

The Sabbath Recorder

GOD planned that his Sabbath should constantly bring him near to men. It was devoted to special communion with him and designed to furnish food for the soul. As Seventh Day Baptists it becomes us to ponder well its meaning and its value in the economy of God. We make a great mistake if we regard the Sabbath as merely a ceremonial institution to be observed simply because it is commanded. The command of Jehovah is enough, if there were no other reason for Sabbath-keeping. But we must look deeper than the mere verbal dictum of a statute to find the real Sabbath law. That law formed a necessary part of God's plan for man's welfare before the Ten Words were written. It inheres in the very relations of man to his Maker. Seventh Day Baptists need the strength and the peace that come by proper use of God's sacred Sabbath more than they need anything else today. A mere formal or civic Sabbath-keeping will never make us the light of the world for Sabbath truth, in any effective way. Real Sabbath-keeping in our own homes is the Sabbath reform most needed now to make our message effective.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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A Sure Cure For Worldliness

One great thing that weakens the church in its efforts to bring the

world to Christ is the tendency of many whose names are on the church roll to compromise with evil. They hold out one hand to the church in token of fellowship with the people of God, and reach back with the other to hold on to things of the world. While indulging in questionable amusements and practices, it is impossible to be whole-hearted in Christian service. Yielding to love of ease and to self-indulgence, they rob themselves of the healthful enthusiasm, the uplifting spirit, and the grand purposes that fill the hearts of those who have given up all for Christ. It is a great pity that many who might be strong become weaklings by clinging to habits that make them inefficient in all spiritual work.

For this loss of power, this deadening of spirituality in the church, there is but one remedy. There must be a complete consecration, a self-surrender on the part of the members that gives up everything tending to destroy the spiritual life, and places one in the service ready for any sacrifice the Master may demand. When this is thoroughly done, the individual will not desire to indulge in any amusement that robs him of efficiency in Christian work. It will then be his chief delight to do his Master's will, and the things of the world which he once thought he could not give up will tempt him no more. Half-consecration—a shrinking from full surrender and from implicit obedience—is robbing the church of its power over sinful men.

Real Consecration A Living Sacrifice

Much misapprehension would be avoided if seekers after the higher

life would thoroughly master the teachings of Paul about presenting our bodies "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," which he calls our "reasonable service." The idea of the service of consecration is too often lost sight of, and the fallacy of a mysterious once-for-all consecration is acted upon. "A

living sacrifice," means a life of service as well as a decision to give up one's self to Christ at some call of the evangelist or at any other time.

One evening we watched several hundred in Billy Sunday's meeting as they came forward in response to his call to "hit the trail." The evangelist had preached a most powerful sermon from the text, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine," showing that truth is revealed to us when we yield our wills to God. Many strong practical points were made, and everybody was urged to yield to the claims of the Master. A large company responded to the call, and many seats were filled with seekers who had pledged themselves by taking the evangelist's hand. The consecrating prayer by Mr. Sunday was fervent, committing the seekers to Christ, and asking forgiveness for their sins. Some of the large company had evidently gone a long way in the downward path, but now they had heard of the consecrated life and there was a genuine longing for something better than the world can give. In this act of yielding they took only the first step in a life of consecration. If they thought that the word consecration applied to this alone, and arose from that prayer saying, "Now I am consecrated," as if it were a thing to be done once for all, they failed to get the true idea of a consecrated life. They will need a daily reconsecration for a lifetime, if they endure unto the end. If they do not learn that real consecration means to present their bodies "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," and that it means a transformation of life, a refusal day by day to conform to the ways of the world, I fear their pilgrimage in the Christian way will be short.

The Old, Old Way Go After Them

After nineteen hundred years of Christianity, even in those countries specially professing to be Christian countries, men are put to their wits' end to know how to reach the masses. Prob-

ably not more than two or three working-men in a hundred attend church services. There is little progress being made toward getting them there and our church pews stand empty year in and year out. The churches have their own congregations, and they support mission chapels in the slums, which also have their own regular attendants. In both church and mission the same faces look up from the pews year after year and little progress is made toward reaching the great world lying in wickedness. Missions are no more than glowworms in the darkness, revealing the fact that the great multitudes of unsaved greatly outnumber the Christians.

Of course the churches and chapels are doing a good work in their various localities, making the world better. Indeed, if things are bad even with them, what would they be without them! Nevertheless, it must be evident to all that neither churches nor ordinary missions can, by the usual methods, ever win the general populace to Christ. Something more is needed right here in America.

When John the Baptist drew the multitudes unto him and paved the way for the coming One, he ignored the cold, formal, churchly Pharisees in their outward proprieties and self-righteousness, and met the people in a spirit of earnestness that convinced them of his sincerity. Everything about him showed that he believed what he preached. Religion with him was the main thing. In a spirit of self-denial he went after the unsaved. He gave up all else in order to labor for his fellow-men out in the wilderness, and he won them to repentance and a better life. The early apostles, with no rich organizations behind them, went out in poverty, suffering privations, and proved their sincerity by seeking after the sheep rather than after their wool. With no selfish ends to gain, they convinced men that love for souls had filled them with divine enthusiasm, and great numbers were brought to Jesus. In this way they carried the banner of the Cross from the Jordan to the Tiber. In the spirit of devotion to their Lord, and filled with love for the lost, a little band of workers went out from the prayer meeting in an upper room to turn the world upside down. There is no other way to win men from darkness and death than to go after them in the spirit of divine love. We

rejoice to see the tendency of the churches, in these days, to join hands and work together in their search for souls, to go out with tent and tabernacle and personal workers seeking to save. It is the old, old way, and years of experiment have shown it to be the best way. This work will have a blessed reflex influence in giving renewed spiritual life to the churches. These in turn will furnish consecrated workers for great evangelistic leaders. Every church should send workers into the "regions beyond."

Unfair Judgments We sometimes hear severe criticisms passed upon the great evangelistic meetings now being held in different cities of this country. This is especially true regarding the work of Billy Sunday. As a rule those who have seen and heard for themselves are well pleased with the work and attracted toward the man. His wonderful personality usually wins those who attend his meetings. As for ourselves we found that the sayings of his to which many object are not nearly so objectionable when heard from his own lips in his powerful sermons, as when read from printed reports.

A fair sample of extravagant denunciations from deeply prejudiced men came to light in the revival meetings held by W. E. Biederwolf at Hagerstown, Md., only a few days ago. And it is seldom that criticism receives such complete refutation as it did then and there. In a letter to Mr. Biederwolf the writer said: "I have followed Billy Sunday in all his campaigns and have personally asked him to give evidence that there has ever been a single genuine conversion in all his meetings. Can you furnish one such in yours?" It so happened that 250 persons from a men's Bible class had come in a delegation to Mr. Biederwolf's meeting that night from a distant town where he had held revival meetings a year and a half before. After reading the letter referred to, Mr. Biederwolf requested all in this delegation who had "walked the sawdust trail" in those meetings, given themselves to Christ and joined the church, to arise. More than 80 arose. The following evening another large delegation from another church in the same town was tested in the same way, with similar results. Then a pastor asked permission to say that certain reports about

the insincerity of converts were false; and a Bible-class teacher from the town whence came these two delegations affirmed that 75 per cent of the converts making up his class had held out faithfully for a year and a half and were still ringing true.

People who allow prejudices to sway their judgments usually form opinions without sufficient data. We do not see how any honest man, after actually seeing Billy Sunday's work and its results, can pass wholesale condemnation upon it. Many could not use all his methods, neither could they use his language. If they did they would be likely to fail. Nobody but Mr. Sunday can make either his methods or his manner successful. But he certainly does; and when men see those who are healed standing among them, there is little ground to speak against the instrument that has brought it about.

Do Not Mistake An aged sinner had **Feeling for Religion** come to the "mourners' bench" three nights without "getting through," as the people in the community called it. The poor man was in great distress of soul because he did not have the ecstatic feeling which others were experiencing. He had sought the Savior with full purpose of heart, and kneeling in deep contrition had fervently prayed, but the light he thought he should have did not come. Finally he asked for advice. What should he do? Should he keep on coming forward and asking for prayers? The leader said, "No: tomorrow when the invitation is given to come forward, instead of coming as heretofore, you go for some one you desire to see saved and bring him to the Master if you can." He replied, "I will gladly do that."

In the next service, when the seekers began coming forward, this man went straight to the seats in a dark corner in the back of the house where the rougher men and boys sat, and began pleading with one of them to come to Jesus.

The leader had little chance to see his aged friend at the close of that service, but the next morning when the people assembled, there was no man among them with more radiant face. He had found peace with God by actual service rather than by seeking a certain kind of emotion as evidence of his being accepted.

Many need to learn that religion is more

than ecstasy or rapture. Many seekers have stumbled and failed because they mistook emotion for religion; and when that did not come they gave up in despair. Religion is obedience to God.

The Men's Club We sometimes hear it **A Good Thing** said of a man, "He doesn't seem to recognize a good thing when he sees it," but we are sure no sane person can see the workings of a real good church club without commending it.

Last evening was the closing night for the Men's Club of the Plainfield Church for this spring, as no meetings are held during the heated season. It was the annual banquet. About forty members were present, and a most enjoyable and profitable session was held. If I give you the menu here, you may think that was the main thing, so I shall not give it, unless the "toasts" may be considered a part of it. After an invocation by Pastor Edwin Shaw came the dinner. Then the quartet gave some fine music; indeed, the boys favored us with songs several times during the program. Irving A. Hunting was president and toastmaster. The program was: "Our Men of Yesterday," by the editor; "Our Club of Yesterday," by Raymond C. Burdick; "Our Men of Today," by Charles Potter Titsworth; "Our Work Today," by Orra S. Rogers; "Our Sabbath," by Theodore G. Davis; and "Our Boys, the Men of Tomorrow," by Dr. Henry M. Maxson. Just to read the program should convince one that this was an inspiring meeting.

The church that neglects the social and intellectual life of its members, the society that has no place where its old and young can meet on common ground and enjoy one another's friendship, makes a great mistake. In our club during the year we have enjoyed talks and lantern lectures on industries and travels, on topics of interest to old and young. Once each year the ladies are invited and entertained, and at the closing banquet last night the ladies prepared and served an excellent supper. In the Men's Club there is a tie that binds rich and poor together, and that holds to our ranks those who may not as yet be regular church members. The spirit of common friendliness is cultivated, tending to make indifferent ones feel at home with church people.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

President Wilson in New York

The event of the week has been the great naval parade in New York Bay and the Hudson River, at which no less than 64 battleships were in line. The most conspicuous figure, however, in it all was President Woodrow Wilson, the Commander in Chief of the army and navy. He had come by sea from Washington in his yacht, the *Mayflower*, and the royal reception given him would lead one to suppose that the circumstances on sea and land were mere incidents in the matter of his coming. Immense crowds on shore and the gray towering battleships in the river all joined in giving him welcome. As his yacht passed each battleship, twenty-one guns were fired in his honor, and a great roar of human voices went up from the shore. At every turn the President saw unmistakable evidences that the heart and soul of America's greatest city were behind him in loyal support of his stand for the nation's rights. He could hardly have had a better opportunity to feel the nation's pulse regarding the one question now uppermost in the public mind.

This was the first time the President had seen the Atlantic fleet assembled. As the bands on each ship passed played the "Star Spangled Banner," and their officers and crew stood at attention, the band on the *Mayflower* returned the air, while the President stood with uncovered head, evidently in a most serious and thoughtful mood. Finally, when the band on the *Louisiana* struck up, "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," and followed with "Dixie," he seemed to let himself out like a school-boy, and turning to his party with a smile, exclaimed, "Say, isn't that fine!"

HIS REAL SELF

The attitude of serious thoughtful solemnity and the persistent silence of the President while reviewing the fleet seemed to depart from him as he set foot on shore and started for the grand stand and for luncheon at the hotel. The enthusiasm on shore was remarkable as he rode along Fifth Avenue, and standing up in his automobile he swung his hat to the cheering

crowds and seemed quite like himself again.

RUSHED FOR A HANDSHAKE

At Forty-fifth Street the crowd broke through the police lines and stampeded for the President to shake hands with him. This he seemed to enjoy immensely, but his bodyguard did not like it at all. To get close to the people and shake their hands was so different from what he has been forced to do for some days, that the President seemed pleased at this sudden turn of affairs, and when mounted police rushed up and drove the people back a real shade of sadness came over his face.

