of a future existence beyond the grave has always been to me an

interesting one. The problem has also been perplexing, and this sermon is the effort on my part to explain as clearly as possible my own reasons for believing in individual immortality. I say "reasons" instead of "proof" because it is not possible to demonstrate a future existence. The most one can do is to point out reasons which seem to make such a belief rational.

Belief among nations in a future life has been practically universal. It is not historically true to say that all nations, in all stages of development, have always believed in the persistence of the personality after death. But each nation, in some one period at least of its growth, seems to have possessed some notion of a life beyond death. A few illustrations will indicate the prevalence of this belief among various peoples. The Egyptian religion is based upon astronomical studies, and when the Egyptians came to believe in these other worlds for the souls of their dead, they connected them with the circuit of the sun. The good souls either accompanied the sun in his progress or lived somewhere along the course of the sun's daily advance, while the bad souls were connected with his course through the world of shadows and darkness. The Scandinavians had for their heroes and great fighters the Hall of Valhalla, where the souls fought over again the battles in which they had so delighted here. They also believed in a Hall of Friends, where quiet and gentle souls found an abode of peace. Buddhism was one of the great religions of India, and the haven of all good Buddhists was Nirvana, a state of rest from all desire, though many scholars maintain that this does not mean a state of absolute unconsciousness. At any rate the Indians believed in reincarnations of the souls in different bodies of the various animals, but between these different births, the soul had opportunity to rest in the Indian heaven. The Persians likewise had their heavens and hells, while the Greeks and Romans located the underworld always beneath the surface of the earth. There are no clear traces in the Bible that the Hebrews developed a belief in individual immortality till after the Babylonian Exile. Whether earlier beliefs in immortality existed or not, the Hebrews, after the Babylonian Captivity, possessed a strong and persistent faith in man's future state.

Not only have the various *nations* exhibited, at some time, a belief in a future life, but prominent men of all ages and types—poets, philosophers, religious leaders, and men of business—have felt free to confess their faith in another life. Homer, Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, Socrates, Plato, Jesus and Paul all were confident of another world. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you, . . . that where I am, there ye may be also," and "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." The following inspiring words from Paul indicate that he had no doubts as to the future life: "For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

In the ages before Jesus came, the great men believed in some kind of a future life. Homer in his *Odyssey*, from which we need not stop to quote, exhibits his belief in a world beyond the present. Socrates too shows his tendency to believe in the world to come. He says: "Those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. There is great reason to hope that death is a good. Either death is a state of unconsciousness or there is a migration of the soul from this world to another. . . . If death is a journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what good, O my friends, can be greater than this? What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. . . . Wherefore be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death. To die and be released is better for me." Plato, a true disciple of his master, urges individual responsibility when he says: "If the soul is really immortal what care should be taken of her, not only for this time which we call living, but for all time." Marcus Aurelius declares that "what springs from earth dissolves to earth again, and *heaven-born* things fly to *their* native seat." Even Cicero in a semi-darkness of faith significantly remarks: "I consider this world as a place which nature never designed for my *permanent* abode; and I look upon my departure from it, not as being driven out of my habitation but as leaving my inn."

But after Jesus came, with his positive message of eternal life to those who believed, we find frequent expressions of belief in immortal life. In the eighteenth century the great philosopher, Kant, beyond whose thinking the philosophical world has not yet gone, was frank enough to say that "the highest good is only possible on the supposition of the immortality of the soul." Ferrier, a philosopher of the nineteenth century, makes the rather startling statement that "we are *already* an immortal race." The philosopher Lotze, whose death occurred in 1881, earnestly remarked that "that will last forever which, on account of its excellence and its spirit, must be an abiding part of the universe." Goethe inspiringly says, "We bid you hope." Thomas Carlyle, in his own strong way, says that "eternity, which can not be far off, is my one strong city." And even Benjamin Franklin, practical business man though he was, wrote the following epitaph for his own tomb: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms. Yet the *work* itself shall not be lost, for it will appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author."

Emerson, in spite of intellectual unrest, concludes by saying that

"What is excellent
As God lives, is *permanent*;
Hearts are dust, heart's *loves* remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again."

But it is in the great poets—those who most truly express the longings of the human spirit, and most clearly see the significance of human life—it is in these that are found the highest thoughts regarding the future life. And after all it is poetry, not prose, nor elaborate reasonings, which develops in one the consciousness of his relations with the Infinite and the eternal. Tennyson has voiced our feelings in these few lines:

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying to be lost on an endless
sea—
Glory of *Virtue*, to fight, to struggle, to right the
wrong—
Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of
glory she;
Give her the glory of her going on, and still to
be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of *Vir-*
tue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life
of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats
of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a sum-
mer sky;
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die."

Browning's simple trust is clearly seen in this verse:

"Though I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time. I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge some-
where."

This belief in a future life which was shared by the great poets and which is possessed by probably the majority of people today, acts as a great inspirer of right living and as a powerful deterrent of evil deeds. We often pride ourselves that we have got beyond the fear of future punishment, and the hope of future rewards, and that our conduct is governed by higher motives. This may be true, but if true, it is, I believe, true only of a few compared with the great mass of common people whose lives are still largely dominated by their conceptions of the future life. Many of us are still children when it comes to rewards and punishments, and if fear of hell and hope of heaven were removed, there might remain little to restrain us or to guide us in our conduct. Not long ago I was speaking with my negro barber about heaven and hell. He said so many people in his shop had scoffed at these things that he had become somewhat shaken in his own views, but he concluded by saying that he felt it might turn out to be true after all, and he thought it was better to be on the safe side if it were true.

One has only to scan the newspapers of a few years ago to note the belief which the mass of people still hold regarding the future life. Through fear of the end of the world, by action of Halley's Comet, scores of men—not only negroes but white men as well—rushed to join churches, to pray, and to live outwardly religious lives in order to make sure of heaven in case the world did come to an end. Personally it would make no difference in my conduct if belief in heaven or hell were taken from me. In the future it will probably come to pass that men will find new bases of conduct, new foundations of morality aside

from hope and fear of future things; but today at least I am convinced that were these motives removed from the masses of people religious chaos and social anarchy would result. As Doctor Savage in his book on "Life beyond Death" puts it, "If the time ever comes when the great masses of the world have made up their minds that all there is to human life is right here, then look to your social order." Similarly many years ago the Man from Tarsus said, "If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." And this conclusion of Paul's, with which I, however, emphatically differ, is the philosophy of thousands of the common people today who have not yet got beyond it. There are, I am convinced, sufficient reasons for living a good life here and now, if belief in immortality was totally destroyed.

While my endeavor to lead a righteous life is not the *result* of a belief in immortality, nevertheless I am inclined to believe in immortality. Many men are finding in spiritualism a reason for continued existence beyond the grave. And while I do not condemn spiritualism in a wholesale manner or deny that any of its claims are valid, I find little in it, from what I have read of it, to influence my belief in a future life. My attitude towards spiritualism is due to the evidence of fraud which has nearly always been detected when scientific tests are made; and to the insignificance of the messages which the alleged spirits give us. If my grandfather—good old deacon that he was—were to communicate to me from heaven, I should expect something more important than a message that he was well and that he hoped I was the same. Let him tell me something about that abode concerning which we are all so anxious. Most of the reported messages are not only unimportant, but many of them are so positively foolish that they do not deserve the attention of thoughtful people.

The Christian view of eternal life, as found in the teachings of Jesus, is probably at the heart of most of our ideas of the future life. Aside from this view, with which we are so familiar that I need not deal with it here, there are three main reasons why I believe in immortality. If I were to state these in scientific terms I would call them the economic reason, the psychological reason and the sociological

reason. In other words the first reason is the *worth* of man; the second is the *longings* of men; and the third is the *inequalities* of men.

1. First of all I believe that man is too valuable, that he is of too great worth totally to disappear after a sojourn here of but threescore years and ten. I know of a certain man who has spent eight years in a grammar school, four years in a high school, four years in college, and four years in a professional school. He is now just entering upon a life of great promise and service. Yet to me it is incredible that this man, after thirty or forty years of active work, if he should live that long, should suffer total extinction. If I did believe that, I should be tempted to say with one of old, "To what purpose is this waste?" When Victor Hugo came to die he declared: "For half a century I have been writing my thought in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, satire, ode, song,—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me! When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work:' but I can not say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning." And the opinion of Victor Hugo seems to me warranted by all the facts we know. Man's history, man's capacity, man's ability, man's personality, all point to this period of life as but the preparation for a larger and freer existence. "What is man, that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet."

Man, the climax, the highest being in the long scale of animals, is the achievement of God through countless years of development. In all this process, in which the power of the Almighty has been at work, there has been a constant movement toward what we call individuality and personality; and if this personality which has finally become perfected in man, is not to go on after death, the whole process becomes meaningless and incomplete. Professor Shaler and others writing upon "The Individual," show how "from atom, molecule, crystal, the earliest forms of

vegetable and animal life, to the climax in man, evolution, through its age-long process, has tended towards individuality." And it is because today we find in man personality and morality, while other animals are impersonal and unmoral, that his life possesses eternal significance. In his "Destiny of Man" John Fiske shows how the mental life has been struggling to the front through all the years, and how man has shown constant improvable-ness. It was toward man and the soul in man that God worked through infinite stretches of time. And we can not avoid asking the question, If it took so long to develop man, through ages of preparation, to his present state, is it rational to believe that after an infinitesimal stay on the earth, the individual must suffer total extinction? Rather can we not say with the poet—

"From lower to higher, from simple to complete,
This is the pathway of the eternal feet;
From earth to lichen, herb to flowering tree,
From cell to creeping worm, from man to what
shall be."

What we term the eternally valuable in man exists apart from his flesh. His spirit, his personality, that which he feels he *is*, are at least partially independent of his body. For his body is constantly changing. Every breath he takes into his lungs, every particle of food he assimilates, each bit of exertion put forth, all contribute in giving him a different body from that he had before. In a few years every atom of his bones is replaced by other atoms. He may have a dozen different *bodies* in the course of his lifetime. But throughout all these changes, the consciousness of his identity remains. In spite of his new flesh and bones, he realizes that he is still himself. His memory of distant events remains. His ego is unchanged. The "I" which is the core of personality is constant; and it is this physical element which I believe endures beyond the grave. And it is because we believe that man alone possesses this element that *he* is worthy of eternal life.

