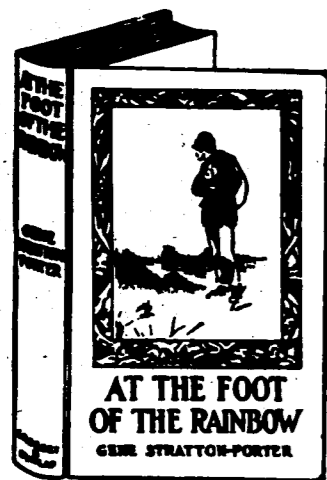


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AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW

by Gene Stratton-Porter (Author of "Freckles")

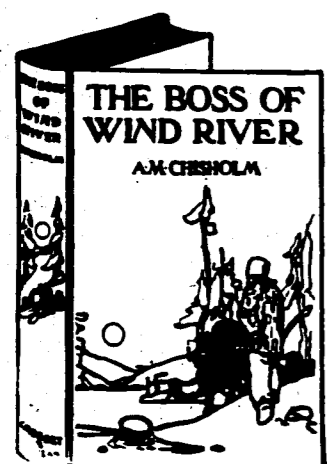
The scene of this charming, idyllic love story is laid in Central India. The setting is entirely rural, and most of the action is out of doors. The story is one of devoted friendship, and tender self-sacrificing love; the friendship that gives freely without return, and the love that seeks first the happiness of the object. The novel is brimful of the most beautiful word painting of nature, and its pathos and tender sentiment will endear it to all.



THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER

by A. M. Chisholm

This is a strong, virile novel with the lumber industry for its central theme and a love story full of interest as a sort of subplot. Among the minor characters are some elemental men, lumber men with the grizzly strength of their kind, and the rough, simple ways. How Joe Kent became the boss of these men, by sheer pluck and a pair of strong arms, the author tells us most effectively. Some of his brachial power was derived from the light of a woman's eyes, but to enter into the details here means to spoil the story.



BEN-HUR: A Tale of the Christ

by General Lew Wallace

This is a famous religious-historical romance with a mighty story, brilliant pageantry, thrilling action and deep religious reverence. It is hardly necessary to give an outline of the story, for every one is familiar with the "Star of Bethlehem and The Three Wise Men," and the wonderful description of the "Chariot Race" and "Christ Healing the Sick on the Mount of Olives."

CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

by Joseph C. Lincoln

Cape Cod life as pictured by Mr. Lincoln is delightful in its homeliness, its wholesomeness, its quaint simplicity. The plot of this novel revolves around a little girl whom an old bachelor, Cy Whittaker, adopts. Her education is too stupendous a task for the old man to attempt alone, so he calls in two old cronies and they form a "Board of Strategy." A dramatic story of unusual merit then develops; and through it all runs that rich vein of humor which has won for the author a fixed place in the hearts of thousands of readers. Cy Whittaker is the David Harum of Cape Cod.

The **SABBATH RECORDER** Plainfield, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

THE IMPRESS OF THE YEARS

Not all which we have been
Do we remain,
Nor on the dial-hearts of men
Do the years mark themselves in vain;
But every cloud that in our sky hath passed,
Some gloom or glory hath upon us cast;
And there have fallen from us, as we traveled,
Many a burden of an ancient pain—
Many a tangled chord hath been unraveled,
Never to bind our foolish heart again.
Old loves have left us lingeringly and slow,
As melts away the distant strain of low,
Sweet music—waking us from troubled dreams,
Lulling to holier ones—that dies afar
On the deep night, as if by silver beams
Clasped to the trembling breast of some charmed star.
And we have stood and watched, all wistfully;
While fluttering hopes have died out of our lives,
As one who follows with a straining eye
A bird that far, far-off fades in the sky,
A little rocking speck—now lost; and still he strives
A moment to recover it—in vain;
Then slowly turns back to his work again,
But loves and hopes have left us in their place,
Thank God! a gentle grace,
A patience, a belief in his good time,
Worth more than all earth's joys to which we climb.
—Edward Rowland Sill.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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VOL. 78, NO. 18

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 3, 1915

WHOLE NO. 3,661

"Back to Fundamentals"

In the *Herald and Presbyter* of April 21 one hundred and seventy ministers and elders signed an appeal to the Presbyterian churches to unite in defense of the fundamentals in the common faith. They say: "In view of the deep unrest in the religious thought of the day, we believe pronounced and persistent emphasis should be placed on the integrity and authority of the Bible as the word of God, the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, his vicarious atonement on the cross—the only way of salvation—and his resurrection."

The sessions of their churches were urged to insist on having these doctrines preached in all their pulpits, and that churches in calling ministers for pastors should call no man who does not unreservedly and heartily accept the fundamental doctrines mentioned above. A careful and thorough examination of all ministers upon these points is urged. In this crucial age, they think no other power than that of the "Triune God through Jesus Christ" can save the individual and sober and save this country.

In an editorial note the *Herald and Presbyter* calls the attention of its readers to this appeal, expressing the conviction that ninety-nine out of every hundred ministers and elders of the Presbyterian churches would most heartily approve the call, "Back to fundamentals!" and it thinks the General Assembly should take a strong stand upon the points urged.

This is only one of the many evidences of a reaction toward the old paths concerning which we have spoken more than once in the last five years. The widespread spirit of revival sweeping with such power over the land, affecting people of all faiths, has come under the natural law of reaction, and no other outcome could be expected than renewal of faith in those fundamental principles of Christianity that have brought the greatest blessings to earth. Out from the realm of criticism and doubt will come

a brighter day of faith, in which the husks of human theories shall be stripped from the "old corn of Canaan" and the people will be fed. This must be so if God reigns in his world. On this very ground we believe the reaction will, in God's own time and way, restore the fundamental Sabbath truth of the Bible. We can but wonder how a general movement "back to fundamentals," that insists upon the "integrity and authority of the Bible as the word of God," can stop short of restoring his holy Sabbath to its rightful place. Why do lovers of fundamental truth among Protestants still cling to the Roman venerable day of the sun that has supplanted the Sabbath of the Bible? In the march back to fundamentals, would it not be far better to complete the reformation begun by Luther and others, and put away this other Roman Catholic dogma that denies God's Sabbath and enthrones a pagan Sunday?

The School of Experience Its Corrective Tendencies

We have noted the tendency among the people of all faiths to criticize their schools, especially their schools of theology. The denominational papers for some years have expressed fears lest their foundations be destroyed and the old-time power and efficacy of the gospel be entirely lost sight of in this age of research and criticism. We have even heard the complaints that, in matters of spirituality, churches are retrograding and schools are sending out skeptical ministers to become pastors. There may be isolated cases of this kind, but so far as my own observation goes, the young ministers among us are fully as efficient and spiritual as their predecessors, and sometimes I am inclined to think they are more so than their critics. Men forget that, in these times of questionings and speculation among leading world-thinkers, there is an absolute necessity for teaching along these lines, if ministers are to be prepared to meet and withstand the theories that threaten the foundations. Yet we know

that the great mass of students come out of our schools well equipped for the Master's work.

Oftentimes those who express fears for the future of Christianity because their schools teach what seem to them to be new and doubtful theories, would find relief by turning their eyes toward the great school of experience—toward actual life among the churches. They would see that, while here and there a church may prefer an easy-going gospel, the vast majority of them will not endure heresy in their pulpits. Have you not noticed that the school of experience corrects many a tendency in the young preacher and starts him on the highway to genuine spiritual success as a leader after he leaves the other schools? The school of experience is oftentimes corrective. In it the young minister soon learns that it is unwise to expatiate in his pulpit on some things discussed in the schools. He sees that other things are so vital and so essential that it is neither wise nor helpful to put stress upon certain peculiar views he had come to hold; and after a little discipline in the school of experience, he lets them drop out of sight entirely and gives himself to the well-tried and thoroughly proved doctrines and methods that for centuries have built up the kingdom of God by winning men from the darkness of sin to the light of the Cross.

The case mentioned in the preceding editorial is wonderfully illustrative of the corrective influences at work in the school of experience. So long as the great majority of churches insist upon the fundamentals of the old and tried religion, there is little ground to fear that everything is going to the bad. With this corrective tendency fully alive, and with young ministers well fortified in modern school methods against modern questionings, we may hope for a mighty forward movement in religion. The widespread spirit of revival, the wonderful success of the old methods in winning men to Christ, and the failure of those who reject the fundamentals to reach the lost and sinful masses, all belong to the school of experience. And he is a most inapt student of the signs of our times who fails to profit by the wonderful lessons it brings to the pulpits of America.

**My Dear Old Bible
Better Than All Others**

Let me tell you about my old Bible and why it is so valuable to me. I know you can not see half so much in it as I do, but that is because it is not yours. Those of you who have one that has stood by you in time of need as long as this one has by me will understand when I say that mine is worth more to me than all the other Bibles in the world.

This particular book is an old "Teacher's Bible," silk-sewed, bound in genuine pebbled leather, and was bought in 1876, at a cost of \$11. Early in my first pastorate I got the idea that a Bible would become more and more valuable as the years went by, and so I wanted one that would last a lifetime. It was the best I could find at that time, and as soon as I could see my way clear to do so it was purchased. Today it shows the wear of almost forty years. The pebbled leather has worn smooth, the corners of the cover that turned over to protect the leaves are all worn off and gone, the gilt has completely disappeared from the edges, the leaves are soiled with age and worn by handling until some of the margins are gone, and its pages from Genesis to Revelation have been marked with pencil and pen for many a Bible-reading, and to show the most comforting and helpful texts. Year after year this Bible went with me to all my preaching services, and my Sabbath-school work. In hundreds of teachers' classes it lay on the table before me with open face to illumine every topic discussed; it rode with me on my carriage seat or was carried, slung to my side on horseback, hundreds of miles in southern New Jersey and over the hills of West Virginia; it furnished the truths for every revival meeting, and offered words of comfort at more than three hundred funerals.

You begin to see now some of the reasons why the old Bible is so precious to me; but you have not seen all. If I desire to study up on any subject treated in its pages, it is better help than the best new one could possibly be. Did you ever realize the difference in the faces of the pages as seen in different Bibles? One's own Bible is always most familiar. You get acquainted with its pages until you know just where on the page certain familiar texts are found; and as you turn its leaves,

looking for some verse, instinctively you keep your eye on the place in each leaf where you have seen it before. So you can find passages in your own Bible more easily than in any other. Then, as the years go by, your markings will become more and more helpful, and the faces of the leaves more and more familiar, until it is better for you than all other Bibles.

If I were asked to advise in regard to the kind of Bible to get, I would say that one of the important requisites is a good binding, one that will wear a lifetime. There are many helps, such as a good index, concordance, maps, and references, which one can find to suit his taste. Of these he is most likely to think. But the one thing he will be most likely to forget is the far look that enables him to see the increasing value of a book that will serve him in old age, and be all the more precious for what it has gained by the careful use of many years. Better pay the price of two, for one that will thus serve you, than to buy a cheap binding and be compelled to change after the old one has grown valuable with use.

**My Silent Friends
The Fellowship of Books**

Turning a moment from my desk after writing about the old Bible, my bookshelves greeted me with inviting rows of friends, who, though silent, have for years kept me excellent and enjoyable company. Next to the Bible come some of these books as to their inspiration and uplift during the years. How familiar their faces have grown! I love to sit in the alcove that holds their cases and commune with these silent friends, always so ready to aid when help is needed. They never intrude upon my time, they never annoy me with noise; but at the least hint that help is needed, they open up freely and allow one to drink from their fountains of knowledge. Is it entertainment that is desired? Some of them are experts at that, and one always feels refreshed after calling on these. Is it light on the living questions of our time? If so, there is no lack. Whatever may be the need, some of these silent friends stand right at hand, giving freely the knowledge and the inspiration desired.

One becomes as familiar with the faces of his books as with the faces of his friends. They make him a citizen of the

world, and bring to him the best thoughts and the wisest counsels and the purest, sweetest pleasures known to earth's greatest men. As one looks upon them with their various shades and styles, he seems to commune with Cuyler, and Talmage, and Beecher; with Brooks, and Munger, and Gibson, and Swing; with Cook, and Denney, and Rauschenbusch, and Mathews; with Orr, Faunce, Armitage, Smith, and Clay. One can travel in distant lands with Stoddard, and Barton, and Robinson, Thompson, and Stanley. Indeed, there is no end to the blessings and benefits that come to a home by a library of choice books. I pity those who have to live in homes where these silent, helpful friends are unknown. Fill your home with good books, as well as you are able, cultivate the habit of communing with them in your spare hours, and you have in them one of the greatest sources of blessing and comfort to be found on earth. The outlook for many a family of boys and girls would be wonderfully brightened by a few books of the right sort for their company.

**Be Patient
Yours Will Come**

When sufficient copy had been prepared to more than fill this RECORDER, we still had enough on hand, some of which had been standing in type three weeks, to more than half fill the next one. Matter that partakes of the nature of home news or that has to do with current events is given right of way, if it reaches us on time; and articles that are as good at one time as another are held back when it is necessary to hold any. Please don't stop writing. Keep the good messages coming, and we will give them place as early as we can. We appreciate the efforts of all our friends who have tried to make the RECORDER interesting and helpful, and are thankful that for years we have seldom been short of copy.

**Take the Trip With
Clayton A. Burdick**

On another page will be found a most interesting account by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick of his visit to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is written in a happy vein and makes the scenes so vivid that to read it is next to taking the trip. Doubtless some of our readers would prefer reading his description to having his experience.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Jubilee of China Inland Mission

Fifty years ago next June the China Inland Mission was established by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, with whom our own missionaries in China enjoyed a long and pleasant acquaintance. It is highly appropriate that a jubilee conference should be arranged for June 15-20, to celebrate the founding of this mission. The plan is to hold this convention in what is known as the Pavilion, at Niagara, on Lake Ontario, where was held the "Believers' Conference." Leading missionaries are to be present as teachers, and testimonies of the grace of God in China will be given. It is expected that many will plan their summer outings so they can attend these meetings. The conference is to be given up to missionary and Bible study, and general invitations to attend are already being issued to friends of missions.

