

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was once a man who smiled,
Because the day was bright,
Because he slept at night,
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child;
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run.
Because the distant sun
Smiled on earth, he smiled.

—S. E. Kiser.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

Per year\$2.00
Per copy05

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

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

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

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

Advertising rates furnished on request.

Sabbath School

Lesson XI.—June 12, 1915

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FORGIVENESS.—Ps. 32

Golden Text.—“Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.” Ps. 31: 1

DAILY READINGS

First-day, Ps. 32. Blessedness of Forgiveness

Second-day, Ps. 25: 1-11. Prayer for Pardon

Third-day, Ps. 25: 12-22. Goodness of Jehovah

Fourth-day, 1 John 1: 5; 2: 6. Penitence and Pardon

Fifth-day, Luke 7: 36-50. Joy of Pardon

Sixth-day, Rom. 4: 1-9. Pardon Full and Free

Sabbath Day, Eph. 4: 25-32. Righteous Living

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

All life will flash into beauty, and tower into greatness, and be smoothed out to easiness, and the crooked things be made straight and the rough places plain, and the familiar and trite be invested with “the glory and the freshness of a dream,” if in all we are consciously serving the Lord. That is the secret of diligence and of fervency.—*Maclaren.*

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COLONY IN FLORIDA

Lone Sabbath Keepers, especially, are invited to investigate the opportunities offered for building up a good home among Sabbath Keepers in this land of health and prosperity. Correspondence solicited.

U. P. DAVIS,
Ft. McCoy, Florida.

T. C. DAVIS,
Nortonville, Kansas.

The Sabbath Recorder

COMPENSATION

THE UNIVERSE pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of earth. Censure, criticize and hate and you will be censured, criticized and hated by your fellow-men. Every seed brings forth after its kind. Mistrust begets mistrust, jealousy begets jealousy, hatred begets hatred; and confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness, love begets love. Resist, and you will be resisted. To meet the aggressive assault, every entity rises up rigid and impenetrable—while yonder mountain of granite melts and floats away on the bosom of the river of love.—*N. W. Zimmerman.*

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—Dedication Sermon at North Loup, Neb.—Introductory.—Scripture Text With a Promise.—What Mean Ye?—Sacred Memories.—Reveals Your Purpose, Expresses Your Faith.—Still the Holy Place.—No Distinction.—Ye Are the Light of the World.—Stand Together in Mutual Confidence.—Rededicate Yourselves.—Lingering by the River You Long for Revival.—Bible Day 705-709
In '63 (Poetry) 709
Editorial News Notes.—Many Congresses and Conferences to be Held.—Federal Council Building a Tabernacle 710
How We Got Our Bible 711
Sabbath Reform.—“First Day of the Week” in the New Testament 713
Walks and Ways in Wiemar 715
Semi-annual Meeting 722

The Seventh Day Baptist Pulpit 722
Woman's Work.—Woman's Suffrage in Illinois.—What One Woman Did.—The Memoirs of Mr. A. Flv.—Ten Commandments—Endorsed by Civic Committees Everywhere 723-725
Old Seventh Day Baptist Graves in Burlington Being Removed 725
“An Ingathering” 727
Young People's Work.—Christ's Call to Young Women.—For the Juniors.—Lessons from Grass and Flowers 729
Children's Page.—Going Shares.—Bray's Enemy 731
Thoughts from the Field 732
Deacon Charles Greely Wheeler 733
Sabbath School.—Lesson for June 17, 1915 734
Home News 734
Marriages 735
Deaths 735

Alfred University

ALFRED, N. Y. Founded 1836

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

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

Alfred Academy

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

For catalogue, illustrated booklet and further information, address

H. L. GILLIS, PRINCIPAL.

Milton College

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

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

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

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

Classes in Elocution and Physical Culture for men and women.

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

For further information address the

Rev. W. C. Daland, D. D., President
Milton, Rock County, Wis.

Salem College SALEM West Virginia

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

The aim of the college is:

Thoroughness in all work.

Graduates who can "make good"

Soul culture as well as body and mind.

A helpful spirit.

Christian character.

For catalogue and other information, address

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

The Fouke School

REV. G. H. FITZ RANDOLPH, PRINCIPAL.

Other competent teachers will assist.

Former excellent standard of work will be maintained.

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

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

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.

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

Vice-President—Wm. M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.

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

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

Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.

Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

EXECUTIVE BOARD

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—A. L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.

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

THE SABBATH VISITOR.

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

TERMS.

Single copies per year.....60 cents
Ten copies, or upwards, per copy.....50 cents
Communications should be addressed to *The Sabbath Visitor*, Plainfield, N. J.

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK.

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

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

A JUNIOR QUARTERLY FOR SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOLS.

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

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

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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

Treasurer—S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.
The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY.

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

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

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Next session to be held at Milton, Wis., Aug. 24-29, 1915.

President—Rev. Lester C. Randolph, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Milton Junction, Wis.

Treasurer—Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.
Executive Committee—Rev. Lester C. Randolph, chairman, Milton, Wis.; Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Rec. Sec., Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Cor. Sec., Milton Junction, Wis.; Dr. Sands C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y. (for three years); Dr. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis. (for three years); Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y. (for two years); Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I. (for two years); Roy F. Randolph, New Milton, W. Va. (for one year); Rev. Lely D. Seager, Farina, Ill. (for one year). Also ex-presidents and presidents of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

BOARD OF FINANCE.

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 78, NO. 23

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 7, 1915

WHOLE NO. 3,666

Dedication Sermon At North Loup, Neb. These editorials give the substance of the sermon by the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER at the dedication of the new church at North Loup, Neb., on June 5, 1915.

Introductory At the close of a meeting of the General Conference, in Alfred, N. Y., Pastor Shaw came to my table with a photograph he had just received, of the smoldering ruins of your dear old church building. For the moment I could not make out what the picture meant, but when he said that it showed all that was left of the North Loup church, my heart sank within me and my thoughts were busy picturing the sad scenes which I knew you must have passed through. In imagination I could see your desperate efforts, amid the storm that raged that day, to save what you could after you found yourselves helpless with no way to fight the flames. Knowing as I did how much the church home had meant to this people, both old and young; knowing something of how the fathers, led by their pioneer pastor, Brother Oscar Babcock, had, in years gone by, sacrificed and labored to build it; and realizing how desolate and homeless this congregation would feel, my heart went out in deep sympathy for you in your sorrow. You must have been stunned by the suddenness of such complete destruction, dazed by the sense of your calamity, hardly knowing where or how to begin in your efforts to replace the loss. In my heart I knew full well that you would rise to the occasion and that, in due time, a new and better house would stand on this sacred spot; but it never once occurred to me that, long before the year should roll around, it would be my pleasant privilege to help you in its dedication.

When your wish reached the ears of men on the Tract Board, assembled in the church where your present pastor once served as loved and faithful under-shepherd, their hearts responded, saying, in

substance, "The dedication of a church among our people is an occasion of denominational interest, and we can do no better than to help encourage and cheer the loyal, faithful people who labor in self-sacrificing efforts to extend the kingdom of God on earth." Hence they said, Go.

And thus we meet, on this Sabbath morning; in the midst of these homes filled with peace and plenty; surrounded by fields rich in growing harvests; in a land overflowing with the bountiful blessings of heaven; assembled under this roof in worshipful spirit, to dedicate this house to the great God who has given us these homes and rendered these fields prosperous and secure.

Scripture Texts With a Promise Do you begin to wonder if you are to have a dedicatory sermon without a text? We have several. The first is a question: "What mean ye by these stones?" (Josh. 4: 6). The second and third give the answer: "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste" (Isa. 64: 11). "And the king made a decree concerning the house of God, Let the house be builded, the place where they offered sacrifices, and let the foundations thereof be strongly laid" (Ezra 6: 3). "And they builded and finished it" (vs. 14).

My fourth text is a gracious promise of God: "And I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts (Hag. 2: 7, 9).

What Mean Ye? While the Scriptures have thus answered our question, "What mean ye by these stones?" it may be profitable and helpful to dwell further upon the subject of what this house means to the community in which it stands. As the ancient pile of stones on the banks of the Jordan commemorated God's lead-

ership and deliverance, and spoke to the children of Israel for generations of his goodness to their fathers, so the stones in this building must speak to all who see them of your purposes, your hopes, and your loyalty to Jehovah. You would not go to this expense, you would not devote your time, your labors, and your money to the building of this costly house, without having good and strong reasons for so doing. What were your purposes?

Your first answer to the question will probably be, We built it for the worship of Jehovah; for the cultivation and development of the spiritual man; to educate the people in religious things; to furnish a place for instruction in the word of God—a school wherein the Bible shall be the main text-book. It has to do primarily with things that belong to our immortal destiny, and therefore it means much to this community and to our homes.

Sacred Memories

The dear old church is gone. The things you had come to love; the platform upon which stood those who brought you messages of salvation; the pews in which you listened and prayed and rejoiced; the treasures that reminded you of pioneer days and bound you with ties of remembrance to the faithful fathers and mothers who established this church; the familiar audience room wherein you enjoyed many a communion season, many a Sabbath school, and prayer meeting, and revival—all the dear old things, even to the bell that called you to worship, went down in the common ruin.

You will never forget the precious Sabbaths spent therein, the pleasant reunions, the demonstrations of God's Spirit, the pentecostal seasons when souls found the Savior and rejoiced in redeeming love, or the helpful Endeavor meetings when together you studied the Bible until the old church seemed like the gateway to heaven.

In the olden time Jehovah promised to fill the new house with glory until the glory of the latter house should be greater than that of the former, and in it he would give peace. We may fairly claim that promise for this new church. For, blessed be God, the spirit of Christian brotherhood was not consumed; the cross of Christ was not burned up; faith, hope, and the spirit of consecration are still left. By this

trouble God's people have been brought nearer than they know to his great heart of love, and made to lean on the everlasting arms for help. The spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice has been quickened, and in the unity of the Spirit the toilers have joined heart and hand in the work, until today we can dedicate to the Lord a better church home, one that shall be more glorious than the old, one better fitted for successful service in the Master's work. Day by day you have watched it rise. It has cost you tears, and money, and toil. It is precious in your sight, and teaches you that all things, whether joyous or afflictive, work together for good to those who love God.

Reveals Your Purpose This house, if it means anything, reveals your purpose to do what you

Expresses Your Faith can to lift this old world up to God. You have seen that, in all generations, the world has been made better through faith in Christ and by the unselfish toil of one person for another. Our Christianity has come to us with all its blessings from the friends of yesterday. They, through faith, have given us our hymns, and prayers, and music. From them have come our taste for the spiritual, our desire to save men from lives of sin, and all the influences that have made us better. The blessings we enjoy from our holy religion have been handed down to us by faithful and loving hearts that are now still. The best and truest things of today are ours because our fathers built churches, dedicated them to God, and devoted their lives to his service. Indeed, the church has been behind every upward movement since the day of Christ, and faith has been the impulse of all profound and holy action. And you are saying to the world by this new house, We mean to continue the work begun by our fathers; and as they labored and sacrificed and built for us, so we build and toil for the good of coming generations. This house represents our faith in God the Father, our faith in Christ the Savior, faith in the life to come, faith in a living gospel of salvation; a faith that is able to lift up this sin-cursed world as though drawn by the arms of God toward his bosom of infinite love.

Still the Holy Place No Distinctions

By this house we express our belief that the Christian sanctuary is still the holy place where Jehovah causes his name to dwell, the truest earthly habitation of the Most High. In the holy place of worship, as of old, light shines upon men from the eternal world, strength is given to win the battle against sin, hearts are melted to contrition, and penitent souls find peace. Here the weary and the heavy laden lay down their burdens, and Christ, the divine Healer, meets his weary, thirsty ones to give them rest and to refresh with the waters of life. Here old and young, rich and poor, parents and children meet on common ground, in holy bonds that make them one in love, one in duty, and one in the hope of heaven. A family circle is held in sweet unity, not by age, for old and young are there; not by wisdom nor by genius, for one may be brilliant and another dull; but by cords of love that run through all hearts. So should it be when the world comes into the family of God, looks up to Christ, and becomes like him. In a true church, distinctions of wealth, of class, of age, of nationality, and of intellect are obliterated by oneness of spirit in the love of God.

Ye Are the Light Of the World

This house is an expression of the world-wide conviction that men must have the help of sacred time, of a convenient place, of spiritual associations, and of a common altar for worship, if they are to become spiritually strong, and if they are to be the light of the world. Through the influences set on foot here, through the instruction received from this altar, through the combined light of its individual members, you expect this church to be like a beacon, to warn men from danger and to guide to safety.

If this hope is to be realized, if this church is to do its best, each individual member should be interested and active in the Master's work. Empty pews will detract from its power, coldness and indifference on the part of individuals or of families will dim its light and subtract something from its usefulness.

I remember that when as a boy I attended meetings in our old schoolhouse each one had to bring his own light. As darkness fell upon the earth, the gloom

in the room was depressing until some one came with his candle, which he lighted and stood on the desk before him. There was cheer in that little flame, even though all the corners of the room were in darkness. One light was better than none. But what a change came over the place when one after another had come, each with his little light of one candle-power well trimmed and burning! All through the room, on every desk, candles were shining whose combined light completely drove away the darkness, and out from that place radiated beams that shone, invitingly, far into the night. So must it be with this church if your hopes for it are fully realized. Each one must add his little light. For with every light that goes out, the church must suffer loss of power, and the world in darkness will lose something of the reflected Christ.