2. I believe in immortality because of the universal *longings* of man for immortality. As Whittier once remarked to a friend, "I can not *feel* that there is any end to me." I can not prove the existence of another life by these feelings and longings. A person might long for many things which he can never have. The child

reaches out his little hands and longs for the moon but he will never obtain it. There is a well-nigh universal longing among men for riches but these come to comparatively few of us. Most of us earnestly desire power but secure it only in a limited fashion. It might be said by some that our longings, our hopes, our convictions regarding immortality are but the remnants of old conditions which we have outgrown. These hopes of ours might be compared to certain organs of the body, like the appendix, which once were of use, but which now have ceased to function. Yet the human spirit refuses to accept these explanations and continues to hope and believe in a future life. We believe today as did Cato of old in his words to Plato—

"It must be so—

Plato, thou reason'st well!—

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

Or we may feel with another writer—

"For yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
And what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive."

The significance of our craving for immortality is seen in the remarkable correspondence which exists between the inner, spiritual or mental life and the objective world of facts. The environment in which we live is adapted to the needs of life. The finished eye is greeted by the perfect light. The birds obey an instinct which is not false when they fly South at the approach of winter and back again in the spring. In his beautiful lines Browning shows us the eternal implications of this flight:

"I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive; what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God sends his hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time."

Only yesterday a neighbor told me that since her little baby boy had been taken from her she had come to have a deeper faith in the world beyond. Was not her thought like Tennyson's tribute to his lost friend—

"Far-off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die."

Or like Browning's tender tribute to his dead wife—

"The elements rage, the fiend voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of
pain,

Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou son of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again;
And with God be the rest!"

To me it seems irrational to find these longings and hopes of a future life and to say they are utterly without meaning. Rather do they indicate to me that sometime, in some other land, their true complement will be found. Sometime hope will have its fruition and desire will be satisfied.

3. My last reason for believing in the future life is the most fundamental of all, for out of this reason most of the others come. I believe in the future life because of the injustice and equality which I find in this life. If God is good; if his universe is morally governed; if we live in a dependable world,—then there must come an evening-up time; a time when evil will be balanced with good; when inequality will be superseded by democracy, and when injustice will give way to equity. Doctor Martineau has well said; "If death gives final discharge alike to the sinner and the saint, we are warranted in saying that conscience has told more lies than it has ever called to their account." Theodore Parker once said that when he looked upon the pinched, starved face and hungry eyes of a little boy in the slums, he wanted no stronger argument that somewhere in the universe that boy would have a chance. Of course it may be replied that if God does not care anything about the little boy in the slums today and does not see that he gets any chance or any justice, he may not care for him at all and may never care for him. But still no one of us is omniscient. No one can fathom God's purpose. Perhaps today he is leaving the little boy in the slums in order to see if Christian people are really Christian, or only make-believe. Perhaps he allows the good to suffer, and the wicked to prosper, and the deserving to get injustice, and the grafters to remain unpunished, and the bribers to go free because he has some ultimate pur-

pose of which we have no knowledge. At any rate so far as we can judge by human standards, injustice, inequality and unmerited punishment are being meted out to thousands of people who deserve better things. And so far as I am able to think, there are but two possible conclusions—either there is no good God in the universe and the world in which we live is non-moral and unreliable; or else God is good, the universe is moral, and there is to come sometime an evening-up process when accounts will be squared.

The whole faith of the Israelites in eternal life probably arose out of the injustice and disaster to which they as a nation were subjected. It is unlikely that they had any clear thought of the future life, at least in a spiritual sense, before they were carried away into captivity. Before that, every thought of reward had been put into terms of material prosperity which should come to them as a nation. But after the Babylonian Exile, when they saw their nation broken to pieces and its power gone, they did not lose faith in God; they simply postponed to a future time, and interpreted in a more spiritual way, the rewards which they, as the chosen people, expected. So it is that in Daniel we read "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

So has it been, I suspect, with all nations. Out of their specific social situations, out of their individual and national experiences, have come their beliefs in God, and faith in eternal life.

The book of Job is occupied with the problem of suffering and sin; the problem of why people who are good should suffer while the wicked prosper. And today with these same conditions confronting us, the only answer I can suggest is that I believe in the ultimate morality of God's universe. So long as I have this faith, I have confidence that finally justice, morality and goodness will come into their own. Did I not possess this faith, life here would be disheartening and dreary.

So today I believe in another life because I believe man is worthy to live more than threescore and ten years, because of

the universal longings, and cravings of the human spirit for eternal life, and because of the morality of the universe.

Belief in immortality, while it may not be necessary in order to compel us to live right lives, bestows a dignity on life, and increases the significance of all our experiences in this world. The importance of all our tasks is enhanced when we think of ourselves as eternal creatures. May we all learn to live the life of immortals here and now.

What a Poor Boy Did for Poor Boys

Leaving the village school at the age of thirteen, Dwight L. Moody entered the army of wage-earners, never again to enjoy the opportunity of an elementary education. When in after years he made friends who had confidence in him, and were willing to aid in his work, his heart went out to the class to which he had belonged when young; and he determined to do his utmost to afford an open door of opportunity for the youth of his country. The Northfield schools became the concrete expression of his sympathy for boys and girls who had been handicapped, and he determined to help them to acquire, as he expressed it, "such an education as would have helped me when I was their age."—*The Christian Herald.*

God's Care

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK

Whatever be the path thy feet may tread,
Be sure thy heavenly Father knows it all;
He will not leave thee in thy deepest need,
Who clothes the grass and notes the sparrow's fall.

If he did sorrow o'er the widow's son
And stop the bier and cause the youth to live,
He will no less be present in your woe,
And help and comfort will as freely give.

There is no road too dark for him to see:
No place so distant that he can not go;
There is no heart so desolate and sore,
But he is glad his blessing to bestow.

His eye can guide us through life's deepest maze,
His hand can stay us as we climb life's hill;
His anchor holds us in the wildest storm,
And his sweet voice can bid life's sea, "Be still."

Then let us give to him unfaltering trust,
In joy or sorrow take his proffered grace;
Put all our burden on his mighty arm
And hail the day when we shall see his face.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

What Kind of Service Shall We Give?

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL

My blessed, loving Savior
Laid down his life for me;
For me, a worthless sinner,
He hung upon the tree.

With naught to recommend me
But ignorance and need,
He offered to befriend me—
Oh, he's a Friend indeed!

A poor, condemned lawbreaker,
Without excuse was I;
A rebel 'gainst my Maker—
In justice I must die.

I daily served my master—
A joyless, helpless slave;
And daily hastened faster
Toward a hopeless grave.

Beelzebub had bought me—
How cheap I blush to say;
He shame and sorrow brought me—
I could not break away.

But Jesus in his mercy
Said, "I will buy your slave."
Though I was mean and worthless,
For me his life he gave.

So he became my Master—
Adopted me his child,
To share his home hereafter;
But said, "Stay here awhile.

"I'll be your friend forever;
I want *your* friendship, too;
Naught can our friendship sever—
I'm faithful—be thou true.

"I need a friend to help me
Who cares for my good name;
I've many dear ones helpless,
Whom I must soon reclaim.

"I love them beyond measure;
My wandering ones are lost;
They are my precious treasure—
I bought them at great cost.

"Go, search and find my lost ones,
Their precious souls to save;
With cords of love we'll draw them,
Redeem them from the grave.

"Go, tell salvation's story,
Show my lost sheep the way;
And you shall share my glory
In my triumphant day."

Thus I am here to serve him—
The blessed Master kind—
To win lost souls and save them,
To lead the weak and blind.

Then does it really matter
How I shall do my work?
If priceless souls I'm after,
Shall I my duty shirk?

If they are poor and humble,
Or fallen low in sin,
Shall I see one soul stumble,
Nor strive that soul to win?

If, ignorant or worldly,
I see one going down,
Dare I deem her unworthy
To wear love's laurel crown?

I owe what kind of service
To my dear Savior—Friend?
Dare I be lax or careless?
His means, how should I spend?

Could any of my service
Toward his little ones
(Because they may seem worthless)
Be too high-priced a sum—

To offer for the service
My Savior rendered me,
In saving me, tho' worthless,
By death upon the tree?

Naught is too good for Jesus
That I can ever do
To help a soul, most precious,
To know and love him, too.
Boulder, Colo.

A Newsy Letter From Doctor Crandall

DEAR HOME FRIENDS:

Not many days since, I received a card from a friend from whom I do not hear regularly. She spoke of how she depended upon my RECORDER letters for all her news of me and my work. That made me think of the many friends of my childhood and early womanhood who have no other means of hearing from me, and I felt sorry that I had so long neglected to write the RECORDER. Perhaps the RECORDER is not, strictly speaking, a medium of correspondence, and yet, I think, our friends usually take more vital interest in our work than other people, and by cultivating our friendships we greatly strengthen our influence. As we upon the mission field are our friends' representatives in the work, I suppose we should be more careful to report regularly.

The past months have been full of varied activities. In fact, my work has been very varied. When I wrote last I was busy with the out-clinic work. I kept that up until the holidays. The patients grew less in number as the cold strengthened, of course, as they always do in clinic work, but we had advertised up to the Chinese New Year and we did not like to disappoint the few.

About the middle of December, Miss West was taken sick and I was asked to come in to Shanghai to take charge of the school until she should be well enough to resume the work. As it turned out, I spent about six weeks here. This work was one I was glad to do, not only because I was helping Miss West, but also because it was a good experience for me. I found it most fascinating, although with plenty of cares and responsibility. During the time that Miss West was most ill, one of the girls was seriously sick with pneumonia, so that I was not permitted to forget that I was a doctor even though acting as a teacher.

Twice in December I went to Kading from Shanghai to fill my appointment there, Miss Su meeting me there and bringing supplies from Lieu-oo. But I took up the January appointment, partly on account of the Shanghai work and partly because of the severe cold. The cold weather not only made the stay in Kading, in the fireless Chinese house, two days of constant

shivering, but also so reduced our number of patients that the trip seemed hardly worth while. I think that I shall not again try to continue the out-clinics either through the very hot or the very cold weather.

The latter part of January the school closed for the Chinese New Year holiday. Then I took Miss West with me to Lieu-oo. We also had the three girls who always live in the school. The next day after our arrival Doctor Palmborg started on her trip to Peking. There was little to do at home, as is always the case at the New Year season, so that we made much of a playtime of Anna's stay. The first week we had a friend of Anna's, a teacher in the Women's Union girls' school, with us and she helped greatly in our good times. There was a little responsibility to relieve the monotony of the play, for Doctor and I had planned to open a girl's day school on February 22. We met difficulties and disappointments enough in planning for that school to discourage any one and I must confess that I was pretty blue over it. It is begun anyway, and we have all of nine pupils. When we began there were only six, so we have grown some.