NO TIME TO GO UP IN THE AIR

After reading several telegrams at the hotel the President started for his rooms, and, as he stepped into the elevator, he turned to his aid saying, "This is no time for me to go up in the air." Though intended for a pun, there was a seriousness about the President's tone that made it significant, in view of the crisis through which he was passing. Everybody can see by the sane, broad-viewed and careful action of Woodrow Wilson that no clamorings for war, no jingo talk or bluster can send him up in the air to the jeopardy of the nation. Had he been a man with an unbalanced temperament, easily excited under provocation, we might now have more than one disastrous war upon our hands.

At the luncheon and reception given him the President seemed much encouraged by the great company and the applause. Nothing however seemed so to cheer him as the singing of more than a dozen little girls who came to greet him and presented a large bouquet. Their song was about the President. When it was finished he took each little girl by the hand and greeted her with kind words.

The President proved to be a good sailor while en route from Washington. It was planned to make the trip leisurely along the coast, reaching New York in the morning, but the gale that overtook the *Mayflower* made the sea so rough that the whole party excepting himself had to give up to seasickness, leaving the President alone on deck. This caused the skipper to head for New York with all speed, and so they found shelter in the harbor long be-

fore day. Some of the company got enough on the coming trip and went home by train.

On the day following the review the great fleet put to sea for two weeks of maneuvers. As the warships sailed by the President's yacht, off the Statue of Liberty, each one gave the presidential salute until 336 guns had been fired. Added to the roar of guns was the pandemonium of sirens and gongs and whistles from every craft in the bay and from shops on shore, until the dreadnoughts had passed the *Mayflower*; and then she, too, fell into line to follow them through the Narrows and out to sea.

The President must feel by this time that the hearts of the American people are with him in his efforts to save the nation from becoming involved in war. The exhibition of force in its most thoroughly restrained manifestation, the moving of the fleet with its marvelous precision, was all the more eloquent because it was the might of a nation under absolute control. The fleet stands for a nation of one hundred million people whose controlling purpose is to face the nations across the seas in the spirit of self-restraint. Its Commander in Chief, the President of the United States, defined our national aims and ideas during the day of the review. Among other things he said:

The interesting and inspiring thing about America is that she asks nothing for herself except what she has a right to ask for humanity itself.

We want no nation's property; we wish to question no nation's honor; we wish to stand selfishly in the way of the development of 'no nation; we want nothing that we can not get by our own legitimate enterprise and by the inspiration of our example, and, standing for these things, it is not pretension on our part to say that we are privileged to stand for what every nation would wish to stand for, and speak for those things which all humanity must desire.

The navy of the United States is a body specially trusted with the idea of America. These quiet ships lying in the river have no suggestion of bluster about them, no intimation of aggression. They are commanded by men thoughtful of the duty of citizens as well as the duty of officers—men who know what sort of purposes they ought to entertain and what sort of discretion they ought to exercise in order to use those engines of force as engines to promote the interests of humanity.

The strength of our polity is that we who for the time being administer the affairs of this nation do not originate her spirit; we attempt to

embody it; we attempt to realize it in action; we are dominated by it, we do not dictate it. And so with every man in arms who serves the nation—he stands and waits to do the thing which the nation desires.

When a crisis occurs in this country, gentlemen, it is as if you put your hand on the pulse of a dynamo; it is as if these things which you were in connection with were spiritually bred. You had nothing to do with them, except if you listen truly to speak the things that you hear.

No threat lifted against any man, against any nation, against any interest, but just a great, solemn evidence that the force of America is the force of moral principle, that there is not anything else that she loves, and that there is not anything else for which she will contend.

The President's address at his hotel in New York seemed to delight the Germans who heard him, and tended to soothe the inflamed public opinion that had come to prevail. His sentiments received unstinted praise from men who but recently had seemed certain of serious trouble with their native land beyond the Atlantic. We give some expressions from prominent German leaders, among whom was a German army officer:

"The sentiments reflected in the President's speech are bound to act soothingly upon the inflamed tenor of public opinion."

"To my mind it is a credit to President Wilson to adhere fearlessly to his policy, which, if present indications are correct, is essentially one of peaceful assertion of what America considers her rights."

"I have maintained from the beginning that there was no cause for serious complications to arise between this great country and Germany. Your President has confirmed this belief. His address was dignified, and intended as a tonic for the overwrought nerves of certain radical elements, which viewed the recent note to Germany in a fatalistic light."

Even Herman Ridder, who has been so outspoken against the President's policy, said in the *Staats-Zeitung*:

"President Wilson indicated in carefully and happily chosen words the mission of our fleet, and emphasized that America demands only that which it believes it ought to demand in the name of humanity."

There are persons who think that America has been evangelized. If it had been, just the work of cultivating and keeping it evangelized through years of material prosperity and progress would be a vast thing in itself. There are those who forget that nearly one fourth of the continent of North America is pagan country.—*American Home Missionary*.

"What Is That in Thy Hand?"

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

If Christ should come to us today—
The Christ whose love we claim—
I think that he would gently say,
As calling each by name,
"O child of mine, why idle stand?
Is there no talent in thy hand?
Can'st thou do naught for earth's great needs?
Thy love for me is proved by deeds."

Christ does come to us today. Not as he came to Peter and Andrew casting their nets into the sea of Galilee, it is true; not as he came to Lazarus and Mary and Martha in their little home in Bethany; but, nevertheless, he does come, and the listening ear can often hear him say, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

He comes to us in the tired and lonely stranger within our gates; he comes to us in the little children playing about our homes; he comes to us in every needy person whose life touches ours. And he says, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." We could see him in last night's beautiful sunset; in the wonderful rainbow that reached across the eastern sky this afternoon. His love is revealed in the tiny white flower that grows at your feet; in the little brown birds building their nest in yonder tree.

Just as sure as the angel of Jehovah appeared to Moses, who had led the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, to the back of the wilderness, and had returned to the mountain of God, just so sure Christ comes to us, though it may not be in a flame of fire in the midst of a bush. He may come to us in the very common things of life.

To Moses, standing there with his face hidden because he was afraid, came the commission to go forth and deliver the children of Israel from the terrible oppression of the Egyptians. And Moses, realizing how powerless he himself would be to move the mighty ruler of Egypt, said, "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

It must have seemed like an impossible task for him to accomplish. Can you wonder that his courage failed or that he said, "But, behold, they will not believe me, nor

hearken unto my voice, for they will say, Jehovah hath not appeared unto thee?" But the Lord said unto him, "What is that in thy hand?" And he answered, "A rod."

It was a small thing—only a rod; but, at Jehovah's command, Moses cast it on the ground and it became a serpent, and Moses fled from it. Then, at a second command, he took it by the tail and it became once more a rod.

Moses needed just this miracle. Here was ample proof that the Lord had called him to a great work; and in his hand was an instrument that was to play an important part in that work. Though he still hesitated and made many excuses, just as you and I would have done had we been in his place, just as so many of Christ's followers are doing today, yet he and his brother Aaron finally went forth to deliver the children of Israel from bondage.

Christ comes to us today and asks, "What is that in thy hand?" And we look down at that all-important member of our bodies and answer, "O Christ, if there were only something there that I could use for thee; but I fear that I have nothing. I am not talented, and there are so many around me who are."

Perhaps we have forgotten that even the poorest man in the parable had one talent; and he was punished, not because he had no more, but rather because he made no use of the one he had.

Perhaps we have forgotten that God can take the little things of earth and make them great. Think how David with only a sling and a stone went out and slew Goliath, that giant of the Philistines. A sling and a stone—small weapons those—but David knew that God could make them great. Think how Gideon and his little band encompassed the hosts of Midian and put them to flight. What weapons did they use? Not a gun or a rifle or a sword. History says, "And they blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers that were in their hands, and held the torches in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands wherewith to blow; and they cried, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'"

"What is that in thy hand?" Writers and editors have recently been telling the story of a young man whom they call Billy Monday. Though confined to a wheelchair day in and day out, crippled and suffering, yet he has discovered that in his

hand he can hold something that will bring comfort and happiness, not only to his own home, but to many other homes as well. What is this wonderful implement? Only a crochet needle, but with it he has succeeded in making the most beautiful lace, and one of our popular magazines is publishing patterns of the same.

"What is that in thy hand?" Perhaps it is only a crochet needle or a pen or a hammer; but somewhere in this great wide world is some one waiting for just the service you can render with your humble instrument.

"What is that in thy hand?" Perhaps it is God's word. If so, are you taking it and going forth to be a fisher of men? Winning souls for Christ is the greatest business in the world; and he who makes any pretension of following him is under obligation to bring others into his kingdom. But perhaps it isn't the word of God that we hold in our hands; perhaps it is the latest sensational book or magazine. Books and magazines are all right in their places—that some of their places should be the kitchen fire I must admit—but no book or magazine, however good, should be read to the exclusion of the Bible.

Paul says, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." This command implies two things, study and work. We are not simply to take the Bible, read it at our leisure and then forget all about it. We are to study it and then put its teachings into practice in our own daily lives. Says H. L. Hastings, "People often say they can not say or speak much in meeting. No wonder they have nothing to say who daily read twenty columns of newspaper to one square inch of Bible."

Christ comes to us today and asks, "What is that in thy hand?" Perhaps it is money that is greatly needed to carry on his work that we are holding back. Never in the history of the world has so much been given in so short a time for the relief of suffering humanity as has been sent abroad in the past few months. And yet, even now, men are dying for want of the bare necessities of life. Every religious denomination has felt the effects of the terrible war that is raging in Europe. The receipts of the various missionary societies have fallen off to an alarming ex-

tent. But Christ's work must not cease. Are we giving until it hurts? It is very true that what we keep for ourselves alone we lose; what we share with others we have. "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

The *Popular Magazine* not long ago told the story of an old man called Uncle Cy. He had lived to the age of ninety-six years, had accumulated a lot of money, and had devoted his whole life to a desperate system of never letting go of a nickel. He had the unenviable reputation of being a tightwad and a skinflint. When he died, after being confined to his bed for two years, his family gave him a grand funeral. At such a time it was customary for the neighbors to say something nice about the departed. On this occasion, the people came and went, but every one was silent. At last a very kind-hearted old man gave this eulogy to Uncle Cy. "Cy's gone now," he said, "and I'll say this for him—he was always good at keeping his barn door shut."

What an unsuccessful life this man's was! He not only got the money, but the money got him. Let us remember that "God loveth a cheerful giver."

"What is that in thy hand?" Is it something of which you have any cause to be ashamed—something that is going to harm either you or some one else? God forbid, for we are all our brothers' keepers. The hand that is reaching out for a dance invitation or a pack of cards is seldom the hand that is ready to help the pastor or the church. We can not serve God and mammon. Florence Estelle Dick has said, "Here is a small bottle half filled with a white liquid. On the outside of it are the words, 'Carbolic Acid—Poison.' The liquid looks as harmless as water, but it is not so. In your life there may be something called by the world a little harmless pleasure, but underneath it God has written, 'Sin—Poison.'"

"What is that in thy hand?" How this question comes home to us! Surely we must have some talent we can use for Christ and his church. Perhaps our eyes have been seeing some great work we would like to do some time in the future, instead of beholding the little tasks at our very doors. We are like the small boy whose brother and sisters come to my home twice each day for milk. Several

times lately the covers of the milk pails have been missing, and not until last week could any trace of them be found. Then, one morning, the little four-year-old boy was discovered tossing them into the air for flying machines. Flying machines hold more attraction for many of us than the more common things.

"What is that in thy hand?" A hammer, a book, a pen or a needle—whatever the instrument may be, it makes little difference. If that instrument is being used to the glory of God, then God's blessing will rest upon it. Just as the old rags that collect in attic and cellar and gutter can be purified and changed into the whitest of paper, so Christ can take the work of our hands, however imperfect that work may seem to us to be, and bless it to the good of those around us and to the coming of his kingdom. Then, sometime, we shall come into his presence, not empty-handed, but bearing precious sheaves for our reaping.

Ashaway, R. I.

A Good Report

REV. G. M. COTTRELL

(Secretary Lone Sabbath Keepers)

Just received another state L. S. K. report yesterday, and it is a good one. Not perfect, but nearer to what is called for, I believe, than any yet. It does look refreshing to see pledges in \$50's, \$40's and \$25's and this report was made up mostly of that kind. And then it was sent in the form called for, tabulated practically ready for print, with name, address, church membership, RECORDER subscriber, amount pledged. One thing did not appear in this: a column for Home Department S. S. joiners. And the secretary might also have considerably increased his sum total of contributions if he had culled from the RECORDER records those that do not appear in his list. There are still not a few of those who wittingly or unwittingly fail, or refuse, to get into the channels which our reports cover. And these are not limited to non-givers. Many of our liberal contributors are found in this class; whether from conscience, carelessness, indifference, or obstinacy, or because our blanks do not reach them, I can not say.