Stand Together in Mutual Confidence Again, if your hopes for the future of this house are realized,

there must prevail here a spirit of confidence and co-operation among the members. Edward Everett Hale told the story of three soldiers—two from the infantry and one Zouave—who withstood the onslaughts of a great mob in Paris during the days of the Commune. How did they do it? They stood shoulder to shoulder and back to back, facing three ways, and each watched the enemy faithfully in his own third of the circle, so that the foe could make no demonstration without being under the watchful eye of one of these men with a musket. Each soldier had implicit confidence in the others, each was true in his own part of the work, and thus united they could hold out against a multitude.

So with this church; so long as the members stand shoulder to shoulder in faithful service, true to the cause and to each other, so long as they trust one another; and each unflinchingly does his part, no power of the evil one can prevail against it. Only in this way can the glory of this house become greater than that of the former. Only in this way can God's promise, "And in this place will I give peace," be realized.

Rededicate Yourself Finally, my friends, let me inquire, While you are dedicating this house to God, would it not be a good time to rededicate yourselves to him and his service? Do you not feel

the need of such a dedication? If God is to fill this house with glory, it must come by a revival that fills the hearts of his children, and sets them to work for him with redoubled zeal. There must be another Pentecost here. Fathers; mothers, how is it with you in these days? Is it well with you? Is it well with your children? Have you been growing more spiritual with the flight of years, or has worldliness been getting the better of you? In your desire to get on in worldly things, have you been neglecting the heavenly? Has your family altar broken down? Are there children here who have forgotten how it seems to hear father and mother pray?

I have read of a father who went out one bright morning instead of going to church, and fell asleep under a tree while his little son was playing about him. When he awoke, his boy was gone. He called, but no answer. Finally, rushing to the brink of a near-by precipice, he found that while he was sleeping his boy had wandered to the brink and fallen over. His lifeless body lay at the foot, bruised and broken. Oh, I wonder if any father here has fallen asleep in spiritual things, while his boy's feet wander dangerously near the brink of ruin! Does the dividing line run through any family here? What evidence have you that those who sat with you around the breakfast table this morning will sit with you at the marriage supper of the Lamb in the kingdom of heaven? Is father lost? Is mother lost? Are any of the children out of the ark of safety?

Linger by the River I see before me a few
You Long for Revival of the veterans who came as pioneers to North Loup. Your heads are whitening for the great Reaper. You toiled in this field with the faithful ones of years ago, and God has blessed and preserved you until this day. By what love have you been redeemed! By what mercies have you been surrounded! You have seen this church grow from that first Sabbath, in 1873, when you worshiped by the riverside yonder on the open prairie, until the present time. For it you have prayed; for it you have toiled. You have seen pentecostal seasons here when dear ones found the Savior. You have enjoyed many a spiritual feast with loved ones now gone.

And today, as you sit by the bank of another river, over which the boatman will soon come to take you home, I think I know how you feel. You are like the farmer toward the close of a harvest day, who, seeing the sun sinking in the west and signs of approaching storm, says, "Come, men, let us hurry up and gather in a few more sheaves before the day is done." You feel that time is short. It seems but yesterday that you founded a church in this valley; but when you look around for those who helped you do it, they are gone, and you are reminded that the seventies have passed into the eighties, the eighties into the nineties, the nineties into the new century, and fifteen years of that have fled, until today you are left almost alone. You would like to see one more revival. Some of your friends and neighbors are yet out of Christ, and you long to see them saved before you are called away.

Then there are those who are yet in the strength of manhood and womanhood; there are young people who are not satisfied with what this world gives. There is a hunger of soul for something better. You have builded this house, which today you dedicate to God, but your hearts yearn for a season of refreshing. You feel that the fathers and mothers will soon be gone, and if you are ever to enjoy another revival with them it must come soon. Have you seen how the birds in autumn gather in the groves and make a great chorus of song until all their kind have joined them, when, all together, they fly away to the summer land?

Why would not this dedication day be a good time for father to take mother, and they two to take all the children, and make a new start together for the heavenly home?

If the glory of the Lord is to fill this house until the church becomes a light in this country, we must have here a people who live the gospel among their fellows. It is not abstract theories and principles, defended by the mind and printed on paper, that will save the world; but principles incarnate, looking through human eyes, using human speech, living in homes, keeping the Sabbath, trading in stores, cultivating fields, eloquent in caucuses, giving to the poor, ministering to suffering—in short, it is the "Word made flesh" and dwelling among men, the Christ spirit abid-

ing in human hearts, that will fill this house with glory, and bring the peace of God. This is what you mean by these stones. To bring all this about, you have builded this house. To this end you now dedicate it to the Lord of hosts.

Bible Day Sabbath, May 29, was Bible Day in the Plainfield Sabbath School, and proved to be a most interesting occasion. Superintendent William C. Hubbard had given an invitation to all who had Bibles of special interest to the children, such as Hebrew, Greek, or German Bibles or Testaments, or old editions of English, to bring them for inspection. Some of these were very interesting. A large illustrated one with metal clasps and trimmings, brought by Brother Jacob Bakker from Holland, attracted much attention, as did also a copy of the Psalms set to music, belonging to him. There was one edition some 300 years old. A large company of young and old lingered around this pile of Bibles after Sabbath school to see them and hear about them.

The opening exercises included responsive reading, specially prepared, upon the value of the Scriptures and the blessings that come from walking in the ways they point out to the children of men. On another page will be found an article prepared and read by Mrs. William C. Hubbard, which will be interesting to many RECORDER readers. As Mrs. Hubbard handed me the paper she gave me the following item taken from an old SABBATH RECORDER. Under the heading, "Sure Cures," it gives a list of prescriptions for spiritual ills that have been well tested and never found wanting. Put it on the fly-leaf of your Bible, and don't fail to apply the remedy whenever afflicted with any of the ills mentioned.

If you are getting lazy, read James.
If your faith is below par, read Paul.
If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.
If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses.
If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.
If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.
If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.
If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arm around you.
If you are losing sight of the future, climb up

to Revelation, and get a glimpse of the promised land.

If you are out of sorts, read Hebrews 12.
If you are down with the blues, read Psalm 28.
If people pelt you with hard words, read John 15.
If you feel lonesome and unprotected, read Psalm 91.
If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read 1 Corinthians 13.
If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read Revelation 3.
If you don't know where to look for the month's rent, read Psalm 37.
If you are getting discouraged about your work, read Psalm 126 and Galatians 6: 7-9.
If the stove-pipe has fallen down, and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe, wash your hands, and read James 3.

In '63

MRS. M. E. H. EVERETT

*Written for the Memorial exercises of Odin
(Pa.) Grange, No. 1254*

O hark! what was it that I heard?
The night cry of some mountain bird?
It seemed to call from tree to tree,
"O follow me, O follow me!"
Its wild strains floated to the sky
And, fainting, almost seemed to die;
Now with the voice of victory
It shouts again, "O follow me!"

Nay, not from any mountain bird
Was ever cry so forceful heard.
'Tis the sweet bugle, and its call
Leads brave men up the mountain's wall;
Beneath the great pines' green and gray
To seek the foe they march away,
And morrow's earliest dawn shall see
The horrors of their victory.

'Twas thus we watched in '63;
So far our eyes would seem to see,
So far through all that bitter year
Our quickened hearts would seem to hear;
For foot to foot and hand to hand
Our Northmen strove to save our land;
They fought their brothers, and we know
They met a brave and worthy foe.

Where Stars and Stripes met Stars and Bars,—
And all of them seemed evil stars,—
The juggernaut of war crushed down
Our bravest ones from sole to crown.
And maidens, fair with life's bright years,
Learned well there is a time for tears,
When those they dearest loved were gone
To come no more at dusk or dawn.

There never yet fell broken gyves
But at the cost of precious lives,
Nor ever Freedom's boon bestowed
Save where the heart's blood freely flowed.
Then cherish well their memory
Who bought this gift for you and me,
And scatter flowers with stintless hand
O'er those who saved our fatherland.

Coudersport, Pa., May, 1915.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Many Congresses and Conferences to be Held

The announcements show that 822 meetings are already listed for the religious and sociological conventions at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Each convention will hold from one to twelve days, and it is estimated that these meetings will call fully 600,000 people to San Francisco during the time of the exposition. The main effort will be to solve, if possible, many of the problems that trouble communities, states, nations, and the world. Every phase of human thought is expected to be represented in these conventions. Nearly 30 per cent of them are to be held by educational, religious, and social service organizations; 71 are devoted to religion alone, and 167 will deal with problems of human betterment.

Federal Council Building a Tabernacle

It is announced by the Committee of One Hundred, of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, that the committee's tabernacle for conventions is well under way, and that the evangelistic meetings to be led by Dr. James A. Francis, of Boston, will begin on June 13. These meetings are to be followed by others conducted by Dr. John McNeill, who is to be the leader for July. Other noted evangelists will follow in order throughout the season. Already great street meetings are being held, in which hundreds of men are thoughtfully listening to the gospel message.

A diver was able to enter the forward hold of the submarine F-4, recently sunk near Honolulu, but discovered no bodies. He was unable to enter the middle hold, and now the search is held up by orders from the government to have the sunken vessel brought into harbor in order to learn if possible the cause of the disaster.

The German Government has issued another earnest warning against traveling in the war zone. It also urges that all neutral ships display as conspicuously as possible the marks of their neutrality, including illuminations at night to show the distinctive character of the vessels.

In its move to prevent waste of food Berlin has issued strict rules to be followed by all restaurants. Table d'hote meals are abolished entirely, and only special orders can be filled. Vegetables must largely take the place of meat; less roast meat and more boiled meats must be offered; the use of fats must be cut down, and potatoes must be used most sparingly. The police are ordered to see that the government rules are introduced, and to bar from restaurants all neutral newspapers not friendly to Germany.

Every glance at the papers in these days shows something of the intense anxiety of the people over the issue between this country and Germany regarding the destruction of the *Lusitania* and the sacrifice of Americans by submarine warfare. At this writing, it is evident that Germany's reply to President Wilson's note is not likely to be as satisfactory as was hoped. God grant America level-headed leaders, and direct the spirits of her citizens to give wise counsel and to possess the inestimable quality of patience during these critical times.

The United States cruiser *North Carolina* is aground in the outer harbor of Alexandria, Egypt. She is reported to be uninjured, but dredging will be necessary to release her. The cruiser *Des Moines* will take her place in the Mediterranean waters, and, as soon as she is released, the *North Carolina* will return to this country.

Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts, has signed the bill to make the amendment for woman suffrage a state-wide issue for the voters to settle.

Nearly 3,000 converts are reported in the great revival just closed at Clarksburg, W. Va. The work there under the leadership of Rev. Dr. Hamilton continued seven weeks. It has been the greatest meeting Clarksburg ever knew.

A plot to ship contraband goods to Germany was discovered by the use of X-rays, and \$50,000 worth of rubber was held up in New York, and the importers were arrested. Three hundred barrels of resin contained large quantities of rubber in the center of each barrel. Cotton bales are

said to have hidden as much as 250 pounds of rubber in a bale. It is officially reported that the head of the rubber firm is a German reservist, a lieutenant, who had come to America on a furlough for the purpose of organizing the rubber conspiracy. Aside from violating the neutrality laws, the perpetrators are also guilty of violating United States custom laws.

When this RECORDER reaches its readers, the editor hopes to be in North Loup, Neb., where he goes to assist in the dedication of the new church, and to join for two or three days in exercises connected therewith. On the return trip he is to visit the two Miltons in Wisconsin, taking in the exercises of Milton College commencement week.

How We Got Our Bible

MRS. WILLIAM C. HUBBARD

Read on Bible Day in Plainfield Sabbath School

When you turn the leaves of your Bible to find some text, you will notice tiny figures or words in the margin, and some of you may wonder why they are there. Perhaps it is the word "Sept.," or it may be "Heb.," or again, it is "Syr." These abbreviations stand for the languages from which our translation was made, and are only one of the many indications of the antiquity and the evolution of our Bible, as we have it today.

The Old Testament, describing the origin and development of the life of the Hebrew people, was written in Hebrew, except for a few chapters in Syriac, and Aramaic. On the contrary, the New Testament was written in Greek, which, at the time of its recording, was the literary language of Egypt, Palestine, and Asia Minor. The material on which they were written was so perishable that all the first copies were lost; but since many reproductions had been made, it is by comparing these that the translators have been able to restore the true reading of the originals.

The oldest known manuscript dates back to the year 916 A. D., although we know that the Hebrew text was written in the second century, before Christ, and the Greek was finished in the first century, after Christ. When one realizes that every

copy was reproduced by hand, and often in a foreign language, it can be readily seen that mistakes were made, sometimes in a word or phrase, sometimes in a sentence; therefore, it is absolutely necessary to obtain the oldest manuscript possible to get behind the errors.

When the Jews migrated to Egypt and settled in Alexandria, they soon adopted the Greek tongue. To make the Scriptures accessible to them, it became necessary in time for them to have a Greek translation. This was done with the Old Testament, between the years 285 and 130 B. C., by seventy men, and that version is therefore called the "Septuagint." This text was used by the Greek-speaking Jews for four hundred years; and was the Scripture used by Christ, by Paul and others of his day, and is even now the Bible of the Greek Church.

Similarly, when Roman authority controlled the known world, the Latin language became the vernacular. To meet this exigency, a translation of the Septuagint was made for the common people, and was therefore called the "Vulgate," this being produced from 384-400 A. D., by Jerome, a devout student of the Scriptures.

In the second century B. C., a group of Syrians made a translation: thus we have the *Syriac* Version, in addition to which, from time to time, there have been others of lesser importance, all offshoots of the three important versions mentioned.