At first we thought we were sure of a teacher, but at the last moment the plan failed and we had to put Miss Su in as teacher. That ends the out-clinics for this half-year, but we think we shall not fail to have some one else for the second semester so that we can begin again in the fall. Doctor Palmborg brought a young girl back with her to learn to be a dispensary helper, so that we are not wholly destitute in that department.

Just now I have been in Shanghai again. Doctor Palmborg came in about three weeks ago, expecting to return in a day or two. She found both Mrs. Crofoot and E-ling sick and was obliged to stay about twelve days. She brought E-ling home as soon as possible and I came in to care for Mrs. Crofoot. That was a week and a half ago. Mrs. Crofoot is able to be about now and tomorrow she will go to Lieu-oo with me for a few days' rest and recuperation.

There has been some sickness in the girls' school, but for the most part we are a healthy family just now.

It has been a great delight to welcome Miss Burdick back to us. I am sure Miss

West feels a great burden lifted from her shoulders. Where two can bear them together, the burdens are so much lighter in any work and the teaching is but a small half of the care of a boarding school.

In our China land summer has almost come. Thunder showers and warm breezes tell us that hot weather will follow soon. If the weather could only stay as it is now, it would be very delightful, but what of the cotton and the rice?

May the good God, who supplies our needs before we ask him, keep safely all the dear friends of the homeland and may we not forget to put his kingdom and its interests before all else in our lives.

GRACE CRANDALL.

Worker's Exchange

Berlin, N. Y.

Secretary's annual report of Ladies' Aid Society of Berlin, N. Y.

Should the report of activities appear rather meager let it be remembered that there are not yet ten months to report (from Aug. 12, 1913, to June 1, 1914).

Eight meetings have been held, all of which have been attended by the president, and six by the secretary. These meetings have been characterized by the spirit of love and good will.

We sustained a serious loss in the death of our sister-member, Abbie Greene, whose kindly interest and helpfulness have been an inspiration, and an example worthy of emulation.

One of the most helpful and enjoyable social functions conducted by the Aid Society was the annual church dinner with its "feast of reason and its flow of soul" made doubly blessed by extending hospitality to "others which are not of this fold."

SECRETARY.

The Ladies' Aid Society recently held a food sale, from which it realized \$12.80.

The Juniors are doing good work under the kind leadership of Pastor and Mrs. Cottrell. Mrs. Millard is also giving them much help with singing on Sunday afternoons. They are planning for a sale of articles made by themselves through the help and teaching of Pastor and Mrs. Cottrell on one afternoon each week.

E. L. G.

Memorial Day Sermon

REV. EDWIN SHAW

My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me.—*Lam. 3: 20.*

I stood by an open grave last Tuesday afternoon. About the casket was wrapped an American flag, the Stars and Stripes. A dozen to fifteen men, all of them gray and wrinkled, most of them bent and feeble, dressed in blue and wearing the little bronze button, stood about in uneven lines. The beautiful burial service of the Grand Army of the Republic was given, the prayer beginning, "God of battles," and the sprig of evergreen, and the flowers, the rose and laurel, and the little flag were deposited one by one by the old soldiers upon the casket of their departed comrade. Above was the blue dome of a beautiful May day; about us were the trees and shrubbery, the grass and rocks, the hills and the rivers of a New England country cemetery. The bearers slowly and carefully lifted the straps and lowered the casket, and another of the veterans of 1861-1865 was laid away to rest. Every year their ranks are growing thinner and fewer, and we can not expect any of them to be left to our country beyond a few more years. If this man had been an entire stranger to me, if all his comrades had been strangers to me, even then the scene and the service would have made a deep impression upon me; and as I stood there on that little hill, and witnessed the ceremony, with bared and bowed head, and with a sad and aching heart, I recalled these words from the Lamentations of Jeremiah 3: 20: "My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me."

Of course Jeremiah was not thinking of the veterans of our Civil War, or of the cause for which they fought. He was thinking of afflictions and distresses which had come upon him. He was lamenting the misfortunes which had befallen him; he calls them in the verse just preceding our text his misery, his wormwood and his gall. And then he says, "My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me."

I should like today, however, to turn the words from their application to the personal afflictions of the prophet, and make them apply to the soldiers and sailors of 1861-1865, and to the work for which they

risked and gave their lives; and here on this Memorial Day in 1914, let us say "My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me."

Have you ever noticed how the religion of the Hebrews was all bound up and interwoven with the national life of the people? In reading the history of the race and in studying about them one can not separate their loyalty to their country from their allegiance to God. The two go together. It is written, "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." Loyalty to their country was a large part of their religion, and patriotism meant a love to God, who was their God in a special way, just a little different from his relationship to the nations about them.

Jesus Christ taught a larger conception of the relation of God to the peoples of the earth. He taught the all-encircled, all-including notion of the great brotherhood of all mankind, the idea that all the nations of the world should become as one nation, and that wars and fighting should cease, and that the spirit of peace and love should prevail among all men. This is what he meant by the coming of the kingdom. What then becomes of that brave and beautiful thing which we call "patriotism"? What becomes of that purpose to serve one's country, even to die in its defense, if there be but one united country? What becomes of that noble sentiment expressed in the words and exhortation—

"Strike, till the last armed foe expires,
Strike, for your altars and your fires,
Strike, for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land."

If there be but one country in all the world—that is, if all the world becomes one country—are we to lose from our list of noble virtues that sentiment, "God and your native land?"

I am sorry to say that it has often happened that, when a country has been for years free from trouble and opposition and contention with the other nations about it, it has retrograded, gone down, in morals and in high standards of conduct. There were no foes without, no peril from without, and people forgot that oftentimes a man's enemies were those of his own household. We are coming towards a time, I verily believe, when, under the influence of the spirit of Christ, "God and your native land"

will mean, "love to God and your fellow man," and when patriotism shall mean not only the willingness to fight, a physical life against a physical life, to win a victory against a foreign foe, but also when it shall mean a purpose to defend righteousness—such a righteousness as becometh a nation.

Now we have been told, again and again, that the cause for which our veterans fought was a cause for the integrity of our nation, and in behalf of humanity; it was a cause in the interest of making, through personal liberty and individual freedom and social responsibility, all nations of the earth one nation, and a cause in the interest of the helpless and oppressed in the nation.

Our fathers and grandfathers felt an unselfish responsibility laid upon them, and they were true and brave to that responsibility. Wherever righteous responsibility, duty, is met and bravely undertaken, there is an example that is worthy of remembrance, not only as an honor to the memory of those who met the responsibility at whatever cost, but also and especially as an incentive to others to go and do likewise. In fact I believe that this is the chief value in our national Memorial Day. We call to mind the struggles of those years, the sacrifices made at home and on the battlefield, the sufferings of body in weariness, in sickness, in hunger, in wounds; we think of the heartaches from the separation of families and friends; we think of the fears and anxieties; we think of the crushing defeats, and the dark disappointments, and the discouragements without number; we think of the patience, and endurance, and the fidelity, and the ultimate victory, a victory followed with so little bitterness and vindictive retribution,—we think of all these things and we say, "My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me," I should like to do those things myself.

We are all of one opinion when we consider the horrors of war. We all agree that the kingdom of God is a kingdom of peace, that the song of the angel on the plains of Bethlehem, and the message of the gospel of grace, mean peace on earth and good will among men, and we all rejoice and are glad that in our own country, today, it seems that the horrors of war between nations are to be averted, and that

the barbarous horrors of murderous warfare are to be checked and stopped in Mexico. And if this be the happy outcome of these last few months of perplexing waiting, these last years of anxious distress that have tried the patience and forbearance and aroused what seems like righteous indignation, then surely should we be thankful and take heart, that the spirit of peace among the people of the earth does indeed have a place of power and wield an influence that can prevail over the selfishness of men.

It has been my privilege to have a close and intimate acquaintance with quite a number of the veterans of our Civil War, and I have listened to their stories, when I could get them to talk, for the old soldier is not wont to tell of those years. I was born in wartimes, I have read something of the history of that terrible struggle. I know of the homes, the happy homes, that were broken up; I know of the health of a lifetime that was broken down; I know of the hearts that were broken in lifelong sorrow; I know of the awful destruction of life and property: but when, on Decoration Day, my thoughts revert in a special way to those years, I think not of those things, but I do think of the bravery and loyalty and patriotism which characterized those men and those times, and I love to think that some of that same noble spirit will be instilled into the boys and girls of our times, the men and the women of the next generation, as now year by year, on Decoration Day, throughout our land, in city and in country, wherever the little marker in the cemetery, large or small, with its flag of blue and red and white, shows that a soldier lies beneath the spot, as year by year we meet and scatter flowers on these graves,—I say, I love to think that out of these honors which we so gladly give to the noble dead, there may spring into being a spirit like it in its best, a spirit that in humility has these things in remembrance and strives to fulfil and carry on the work which true patriotism requires of all its loyal citizens. And I am glad that in these services of Decoration Day we always have given to us that memorable message of the martyred President, at Gettysburg, when he said:

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and

dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this, but in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these same honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Over nineteen hundred years ago there came from heaven to earth one who said that the kingdom of heaven was at hand; and having set up that kingdom in the hearts of a few faithful followers, he laid down his earthly life and returned whither he had come.

We are now enjoying a great and mighty civilization, called, after the name of its founder, the Christian civilization. Again and again the worth and value of the principles upon which this civilization has been built have been tested and tried and they have never failed. Wherever there has been a struggle, the cause which fought unselfishly for freedom and liberty and against oppression has in the end been triumphant.

I would not in anything I say today detract from the honor of the soldiers and sailors of our country who did faithful service in other wars than the war of 1861-1865. All honor to the brave men who fought to establish the nation in 1776 and

those years and to those men who rose up to defend it in 1812 and 1847 and 1898 and 1914, and at other times less known, and even at times of general peace; all honor I say to these men, and on Decoration Day we make no distinctions when we place flowers on their graves: but some way, I suppose because it was such a vital part of my childhood days, the soldiers of the Civil War are chiefly in my mind when I say, "My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me." And verily, when we think of the bravery of those men in times of danger, and their endurance in times of extended hardship, and their patience in times of weary waiting, and their hope in times of disaster, and their forbearance in times of victory, and their loyalty through it all, verily it does make our souls humble at the remembrance of these things.

There is something which appeals to us whenever we see this flag, the red, white and blue: when we see it floating from its staff above the capitol, and public federal buildings, and from the masts of ships at sea: or when we see it fluttering in the breeze by our schools, from the largest university in the land on to the little old red schoolhouse tucked away in some lone corner of the wilderness; but someway when I see the little flag which marks a soldier's grave, or see it draped about a casket, I am subdued and I repeat, "My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me."