What States will take the lead this year? There is going to be a shifting about. Last year's prize winner is not in the race. The secretary's report showed only \$3 pledged. That is really not all that has been given by that State, but it represents all those that saw fit to respond through the blank reports sent out. May I also call attention to another point? Some of the secretaries neglect to include themselves in their reports. And this surely is not always because they intend to do nothing, for at least one of them failed that is known to be a \$50 or \$60 annual contributor. These suggestions, while not a reflection on reports already made, may prove helpful hints for the secretaries who have not yet reported, that they may reach even nearer the ideal; for our standard in this, as in character, should be perfection. "Be ye therefore perfect."

Topeka, Kan.,
May 16, 1915.

"A Voice From the Crowd"

People want a preacher "to be an intelligent man and a man with gumption enough to administer congregational affairs." But the increasing cry is for a spiritually minded man along with these other things. This thought is one of the "submarines" launched by George Wharton Pepper, LL. D., a lawyer of nation-wide reputation, in a series of lectures on preaching delivered at Yale last month entitled, "A Voice from the Crowd." The exclusive serial rights to publish the heart of this series of lectures has been granted to the *Sunday School Times*, an every-week religious publication. A postcard request addressed to the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, will bring a three weeks' free trial of that paper containing a detailed announcement of this series of articles.

The power of Christianity resides in the two-fold fact that Christianity is true, and is felt as true. There is reality, and there is sense of reality, and then there is power. The reality that we have in Christ is worthy to be profoundly felt, and the sense of such reality as this ought to be sufficient to move the world. When it was anything like adequate, it has moved the world.—
William Newton Clarke.

SABBATH REFORM

Well Worth Repeating

The following extracts from President Charles B. Clark's address, "What of the Future?" given on the Tract Society's program at Conference, 1913, are well worth rereading by Seventh Day Baptists. The value of a vitalizing faith as "the great dynamic of life and religion," giving substance to our ideals and showing itself in genuine spiritual Sabbath-keeping can not be insisted upon too frequently. If every Sabbath-keeper would read and reread these words until they are learned by heart and their teachings incorporated into life, the prospect for our future as a people would be much brighter than it is.

"For myself (but for no one else) defining faith as an attempt to strain the mind into believing and consenting to the unbelievable, the irrational, the illogical and the foolhardy is little short of presumption and superstition, and I do not believe the Bible anywhere upholds and demands such an interpretation of this divine gift. The faith, as I see it, without which it is impossible to please God, is of a different color. This faith, which is so beautifully illustrated in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, is defined therein as the substance of the ideal, or giving substance to the ideal, or the conviction of realities superior to the imperfect present, and if you will read this chapter with such a definition in mind your heart will enthuse and your solid respect will grow for the characters therein described. . . . Faith is the great motivating force in life. A faithless man is a man for whom God or man can do nothing, because he is spiritually dead. A faithless church is a non-progressive church, a useless cumberer of the ground in God's vineyard. Therefore, any individual, church or denomination that is not vitalized with this spiritual dynamic, this spiritual vision, is a dying-out proposition. Such a church is a spiritual vacuum, as much abhorred of God, and as incapable of spiritualization, as a physical vacuum is repellant to physical forces. A people of faith is a people who are devoted to a great

ideal—an ideal concretely embodied in its life, and representing to the world a mode and type of life transcending in truth, beauty and excellence the life by which it is surrounded. The man or the church of faith is a man or church marching to a moral drum-beat unheard by the world, and it produces such harmony and concord with the divine ideal that such a man or church becomes a way into the more abounding life of God. Positively there can be no life or uplift without faith.

"It follows, then, from what we have been saying, that our future as a people is irrevocably bound up with the depth of our faith, that is, to some vital ideal of higher living to which we are enthusiastically and genuinely devoted,—an ideal to which we have surrendered all temporal and worldly advantage and consideration. If I am able to read its meaning, we have as a people such an ideal in the true Sabbath of Jehovah—the Sabbath not as a rest day different from that of our neighbors, but the Sabbath as a spiritual principle, representing a sabbatized life seven days in a week. That kind of Sabbath observers would make us a vital force in the life of our age, inseparable in religious history from the True Israel recognized by all thoughtful men as the fountain of life. Merely abstaining from work on the Seventh Day as a form or custom will not spiritually unify or vitalize us as a people. In a life and age so intensely practical as ours, a Seventh Day rest day representing nothing more vital than a different twenty-four hours of rest from others, will scarcely serve as a sufficient support or bond to hold us many generations. Now, how vital this ideal is to our religious experience, and how enthusiastic and loyal we are to this ideal of a spiritual Sabbath, I leave it to you to judge. Ask your pastor what he thinks about it. Ask him if he is anywise anxious concerning the attitude of many of our young men and women toward the spiritual value and meaning of the Sabbath, as a spiritualizing agent in all our daily human experiences."

"Following close, in sequence, upon the principles already suggested, comes the Law of Loyalty and Co-operation. This is an age of combined efforts and co-operative agencies. Common sense would

seem to approve of the results, when the results do not offend against the law of rights. Nature seems inclined to cut off the stragglers. I just want to call your attention to this fundamental law of loyalty, and then raise the question whether or not as a people we are fully awake to its importance. I just want to ask if there is any relation between this law of loyalty, and the fact that in one of the richest agricultural sections of the great State of Illinois stands one of the best church buildings owned by this denomination, silent and its doors unturned from Sabbath to Sabbath. Does this muteness signify anything respecting the future of this denomination? I was told that not many years ago there flourished there one of the strongest churches in the Northwest. There are now three families left, and these belong to the passing generation. I was further told that most of the former residents of this church left there for considerations tempting to their financial plans, and my informant is responsible for the further statement that not one of these families could now return and purchase in fee simple the old home place. I can not quite understand why good soil and good homes may not as consistently belong to Seventh Day Baptists as to any one else. This is the question I want you to answer, not merely for the present, but also in the light of future success or failure. When we face the issue of a supposed financial gain by leaving church and Sabbath influences behind us, which do we do, go or stay? These conditions put a tremendous strain not only upon our own loyalty to the Sabbath and denominational enthusiasm, but it puts even more upon our children. It might be well to raise the inquiry, too, whether or not this loss to Sabbath-keeping communities has in many instances really advantaged the mover financially. In many cases at least, the loss is on both sides of the account. Would a stronger spirit of loyalty to denominational life and the Sabbath interests save some of our churches from disintegration, and our children from desertion, and our pocketbooks from loss? May we even go further and ask, whether or not a stronger spirit of loyalty to God's Sabbath would not make us a more prosperous people financially as well as spiritually? One

more question. What will be the final outcome of choosing worldly gain, in preference to Sabbath loyalty? What will be the outcome to our churches and our children? I leave the answer to these inquiries in your hands."

Sabbath Message From Egypt

In the *Truth*, the Jewish paper banished from Jerusalem and temporarily published in Alexandria, Egypt, are found the two articles on the Sabbath question given below. This paper is published in English—or at least it has an English edition—and contains interesting data regarding conditions in Palestine. When Israel comes again into her lost inheritance, we shall hope to see once more a Sabbath-keeping people in the land of the Bible.

Why I Do Not Keep Sunday

Because the Word of God nowhere commands the observance of Sunday or the first day of the week. Neither is there any scriptural authority for the change from the seventh day to the first.

History shows that Sunday observance originated in heathen idolatry and sun-worship: hence the name sun-day. The Emperor Constantine, as a sun-worshiper, made the first known Sunday law, over 300 years after Christ, commanding: "Let all judges, and all city people, and all tradesmen rest on the venerable day of the sun. Afterwards the day was appointed as a festival, not a Sabbath, by the Roman Catholic Church; but it dates back to Babylon and Baal worship.

Therefore Heathenism is the father of Sunday-keeping. Why then should Protestants esteem Sunday a sacred day? Their religion ought to be found in the Bible only.

Failing to find any divine authority for keeping Sunday, and seeing that the practice has come down to us through popery from paganism and sun-worship, I am compelled to regard Sunday as one of the six working days which the Creator commanded us to use as such.

Reader, will you follow a pagan custom or, like the early Christians, will you rest on the Sabbath day according to the commandment?—*The Truth*.

Why I Keep Saturday

Because Saturday is the seventh day of the week, and Jehovah commands the observance of the seventh day. The Sabbath was made for man, man in general, not simply for the Jew.

The Sabbath commences on Friday, the sixth day, at sunset, and ends on Saturday at sunset.

Christ and all the early apostles, whether Jews or Gentiles, down to the fifth century even, as shown by history, kept the original Sabbath.

In more than 160 Asiatic, African and European languages there is one uniform week of seven days, beginning with Sunday and ending with Saturday. Of these 108 still call Saturday "the Sabbath" or the Seventh Day. This uniformity is remarkable, as there are various reckonings of time by years, but the week has always been the same, whether among Jews, Christians, or Mohammedans. Hence the identity of Saturday as the Seventh Day, the true Sabbath; God's memorial of his own Creation, and his ever-recurring testimony against idolatry and atheism.

The New Testament teaches it is a sin to transgress the law of God. It is therefore a sin to violate the Fourth Commandment by substituting Sunday for the Sabbath of God's appointment.

Whom will you follow? Jehovah or Baal?—*Albert Smith*.

A Visit to the Home of Hope

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

It is not without some anxiety that I take up my pen to write you again on rescue mission work, lest you feel that I am overdoing the matter. But if you will bear with me this time, I will promise to write nothing more on the subject until I can hold my peace no longer.

This subject lies very close to my heart and I have decided to tell you the secret. Some years ago it pleased God to give me a very deep and sacred religious experience through a greater vision of the Christ and his mission to this world. Out of this experience there was born in my heart an intense desire to go into rescue mission work or to carry the gospel story into the slums, and if my health had permitted I should

now be engaged in that kind of work. Through the providence of God "the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places," and while my work is "growing dearer each step of the way," yet there is a burning desire in my soul for the other field of service.

You will recall what I have written of C. J. Balfe, alias Lucky Baldwin, especially his wonderful conversion in the Jerry McAuley Mission of New York City. Last summer, at Winona, during a brief conversation with him, I received an urgent invitation to attend the sixth anniversary of his conversion, to be celebrated at the Home of Hope in Chicago, on Thanksgiving Eve.

Shortly after this some friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Weber, moved to Chicago. They gave me a cordial invitation to spend Thanksgiving with them, saying they would accompany me to the mission. I accepted the double invitation and it proved to be the happiest Thanksgiving of my life.

Rescue missions are not located in the best portions of the city. Eleven murders have been committed only a block from this little mission where the gospel light shines out in the darkness. The Home of Hope needs to have its borders enlarged, but within its cramped quarters a mighty work for God is going on.

On the wall back of the platform, among other inscriptions and the first to be seen as you enter the mission, are the words, "When did you write to mother?" Through these words several wrecked lives have been led back to mother and to mother's God.

The room was filled with a good-looking, well-dressed company. Christian workers from various fields were present giving words of encouragement, as well as a number of those whom the mission had rescued. Flowers by their beauty and fragrance lent a charm to the scene, and Mr. Balfe was the recipient of useful gifts from "his boys." The services commenced at 7.45 and lasted until 10.45. A few of the many letters and telegrams of congratulation received from prominent Christian men were read by Mrs. Balfe. But nothing so impressed me as the testimonies of those who had been lifted up out of the pit. As I listened to their stories I became unconscious of the lapse of time, and when the

service was over I could scarcely believe the clock. True, I had been taught from a child that Jesus was able to save the most depraved cases and for years I had been teaching this truth, but when I came face to face with the reality I realized that I had been holding the truth largely as a theory. Again and again during those moments the thought flashed through my mind, "What a God we worship." We did not always understand the language of the underworld but we felt the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

We accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Balfe to call at their home Thanksgiving afternoon. A company of rescued men to whom they had served turkey dinner was leaving when we arrived at the home. Mr. and Mrs. Balfe and little nephew live in a small four-room flat at the rear of a large flat building. One of these rooms is the office where the prison work is done. The flat is plainly furnished and the only entrance is through the kitchen.