Not until the Anglo-Saxons had settled England was there an attempt to make an English Bible (670 A. D.), and it would be a most difficult matter for us now to read that version, first prepared by Caedmon, the poet. So far as we know, all the six subsequent translations were fragmentary, in no case including all the Bible, and it was not until six hundred years later, that John Wycliffe (1320-1384) translated the entire Bible into the language of his day. Every endeavor to revise the Bible arouses suspicion and this attempt was no exception: so in spite of the fact that the work was done by hand, and the demand of the people for the Scriptures was keen, it was proscribed by the King's orders, and as far as possible, the entire edition was collected and burned.

Within the next hundred years the printing press was invented, and a momentous flood of sacred and classical literature

spread over England. William Tyndall (1484) brought to the task of extending the knowledge of the Book a trained mind and a courageous spirit. He saw a very real need of a Bible for the people; but met with so great opposition that he was obliged to flee to Germany, where he translated, printed and shipped back to England for distribution three thousand copies of the New Testament. These were bought up by the church authorities and burned—as far as possible; so successfully, in fact, that out of eighteen thousand copies issued within three years, there exist today only two copies, one complete and one very imperfect one. He kept on translating and printing, but in time King Charles V had him apprehended, tied to a stake and burned. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

But the thirst for knowledge could not be quenched, and although Tyndall was dead, the Bible was not. In 1535, Miles Coverdale issued the first complete edition of the English Bible, receiving royal, moral and financial support. This was called "The Great Bible" and was the work of the best Greek and Hebrew scholars of that day.

When Mary Tudor ascended the throne in 1553, the Protestants and their religion were once more the targets of abuse. Archbishop Crammer, John Rogers and scores of others were burned at the stake at Smithfield, some of our early Seventh Day Baptists being among the persecuted. The use of the Bible was prohibited, and as many copies as possible collected and burned. This oppression drove some of the wisest scholars to Geneva, Switzerland, and in due course of time, they issued a new translation which they called the Genevan Bible (1560), dedicating it to Queen Elizabeth, Mary Tudor's successor.

The period of Queen Elizabeth's reign was most noteworthy for the development of literature; therefore when her successor, James I, ascended the throne, he seized the opportunity to further the study of the Bible, both because he loved it, and because he realized its practical worth to England. Therefore he appointed fifty-four men, churchmen, laymen and Puritans; to translate the Scriptures into the language of the day. For six years they worked individually and collectively, in six groups—two at Cambridge, two at Oxford,

and two at Westminster, till, in 1611, they met together for nine months in London, and the result of their labors was the so-called King James, or Authorized Version, which we have known and loved so well. Several editions appeared within the next few years, with minor corrections, but for three hundred years this has been the accepted book, and its simple English, its spiritual and reverential tone has made it dear to every Christian's heart.

The last three centuries, however, have brought to us many wonderful "finds" in manuscript, and in records on stone, giving us untold help to a better understanding of the "Book."

In 1870, the Convocation of Caterbury in response to the demand for a new revision which should make use of the modern aids to a better understanding of the text, appointed the British Revision Committee of fifty-four members, and an American Committee of thirty, composed of Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Unitarians, to undertake the work. These two committees, working together for fifteen years brought out the Revised Version of the Bible, in 1885.

The American Committee were not wholly satisfied with the work, believing that some obsolete terms and phrases which have quite different meanings today from the King James Version, should be changed or eliminated; therefore at the end of fourteen years (having agreed not to issue an American edition till after that period) the American Committee, which had remained intact, published the American Revised Version—without a peer as a translation of the Bible, and best adapted to the language and idioms for American use. American workers and students are increasingly adopting it as the best expression in English of the riches of the Greek and Hebrew writings, and of priceless value to those who are seeking to learn and to do a Christian's work in this time of unrest and anxiety.

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows; brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins; but only one mother in all the wide world.—*Kate Douglass Wiggin.*

SABBATH REFORM

"First Day of the Week" in the New Testament

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD

In making a translation from one language into another there are two principles which can not be ignored. A good translation must be based upon the idioms of the one language and expressed in the idioms of the other. A good translation must be based on the grammatical usages of the one language and expressed according to the grammatical usages of the other.

It is important to remember that no language is the exact equivalent of any other language, and that in their ways of using single words and combinations of words the people of one race differ materially from the people of another race. Each language has its idioms which can not be transplanted into another language without, to say the least, doing violence to smoothness. It often happens also that when an attempt is made to transfer the peculiarities of one language into another there is a complete obscuration of the meaning in the translation.

The translator who undertakes to make a good rendering by being slavishly accurate in regard to each particular word not only mars the general effect of his work, but finds also that he can not possibly adhere closely to his principle; for a word-for-word translation is sure to be inaccurate in some particular in the course of every page. The translator must have broad knowledge of the idioms and forms of expression of the two languages which he is using. For the man who is undertaking to translate New Testament Greek into English it is necessary also to have some knowledge of Hebrew methods of expression; because the men who wrote the Greek were acquainted with the Hebrew Old Testament and its Greek translation, and had for their mother tongue the Aramaic, a language closely related to the Hebrew. It seems probable also that much that we have in the Gospels was originally written or spoken in Aramaic or Hebrew.

In the second place, a translation must

be grammatically accurate. To assert that we might take several Greek words and translate them separately, and then combine them to bring out the desired sense in English without regard to the agreements in form in Greek for gender and person and number, and thus obtain a good translation is simply beyond reason.

A very good illustration of the violation of the two principles mentioned above is found in the writings of certain modern theorists who wish to impose a meaning to suit their purpose upon a phrase that occurs in Matthew 28: 1, and seven other times in the New Testament with minor differences in the wording of the original text. Mark 16: 2, 9; Luke 24: 1; John 20: 1, 19; Acts 20: 7; 1 Cor. 16: 2. The phrase in question is translated by English scholars with practical uniformity, "the first day of the week." Mr. Gamble¹, of Kansas, suggests that we translate "the first of the Sabbaths," or "the chiefest of the Sabbath." Mr. Wason², of California, makes the still more surprising suggestion, "first day Sabbath." These renderings are supported by Mr. McCrossan³, of Minnesota, who thinks that we might translate the phrase in Mark 16: 2, "on the first day of the sabbaths" or "the first sabbath day." A certain Mr. Wilson⁴ shares the same opinion; for he translates the phrase in Mark 16: 9, "the Prime Sabbath" or "Chief of the Sabbaths."

Now if a translator were at liberty to ignore the fundamental principles that govern the transfer of the thought from one language to another, and could take Greek words and translate them separately and then combine the results in English according to his own fancy without regard to Hebrew or Greek idioms and without regard to the principles of agreement in classical or biblical Greek any one of these translations would be well worthy of consideration. But as the case stands the translator who has regard for the principles of grammar and of idiomatic usage must

1. Samuel Walter Gamble in his book entitled, "Sunday, the True Sabbath of God." New York: Eaton & Mains, 1900. p. 159ff.

2. George D. Wason, in tract entitled, "The First Day Sabbath." Columbia, S. C.: Way of Faith Publishing House. p. 2.

3. Rev. Thomas James McCrossan, B. A., B. D., in his pamphlet, "The True Sabbath Saturday or Sunday, Which?" Minneapolis, Minn.: Minnesota Bible League. 1913. p. 19.

4. Rev. Gilbert Lord Wilson, Ph. B., in his book, "Christ in Chronology and Science of the Sabbath."

reject all of these suggested substitutes for the common rendering, "the first day of the week."

It may be granted that the words of the phrases in Matthew 28: 1 taken separately could be translated *one* and *of Sabbaths*, and in several of the parallel passages we have the definite article with both of these words; but the word *one* is in the feminine gender, and can not possibly refer to one of the Sabbaths, for the word Sabbath is neuter gender. It is clear that the word "day" must be understood with which to construe *one*. Compare John 20: 1, where the word day is expressed in the Greek. But with the word "day" expressed or understood all the other translations suggested as substitutes remain just as impossible as the first; for they all involve the agreement in gender of the feminine noun or numeral with the neuter noun "Sabbath."

It is true that we have no phrase in the Old Testament exactly like the one before us, but when we see from Luke's Gospel (Luke 23: 56; 24: 1) that the day referred to was the day following the Sabbath there can be no doubt that the legitimate rendering is, "day one of or belonging to the Sabbath," or "the first day after the Sabbath."

We need not infer that the New Testament writers in their use of this phrase really confused the words *Sabbath* and *week*. They did not hold the two words as synonymous, but preferred to count the days from the Sabbath instead of reckoning them as serial portions of a collection of seven days. The Hebrews often used cardinal numerals where we would use ordinals, as for example in Genesis 1: 5. Not infrequently they used a plural where we would use a singular. Just how it happens that the word Sabbath is so often used in the plural when only a single day it meant must remain unknown, if for no other reason because there are so many plausible explanations that may be offered. Perhaps it is a plural of majesty, to honor the Sabbath day. Since other feast days are frequently referred to by a Greek word in the plural what more natural than to speak of the Sabbath in this way? The Aramaic word for Sabbath bears a close resemblance in sound to a Greek neuter plural. The use in regard to the singular and plural in case of the word Sabbath is

not uniform, and although other explanations are offered, it seems most probable that the choice was in many instances a matter of taste. But of the fact that the plural is used where only a single day is meant there is no question. This usage is found also in Josephus and other Greek writers outside of the New Testament.

In connection with the statement made above that the New Testament writers do not confuse the words *sabbath* and *week* in their thinking, it should be noted that the Third Gospel does use the word *Sabbath* once where we would use the word *week* and in such a connection that the allusion to a single day is excluded. Luke 18: 12. The Pharisee praying in the temple, and remarking how much he did beyond what was required, "I fast twice in the week." The last word in this clause in the Greek is *Sabbath*, but there is no one who would require that we should make the Pharisee utter the incomprehensible statement, "I fast twice on the Sabbath."

The passage just cited serves to illustrate another general principle which must not be neglected by the translator, namely that the same word in a foreign language need not be translated by the same English word in every instance, but due regard must be given to the varying usages and the connection in which the word occurs. Mr. McCrossan in supporting the peculiar translation quoted above goes on to argue that if in Matthew 28: 1 we take the liberty of supplying the word "day" as understood, and then hold to the usual rendering "first day of the week," then we ought, to be consistent, to use the word *week* for the word *Sabbath* in Acts 13: 14, and to transform "upon the day of the sabbath" into "upon the day of the week." It is sufficient answer to this suggestion to remind ourselves that a good translation must always have a concern with the context, and even if the phrase were precisely the same as in Matthew 28: 1 we would not necessarily translate by the same English words. But it is not the same phrase; for we have in Acts 13: 14 no numeral to point out the day. The expression is also practically the same as that by which the Sabbath is named in the fourth commandment and elsewhere.

In conclusion it is plain that those who are forcing any other meaning upon the phrase ordinarily translated "the first day

of the week" are doing so in the interest of the theory that the Sabbath has been changed from the seventh day of the week to Sunday. But they fairly overreach themselves in this attempt to support their theory; for as soon as they discard the plain reference to a definite day of the week and insist that the reference is to one of the Sabbaths, or *the first or chiefest Sabbath*, or even *the first day Sabbath* (the most impossible of all their renderings) they have left for themselves no allusion to the week and no allusion to Sunday. If we hold that this day upon which the women found the tomb empty was a Sabbath of some kind, and then remember that the day after our Lord's burial was a Sabbath, we have to admit that one or the other of these Sabbaths was a feast Sabbath and not the weekly Sabbath, and we do not know which was which.

It is rather better therefore even for those who would observe Sunday on the ground that it is the resurrection day to hold to that translation of Matthew 28: 1 which has been accredited by the almost unanimous consent of Greek and Hebrew scholars ever since the New Testament was first translated into English.

But that any sabbatic character has ever passed to the first day of the week still remains to be proved. We do not know indeed that our Savior arose from the dead on the morning that the tomb was found empty. It is just as plausible to suppose indeed that he arose the night before. Even if he did arise a few minutes before the women came to the tomb, he never in any way suggested that disciples should leave the Sabbath which he had kept with them, and turn to another day.

Walks and Ways in Wiemar

PAUL EMERSON TITSWORTH, PH. D.

"Weimar!" There was a grinding of brakes and the train came to a full stop punctuated by a jerk. An unimposing, not to say grimy, station with the ordinary German accessories of multiplicity of signs, severe-looking officials, a sprinkling of soldiers, old peasant women with seamed countenances and with baskets on heads, trim dandies with canes and blond moustaches, the rattle of baggage trucks, the cries of employees, and through it all the boy with beer and sandwiches weaving his

way securely in and out, formed an unforgettable picture. And this was Weimar, the city of Goethe and Schiller and of the diminutive court of Duke Carl August! Weimar had been to me a city of dreams, of quaint beings in eighteenth century powder and crinoline whose movements were more of a glide than a walk, of towering figures whose faces reflected light from diviner spheres, of incomparable songs of yearning, delight, and despair—Titania and her fairy court dancing in moonlit glades had been a bit more real—all this, unstained by the soot of actuality, Weimar had meant to me. This evidence, so suddenly presented, of its material and, in spots, unvarnished existence gave me a start.

It was a June evening that I first caught a glimpse of the little city itself, with its array of red roofs, steeples and towers, backed and flanked by gently sloping hillsides that stretched away to wooded tops and which bore on their broad backs cloaks of soft colors woven in geometrical designs. Ripening, golden grain, luxuriant grass, patches of snowy white as of buckwheat in blossom, fields of ochre earth fresh upturned, each in its own square or rectangle, gave the countryside the appearance of having been laid out with an eye to artistic effect. The slanting rays of the sun shed a mist of mellow gold over the scene which, mingling with the hallowing radiance of a storied past, warmed the heart at once to the little old place.