An Open Mind the Right Attitude

President Wilson is uttering some wise counsels regarding our attitude as to the outcome of the European War. He thinks that underneath the fact that great blind material forces, long held in restraint, have been let loose in Europe, we may see strong impulses of great ideals. He thinks men would never endure the horrors of such a conflict if, on both sides, they did not feel that some eternal principle of right is involved, for which they are standing. "No man is wise enough to pronounce judgment, but we can hold our spirits in readiness to accept the truth when it dawns upon us, and to contribute to the net result when the outcome is revealed." The President feels that great spiritual forces are even now waiting to assert themselves, and that these should enlighten our judgment and modify our expressions. Instead of trying to solve the unsolvable problem now with many words, he would have us wait in patience for the light which will surely come.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, has written the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago to cancel all his engagements this summer at the various Bible conferences

and conventions in this country, partly on account of his return to his former pastorate of Christ Church, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Len G. Broughton, but chiefly because of the war. Dr. Meyer was one of those who thought the war would be brought to an end in June of this year, but he now believes that the prospect is darker and that there is little hope of any cessation of the conflict before autumn, and perhaps not until 1916. He thinks that if the war grows more severe, the necessity for ministering to the bereaved and suffering will demand the best service of all in the front rank of the church, while if peace comes, they should all stand together for terms of settlement that shall be Christian as well as strong.

A message from King George of England to the Duke of Connaught in Canada extends warmest congratulations for the gallant way in which Canadian troops fought for two days in the awful battle near Ypres. Recruiting offices in Canada are overwhelmed with offers from young men to serve in the war. It is said that the gaps in the Canadian lines will be filled at once.

The Episcopal Church is in the midst of a campaign to raise \$400,000 for missions. Nearly one fourth of the amount is already in hand. Their missionary society is asking one day's wages or income from 1,000,000 people, to be given over and above their usual gifts for missions. In this way they hope to close the year without a deficit. Their annual budget for missions is \$1,700,000.

Why Compromise?

I have read "Our Attitude Toward the Dance" in the RECORDER of April 5. I noticed particularly two sentences, and they lead me to add a word to the subject.

The first sentence was, "I have been unable to understand the spirit of seeming determination to crush Alfred University and our Theological Seminary."

I can not feel that there exists such a spirit. I think our people love and take pride in these institutions, and because we do love them it grieves us to learn that they practice and teach some things which to us

do not seem properly in accord with the high standard we wish to see them uphold. We speak of those practices and teachings and express our regret in regard to them, but this is no spirit to "crush" the institutions but rather a desire to see them ideal and above criticism. The author of the article admits that he is not in complete accord with all that is taught there, for he proceeds to say, "I do not endorse all that is taught in our Seminary." We would not for a moment think he would "crush" the Seminary.

A certain writer of present-day fiction draws many lessons from conditions as he finds them in the church. There are people of my acquaintance who will not read his books because they consider that he is attacking the church. They mistake the point. The writer is an ardent devotee of the church but he regrets her wanderings and the wrongs which she endorses, and to the end that she may become free and pure he points out these errors, hoping that she may profit by his suggestions.

Unless I greatly misapprehend, this is exactly the position of those who are inclined to think that Alfred University and the Theological Seminary might do themselves credit by pursuing a different course in some respects from that now followed.

The other sentence was, "Let us make our criticism . . . for constructive and not destructive purposes."

Exactly! When we say we wish dancing was not allowed at Alfred University, we do not say it because we wish the destruction of Alfred University but because we would *destroy* dancing and *save* the University.

We consider the dance an evil. No matter how light its form, it carries with it a sentiment which tends to weaken the higher sensibilities of morality. It puts a barrier between the dancer and his God. No one can kneel and ask God's presence to accompany him to a dance. Enough has been said of the evil of the dance. We all agree that it is an evil—*why compromise* with evil? Are we seeking to crush Alfred University when we say we wish she would take such a position? Why not, if dancing is harmful, *say so*? Why not establish a standard of right and say, "By this we will live."

Not only at Alfred or on the dance question alone should we be uncertain where

real principle is at stake. Why waver and tremble and fear to be definite where right is right and wrong is wrong? Why cover a wrong with smooth words rather than grapple and crush it beyond its doing further harm. The road of expediency—the road of least resistance is seldom safe. It may require a calculating, weary effort at present to take the long look, to see the outcome, that which will bring the most lasting good and most satisfactory results to the situation at hand, be it dancing or any other problem, but it is the wisest course to pursue.

What though the rabble for dancing is deafening and nerve-racking; so long as we know by study and observation the dangers of the dance and the risk of moral and spiritual shipwreck which goes with it, shall we seek to quiet the confusion by yielding to its demands?

Shall we not by God's help say "No—for your own good—no. *Our* schools must stand for better things. Some day we hope that you will thank us for this firm decision."

Aside from the dance, there are other harmful practices which the most of schools freely countenance but which if they would be clean and safe *our* schools should boldly refuse to allow.

Do not fear that they will lack patronage by taking such a worthy and strong position. Many parents are seeking just such schools. If there are "Christian parents" who see no harm in the dance let them send their children to schools where it is allowed rather than to insist on its being made a menace to those who wish to be free from its influence and who are in our schools for that reason. There will be no lack of such schools though the Seventh Day Baptist schools should say, "As for us, we have great interest in race betterment and we will not be instrumental by even so much as giving countenance to a dance, in risking any danger to our race."

Will our denomination give support to the man who would be glad to conduct a school based on such principles?

A FRIEND OF OUR SCHOOLS.

Where Christ brings his cross he brings his presence; and where he is, none are desolate, and there is no room for despair. —Mrs. Browning.

SABBATH REFORM

The Resurrection and the Sabbath

REV. A. J. C. BOND

The subject which heads this article is a familiar one. It is one that in former years was often discussed in the columns of the SABBATH RECORDER. There have been strong advocates of the theory that Jesus was crucified on Wednesday and rose on Sabbath Day, and they have been able to support their contention by Scripture citations. Others equally scholarly have said that if they believed this theory to be the one held by our people in general, for the sake of truth they would feel obliged to refute it. We have now come to the place where we are perfectly willing to let each one satisfy himself as to the day on which Jesus rose, saying, It makes no difference.

But it is not my purpose in this article to discuss the attitude of Seventh Day Baptists toward the resurrection; but rather to call attention to the changing significance of this event in the life of our Lord in the minds of an increasing number of devout Christians of other faith.

During all the Christian centuries the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ has been held to be fundamental in any statement of Christian belief. And out of it have developed theological differences which have given rise to innumerable volumes of polemical writings, and which have been responsible for the calling of councils, the splitting of denominations asunder, and the revising of creeds. It is not strange that Jesus' own disciples, who could not comprehend the significance of the incarnation, and who because of this failure had almost despaired, should stress the fact of the resurrection. That was a fact, concrete and simple, and in a most heartening way it met the desire of their troubled hearts and doubting minds for a sign. The state of mind of the early church was such that the graphic account of the resurrection was attractive and profoundly impressive. Hence, early Christian theology, as well as the practices of the early Christian Church, were shaped and determined more by the doctrine of the

resurrection, than by what we consider today the more fundamental doctrine of the incarnation. It seemed a long time in coming, but in the middle of this the second decade of the twentieth century we are experiencing a reaction, such as has never been known among the followers of our Lord. Men are saying, not that it makes no difference on which day Jesus rose, but that belief in the *fact* of the resurrection as held by the church is not essential to Christian faith and life. I know there are many who feel that those who so hold are striking at the fundamentals of Christianity, that they are agnostics if not atheists. But I am registering a feeling which is more prevalent among men loyal to Jesus than many think. The other day Dr. McGlothlin was telling his class that he was recently in the company of a number of Baptist deacons and ministers when a minister, one of the strongest and most devout men among the Southern Baptists, said that the bodily resurrection of Jesus had always been a stumbling-block to him, and not a help to his faith; and further conversation revealed the fact that he but echoed the feeling of others. And this was among the orthodox Baptists of the conservative South, and you can not appreciate what that means until you are thrown among them for a time. I am not making an argument here. I am calling attention to a state of mind which exists in no small degree among Christians, and which is a new attitude. Upon this fact I wish to base an argument. And I am sure most readers of the RECORDER are sufficiently familiar with this temper to make it unnecessary to dwell longer upon the fact that the resurrection does not hold the fundamental place that it once did among professed followers of Jesus. I am sure many are grieved because this is true. But I seem to see the dawning of a better day for the Christian Church in this very situation which to many looks so discouraging. I believe that many errors in the church today are due to the undue emphasis of the church throughout its entire history upon the significance of the resurrection. These errors are far-reaching, and are fundamental to the failure of the church, so signally illustrated in the Great War. The Sunday is a part of it. Just this week I was assigned the task of outlining a tract on prayer by Tertullian, who wrote in the

beginning of the third century. One chapter treated of the attitude of the body in prayer. Some were getting away from the custom, but they should kneel on the Sabbath, as on fast days. They should humiliate themselves. But on the "Resurrection day" they should stand with hands uplifted. It was a day of joy, and an attitude of humility was entirely unbecoming. This passage was significant to me for several reasons. It shows how the doctrine of the resurrection, held to the exclusion of other fundamental truths, influenced not only theology and the creeds, but also Christian institutions and forms of worship. A clearer conception of the meaning of the incarnation would have kept the early church from many errors which marred its life, and which persist to the present, much to its detriment. I believe that the most important truth that the church has yet to grasp in its fulness, and to demonstrate in its life, is that Jesus was God incarnate; that he that hath seen Jesus hath seen the Father. Then will people no longer glibly ask, "Which is greater, creation or redemption?" And as readily answer their own query, "Redemption, therefore Sunday should be observed in honor of the resurrection, rather than the Sabbath which commemorates creation." If Jesus was the incarnate God, as he himself declared and as his whole life proves, then nothing which his Father had done would he undo; and Jesus could not be honored in that which dishonored his Father. "I and my Father are one." There is a great unsettling of faith in many things long considered absolutely fundamental to Christian life. No doubt many people, as is usually the case under similar circumstances, will swing too far away from the old orthodoxy. Some one has said that for every inch of progress the world has made there have been miles of wandering. But I believe the movement is forward. And to me the outcome of the present uncertainty is not doubtful. I seem to see a finger pointing,—I know not how far it is to go,—pointing the way to a purer faith and a truer life—a life lived in the supreme confidence of the immanent presence of God the Creator, of Jehovah of Israel, the Father of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. In that day the Sabbath of creation, of the Old Testament and of Jesus will contribute its full share of bless-

ing to those who live that larger life. Until then let us pray and work and wait; let us trust and love and lift. Let us cooperate with others in bringing about a better knowledge and understanding, a better spirit, a more harmonious faith and consistent life. I do not fear that the doctrine of the resurrection will not take its place in Christian thought if the fuller significance of the incarnation is better understood, and that crowning fact of redemptive history is allowed to bear its legitimate fruit in Christian thought and conduct.

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The Grand Canyon of the Colorado

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK

"Tug with all your strength, great engine. Puff and pull with might and main. You will have to put forth all your powers if you are to lift us to the brink of that mighty fissure we have heard so much about." Truly, the old engine did tug and puff as if for dear life; but she made poor headway, for the train was heavy and the way steep; therefore our progress was slow.

The change from easy going to this hard climbing had come at about ten o'clock at night. We had all retired early, as we had made a busy day of it. The morning in looking at Santa Fé, a banquet and automobile ride at Albuquerque at noontide, and stops at two Indian villages toward night, had given us quite enough to do. A good rest was what we were after now, for we did not know how much work the morrow might hold for us. A confused idea was in our minds concerning this freak of nature here in Arizona. We had been told that, if we really wished to see the canyon, we would need all our strength; for to see it as it ought to be seen was exhausting to even the strongest.

It was just before we reached Williams that we tried to enter the mysterious land of nod; but switching from the main line to the branch seemed to require the making of a good deal more of noise and effort than is usual in a change of this kind. Even after starting, our progress was almost a failure. The puffing and blowing that engine did was humorous. It would

walk a ways and then sit down and rest. It would start in and tell what great things it was going to do and then give in with a groan. We could not blame it much. With so much wisdom aboard we wonder it did not refuse to pull at all. From the noise it made, you would think that it was proud of the headway it did make. Finally it seemed to conclude it had best divide the job. It would take us by degrees. Part of the coaches would be taken to some siding, and then back it would come for the rest of us, so that we were kept as near an equality as possible. Morning found part of us stranded at what is termed the "Summit," with the engine and three head coaches gone ahead to the canyon.

While we waited here nearly an hour, the most of us alighted to investigate the surrounding country. There was quite a little forest where we were, consisting of cedar and balsam trees, with others that we were not so familiar with. Varieties of flowers were found, the like of which we had not seen in the East. There were some shanties near by, occupied by Mexican workmen. The men were having their breakfast while we were there, and of course the ladies had to enquire as to the menu. When they found that it was parched beans, black bread and muddy coffee and when they saw how it was being served, they thought they might as well wait until we reached our destination before they broke their fast. After a while our engine returned to us and from here on we had easy going.

We arrived at the "El Tovar" about eight o'clock and had our breakfast. Those who were to see the canyon by taking the trail down to the river had to hurry, for it is an all-day trip. There were but a few of our company who were to make the descent, mostly of the younger portion of it. There were some who were very anxious to go; but our conductor refused to consider it for a moment. He said that he had sent people back home from here in a wooden box at different times and he wanted no more such experiences. Only those who could show a clean bill of health could get his permission to go. The most of the company thought to prefer the easier way of taking the lookouts along the brink, believing that they could get as good an idea of the canyon in this way as could

we; but those of us who went down into the depths know better.

Before we even had our breakfast we all went out on the platform at the front of the hotel and looked across and down into the canyon. Surely it was a wonderful view. The morning sun was flooding the gorge with mellow light, and rainbow colors showed through the rising mist. Down deep below us we could see the half-way houses. They are not large; but from our height they looked like tiny tents upon the green of the narrow vale.