Our welcome came right out of the heart and contained no stereotyped phrases. As Mr. Balfe with his kitchen apron led the way to the bedroom he bade us, "Walk right in this way and get rid of your scenery." Mrs. Weber and I stared at each other, but seeing that Mr. Weber was removing his overcoat we concluded this was an invitation to lay aside our wraps. Here we had the added pleasure of meeting Mr. Hicks and family. Less than two years before this, in the dead of winter, Mr. Balfe picked him up on the street, thoroughly chilled, without an overcoat and intoxicated. He was taken to the mission where he found Jesus. When he told his story it was learned that he was an convict who had lost track of his wife and boy while in prison. Mr. Balfe secured for him a position as assistant manager in a dry-goods store. Later the family were found and a happy reunion took place.

Mr. Hicks with his pleasing personality is a valuable assistant in the mission. He has also opened a Bible school in a part of the city where the children were growing up without any religious instruction.

In the past two years twenty-two married men who have been saved in the mission have also been happily reunited with their families. In the presence of such

work what can we do but fall down at the feet of Jehovah and worship?

As much as we would like to we can not report the conversation of that afternoon. Mr. Balfe said little of his past life. He is living in the present, his soul aflame with the passion of saving men. The moments flew by until the lengthening shadows warned us we must take our leave, but as we arose to depart Mr. Balfe said, "Can't we have a season of prayer?" And there, while the sun was throwing his last faint beams of light over that Thanksgiving Day, we knelt in prayer for the Home of Hope and the speedy coming of the Kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

We found a very different company at the mission on the last evening from that of the preceding evening. The first evening it was largely a company of workers; the second evening it was the crowd they work with—a company of poorly clad, despairing looking objects of humanity. The mission served supper that evening to one hundred and twenty-two destitute people in twelve minutes. We expected to witness this scene but our car was held up at the bridge and the plates had mostly been removed when we arrived.

Immediately after supper the gospel service began. We were seated on the platform that evening. As I looked down into the faces before me, upon which sin and suffering had left their impress, and while we sang, "God will take care of you," I wondered if the words carried any comfort to these despairing souls. I think they did, because they knew that those who represented God were trying to help them.

1009 Jackson St.,
La Porte, Ind.

Three brothers, traveling in a forest, came upon a pile of golden coins. It was agreed that two should guard it, while the third went to town to procure means by which to remove it. When they separated, the two decided to slay the third, so there would be only two to share the treasure. Meanwhile, the third brother reflected that if he could get rid of the other two, the whole would be his. He therefore brought back to his brothers a bottle of poison wine. On his return the two fell upon him and killed him, and then they drank of the wine and died.—*Chaucer.*

MISSIONS

Trouble in Africa

DEAR EDITOR, AND RECORDER READERS:

I am glad to say that I am still alive and well, which is rather remarkable in view of the events of the last few days. I do not hope to tell you any news but will only record a bit of history, as it will be history when this reaches you.

There has been a little native trouble in this part of the country. A plot to overpower the white population here was developed by some partly educated negroes under the influence of one John Chilembwe, who had charge of what was the Providence Industrial Mission at Chiradzulu near Blantyre.

On the night of January 23 a party of natives with spears and a few guns came to Blantyre and broke into a store known as Mandala, after killing the native watchman, and took a few guns and a stock of ammunition. A white man living in the store escaped and raised an alarm, and soon some European volunteers and native troops were in hot pursuit of the marauders, of which about a half-dozen were captured at that time.

The same night an attack was made on a large plantation north of Blantyre where about ten guns were captured by the rebels, three white men killed and three white women with their five children taken captive; but as the rebels became hard pressed they allowed the women and children to return safely to the lines of the pursuing troops. Another woman, guided by her personal servant, escaped through a window at the beginning of the attack. The worst outrage was cutting off the head of one Livingston, a planter, in the presence of his wife, who lost her reason for a time.

On Sunday an attack was made on a Catholic mission of the French White Fathers at Nghidi, and one of the Fathers was very severely wounded with spears. He received about ten wounds, but an extraordinary constitution has enabled him to survive. The mission was burned. Two native soldiers were killed and several

wounded in a fight at Chiradzulu Mountain, where the rebels made a stand for a short time.

On Monday four natives captured in the raid at Blantyre were shot after a trial. For about a week practically all the white population in the Blantyre District slept in a compound at Mandala store, Blantyre. About a hundred natives have been captured and are being held for trial, and the rest of the insurgents are scattered and fleeing for their lives.

At this same time a curious event took place at Ncheo in Angoniland. Three hundred natives, armed with spears, made a demonstration for two nights before the office of the resident magistrate, breaking the windows but doing no further harm. They were finally dispersed by half a company of native soldiers, and a hundred captured. To explain this extraordinary outbreak seems impossible and it was an entire surprise. It appears to have been purely a religious demonstration engineered almost solely by this John Chilembwe. As many of the readers of the RECORDER know, he was the first convert baptized by Mr. Booth in this country. He worked with Mr. Booth in Brooklyn, N. Y., for the cause of native independent missions, had two years' education at West Virginia Negro Seminary, married an American negro wife, and has received aid from Louisville, Ky. He built a large brick church and had a congregation of over two hundred. Lately he evidently has taken up with the Russell or Watch Tower doctrine and has been led astray by the prophecies thereof. A mass of literature, plans and other evidence was captured in his village and church. The rebellion is practically at an end, and it will be only a matter of time when John Chilembwe will be captured, with his followers. I received a letter from Pastor Chinyama at Ncheo saying that three of the natives of the Watch Tower faction were captured by the resident magistrate there, and he was in danger of being taken himself. The latest news I have heard is that Alexander Makwinja has been secured by the resident magistrate at Chiradzulu. I was assured by the "Resident" at Blantyre a week after the trouble that there was no evidence

against Alexander up to that time. However it is very peculiar business. Will write more, perhaps, later on.

In the care of the Lord,

Yours faithfully,

WALTER B. COCKERILL.

Blantyre, Nyasaland,
February 10, 1915.

Monthly Statement

April 1, 1915, to May 1, 1915

S. H. DAVIS, Treasurer,

In account with

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Dr.

Balance on hand April 1, 1915	\$ 529 62
H. E. Davis and Mrs. Davis	10 00
Miss Edna Cummings	2 00
Dr. S. C. Maxson, evangelistic work	5 00
Mrs. Ethel L. Sutton	10 00
Dr. Bessie B. Sinclair	20 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Crosby	2 00
A. L. Davis, collection on Boulder field	2 00
Mrs. Angeline Abbey, collection on Exeland field	5 00
Churches:	
Waterford	44 03
Plainfield	54 87
Milton Junction	14 40
Milton Junction, China missions	3 00
Milton Junction, Dr. Grace Crandall	1 00
Farnam	10 00
First Brookfield	108 00
Nortonville	6 13
Milton	32 56
First Hopkinton	15 20
Piscataway	19 71
Farina	21 48
Cartwright	15 00
Gentry	4 23
Syracuse	1 00
Rockville, Sec. Saunders supplying	5 00
Waterford, D. B. Coon's work	57 01
First Hopkinton	43 41
Sabbath Schools:	
Riverside	5 95
Farina	7 40
Coudersport, Pa.	3 82
Daytona, Lieu-oo Hospital	15 00
Daytona, Miss. work in S. W.	15 00
Memorial Board:	
Missionary Society Income	15 04
50% D. C. Burdick Bequest	40 20
50% D. C. Burdick Farm account	55
Income S. P. Potter	07
Woman's Board, Lieu-oo Hospital	1,700 00
Income from Permanent Funds	400 00
	\$3,244 68

Cr.

D. B. Coon, March salary	\$ 75 00
Paul H. Schmidt, March salary	50 00
F. B. Hunt, salary Jan. 1—April 1	112 50
A. G. Crofoot, salary Jan. 1—April 1	25 00
R. R. Thorngate, salary Jan. 1—April 1	12 50
A. L. Davis, salary Jan. 1—April 1, trav. exp.	116 70
Geo. W. Hills, salary Jan. 1—April 1	87 25
B. C. Fisk, salary Jan. 1—April 1	60 00
Geo. P. Kenyon, salary Jan. 1—April 1	25 00
R. G. Davis, salary Jan. 1—April 1	25 00
G. H. F. Randolph, salary Jan. 1—April 1	75 00
J. E. Hutchins, salary Jan. 1—April 1	25 00
Mrs. A. P. Ashurst, salary Jan. 1—April 1	50 00
Ira S. Goff, salary Jan. 1—April 1	50 00
Wilburt Davis, salary Jan. 1—April 1	50 00
J. S. Kagarse, salary Jan. 1—April 1	18 75
Marie Jansz, salary April 1—July 1	37 50
Gerard Velthuysen, salary April 1—July 1	75 00
D. B. Coon, traveling expenses	7 82
Paul Schmidt, traveling expenses	40 58
SABBATH RECORDER, acct. J. W. Crofoot's salary	2 00
Alfred Sun, acct. J. W. Crofoot's salary	1 25

Youth's Companion, acct. J. W. Crofoot's salary	2 00
Treasurer Salem College, acct. Dr. Palmberg's salary	25 00
Industrial Trust Co., China draft, Lieu-oo Hospital	119 00
Washington Trust Co., interest on loan and stamps	12 98
Exchange	1 20
Treasurer's expenses	20 00

Balance on hand May 1, 1915 \$1,202 03
2,042 65
\$3,244 68

Bills payable in May, about \$1,500 00
Notes outstanding May 1, 1915 2,500 00
E. & O. E. S. H. DAVIS, Treasurer.

Efficiency

WARDNER WILLIAMS

Is it not a fact that our denomination is sustaining a loss in world-wide efficiency on account of the continuance of what might be called the "complimentary system"?

The General Conference is the great parent organization of our people, from which all other denominational activities have sprung. The Conference organization should be so manned as to make it the most potent factor in our denominational life.

The weakness of the present custom is that it does not conserve the energy and ability it develops from year to year. After a president has labored unceasingly for a year to learn the needs of the denomination, and at just the time the people come in touch with him and his methods, we say to him, "You will need to step aside now as there are several other prominent members of the denomination who have not yet been honored with this position."

Suppose we should try this plan in our schools, to the editorship of the SABBATH RECORDER or to the executive positions of the Tract or Missionary societies. What would be the result? *Inefficiency* of course.

But you say this method when applied to Conference develops latent ability; and so it would in the other cases, but this is not the point. No organization or business can be conducted with maximum of efficiency without a *head*. The General Conference should be the most potent organization of our people and the president its chief executive officer.

The Seventh Day Baptist Denomination was not organized to pass compliments

among its members but to stand for a principle before the world.

People want to see and hear a man who is at the head of an organization and is prepared to speak for what it stands. This is one of the charms and sources of efficiency of the Christian Endeavor movement. Wherever "Father Endeavor" Clark goes throughout the civilized world he is welcomed, for he can better explain than any other man what that movement stands for and what it is accomplishing.

If the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination has produced a man in this generation qualified to fill this great position he should be placed at the head of our denominational affairs and kept there until he has had sufficient time in which to develop the highest efficiency of which he and the denomination are capable.

One of the first requisites of such a leader is that he be a *gentleman*, in the sense that Christ was a gentleman, our president should be qualified to enter any open door in the world, mingle with the poor and the rich, speak effectively to both the ignorant and the educated, and treat all people with consideration. In short, he should be a man among men. Such a man, whose brow has been touched by the anointing hand of Christ and whose heart is aflame with love for humanity, would be a wonder-worker among us.

It makes no difference where a man comes from or who his ancestors were, providing he has that indescribable something which makes him a consecrated and efficient leader of men. We should never forget that David was a sheep-herder and Lincoln a rail-splitter.

I often think of the late George H. Utter, who was never west of the Mississippi but once, yet I have been talked to about him by a banker, a physician, and a doctor of divinity, all of whom knew him East and upon whom he made a profound impression.

We were motoring through the grounds of a United States military post when a voice called out, "Governor!" We stopped and an old-time friend of his, now a United States army officer, was delighted to see him, invited us to the barracks' club house where we were entertained and met the other officers of that command, all of whom listened intently to what Congressman Utter had to say.

George was a consecrated man and a gentleman, the type of a man we need at the head of our denominational affairs.

There never was a time when the world needed great men as she needs them today. Does it not seem as though, with two hundred years of denominational history, there ought somewhere to be, in the schools, the shops, on the farm, in the pulpit, or occupying a professor's chair, a Joshua who can lead us across Jordan and into the promised land?

While the backward look of history is encouraging, the forward vision of opportunity and promise is enchanting.

The ways of Providence are wonderful. When we all cease criticising and fault-finding and pray for and expect a new leader, God will in some unexpected way reveal him. He may be in the bullrushes or in the house of kings, but whencesoever he shall come it will be a blessed day for our trusting people, as it will be the dawning of a new period of efficiency and achievement.