Weimar lacks the quaintness of house and street which delights the scenes in Nuremberg, it possesses almost no imposing public buildings or striking monuments such as one meets on every hand in Munich, it lacks the trimness, size, and modernity of Berlin. The untutored visitor, who walks its streets and regards its shop-windows with their display of plaques, miniature busts, photographs, and post-cards—like grasshoppers for number—of always the same persons and buildings, might easily assume however, that this town of unimposing exterior is nevertheless a spot of more than usual importance. "As big as this supper-plate is Weimar," remarked my hostess answering my query how best to reach the places of interest. The comparison was not inapt. After Paris and London with their great distances, the German city was a huddle of

doll-houses. "*Alles ist ungläublich eng,*" wrote Hebbel. The houses and tombs of its great, its museums and its galleries, its palaces and its cottages jostled each other in disconcertingly close quarters. All things lacked isolation to give them a proper setting. The exterior of Weimar's shrines can be viewed in a two-hours' walk, but it is like stuffing with overrich food: deliberateness is essential to adequate digestion. When I had strolled for an hour along a Parisian boulevard intent upon seeing Notre Dame, my mental appetite had been duly whetted by anticipation so that by the time my eyes did finally fall upon the truncated towers of the venerable cathedral, I was quite ready to relish the view. Quite otherwise was it in Weimar. Walking along an angular street, I suddenly came face to face with an unpretentious tablet announcing that Frederick Schiller had lived in this house, and then, almost at the next turn, I was confronted by Goethe's dwelling, and a bit farther I found myself before the uninteresting-looking, weather-beaten ducal castle. It fairly took my breath away to come thus unexpectedly into such close physical contact with the habitations of men who by position and ability were men apart.

The uncomfortable sense of the spatial smallness of this Thuringian city soon dissolves into a sensation akin to that which Moses felt in the presence of the burning bush. Quiet forces, energized by the personalities of a Goethe, a Schiller, a Wieland, a Herder, and a Liszt, have gone abroad from this spot to make human life on its thought and feeling side more rich and more wholesome.

Weimar finally gripped my affections in this wise: I was accustomed to walk in the Belvedere Allee under the blossoming lindens to get the perfume fresh with the morning dew and to listen to the organ-like music of the bees at their fragrant task. Thus surrounded I became suddenly conscious of living in a different world, one remote from that of bargain and argument, one where dwelt a great peace. From that moment Weimar and its significance became an indwelling, living presence with me. My imagination played over the past bringing into relief from out the shadows of the years the figures of its great but very human personalities. In this mood and with fancy unlimbered I extended my

walks into the neighboring park which Goethe himself had laid out along the mysterious and sombre Ilm. Shady and inuous paths enticed me ever on, stretches of dew-gemmed greensward, scene of many a courtly merrymaking, lay about me, and yonder, set in the edge of a small grove, Goethe's "Gartenhaus" peered at me like a kindly face from out a ruff of lush green. In this little cottage with its queer, high roof, and in the midst of Spartan simplicity, the poet lived seven happy and productive years. Over the place hover memories of them, the first which he spent in Weimar, when he was taking up his life work with abounding hope and confidence in himself and with friends and honors beyond the hopes of other young commoners of his years. In striking contrast with his fellow-countrymen of the time who liked to shut themselves up in stuffy rooms, Goethe reveled in the out-of-doors in all kinds of weather. Often would he roll himself in his long coat and sleep in the open unmindful of cold and wet. This intimacy with nature in all its moods made him one of its most sympathetic poet-interpreters and it formed a basis for his lifelong study of science, in particular of botany.

Goethe is not the only "genius" of the park, however. As I walked toward the town I came upon a statue of Franz Liszt and a few steps beyond, on the very fringe of the city, the dwelling where the great Hungarian pianist lived from 1869 to 1886. The master loved Weimar and was an intimate friend of two of its grand dukes, Carl Frederick and Carl Alexander. Weimar's second artistic renaissance centered about the personality and genius of Liszt as did its first about Goethe. By his presence in the little city and by his activity as conductor of court concerts and orchestra, he made Weimar one of the chief musical centers of Europe and shed upon it the brilliant afterglow of its classic day. To him and to Weimar the world owes its introduction to Richard Wagner. When this composer was all but unknown, his music unappreciated, and he himself a fugitive for participating in the revolution of 1848 in Dresden, Liszt discerned the merit of the young man's scores and had the courage to give before the ultra-critical audience of the historic court theater some of Wagner's earliest works. Under

these circumstances "Tannhäuser," which had failed in Dresden, gained its first success and "Lohengrin" made its first public appearance. The reception accorded the latter opera was at first cool but it gained appreciation after several representations. "Tannhäuser," on the contrary, was greeted at the outset with wildest enthusiasm. Fleeing from the angry Saxon government, Wagner was in temporary hiding in Weimar during practice on the latter piece. As he did not dare to stay to be present at its public performance, he witnessed one of the rehearsals from a hidden box. That he was deeply affected by this sympathetic and daring tribute to him and to his art is evidenced by his own words anent the occasion: "All that I had felt while generating that music within me, he (Liszt) felt as he directed; all that I had wished to express as I was writing it down, he uttered in producing it. Marvelous! Through the love of this rarest of friends I gained in the very moment when I was becoming homeless the real and long-desired home for my art which I had sought in vain elsewhere." Liszt was indefatigable in his efforts to educate the public to an appreciation of Wagner's music and it was through him that Grand Duke Carl Alexander became an ardent supporter of Germany's greatest composer. In 1872 Wagner writes of his gratitude to Weimar and its grand duke—and between the lines we can read the name of Franz Liszt written large: "Next to my royal benefactor (King Lewis II of Bavaria), Carl Alexander is the first German prince to have graciously perceived the significance of my groping efforts and in no uncertain terms to have declared himself ready to sacrifice for their accomplishment."

Many stories—one is tempted to say myths—of Liszt and the memory of his kindly, magnetic personality with its idiosyncrasies cling in the mind of those still living who have seen him, have held converse with him, or perhaps have been fortunate enough to be his pupils, and to them Weimar without Liszt is as unthinkable as Weimar without Goethe and Schiller.

No visitor bent on reliving the scenes from Weimar's great drama, will fail to pass along the Belvedere Allee, beneath the rows of chestnut trees that Goethe had set out, to Castle Belvedere, a summer resi-

dence of the dukes, on a low hill overlooking the city. In the park surrounding the castle is the diminutive natural theater executed after Goethe's plan, where many a dramatic frolic was indulged in or serious drama produced under the poet's guidance by the members of the court. Nor will the initiated visitor neglect to follow the little river Ilm in its windings to Tiefurt with its tiny palace and beautiful grounds, the summer home of the Duchess Anna Amalia. A niece of Frederick the Great and imbued with the enlightenment of the Prussian court, she is the one to whom Weimar and Germany owe an initial impulse toward the enlightenment and idealism of the golden age of German literature. The park about Castle Tiefurt used likewise to be the scene of many a pastoral court novel with Goethe as reveler-in-chief.

The houses of Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe are still standing in Weimar and are maintained with intelligent and loving care. The dwelling where Goethe lived from 1782 until his death in 1832 possesses a two-fold interest: it is the abode of one of earth's immortals and it shows what a German nobleman's home at the beginning of the nineteenth century was like. At the rear is the quaintest and most charming of old-fashioned gardens. Reverent hands keep it as Goethe used to see it when he walked its paths, breathed its fragrance, and reveled in the beauties of flower and leaf. Visitors are now allowed only a peep into it because of the vandalism of some of their tribe. While the interior of the house is remarkable for the extreme simplicity of its furnishings, it is a veritable museum of curios, etchings, paintings, majolica ware, coins, medals, minerals, plants, fossils, skeletons—a totality eloquent of Goethe's devotion to science and of the breadth of his interests ranging from Chinese literature to scientific weather observation. His study, a room more simply furnished even than the others, not only has no objects of art or curios but no curtains, carpet, or sofa and only stiff, uninviting chairs, a few reference works in the bookcase, some maps and charts on the walls, and the ordinary, old-fashioned writing materials on the tables. Goethe would have nothing about him as he worked that might turn his attention from

the business at hand. Save for the cheery morning sun that crept in through the two small windows and the genial memories the room would have seemed cold and forbidding. In a trice my mind jumped the eighty odd years since the passing of the master and I seemed to see the stately form clad in its long redingote and white neckcloth, the hands clasped behind the back, pacing up and down the room as Goethe was wont to do while dictating to his amanuenses. Even the custodians seemed to feel the presence for they went about with noiseless tread and spoke only in low tones.

In 1839, when Goethe's grandsons went away to school and their mother, Otilie von Goethe, went to Vienna to live, the old house was closed and left to dust and spiders and the lingering fragrance of faded memories. It seemed as if the place and its furnishings wished to sleep and to dream until a worthier time should need them for its life. Only for a few weeks did it later witness the last glimmer of the olden days when Frau Otilie and her sons, Walter and Wolfgang, returned for a brief period to pass their last days. In 1885 the Goethe family became extinct with the death of Walter, by whose will the property was put into the hands of Grand Duchess Sophie to be administered for the state. At once structural repairs were undertaken and the venerable house was restored as nearly as possible to the condition of Goethe's lifetime and thrown open to the public.

In greatest contrast to the Goethe museum with its abundance of relics is the house where lived that other great poet, Schiller. His apartments, while restored and preserved with equal reverence, are pathetic in their poverty. They are, however, significant of the career of a man who, throughout his days, was perforce in arms against poverty and disease, but they are in striking antithesis to the richness of his inner life. Out of these threadbare surroundings suggestive of age and decay came such dramas as "The Maid of Orleans," "Maria Stuart," and "Wilhelm Tell," works overflowing with the sap of eternal youth.

As I walked through Weimar's quaint and beautiful cemetery I felt especially near to men and women whose names are household words in Germany. Here, un-

der the leaning crosses and the sod, beneath a tangle of vines and the weeping willows, and amidst the perfume of roses they lay. Here rests Johann Peter Eckermann, Goethe's friend and secretary, whose life lost its reason for continuance with the passing of his master; there, in a well-tended plot, lies Charlotte von Stein, who exercised the master-influence on the impressionable young Goethe and inspired some of his best work; yonder is the burial place of the Stichling family, the descendants of the philosopher and court preacher and Goethe's one-time mentor, Johann Gottfried Herder; a step brings one to the graves of Goethe's grandsons whose futile struggle against disease and disappointment trying to bear worthily the burden of a great name is a pathetic story by itself; and still a bit farther on in the ducal mausoleum, in their wreath-covered coffins of oak, in company with members of the princely house, rest two princes among poets—Goethe and Schiller.

Even a graveyard may not be devoid of humor. Alongside the great repose the near-great, whose presence and titles are naively announced by words cut as deep into eternal stone as those of royal tombs. Beneath one mound lay no less a person than the court saddler or under another the ducal watchmaker. The German love for titles and honors and lusting to be known and envied of men persists even to the grave.

In Goethe's time Weimar's population was about 8,000 souls; today it numbers 34,000. With no manufacturing and no trade to speak of, the city has grown quietly because of its associations and because its grand dukes have striven to keep it a center of the developing culture of Germany. They have accomplished their purpose by encouraging its theater, its schools for painting, architecture, and music, and by attracting to its court men of international fame. Weimar is the capital of the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, a territory somewhat larger than Rhode Island and a bit more than two-thirds the size of Delaware. Formerly it was an independent state but being decidedly pro-Prussian in its sympathies, upon the formation of the German Empire in 1871, it sacrificed its autonomy and hastened to throw in its lot with other German states in order to strengthen the hands of the new

central government under the leadership of the House of Hohenzollern.

Though territorially one of the lesser states in the German federation, it is, nevertheless, connected with some of the foremost royal families of Europe. Duke Ernst August Constantin, who died in 1758, married the famous Anna Amalia, a niece of Frederick the Great of Prussia; his grandson, Grand Duke Carl Frederick, who died in 1853, married Maria Paulowna, daughter of Czar Paul I of Russia; Carl Frederick's son and successor, Carl Alexander, who died in 1901, married Sophie, a princess of the house of Orange, the Dutch royal family; and his daughter, Augusta, married the then Prince Wilhelm of Prussia and later became the first empress of modern Germany and the grandmother of the present kaiser.

Not only by royal blood but still more by royal deeds is this ducal family distinguished. It is descended by a side-line from the elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, who was Luther's protector and supporter and without whose aid the Reformation would scarcely have been possible. In 1617, by the founding of the "Palm Order," Weimar placed itself at the head of an awakening patriotic movement to arrest the invasion of the German vocabulary by a host of French words and phrases. Coming down to the eighteenth century, a time when too many of the German princes and princelets were fast livers and all too prodigal with the lives and property of their subjects, the dukes of Weimar were notable for their benevolent liberalism. Grand Duke Carl August, who died in 1828, was the first German prince to grant his subjects the right to rule themselves under a constitution. Freedom of speech and of the press was also enjoyed here at a time when public men elsewhere were trying to force these privileges from reactionary ministers. The chronicle of the ruling house of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, since the coming of Anna Amalia particularly, is the record of progressive governmental policies, the promotion of the arts—music, painting, and the theater,—the institution and development of education—technical and liberal,—and the working out of efficient systems for the care of the diseased and otherwise unfortunate. Indeed, so thoroughgoing was the oversight exercised over her adopted subjects during the first

third of the nineteenth century by the Grand Duchess, Maria Paulowna, that the saying became current that no one in Weimar could even get himself a coat for which the good duchess did not at least furnish a button. Here reforms were not forced from a reluctant government by a people chafing under restraint—the way in which Anglo-Saxons expect relief from abuses—but in practically all the progressive policies the ducal family were the initiators, the formers of public opinion.