After a hurried meal we went to see about our ride. We found that the guides were allowed to take but eight to each party; but as they were waiting for us they had been holding back another crowd and there were enough for three to take charge of. It took only a little while for us to be in readiness. This was done by changing our traveling clothes for overalls and blouses of blue jeans and our hats for Mexican sombreros. Truly, some of us were rather picturesque. The mules we were to ride on the excursion were a fine-looking lot of animals. They seemed docile and some of them surely were. We were not allowed to select our own mount. The chief guide did that and it was a large mule for a large man every time. One at a time we were mounted and placed in line to wait until all were ready. The mule assigned to the writer bore the scriptural name of Salome. She was a sober and demure beast, not much given to dancing unless her saddle girth became loosened; then she became a high kicker like the former bearer of the name. Otherwise she required much urging to make her step at all lively. She was slow but sure. She was so sure that she had her own way most of the time. It was only when the guide was behind us with a heavy strap that her progress was really noticeable.

There was much joking at our expense as our line started. The members of our party who were not going with us had gathered to review the cavalcade. From the effect upon the onlookers and from the words that were thrown at us, we judged that there may have been something rather peculiar in our appearance. We could see nothing out of the way ourselves; but then, we never can see ourselves as others see us. There was a good deal of lively conversation among us at the first, for the trail

was not bad to start with; but we had not gone very far when it began to be rather quiet. Nobody seemed to be in a talkative mood any more. The trail was becoming a little steep. Sitting on a mule that is apparently standing on its head, is not conducive to much interchange of thought, especially on a narrow trail that winds its way back and forth across the face of a precipice 2,000 feet above the valley. More than that, the mules were so careless about it. They delighted in walking just as near the brink as possible. The only thing they seemed to be afraid of was rubbing their sides against the cliff. There was no guide to them, pull as hard as you pleased. They had a mind of their own and they intended to use it. They had been over that trail a thousand times or more and they were not worried about it. It would not hurt anybody, as long as you used it right. When we came to a sharp turn, of which there were many, they would march straight up to the very edge before turning. I believe they liked to hear the gravel and stones fall on the rocks below. We soon found that the best way to deal with them was to let them have theirs, for then there was no argument and they would have it anyhow. Not only was it best because it was the easiest, but because it was the safest. You were inclined to pull in a little though, when you came to those places on the trail where the guides would cry out to "lean in." We can get used to anything if we practice it long enough, and so, after the novelty of our experience began to wear off, we began to really enjoy ourselves and we were amply repaid for our time and nervousness.

The beauty and grandeur of the canyon could be felt as well as seen. It began to dawn upon us slowly that we were going to have an experience that we never could forget. I believe that if the trail that led down the sides of the giant cliff had been much more dangerous than it was, I would have taken the chances of it just the same, could I have realized what wonders were to greet me. There we were, slowly making our way down the precipice like ants crawling down the sides of a house; and twisting and turning this way and that along the border of the chasm we began to get some idea of that which we had come so far to see. There was a difference in which shade and light came to us

from each new lookout. The conception that we had gained as we had looked down from the hotel platform into the canyon was very inadequate. Here was something new at every turn of the trail. A strata of rock gave back pale or brighter colors as we looked from above or below, because of the different angle of our view. Saffron and pink, gray and brown in ever-changing shades came to us in the ever-changing lights. The magnificence of it startles one. Lift up your eyes and look. Blue sky and fleecy clouds are over you, and high up the ragged lines of the great cliffs mark their way across the heavens. Massive promontories of rock protrude their noses over the abyss, as balconated houses overhang the streets of old-time cities. In some places there are rents in the wall branching out from the main canyon like tributaries of a river which, if alone, would of themselves be called great; but compared to that of which they are a part, seem but as tiny likenesses. Way up on some creviced outpost may be seen the tall stalk of a cactus, and small trees and shrubs find place here and there to insert the slender fingers of their roots under some protruding boulder, to hang loosely there. More often, the sides show faces smooth and barren, except for pockets and rents, and drop sheer down a thousand feet or more, with no foothold where man or beast could clamber up. On the side where we were descending we could look up to the place from which we had started and wonder how we had made our way. So, with constantly changing scenes and glorious panoramas, we saw the Great Canyon of the Colorado from the "Bright Angel Trail," as we never could have seen it by looking down from above into its depths.

Two thousand feet down we came to the half-way houses which we had seen, from the platform above. They were occupied by Mexicans and Indians. Gardens of flowers and vegetables surrounded them. A rivulet comes by them, feeling its way among the boulders and falling in sheets over the cliffs, on its way to the river below. Alders grow in profusion here for a ways, drooping their branches down into the waters to be refreshed by their cooling touch. For a half mile or so the path is fairly level, until it comes to that part of the trail known as "The Devil's Cork-

screw." This is the longest of the bad places on the trail for the seven miles. The writer was the rear man of the troop, now numbering about thirty, our company having overtaken some who had made an earlier start. When we came to the verge of the steep descent, we paused a moment to look down. The leading guide was directly below us so that we might easily have dropped a stone upon his head, yet we had to traverse the face of the abyss seven times before reaching the place where we saw him. It looked a little queer to see the whole company zigzagging back and forth below us. This was one of the few places where we had to walk. The place was too steep for riding, there being danger of overbalancing the mules on the narrow steps which were here hewn out of the rock. Our part of the canyon began to narrow, the jaws coming quite close together over us, closing the view for the most part, except the solid walls on each side. The creek we have spoken of comes down along the trail here, and for some distance we had a fairly good road to travel. We knew we were nearing the river, for we had heard the call of the waters growing louder and louder for some time. At last the guide called a halt and we were ordered to dismount and throw the reins over the heads of the mules. These were then lined up along the bank of the creek and left without being fastened while we walked on for our first view of the Colorado. Of a sudden we came upon it. Here, in its channel four thousand feet and more below the brow of the precipice, nearly a mile straight down we found it, a rushing, angry flood of waters. Upon its turbid bosom were patches and sheets of foam, showing how its mad and eternal strife against the foundations of the mountains had spoiled its temper. Small logs of driftwood and uprooted shrubs passed by, borne on the resistless tide. It made us think of Niagara at the rapids, though not so turbulent. I do not think any one would like to trust himself to its care unless he was an expert and not then without pressing need. We have little view here of the river either up or down. It is crooked and twisting and it is probably the same along the more than two hundred miles of its course through the canyon; water and rocks, mountainous cliffs and sharp turns over and over again.

So the great river rushes ever on, thundering and vaunting itself on its victory over its rocky foes, working its way out into the desert where it finds enemies more subtle and forceful in hot sands and burning sun.

Beside the river, on the bare floor of the rocks, we took our luncheon. We were so hungry that it did not take us very long to empty the boxes brought from the hotel, satisfying our thirst with water from the canteens. We spent a little time exploring to see how far we could make our way up stream or down. It did not take us long to find out; for we could go only a few rods either way before we would be brought to a stop where water and perpendicular cliffs came together. There was an eddy in the waters where the river and the creek we had followed came together, and in this some of our party waded barefooted.

It had been quite a warm morning but pleasant otherwise and we were not looking for any trouble. There had been a few clouds hanging in the sky but nothing to alarm one. We were, therefore, not a little surprised suddenly to hear a sharp report of thunder echoing and re-echoing among the mountains. Up over the jaws of the canyon as we looked, we saw the front of a storm cloud, dark and threatening. The guides hurriedly called us together and, rushing us back to where the mules were left, mounted us and with one of their number in front and one, with a good long strap for a whip, to bring up the rear, started us on our homeward way as fast as we dared to go.

How can I describe that ride back out of the canyon? If our guides thought to get away from the storm, they were much mistaken. It was on us in a little while with crash and roar and blinding flash. We were soaked through in a moment of time. A good thing we had on the blouses and overalls. A good thing that we had the sure-footed mules whose sharp hoofs stuck fast on the slippery rocks. Only once in a while was there the sign of a slip and always with quick and certain recovery. As we returned to the "Devil's Corkscrew," the rain was coming down in torrents and the narrow path was a rushing flood of water, hurrying down to mingle with the foaming river. Against the bare face of the cliff, the lightning painted itself in fiery

forms and zigzag shapes, followed quickly with the high heavens calling to the deep earth in the voices of the thunder. This followed us hour in and hour out all the way back. For a time it would let up and then it would attack us with new force. There was no chance for sight-seeing on the homeward trip. We were chilled through and shivering as in mid-winter and, although well wrapped, the ladies could scarce keep the saddle. It was on this homeward journey that Salome showed some of the traits of character which made fame for the one whose name she bore. We were hurrying along over one of the most level parts of the trail and the writer was trying his best to keep up with the procession when Salome seemed of a sudden to be filled with a desire to stand on her head and throw her heels skyward. Now while that might be a dignified position for a mule to take, it did not add either to the dignity or the tranquillity of her rider. He did not know what was the trouble with his mount. She might have formed that habit in going down into the canyon, for it was the position she had to take most of the time then; or it might be she was taking this way to hurl her defiance at the clouds and to show that she did not care for any old tempest that Arizona could furnish. After we reached the guide, who had gone ahead to help some one, we asked him what he meant by giving us a bucking mule. He denied the charge. I told him that she had performed the real act a little way back. He said there must be something wrong then; for this Salome had an excellent reputation and by nature was too slow for anything of the sort. Upon examination we found that the rain had caused the saddle girth to stretch and it had slipped back and bothered her. When this was remedied she was all right and as slow and demure as ever. I then withdrew all accusations against her and we had no more trouble.

I am afraid it was a sorry-looking band of sight-seers which rode back to the "El Tovar" that evening at about the supper hour. Wet and cold and a considerably muddy I am sure we were. They had something nice for us at the hotel and that was a roaring fire in the big fireplace. After our clothing had been changed and our suppers eaten and we were thoroughly warmed through, we felt no ill effects from

the hard trip; but we did feel as if we had passed through an experience such as we might never meet again, for we had gazed on scenes that, though we might search the world through, we could not hope to duplicate. At eight o'clock that night we were ready to resume our journey.

How did it happen that, out in this wild western country, nature presents to our view such a wonder as we find here? That is a question not easy to answer. Scientists have disagreed as to the cause of it. Some think that in an age in the far past some mighty upheaval of the earth had cracked the mountains apart and opened the way for the outpouring of the hidden fountains of the waters beneath the surface of the earth. Some think that the river has made its own way, eating into the very heart of the rocks for countless ages until now. Perhaps the earth was made this way in the beginning. Who knows? If scientists can not agree among themselves, how could it be expected that a novice could tell? What we do know is this, that here is the great river in her hidden channel a mile or more below the plain, making her course toward the desert. Here rise tier on tier the massive battlements of the precipices and here sweep on the tides of her murky waters over beds of rock and hidden caverns; here, in the midst of the awful silence, unbroken except for the weak voices of guide and tourist and the muffled roar of the flood, is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all the works of nature in the world. Viewing it, we wonder at the hand which fashioned the deep places of the earth and which cleft the mountains to their foundations. Surely we can trust that hand to care for its own.

The Union Tent Evangel movement of New York City will inaugurate its thirty-sixth summer campaign in June, by pitching a tent at 124th Street near Morning-side Avenue, that will accommodate 4,000 persons. Strong evangelists will carry on the work, and it is expected that at least 300,000 people will hear the old gospel during the season.

A little blind boy, when asked what "forgiveness" was, replied, "It is the odor that flowers breathe when trampled upon."—*W. R. Clark.*

MISSIONS

Quarterly Report

Report of Rev. E. B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, for the quarter ending March 31, 1915.

The present quarter has been spent principally with office and other work about home. The previous quarter was occupied entirely with work on the field; consequently there was a large accumulation of work in the office, which was taken up, together with preparation for the board meeting, January 20, 1915. My correspondence was done without assistance from my clerk, as she was at the hospital in Chicago. A number of important matters came before this session of the board: among them, the request from the Shanghai Missionary Association to reinforce the China Mission. Another perplexing question was the deficit on the new dwelling-house, which question is now under consideration by your committee. We hope the problem of reinforcing the China field is also in progress of settlement, as will appear by other correspondence and letters.

On Sabbath Day, January 9, the cause of missions was presented to the brethren of the First Hopkinton Church, and on the sixteenth to the Second Westerly Church at Bradford, where four other Sabbaths have been spent.

On February 20, at the invitation of Rev. Andrew Potter and the deacons of the Waterford Church, I spent the Sabbath with them. This visit resulted in immediately commencing a series of meetings which lasted for two weeks. On account of other calls, the meetings were left in charge of Evangelist Coon, and his singer, Professor Paul Schmidt.

At the request of Brother J. G. Burdick, I visited the Italian Mission at New Era. On Sabbath evening I preached at Plainfield and again on Sabbath morning. In the afternoon I met with the Italian Church, where Mr. Savarese spoke to a congregation of about forty people. Following this Mr. Burdick conducted the Sabbath school, to which all of the previous congregation remained. The next day I attended a meeting of the American

Sabbath Tract Society. Several days were again spent at Waterford.

March 25 I attended a missionary meeting in New York City, for the purpose of obtaining light on some of our perplexing problems. On Sabbath morning a visit was made Mr. Savarese's preaching appointment in New York City. By leaving this service a little before the meeting closed, I was able to attend and present the cause of missions to our church in New York City.

Our quarterly reports show that we have had twenty workers on the field during the quarter.

The Hammond (La.) Church drops out of our list just at the close of the quarter, by the sudden death of our highly esteemed brother, Rev. A. P. Ashurst.

The Welton (Iowa) Church has asked no appropriation for 1915, while the church of West Edmeston, N. Y., was added to the list at the opening of the quarter.

The Evangelistic Committee employed Professor Paul H. Schmidt to assist Brother D. B. Coon as singing evangelist. He began his work March 1.

Number of weeks of labor, 260; number of sermons preached, 478, to congregations ranging from 20 to 200 people; prayer meetings, 224; calls made, 1,924; number of converts, 79; added to the churches, 38: by baptism, 34; by letter, 4; Sabbath converts, 6; pages of tracts distributed, 9,012; papers and books, 6,087.