Our Circulating Library

Boston has on Beacon Hill one of the most remarkable libraries in the world. With 20,000 books on its shelves it loans more than 20,000 volumes a year, a circulation of 100 per cent. Its books are loaned only to ministers, to clergymen of all denominations who reside anywhere in the six New England States. It sends packages of sociology, science, history, biography, or homiletics, to any country home and any city residence in which is a minister who wants to borrow them. The cost to the minister is a stamp or a post card only. The cost to the library, which pays charges both ways, is \$1,500 a year.

The General Theological Library is a unique institution. Careful inquiry by the directors has failed to disclose any similar library anywhere in the world. Founded originally as a local library for Boston, it began its peculiar work ten years ago. First it abolished the membership fee as a prerequisite for the borrowing of books. Then

it began to pay charges one way to ministers all over New England, and in 1909 its borrowers numbered 650 ministers a year. In that year it adopted the policy of paying charges both ways, and in the last four years its borrowers have almost trebled in number. In the six New England States there are perhaps 7,000 clergymen; of these 1,700—500 in Greater Boston and 1,200 outside—are patrons of the library. Each quarter it issues a bibliography of a living topic in which ministers are interested.

The shelves are kept clear of antiquated books. When the present plan was adopted about 4,000 outworn volumes were removed. Perhaps 1,500 books are bought each year, selected by an interdenominational committee of Boston clergymen. In circulation sociological books lead all other classes. Biographies are next in order of popularity. Purely homiletical books are far down in the column. The borrowers are not appropriating other men's sermons. Books of an inspirational character are popular. A depository of books for scholars it is not intended to be, but a practical working collection of the best and the latest volumes upon all subjects having to do with the duties of the pastorate.—*The Independent*.

What the library described above is doing on a large scale the circulating library at Alfred desires and is trying to do, although, of course, on a much smaller scale. Our library is not large, but it contains good books. New books of value would be added from time to time if pastors would use them. The principal financial supporter greatly desires that the library should be helpful especially to those who do not themselves have a good working library or are not near some large library.

In a word, the circulating library at the Seminary wishes to serve the people, particularly pastors and Sabbath-school teachers; and correspondence from interested persons is solicited.

THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Alfred, N. Y.

Some years ago, when coming one morning from Canton, Mass., to Boston, after a great freshet, the train went apparently into a large pond, the track and the wide meadow being all concealed beneath the water from an overflowing river. But the cars went confidently down into those waters, for underneath were the iron rails and the solid track. When life's path meets the deep waters, the Christian may confidently enter therein, for "underneath are the everlasting arms."—*Rev. T. S. Robie*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Chief Seats

REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS

Christian Endeavor Topic for June 20,
1914

Daily Readings.

Sunday—The wrong way (Numb. 22: 15-19).

Monday—The way of obedience (Matt. 5: 17-20).

Tuesday—Christ's example (Phil. 2: 5-13).

Wednesday—The way of integrity (Prov. 3: 13-20).

Thursday—The way of humility (John 5: 37-47).

Friday—The way of service (Isa. 53: 4-12).

Sabbath Day—Topic: Chief seats, and how to reach them (Luke 14: 7-11).

Three things to think about: Shall we take the lowest seat for the sake of an invitation to come up higher? What kind of ambition is right for a Christian? How can we overcome the false ambitions?

Don't you remember that time when you thought you had reached the place in your experience when you felt that you had a right to walk right up and take the high seat without waiting for an invitation? And then the let-down came. My, what a bump! It was as the man said who fell out of a balloon,—the falling wasn't so bad, but he didn't like the lighting. Maybe you have forgotten it, but I haven't. Not your experience, but my own. But then, there were not always bumps, for sometimes there were those joyful surprises which made our hearts glow because we had without any thought of a higher position, by hard work won the better place. So the two kinds of experiences come to us, teaching us the need of a careful balance between undue ambition and a lack of ambition.

Ambition is a good thing, but for what are we ambitious? Christ was ambitious, but his was a desire for the whole world to be brought unto God. We hear him saying, "I am the light of the world;" "I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me;" "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me," and

a great many other similar expressions. But these were not to manifest his own power and authority; they were a revelation of his consciousness that there was no other way by which man could be saved. He desired the whole world for his dominion, and with such an ambition could readily make such statements. But when it came to his own life and the exalting of himself for his own sake we see the great contrast. He avoided those who wished to see his signs and wonders, but his sympathy often took the form of a miracle. He turned away those who sought only the loaves and fishes, but sent away the halt, the weak and the blind rejoicing that they had felt the power of God.

If you will turn to the daily readings for Tuesday you will find there the secret of Jesus' power and his example for us. You will note these words: "Have this mind in you, which was in Christ Jesus, who existing in the form of God, . . . emptied himself, taking the form of a servant . . . humbled himself, becoming obedient unto the death of the cross. Wherefore God exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name." Notice the development. *Equality with God, emptying of self, humility, obedience, death on the cross, and then the glorious triumph, the name above all other names.* Yet he did not seek the name, but he strove for obedience which manifested itself in love for the sinful world which needed a Savior—a Savior who saw what humility and every-day acts of loving service would do for the sin-cursed souls seeking rest and peace.

Jesus had a right to tell his disciples not to take the highest seat, but then he did not mean that they were to take the lowest seat for the purpose of being invited to a higher. For if this way were sought as a means of getting into the best place, then there would follow a scramble for the lowest seat for the sake of being called up higher and this would be as great a wrong as the other. He means that the upper place is to be forgotten, so intent must we be on doing the work that is here for us to do at the very place where we are. I have a little motto hanging in my study which is a great help to me and which illustrates this truth: "Make yourself greater than your position." I might interpret that, as

Among the Churches of the South-eastern Association

REV. A. J. C. BOND

Salemville

On May the fourteenth I arrived in Salemville, Pa., for my fifth visit with that church, this time under the direction of the American Sabbath Tract Society. Always before I have gone over from Bedford, but this time I left the train at Osterberg. This mixed me up on the points of the compass, and I did not get straightened out until we came to the distillery. Not that we stopped at the distillery. Those who stop there get *muddled*. But this building sticking in against the mountain was the first familiar landmark. I had expected we would come in on the other side of the Cove, but couldn't adjust the sun to that conception. The sun was right. And when I found out where I was, I was all right. (Material for a second homily, but I am not trying to preach.)

The Salemville Church has made considerable progress since my last visit there. True, some faces are missing, and some of the workers are seen no more in their accustomed places. But these places are occupied and the work continues to prosper.

While I missed those faces grown familiar through the associations of former years, it was a pleasure to witness the continued faithfulness of friends of other days. And I was particularly impressed with the twenty new faces in the primary department of the Sabbath school. There are nineteen pupils in this department, and nineteen children were present the Sabbath of my visit. And every last one of them—bright, happy-faced boys and girls—were born since my last visit there nine years ago. The teacher has been added to the congregation since then, also. Formerly she was a member of the German Brethren church. She loves her children and they love her, and the whole school is proud of both.

I was told that at the beginning of the year there was held a consecration service for the teachers. They all came forward and knelt together while prayer was offered, setting them apart to the service for the year. I have no doubt the influence of that service abides with the teachers. In-

pastor of a small church, to mean that I was to aspire to the pastorate of one of the large churches with greater influence and a larger salary and all that. But it doesn't mean that to me. Perhaps we can best come to the idea by putting it negatively. If I should leave this field feeling that I had neglected to do what I might have done, then I would have made myself smaller than my position and unworthy of a better place—yes, unworthy of even a lesser. A chief seat does not depend upon the size of the church, the amount of the salary, the name of the school I teach, the office which I hold in the State, or anything of the kind. The chief seat is the one which is closest to the Master, and the Master is always to be found in the way of loving service. "The persons placed by Christ in the chief seats are those that sincerely prefer to remain in the lowest seats and escape notice."

True worth is found in the work of life, and yet it will have a thought concerning the time beyond the few short years which we spend on this earth. The thought of such a life is beautifully expressed in that poem by Leigh Hunt about the good sheik, Abou Ben Adhem.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the
Lord.'

'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. 'Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, 'I pray thee then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.'

"The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God has
blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The nearer we approach to God in our spiritual life and fellowship, the larger our sympathies for humanity, and the more universal our ministry in the world. The mission of Christ is the mission of every Christian. He came and lived and died to save the world. The disciple is not better than his Master.—Anon.

deed, the whole school must feel its influence.

The offerings in this school amount to more than a penny per. I had my place in a men's class, and nothing less than a nickel went in from that class. When the report of the school was read, the ratio of attendance to offering was something like 10 to 70.

Another feature in the school is a wall chart representing a boy and girl climbing a ladder. These figures are detachable and can be adjusted readily. I noticed that the boy was a little ahead of the girl, and was told that there were more men and boys than women and girls present the Sabbath before. As it came time to hear the secretary's report all were anxious to know what would be the relative position of the boy and girl on the ladder. The report read: "present, women and girls, 36; men and boys, 40." The latter breathed easier, all smiled, and the boy kept his place for one more week.

I gave a Sabbath message on Sabbath morning to practically all our people, and to several from the German Seventh Day Baptist church. I attended the Sabbath school at "the brick" church in the afternoon and the Sunday school of the German Brethren church Sunday morning. I taught a class here, and addressed both schools briefly. I preached five times in the Seventh Day Baptist church, and called upon most of the families in their homes.

This is an encouraging field. The people themselves are forward-looking and hopeful. Rev. D. C. Lippincott has a wonderful hold on the hearts of the people. He did them much good in the meetings which he held with them some months ago. They feel that his work was not done when he was compelled to leave on account of the serious condition of his health, and they are anxious to have him with them again. If his health will permit, or when it does, I think he ought to go back by all means. He has begun a work there which he can continue better than can any one else. He knows the people and conditions. And the people of every name and faith have confidence in him.

Brother J. S. Kagarise is a splendid illustration of what a good local elder and leader can do. He ministers faithfully to the church, preaching twice a month, and

he coöperates cheerfully and wisely with those who come in from the outside.

I had a pressing invitation to bring my family and spend a month with the good people of Salemville. I should like to do that very thing.

My Mountain Climb

REV. A. J. C. BOND

I have spent four busy days in the Cove surrounded by these lofty mountains which rear their heads to the blue sky above, and ever invite to an upward look and to an upward climb. I have enjoyed the *look* many times during these days, and have enjoyed *memories* of former *climbs*, and of the beautiful panoramic picture seen from those heights. For just eleven years ago this summer I picked huckleberries on these mountains in Pennsylvania, which my bride of that summer canned in West Virginia, and which she and I ate in New York, in that upper room at Lou Beyea's in Alfred. I have visited nearly every Seventh Day Baptist family in the Cove, there is to be but one more service at the little church at the foot of the mountain, tomorrow I shall go back to that bride, now of eleven summers and again in West Virginia, and so this is the time for me to climb the mountain to which I have been lifting my eyes, and which has been reminding me in a most friendly and confiding manner that my help cometh from Jehovah who made heaven and earth.