The man who, as a public official and poet-teacher, gave the greatest impulse to the ideals of service of this princely house was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. In 1775, when twenty-six years old, he went to Weimar to spend a fortnight at the court. The young duke, Carl August, was so delighted with his guest that he kept him as his comrade and minister and the visit became a residence of fifty-seven years lasting until Goethe's death. Even before the advent of Goethe, however, the court at Weimar under the inspiration of Duchess Anna Amalia had attracted enlightened spirits to itself, chief among them the poet Wieland. It was the presence of Goethe, however, and later of Schiller, which has immortalized Weimar and the reign and court of Carl August and ranged it beside Periclean Athens and Elizabethan London. Goethe's prestige as a dramatist, poet, and significant personality soon raised the microscopic Thuringian city to the leading place, not only in the awakening intellectual life of Germany but also in the thought life of all Europe. Under the pens of Goethe and Schiller, the knitting of whose souls is one of the finest examples of mutual regard and stimulating, fructifying influence that the world has seen, German literature reached its finest flower, its classic age.

"Weimar" and "classic period," however, are immensely more than technical phrases that have slight interest for the everyday man. Never has it been more strikingly demonstrated that the best art is for the service of all men than in the growth and flowering of human genius in this period and in its stimulation of German life down to the present time. As truly as did Columbus and Galileo discover the world to be a thousand times larger than the man of their times imagined, so truly did Kant and Schiller and Goethe add to the extent

of man's domain. In eighteenth century Germany men were slowly awaking to the fact of a world within them as real as the world without. Obvious as this fact is now, it appealed to them as a dazzling, brand-new truth. Under this new conception, this inner world, shaped variously in each person, this thing which we call personality, came to be held the most precious thing on earth, something to be guarded zealously and developed assiduously. Woe to the man who should try to enslave it in the strait-jacket of convention. It was a great idea and in Goethe and Schiller it found great exponents. The fundamental doctrine and motive, then, of this classic period, the conception in behalf of which these two Olympians lived and wrought—as old as the teachings of Christ at least but new for eighteenth century Germany was a belief in the supreme value of the human personality. Upon this belief rest the desire for liberalism in government and all measures aimed to give the individual a better chance. And it is to the eternal fame of Weimar and Carl August that the two prophetic voices crying in the wilderness of artificiality and sodden ideals became clear and powerful at the diminutive Thuringian court. German classic literature was the harmonious and forceful expression of the thoughts, longings, and ideals of inarticulate thousands but more than that it was the evocation of absolutely new melodies in the human soul.

The Germans have cherished and amplified this idealism and put it to work to shape the course of their history, social and political. Its energizing effect on the course of political events of the nineteenth century has been plainly manifest. At the end of the eighteenth century the German people, hopelessly hacked into larger or smaller governmental bits, were awakening to self-consciousness as was the individual. They were beginning to dream of liberty from oppressive laws and of a unified fatherland. The flourishing of a great literature comprehensible to all using the German tongue aroused this long dormant people to the fact of a large body of common interests and they became fused spiritually into one nation. For the first time in the history of the world a literature created a national consciousness and was not simply the expression of national greatness and power already present.

The ferment for a free and united fatherland, although alternately kept down by the scheming of cynical ministries or exterminated by over-enthusiastic, ineffectual revolutions, finally came to its full growth in the formation of the Empire in 1871. Thus a direct line of powerful influence proceeds from Goethe and Schiller to the crowning of King William of Prussia as German emperor, from Weimar to Versailles.

So great is Weimar's past! What of its present?

In 1837—five years after Goethe's death—Carl Immermann, the novelist, wrote these significant words: "While today most individuals are carefully shutting themselves off from outside spiritual influences and are taking infinite but futile pains to be independent, quite the opposite is true here in Weimar: all its finer souls are seeking joy and honor where they can alone find it, namely in a boundless love and veneration for Goethe's great personality. . . . Albeit their light, their life has been taken from them, they have not therefore sunk into a coma; and in this respect do these Weimar disciples differ from the book-fed Goethean scholars of other places, those bespectacled young pedants and lecturers on literature who close the history of German letters with Goethe. I discovered that all the most recent things are read here and the meritorious is rightly esteemed."

Thus, while the curtain had gone down on Weimar's great drama and all the actors had vanished from the stage, the audience, although in tears, was busily and expectantly preparing for the acting of other players. This is a striking feature in the history of the town since Goethe and is very evident to the thoughtful visitor today. Rulers and people have united to administer reverently the legacy of the past in the spirit of the present and future. Weimar's idealism is so persistent and thoroughgoing that it has ridden like a buoy the storms of revolution, skepticism, and materialism which have passed over Germany. The nineteenth century was about fifty years old when Franz Liszt came and made the city one of the foremost musical centers of Europe, and Wagner, Rubenstein, Paganini, and Jenny Lind were among its most distinguished guests; at about the same time Franz Dingelstedt was called to the directorate of the theater

which Goethe and Schiller had sanctified and Goethe had directed for twenty-six years. Under the new director Weimar's stage became a pioneer in promoting an elevated dramatic art and it stood dike-solid against the ephemeral trash which was deluging other theaters. To the everlasting credit of the art-loving grand dukes, Carl Frederick and Carl Alexander, and of the enlightened populace of Weimar be it that, in the midst of the "Young Germany" tumult, Dingelstedt could produce in an unbroken cycle all Shakespeare's historical plays and the first representation of the colossal Nibelungen trilogy by the then little appreciated Frederick Hebbel. The Grand Duke recognized in Hebbel Germany's greatest dramatist after Schiller and naturally he wished to gain him and his wife, Christine Enghaus, a talented actress of Vienna, for Weimar. Dingelstedt, however, jealous of his own position and influence, made the consummation of this wish impossible.

The art school in Weimar, established in 1848, has played a modest but not insignificant role in the history of German painting. In the early nineteenth century, Frederick Preller and Bonaventura Genelli were its chief figures while under Carl Alexander it boasted for a time such teachers as Arnold Böcklin and Franz Lenbach. Evidently even in Weimar affairs did not always move as smoothly as they should. Among the famous artists assembled there during the second half of the century were men of antagonistic temperaments and clashing ideals. It was a sheer impossibility to keep them working together comfortably. Even the good-natured Grand Duke, Carl Alexander, was worried and vexed at their squabbles. We get an amusing glimpse of the situation in a letter which he wrote to Schiller's daughter, Frau von Gleichen: "Weimar is making progress: a lot of artists are thronging hither who are already unmistakably demonstrating their activity by the fact that they paint pictures, never shave, and hate each other above board." In spite of these and other outward circumstances, the school thrived and during the sixties and seventies attracted many famous men not only from Germany but from the Low Countries and France.

During the latter years of the century Weimar was the home of personages like

the brilliant poet-philosopher, Frederick Nietzsche, the patriotic dramatist and short-story writer, Ernst von Wildenbruch—beloved of American high school lads for such sympathetic stories of German boys as "Das Edle Blut,"—the poet and scholar, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Helene Böhlau, child of Weimar and best known perhaps for her reproduction in story of the life of Old Weimar during its golden age, and Erich Schmidt, Goethe scholar and university professor. Early in the century Alexander von Humboldt remarked that one had to stay in Weimar only a short time to meet all the celebrities of Europe. This was true throughout the country. Hans Christian Anderson was an intimate friend of Carl Alexander, William Makepeace Thackeray knew the town at first hand and saw Goethe face to face, George H. Lewes, George Eliot's husband and Goethe's English biographer, was a frequent visitor, Saint-Saens, the French composer and director, and Ramenyi, the Hungarian violinist, have both performed there, and in addition to these names I should have to mention virtually every modern German author of note—all these have fared to Weimar as to a well of living water.

The debt of Weimar to its idealistic Grand Duke, Carl Alexander and his consort, Grand Duchess Sophie, with her capacity for affairs and her large sympathies, is immense. Beginning with their reign in 1853, they strove tirelessly to keep their capital a beacon light of culture. Born during Goethe's lifetime (1818), nurtured as the Grand Duke was in the ideals of Weimar's period of splendor, his liveliest concern always was to foster within his realm the highest goods of mankind—religion, science, and art. In 1899, looking back over the century of Weimar's history and in the consciousness of its continuing significance, Carl Alexander summed up its importance in an address of welcome delivered before the German Shakespeare and Goethe societies that had just effected a union under his protectorship: "Your union under my protectorship is to me a valuable proof that Weimar is now at the end of the nineteenth century as at its beginning a central point in the life of the German people and that it is still worthy of the great tradition of an incomparable time." In this same year the Grand Duchess died and two years later, in January,

1901, broken in health the Grand Duke himself. Thus with the first month of the first year of the twentieth century passed away the last representative of the Goethe period.

This is something of the story of Weimar, a chronicle replete with tales of great striving, glorious achievement, human kindness and alas, also, of human smallness, and across whose pages fall the shadows of many great personalities. Late one afternoon I stood on the hill overlooking the little city watching the last glint of the sun on tower and steeple. My glance passed slowly from one familiar object to another, from the mass of luxuriant green that marked the park to the spire of the court church where Herder labored and now lies buried, on to the steeple of the quaint old "city church," and from thence across the valley to where high on the opposite hill stands the Bismarck Tower like a stolid sentinel keeping watch over the peace of the valley. The sun was sinking out of sight, the shadows were stealing spirit-like upon the landscape,

"On every mountain brow
Is peace,
No tree but now
The winds fast cease
To wave its crest;
The little birds hush their song."

Induced by the mellow mood of eventide, the present and the memories of its clamor became more and more remote, pictures of the past usurping their places. More strikingly than ever before came to me the realization that the past rightly understood is no mere past but is moving like a potent genius in the very core of the whirling now. Not until late at night did I come away from my tryst with the spirit of Weimar as from a sanctuary, feeling anew the truth of Goethe's own words,

"O Weimar, thee befell a happy fate,
Like Bethlehem in Juda, small yet divinely great."

Semi-annual Meeting

The semi-annual meeting of the Minnesota and northern Wisconsin churches will occur at New Auburn, Minn., June 11, 1915.

It is desired that each church send a large delegation.

(MRS.) ROSA WILLIAMS,
Corresponding Secretary.

The Seventh Day Baptist Pulpit

The publication of the *Seventh Day Baptist Pulpit* will be resumed the first of July, 1915. This is a monthly magazine containing a sermon for each Sabbath. The sermons are by Seventh Day Baptist clergymen. The magazine was first started largely through the interest and effort of Dr. H. A. Place at the time of the General Conference at Ashaway in 1902, and the first number was issued in February, 1903. At the end of the eighth volume, January, 1911, it was discontinued, owing to a lack of funds to support it. The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, which had charge of the magazine, has now given permission to the Committee on the Revision of Tracts of the American Sabbath Tract Society to resume its publication. It will be conducted on the same lines and for the same purpose as before. It is designed to supply helpful interesting reading, and especially for those who can not attend church. In particular it is intended for pastorless churches, and little groups of Sabbath-keepers that meet for Bible study far away from church privileges, where some one will read the sermon for the week to the others. Then volume by volume it makes a valuable collection of choice sermons by our own clergymen.

For a time at least the magazine will be illustrated with pictures of the writers of the sermons, and with now and then pictures of the churches where they are serving.

The subscription price will remain the same as in the past, fifty cents a year. But it will require more than a thousand subscribers to support the magazine. Unless that many can be secured we shall have to rely upon the gifts of people who are interested in the matter.

Sample copies of the first number will be sent out the last part of June, and it is hoped that these will so appeal to the people that we shall soon get our desired list of one thousand paying subscribers.

The compiling editor is Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, of Westerly, R. I.

Address all business communications to the publishers, American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

The Lord had a job for me, but I had so much to do,
I said: "You get somebody else, or wait till I get through."
I don't know how the Lord came out, but he seemed to get along—
But I felt kinda sneakin' like, 'cause I know'd I done him wrong.
One day I needed the Lord, needed him myself, needed him right away,
And he never answered me, at all, but I could hear him say—
Down in my accusin' heart—"Nigger, I've got too much to do,
You get somebody else, or wait till I get through."
Now when the Lord he have a job for me, I never tries to shirk;
I drops what I have on hand and does the good Lord's work;
And my affairs can run along, or wait till I get through,
Nobody else can do the job that God's marked out for you.

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Woman's Suffrage in Illinois

The *Illinois Institution Quarterly* has made an effort to get as exact figures as are possible on the vote of the saloon issue of last April. The returns from 194 townships, villages or cities indicate that 105,687 men and 53,737 women voted for saloons, a grand total of 159,424; 75,679 men and 94,195 women voted against the saloons, making a total of 169,874, or a majority against saloons of 10,450.

Among the men there was a majority of 3,008 in favor of saloons, and among the women there was a majority of 40,458 against saloons. The above indicates the results on the first trial of woman's suffrage in Illinois.—*The Madison County (Ill.) Doctor.*

What One Woman Did

We are apt to regard "the strenuous life" as a modern invention. Only the habit of talking about it is modern. It was lived by plenty of people in the past, who didn't talk about it, but just did with all their might whatsoever their hands found to do. One of them was Dorothea Dix. Born in

Maine 113 years ago, she early found herself charged with the support and education of two younger brothers. One March day in 1841 she found her life work. Going to the East Cambridge jail to try to teach the woman prisoners better ways, she found insane persons confined in fireless rooms.

That was the beginning. During the next two years she visited every jail and almshouse in Massachusetts and presented to the legislature a petition in behalf of "insane persons confined in cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens; naked, chained, beaten with rods," that resulted in an entire change in the system of dealing with these unfortunates. She then carried her campaign into New Jersey and created a state asylum there. So she went from State to State. No place was too horrible, no spectacle too sickening, to damp her enthusiasm. In the course of her travels she came to Illinois. Here are some sentences from her memorial to the general assembly in January, 1847:

"Gentlemen, I do not come to move your benevolent feelings so much as to present just claims. I do not ask of you the performance of generous acts, but respectfully urge you to fulfil absolute obligations; the obligations of man, favored with competence and sound reason, to his fellow-man, rendered helpless and dependent through infirmities to which all are exposed, from which none are too rich to be exempt or too poor to escape."