Send Them to Bed With a Kiss

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And as thanks for your infinite blessing,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day the noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet childish voices,
For a bright childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,—
You'd give all the world just for this;
For the comfort 'twill give you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

—Author unknown.

The only true knowledge of our fellows is that which enables us to feel with them, which gives us a finer ear for the heart-pulses which are beating under the mere clothes of circumstances.—George Eliot.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Through an error the poem, "Mother o' Mine," printed in this department May 10, was credited to a contributor.

This poem was sent in by a reader of this department, but the author was not known. I have since discovered that Kipling wrote the lines.

Home-Making as a Profession

MRS. WILLIAM C. DALAND

Subject assigned by the Woman's Village Improvement Club, Milton, Wis.

The very name of this paper is provocative of discussion.

In the economic changes of the past century nothing is more sure or more obvious than the standardizing of vocations. Factories for the producing of a certain kind of merchandise are substantially the same all over the country, and are managed substantially in the same way. Even to the arrangement of the machinery in the various rooms, there is practical similarity. In the business world ten officers will be found almost duplicates of each other, and in every profession there is unity in methods. Advances are made, it is true, as the years go on, and new conveniences and labor-saving devices are introduced, but the most casual survey of affairs will show that when these changes are made they appear in the same forms in all places where business is carried on. The progress of the wheels which move the life of the world is of such stupendous importance that men have tacitly agreed that this progress must not be hindered by any unnecessary divergencies in details. A striking illustration of this oiling of the machinery of the business world is found in the adoption of what is known as the "universal thread" in mechanics, by means of which all nuts of a certain size will fit all bolts of the same size, whether bought of the same firm or not. This is only one of many ways in which men have standardized the details of business; although there is the keenest competition be-

tween two firms selling the same article, yet it is agreed among men that competition in details which would bring confusion into business life is not legitimate. A profession, therefore, or any business presupposes certain standards of detail and method, without which it could not keep its place in the world of men.

Now, when we state this theme, "Home-making as a Profession," we use words which are pretty nearly contradictions in terms. Not only is it true that while business, professions, and even voluntary social organizations, such as the modern church and philanthropic societies, are all administered according to standardized methods, the home remains the one institution which is absolutely individual and self-centered. Not only is this a fact but, in my opinion, it is also true that this individuality of the home is inherent, and that it can not submit to the standardizing which would convert home-making into a "profession" without losing its character of *The Home*. The fact that hundreds of women do not agree with this statement which is believed by hundreds of other women is what renders this subject one fertile of discussion. The limits of this paper will not allow of my discussing so large a theme. I will confine myself to pointing out a few undisputed facts about the home and the woman who makes the home, facts which lead me to range myself upon the side of those who see no light for the future in any effort to standardize our homes.

Reams have been written during the last few decades with the object of teaching women how to manage their homes, but the most striking thing in all these volumes and articles is the hopelessly divergent nature of many of the recommendations offered as remedies for the chaos obtaining in the average home. Whatever may be the desirability of standardization in domestic affairs, there is certainly no standard apparent in the widely dissimilar formulæ offered as solutions of the social problem. All writers on this topic agree up to a certain point. They are unanimous in stating that the individuality of the home results in wasteful methods as regards time, strength, and money; but as soon as the author steps from the theoretical to the practical side of the question, the directions for solving the problem always appear

painfully inadequate to the situation. Not that it is at all impossible to bring under exact rules a household in which a certain number of persons daily eat, sleep, and find instruction or recreation. Every day, we can see such a system of household management carried on successfully in hotels, boarding houses, club houses, charitable institutions, boarding schools, hospitals, and sanitariums. These places often claim for themselves to be "homelike" or to "possess all the comforts of home." Despite this claim, does any one ever seriously appeal to them as models for the private home? Does any sane, well-balanced human being ever deliberately propose himself as a member of one of these institutions, except for a temporary purpose or from direct necessity? That well-managed households of this nature, whether large or small, have never had an appreciable effect upon the conduct of individual homes is to me a fact full of significance. It seems to indicate that, after all, the *essence* of a home does not reside in the management of routine, in three properly cooked meals a day, in cleaning or mending, but in something far deeper and more subtle which is always striving to express itself through these material mediums, and that whatever this subtle quality is, it must always remain individual and must manifest itself differently in each household. If I am right, the home is not a subject for standardization and, therefore, "home-making" can never become a profession. Business and commerce, as we know them, are comparatively modern; only the germ of them was found among our ancestors a few centuries ago; but when there were no manufactories and each family made its own rude furnishings, when commerce was little more than an exchange between a traveling peddler and the inhabitants of a lone castle or cottage, even in the dark ages of savagery the home was essentially what it is today, a unit founded upon a compact between one man and one woman, he the head of the house and the provider, she the conservator of what was provided and the creator of what comforts and beauty were there. That institution whose very form is hoary with antiquity can not be lightly changed, nor can anything so elemental be easily analyzed or explained.

It does not, however, follow from this

that there can never be any improvement in home affairs, and that wives should settle back contented to keep house by instinct, making no effort to meet the changed conditions of the times, for it does seem that there is an especial need to guard and exalt the home in our days when women are crowding into all the pursuits formerly belonging only to men, and when there are even women who are not ashamed to announce their opinion that the labors of a wife and mother are belittling to the intellect and hampering to the development of this product of the twentieth century—the New Woman. I do not use that term in derision for, though it has become besmirched by its application, she is really here to stay, the new woman, and I admit that a new type of womanhood is needed today to meet the changed requirements of modern domestic life. Only *my* new woman is not clamoring to be allowed to vote, nor calling a typewriter a higher intellectual machine than a cradle; she is new only in the sense that she has opened her eyes to see that this is not the world of a hundred years ago, and that she must cultivate her mind to the limit of its capacity to meet the issues of our strenuous age. In all else she is the same woman who has been the theme of poet and painter since man learned to express himself; the delight of man's eyes, the comforter of his heart, the minister to his daily needs, the center of his home, the proud mother of his children. Never was there a time when this woman was more needed, or when the home has been in more peril. But it is folly to oppose those who demand "women's rights," or to plead with our girls to become domestic. To be *merely* a housekeeper, to know the household arts, to market, cook, clean, sew—all this is not enough today. Homes have been made unhappy by restless women who have neglected their ordinary duties for some imagined sphere of outside influence; but probably just as many homes have suffered through narrow-minded women whose fetish has been housework, and who have rendered every one in their neighborhood miserable by overmuch scubbing or fine stitching carried on in and out of season with ruthless disregard of all the graces of life thereby left uncultivated. A Mrs. Jellyby who works for the heathen of Borrioboola Gha while leaving her own unkempt children to tum-

ble down the cellar stairs, unnoting that her husband is drifting each day nearer to bankruptcy, is certainly a sad spectacle; but is she really any worse than the woman whose soul never rises above cleaning and baking, and to whom her polished floors and fine china are of more interest than the tastes of her husband or the habits of her boys? I have never seen a complete Mrs. Jellyby though I have often met women who approximated to her type, but I have known many over-careful housewives, for, to the honor of women, it may be said that of the two extremes there are many more extremely neat than extremely slovenly.

It is, I think, a greater temptation to a woman than to a man to become *physically* industrious but *intellectually* lazy, to give prodigally of her bodily strength in household work while allowing her mind, which should be alert for devising more efficient methods, to atrophy for want of use. It is this and *not* the nature of her tasks which leads a woman to become a drudge and to call household work drudgery. It is a policy which would ruin any man's business, and a woman should sternly resist this temptation if she wishes to become mistress of an ideal home where the effects of mind and taste shall blend equally with those produced by close attention to the creature comforts.

Have we not all noticed how often the glamour of young love and the wedding romance melts away after only a few years of married life? And is it not sad that it should be so? "All the world loves a lover," and surely all the world is interested in a wedding and in the beginning of a new home. We recognize the fact that bridesmaids and orange blossoms are only for the hour, but is it inevitable that after a few brief months the young husband and wife should settle down into an existence which is hopelessly prosaic? No, it is not inevitable, but this *will* be the result if the home is not founded thoughtfully. While this thoughtfulness is necessary on the part of both husband and wife, I feel no hesitation in affirming that, in the first few years, at least, of married life, more responsibility for the future happiness of the home rests upon the woman than upon the man. The man almost always follows the woman's lead in deciding the *kind* of home they shall have, and in his first joy

of possession he trusts her utterly with all the details out of which is to emerge that perfect thing he is expecting—their home! This is the time when, if a young woman can understand herself and rise to the best that is in her, she can so rivet to her her husband's trust and admiration that the words "my wife" will ever afterwards be to him synonymous with all that is right in domestic affairs; and, on the other hand, it is the time when she can by the display of pettiness of spirit bring on that disenchantment which will turn her husband into her silent judge, and long afterwards she will realize that they have a household, indeed, but not a true home.

The complaint so often seen in print that homes are unhappy because women are overeducated, and that girls should be taught to cook and sew instead of being sent to college, this complaint exhibits a strange lack of insight upon the part of those who make it. In one breath it is demanded that a woman should run her household in as business-like a fashion as her husband runs his factory, and in the next it is said that to do this she should not be too highly educated but should revert to the simple virtues of her great-grandmother. Let a man undertake to conduct his business according to the recipe which sufficed for his great-grandfather, and what would be the result? In our complicated modern world the home will not be a success unless the wife's intellect be trained to meet modern problems. Not *less* higher education but more *thorough* education is what women need, and when the mind is full of properly understood broad principles the woman herself can apply these to her particular home more wisely than any writer can apply them for her. But in order to do this it is requisite that she should be intellectually well rounded and abreast of the time in which she lives because a woman who becomes a wife in this age has before her a problem as large as that which confronts her husband in his business. She has to create a home, and for this she can have no set precise pattern, as her husband *may* have in his business, for her home must be individual and unique. When domestic life was simple many decades ago, a wife could make her home perfect with the simple training of those times. The

rules of those days will not prove sufficient for the modern housekeeper, but, nevertheless, the older women need not march in the rear merely because they *began* in other days and have not just now stepped out of the college door. They, too, should cultivate their minds to their full extent but the means for that culture are just as surely open to them as to those who are young, and there is no age limit where the intellectual worker is in earnest. No, the home can not be reduced to the terms of the business world. Each home depends for its success and happiness upon its treatment by the man and woman who have founded it. The methods used will be different in each case and can not be prescribed by rule; but it is absolutely certain that the two upon whom it depends can never create a perfect home unless they give to it the best that is in them in body, mind, and spirit.

October 8, 1914.

"Our Attitude Toward the Dance"

What a furor you have caused! How I have enjoyed it! Six letters from friends doubtless I should never have received without your aid.

No. I said, "What's the matter with J. T.? What ails him anyway?"

Glad for the letters, and glad for the RECORDER articles,—“Why Compromise?” “An Old Question,” “A Question for Consideration,” “What's Consistent?” Say, read that again; it's fine.

I think I feel something like the pet parrot belonging to a circus, which when the crowd was surging round the ticket wagon, anxious for their tickets, had heard his master so often saying, "One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time," that it became his stock in trade. Having wandered away one day, he was found sitting on a limb of a tree, surrounded by angry crows picking out his feathers, first from one side then from the other, and was heard to say, "One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time."

There are a few more feathers left, so come on—one at a time, gentlemen, one at a time—or the more the merrier.

This should have been done long before Seventh Day Baptist pastors, Sabbath-school superintendents and prominent church workers demanded of Alfred Uni-

versity privileges for their children to dance.

If we as a denomination are to stand before the world as a dancing, card and pool-playing, saloon-supporting, tobacco-using people, then let us drop our banner of reform and stand before the world for what we are. If we do not want to bear this name, then let our actions correspond.

Now, has J. T. changed? Judge ye. Come on with your discussion and keep sweet.

Leonardsville, N. Y., J. T. DAVIS.
May 14, 1915.

How to be Ready

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh" (Matt. 24: 44). What must we do to be ready for the Son of man? If we do not know him, we must "seek him while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near." After we have found him, we must obey his commandments and ask him for strength to bear our troubles, and to overcome all temptations. Although life looks dark at times, it is sometimes made that way for the purpose of testing our faith; and if we are faithful, everything will be all right in the end, for he has said, "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord." We can not be perfect, for only one is perfect and that is our heavenly Father, and he says, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God"; but we can strive hard to keep from sinning, and we must be ready and willing to forgive others if they have wronged us. Christ said, "And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. 4: 32).

Now if we are faithful to him at all times, and let our light so shine that others may see Christ's likeness in us, we will be ready when the Son of man comes to "gather his loved ones home."

This is my first letter to the RECORDER. Hoping it will do some good,

AVA E. SAUNDERS.