As I make my way past the last houses which straggle along the white ascending road and snuggle close up to the base of the friendly mountain, some one hails me, and when told the object of my morning walk wants to know whether I am going up the public road or "through the bushes." Why make any compromise in the matter and barter pleasure for ease? Through the bushes it will be, and here is a good place to start in, here where this stream of water emerges from the deep woods. What beautiful moss in this ravine, smelling of damp earth-mold. It makes me think of a boy and girl I knew twenty-five years ago, who used to gather moss like this to carpet their playhouse floor. There are paths leading up the hill, "haul roads," which make it easier climbing. How beautiful the dogwood is. And the hillside is

flecked with its white bouquets. I did not appreciate the dogwood in my boyhood. I knew more about its roots than I did about its blossoms. Whereas the hickory has one great root running straight down, the dogwood has many roots leading out laterally. And they are hard to cut. We can use the old ax on them though, instead of the mattock with which we have set out to grub a cornfield between the last day of school and corn planting.

My real appreciation of the dogwood (so blind are we to the beauty of things familiar) began when, living where it does not grow, I read an article on the dogwood in a popular magazine, whose cover design consisted of dogwood blossoms. I have never seen anything much prettier than the decorations at our reception at the Salem church a year ago, where the dogwood blossom prevailed. And how beautiful they were last Sabbath, Mother's Day, arranged in a bank of snow-whiteness.

I found my last lady's slipper in Wisconsin, "out the North road." The girls and I had driven Pocus out that way to hunt wild flowers of the woods. (Possibly not all my readers know that "Pocus" is Deacon Greenman's pony, whose real name is Pocahontas.) That lady's-slipper was yellow; this one is—lavender? The top of the mountain has long been out of sight. But as I ascend to the brow of the "bench" it looms up again, nearer than when I saw it last, but quite a climb away still. As I cross the flat with a slight ascent, furnishing a breathing spell, the mountain crest is lost from view again. There are no paths now either. How can I tell which way to go? *Up*. That's easy. Oh, not easy to climb, but easy to tell whether I am going in the right direction. It matters little after all whether the journey be difficult, only so that you are traveling in the right direction for then you will reach the goal.

We passed through the devil's potato patch a few days ago, when crossing the mountain from Osterberg. I heard of that pile of rocks, about an acre in size and so deep that no sign of vegetation is seen upon it, seventeen years ago. But I have decided that his satanic majesty has more than one potato patch in these mountains. You can climb over them though if you are careful. It is a stiff climb, however, and steepest just before you reach

the top. But here I am at last, on the very top of one of the highest peaks of the range. Far below and seemingly immediately beneath lies the little village, and it seems as though I could cast a stone out into space and it would fall right down in Jerome Kagarise's garden. Wouldn't he jump! He and his wife are planting sweet corn. I guess I shall try my voice instead of the stone; it will carry farther.

What a beautiful piece of patchwork Morrison's Cove is, seen from the mountain. Green and brown are the prevailing colors just now with the wheatfields and meadows, and the cornfields ready for planting. What a pleasant place this is in which to spend a couple of hours. I mean a "couple" according to the usage of the Cove friends, not just two. I have my Bible, and I shall just sit me on this teetering rock and read some of the Psalms, the "songs of ascents" beginning with the one hundred twentieth and one hundred twenty-first.

Here are some chestnut sprouts that will make good whistles. As the girls usually expect me to bring them something, I'll make them each a whistle. It will serve as a pastime in recalling boyhood days, and they will cost nothing and will be appreciated by the girls.

I never saw so many lady's-slippers as are growing right here on the mountain. Was it in the old second or third reader that I read about the girl who thought that if she could sing as beautifully as the bird hid away in the tree, she would sit where folks could see. Why are these flowers satisfied to "waste their fragrance on the desert air?" Wasted? Never more appreciated perhaps than here at the end of a difficult climb.

It is time to start back if I am to get a piece of that good cake—another piece. Is it sacrilegious to think of cake amid such surroundings? Well it is time to go, in any event. In the mountain is a *good* place to be, but a *poor* place to stay. Peter wanted to stay on the mountain, but there was human need below. If one would minister to humanity's need, in the mountain is a good place to have been.

Was the view from the mountain top worth the effort? The climb was worth the effort. Every step had its own reward. The view from the top, and the experiences there were all extra.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

An Odd Surprise

I heard a burst of melody
That bubbled o'er with mirth and glee,
From that old giant willow tree
Beside the brook.
And pray who could the singer be?
I rose to look.

A sudden whirl of startled wings,
A squall that still in mem'ry rings—
Is this the bird that sweetly sings?
A catbird sly!
Some startling tunes thy song-book brings
For passers-by.
—Margaret E. La Monte, in the *Alfred University Monthly*.

The Cherry Tree Robbers

Robbie Robin was first to see them, and he sounded a terrific alarm. "Hey, there!" he shouted. "What are you doing in that tree? Stop it, I tell you. Stop it right now!"

Then Billy Blackbird joined in: "Stop that! Stop that! That tree belongs to us."

The two Blue Jay boys were always ready for any sort of disturbance, no matter what, so they began shouting, "Stop that! Stop that!" with really no idea what it was all about.

Father Robin, clear over the other side of the barn, heard the commotion and made up his mind he'd better fly home.

"Boys!" he exclaimed, dropping plump into their midst, "what's all this fuss?"

"Well, I don't care," protested Robbie Robbin, "you'll be mad too, when you hear it."

"Very well," said his father, "tell me about it."

"Well, you know those birds that moult their feathers every night and that live around here in big nests, right on top of the ground?"

"Yes," answered Father Robin.

"Well, three of their young ones have crawled up into our cherry tree, and they're eating our cherries, and we told them not to, and kept telling them not to, and we shouted it at them, and called them bad names—"

"I heard some of those names," interrupted Father Robin.

"—well, they deserved it—because they didn't pay one bit of attention. And

now we want you to fly right in their faces, and make them let go with their front claws, and fall out of the tree. They're too stupid to fly, and I guess if they break something, maybe they'll learn to let other folks' things alone."

"Which nest did they come from?" asked Father Robin, quietly.

"That big dried mud one on top of the hill."

Father Robin looked up at the brick house. Then he looked at the "robbers," one in a blue gingham apron, one in a brown gingham apron, and one in a blue checked waist and a pair of torn knickerbockers.

"I think it's probably all right," he said. "I've seen them before. They live in that nest, and you see it's quite near to the trees."

"Quite near to the trees!" exclaimed Robbie Robin. "Well, they don't live so near as we do; and anyway, what's that got to do with it? They're *our* trees. What right have they got picking our best cherries?"

"They may think they have some rights."

"Well, then, somebody'd better show them. Who takes care of those trees? Wouldn't all the fruit trees be eaten to pieces if we and our cousins didn't dig out the little squasy things under the bark, and peck off the little scaly things that eat the leaves and snap up the green things flying around everywhere? Many and many is the time I've eaten those things until it gave me the stomachache!"

"I haven't a doubt of that, but—"

"Well, then, if we take care of the trees they're ours, aren't they? What business

—?" Robbie looked again at the robbers. They were cramming their mouths as if they, too, were preparing stomachaches, and the sight was too much for his temper. "Here! Stop that!" he shouted. "Thieves! Thieves! Stop it—"

"Robert!"

When his father spoke that way, Robbie always obeyed.

"Yes, Sir," he answered humbly.

"I was just going to explain to you," said his father, "something I may never have told you before, but something that every young bird ought to know. Your friends may listen, too, if they like."

Billy Blackbird and the two Blue Jay boys hopped to near-by twigs, hoping that

what Father Robin said might be a story.

"It is quite true, of course," Father Robin went on, "that we do take care of the fruit trees. But then, you must remember, that we earn a part of our living that way; we eat the grubs and bugs and, if they were not good to eat we very likely would not catch them. And these 'robbers,' as you call them, they—or their fathers and mothers—help care for the trees, too. It's even possible they think the trees belong to them."

"What do they do for them, I'd like to know?" demanded Billy Blackbird, scornfully. He was so interested he quite forgot that his question hardly sounded respectful, considering that he was talking to so dignified a bird as Mr. Robin.

"They dig holes for young fruit trees and put their roots into the ground," said Father Robin. "I've seen them do that myself. Sometimes, too, they pour water on them so that the roots can drink; sometimes they cut off dead branches. Just why that is I can't say, but birds much wiser than I have told me it makes the trees grow better."

"Then they really do help care for the trees?" demanded one of the Blue Jay boys. Even he was interested a little.

"They really do," answered Mr. Robin, solemnly; "and besides," he added, "there's plenty of fruit, plenty for every one, all we can eat and all your 'robbers' can eat. So don't let me hear another word of scolding or any more shouting 'thieves' around our cherry trees."—*Frederick Hall, by permission of the Continent.*

Can Not be Trusted

C. H. WETHERBE

One of the very worst injuries that a person can inflict upon himself is that of so dealing with others that they can no longer trust in him. I have frequently wondered what such ones think of themselves. It may be that some of them imagine that other people around them do not know their real character and conduct; but the fact is, a person who can not be safely trusted is more generally known than he is aware of. Those who have been deceived by him, are very apt to tell others of their experience with him, thus putting them on their guard against him.

The late editor of a religious paper said: "When a man has once been found guilty of falsehood, deception, and misrepresentation, he can not be trusted by those who know the facts. When a judge has decided a case unjustly, when a jury has brought in a false verdict, when a church or ecclesiastical body has violated the principles of Scripture, law, and gospel, to condemn the innocent, they have placed themselves where no honest man can ever put confidence in them, until, by hearty repentance and open confession, they show themselves willing to begin a new life. A man who has broken one agreement can not be trusted to make another."

These words ought to have a wide circulation. A great many times I have been amazed at certain men who had proved themselves to me to be unworthy of the least confidence in them. In some instances I had supposed that the men were of a high order of character, and I had, for years, put full confidence in them; but after directly dealing with them, I found that their promises were very unreliable and even deceptive. Is it possible that such ones believe that a profession of religion will shield them from the just judgment of God? How calloused in heart they must be! Oh, it is a great loss to one to so act that those who know him can not safely trust him!

Words of Sympathy

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Andover Seventh Day Baptist Church has been called to mourn the loss of one of its oldest and most earnest members, Mrs. Catharine Greene. She was one of the original members of the society and was always ready to do whatever her strength would allow. For a number of years her health has been failing, but she always had a pleasant word for every one, and our sympathy goes out to the bereaved children in the loss of a loving mother, and the society in the loss of a faithful worker.