Follow recitals of scenes of horror beheld in various places in Illinois, with illustrations of what has been done toward the cure, under proper treatment, of what seemed most hopeless cases. Those who have shuddered over the gloomy pages of Maxim Gorky and other "artists of the horrible," should read her description of the situation in which she found "Fanning of Morgan County." The fiction pales before the fact. Here is the conclusion of her memorial:

"Legislators of Illinois, upon your action rest the peace and happiness, the usefulness and the lives, of thousands of your fellow-citizens. Nay, your own immediate interests herein are indissolubly intertwined. Who shall say that the familiar friend, the revered parent, the child of his affections, the beloved wife of his bosom; aye, even he himself, may not claim the guardian care

now solemnly and urgently solicited for others?

"Rise not from the grave and often perplexing deliberations which claim your legislation till you have added to acts bearing merely on the political condition of your State this work of peremptory obligation to humanity. Retire not from these halls, in which honor, integrity and justice should rule, till you have rendered this noble service to your fellow-citizens; a service the holy recollections of which will smooth your path through the dark valley, and which the Recording Angel shall inscribe in the Book of Life, 'For the memory of righteous acts shall never perish, neither in this world nor in that which is to come.'"

We do not speak in that tone nowadays to or of our lawmakers. Possibly it were better if we did. At least it was effective. Its result was the creation, at that session, of the Jacksonville hospital, the beginning of this State's charities. Nor was the work of Dorothea Dix confined to her native land. She successfully attacked the inhuman lunacy laws of Scotland; she set in motion sweeping reforms in Holland, Norway, Italy, Greece and Russia. Before her death in 1887 she saw the treatment of the insane revolutionized in all civilized lands.

It may be noted that no "league" or "society," such as seems to be indispensable nowadays, backed her mission. Without wealth, without high station or official position, just a school-teacher who saw a deed to be done and spent herself and spared not in the doing; armed only with her burning conviction that gave her eloquence and compelled attention and action, her works, nearly forty insane hospitals, are the monument of what this one woman did.—*Chicago Herald*.

The Memoirs of Mr. A. Fly

May 24, 1915.—I am 21 days old today and big enough to keep a diary. I think I will begin by writing down a terrible accident that almost happened this morning. If it had happened I wouldn't be writing in this diary. I was buzzing around the dining-room in the house where I am staying and saw a big, shining yellow ball of butter.

I am exceedingly fond of butter, and so I flew down on this one and got ready for

breakfast when suddenly something struck with great force right by my side. I flew away, but looking back, I saw that what I had thought was butter was nothing of the kind. It was the thought-dome of a man who lives in this house, and he is so bald that my mistake was really quite natural.

Soon after that I had another narrow escape. I was playing around on the window sill when I spied a woman sneaking upon me with one of those gauze contrivances on the end of a stick. She was just about to swat me when I sidestepped nimbly and flew away. The woman swatted but she didn't swat anything but the window sill. Heigh-ho, I am terribly lonely. I believe I will go over and see Nellie Fly and if she is willing we'll get married today.

P. S.—We're married.

July 24, 1915.—What a wonderful family reunion we had here today. Nell and I were photographed holding a dozen or so of our grandchildren on our knees, while 5,000 more of them were grouped around us. Ah, how I dote on my dear grandchildren. I made them a little speech that they all liked very much.

I told them that while they were children and had a right to play they must think of the more serious business of life, too, because ere long they will be out in the world with families of their own. I warned them of the treacherous, sticky fly paper that thoughtless human beings place on the tables and in chairs to entrap poor flies. "Children," I said, earnestly, "beware of fly paper. Your Aunt Emma would never be warned. She loved to romp around fly paper and one day when she was doing banter with your Uncle Jimmy he took her sunbonnet and tossed it right into the middle of some fly paper and dared her to go after it, and she did and was drowned." And then I read them a long list of their other uncles and aunts who had been lost on the treacherous fly paper. It was a long list; it took me two hours to read all the names. "Children," I said, "keep away from fly paper. If you get on it, it notifies all the humans that see it of its nature, but if you will only keep away from it the human will not notice that it is fly paper and they will sit on it and then you can all have a fine laugh as they try to pull it off." I also told them

to look out for swatters, and then I showed them how to slide on butter and play tag on jelly.

Aug. 24, 1915.—What is so lovely as a peaceful old age! I am now an old man, over eighty days old. This morning I went out into the yard and sat on the back fence of the alley and watched my children and my children's children's children and my children's children's children's children as they went flying past me in review.

There were not as many of my descendants as I expected; the deadly fly paper and the fiendish swatter have cut great holes in our family, and I don't suppose my descendants all told number over fifty or sixty thousand. Suze, my two hundred and sixty-first wife, sat near as my descendants crowded around to give three rousing cheers for grandpa.

Then we all went together over to the city dump, where we had a picnic dinner, returning late at night, tired but happy, to the fashionable homes on the avenue where we dwell. Ah, truly, as the poet has so beautifully said, "This is the life!"—*Richard Henry Little*.

Ten Commandments

Endorsed by Civic Committees Everywhere

1. Thou shalt know thy city and keep its laws.
2. Remember thy cleaning day and keep it wholly.
3. Thou shalt love and cherish thy children and provide for them decent homes and playgrounds.
4. Thou shalt not keep thy windows closed day or night.
5. Thou shalt not kill thy children's bodies with poisonous air, nor their souls with bad companions.
6. Thou shalt keep in order thy alleys, thy back yard, thy hall and stairway.
7. Thou shalt not let the wicked fly live.
8. Thou shalt not steal thy children's right to happiness from them.
9. Thou shalt bear witness against thy neighbor's rubbish heap.
10. Thou shalt covet all the air and sunlight thou canst obtain.

Old Seventh Day Baptist Graves in Burlington Being Removed

The growth of a Connecticut municipality and its work to establish a more adequate water supply has caused an inquiry into the history of an old Connecticut town, and the consequent investigation has showed that Westerly played an important part in its early days.

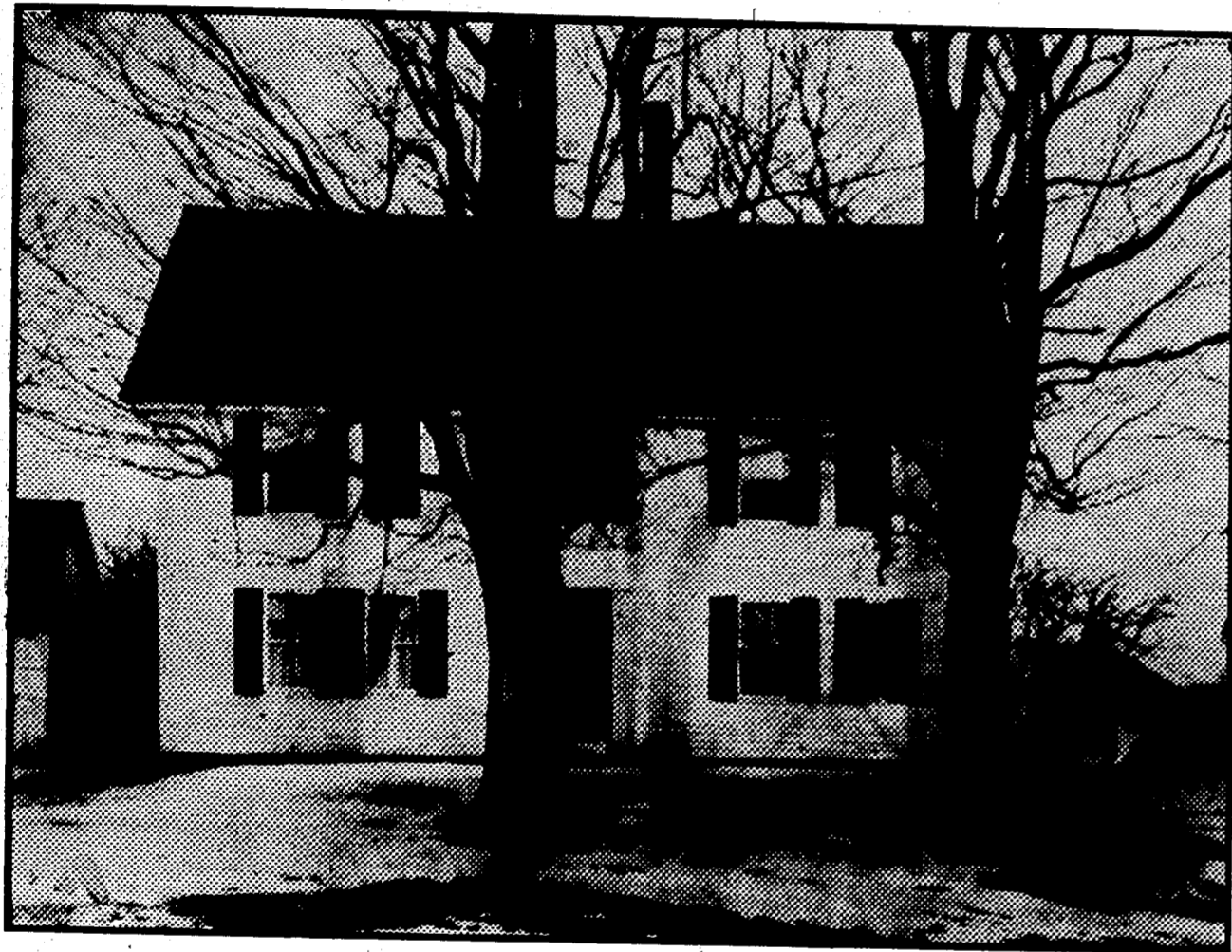
The town of Burlington, the westernmost community in Hartford County, where the New Britain Water Board is building a large new reservoir and the records show that among the earliest settlers were Seventh Day Baptists from Westerly. The land which makes up the town was bought by the Tunis Indians. This territory, in 1774, with what is now Bristol, was separated from the town of Farmington by the general court, Bristol being known as New Cambridge and Burlington as West Britain. In 1806, West Britain was separated from New Cambridge and incorporated as the town of Burlington at the first town meeting held June 16, 1806, with Abraham Pettibone as moderator.

A Seventh Day Baptist church was the first church in Burlington. The first services were held in it September 18, 1780. This church was founded by twenty families from Westerly, who left this town under the leadership of Rev. Jonathan Burdick. The original church had nineteen members. Deacon Elisha Stillman, Deacon Elisha Covey and Deacon Jared Covey were among the most earnest supporters of the minister in his successful effort to establish a Seventh Day Baptist church in the wilds of Connecticut.

The church, which was of generous proportions, was of the old Puritan style, with large pillars in front, low steeple and was painted white. Over the minister's head was fastened a wooden sounding-board. The pews were the "fox pews" with little doors. The church was situated about an eighth of a mile north of the old Seventh Day Baptist cemetery, in the triangular plot opposite the pond, which was used for the baptisms. Probably the only person now living who remembers the old church is Miss Adahui A. Bunnell, who lives in Burlington. It was torn down years ago, and no Seventh Day Baptists live in Burlington now.

Members of this early church and their

immediate descendants were well-to-do, as the term was understood in those old days. They had large, comfortable homes, some of which still stand. Others are being torn down by the New Britain Water Board in preparation for its reservoir, which will flood many acres, including the old cemetery where members of the Seventh Day Baptist church were buried. All the old graves in the cemetery will be opened, and whatever remains of the dust of these early settlers will be buried outside the limits of the watershed.



THE ELISHA COVEY PLACE IN BURLINGTON

Built in 1789. Bought by New Britain Water Board. Type of comfortable home built and owned by Seventh Day Baptist colony.

Among these homes of the original Seventh Day Baptist families of Burlington are the Warren Bunnell place, the first of the houses to be bought by the New Britain Water Board; the Bull place, the Elisha Covey place, the Captain Upson place, the Weir place and the Crandall place.

The Elisha Covey place, which is now occupied by George W. Merrell and family, and the Warren Bunnell place are two of the finest houses in this locality, the Covey house being built by Elisha Covey in 1789. In the house is a rectangular stone which was removed from the wall above the fire-

place when the chimney was built over by Mr. Merrell, bearing this inscription:

"Elisha Covey
Oct. A.D. 1789."

At the side of the house is an apple tree which still has good fruit, and was planted by Mr. Covey. This house is near the cemetery which is to be removed by the New Britain Water Board. The oldest stone in the cemetery, a low, grey one, as far as one is able to decipher, is that erected to the memory of John Davis, who died

October 10, 1780. It stands second back of the red sandstone erected to the memory of Rev. John Davis. The Davis stone has this inscription:

"Here lies Rev. Mr. John Davis, the first pastor of ye Sabbatarian Church in Bristol, who departed this life in peace August ye 29th, A. D. 1792, in the 69th year of his age."

"Remember all both great and small
Whose souls have been my care
All wealth receive, all terror leave
And Thus for Death Prepare."

Another stone near there has this inscrip-



GENERAL VIEW OF OLD SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CEMETERY IN BURLINGTON

This will be flooded by New Britain's reservoir. The dark stone near the center marks the grave of Rev. John Davis

tion: "Sacred to the memory of Mr. Jared Covey, who died Feb. ye 21, A. 1804, Aet. 50."