Your secretary has visited seven of our churches and mission stations; has spoken in all 30 times: on missions, 4 times; written and sent out 300 communications; received 270; traveled 950 miles.

Respectfully submitted,

E. B. SAUNDERS.

Letter From Africa

Rev. E. B. Saunders,

DEAR SIR: The situation here remains, on the whole, unchanged. You spoke of industrial missions in your last letter and I have decided to write you something about them since I have had a look around here. First, I must mention that the Seventh Day Baptist people had an industrial mission in this country. A coffee plantation was purchased, with twenty-four tons of coffee in the berry. The product was worth something like £50 a ton at that time. What

was done with the money I do not know, but I suppose it was mostly paid to natives in that and the following year on the South African scale of wages, which would ruin any industry in this country. One thing is certain, Mr. Booth paid his boys big wages. The following years Mr. Booth claims that the coffee blight ruined the crops, and this accounts for his failure. I understand that there is a worm that goes into the trees when they are two or three years old and sometimes kills them. However, coffee is still grown here to some extent but the price is small, 6d a pound retail for this country and £30 a ton shipping-price, with freight to pay. The freight is terrible in this country, as perhaps you know. A thousand pounds a year return from a plantation is necessary, and small at that, to pay a hundred boys, build necessary improvements, etc. Then one needs 150 or 200 acres of land at least, and it seems to be difficult to get land from the government or any one else here now. It is especially hard for a foreigner to get land. But aside from the missions, I fail to see any planters getting rich. A lot are dropping money into business here and some seem to understand planting, but still they fail. Most everything has had its boom. Rubber at one time was \$3. a pound or more and every one planted it; now it is 30 cents a pound and no one pretends to make money from it. Tobacco pays some years and others not, and is very uncertain. Cotton has failed for some years. This had a boom some years ago and Nyasaland cotton was in much demand, but now is considered only second-rate and sells for a penny a pound. Just now there is a boom in "chilies," a kind of pepper for seasoning, but a few years ago they would not pay the freight to England and many lost money. Native labor seems to be very hard to get, especially in the rainy season which is planting time. Everything must be planted in about two months' time here. The boys are very peculiar and will not be tempted with higher wages if they are not inclined to work and few are. It seems that if one increases a boy's wages above the ordinary he at once considers that he is of too much value to himself to spend his time working. Then, considering that the natives do not have to work to get a

living, and that they have to take so much time off to drink their beer, it is discouraging to depend on them. But the planter is dependent on the natives, as white men can not work in the hot season, which is the working season. Even the Indians from Asia complain of the heat, and horses can not live here. Machinery, plows, etc., have been tried without success. All work is done by the hand of the native with his rude hoe. It seems impossible to teach these natives anything new, as they are very conservative and habit is strong upon them.

The Zambezi Industrial Mission does make some money out of wheat, but it supplies only the local market and has to irrigate to raise the grain, which is a tremendous bother. Then this gives small returns considering the amount of land the mission has (125,000 acres) and the value of the land at the price one would have to pay for it if he bought any. It is a big company with much capital and if it loses £500 that makes little difference. It lost £500 last year loaning money to Indian traders.

The Blantyre Mission (Company) has some large industries, too, but these concerns receive heavy support from England and Scotland. In fact, they are endowed, like our colleges.

There must be two men in an industrial mission, one to be the scapegoat and make the boys work, and the other to teach the good things. Then there would always be the competition between planters and mission in getting boys, and one would almost have to adopt the planters' methods with boys, which are repulsive to a missionary. There probably is money in cattle, but I see no one getting rich at it. Then any native knows how to raise cattle and there is very little work to it, so it would not be exactly industrial. One thing that is wanted in this country is a good tailor and he might be able to teach some boys the trade; but I can see little money in it, as duty on cloth is high, freight is high, and the people here are generally too poor to buy the goods. Of course planting would appeal to me most, but I can see that one must have much experience in planting in this peculiar country to make a success alone. Some kinds of dried fruit might pay. Ngoniland is out of the question yet, as

far as industrial missions are concerned, as goods have to be carried hundreds of miles by natives. Mr. Moore spoke of the pottery industry, but I am sure there would be no profit in it until a railroad is built to Fort Johnston. Dr. Elmslee told me that industrial missions would not pay in Ngoniland until the railroad came. No doubt if a skilled workman was sent over here he could do good work teaching the natives a trade, but I could not guarantee any profit. The Blantyre Mission has a professional gardener at a large salary, but I do not know of any other skilled tradesman in the country except perhaps a butcher.

I am sorry I have written so little for the RECORDER, but so much I learn is in the way of private matter or gossip that I don't know what to write. I received a visit from Pastor Chinyama near Chirole, Ngoniland, at Christmas time. Today I received a letter from him complaining that Secretary Shaw does not write to him any more. He also insinuated that I was a Mexican and not an American because I was doubtful of some things, such as what the government would do in certain cases, and when the war would end. The natives such as he think the Americans are underdogs and should be all-wise and almighty.

With Christian love to all,

Yours fraternally,

W. B. COCKERILL.

Missionary Board Meeting

The Board of Managers of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society held its quarterly meeting in Westerly, R. I., on Wednesday, April 21, 1915, at 9.30 a. m., President Clarke in the chair, and the following members present:

Wm. L. Clarke, E. B. Saunders, H. C. Van Horn, Edwin Shaw, Ira B. Crandall, John H. Austin, D. B. Coon, C. A. Burdick, R. L. Coon, J. A. Saunders, C. H. Stanton, S. H. Davis, A. S. Babcock.

Visitors: Prof. Paul H. Schmidt, Miss Mildred Saunders, Mrs. La Verne Langworthy, Mrs. Allen Whitford, Mrs. Elisha C. Burdick, Mrs. Everett E. Whipple, Mrs. A. N. Crandall, Mrs. La Clede Woodman-see.

Prayer was offered by Rev. H. C. Van Horn.

Minutes of last meeting were approved.

The quarterly reports of the Corresponding Secretary and the Treasurer were approved and ordered recorded.

The following resolutions, presented by the Corresponding Secretary, were unanimously adopted.

[Since these resolutions appear elsewhere in this department, we omit them here.]

Reports of the progress of our work in China were received from our missionaries in Shanghai and Lieu-oo.

Brother Spencer reports several baptisms at Georgetown, South America. We are informed of the recent death of Brother Spencer's only sister at Barbados, and a message of sympathy was communicated from the Board.

E. B. Saunders, Ira B. Crandall and John H. Austin were made a committee to consider the matter of meeting the needs of a part of the Southwestern field, with authority.

Ira B. Crandall, Robert L. Coon and John H. Austin were appointed a committee to prepare a program for Missionary Day at General Conference, 1915.

The Evangelistic Committee presented a report which was approved.

Your committee would respectfully report for the quarter ending March 31 the following:

One meeting has been held, that of April 14. The committee directed the work of Brother W. D. Burdick until February 10, when it was thought best to give him a four months' furlough to engage in Sabbath Reform work under the direction of the Tract Board. Brother D. B. Coon was engaged in work in New Jersey until March 10, when he came to Waterford, Conn. His work closed in that vicinity, April 4, since which time he has been in Rhode Island.

The committee has employed, as Brother Coon's assistant, Prof. Paul H. Schmidt, of New York City, as singing evangelist at a salary of \$50 a month and traveling expenses. He began his services March 1.

Calls have come for work in the Northwestern Association and it seems best for them to commence work at either New Auburn, Minn., or Exeland, Wis.

The Lord has wonderfully answered our prayers in sending us so able and consecrated a man as Brother Schmidt.

Respectfully submitted,

IRA B. CRANDALL,
FRANK HILL,
W. L. CLARKE,
E. B. SAUNDERS,
Committee.

Rev. H. C. Van Horn was appointed a member of the Evangelistic Committee, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of P. M. Barber.

Correspondence was received from Rev. D. H. Davis, Dr. Rosa Palmberg, Rev. J. W. Crofoot, Rev. H. Eugene Davis, Walter B. Cockerill, Rev. A. E. Main, J. W. Crosley, R. J. Maxson, Rev. L. C. Randolph, Rev. D. C. Lippincott, Rev. E. E. Sutton, Rev. M. Harry, Rev. A. L. Davis, and others.

Adjourned.

WM. L. CLARKE,
President.
A. S. BABCOCK,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Quarterly Report

January 1, 1915, to April 1, 1915

S. H. Davis, Treasurer,

In account with
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society
By Months

Dr.	
Cash in treasury January 1, 1915	\$ 398 17
Cash received in	
January	\$1,381 72
February	126 51
March	2,074 28
	3,582 51
	\$3,980 68

Cr.	
Expenses paid in	
January	\$1,340 34
February	350 10
March	1,760 62
	\$3,451 06
Balance in bank April 1, 1915	529 62
	\$3,980 68

By Classification	
Cash Received	
General Fund, including balance	
brought forward	\$1,450 75
Home field	35 50
China field	727 61
African field	6 16
Java field	1 00
Specials	11 80
Income from Permanent Funds	1,747 86
	\$3,980 68

Disbursements	
Corresponding Secretary	\$ 592 66
Churches and pastors	1,330 66
China field	1,220 00
Holland field	75 00
Italian field	116 64
Java field	37 50
Specials	11 80
Treasurer's expenses	65 60
Exchange	1 20
	\$3,451 06
Balance in bank April 1, 1915	529 62
	\$3,980 68

Bills payable in April, about	\$1,000 00
Notes outstanding April 1, 1915	2,500 00
E. & O. E.	

S. H. Davis,
Treasurer.

Resolutions of Respect

WHEREAS, Our heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst by the hand of death our dear brother, Deacon Paul M. Barber,

Resolved, That the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society has met with a great loss in the death of Brother Barber, who has been a most worthy and active member of the Board of Managers since 1892, and at the time of his death was a member of the Evangelistic Committee. He was a man of prayer, of wide experience in the life and work of the church, and deeply interested in missions. The loss will be most keenly felt, since he was always ready to serve in any capacity. We will ever keep in mind him, and his Christian fellowship, believing that our loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved wife and family our heartfelt sympathy, and hope that this affliction may draw them nearer to their heavenly Father, whom he served and trusted.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family, the SABBATH RECORDER, and spread upon our records.

In behalf of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society,

WM. L. CLARKE,
President.
E. B. SAUNDERS,
Corresponding Secretary.

April 21, 1915.

Among the Scattered Sabbath Keepers in Arkansas and Oklahoma

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

I am finding by experience that sometimes it takes a long time to travel a short distance. While I was traveling the fourteen miles from Grimes to Sayre behind Brother Forie Crandall's mules, I made good time, but from Sayre to Lone Wolf I would have squandered a considerable time had I not spent a part of it in writing. But about dark of the second day out I introduced myself to Brother and Sister Emmet Burdick, and their daughter, Mrs. Benedict, at their home about two miles from Lone Wolf. This family used to live at Nile, N. Y., but they spent five years at Nortonville, Kan., before coming to Oklahoma some twelve years ago when the government opened up some Indian land in Kiowa County.

Several days were spent in this home, and at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Benedict, at Hobart, about seven and one-half miles distant. We also spent one day in the Wichita Mountains, that I might meet Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Burdick, who have recently moved from Lone Wolf to

a farm near Roosevelt. This picnic trip, and a second trip to Hobart were made possible to us by the kindness of Mr. Pearl Mesmer, brother-in-law of Ellery Burdick, who took us in his automobile.

The roads in this part of Oklahoma are well worked. The county owns eight pairs of large mules that are in constant use by the "bootleggers," who are working out their fines. This company, under proper supervision, is sent into different parts of the county to work the roads. This plan of repairing the roads appealed to me as being superior to that of *licensing* the saloon in order to get money for street work. I heartily recommend it as a punishment for *bootlegging*.

My visits with Brother and Sister Burdick, and with their children, Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Burdick and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Benedict, were indeed pleasant. These people long for the social and religious privileges that are possible in Sabbath-keeping societies, and I hope that the way may soon open so that they can return to Nortonville or some other place where they can attend Sabbath services.

My next stop was at Ardmore, where I spent a day and night with Mr. D. R. Edwards and his daughter and family.

RECORDER readers will remember that Elder Socwell baptized Brother Edwards at Ardmore last year, and that, upon his recommendation, Mr. Edwards became a member of our church at Little Genesee, N. Y., where he lived in early life. There, under the ministry of Eld. T. B. Brown, he was converted; but as he believed that Sabbath-keeping was necessary should he live a Christian life, he chose business rather than the Christian life. But God would not forsake him, and after more than forty years of wandering Brother Edwards yielded and accepted baptism and Sabbath-keeping. It is needless for me to write that the past year has been happily spent by him in this pleasant relationship with God. He has received much encouragement through letters received from members of the Little Genesee Church.

Brother Edwards went with me to the State Confederate Home; a cotton compress; and other points of interest; and in other ways showed himself a royal entertainer.

The last place that I visited in Oklahoma was not far from Rattan, at the home

of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Jackson, and their son and his wife and five children. The ride from Antlers to the Belzonia post-office, a distance of twelve miles, was made with the mail carrier over a road too sandy, stumpy, and stony for an automobile to travel.

I spent several days in this community visiting the Sabbath-keepers and others, and in preaching four times in the old schoolhouse not far from Belzonia. As Elder Socwell has written for the RECORDER, this is a needy field, and promising for Seventh Day Baptists to work. If a series of meetings could be held here at a time of year when the people are not as busy as they now are, the meetings would be well attended and much good would be accomplished. There has been a considerable interest in the Sabbath question in that vicinity during the past year. I spent Sunday night at the home of one of the leading young men in the community, and we talked on religious subjects from 10 o'clock till after midnight, he introducing the conversation by declaring his belief that the Seventh Day is the Bible Sabbath. He also told me of his conversation with other Sunday people with whom he maintained this opinion.

Not only does this community need a thorough revival, but it needs to realize the importance of obeying the commandments of God. Much also depends upon the influence and example of Sabbath-keepers in encouraging others to accept the Sabbath and "keep it holy."