FLORA I. MOSHER,
ELIZA BASSETT,
ALICE CLARK,
Committee.

"Close communion is a banquet with a single plate."

Why I Am Quitting the Liquor Business.

[In using the following article, sent by a friend in the West, we would gladly give proper credit did we know the paper from which it was clipped. We take the liberty of reprinting it, feeling sure that both author and publisher will be glad to give the thought contained in it the widest possible circulation.—Ed.]

There are men in the liquor business who laugh when they are told that nation-wide prohibition is not improbable. They are the ill informed, the ones who are too wise to learn what is going on about them. . . . If they would take a trip over the State of Missouri and interview men in their own business they would soon appreciate the danger. But they will not do that. They don't want to see anything but the big cities. They don't realize that the big cities can not control if opposing forces are strongly united against them. They would be surprised at what they would hear out in the State, and they would hear most of it from liquor dealers who see farther than the big cities.—From an editorial leader in the *Municipal News*, a retail liquor organ published in St. Louis.

If there is anything in numerous signs of advancing decrepitude, the days of John Barleycorn in the land are numbered. The prohibition movement, a few years since regarded as a feeble and somewhat eccentric agitation fostered by a few extremists commonly regarded as fanatics, has fed upon battle and gained strength from defeat until it threatens to throttle John Barleycorn and all his hosts. And what is even more ominous to the thinking men engaged in the liquor traffic, there is a quietly growing sentiment all over the United States, outside the organized prohibition forces, against the use of intoxicants. In every business, profession and trade, the tolerance of drinking is daily becoming less. Men in every walk of life—even including the liquor trade—are quietly but definitely deciding that they can not afford to befuddle their brains and injure their health with drink. The following article, the sentiments of a saloon-keeper for many years in business in Kansas City, expresses the fears that are disturbing many of his kind.

I have been a saloon-keeper in Kansas City twenty-two years. My place is centrally located, elaborately fitted up, completely stocked, and is well patronized. The saloon is for sale—at a bargain, appraised by the usual standards—as I am going to retire from the business.

My reason for quitting the liquor trade is not that I am old, or rich, or troubled by my conscience. I simply have decided to get out while the getting is good, for I believe that I can read the handwriting on the wall. I believe that the finish of the booze business in this country is in sight and I prefer to step from under before the roof falls in.

I would not undertake to say when nation-wide prohibition is going to arrive, but it is coming, as sure as fate, and it is not many years away. It is coming, not so much as a result of feverish and hysterical agitation, as a result of a majority of the voters of the country making up their minds that boozing is a criminal waste of time and money, and booze a nuisance and a dangerous drug.

The patronage of my place has been growing less with suspicious steadiness for more than two years. When I first looked about for a cause I couldn't find any. Other saloon-keepers had the same complaint wherever I went about town. I had occasion to go to St. Louis and to Chicago, and saloon men there, too, complained that business was bad. Nearly all of them blamed the state of business to "hard times," and each seemed to get a lot of satisfaction out of the knowledge that other saloon men were no better off than he. But the hard times talk did not convince me, and there wasn't much consolation in knowing that the trade of the other fellows was dwindling along with mine. "Hard times" might account for a temporary falling off in patronage with some, but I noticed that the men who had ceased to come to my place, or came less often than formerly, were not men who would be affected in their drinking by an alleged shortage in current cash. My best customers were fairly prosperous business men, and it was the falling away of these that was cutting down my business.

In the last five years I have spent my time in front of my bar, "mixing with the trade." I had given up drinking years before, because I had learned that a man can't drink booze and sell it; not a very good advertisement for the business, but so frequently heard that my customers seemed to overlook the real significance of it. I came to know intimately many of the business men who were good patrons of mine, and when one of those ceased to

come in I would take advantage of the first opportunity to ask the reason. Usually they would laugh and answer, "Oh, I'm on the water wagon for a little while," but when I pressed them for something more definite I would get something like this:

"Well, John, I'll tell you; I've decided that I can't afford to drink. After I've had a few drinks and try to transact business with some fellow who is cold sober, I find that he has the edge on me when it comes to a test of wits. I can't afford to handicap myself that way; and besides, I feel a lot better physically when I don't drink. There's nothing to John Barleycorn as a side partner—he'll throw you down every time."

I didn't pay much attention to that the first time I heard it, but after a while I got it so often that I could repeat it forwards, backwards and both ways from the middle. It got on my nerves. It always had been my practice to encourage a hard drinking man when he was trying to stick on the water wagon, but I wasn't so enthusiastic about it when, instead of one, there were dozens of my best customers taking seats on the sprinkler.

WHEN JOHN BARLEYCORN DIES.

The worst feature of the changed habits of old customers was not the loss of money they formerly spent—though that was a considerable item—it was the consequent destruction of the social life of my place. And that, let me tell you right here, is the life and soul of the booze business—deny John Barleycorn jovial companionship and he will die of loneliness in jig time. The "regulars" who had made my place their drinking headquarters had become, as is the case in practically every saloon, a sort of family party. When one of them stepped in, morning, noon or night, to "get just one drink," he was certain to meet other regulars. Then it was a case of "what will you have?" and "now it's my turn to buy." Others would drop in, the party would grow, and there would be more drinks. Men with business engagements who had hustled in for a highball or a glass of beer would linger and take on a half-dozen high balls or glasses of beer, and then use the telephone, stalling off their engagements. In the course of time the bunch would be huddled together with their arms around each other, trying to strike barber

shop chords. That sort of a convention was pretty certain to stick for the kickout drink—that is, the crowd, or the greater part of it, would be there until we turned out the lights at one o'clock.

Of course, they'd all be sore at themselves next morning, so they would come back to the saloon to talk it over and console with one another—incidentally forming the nucleus for another party.

It is the habit of drinking, and not the habit of getting drunk, that makes barroom loafers of men. Twenty-two years of observation has convinced me that very few men—practically none of any account—drink to excess because of a craving for stimulants in quantities. And drinking, more than any other habit, demonstrates man's gregarious instinct. The average man does all his drinking in one or two places, and he will walk blocks, past a dozen saloons, to get to those places. It isn't because the booze is any different at his favorite's; it's because he's acquainted there, and is practically certain of finding companionship and social enjoyment. A man in a strange town who strikes up an acquaintance with a solitary bartender will do all his drinking on that bartender's watch until he comes to know other men in the place.

THE DRINKS THEY DON'T WANT

It's the drinks that men take, but don't want, that make money for the saloon men. The first glass of whiskey or beer a man takes may be a big one, if he is a habitual drinker and needs a bracer after a stormy night. But that, or possibly one more, is all that he feels he needs. But then Bill, or Jack, or Jim, or Sam comes along and, to show his good fellowship, he insists on buying. The compliment is returned, and a couple more acquaintances probably drop in "just in time" to participate in the return treat, afterwards proving they are no pikers by buying rounds of drinks in their turn. After the first two or three they all begin to sidestep the bumper drinks. The whiskey drinkers pour less and less in their glasses, and the beer drinkers search the back bar for the smallest glass in stock. Then is when the saloon man gets his. He collects five cents for a thimblefull of beer and fifteen cents for a half-dozen drops of whiskey. There is an

average of \$7 to \$10 profit in a barrel of beer and \$5 to \$8 in a gallon of whiskey sold over the bar. If a saloon could restrict its patronage to social parties well advanced in the joyful pastime of buying drinks that nobody wants, one barrel of beer and one bottle of whiskey might last a week.

Bootleggers and drug store booze joints hurt the saloon business, but they are hampered by lack of facilities for social intercourse. Lidlifting clubs, which have such facilities, would pretty nearly put the saloons out of business if the police would show them the same thoughtful consideration that is shown the drug stores.

KIDDING HIMSELF.

Any sensible man will agree that the limit of asinine occupations is standing over a bar, blowing in good money for undesired drinks, until every one in the crowd is several dollars shy and in bad at home and at the office. Yet there is no way to get away from it, except to keep away from saloons, because that's what men go to saloons for principally. They may think they go there for drinks, but they don't—they go there to visit and josh and argue and pound on the bar and try to sing, and all the things they kick themselves for the morning after. Drinking is a necessary but incidental matter. Sometimes a man, communing with himself in the cold gray dawn, will figure that he can cling to the social life of the saloon and escape the effects of booze by drinking mineral water and other "soft stuff." He's only kidding himself. He may last for a few rounds with a merry party of free and easy drink buyers, but after that he'll either have to run or drown. No man can hold his own for a protracted session drinking soft stuff with a crowd that is consuming short drinks of alcoholic beverages.

Nothing that I have said is news to the saloon men; they have known it and traded on the knowledge always. The trouble is, the saloon patrons are getting wise as well and are backing away from barroom dalliance. A man hates to be shown up for a sucker, and booze will make a sucker, in the saloon and out, of every man that fools with it. And it is a realization of that fact by drinking men that is knocking the profits out of the booze business.

THE CHANGED CONDITIONS.

John Barleycorn is going to be killed and buried in this country by his former friends and associates, not by constitutional enemies who never saw the inside of a saloon. The sentiment toward booze that has been growing among my patrons the last two years or more, is not confined to my patrons and against the booze in my saloon alone. The same sentiment is growing all over the country, and toward booze everywhere. Social and business conditions have changed until booze and booze fighting have no place in the present-day scheme of things. The ability to carry a jag gracefully is no longer esteemed as one of the polite accomplishments of a gentleman, and business life is too strenuous these days for a man to hamper himself with a fuddled brain. And with the realization that they can't drink themselves and remain at the top notch of efficiency, business men are demanding that their employees let booze alone. Corporations and firms are not hiring drinkers, and they are getting rid of old employes who persist in drinking.

In many lines of business "entertaining the trade" used to mean buying unlimited drinks for customers. That was true particularly of jobbing and wholesale houses in Kansas City that were visited annually or oftener by out-of-town retailers. The annual convention of retail implement dealers, held here every January, used to be worth hundreds of dollars to me. The big implement firms in the West Bottoms called in all their traveling men at convention time and sicked them on the visiting retailers, with the understanding that the principal object was to get the retailers pickled and keep them that way as long as they stayed in town. Many firms established free bars in their warerooms, so that buyers wouldn't have to interrupt their giving of orders to go out for a drink.

BOOZE AND SALESMANSHIP.