Oxford, Wis.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

A Prayer

"Dear Lord, break thou all my evil habits. Whatsoever clings to me and hampers me in my growth and work, I beg of thee to crush it and fling it from me, no matter how much it hurts. Save me from narrowness and meanness and passion and blind custom and a dead conservatism, which make me as a rock in the way for earnest men to stumble over. Let me know nature and love her, that I may know and love thee who art nature's God. Let me work hard, and love sincerely, and pray unceasingly. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Body Under

REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, June 5, 1915

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Restrain the appetites (Luke 12: 22-31)
Monday—Self-control (Rom. 6: 7-14)
Tuesday—Self-denial (Matt. 16: 21-28)
Wednesday—Spiritual aspiration (1 Cor. 14: 1, 12)
Thursday—The contrast (Rom. 8: 5-14)
Friday—The spiritual mind (Phil. 2: 1-5)
Sabbath Day—Body under, soul on top (1 Cor. 9: 24-27). (Consecration meeting.)

EXPOSITION

Paul, writing to people familiar with the Isthmian games, naturally, uses the events of the arena to illustrate his practical truths. He is vindicating his own apostleship, and closes with a vindication of the "methods and rewards of true ministry,"—"becoming all things to all men" in order "to save some."

His first illustration is of the running of a great race—only one receives a prize; but in the Christian race there need be no disappointment to any who will run his best. In the games it was "a common thing to run; a rare thing to win. Christian racers can *all be winners*—but all must race like winners."

But like competitors in the games, Chris-

tians must "train." Men in training abstain from many things that under ordinary circumstances are allowable. For many months the great athletes were restricted in eating, drinking, and in other respects. In our own colleges and universities great care is taken in the training of those who shall represent their fellows and school in the "field-meets"; prohibitions are enforced, special "training tables" provided—the men must be at their very best when the great "Meet" comes off.

So the apostle emphasized the need of care, self-denials, self-discipline, self-training, in thought and action, morally and physically, on the part of the Christians, that they might run well and receive their reward. But he also emphasized the great difference between the rewards. To the contestant winning the race or contest went a wreath of parsley, pine or laurel—a crown that perisheth; the crown striven for by the Christian is incorruptible, everlasting. No sacrifice too great, or training too severe for this crown "that fadeth not away." "For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Paul runs with his eyes on the goal. Quickly he changes his figure—he is now "boxing," his opponent before him, and with practiced "swing" and "feint" and never faltering eye, he is delivering the "knock-out" blow, "not beating the air." But *his* opponent is his own body "with the foothold it gives for sin." "Let not sin reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof."—Rom. 6: 12. In the same sentence, changing his figure again, he speaks of the victory over his body "as the enslaving of a subdued enemy."

Keeping the body under is absolutely the essential; everything depends upon it. Those unprepared, i. e., those unfaithful in the training, dropped out one by one in the race,—*unfit*. So he declares that the body, unsubjected to the will of the spirit, will be unfit, *adokimos*—disapproved, rejected—a "castaway," disqualified for the prize.

LESSONS FOR US

The lessons for us are obvious.

1. If we run the Christian race, let us run worthily.
2. Self-sacrifice and self-denial and

self-discipline and self-control are prime essentials to a successful finish of the race for the "crown of righteousness."

3. The danger of failure is real and great; but the greatest danger lies within ourselves,—if we would win we must conquer self.

4. "If people would work half as hard to gain the highest object that a man can set before him, as hundreds of people are ready to do in order to gain trivial and paltry objects, there would be fewer stunted and half-dead Christians among us. 'That is the way to run,' says Paul, 'if you want to obtain.'" (Hastings' *Greek Texts of the Bible*.)

ILLUSTRATION

People wonder how Billy Sunday is able to keep up with the heavy physical exertions and terrible strain he must constantly be under in his campaigns. He takes the best care possible of his body. An prize fighter is his "trainer" and cares for him as he would—and for the love of him, better—than were he going into the "ring." With massage, baths, strictly temperate habits in every sense of the word, complete relaxation, at times, he keeps his body under, i. e., makes it the perfect instrument it should be for the service he would render the Master. What a race he runs! Magnificent!

But Billy Sunday also has just as strict a care for his mental and spiritual nature as for the physical. He reads only vigorous and healthy literature and lots of it. That he may be keenly awake toward God, who is very real to him, he spends the early period of his waking with God's word and in prayer. Nothing is ever allowed to come between him and God at the beginning of the day. Family matters, messages, even telegrams, are put aside until Mr. Sunday has been filled with the word of God and his Spirit in his communion with him. Thus does Mr. Sunday keep his "body under and the soul on top."

HINTS FOR THE LEADER

Suggest to some of your more backward ones to bring some lesson on the topic from such characters of the Bible as Joseph, David, Daniel, John the Baptist, Stephen, the apostle John; from the mission field, some lesson from the life of Carey, Livingstone, Dr. Palmborg and our other workers on foreign and home fields; from

history, Bunyan, Washington, and Lincoln.

Make much of this topic as helpful for personal confession and testimony.

HINTS FOR THE TIMID

How shall I make my body count most for Christ?

Determine from this on to give your soul a chance to express itself in spite of fears. We need not be afraid, nowadays, of any persecutions or bodily harm from openly and frequently confessing Christ; there are other kinds of persecutions, criticisms, etc., that may be encountered. Fear them not. Let spirit, soul dominate your fears. Stand for Christ, in the crowd on the street, in the car or shop, and in the prayer meeting.

CLOSE QUERIES

Does the pipe, cigar, cigarette, or other form of tobacco-using hinder *me* from my best as a Christian in my striving to "obtain" the crown? Does it help me in being a better Christian? Am I keeping my body under when I indulge myself in these things?

Do the cards, the dance, and theater-going promote companionship with Jesus Christ? Do they contribute to keeping the body under? This talk is to *you*, if you indulge in any of them. If they do not assist in soul-life, culture and promotion, what shall *I do* about it? "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise to do whatever he would like to have me do."

Do the so-called "innocent" kissing games indulged in, thoughtlessly, oftentimes, contribute to the exaltation of the soul and spirit over the body? Does a boy or young man's respect for himself increase on kissing the girl of the game whom he has caught or who is paying a forfeit? Does the girl feel the bloom of her girlhood to be fresher and sweeter when she has permitted this sort of liberty?

You say this is a small matter. Is it? What sort of race are you running? What is the prize? Who wins? "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." He that fights to keep his body under, dominated by the will of man with the help of the Lord.

A SAFE RULE FOR CHRISTIANS TO FOLLOW

As young people, as Christians, we need some rule that will enable us to positively

discriminate between that which is good and that which is harmful. Sometimes we find ourselves bewildered in attempting to do so. But to Rev. A. J. C. Bond, in his splendid article in a recent RECORDER, we are indebted for calling our attention to a high standard of measurement, which may be safely and surely applied in all instances. It has been formulated by the *Continent*, a leading Presbyterian church paper. Here it is:

"Spiritual life is the biggest thing in the world. A Christian can't afford to tolerate in himself anything that is detrimental to spiritual life."

"Nothing can be innocent in a Christian's life which takes the place of what might be better."

Meeting of the Young People's Board

The Young People's Board met Sunday, April 18, 1915, with C. B. West. Members present were Pres. H. E. Davis, Prof. L. H. Stringer, C. B. West, George Thorngate, W. D. Burdick, and Zea Zinn.

Prayer was offered by W. D. Burdick. Treasurer's report was read.

Voted to appropriate \$50 to Fouke School and \$25 to Salem College library.

Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted.

Report of Committee on Program for Sabbath Rally was adopted.

Adjourned.

ETHEL CARVER,
Recording Secretary.

FOR THE JUNIORS

What People Said About Jesus

F. E. D. B.

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, June 5, 1915

Lesson text, Luke 9: 18-20.

Dear Juniors: ? I think most of you can tell the name of this mark, and what it is used for.

Let us put some words before it.

Who is Jesus? This is one of the greatest questions in the world. Let us look for the answer.

Hundreds of years before Jesus came to

earth, the prophets told the people he was coming, and many are the beautiful verses in the Old Testament about the "Coming One." When he was born in Bethlehem, the angel said to the shepherds, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord" (John 2: 10-11).

When Jesus was baptized, the voice of God from heaven said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased (Matt. 3: 17); and afterwards John the Baptist said, "I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God" (John 1: 34).

John said to two of his disciples, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

After Andrew decided to follow Jesus, he soon found his brother, Simon Peter, and said to him, "We have found the Messiah," which means, "the Christ" (John 1: 41).

Philip found Nathanael and said, "We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph" (John 1: 45).

Nathanael said to Jesus, "Rabbi, thou art the King of Israel" (John 1: 49). At the transfiguration, again God's voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

Jesus said that he was the only begotten Son (John 3: 16). Martha, the sister of Lazarus, said to Jesus, "Yea, Lord; I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world" (John 11: 27).

At the time of our lesson today, Jesus was taking a journey with his disciples into the northern part of Galilee, and one day he asked them this question: "Whom say the people that I am?" They told him that some people thought he was John the Baptist; some thought Elias, meaning Elijah, or one of the old prophets risen again from the dead.

Then Jesus said, "But whom say ye that I am?"

Peter answered, "The Christ of God." I think Jesus wanted the disciples to be willing at all times to confess their belief in him.

In after years Peter preached and wrote letters to teach people to believe in Jesus; and so did others of his disciples and followers.

Paul preached to the people in Damascus of Christ, "that he is the Son of God," and spent a long life preaching and writing about him.

John said that they wrote about Jesus and his works that we might "believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God," and that, believing, we "might have life through his name" (John 20: 31).

May we always believe in Jesus, our Savior, and be glad to tell others about him.

Consecration prayer: "O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise." Psalms 51: 15.

Key-word, "Who."

"Our Resurrection"

EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER:

I was much interested in Elder Bond's article on the Resurrection in the last RECORDER and I am sending you copy of a poem (author unknown) that gives a different viewpoint from that of the old thought. I came across it in a book written by Theodore F. Seward, entitled "Spiritual Knowing." The book is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company and will richly repay studying by all who are thirsting for the spiritual life. It would seem the apostles themselves had no clear idea of the time or manner of Christ's second coming, and the thought in this poem, to me, is far beyond any conception of a physical resurrection.

Very truly,

SARAH B. ROSEBUSH.

Alfred, N. Y., May 11, 1915.

Out of the sordid, the base, the untrue,
Into the noble, the pure and the new,
Out of all darkness and sadness and sin,
Spiritual harmonies to win,
This is our resurrection.

Out of all discord and toil and strife
Into a calm and perfect life,
Out of all hatred and jealous fear
Into love's cloudless atmosphere,
This is our resurrection.

Out of the narrow and cramping creeds
Into a service of loving deeds,
Out of a separate, limited plan
Into the Brotherhood of Man,
This is our resurrection.

Out of our weakness to conscious power,
Wisdom and strength for every hour,
Out of our doubt and sore dismay
Into the faith for which we pray,
This is our resurrection.

Out of the bondage of sickness and pain,
Out of poverty's galling chain
Into the freedom of perfect health,
Into the blessings of fadeless wealth,
This is our resurrection.

Out of this fleeting mortal breath,
Out of the valley and shadow of death
Into the light of the perfect way,
Into the freedom of endless day,
This is our resurrection.

Out of the finite sense of things,
Into the joy the Infinite brings,
Out of the limits of time and space,
Into the boundless life of the race,
This is our resurrection.

The Conflict With Sin

REV. RILEY G. DAVIS

The truth can never fail us
If we resist the wrong,
When loyal to our duty
The Spirit makes us strong;
With forces joined to evil
The fight is fierce today
And many Christian heroes
Are marching to the fray.

A tide of gross deception
Against the truth is hurled,
The powers that work delusion
Are active in the world;
The hosts of sin undaunted
Are marching through the land
While Satan leads the army
With strong, rebellious hand.

This bold, relentless tyrant
His victims doth enslave;
While pressing still the battle,
The hosts for him are brave;
Vast millions bow before him
And execute his will
While souls are being bartered
The cup of wrath to fill.

With multitudes enlisted
Against the cause of right,
Thousands are groping blindly
For lack of faith and sight;
Beset with strong delusion
They walk in error's night
And cling to vain tradition
Instead of law and light.

But Christ, our royal Captain,
O'er every foe shall win;
He calls us to the battle
Against the powers of sin;
To join in mighty conflict,
Repel advancing foes,
Destroy the haunts of Satan
Now filling earth with woes.