It was a pleasure to find the RECORDER and the *Helping Hand* in this home, and to hear Sister Jackson read the Sabbath-school lesson from the *Helping Hand* on Sabbath Day. I have often thought of the little girl Minnie who was sick with malaria most of the time that I was in this home. I hope that she has fully recovered.

Since leaving Rattan I have written to two persons who are interested in the Sabbath question, but who are living in other parts of Oklahoma. Doubtless there are many others in the State who are studying the question if we could find out about them.

My next stop is at Fouke, Ark.

Mayview, Ark.,
April 22, 1915.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

May

Over the golden dotted grass
Merrily comes the May;
The bluebirds sing; and the branches swing,
Blossoming over the way;
And flower-filtered the sunbeams fall
On a little brown house by the orchard wall.

Under the hedge the bridal-wreath
Stretches a snowy hand;
The purple plumes of the lilac blooms
Stir in a stately band;
And apple petals, like rosy snow,
Shower the little brown house below.

A world of beauty and blossom-breath,
A magic of flow and flower,
The fragrant rest of a robin's nest,
The spell of a perfect hour!
And a wealth of welcoming love for me
In the little brown house by the apple tree.
—Anna Mary Hyde.

Denominational Women at Work

MRS. J. H. BABCOCK

*Paper read at the Yearly Meeting of
Southern Wisconsin Churches, Milton
Junction, April 17, 1915.*

Our last report to Conference shows our working force to consist of 43 societies with a total resident membership of 1,182, non-resident—Lone Sabbath Keepers—156, making in all 1,338 women, near and far, working for the interests of our denomination in union of effort. We are not given to prophetic visions, although we have at times had dreams of what this band of women *might* do if gathered together, and led by an irresistible influence such as our dear Mary Bailey exerted.

However, our purpose at this time is not so much to give account of the things done in the past, nor, indeed, to dream of good to come, inspiring as that might prove, but to speak of that which concerns our present activities.

And since it takes money to *do* things, we will begin with our list of financial appropriations, tersely termed "our budget."

Salary of Miss Susie Burdick\$ 600 00
Salary of Miss Anna West 600 00
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund .. 500 00

Fouke (Ark.) School 200 00
Miss Marie Jansz, Java 100 00
Board expense 100 00
Tract Society 925 00
Missionary Society 575 00

Total\$3,600 00

Taking them in order, we can say, for last year, Miss Burdick's salary was reduced one half by her visit to the homeland. This salary was paid. That of Miss West was paid in full. The Twentieth Century Endowment Fund received only \$159.92 of the pledge for \$500. Fouke (Ark.) School received the full pledge of \$200. Also the \$100 to Miss Jansz was paid. The Tract Society fund fell short, while the Missionary Society, counting salaries of the two teachers in Shanghai, was overpaid.

Of the whole amount pledged \$2,825.87 was raised by our women, and passed through the hands of our treasurer last year. In addition to this amount we learn from reports of individual societies that \$3,692.17 was raised and expended for local church and benevolent work. These two sums taken together make a total of \$6,518.04 to the credit of our women for one year. For the ensuing year the regular budget of last year was adopted.

The extra pledge of \$2,000 for the proposed hospital at Lieu-oo, China, was accepted with the explicit understanding that the raising of this amount should not interfere with the payment of the regular pledges, and that individual contributions were to be solicited by means of a canvass of church and society.

Nevertheless our good treasurer has had some anxious fears on the subject; but she has had enough with which to meet obligations and we continue to believe that it will all be done in good time.

Three quarters of the present year are already gone. Mrs. Whitford gives me the following paid, in figures which are up to date.

Salary of Miss Burdick\$ 450 00
Salary of Miss West 450 00
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund .. 89 18
Fouke (Ark.) School 76 73
Miss Marie Jansz, Java 34 50
Board expense 66 16
Tract Society
Missionary Society
Retired Ministers 62 00
Lieu-oo Hospital 1,702 84

It is well for us to learn lessons of patience, hope, and trust; to sacrifice, if need be, of our own personal interests, time, and pleasure for the good of our common cause; to learn faith and confidence in one another, and to know that God directs our ways. And, in full dependence on him, we believe that the "things that endure" shall, in a measure, be won for us, and an increasing power of influence be exercised for the women of our denomination who shall take up the work after us.

The following resolution, adopted by our women at Conference, is still our purpose, and for it we pray.

WHEREAS, As women of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination we desire to do our humble part in the evangelization of the world—and the promotion of the Bible Sabbath,

Resolved, That we as representative women of our denomination will endeavor to fit ourselves in every way to do more efficient labor in the missionary and evangelistic work of our own denomination, and that we join with the Federation of Women's Boards in prayer and work for the salvation of the world.

Worker's Exchange

Farina, Ill.

Tuesday, April 6, marked the close of our dinners, which have been served by the Ladies' Aid Society each alternate week through the winter. They have been a source of sociability for the church besides bringing several dollars into our treasury. This money is used for church purposes.

Our membership is often increased. Recently two names were added to our roll. These women were baptized and joined our church, being converts to the Sabbath. The society voted to give a church social on April 14, that being the forty-ninth anniversary. This proved a great success.

The church and society are rejoicing over the many additions and spiritual uplift which have come to us through our heavenly Father, the faithful service of our pastor, Rev. L. O. Greene, and the church members.

LETTIE C. FERRILL,
Secretary.

If you have gracious words to say
O give them to our hearts today,
But if your words will cause us sorrow
Pray keep them till the last tomorrow.

—Burton.

Among Lone Sabbath Keepers in Iowa

DEAR BROTHER SHAW:

Concerning "the work," I wrote you last as I was leaving Garwin. My next three attempts to see L. S. K's were failures. I could not find the Tama party, and the brother at Marshalltown lived so far away he did not wish to meet me at the station. I understand he is an elderly man, and faithful, though working out. My next stop was at Grinnell, Iowa, to find a Sister Eva Deeds. I found a woman by that name in the city, but she said she was not the one I was looking for. There had been another by the same name, and their mail would get mixed, but she said that that one went away three or five years ago, she knew not where. However, I learned from a business man that this Mrs. Deeds' brother-in-law had a wife with the same name and lived out R. F. D. I phoned out and was told that Mrs. Deeds died last January. I then wrote to Mr. Deeds, asking if his wife was the Seventh Day Baptist I was looking for and received this reply. "She belonged to nothing of the kind the past 22 years. Further than that I can not answer." Whether that meant that she *once* kept the Sabbath, but had not for the past 22 years, I do not know. If any church clerk or pastor has the name of Lulu Fay, or Eva (Effie) Deeds, please let me know.

But I did not have to go to a hotel at Grinnell. Mrs. Mark DaShiell of that city was for years a ward of mine, an orphan girl from New York City, and I was her legal guardian, educating her at Des Moines in high school and business college, and for a year she was stenographer and typist for the Spalding Motor Company of Grinnell, and married last November. It was a happy meeting with my ward, who so greatly appreciates the care and education she received.

At Zearing I was warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Holcomb. I found Mrs. Holcomb a daughter of the late E. D. Stillman, of Independence, N. Y., whom I baptized when he was past seventy years of age and for whose wife I conducted funeral services. Mrs. Holcomb's sister, Mrs. Clara Austin, of Whitesville, N. Y., was organist of the church when I first went to the Independence pastorate and I visited her in January, 1914. Mr. Hol-

comb took me about the town, introducing me to the business men. Mrs. Holcomb is a subscriber for the RECORDER, reading it with interest, and is loyal to the Sabbath but is not a member of any of our churches. They are raising a sweet girl, a granddaughter, now of twelve years. I wanted to spend the Sabbath there and if possible speak in one of the churches, but it was going to prolong the visit so much and the railway connections were not good, so Mrs. Holcomb took me to McCallsburg, five miles distant, to take a train on Friday for Nevada, where I spent the Sabbath attending the Seventh Day Adventist church. Here the Adventists have a congregation of about two hundred and fifty, an academy, and a church school for children, also the Iowa Sanitarium. I called on a number, leaving them the booklet, "Seventh Day Baptists and the Sabbath," as they would say, "I do not know much about your people." One said that it was supposed the Seventh Day Baptists were now extinct! It was my happy privilege to inform them that the Lord was still preserving us for some great work. A Professor Van Kirk preached and told them that, as yet, they were not "walking" according to God's order, though the "remnant church." Worldliness affects them the same as others.

Evening after Sabbath found me out in the country. On Sunday, I was taken to two different First Day homes and introduced, and I left them the RECORDER and some tracts. One of those I met had a mother who once lived at Milton and was a Baptist. They were interested to hear about our people there. The name was Ogden. I stayed at a Mr. Ayar's, whose relatives in New York State had been intimately associated with Seventh Day Baptists.

In Nevada I was taken out for an auto ride (to look up a friend) by Doctor Held. Mrs. Held has a sister in Battle Creek, the wife of Dr. Eggleston, whom I knew when I was at the Haskell Home. I have also several times preached in their home church (S. D. A.) at Osceola, Iowa.

The L. S. K. Directory names Sabbath-keepers in Des Moines, but I am unable to find them. My next stop was Adel, where I found Sister Miranda Holmes, a member of the Welton Church. She is alone with a son, but greatly longing for associa-

tion with her church. Her husband, who died a few years ago, was a soldier in the Civil War. None of her five children observe the Sabbath, which to her is a source of much sorrow. Sister Holmes is a niece of the late Rev. J. M. Todd, of Brookfield, N. Y., who was a prince in Israel, beloved by old and young. What a blessing is the far-reaching influence of such a man reaching out these years in so many far-away places.

Being within ten miles of Redfield, Iowa, I went there to see the widow of the late Duane Maxson. Mr. Maxson was a nephew of Rev. Darwin E. Maxson, and for a long time after his death, the RECORDER was taken in the home. None of the family observe the Sabbath, though they think kindly of their father's people.

There now remain about eight more towns in Iowa to visit.

H. D. CLARKE.

Redfield, Iowa,
April 22, 1915.

Sabbath Rally Day, May 22

So many requests are coming in for programs for Sabbath Rally Day that the Advisory Committee is very much encouraged, and feels that this effort will be of much good to us as a people. It is hoped that every church and every community and every lone Sabbath-keeper will in some way celebrate this day and emphasize the value and importance of Sabbath-keeping.

The programs are being printed and will be sent out in a few days, even if no requests have come in. Samples will be sent to superintendents of Junior societies, to secretaries of women's societies, and to presidents of Christian Endeavor societies, but the bundles will be sent to the pastors and Sabbath-school superintendents. Lone Sabbath-keepers will have to send for copies.

On behalf of the board,
ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

To give a book is to enrich the receiver permanently; to put into his or her possession something which leaves a residuum of pleasure long after the particular date on which it was received has been forgotten.
—Hamilton W. Mabie.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

The Things for Which Christian Endeavor Stands

"Definite standards of service, and definite commitment to those standards.

"Open confession of Christ, and speaking for him according to ability and opportunity.

"The cultivation of the devotional life by regular prayer and Bible-study.

"Training in Christian service by a variety of committee work.

"Loyalty to the church, and a regular attendance upon the church services.

"Generous giving to Christian work.

"Christian citizenship.

"Interdenominational fellowship, and the promotion of peace and good will among the nations of the world."

Belief in Christian Endeavor

REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, May 15, 1915

Daily Readings

Sunday—Its covenant (Heb. 8: 8-13)

Monday—Its Christ-ideal (2 Cor. 5: 14-21)

Tuesday—Its Bible-reading (Ps. 119: 33-40)

Wednesday—Its prayer (Eph. 1: 15-23)

Thursday—Its worship (Heb. 10: 25)

Friday—Its fellowship (Eph. 4: 1-6)

Sabbath Day—Why I believe in Christian Endeavor (2 Tim. 1: 1-14)

A few verses of our lesson today should appeal very strongly to us as Christian Endeavorers. Paul declares (vs. 1) that he is Christ's apostle, that is, he is sent out as a messenger of Jesus "by the will of God." In his loneliness he would fall back on the consciousness that he is an apostle, not by his own choice or by his own appointment, but by the will of God. So in our hour of peril and perplexity we, too, may find comfort in our one security, the rock of God's will. Herein is the assurance and great watchtower of Christian Endeavor strength and permanency,— "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength."

One of Paul's reasons for thankfulness to God was that of Timothy's "unfeigned faith." I sat last night in a meeting of the State Executive Committee of Christian Endeavor in the city of Providence. I remember the bright earnest faces of the people there; their enthusiasm and loyalty to our Lord Jesus, and to his work as represented by them in the State. Back of it all, what? An *unfeigned* faith; and this is true of Christian Endeavor, the world over, I believe. For this, and for her loyal stand for Christ and his church, I thoroughly believe in Christian Endeavor.

Paul speaks also (vs. 7) of God's gifts to Timothy of power and love and of sound mind, rendered in Revised Version "discipline." This also illustrates, fittingly, the spirit and purpose of Christian Endeavor. The Endeavorer puts his trust in Him only, who can give power and arouse love and encourage discipline, or sound mind. One who will look over the catalogue of publications put out by the United Society, or study thoroughly some of its books, will come to realize something of what Christian Endeavor is doing and something of the power and discipline fostered by the movement. It is frequently said, "Christian Endeavor is dead," or "a thing sadly in decline." I have been guilty, I fear, of some such remark myself. But it was at a time when I was wholly out of touch with the work. Doubtless that accounts for many a like statement. The fact is, there never was a time when Christian Endeavor was doing so much, or was so much and thoroughly alive as it is today. It is still very much a young people's movement, comments and criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding. For its life and enthusiasm and consecration and training, I believe heartily in Christian Endeavor.

"Be not ashamed of the testimony of our Lord" (vs. 8), urges the apostle. That is, be not ashamed of the gospel, for as Paul says on another occasion, "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1: 16). What courage such passages give to young people to testify, and personal testimony is one of the cardinal principles of the pledge.

"I know whom I have believed" (vs. 12). What power and longsuffering and patience and love belong to him who can say this with the apostle. And because

Christian Endeavor has kept tens of thousands of men and women during the past thirty-four years to just such an experimental knowledge, I believe in it.