Of course, the jobbers and wholesalers had the idea that the retailers would buy more freely while they were jagged, and would give their orders to the salesman who had entertained them most lavishly. That theory has been exploded and the booze feature has been cut out. It was true that some of the country visitors bought more goods when they were under

the influence of drinks, but when they got home and saw what they had bought they were sore at themselves and at the men who sold them stuff they didn't want. And then again, there were buyers who grew afraid of themselves after a lot of drinks and bought less than they would sober. Some got so interested in trying to drink all the booze in town that they forgot what they came to Kansas City for, and went home without buying anything at all but a quarter's worth of headache powders.

The same thing has come to pass in the motor car business. Every motor car salesman used to have an unlimited expense account for the purchase of liquid entertainment for "prospects" he might have in tow. Two or three years ago, the agencies and factories began to tighten up on drink items in salesman's expense accounts. They have grown steadily less indulgent in that respect, until now a salesman must step lively if he gets by the auditor with "incidentals" that smell of booze.

It's the same thing all over. "Banquets" and formal gatherings of all kinds where cocktails and wines used to be freely served, have become "dry" affairs. Social and fraternal orders and business men's associations starting on railroad excursions used to fortify themselves against a wreck in a desert with a commissary car loaded with liquors and a corps of bartenders. Now the majority of them have developed a sentiment against the booze van—too many of the old-time cutups have quit drinking, even at play.

THE WAY THE WIND IS BLOWING.

All those things point in just one direction, to my way of thinking. They mean that the men of this country are making up their minds that drinking is bad business, and doesn't offer compensations sufficient to offset the toll of time and money and health it takes. Drunkards there are and will be so long as there is booze to be had, and they are panic-stricken at the suggestion that country-wide prohibition may prevail. But the self-respecting and social drinkers, the real dependance of the liquor traffic, are preparing to banish booze.

And take it from me, when that time comes, booze will be banished, effectively and completely. A lot of liquor dealers and saloon bums are fond of kidding them-

selves with the argument that universal prohibition would only result in wholesale bootlegging, more vicious secret drinking and other evasions. I know better. When it becomes a serious offense against the federal law for a man to manufacture, import, sell, handle or possess intoxicating liquor, booze drinking will cease.

And I don't know but every one will be glad of it, in the long run. I've never been proud of being a saloon-keeper, and I don't believe any other self-respecting man can be. We jolly ourselves along with the argument that it is legitimate, recognized by the national government, the state, the county and the city, but we know in our hearts that it is a rotten business.

Anyhow, good or bad, I am going to get out of it before the fireworks begin, and I'd advise every other man with money invested in it to do the same. John Barleycorn has had his day.

A Prophecy

M. E. H. EVERETT

A dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions,
She stood in her gate at the close of day
And glanced at the stars through the thin mist
peering
And gazed down the valley with shadows gray.
"Troop over the hills and throng down the
valleys
Weird wavering forms whose names I know!
Dumb Sorrow I see and black Disaster
And thousands follow in weeds of woe.
"A sword I can see,—its name is Vengeance,
And an arm no earthly power can break;
Oh, pray in synagogue, mosque, and cloister.—
Pray ye in the streets that he may not wake.
"For ye mock his Christ who bade his servants
To war no longer but bring earth peace;
'His law is too hard.—we cannot keep it!
And ye answer, 'War can never cease.'
"And if the arm of the strong be lifted,
I know upon whom the sword shall fall
Till the moon and the sun in blood be darkened
And God's great law is all in all."

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.

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE
Contributing Editor

Adult Class Questions

1. Should adult classes be taught by the *lecture method* or by the *question method*?
 2. Would it be a good plan to *unite all the adult classes* under one teacher if it is impossible to get good teachers, and all the classes have to meet in one room anyway?
 3. Do you think the future Bible school will have the *pastor as teacher* of the great united adult classes, and will they be taught by the lecture method?—*L. M. B.*
- There is no doubt but that the discussion methods for adult classes are better than either the question or the lecture methods. However, in introducing the discussion method, it is valuable to use the question method, and sometimes the teachers will do well to make comments themselves, which of course would take the nature of the lecture method.
2. In an emergency it might be permissible to unite all the adult classes under one teacher, but it would certainly have to be an emergency. The present growth of the adult classes has been marked by separate classes for the men and for the women. At present there is a growing tendency toward dividing the men into at least three classes,—one for young men, one for middle-aged men, and one for older men. The same division for the women is also practicable. If you are obliged because of your limitations of room to have all the classes together in one room, it should be only a temporary arrangement. I would advise you to begin at once the raising of a building fund, and to plan to build class-rooms for these classes. I am sure this can be done in a place where the men and women desire it, and have a mind to work.
 3. I do not believe the future Bible classes will have the pastor as the teacher of the united class. As stated before, I feel sure that the adult division will be divided into classes, and the basis of division will always be group interest.

Why should a class organize?—*A. B. C.*
Division of Work.—Organization trans-

forms the class from a teacher's enterprise to a stock company where the members share mutually in the management of the class and in the direction of its activities.

2. *Permanency.*—Organization increases the class spirit. The organized class becomes "our class," not "the teachers class." The unorganized class suffers greatly if the teacher is removed, and sometimes is obliged to disband. The organized class helps to secure another teacher, and in the interim maintains its class-work, and is thus held together. Though much depends upon the teacher, the permanency of the class should not rest wholly upon his personality and work. Changes must necessarily come.

3. *Strength.*—The organized class gives each one of its members a voice in the class management and in its activities. Each member is given something definite to do. The weakness of one is supplemented by the strength of another, and thus the strength of the class becomes the united strength of the best talents of all its members. The class becomes a force at work, not merely a field for work.

4. *Increased Membership.*—When men organize and go after men, or women organize and go after women, they are sure to succeed. One of the state Bible-school associations reported that one hundred classes, representing many different conditions, showed an increase of almost one hundred per cent within a year after organization. Such testimony as this is constantly being received from all parts of the field. The presence of a large number of men and women in the Bible-school service will help to solve the "big boy" and the "big girl" problems by attracting and holding these boys and girls in the school at a time when they are so easily lost from its membership.

5. *An Adequate Service.* Organization enables the class to do things. The appointment of special committees, the assignment of definite work to each committee, and the introduction of various class activities, does much toward realizing the ideal: "an adequate Christian service for every member." Large and permanent success is assured when this ideal is attained.—*W. C. Pierce, in Sunday School Times.*

(For Daily Bible Readings see page 736.)

HOME NEWS

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Things are still moving in Battle Creek. The Christian Endeavor society is doing good work. In this city of thirty thousand people our Endeavor society has the largest membership of any. Their meetings were never before so largely attended at this time of year as now. Attendance is often between fifty and sixty. They have lately organized classes for special study of "The History of Seventh Day Baptists," "The History of the Sabbath," and "Christian Endeavor Efficiency." These classes meet each week.

The Junior Endeavor society has changed the time of its meeting from Sunday afternoon to Sabbath afternoon. The change is very much to the advantage of the children and their society. They have a live society. They meet at the parsonage.

The mid-week prayer meeting of the church is not as largely attended now as at some other times. Some of the people are sick, some are tired, and some are willing to do without the prayer meeting. How is it in the church of which you are a member?

President Daland, of Milton College, was with us from May 15 to May 17. He spoke before our Christian Endeavor society on Friday evening. He preached for the Sanitarium congregation on Sabbath morning and for our church Sabbath afternoon. Then he gave a lecture on "Music and Its Significance" in the Sanitarium gymnasium the evening after the Sabbath. His addresses, sermons, and lecture were all instructive and helpful. We were glad to have him with us.

On a recent Sabbath we received five new members into the church. Others are now awaiting baptism and church membership. One of these is a convert to the Sabbath, a woman with a large family. She has sought diligently after us. She furnishes evidence of sincere desire to follow her Lord in all his requirements. There are other converts to the Sabbath in our congregation also who are thinking seriously of baptism and church membership with us. While some people care so much more for automobiles and personal pleasure and ambition than they do for God and

his Son and his Sabbath and his church it is very refreshing to find these who are so deeply concerned for their own salvation and best things.

We rejoice with our sister churches that have been receiving so many believing, baptized, Sabbath-keeping people into their membership. God grant that we may ever keep our doors wide open for the reception of all such into membership with us, and forbid that we shall knowingly ever admit any others into membership with us.

We are all looking anxiously forward to the time when Brother Kelly will be here to take up the pastoral care of this important church. Our work is but just begun in Battle Creek. Pray much, brethren, for our cause here.

D. BURDETT COON,

May 27, 1914.

ALBION, WIS.—Although a peaceful little village three and one-half miles from Edgerton, its railroad station, Albion has not that deserted appearance so common to country villages. It looks prosperous and well kept, its people happy and intelligent, and now, clothed in all the glory of the springtime, the little town is a beautiful place indeed.

The village itself escaped any serious damage in the recent tornado, but the surrounding country suffered greatly. Some of the property of our farmers was damaged considerably; but compared with the devastation of others' buildings, we were very fortunate. There was no loss of life in the vicinity, and the homes of the people were not wrecked, although many houses were injured some; so there is much to be thankful for.

The interest in our own church work has kept up well. The Sabbath services are well attended, and the Friday night prayer meetings are very interesting.

During the winter a fine new hard-wood floor was laid in the church. The ladies had been interested in having one for some time and finally voted \$75 toward it. A meeting was then called one evening after Sabbath to consider it, and the rest of the money was pledged that night. The next day the church was torn up. Monday morning the lumber was drawn, by Wednesday night the floor was down and had received its first coat of oil, and on Sabbath we worshiped on the completed floor.

"The people had a mind to work," many of the men giving their work. In fact, all the work was done by voluntary labor, and as we have a number of efficient carpenters it was well done.

During the winter Pastor Sayre drilled a large chorus once a week, and a concert was given the latter part of April. About forty were in the chorus and orchestra. The concert was well received, special praise being given the choruses. The proceeds of the concert built a screened porch on the parsonage, Pastor Sayre doing the work himself, without compensation, except in the comfort derived therefrom.

There has been considerable sickness here this spring and our new resident physician, Dr. W. W. Coon, is working up a good practice and is very well liked.

One of the ladies' societies managed a very successful entertainment course during the winter and plans to do so again next season.

We are much interested in the student evangelistic work planned by the Milton College Quartets for the summer, and it is expected that Pastor Sayre will accompany the "Burdick Quartet" for six weeks.

There are many items of interest which might be recorded here, but I think this article is long enough.

M. C. S.

WESTERLY, R. I.—Westerly has not experienced such a religious awakening as many towns and cities have been having this winter and spring. No concerted effort of the churches has been attempted for several years. The Mission has carried on at different times a series of meetings under different evangelists. The First Day Baptist church held meetings for two weeks this spring under the leadership of Miss Mary A. Moore of Syracuse, N. Y. Nevertheless, nearly all the churches have been receiving more members than usual. The M. E. church probably profited more by the Ashaway revival than any other of the Westerly bodies, for the reason that it draws heavily from the residents of Potter Hill.