"You and I ought not to regard life as a perpetual indignation meeting without a recess."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Our Heroes

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe!
All honor to him if he conquers—
A cheer for the boy who says, "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout;
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
And do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will overcome in the fight.
"The Right!" be your battle-cry ever,
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.
—The Myrtle.

Star Singers of the Forest

The call of the northland came on the spring breeze to the two cousins pluming themselves in a bit of woodland far to the south. They were garbed in neat brown suits with spotted vests. One's costume was enlivened by a dash of reddish on her coat tail. With a few farewell chirps they were up and away, by the air route, for a pine forest a thousand miles distant.

It was a gray, foggy morning when the cousins arrived on the edge of their birth forest. The heart of one little traveler thrilled to the song that rang through the mist.

One pleading chirp brought her gallant lover instantly to her side. With what a burst of joyful song he greeted the little brown bird! How courtly were his bows! How graciously he offered the tenderest worms for refreshment after her long journey! As he led her to the sparkling brook to drink, the second traveler took her away into the depths of the woods.

The sunbeams were scattering the curtain of mist as a brownish-olive bird flew up from beneath a fir tree. The traveler

flitted toward him. Then it seemed as if the bells of fairyland were set a-ringing. The tinkling, silvery notes that floated away through the pines were marvelous to hear.

That day a double wedding was celebrated in the forest cathedral. The service was a choral one, with solos by the grooms—Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush—the two finest singers in all the northern woods. The honeymoons lasted but a short time, for each bride was eager to start on her life work. Hither and yon they flitted, anxiously examining every spot that promised a good nesting site.

Tastes differ in the matter of cradle weaving. When a thrush mother has built a nest year after year she does not waste time in examining many different locations. She knows exactly the site best adapted to her needs, and sets to work with the same varieties of materials she has used in previous years. Not so with a young bride who has yet to construct her first cradle.

"No nest in the forest shall surpass the one I am going to build," said Mrs. Wood Thrush. "I shall be surprised if there are any that equal it. This laurel bush, with its clusters of dainty pink blossoms, is an ideal spot. Here are long strips of white cloth, left by the campers who spent last summer on the edge of these woods. "Oh, how artistic our cradle will be," she chirped enthusiastically to her mate.

Right this little weaver was when she said her nest would not be surpassed by any in the forest. Built of twigs and leaves, strengthened with clay, deftly molded by the builder's soft breast, lined with the finest of root fibers, and firmly saddled to the laurel branch, this cradle was surely a work to be proud of. Nothing was ever seen in the forest to equal its decorations. White streamers of all lengths hung from every side. They fluttered in the breeze and flashed in the sun, as if signaling the passer-by. This young bride had yet to learn that instead of calling attention to her cradle it were far wiser to conceal it in some hidden nook.

Mrs. Hermit cared nothing for display. A rod or two above the woodland swamp lay an old, moss-covered log.

"This," she remarked to Mr. Hermit, "is just such a retired spot as I was born in. We will build here and the log will form a perfect screen for our cradle." Moss

and pine needles were the chief materials used by this couple and a fortnight later both the cousins were brooding their eggs.

Morning and evening matin and vesper hymns rang through the dark forest aisles, and on gray days there was no hour at which you might not have heard Mr. Wood Thrush's golden notes. The thrushes are the star singers of the northern woods. Upon them has been bestowed the divine gift of song. Many birds sing only during the mating season, but the thrushes sing for very love of song. When wood thrush's rich vibrant tones hush you will hear hermit's ethereal song, mounting high and higher till it bursts in a shower of silvery notes. His melody thrills your soul, as wood thrush's appeals to your senses.

Proud indeed were the young thrush mothers as they led forth their first born. Mrs. Hermit boasted a pair of lusty twins, while mother Wood Thrush could show but a single birdling. "A bit puny, but I'm sure he will soon outgrow yours," said she.

Lessons in flying, hunting, shower-bathing, were followed by instruction in singing. Even though the young wood thrush was spindling he showed his superiority over his hermit cousins. Before it was time to bid good-by to the northern woods he could sing, in his thin, quavering voice, a complete thrush song, while the hermit twins had mastered but two or three single notes between them.

"Time enough to train them next summer," twittered their father. "Young hermits need more than one season's vocal lessons to become the stars of the forest. Next year they will be able to sing my famous duet with me."—Margaret Wentworth Leighton, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Let the Denomination Decide, "With Charity for All and Malice Toward None"

REV. SAMUEL R. WHEELER

The facts about dancing at Alfred by the president, Brother B. C. Davis, call for serious consideration.

Alfred University was founded by the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination.

How vividly a chapel talk by President Kenyon comes to mind. It was one morning in the early sixties. There had been

some destructive mischief about the premises. Though so long ago, I can quote him very nearly verbatim. In his forceful short-sentenced style he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this institution was founded by earnest Christians. It was founded to train young men and young women to honor God and honor themselves. The work was done in the name of God with most heartfelt prayers. Every pane of glass in those windows, every board and every nail in these buildings was paid for with the consecrated money of consecrated Christians. The labor was contributed or paid for from the hard earnings of godly men. They sacrificed themselves to give you these priceless privileges you are now enjoying." Then came the climax. With an energy and emphasis in tone and gesture all his own he shouted: "Mar these walls, these buildings, these grounds—reach up and mar the walls of heaven, and the throne of God." Impressive silence.

President Kenyon's Scripture-reading at chapel exercises—we all repeated after him sentence by sentence,—his fervent prayers as he reverently knelt at the end of the platform table, and his ennobling, stimulating talks immediately thereafter, all showed his great earnestness that the religious luster and moral tone of Alfred University should not disappoint the most godly ones who were supporting it.

Also the grand, noble, godly man, President Jonathan Allen, kept up the same standard for twenty-five years. Nor can I refrain from writing the name of Rev. Nathan V. Hull, pastor of the church. He was in full harmony with all efforts to sustain the religious life of the University and community.

Thanks be to God for that trio of devoted men.

Alfred University, outgrowth of select school begun in 1836, enshrined in many warm hearts our pride and joy for the larger part of a century. We do not expect it to compete in every particular with millionaire schools. But we do want it to live so near heaven that no one can point to a weak spot in its religious or moral life. When symptoms of decline from this appear, we are grief-stricken and grow sick at heart.

From time immemorial the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination has pronounced against the dance. This is set to our

credit by the very best church workers and most successful evangelists. Do we want this long-standing, honorable reputation to be changed?

Ask the churches. This is the only way to learn the sentiment of the denomination. An appeal to the parents of the students is neither right nor satisfactory. The better judgment of parents is often overcome, and sometimes their religious faith, by the desires and conduct of their children. It shocks one to hear parents express a preference for hell with their children rather than have heaven without them.

No doubt some parents gave consent to the dance with much reluctance and others with indifference—both wishing the faculty had said *No* without asking them. Also the parents of First Day students brought an outside factor to decide this grave moral question.

This is more than outside patrons expect—more than many of them want.

It was a great mistake to appeal to the temporary patrons. Nor is it reasonable that the parents of a single period of a few years should settle this question for the parents of oncoming periods and thus fasten the dance continuously upon the institution.

Surely the appeal should have been made to the fundamental, abiding mother patron—the denomination—that founded it, nourished and reared it from infancy, and never has ceased to pray for it, work for it, and support it.

But direct information comes to me that "the charter" of Alfred University places the discipline of the students upon "the faculty and trustees," and also that "the suggestion that such matters be referred to a referendum of churches is impossible and absurd."

SOME REMARKS

1. Dancing at Alfred University affects both the intrinsic character of the denomination and also its standing as a body of Christians with both religious and irreligious people. It will destroy our influence as advocates of the Sabbath, and also bring reproach upon the cause itself.

This question is quite out of line with the ordinary discipline of students.

2. The charter of Alfred University makes no provision for referring any ques-

tion to the parents of the students, but it was done in this case of dancing.

3. Why was it "impossible" to refer the matter to the churches, and not "impossible" to refer it to the numerous parents of the students?

4. If it was "absurd" to ask counsel of the churches on this question so seriously affecting the denomination, surely it was "absurd" to ask counsel of parents comparatively unaffected as to its settlement.

Verily it can not be right for a denominational school to go contrary to a time-honored moral sentiment of the denomination, without first gaining the consent of the denomination.

It was a very serious mistake not to ask the churches. It has sown "discord among brethren." It has made sad, disheartening feeling in every Seventh Day Baptist church. It can not fail to make factions among the students. There will be enthusiasts for the dance and strenuous opponents. This will cause discordant divisions. It has cooled the affections of some warm hearts and entirely alienated others from their Alma Mater.

It crushes the spirits to think of Alfred as fallen from its high exemplary standard. Also there is the grievous disappointment of the godly puritanic parents who want their children to be educated in our schools, but shrink and are sore distressed as they think of sending them where the dance temptation has to be faced.

The more we ponder these disintegrating results the more disastrous they seem.

STOP THE DANCE

Why not take it for granted that the parents of these present students do not favor the dance as did the parents of the students twelve years ago. On this, not unreasonable, supposition stop the dance, end all the confusion it has brought to us, and bring Alfred University back to its original puritanic virtue. To this end let us all most fervently pray "with charity for all and malice toward none."

632 University Ave.,
Boulder, Colo.,
May 16, 1915.

Perhaps in practical life we would not give a better account of faith than by saying that it is, amidst much failure, having the heart to try again.—*F. W. Robertson.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

North Loup would better look out for her laurels. Alfred Station Sabbath School has sixty babies on the Cradle Roll. Isn't that fine? Can any other school duplicate it? Come on now, North Loup, Shiloh, Alfred and Ashaway, call the roll of the little folks. What is more, Alfred Station had twenty babies at church on a recent Sabbath. And when they have public exercises in which the children take part, the platform will scarcely hold them all. Can you beat it?

* * *

Babies in church? Yes, indeed. The more the better. It means fathers and mothers present, and there are no better listeners than those who have children to train. It means a sort of family atmosphere in the church. It means children growing up with the habit of church attendance. Sometimes they are a bit noisy, I know. Children mean sacrifice in the home, sacrifice and rich blessing. Some things must be sacrificed to the presence of children in church, but the blessing far outweighs. Some ten years ago at a farm home in the vicinity of Alfred a very little girl said to her mother one morning, "Mamma, what day is it?" "Tuesday." "How many days till Sabbath Day?" "Four." "Then can I go to church again and hear that man holler?" But sooner than we think the little people begin to understand the sermon, and habits of a lifetime are being formed.

* * *

We older folks do not realize how much those little birthday remembrances mean to the little people. A mother told me yesterday that her two little folks were so much delighted by personal cards received from the Cradle Roll department, congratulating them on their birthdays and looking forward to the time when they should come to the Sabbath school, that they had her read these to them over and over until they each had the card by heart. That little remembrance warmed the heart of

several people who sat at the table and listened to the story, and it ties that family to the Bible school.

The Sabbath School

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK

NOW APPROVED BY THE CHURCH

The Sabbath school was once looked upon as being of doubtful value by many people, but that day has passed; it has proved its worth and it seems strange to us today that any one should ever have doubted its value.

NOT YET GIVEN ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE

Though recognized as an indispensable factor in the work of the church, it has not yet been admitted to its rightful place of appreciation and attention in most churches. It is not supported as it should be by old and young, and many times the methods employed are not what they might be. For it to fill the place in the life of the church it should, certain things are needful.

ATTENDANCE

Among the things needed is an enormous increase in attendance on the part of both old and young. Many people in adult life desert the Sabbath school, as though they knew all that is needful about the Bible and the Christ of the Bible; whereas it would be a constant help to them if they would attend, and their attendance would be an encouragement to others to attend, particularly the young.

Every child and youth should be in the Sabbath school. A parent should no more think of allowing a child to pass through the formative period of life without the help of the Sabbath school or of permitting a child to be irregular in its attendance than he would think of allowing his child to miss the advantages of the public school.

OFFICERS AND TEACHERS

Another dire need in bringing the Sabbath school to its own is men and women who will consecrate time and strength to its work. Resourceful men and women are needed as superintendents and other officers to make the school a live and interesting one, and there must be teachers who will consecrate much time, strength, and thought, not alone to preparing and teaching the lesson every week, but also in

taking an interest in the individual members of their classes. Live and consecrated superintendents and teachers are two great factors in successful Sabbath-school work.

THE GREAT AIM

The Sabbath school will not come to its own in the church till the one great aim always before teachers and officers is the leading of the young and old to Christ and the leading of those who are professed Christians to higher attainments. As all roads once led to Rome, so all methods, organization, history, historical criticism, textual criticism, exposition and discussion should have as their aim the conversion and Christian nurture of boys and girls, men and women.