Here is the one greatly important thing of the whole of life, that we should know Jesus Christ. Dr. Gordon tells, in his "Quiet Talks on Service," of a saintly old woman who had known her Bible by heart, but who as her years advanced failed in memory until the only Scripture she could remember was this, "I know whom I have believed . . ." That gradually slipped from her till in her dying hour it had all gone but one word—"Him" and those who bent closely over her could hear her repeat "Him, Him, Him," just one word, but it was enough.

HINTS TO THE LEADER

Aim to get the honorary members and former members into this meeting, and urge them to tell why they believe in Christian Endeavor. This should encourage your younger members and stimulate them to more faithful activities.

This may be a good place to point out the need—absolute necessity—of preparation, days before that of the meeting. The meeting not prepared for until the "last hour" merits only failure, and it usually gets what it deserves. Meetings thus treated are lacking in interest and attractive power.

The leaders should be appointed six months ahead—and if your Prayer Meeting Committee has failed in this or in posting up its schedule, do you stir up your president, pastor, and Lookout Committee besides the Prayer Meeting Committee.

As soon as one knows he is to lead a certain meeting, his day of preparation should begin. Study topic, reference, and daily readings; meditate and pray; study and plan.

If your pastor is not interested in Christian Endeavor, hand him a copy of "The Story of Christian Endeavor, 1914," or a copy of "Expert Endeavor" and ask him to read it.

Invite your pastor to take not more than five minutes to tell why he believes in Christian Endeavor.

HINTS FOR THE TIMID

Dare to stand today and offer a one-sentence prayer.

Answer the question, What has Christian Endeavor done for me?

"Dare to break down for Christ; he will build you up."

Quote from memory Romans 1: 16, and make personal application to your life and testimony.

FOR ALL TO THINK ABOUT.

Am I putting *my best* into Christian Endeavor?

Is the pledge a drag or a help to spontaneous Christian activity?

Have I read any book on Christian Endeavor work this year?—Ever?

Why not I become an Expert Endeavorer before next Conference?

Ask your president how you may become an Expert Endeavorer.

Who can help believing in an organization or movement with principles such as the following:

Definite standards of service, and definite commitment to those standards. Open confession of Christ, and speaking for him according to ability and opportunity. The cultivation of the devotional life by regular prayer and Bible-study. Training in Christian service by a variety of committee work. Loyalty to the church, and a regular attendance upon the church services. Generous giving to Christian work. Christian citizenship. Interdenominational fellowship, and the promotion of peace and good will among the nations of the world. All of these endeavors to be made in accordance with the will of Christ, and trusting in him for strength.—*Expert Endeavor*.

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES FROM THE FIELD

Why I believe in Christian Endeavor.

From Rhode Island State, and national workers:

Because I believe it to be the most efficient means in developing and deepening the spiritual, and giving practical training for a fuller and more successful Christian service.—*C. O. Parker, State President.*

Because it trains young people for active service in the service.—*F. O. Bishop, State Corresponding Secretary.*

Because it challenges the young people to Christ's service, and is the church's greatest training school for its young people.—*C. H. Magoon.*

Because of the broad principles embodied in its inception, the freedom of thought

and action inspired by its teachings and the constant testimony of an active, Christian faith, strengthened by the adoption and practice of both, as a personal test of its possibilities.—*Ernest A. Chase.*

Because it is the greatest agency of the kingdom of God for the winning of young people to Christ, and training them for practical Christian service. Because it stands as the great interdenominational agency, binding together churches of all denominations. Because it is a tremendous factor in the evangelization of the world.—*Karl Lehmann.*

FROM DENOMINATIONAL WORKERS

Christian Endeavor not only teaches our young people the Bible, but trains them to become practical, efficient leaders in Christian work.—*L. H. Stringer.*

It is a Christian organization in which young people are efficiently taught, trained, grounded in practical social, religious, spiritual truths and duties; and prepared for intelligent, whole-hearted service for Christ and the church.—*Henry N. Jordan.*

Because it is a work for Christ from young people. It starts the young on the line of service in the way they should go in their advanced years. It makes the after years of life the matured thing.—*L. A. Platts.*

A brief period of service in Christian Endeavor work more than twenty years ago was a training-school for present-day service.—*Martha H. Wardner.*

The above statements, with names attached, are from national, state and denominational workers with their personal signatures. They were written specially for this topic.

Tithing and Self-Denial Week

The week, May 16-22, has been set apart by the Young People's Board as "Tithing and Self-denial Week," for the young people of our denomination. The money thus raised is to be given to the missionary fund of the board, the first fifty dollars to be used to finish paying our pledge of one hundred dollars to the Lieu-oo Hospital Fund; and whatever more is raised over and above this, to be used for the other missionary objects to which the board has pledged money.

Each member of a Christian Endeavor society is asked to set aside his or her tithe-money, and all they can save by self-denial during this week, for the purpose. The plan was suggested by the Riverside society, and the board acted on this suggestion, thinking perhaps the much-needed funds could be raised in this way without making other causes suffer. Since Sabbath, May 22, has been designated as Sabbath Rally Day, and will, undoubtedly, be observed as such by many of our churches, the Young People's Board felt that that particular Sabbath would be a fitting date for the culmination of this special week of tithing and self-denial for missionary purposes.

Of how much are you willing to deny yourself for the sake of the Master? Have you ever thought how many are the little luxuries with which you are really indulging yourself until you have come to think of them as actual necessities? The week of tithing and self-denial will be a splendid time to take account of them. "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

Christian Endeavor a Religious Phenomenon

The address given below was delivered by Rev. Mr. Davis, a Nebraska pastor, at the time of the thirtieth anniversary of Christian Endeavor, a few years ago. The excellent ideas set forth in the address are as applicable to the movement now as then. Notice how well the facts set forth in the address fit in with the Christian Endeavor topic, which will be found in another place in this number of the RECORDER. The address follows.

The rise and progress of the Christian Endeavor movement is a religious phenomenon worthy of study. There have been many fads in religion, as in fashion, which have flourished for a season and then passed away. But Christian Endeavor seems to have come to stay. It has become a vital part of the life of our churches. It signifies all that is energetic, heroic, consecrated, conquering, enthusiastic and ingenious.

First of all, C. E. means Christ Exalted. Christian Endeavor pledges our supreme loyalty to Christ and knows no master but him. If it had sought to wed us to any other leader, it would have had a brief and inglorious career. Whatever links itself to Christ and seeks his

glory and his conquest of the world partakes of his life and power.

C. E. also signifies Courageous Endeavor. It strikes at sin in political affairs, in business and social matters, in the lives of individuals—yes, wherever sin shows its head. It believes Dr. Parkhurst was correct when he said: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but he makes better time when some one fellow is after him." This is just what Paul meant when he said: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." How different this is from the let-alone policy of many would-be Christians. Several years ago the then President Roosevelt said: "Christian Endeavor stands pre-eminent among the organizations which strive toward a realization of the ideal of true citizenship."

Christ Exemplified is also the aim of the Christian Endeavor. It believes the true Christian is to be a "Sermon in Shoes," a "living epistle of Christ, known and read by all men." The late Governor Mickey said that Christian Endeavor is a great developer of stalwart Christians, and the lamented McKinley said, "I like Christian Endeavor because it makes Christian character."

C. E. also stands for Consecrated Energy. It urges the consecration of the energies of young people to some particular task. Christian Endeavor stimulates a thorough organization along definite lines of Christian work. It does not live, move and have its being in an atmosphere of generalities, but gets down to business in a very real and practical way. It is this that makes it a thing of power.

If Christian Endeavor is anything it is missionary in spirit. Let our C. E. under this heading mean Christ Everywhere. Its mottoes, "For Christ and the Church," and "The World for Christ," are echoes of the great commission.

Christian Endeavor has caught the vision of a world-wide need and a world-wide duty; and is not disobedient to the heavenly vision. As some one has said: "One of the most inspiring things about it is the way it is joining the ends of the earth in living fellowship and service."

And does not our monogram also mean a Conquering Enthusiasm for Christ? There is great enthusiasm in a name. Did ever an army have a name linked with such glorious achievements, capable of firing the heart with such noble aspirations as the name of Him, under whose banner we fight. It is related that Alexander gave orders to his sea commander to lead the Macedonian fleet against a Persian fleet three times as numerous as his own. The captain remonstrated that the enemy was much stronger. But Alexander replied with victory sparkling in his eyes, "How many do you count Alexander for?" The captain caught the enthusiasm of the conqueror's name and either captured or sunk every Persian vessel before the sun hid his face in shame from the scene of carnage. In life's battles how many do you count Christ for? Shall we catch the inspiration of his "Lo, I am with you alway"?

Christian Endeavor is hopeful; it rejoices in the buoyancy of youth. In this spirit it stands for Cherished Expectations. The tomorrow of Christian Endeavor will be more glorious than the today. The splendid results of its work in

the past are an inspiration for the future, and I would say without any hesitation, that the future is bright with the possibilities of even greater work than has been accomplished heretofore. Never again will the church consent to surrender the devotion and enthusiasm of its young people, or suffer them to become again the disorganized and inefficient element they used to be in its life.

Finally, our most "Cherished Expectations" for the tomorrow of Christian Endeavor is that "Christ may be Exalted." Let us send "Christ Everywhere"; let us "Consecrate our Energies" more fully to him; let our hearts be possessed of a "Conquering Enthusiasm"; in our lives let "Christ be Exemplified," and let us ever be "Courageous Endeavorers."

FOR THE JUNIORS

Why I Believe in Christian Endeavor

F. E. D. B.

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, May 15, 1915

Lesson text: Second Timothy 1: 1-14.
(Union meeting with the older society.)

Dear Juniors: Do you like to go visiting? Perhaps your society will hold this meeting with the Senior Christian Endeavor society.

Of course you will be very attentive, and learn all you can by listening while the older ones talk about the lesson from Paul's words to Timothy and how they apply to Christian Endeavor work.

As visitors in our homes always do some of the talking, so the Juniors will be expected to furnish a part of the program of the union meeting.

Your superintendent will arrange for this with the other society, and tell you before the meeting what part you are to take.

Perhaps you will be asked to name the books of the Bible in their order, if you have been learning them.

Perhaps you will recite one of your familiar psalms, for I expect you know several of them.

You might each give one or two initial Bible verses; by this I mean verses that you especially like, beginning with the same letters as the words of your own name.

Or you may be given a few minutes to say all the Bible verses you can think of readily.

In doing these things you would prove that the training you had received in the Christian Endeavor society had been a great benefit to you in the line of Bible study.

I hope, too, that your daily life in words and actions also prove that the weekly meetings of the Junior society are helpful.

You know that being a Christian Endeavorer means that we are endeavoring to be Christlike, and trying at all times to do as Jesus Christ would have us do.

Be sure and study this beautiful lesson which is from a letter written by Paul to Timothy, whom Paul calls his dearly beloved son.

Paul says he prays for Timothy every night and day, and greatly desires to see him. Paul remembers the faith of Timothy's grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice, and is sure that *his* faith like theirs is not a make-believe, but a true faith. Paul reminds Timothy that he must *use* the gift of God which he has; must not be fearful, but accept from God the spirit of power, love, and a sound mind. Paul warns Timothy against being ashamed of the word of God or his servant Paul, who was a prisoner for the sake of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Paul wants Timothy to be willing to endure afflictions for God, who had saved them and called them to preach and to teach.

Paul was willing to endure suffering, and not be ashamed of being a servant of Jesus, for he knew and trusted God's love and power to keep.

Paul tells Timothy to "hold fast" the instruction he had received, and "keep" all good by the help of the Holy Spirit.

Paul's words to Timothy are good advice for all Christian Endeavorers today, and we should give earnest heed to them.

BIBLE TEXTS FOR THE OLDER JUNIORS

I believe in pledges (Ps. 22: 25; and 50: 14).

I believe in prayer (Prov. 15: 8; Phil. 4: 6).

I believe in Bible-reading (Ps. 119: 11, 24, 103, 105).

I believe in testifying (Ps. 107: 2; 2 Cor. 4: 13).

I believe in the church (Eph. 1: 22, 23; Acts 2: 47).

I believe in society work. (1 Cor. 15: 58; Heb. 6: 10).

Why I believe in Endeavor (Josh. 22: 5; Mic. 6: 8).

Ordination of Deacons at Boulder, Colo.

Since the death of Deacon Swan, which occurred September 28, 1913, the Boulder Church has had only one deacon, A. L. Clarke. Deacon Clarke having recently removed from Boulder, it seemed best to call one or more deacons.

Accordingly, by vote of the church, E. M. Irish and D. M. Andrews were elected, and the first Sabbath in April was selected as the time for their ordination.

As is the usual custom, the clerk sent notice to the churches of the Northwestern Association, inviting them to send delegates to the ordination.

The Tract Board sent Rev. George B. Shaw as a delegate, who also represented the North Loup Church and the Milton Junction Church.

Mr. Shaw arrived in Boulder Friday, April 2, and that evening a service was held at the church for the examination of the candidates. After the examination, Brother Shaw preached a most inspiring sermon on Isaiah's Vision of Holiness.

Sabbath morning, April 3, the ordination service was held.

The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. George B. Shaw, and Pastor Davis made the consecrating prayer.

The two ex-pastors, Rev. S. R. Wheeler and Dr. F. O. Burdick, gave very practical and helpful addresses, after which Dea. A. L. Clarke gave the address of welcome to the deacons.

After the ordination service, the Lord's Supper was celebrated, at which the newly ordained deacons assisted Deacon Clarke. The service closed by the church and congregation giving the hand of welcome and Godspeed to the deacons and their wives.

CHURCH CLERK.

A good friend is too severely won to be lightly set aside. We should hold him and cherish him, willing to receive his criticism as well as his praise, and eager to turn both to our profit.—*Boston Budget*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Matter of Personality

"You look like a garden of sweet peas," Miss Staunton said, and she smiled at Hilda, who stood in the doorway prettily dressed in white and violet.

The quick color flashed into Hilda's face. Miss Staunton—"your famous Miss Staunton," as Geraldine Gates called her—was her ideal.