The Pawcatuck Church has had no special work except by a visit of Rev. Edwin Shaw of Plainfield, N. J., who gave us three very helpful and thoughtful sermons. Some of our people attended a number of the Ashaway meetings, where

two of our young people signed cards; but in going among the people the pastor found that there was quite a number who were anxious and ready to put on Christ by baptism and church membership. The evening before the Sabbath of May 30, twenty-one of these were baptized and at the morning service of that day eighteen were taken into the fellowship of the church, with four others uniting by letter. One of the remaining three had to be away, and one is to unite with the Second Westerly Church at Bradford, R. I.

C. A. B.

LONG BEACH, CAL.—Again we come with cheerful news, for we were indeed glad to welcome Brother Fremont Wells and family among us, whose coming gives added strength and encouragement to our little band of Sabbath workers. We are also glad we can report progress along several lines of work.

The organizing of our society into a Seventh Day Baptist church and three baptisms to occur in the near future rejoice our hearts, and we have great reason to thank the dear Father for the many manifestations of his loving favor.

Children's Day was observed with appropriate exercises. The little ones proved themselves equal to the occasion, and much credit is due to their teacher, Miss Maletta Osborn, who so patiently trained them to do their part. The decorations were artistic and very effective, planned by a real artist, Miss Grace Muncy. The day was greatly enjoyed and will be long remembered.

The Senior Christian Endeavor is doing excellent work, and we also have a live Junior Christian Endeavor, the members of which are growing, and thinking out things for themselves. They are a little mission band and have voted to send their contributions to Africa. Their bright intelligent faces are an inspiration to us and we are hopeful for the future of our church. Pray for us that we may have wisdom, love, patience and tact, that we may be able to guide these little ones into paths of righteousness and truth.

Yours for greater service in the vineyard of our Lord.

MRS. LUCY E. SWEET.

125 W. 14th St.,
Long Beach, Cal.

DEATHS

GREEN.—Catharine A. Green was born at Hartsville, N. Y., March 30, 1837, and died at her home in Andover on May 5, 1914.

She was the daughter of Weden and Calista Witter and was the fourth of a family of thirteen children. On January 1, 1857, she was married to Andrew J. Green, who died December 16, 1901. To them were born five children: Elhora L. (now Mrs. Mathews) of Alfred Station; Adelbert who died at the age of three; Ida M. (Mrs. Joe Williams) of Andover; Alvaro P. who died in infancy; Melvin A. of Burdett, N. Y. Besides three children there remain to mourn their loss two brothers, Chauncey G. Witter of Coudersport, Pa., and Frank J. Witter of Andover, six grandchildren, thirteen great-grandchildren, several nieces and nephews, and many friends.

At the age of seventeen Sister Green was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist church of Hartsville. Later she and her husband moved to Alfred Station and became members of the church of like faith at that place. Still later she moved to Andover and united with the local Seventh Day Baptist church, and remained a most loyal and faithful member until called home. Her life was cheerful at all times, and marked by kindness in word and deed, and a never faltering trust in her heavenly Father. To know her was to love her.

Farewell services, conducted by her pastor, were held in the Andover Seventh Day Baptist church Friday, May 8, and interment took place in the Alfred Rural Cemetery. A. C. E.

DAVIS.—Marion Louise, the daughter of Howard and Lucy Fogg Davis, was born April 25, 1872, and died May 25, 1914.

Marion was the second child of Howard and Lucy Davis. She had always been a delicate baby. A few days before her death she seemed very sleepy, and on the last day her mother brought her down-stairs and laid her in her crib. A short time after on entering the room the mother found that the little life was gone. Jesus had gathered the lamb into his bosom.

The little flower was taken before it was full-bloom, but not before it had shed its fragrance. Although loving arms are empty and hearts are saddened, lives have been blessed because of this little life. J. E. H.

DAVIS.—Henry C. Davis, brother of Mrs. T. H. Tomlinson, Plainfield, N. J., was born January 29, 1836, in Dunellen, N. J., and entered into rest April 15, 1914, at Monte Vista, Colo.

In 1861 he enlisted in the 13th Wisconsin Regiment and served his country until the close of the Civil War. He settled in Salina, Kan., in 1866; married Miss Eliza Milan and had two sons, Lester W., who lives in Lindsborg, Kan., Rudolph H., living in Pueblo, Colo., and one daughter, Mineola, who was killed in the railroad wreck near Pueblo, Colo., August 7, 1904.

Henry served as deacon, and as superintendent of the Sunday school for many years, in the Baptist church at Salina. Services under the

direction of the Grand Army of the Republic were held in the Baptist church at Pueblo, Colo., on Thursday afternoon, April 17, and in the Baptist church at Salina, Kan., April 19.

He lived an exemplary Christian life, and his kind words and good works will be cherished by his family and friends. M. D. T.

DAVIS.—Eula, daughter of C. P. and D. E. Davis, was born March 4, 1897, and died May 25, 1914, at the home of her parents, on Lick Run, W. Va.

She was converted at meetings held by Rev. L. D. Seager at the Lick Run schoolhouse a year ago last spring. She lived a careful, quiet life. Before her death she seemed to be reconciled to the Master's will. She was conscious that the end was near, shook hands with those present, bade them good-by, and said she wanted to meet them all in heaven.

She leaves to mourn their loss, father, mother, one brother, Harry Weldon Davis, and two sisters, Mrs. Lettie Maxwell and Addie Florence Davis, all of Lick Run. Her body was laid at rest in the Middle Island Cemetery, May 27, 1914. W. D.

GILLETTE.—Mrs. Sarah E. Gillette, widow of the late Dr. Fidelio B. Gillette, died on May 21, 1914, at the home of her brother-in-law, Dr. Thomas H. Tomlinson, in Plainfield, N. J., in the eighty-third year of her age.

She was the daughter of David and Julianna (Bonham) McPherson of Shiloh, N. J. In 1857 she was married to Dr. Fidelio B. Gillette, son of Rev. Walter B. Gillette. In 1872, after serving as surgeon in the Civil War and several army posts, Doctor Gillette settled in Plainfield, where he became a well-known physician. Later they lived in Brooklyn where he was employed as physician and surgeon for the Pratt's Oil Works. After her husband's death, in 1898, Mrs. Gillette went to live with her daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Chamberlain of San Antonio, Tex. She afterwards lived in Plainfield, N. J., the last four years of her life being spent in the home of Doctor Tomlinson.

On the evening of May 22 funeral services were conducted by Pastor Edwin Shaw in the home, and on the following day the body was taken to the old Shiloh Cemetery in South Jersey, and laid to rest beside that of her husband. Services there were held by Pastor Skaggs in the shadow of the trees beside the church. A loving mother and true friend has gone to her reward. T. L. G.

OSBORN.—Emma Elizabeth Hammerquist, fifth child of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hammerquist, was born at Sumner, Jefferson Co., Wis., September 5, 1858, and died at her home in Albion, Wis., April 28, 1914, of blood poison, after an illness of a little more than two weeks.

On September 10, 1878, she was united in marriage to L. F. Osborn, and passed her married life in and about Albion. Two children were born to them—Clarence E., and Nellie M., now Mrs. Tyler.

Sister Osborn was converted and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church under the pastorate of Rev. S. H. Babcock, and remained a faithful and consistent member to the last.

Although a physical weakness made it difficult for her to attend the public services of the church of late years, she was a faithful member of the home department of the Sabbath school and has been a star member every quarter, having studied all the lessons the prescribed time. She leaves to mourn her departure, her husband, two children, one grandchild, Louis Wayn Tyler, five sisters and two brothers, besides a large number of friends and neighbors. She was loved and highly respected by all who knew her. It was the grace of her sweet, quiet and unassuming way that won her so many friends.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, in the church, Sabbath afternoon, May 2, attended by a large congregation of friends and neighbors. Interment was made in the Albion Cemetery.

C. S. S.

Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 13, 1914.
THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

Lesson Text.—Luke xviii, 9-14; xix, 1-10.

Golden Text.—"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners." Mark ii, 17.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Matt. ix, 9-17.

Second-day, Luke iii, 1-14.

Third-day, Matt. xviii, 1-17.

Fourth-day, Luke xviii, 1-14.

Fifth-day, Luke xviii, 15-30.

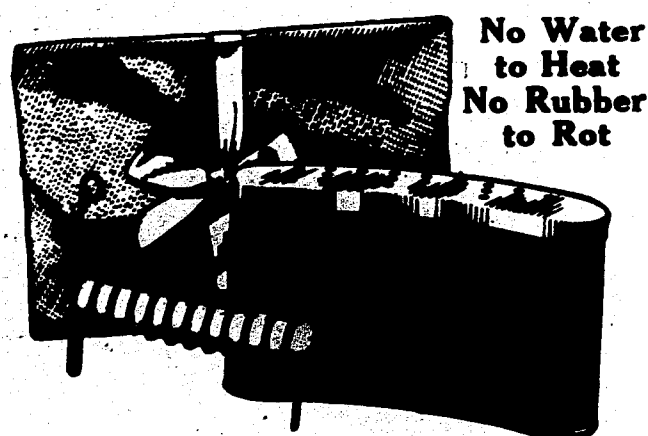
Sixth-day, Luke xviii, 31-43.

Sabbath day, Luke xix, 1-10.

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

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Denominational News

Rev. E. B. Saunders of Ashaway preached at the Carolina Memorial Baptist church at Carolina last Sunday. Rev. H. C. Van Horn, pastor of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist church, who has been engaged to supply the pulpit at Carolina until July 1, will preach on Sunday next.—*Westerly (R. I.) Sun*.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond returned home from Salemville, Pa., Wednesday evening, and will leave Friday morning for Roanoke, Lewis County. He is visiting the Seventh Day Baptist churches of this association under the direction of the American Sabbath Tract Society.—*Salem (W. Va.) Express*.

A. E. Webster has been appointed superintendent of the northwest branch of the United Charities of Chicago. Congratulations.

Word comes from Dodge Center, Minn., that Rev. T. J. Van Horn is seriously ill. His many friends in this vicinity hope for his speedy recovery.—*Journal-Telephone, Milton, Wis.*

"Every true believer is a living temple. He is a sanctuary wherein abides the Holy Spirit, who is none other than God, as our guide, helper, stand-by, supporter, strength. The body is dedicated to his immediate use and service. We must not, therefore, be indifferent or careless as to the manner of our living."

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A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

—*Stopford Brooke.*

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