"Come Brethren dear, whose union hive,
Has been my favorite prayer,
Hold fast the truth, instruct the youth,
And thus for death prepare.
And all who read these lines take heed,
While you have life and health,
Seek Christ the way, His calls obey,
And so prepare for death.
Stop look at me as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

Among others of the oldest stones, many of which have toppled over, are those erected to the memory of Abigail Crandall, 1787; Mrs. Hope Covey, July 16, 1787; Elizabeth Palmiter, April 12, 1800; Elias Wilcox, 1800; Deacon Amos Burdick, 1803; Deacon Hezekiah West, 1805; Elizabeth Newton, 1810; Deacon and Mrs. Samuel Meacham, 1810; and Deacon Elmer Stillman, 1818. The finest and most modern family plot is at the top of the little hill in the cemetery and is the William Palmer plot, not shown in the photograph. The last burial was in 1887.

Surveyors representing the New Britain Water Board are now at work developing

the plans for the new Burlington water supply. The new reservoir basin, it is estimated, will cover 150 acres and the dam will probably cost \$300,000. Most of the places mentioned will come within the reservoir basin; within the high-water mark the Bunnell, Covey, Crandall, and the Walters place, now occupied by a Hartford family, and the old cemetery.—*West-erly Sun*, May 24, 1915.

"An Ingathering"

My last communication advised you that the Dodge Center Church had made provision for the payment of the troublesome debt. Some are always troubled with skepticism in regard to such matters, since it is a comparatively easy matter to "scribe" a certain amount, as one pessimistic friend wrote me, and quite another to redeem the pledge. We of Dodge Center may justly claim some credit for answering our skeptical friends with a substantial argument. The argument is that exactly five weeks from the time of the provision above referred to for the payment of the debt, the pledges were redeemed and the debt was paid. It was an exhilarating experience.

We are glad to accord to our Ladies' Benevolent Society credit for the final arrangement by which the money subscribed was paid in. By the way, it is nothing new for our Dodge Center ladies to earn credit for the final accomplishment of worthy ends. The idea originated with this society to hold an "ingathering" social for the purpose of collecting the money pledged. This appealed to every one as a most practicable plan, especially to the committee appointed to collect the money, since they were busy farmers and were not expected to leave their work for this purpose.

Accordingly a notice was read at the Sabbath morning service, May 8, that there would be held on Sunday night, May 16, an "ingathering" social at the parsonage, when subscribers to the debt fund would be expected to bring the amount of their pledge. Impressiveness and dignity were given to the reading of this notice by introducing it with a passage from Exodus 35: 20-29; 36: 5-6.

The day preceding the evening appointed was wet and rainy, and a small attendance was predicted. However about eight o'clock the people began to arrive. Before nine o'clock seventy-five were assembled and soon were absorbed in the social enjoyment of the occasion. Two of this happy company were favored with a higher grade of entertainment. They were the Matthews sitting at the receipt of custom. Our treasurer and one of the trustees were retained at the table, where from 8.30 until after 11.00 they received the offerings of cash, checks, and notes from those present to the amount of \$800. This, with the pledge of a substantial member kept away by sickness in the family, and several pledges of smaller amounts subscribed by people not able to come, covered the indebtedness. The nearest Seventh Day Baptist ministers and workers ever came to being hung was during the transaction of this business. A long, stout line was stretched from one side of the room to the other and from this line were suspended the pictures of many of these people cut from old RECORDERS. They were a "fine bunch," as "Billy" Sunday would say. Zest was added to the guessing contest which followed by the promise of a double dish of ice-cream to the one who would guess correctly the names of those whose pictures were thus suspended. It would be a

difficult thing, however, to increase the enjoyment by such a trifle, over that which was felt when the announcement was made that the debt was not only provided for but actually paid.

The pastor had preached his farewell sermon. The Sabbath preceding he had the joy of leading six happy candidates down into the baptismal waters. Five of these were young people under fourteen years of age, and the sixth was a mother who had for a number of years delayed this call to consecrated service. This and the following Sabbath when these young people were received into the fellowship of the church were happy days for us all.

The exercise of reception for these was a part of the service when the "Rally Day" was observed in harmony with the program sent out by our Tract Society. Since it was thought impracticable for our women to observe the mid-week service prescribed by the Tract Society, the program for Sabbath morning was adapted so as to provide in part for that part of the program. This particular service included the reading of the tract, "The Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists," by five of our ladies; "Her Wedding Ring," by Mrs. Van Horn; "Law or Love the Basis of Sabbath Keeping," by Eld. E. H. Socwell; "What Constitutes Sabbath Keeping?" by F. E. Tappan, and "Preparation for the Sabbath from a Business Man's View," by Andrew North. There was a large and attractive array of Seventh Day Baptist literature on a table at the front of the church, and the room was handsomely decorated, by Herman Socwell, with the Sabbath text, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy," finely wrought in fresh foliage on the wall over the platform. The entire service was deeply impressive and instructive. Mrs. Van Horn, president of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, presided. Brother Vernie Bond led the Sabbath eve prayer meeting, following the order for the evening according to the prescribed program. At the close of the morning service, the young people who were received into the church answered from memory, with appropriate verses of Scripture, "Ten Important Questions," thus laying the foundation of a future Christian life of effective service for Christ, the Sabbath, and the church.

T. J. VAN HORN.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Christ's Call to Young Women

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, June 19, 1915

Daily Readings.

Sunday—To meditation (John 4:7-14)
Monday—To active service (Rom. 16:1-7)
Tuesday—To testify (Matt. 28:1-10)
Wednesday—To teach (Acts 18:24-28)
Thursday—To virtue (Prov. 31: 10, 25-31)
Friday—To benevolence (Acts 9:36-43)
Sabbath Day—Christ's call to the young women of today (Luke 10:38-42). (Led by three young women.)

Christ's call to young women—as to all others—is a call to service. But like his call to Peter, James and John it is a call to preparation, also.

In this Bethany home where Jesus was always a welcome and honored guest, lived Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha and Mary. Martha, the elder, upon whom rested the care and responsibility of the home-keeping, was a careful and hard-working hostess. Like many another since, she loved her Lord, but was too busy to enjoy his presence, and to draw strength and comfort from companionship with him. Her sin was not that she was careful and solicitous in serving but that she let her service so absorb her attention that all enjoyment was forestalled and care and worry filled her thought and robbed her of the blessing of Christ's presence. She was not putting "first things first," but in her anxiety over the temporal she stood in danger of losing the most important of all.

But Mary had chosen the better part. Jesus in no way even intimates that Mary should have no part or care in her sister's duties, but he emphasizes the truth, that in sitting at his feet to learn of him and to be filled with his spirit and love she has chosen the part that shall never be taken from her, and that shall enable her to be brave and helpful wherever she may be.

To be filled with anxious care in the duties lying around us is natural, and the easiest habit in the world to fall into. To be filled with Christ's spirit, by sitting at his feet to listen and learn, means greater ef-

ficiency in the service that follows and a true enjoyment in rendering it. Let us permit no care or worry or busy day to come between us and real fellowship with Jesus.

It must be remembered that Jesus loved both Mary and Martha, and though his words to the latter seem to be a sharp rebuke, they are spoken with great loving sympathy and tenderness that extract all the sting.

These women represent two types of attitude today—that of worship and that of service; neither, alone, is complete. They must go hand in hand.

I cannot choose; I should have liked so much
To sit at Jesus' feet—to feel the touch
Of his kind, gentle hand upon my head
While drinking in the gracious words he said.
And yet to serve him!—Oh, divine employ,—
To minister and give the Master joy,
To bathe in coolest springs his weary feet,
And wait upon him while he sat at meat!
Worship or service,—which? Ah, that is best
To which he calls us, be it toil or rest,—
To labor for him in life's busy stir,
Or seek his feet, a silent worshiper.

—Mason, in *Hastings' G. T. B.*

HINTS TO THE LEADER

It is suggested that three young women lead this meeting. Read "Hints to the Leader," in last week's RECORDER.

Get a young woman to read a three to five-minute paper on Some of the Great Women of the Old Testament. Another, on Three Great Women of the New Testament.

Have several ready to tell how they are looking for Christ's call to come to them. Others, ready to speak on How Will We Know it, when the Call of Jesus Comes?

Aim to make your members present feel that they are today sitting at the feet of Jesus; they will go forth inspired and encouraged.

HINTS TO THE TIMID

What was the "better part" chosen by Mary? Think this over and you will doubtless find a message to bring to the meeting.

What is Christ's most important call to me?

If I could do exactly what I wanted to do, what would it be?

What woman in Europe first heard the call of Christ? Acts 16: 14-15. How did she serve the Lord?

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her Savior stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave."

FOR THE JUNIORS

Lessons From Grass and Flowers

F. E. D. B.

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, June 19, 1915

Lesson text, Luke 12: 27, 28.

Dear Juniors: In the Sabbath-school lessons this spring you have learned much about David, king over Israel. He chose his son Solomon to be the next king. When David was about to die, he talked very earnestly to Solomon, telling him to walk in God's ways, and keep his commandments, and God would help him. Solomon believed this, and asked God for wisdom to guide the people rightly. God made him very wise and also gave him great riches, honor, and power. Solomon was a great king (1 Kings 10: 23-24). Solomon built the temple in Jerusalem, a very beautiful house for himself, and other buildings.

Solomon had a large family of servants to do his work. There was much rich food for all his household. Dishes were made of gold, and they drank from golden cups.

His clothing and that of his attendants was fine, costly, and beautiful. He had chariots and horses by the hundreds, and ships to bring valuables from other countries.

King Solomon "was wiser than all men." He spoke three thousand proverbs, and his songs numbered over a thousand. He knew all about trees, flowers, beasts, birds, fishes and creeping things. Kings of other nations heard of his wisdom and came to talk with him. Perhaps you remember the visit of the Queen of Sheba.

Now what did Jesus say in our lesson today? "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

The glory and beauty of Solomon's

kingdom came by the earnest thought and hard labor of hundreds of people. His beautiful garments were made by human hands.

The flowers, through the powers of nature, the soil, sunshine, dew and rain, heat and cold, are clothed in beauty by God.

There are many kinds of lilies. The most beautiful and showy ones grow in Eastern countries, and the dry stalks are used for fuel. Jesus refers to their bright colors by comparing them to the gorgeous robes of Solomon.

Sometimes the lilies grew thickly in the fields of grass, and after a short life of beauty, were gathered and burned.

Since God clothes the frail flowers of the earth with such wonderful beauty, he surely will provide ways for his children to be clothed, for Jesus said, "Your Father knoweth ye have need of these things." The apostle Paul said, "But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ" (Philippians 4: 19). "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth" (Psalm 104: 14).

LESSON TEACHINGS

Be thankful for plain clothing.

Wear costly clothing with modesty, not pride.

It is beauty of character and not fine clothes that counts with God.

Some of the plainest flowers have the sweetest perfume.

Lesson prayer: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalm 90: 12).

Key-word, "Wisdom."

A despondent young man, wearied with repeated failure in his life, flung himself on a lawn near a fountain. As its jet of spray leaped into the air, flashed in the sunlight, and fell again into the basin, he said to himself, "That is like my life. I make good resolutions, rise for awhile from sin, and then fall back." Then he looked at a soft, fleecy, pure white cloud, and thought, "That was once, perhaps, dirty water, but was drawn up by the sun. O for a power to draw me up!" Jesus is that power. He can draw men and women out of their oft-repeated sin and failure into the sunlight of his purity.—*James D. Lawson.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Going Shares

"O mamma, Nannie Evans has invited me to go drivin' with her this afternoon—a lovely, long ride in the country. May I go?" Effie's face was radiant and softly colored, like the early fruit blossoms.

Her mother smiled. "Why, yes, dear; and it was very kind of her to ask you."

"Yes, wasn't it?" cried the little girl. "Nannie can do lots of kind things—she has so much money."

Mamma looked a little grave and would have spoken to Effie, but the little maid had danced away to get ready. And when presently Nannie Evans and her big sister called for Effie, she was in such a flutter of excitement that she could scarcely keep still.

"O mamma darling, please hurry. Does it matter to fasten all the buttons, and isn't my hair smooth enough? Good-by. I wish you were coming."

Mamma smiled and waved her hand as the stately footman helped her little daughter into the victoria. And Effie waved back delightedly as the handsome bays started.

It was almost dark when she burst into the room, bringing the odor of fragrant blossoms with her. Her arms were full of roses, lilies, and carnations.

"It was the loveliest ride, mamma! And look at my flowers! Did you ever see such beauties? We went to a florist's, and Miss Katie—Nannie's sister, you know—bought such a lot of flowers. She gave me these for my own self." Effie was quite out of breath.

"Yes, they are indeed lovely," said her mother, lifting the masses of exquisite bloom.

"And so many!" cried Effie. "We'll have some in every room." And she ran to get vases and water. "Nannie's sister Katie sent a whole lot to the hospital," continued Effie. She paused a moment, and then continued wistfully: "It must be so easy to be good and do kind things when one has a lot of money, like Nannie."

Mamma smiled. "Do you think so, dear?"

"Why, yes," said Effie slowly. "If I

had lovely things, I know I'd go shares."

"Are you quite sure you would, Effie?"

Something in mamma's voice made Effie look up, puzzled. Mamma was looking at the great bowl of crimson roses on the table. Then she turned and looked at the lilies and carnations in the tall vases. A flush crept over Effie's face. She understood. "I know what you're thinking, mamma—that I could share my flowers. Oh, but I do hate to part with them!"

"It isn't easy always to go shares, you see," said mamma, gently.

Effie was silent for a moment, then she began to sort out the roses. "I'm going to carry these beauties to old Mrs. Lane. She loves flowers so dearly, and never has any. I'll leave a bowl for you, sweetest mamma, and take the rest." And Effie hurried off with her arms full. When she came back her little face was very grave. "O mamma! she cried when she saw them. She used to live in the country, and it made her cry; but she was so glad to get them."