"Oh, would you care to see my room?" she asked, eagerly. "It's just a girl's room, you know, but it's in violet, too—if it wouldn't bother you."

"I'd love to," said Miss Staunton. "Now?"

"I can if you can," Hilda said happily.

They went upstairs together. Joan's room, sunny, homely, full of used and shabby things, faced them first. Miss Staunton had been there the night before. Hilda threw open the opposite door, and then stood waiting, while the color came and went in her face. She did not have to wait long.

"It's exquisite," Miss Staunton cried. "Did you plan it all yourself?"

"Every bit," Hilda replied, "and I worked it out, too. I did the stenciling for the curtains and all the embroidery. I thought a little of having a violet on my linen, but I liked the white monogram. I designed it. I put it on my shirtwaists, too, sometimes in white, and sometimes in lavender and white; I have it on my stationery—and look in here." She opened her upper drawer. Inside were handkerchief and glove and ribbon cases of crash, all embroidered with the pretty monogram.

"I thought I'd make them all of silk at first," Hilda explained; "you can get such lovely silks; but after they're soiled that's the end of them. The crash washes. I—I love to have things individual. Don't you think it's a duty to be yourself in every way you can, Miss Staunton?"

Miss Staunton smiled into the pretty, wistful face. "I certainly do," she answered, although I never saw it worked out in exactly this way. Not many people have the taste, even if they have the time. But every strong person is 'individual,' nevertheless. I think your sister Joan has

the strongest individuality of any girl of her age I know."

"Joan!" Hilda exclaimed. Instinctively her glance went to the room across the hall.

Miss Staunton smiled again. "I don't mean in monograms, but she stamps herself on life none the less. I'll venture to guess that her room is lived in by the younger children, isn't it? I could see that they all came to her with every interest of their lives, Jack especially; and it isn't easy to hold the confidence of a boy of fourteen. I can see 'Joan Emerson, her mark' on every one of those children as plainly as I can see the monogram on your pretty linen. It stands for honesty and unselfishness, fair play and sympathy. It's a wonderful thing for a girl of her age to have achieved."

"I—why—I never thought—" Hilda stammered.

Miss Staunton's eyes met hers with warm friendliness.

"There are so many kinds of personal marks, little girl," she said.—*Youth's Companion*.

An Appeal From the Board of Finance

The Conference year is rapidly drawing to a close. On June 30 the treasurer's books of the various boards and societies will be closed for the year. Unless every church pays in full its apportionment to every cause before June 30 there will be deficits. The churches should remember that the apportionments were made only of budgets approved by the last Conference and should be met promptly by them.

The Theological Seminary is already feeling the need of funds. Perhaps other causes, too, are suffering because the apportionment to some church has not been fully met. Dear pastor, won't you lay this matter promptly and seriously before your churches? Dear treasurer, won't you at once collect, if need be, the rest of your apportionments and promptly send them in to the proper treasurers?

The Seminary at least should have our immediate attention.

ALLEN B. WEST,
Secretary Board of Finance.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—*Carlyle*.

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. L. C. RANDOLPH, D. D., MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

Music is an expression of, and an inspiration to, religious life. Great theme! Its importance is often underestimated. Many a man came under the influence of Moody's preaching who was drawn by the attraction of Sankey's singing. One of the most impressive features of the tabernacle meeting in Philadelphia was the joining of twenty thousand voices together in gospel song. The heart of every listener was turned to the message of the evangelist before he began. The current coin of religious influence in the everyday life of a city consists partly in the revival songs that are being hummed and whistled and sung everywhere—unconsciously—until these songs and their message get into the city's blood.

* * *

Our own student evangelistic work has made a large use of song. The quartet movement has caught the imagination of our denomination and of large numbers of people who have heard the boys sing. Singing disarms prejudice, appeals to the emotions of sentiment, and prepares the way for the spiritual message which touches the deepest chords of the human heart.

* * *

There is a splendid field for music in the Bible school. The director of the music should study the situation, find the most effective songs and the most effective way in which to sing them. He should utilize his resources, searching out talent and developing it. An orchestra is a great help. It not only enriches the music, but it quickens the *esprit de corps* of the school. The more people you can get to work, the better. I believe that the older people should be an enthusiastic part of the Bible school, but let them keep the spirit of youth the prevailing tone. The leader may personally like to sing "From every stormy wind that blows," with tones long drawn out, his eyes closed in religious fervor. If he should open the windows of his observation, he might find that the boys of the school were joining in, but I have my

doubts. Boys like stirring songs, martial music, choruses with a lift and a swing. Older men do too. Watch the veterans unconsciously beating time. Lead the school out in spirited songs of actions. Let the young life and energy find expression. Then they are ready for a hymn of reverence. This is a good subject for the whole Sabbath-school cabinet to discuss together. The musical director will be much helped by suggestions made and by the unification and co-operation which should result.

* * *

One of our Bible-school workers, Mrs. Ella I. Lewis, of Jackson Center, has recently published a couple of songs, "Jesus the Friend of the World," and "Come, Sinner, Come." Her brother, Henry A. Smith, seventy years old, the oldest of the family, wrote the words to the first song, and she, the youngest of the family, wrote the music. She wrote both music and words of the second. She has other songs which she would like to print, "but a poor preacher's wife does not have the money to spend on getting music published very often." The two songs are put out together in sheet music form at fifty cents, but she will send them to any RECORDER readers for half price. She says, "Ever since they have been published I have been praying that they might have a part in helping some soul by the aid of the Holy Spirit." Mrs. Lewis does not know that this item is to appear here. We believe, however, in encouraging home talent, so we put in this little word, *gratis*.

N. B.—Whenever the phrase "poor preacher" is used in this column it is to be understood that the adjective "poor" has a purely financial signification.

* * *

Where, O where, are the people whose duty and privilege it is to write for this column? Sit down and indite those items *now*. Not a long article. News items, suggestions, thoughts, reports of good things. You remember the boy who was reading aloud in class, and came to the word "barque." He stopped, uncertain. "Bark," prompted the teacher. Still the little fellow hesitated. "Bark," said the teacher impatiently. "Bow! wow!" responded the boy. Well, he did his best to perform what he thought was expected

of him. I admire him for that. Come on, now, say something. If it isn't more than "bow-wow," it will at least indicate that you are alive.

Here We Meet

Exercise for Children's Day

REV. H. D. CLARKE

Here we meet you in God's temple,
Christian friends and teachers dear;
Here we join with you in singing,
Praise to Him whose name we fear.

Yes, we meet with happy faces,
On this day of joy and light;
Day for children, day of gladness,
Day most beautiful and bright.

If we are, as you have told us,
Such as in Christ's kingdom be,
Then we'll love, praise and adore Him,
King above, eternally.

We'll remember our Creator
In the gladsome days of youth;
While our hearts are young and tender
And susceptible of truth.

For this welcome we are grateful,
Now we clasp our hands in love;
Teachers, friends, with you we'll journey
Toward our Father's home above.

Lesson VII.—May 15, 1915

DAVID SPARES SAUL.—I Sam. 26: 1-25

Golden Text.—"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." Luke 6: 27

DAILY READINGS

First-day, I Sam. 26: 5-16. David Spares Saul
Second-day, I Sam. 26: 17-25. The Power of Kindness

Third-day, I Sam. 24: 1-8. Good for Evil
Fourth-day, I Sam. 24: 9-22. Appeal for Fairness

Fifth-day, Matt. 5: 38-48. The Law of the Kingdom

Sixth-day, Matt. 18: 21-35. Duty Toward Offenders

Sabbath Day, I Pet. 3: 8-17. Christian Forbearance

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

All usefulness and all comfort may be prevented by an unkind, sour, crabbed temper of mind that can bear with no difference of opinion or temperament. A spirit of faultfinding; an unsatisfied temper; a constant irritability; a brow cloudy and dissatisfied—your home folks can not tell why—will more than neutralize all the good you can do, and render life anything but a blessing.—*Albert Barnes*.

The Wreck

'Twas only a mast pierced the eddying tide,
With its red signal light other sea craft to guide,
And warn from the fate of the ship sunken there
'Cause it knew of no rock where the sea's face was fair.

Other ships glided by, to the left and the right,
And the passengers sighed at the sunken ship's plight;
And with grateful remembrance recalled days before
When the wrecked ship had borne them from shore unto shore.

She had carried them safely when winds blew a gale;
Had defied leaping billows, and never known fail;
But alas! had gone down when the sea's face was fair,
Because of no thought of a rock hiding there.

Friends said, "It is awful to think the ship lost";
Some said, "'Twill warn others to count well the cost
Of carelessly sailing o'er fair or rough seas;
Let the wreck hold its own signal light in the breeze."

But those who best knew of the ship's real worth,
Put hawsers and chains deep in sea round her girth,
And from pontoons and barges—though others might mock—
They lifted the wreck, and marked well the hid rock.

Let no one mistake when a soul sinketh down
'Neath the billows of guilt, that he merits your frown—
That his wrecked life should glare as a signal to men;
Lift the wreck and "restore," but signal the sin.

He may have borne many o'er trouble's rough sea,
Or carried their burdens, or set their souls free;
In pity don't leave him submerged in his sin;
God's grace can make stronger than ever he's been.

Down deep in his ocean of sorrow and woe,
Put round him strong girders of confidence, so
That through you the Master may speak as before:

"I do not condemn thee; go, child, sin no more."
SUBSCRIBER.

When trouble is brewing, keep still.
When slander is getting on its legs, keep still.
When your feelings are hurt, by all means keep still till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes.—*Dr. Burton*.

HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—During the month the work of the Milton Junction Church, Sabbath school, and the two Christian Endeavor societies progressed well. Services were well attended and the interest good. The first Sabbath in March was given over to the Y. M. C. A. speakers of the Rock County Y. M. C. A. Conference, which was held at Milton and Milton Junction on Sabbath and Sunday. Paul Rungnadhham gave an interesting talk concerning mission work in India, where he has been national Y. M. C. A. secretary. Mahlon Ogden told of the good work of the Y. M. C. A. at Edgerton and the influence on his own life and the lives of other boys there. The service closed by a talk by R. C. McKenzie, of the Janesville "Y." Nearly all the boys stayed for Sabbath school. On the last Sabbath of last quarter, some member of each class in Sabbath school reported on a lesson in review, and the younger classes were not outdone at all by those more experienced. Under the leadership of Mr. Holston, interest and attendance at Sabbath school is increasing. The Brotherhood Band, under T. B. Clarke, is gradually getting better. They expect to play at a public entertainment soon. The work of the Brotherhood is also showing improvement.

The Christian Endeavor society has done many important things recently. Several new members have joined the society, signed the pledge, and were each given a copy of "Endeavor Greeting," by Amos R. Wells, which is a great help to beginners in explaining the work of the society. The active membership numbers about thirty at present. Nearly all are faithful to the pledge; and of those at each meeting for the last two months, the average participation has been above 90 per cent. At some meetings all take part. The Christian Endeavorers are trying to raise \$50 as their budget for the first half of this year. This budget is about three times their apportionment to the Young People's Board for this time, which has already been paid in full. In order to raise this sum a systematic finance campaign has been launched. Each member, even those who have moved

away, was asked to pledge *per week*, and envelopes *dated for each week* are given out each month, so that everything is very definite and systematic. If a member has any envelopes left at the end of the month, he knows he is behind, and, so far, the money has come in regularly and bountifully.

Christian Endeavor Week was celebrated by several services, and the decision cards used for Decision Day. These cards were also given out to the older boys in Junior and to all absent members with the following results:

Six signed decisions to take Christian service for a life work, one of whom was a Junior.

Twenty signed decisions to give one tenth of their income to Christian work.

Twenty-five, including two visitors, decided to set apart 15 minutes each day as a Quiet Hour.

Many decisions were made to attend church prayer meeting; and, as nearly all the signers were church members, many crosses indicated that this decision had already been made.

The society is beginning a study class on "The Bible Basis for our Denominational Beliefs," taking the Exposé of our Faith and Practice as an outline. A large red and white banner bearing in bold letters, "Seventh Day Baptist C. E., Milton Junction, Wis., has recently been made, and a committee is now planning a Christian Endeavor bulletin board, covered with glass, in which to post notices of leaders, committee meetings, and other items of interest. A good-time social (not to make money) was held at the parsonage not long ago, and it more than lived up to its name.

The Junior Christian Endeavor work is just as encouraging as that of the Seniors. Since they studied and learned the pledge, many have signed it. The six boys who recently joined the church, and who have taken the motto, "Christ First," in Sabbath school, are "running" the Junior society themselves, and are very interested in making a good society. At their suggestion a testimony meeting is held after the classes, so that they can live up to the "taking part" clause in their pledge, and the Juniors are not slow in making good along this line. Besides this the older ones lead in prayer and show great sincerity in their work. Nearly all the boys are Quiet

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. A. J. C. Bond, of Salem (W. Va.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, is taking postgraduate work with us. As far as we know, this is the first Seventh Day Baptist to come to us as a student. They have a seminary of their own in New York State, and Brother Bond is a graduate of that institution. He says he likes the atmosphere of our seminary. We return the compliment by saying that we like his looks.—*The Baptist World, Louisville, Ky.*

Our readers are already aware that Rev. George W. Burdick has retired from the pastorate at Carlton, Iowa, and moved into his own little home at Milton, Wis. His resignation last September was to take effect on January 1, 1915, but by the request of the church he consented to remain with the Welton friends until April, making a service there of fourteen years and four months.

Brother Burdick has been a faithful pastor for many years, having served the churches at Utica, Wis., Little Genesee, N. Y., Milton Junction, Wis., and Welton, Iowa. He speaks of all of them as having been pleasant pastorates.

He says he had much rather preach than do other work, but fears that his age may prevent his securing another pastorate. Somehow we can but feel that he could do some of our churches much good yet, in case the way should open. In a personal letter he writes: "I hope our beloved Zion may prosper and increase in numbers and in spiritual power."

Brother Charles H. Green sends the names of ten ministers who have come to us from other faith since the beginning of 1908. Two or three of these came from the Adventists and the others from First Day denominations.