Alfred, N. Y.,
May 2, 1915.

Lesson X.—June 5, 1915

NATHAN REBUKES DAVID.—2 Sam. II: 1—12: 7a
(Compare Ps. 51)

Golden Text.—“Create in me a clean heart, O God.” Ps. 51: 10

DAILY READINGS

First-day, 2 Sam. II: 22—I: 7a. Nathan Rebukes David

Second-day, 2 Sam. II: 14-21. David's Sin

Third-day, 2 Sam. 12: 7-23. David's Punishment

Fourth-day, Ps. 51. A Cry for Pardon

Fifth-day, Ps. 42. Thirsting for God

Sixth-day, Ps. 38. Prayer for Penitence

Sabbath Day, Hos. 14. Penitence and Restoration

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

For Sale

REV. THEODORE L. GARDINER:

I write to say that I have *A History of Seventh Day Baptists in West Virginia*, by Randolph, which I will send to one wishing it—postage paid—on receipt of \$2 with name and address. I would not care to let it go, only that I am advanced in years and there is no one here who would care for it when I am gone. I am a lone Sabbath-keeper and but for the SABBATH RECORDER I should feel lost indeed. I enjoy every part of it and hope that I may be able to read it as long as life lasts.

Your sister in the love of Christ,
(MRS.) EUNICE L. NOBLE.

Bristol, N. Y., May 12, 1915.



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SABBATH RECORDER
Plainfield, New Jersey

HOME NEWS

LONG BEACH, CAL.—Although it has been some time since anything has been sent to the RECORDER concerning the little church at Long Beach, Cal., I assure you we are still alive and active as ever.

I shall have to begin by going back a little. It was one Sunday in January, if I remember correctly, that the ladies of Long Beach and Los Angeles churches met together with Mrs. G. E. Osborn, 351 East Seventeenth Street, to talk over denominational affairs and become better acquainted. We were all very glad to have with us Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Fuller, both of Milton Junction, who were visiting in Los Angeles at the time. A light luncheon was served and following that a program consisting of piano solos, vocal solos and duets and several papers on denominational affairs.

From that time on, there hasn't been anything of special interest going on. Three weeks ago today Pastors Hills and Severance exchanged pulpits, Mr. Hills preaching in Riverside and Mr. Severance in Long Beach and Los Angeles. We all enjoyed the splendid sermon which he gave us and hope he may be with us again sometime.

Two weeks ago Friday evening Rev. George B. Shaw visited us. It certainly does seem good to have some one drop in from any place in the Middle West or East, and to get some idea of what other people are doing. We have so little chance, it seems, to hear much, and it certainly is inspiring to hear such a splendid talk as Mr. Shaw favored us with that evening.

This being World's Fair year we hope to be favored with visits from many of our eastern friends. We all enjoyed the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Trainer, of Salem, W. Va., last Sabbath. They have gone on to San Francisco for the present, but expect to visit us again before returning to their home. Mrs. Trainer gave us a splendid idea of what the Salem Church is accomplishing and also of the new graded system recently taken up by the members in Sabbath school and how successful it has proved so far. Welcome Wells and his mother, of Milton, were also with us. At present they are staying in Riverside,

Cal., and as they expect to make an extended visit there, we hope to have them visit us again.

Just now plans are being made for the semi-annual meetings which are to be held at Long Beach sometime in July. A committee of five has been appointed which is to have charge of the meetings. Today we were all glad to have Lester Osborn with us again. He has been attending the University of California at Berkeley for the past term and he has been missed from the church, as he always takes an active part when he is with us.

I have attempted to give you some idea of what the Long Beach Church is doing. Although we are small and far away from our friends in the East, we hope to be remembered in their thoughts and prayers.

MADGE L. MUNCY,
Press Reporter.

Denominational News

Rev. and Mrs. D. B. Coon, of Battle Creek, Mich., and Prof. Paul Schmidt, of Leonardsville, N. Y., arrived in Milton, Wis., Tuesday evening, for a few days' visit and work in denominational interests; but on account of the serious illness of his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Coon left Wednesday night for New Auburn, Minn. Professor Schmidt is a guest at Prof. A. R. Crandall's.—*Journal-Telephone*.

Rev. W. D. Burdick will work with Professor Schmidt during Mr. Coon's absence. They conduct services at Milton, Milton Junction, and Albion.

Rev. Henry N. Jordan, of Milton Junction, Wis., and Rev. W. D. Tickner, of Grand Marsh, exchanged pulpits on Sabbath, May 15, under the auspices of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

It was reported in the papers that, owing to ill health, Rev. Andrew J. Potter, of Noank, Conn., had been obliged to retire from the pastorate of the Waterford Church. But we are glad to note that Mr. Potter, in the next day's paper, corrected the statement, saying that while his health has not been the best for a year, he still retains his pastorate at Waterford, and expects to retire from active service only when his earthly career is at an end.

THOUGHTS FROM THE FIELD

EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER:

It is with deep interest that we grasp our denominational paper, as it comes to our homes, and read the articles on different subjects which are written, of late, in a plain but seemingly friendly way, thus to get a better understanding among ourselves, and also to bring our schools and ourselves to a higher and more Christian-like standard.

While it is not probable that it is the desire of any to wander away from the faith of our fathers or in any way to diminish the substantial but childlike simplicity of faith in the Bible, still it is possible for some of us to branch off, and, until we stop and reconsider, partially forget the fundamental principles of our foreparents as taught us from the Book of books.

We might almost wonder, at the present time, if our dead who died in the Lord might not rise from their graves and reprimand us as "cursed of our fathers" while we so gradually turn away from truth and follow after the worldly allurements that surround us on every side.

I feel like saying, all honor to our "little" but big preacher who has dared to stand as he has in regard to compromise and federation of churches. While church federation *might* be all right to some certain extent, I repeat, all praise to his strong, fixed principles as he has shown them in regard to these things. It was with the same good purpose at heart that he rode his wheel through our town and county, to help remove the liquor curse from our midst, and now we are reaping the results of such labors. Give due credit to such work.

In my early childhood I was taught that the dance was a detriment to religious principles; and through the years, as I pass along life's journey, I find this to be the case more and more.

Young people, please don't imagine for one moment that you will respect yourselves any more for having learned to dance, for this only paves the way to further wandering from right doing. Life

is short at most, and it is best to make straight paths along life's journey.
Respectfully,

O. L. B.

Dodge Center, Minn.,
May 15, 1915.

Program for Yearly Meeting

Program of the yearly meeting of the New Jersey, New York City, and Berlin (N. Y.) churches, to be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Piscataway, at New Market, N. J., June 4-6, 1915.

Special music in charge of Miss Ethel Rogers, chorister of the entertaining church.

SABBATH EVE

- 7.45 Prayer and Praise Service—Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins
8.15 Sermon—Rev. E. D. Van Horn
Conference Meeting

SABBATH MORNING

- 10.30 The usual Sabbath worship
11.00 Sermon—Rev. Erlo E. Sutton

SABBATH AFTERNOON

- 2.30 Sabbath School, conducted by Jesse G. Burdick, Superintendent of the New Market Sabbath School
4.00 Music
4.05 Young People's Hour, in charge of Franklin A. Langworthy

EVENING AFTER THE SABBATH

- 7.45 Prayer and Praise Service—Rev. E. D. Van Horn
8.00 Music
8.05 Address—Esle F. Randolph
8.30 Music
8.35 Sermon—Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell
9.15 Benediction

SUNDAY MORNING

- 10.30 Prayer and Praise Service—Rev. Edwin Shaw
11.15 Music
10.45 Business
11.20 Sermon—Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

- 2.30 Prayer and Praise Service—Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell
2.45 Address—Rev. Erlo E. Sutton
3.10 Music
3.15 Sermon
3.45 Benediction

SUNDAY EVENING

- 7.45 Song Service—New Market Choir
8.15 Sermon—Rev. Edwin Shaw
Conference Meeting—Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services. Those desiring entertainment over night will please inform Frank Burdick, Dunellen, N. J., at their earliest convenience.
In behalf of the committee,

HERBERT L. POLAN,
Chairman.

MARRIAGES

WOODRUFF-VINCENT.—At the home of the bride's father, Mr. Claude A. Vincent, in Alfred Station, N. Y., May 6, 1915, by Pastor William L. Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., Mr. William M. Woodruff, of Livonia, N. Y., and Miss Mildred Vincent.

TAPPAN-WOOLEY.—At the home of the bride's parents, near New Auburn, Wis., on March 30, 1915, by Rev. J. H. Hurley, Mr. Haldane L. Tappan and Miss Mabel R. Wooley, both of New Auburn.

DEATHS

GURLEY.—Anna Mary Gurley was born in Adams Center, N. Y., October 12, 1892, and died at Milton, Wis., May 13, 1915.

She was the older of the two daughters born to David S. and Susie Williams Gurley. She was baptized when about fourteen years old and has been ever since a member of the Adams Center Seventh Day Baptist Church. She passed the first two years of her high-school course in her native town. Six years ago the family moved to Milton in order that the girls might have the educational advantages here. She graduated from Milton Academy with honors in 1910. She graduated from the college with honors in 1914. She was president of the Iduna Lyceum, of the Young Women's Christian Association, of the Christian Endeavor Society, and held other positions which showed the honor and confidence in which she was held by her fellow-students as well as by her teachers. She has been teaching at Mellen, Wis., this year, winning the enthusiastic and loyal love of the entire community. Among the fifty floral pieces by her casket were the masses of beautiful roses sent by the High School Board, by the teachers, and by the high-school students of Mellen.

June 23 was set for her wedding day. The invitations had been engraved and preparations made. Next year she was to teach in the school with her promised husband. She had a noble soul. She moved like a queen among the common things of life.

The Friday night college prayer meeting following her death became practically a memorial service for her with the characteristic text, "Rejoice evermore." The funeral at the Seventh Day Baptist church, May 16, was attended by an outpouring of people that filled the large audience room to its capacity. The college students and faculty attended in a body. Pastor Randolph's text was 1 Corinthians 15: 55, 57, 58. President Daland paid her a strong tribute in which he dwelt upon her trustworthiness, her sincerity, and her unflinching devotion to duty.

L. C. R.

Joseph Warren Wood

An obituary of the late Joseph Warren Wood has already appeared in the SABBATH RECORDER. It has been in my heart a long time to write a few words about this brother in Christ. Few of our people knew him, for he never lived among our people after accepting the Sabbath truth. I was favored in being able to frequently visit his home in Sumner, Wash. Having known him I shall never forget the inspiration that he gave.

Brother Wood was, for his time, an exceptionally well-educated man. He was technically trained; he possessed a broad culture; but more than this his heart was tempered and his will was disciplined by the master of his whole life, Jesus Christ. Because of these things he stood out conspicuously before men as a loving and sympathetic Christian gentleman. He might well be called a reformer for often he stood alone on with the minority on political or religious issues. But whatever the issue, he maintained the poise of one who truly loved God and men.

Early in his Christian life he resolved that nothing should stand between him and his God. That helped him to spend twenty-five years in agricultural pursuits, and that doubtless led him to so familiar an acquaintance with the habits of every plant that grew on his farm. He loved to tell me of the different characteristics of fruits and vegetables in his garden; and all his knowledge deepened his love for his divine Master.

What I knew of him during a few of the last years of his life caused me to think of fruit that had had a chance to ripen naturally—now in the sunshine, now in the showers, but always growing and ripening for the harvest time.

How beautiful were the thoughts and deeds of those last years! He knew his limitations, he realized that the days of conquest were past. Physically he was being shut in by a wall till his world was small. In speaking of these conditions one day he said: "There is little left that I can do, but I want to do my work in my small world." Then he took me about his place, showing me some of the things he had done and what he was now doing, and pointed out five hundred bundles of kind-

lings which were put in a rick ready for his wife to kindle her morning fires with after he was gone. He spoke of her so tenderly and was anxious to do everything he could to help her, not only then but for time to come. This was characteristic of his life. "He went about doing good."

Brother Wood was a careful student of the Bible, and when he could neither read it nor hear his wife's voice distinctly, his mind was full of it, and its encouraging messages and promises of life surely were with him to the end. He loved the things that endure.

May God's richest blessings continue with the companion who has done so much to enrich the life of this servant of Christ.

ELI F. LOOFBORO.

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may—and no man's hatred ever wronged her yet—may claim this merit still: that she admits the worth of what she mimics with such care.—*Cowper.*

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COLONY IN FLORIDA

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Nortonville, Kansas.

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 regular Sabbath 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.

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

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

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

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

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