Rev. L. E. Livermore in a private letter says they have commenced packing for their return to their northern home. After April 30 his correspondents will address him at Lebanon, Conn.

"There are no gains without pains."

Hour Comrades and tithers and also signed the decision for attendance at church prayer meeting, besides being church members, but nevertheless they are live, normal, active boys just the same, who like athletics and a good time. Nothing has been any more encouraging than the way they "run" the Junior. They seem to like responsibility, and although young they can take a great deal and handle it O. K. *

If

(This poem was sent by Rev. G. M. Cottrell for the cover, but being too large for that it is given place here.)

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt
you,

But make allowance for their doubting, too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your
aim,

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to,
broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out
tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold
on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your
virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common
touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!
—Rudyard Kipling, from "Rewards and Fairies."

Choose for us, Lord, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good thou hast for us designed;
Choose for us, Lord; thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

—W. H. Burleigh.

MARRIAGES

LAWTON-STEWART.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stewart, Albion, Wis., February 15, 1915, Mr. Clarence Lawton to Miss Hazel Stewart, Pastor C. S. Sayre officiating.

SIMMONS-PENNER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Penner, at Edmeston, N. Y., March 24, 1915, by Rev. W. L. Davis, Lauren J. Simmons and Avis J. Penner, all of Edmeston, N. Y.

BABCOCK-COON.—On April 8, 1915, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. H. C. Coon, 59 Hanover St., Battle Creek, Mich., by Pastor M. B. Kelly, Mr. L. Emile Babcock and Miss Ruby Coon, both of Battle Creek.

DAVIS-POTTER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Potter, 24th and University Ave., Boulder, Colo., April 11, 1915, by Dr. F. O. Burdick, assisted by Rev. A. L. Davis, Mr. Lewis Clarke LeRoy Davis, of Scholl, Colo., and Miss Minnie Mae Potter, of Boulder.

DEATHS

SHOLTZ.—Infant son of Joseph M. and Effie Davis Sholtz was born near Nortonville, Kan., March 26, 1915, and died April 4, 1915. A brief funeral service was conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs at the family home and the little body was laid to rest in the Nortonville Cemetery.

Beautiful little flower!
How fragrant and pure and sweet!
Though given for only an hour,
To praise God for thee it is meet.

J. L. S.

MAXSON.—Eliza Perry, daughter of Deacon Thomas W. Perry and Lydia Jewell Perry, was born in the town of Verona, N. Y., January 18, 1835, and died in Rome, N. Y., at the home of her brother, O. A. Perry, December 28, 1914.

All her earlier life was spent in the town of Verona, and for many years she lived with her parents at Churchville, within stone's throw of the first Verona Seventh Day Baptist church. For a number of years she devotedly cared for her father, Deacon Perry, who in his later years was an invalid.

At an early age she was converted, baptized by Elder Joshua Clarke, and became a member of the First Verona Church. Some thirty years ago she was married to Charles Maxson, of Brookfield, and her membership was transferred to the Second Brookfield Church. She was a staunch Sabbath-keeper, ever loyal to the denomination, a consistent Christian, pious and de-

vout, capable and willing, and always zealous in the work of the kingdom. And she was a beloved friend. Her interest in denominational work was such that she provided bequests for the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the First Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Some ten years ago, Mr. Maxson, her husband, died, leaving her alone. For the past five years, owing to feeble health and failing strength, she had made her home during the winter with her brother, O. A. Perry, of Rome. It was while there that her last illness, pneumonia, came upon her, and she passed peacefully on after only a few days' illness. Though not living here for many years, her earlier associations and friendships had greatly endeared her to Verona and those of her own generation, and others, by whom she will be greatly missed.

Farewell services were conducted in Rome at the home of her brother, on December 31, 1914, by Pastor Thorngate, who spoke from the words of Second Samuel 14: 14. Owing to the severity of the weather the body was placed in vault, to be interred later in the Rathbunville Cemetery at Verona Mills, N. Y.

(Obituary delayed on account of lack of data.—R. R. T.)

WOLFE.—Melissa Elizabeth Satterlee, daughter of William C. and Mary Burdick Satterlee, was born in the town of Verona, N. Y., near Durhamville, July 23, 1846, and died March 4, 1915, death being due to dropsy and heart trouble.

She had lived all her life in the community where she was born, near the old second Verona church. On September 15, 1875, she was married to E. Fred Wolfe, who as a boy and young man had made his home with her father's people. Early in life, she was converted and united with the Second Verona Church. For some twenty years, owing to a severe illness, she had lived under a cloud, but during all those years she remained a faithful Sabbath-keeper, had read her Bible regularly, and had lived a Christian life according as she had been permitted to see the light.

Besides her husband, she leaves one brother, Nelson R. Satterlee, of Knoxville, Tenn., a nephew and a niece, and two grandnieces.

Funeral services were held in the home by Pastor Thorngate, and the body was laid away in the West Cemetery.

R. R. T.

STILLMAN.—Mrs. Jennie Burdick Stillman, daughter of Dennis and Elizabeth Burdick, and wife of Chester B. Stillman, was born in Westerly, R. I., September 28, 1849, and died at their home in Alfred, N. Y., April 10, 1915, the seventy-fifth birthday of her husband.

She was a member of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred; and until the illness of recent years was a woman of action, industry, and public spirit, meeting bravely the battles of life.

Her husband; two daughters, Mrs. Hannah Gamble, of Alfred, and Mrs. Edward Kendrick, of New York City; and two grandchildren, survive her.

A. E. M.

BEEBE.—In Brookfield, N. Y., April 3, 1915, Mrs. Helen Margaret Beebe, aged 71 years and 9 months, lacking one day.

Mrs. Beebe was the daughter of George W. and Katherine Brown McIntyre and was born in Chambersburg, Pa., July 4, 1844, where the early years of her life were spent. In the home of her parents, April 30, 1865, she and Mr. De-loss E. Beebe were united in holy wedlock. Immediately after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Beebe settled in Brookfield, N. Y., which was their home until they were called to their home above.

To Mr. and Mrs. Beebe were born three children: Mrs. Alice V. Beebe Whitten, of Brookfield, N. Y.; Miss Annie M. Beebe, who passed away at sixteen years of age, July 22, 1886; and Clarence V. Beebe, of Brookfield, N. Y. Mr. Beebe passed away February 22, 1885. Besides her daughter and son Mrs. Beebe is survived by two brothers and one sister,—Mr. E. P. McIntyre, Mr. William McIntyre, and Mrs. Clara McIntyre Tipton, all of Altoona, Pa.

On March 13, 1875, Mr. and Mrs. Beebe were baptized and received into the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Brookfield by Elder J. M. Todd, of blessed memory, and remained loyal to their obligations until they were called to the church triumphant.

The funeral was held at the home on Tuesday, at 2 p. m., April 6, Pastor W. L. Davis officiating, and the tired body that had suffered much pain for the last five years was laid to rest in the Brookfield Cemetery to await the call of her Lord at his coming.

W. L. D.

PETTIT.—Joseph C. Pettit was born in Allegheny, Pa., October 16, 1839, and died in Alliance, Ohio, March 5, 1915.

Mr. Pettit was a member of Company D, 149th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War. On July 3, 1901, he was united in marriage to Miss Gertrude Randolph, of Salem, W. Va., who survives him. He is also survived by one daughter, two sisters, and a brother. About forty-five years ago he joined the Seventh Day Adventist Church. He was a quiet upright man, who made many friends, and a lover of the Bible. His faith and trust in God are great sources of comfort to his wife, who cared for him faithfully during his last long sickness. For several years he had suffered from the effect of a hard fall, and at last a stroke of paralysis prostrated him, from which he could not rally.

Funeral services were conducted by Dr. W. J. Venen, medical missionary secretary of the Adventist Conference, Ohio.

WILLIAMS.—John Williams was born at Verona, N. Y., February 14, 1827, and died at his home on a farm two miles from Adams Center, N. Y., April 9, 1915.

He was the oldest son of Joseph and Margaret Williams and spent his youth at Verona. On April 4, 1855, he was married to Miss Wealthy Clark, of Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y. To this union were born two children: Mrs. Emma Agens and Jav C. Williams, both of whom live at Milton, Wis. His wife, Wealthy, died in 1859. On March 12, 1860, he was married to

Mary Elizabeth Chapman, of Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y. Six children came to bless this union: Saunders C., who died May 30, 1881; Mrs. Wealthy Overton, now of Belleville, N. Y.; Mrs. Susie Gurley, of Milton, Wis.; Jessie L., Chester C., and Mrs. Alice Sisson, of Adams Center.

Mr. Williams was a descendant of Roger Williams, being one of the seventh generation. In 1879 he moved with his family to Adams Center, N. Y., bringing his church membership from the Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church, where he united in early youth. He loved the church of God and all its interests. He was a faithful student of the Bible, and tried at all times to follow its teachings.

Besides the children mentioned he leaves a devoted wife, twenty-two grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and two brothers,—Joseph Williams and Leland K., both of Adams Center.

The funeral was conducted at his home by his pastor, and burial was made in Union Cemetery, Adams Center, N. Y.

A. C. E.

MARRYATT.—On April 18, 1915, Mary Luella Barnes, the older of the two children of Richard and Ella Peck Barnes, born at Newville, November 28, 1866.

Her people moved to Milton Junction when she was eighteen years of age. She was married to Frank Marryatt in June, 1888. They lived for a time at Milton Junction and at Utica. Thirteen years ago last February they moved to the farm which has since been her home. Since childhood she has been troubled by a goitre. If medical skill had been as advanced when she was a girl as it is today, perhaps she might have been cured. A good deal of money has been spent for the relief of her trouble, but she became worn out in the struggle and yielded to a complication of diseases.

In young womanhood she, together with her mother, was baptized by Elder Nathan Wardner and joined the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she has ever since been a member. In recent years she has been a frequent attendant at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church. Although she has never known what good health was, she has lived a brave, unselfish life. She has accomplished more than have many people in good health. She felt it to be her special mission in life to furnish a home for homeless children. Fifteen young people have called her mother, besides many more who have temporarily been taken into her home and heart. She was as tender toward these as though they had been her own flesh and blood and was as much loved by them in return. The feeling was expressed in the words of a little girl who was mothered by her for several months, then went back to Chicago. When Mrs. Marryatt went to visit her she cried, "O mamma, I'd love to go home with you." Several of these were present at her funeral to pay the tribute of sincere love.

Services were conducted at her late home and at the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist church, April 20, by Pastor Randolph, assisted by Pastor Jordan. The text was Mark 14: 8, "She hath done what she could."

L. C. R.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in the Yokefellows' Room, third floor of the Y. M. C. A. Building, No. 330 Montgomery Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Services are held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Saunders, 14 South Grant Street, Denver, Colo., Sabbath afternoons, at 3 o'clock. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

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

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

President MacCracken of Lafayette College says that the only sure way for a college to survive is to find some one particular thing which it can teach better than any other institution in the country. Sound sense! And the same principle applies to the individual man. Do some one thing better than anybody else, and you'll never lack for a job.—*The Continent.*

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardner, D. D., Editor
L. A. Worden, Business Manager

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I will account virtue the best riches, knowledge the next, riches the worst, and therefore will labor to be virtuous and learned without condition; as for riches, if they fall in my way, I refuse them not; but I desire them not.—*Bishop Hall.*

Satan, the hinderer, may build a barrier about us, but he can never roof us in, so that we can not look up.—*J. Hudson Taylor.*

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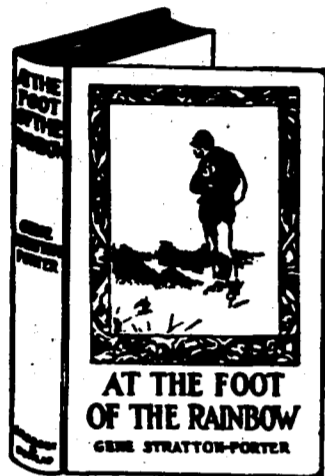
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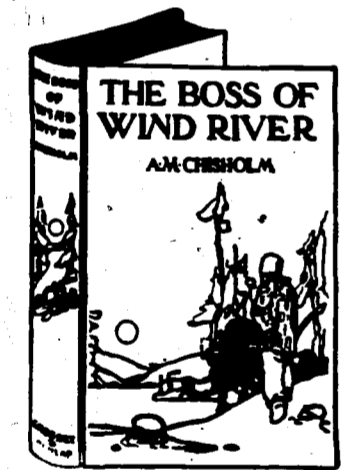


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by Gene Stratton-Porter (Author of "Freckles")

The scene of this charming, idyllic love story is laid in Central India. The setting is entirely rural, and most of the action is out of doors. The story is one of devoted friendship, and tender self-sacrificing love; the friendship that gives freely without return, and the love that seeks first the happiness of the object. The novel is brimful of the most beautiful word painting of nature, and its pathos and tender sentiment will endear it to all.



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



THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER
by A. M. Chisholm

This is a strong, virile novel with the lumber industry for its central theme and a love story full of interest as a sort of subplot. Among the minor characters are some elemental men, lumber men with the grizzly strength of their kind, and the rough, simple ways. How Joe Kent became the boss of these men, by sheer pluck and a pair of strong arms, the author tells us most effectively. Some of his brachial power was derived from the light of a woman's eyes, but to enter into the details here means to spoil the story.



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The SABBATH RECORDER Plainfield, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

THE LORD IS GOOD

THE LORD is good. Sometimes we forget this. Sometimes we feel it. Always we know it. Very few people are really skeptical as to the goodness, the lovingkindness of the great God who is at the heart of things, who is at the heart of the whole universe as its Author and Upholder. We pity the man who has lost all faith in goodness and in God. The Lord is good. Let us fix this thought more firmly in our minds than ever before. And because he is good we owe him gratitude. We receive his blessings, therefore we ought to thank him. As some one has well said, "Thankfulness is politeness toward God." Thanksgiving ought to be a habit. It ought to be annual, not in the sense of occurring once in November, but annual in the sense of extending the whole year through. Paul says, "In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—*New York Observer.*

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