It was a day or two later that Effie rushed in like a small whirlwind. "What do you think, mamma? Miss Katie Evans knows Mrs. Lane. She took her some fine washing to do, and saw our flowers; and then Mrs. Lane told her about them and how she loved the country, and Miss Katie is going to take her to drive every single week, and I'm going, too. Isn't that lovely?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma, kissing her.—*Boys and Girls.*

Bray's Enemy

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

The small boy—for he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat, and held it behind him. "I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."

"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?" asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

"Nobody sent me," the boy answered, "I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep for free days. He's got to be killed."

"Where did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joynes.

"My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gave me 15 cents a week for watching 'em."

"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been running them?"

"No, sir, I telled you."

"Ah, that's well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you 15 cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransome when Bray runs his sheep; how would that do?"

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head, he scornfully rejected it. "That 'ud be paying me for a lie," he said, indignantly.

When he said this Mr. Joynes took off his own hat and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he. "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he's afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages I shall offer you twice 15 cents and take you into my service. Meanwhile Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning, countryman."—*English Magazine.*

Thoughts From the Field

DEAR EDITOR:

Nothing has been said recently about that minimum salary of \$1,000 for our active ministers nor the pension of \$25 a month for the aged ministers now past usefulness. How long will we continue to pay starvation wages during the active period of our ministers and compel them when superannuated to enter the charitable institutions of the country? What answer can we give to the pastor's child when he asks that he be given the same opportunities to secure an education and get a start in life that the lay member's child has?

We not only pay the minister inadequately but we expect him to do about all the work in the church and save our souls for us without our putting forth much effort on our own account. We are making our churches religious hospitals where we require the constant attendance of a physician (the pastor). We are willing that he should do all the work and get all the reward in the next world. We take the medicine if it does not require too much effort, get as much benefit on this earth

as we can and hope for the best in the next world. If we would do more of the work ourselves it would be of great benefit to us individually and would give the minister a chance to help more of those who have no hope of eternal life. Our strongest ministers and best Christian workers for the most part have come from the small and often pastorless churches, because in absence of a pastor the lay members have been obliged to do the religious work for themselves. Would it not be well for all our ministers to spend nine months of the year among the non-religious people of the community and three months with the church? Such a course, it seems to me, would make us much stronger Christians, for we would carry on the work of the pastor in his absence, would build up our churches, and give the gospel to many who are now not being reached. We all manifestly desire to help the lost ones to a saving knowledge of Christ, but is this being accomplished best by our sitting quietly in church and listening to a fine sermon and a beautiful choir of singers each Sabbath? Would we not reach a very much higher spiritual plane and be of much greater help to the unsaved about us if we would conduct our own services for a time and sing praises to God rather than let some one else do it for us? Perhaps by so doing we would become so imbued with the spirit of Christ that we would not be satisfied to just go to our own religious club (our church) but would desire to go out into the byways and help save some of the lost of our own community who have not so far felt disposed to come to our own or some other church.

We are spending thousands of dollars to support our missionaries in foreign lands but are doing very little toward the Christianizing of the foreigners who come to us by the thousands each year. Is it possible that we as Seventh Day Baptists are losing ground because we are more concerned about keeping our numbers as exclusive guardians of the truth of the Sabbath than in saving the souls of lost humanity? An athlete to make his muscles strong to win the contests and approval of his fellows must exercise his muscles; so the man to develop brain power must use his brain; also the man to strengthen his religion must use it. Perhaps we are so much concerned about our creed that we

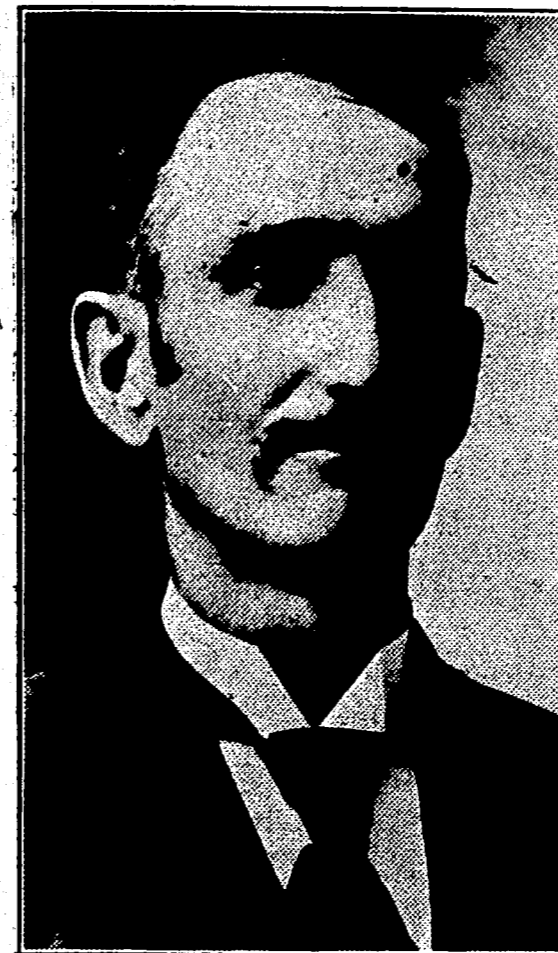
have lost our religion. Our religion is the real true Christianity we have in our hearts and not the unusual and peculiar form of worship we use.

A. M. SINCERE.

May 25, 1915.

Deacon Charles Greely Wheeler

Charles Greely Wheeler was the only son of Joshua and Mariah Reynolds Wheeler. When he was three years old his parents moved from Farmington, Ill., the place of his birth, to the Kansas prairie, three miles



DEACON CHARLES G. WHEELER

north of the present city of Nortonville. That was in the year 1857. Since that time that prairie homestead has been his home.

In his boyhood days he was faithful in his attendance at the public school, and later was a student at the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan. He was a good student. The preparation of those early days bore fruit throughout his life in the home, upon the farm, in the community and in the church.

When he was about fifteen years of age he confessed Christ as his Savior and became a member of the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church. His life has been consistently Christian. The community

has been saddened and has felt loss in his death. Some have said: "I have known him intimately and have found no fault in him."

In March, 1902, he was chosen and ordained to the office of deacon. He had a keen sense of the responsibility that rested upon him in that official position. He had proved himself a wise counselor and an efficient servant of God and his people. For many years he has been one of the leading teachers in the Sabbath school. He has been generous in his financial support of the church and denomination.

He was united in marriage on September 14, 1881, to Miss Augusta Rose Stillman, who survives him. Three sons and three daughters were born to them. Those now living are Vernetta, now Mrs. Shirley Van Horn; Edwin L., who is married and lives near the old home; Helen, of Boulder, Colo.; and Ernest, now at home with his mother. Those also in bereavement are Charles' mother, now in her ninety-third year; and his only sister, Adeline, the wife of Leslie F. Randolph.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon, May 10, at the church, conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs. Burial was made in the Nortonville Cemetery.

Brother Wheeler has gone, but the rich qualities of his mind and heart will ever continue an inspiration to higher and better living.

JAMES L. SKAGGS.

Christ's Compassion and Ours

I have long since ceased to pray, "Lord Jesus, have compassion upon a lost world." I remember the day and hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say, "I have had compassion on a lost world, and now it is time for you to have compassion. I have given my heart; now give your hearts."—A. J. Gordon, D. D.

Riches deceive men by making them think themselves other than they are. It was a favorite saying of Francis of Assisi that what a man is in the sight of God, that, and only that, and nothing else, he really is. Now riches are unquestionably a great hindrance in the way of seeing ourselves as God sees us.—W. R. Huntington.

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

Jackson Center "greatly enjoyed carrying out the Sabbath Rally program as provided by the Tract Society. Several expressed the desire for more rallies on different denominational topics."

* * *

One of the needs of our Bible schools is that of teachers who can draw around them groups of young men, taking such an interest in each member of the class personally that the whole group is bound together by strong ties. Young fellows have plenty of problems. They have a hunger for fellowship—not the forms, but the reality. There are many influences that are bidding for their interest. They are likely to swing away from good things by simply drifting with the tide without any particular wayward intent. O for teachers that can make themselves the center of human interests and their homes the center of good fellowship!

* * *

It was my pleasure to be a guest at dinner when four of the old gang were having a reunion. Vigorous, wide-awake chaps they were, and all making good. It was pleasant to be among them. I looked across at the quiet little woman who was mother to two of the boys and close friend of the others. I saw the pride in her eyes. That woman had done great work—the highest on earth. We admire the person who can paint a great picture or build a fine house, or construct a complicated machine. But the greatest art is the building of noble character. That lasts when material things have gone to dust and rust.

Lesson XII.—June 17, 1915

A PRAYER FOR THE TEMPTED.—Ps. 141

Golden Text.—"Keep me from the snare which they have laid for me." Ps. 141: 9

DAILY READINGS

First-day, Ps. 141. A Prayer for the Tempted
Second-day, Ps. 10. Overthrow of the Wicked
Third-day, Prov. 1: 7-19. Warning Against the Tempter

Fourth-day, Jas. 1: 12-18. Resisting Temptation
Fifth-day, Prov. 23: 29-35. Peril of Drink
Sixth-day, Hab. 2: 9-16. Woes Upon the Evil-doer

Sabbath Day, 2 Cor. 6: 11-18. Separation Enjoined

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Home News

SALEM, W. VA.—The Seventh Day Baptist Church members resorted to their church last Sunday night and enjoyed a pleasant supper and sociable under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. The program of the evening consisted of a debate on the "Sabbath Question," a number by the male quartet, a talk by L. D. Lowther, games, and the presenting of a birthday tribute to the pastor, A. J. C. Bond.

The college authorities announce that admission to the training-school this summer will be free. Those desiring to attend should make application to Dr. Clark or to Miss West. The college also announces that, if there are a sufficient number who wish it, a teacher will be hired to instruct those making up back work. For this course tuition will be charged.—*Salem Express*.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—All are invited to attend the dedication exercises one week from tomorrow, Sabbath Day, June 5, at 10.30.

Every one is urged to attend the reception at the church Sabbath night, June 5. Come and have a social time, look the building over, meet your friends, enjoy the refreshments—free—and listen to a short program.

The Brotherhood will serve a banquet in the church dining-room the evening of Monday, June 7. Any man may secure a ticket of C. L. Hill by paying 50 cents. As the number of tickets is limited you will have to hurry if you get one. Dr. Gardner and Bayard Paine will be the principal speakers.

No appeal will be made for money at dedication next week, but a regular offering will be received and all money not otherwise designated will go into the building fund. So do not stay away because of a fear you will be asked to contribute, but you can place in the contribution box your offering if you have one.—*The Loyalist*.

MARRIAGES

TALBOT-LARKIN.—At the residence of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Larkin, at North Loup, Neb., on May 21, 1915, by their pastor, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Frank A. Talbot and Pansy Larkin.

DEATHS

BARBER.—James Lorenzo Barber, eldest son of Alonzo D. and Sarah Cottrell Barber, born in Almond, N. Y., October 10, 1858, died at the Willard Hospital, May 28, 1915.

Mr. Barber and Miss Luella A. Tefft were married in 1876. In 1884 both joined the Second Seventh Day Baptist church of Alfred, N. Y. In 1890 they made the village of Alfred their home. The widow; one daughter, Cora E., of Friendship, N. Y.; and a son, W. Allen, of Cleveland, Ohio, survive the husband and father. "Behold, I make all things new." A. E. M.

WHEELER.—Charles Greely, son of Joshua and Mariah Reynolds Wheeler, was born March 18, 1854, near Farmington, Ill. He died May 8, 1915, near Nortonville, Kan. See other columns for biographical sketch.

STILLMAN.—Henry Nelson, son of A. B. and Clarine Coon Stillman, was born September 17, 1893, at Nortonville, Kan. He died in the same town on May 20, 1915.

At the age of sixteen years Henry confessed Christ as his Savior and became a member of the Nortonville (Kan.) Seventh Day Baptist Church. His interest in the work of the church and Sabbath school and young people's societies was ever manifest. He was president of the Christian Endeavor society in 1914, and for some months prior to his death he served as assistant superintendent of the Junior work.

Henry was of a sunny disposition. He was fearless and ever ready to do right. He was fond of the baseball diamond, and there he was known as a clean young man.

He was graduated from the Nortonville High School in 1912. Since that time he has been a successful teacher in public schools. He had made plans to enter Milton College the coming autumn with the purpose of completing a college course that he might be better prepared for a life of Christian service.

He was injured by a horse on Wednesday morning and in about thirty-two hours the end came. The interest and sympathy of the community and of the localities where Henry had taught school were attested by the beautiful flowers and large attendance at the funeral.

The funeral service was conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs at the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist church, May 22, 1915. Burial was made in the Nortonville Cemetery.

J. L. S.

Does God Care?

But does God really care? Is there anywhere an ear that hears the world's cries of pain and gives attention to them? Is there anywhere a heart that is touched by the world's sorrows, that feels with those who suffer, and that desires to give help and comfort? The veriest stranger when he is passing along the street and sees one suffering, in pain or distress, cares, pities him. A tender-hearted man feels even with a beast or a bird that has been hurt. Some great calamity occurs—the destruction of a city by an earthquake, a volcanic eruption pouring its lava streams over homes and villages, an explosion in a colliery, burying hundreds of miners—and a wave of pain sweeps over the world. Human hearts are sensitive to every shade of need and experience in others. When we see crape on a door, telling us that there is death within, that a family is mourning, though they be utter strangers to us, our hearts are touched, we walk softly, laughter is hushed, loud speech is restrained, we speak more quietly. We care. Is God less compassionate than men are?—*J. R. Miller*.

A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word, an annoyance, a wrong received and endured as in his presence, is worth more than a long prayer; and we do not lose time if we bear its loss with gentleness and patience, provided the loss was inevitable, and was not caused by our own fault.—*Fenelon*.

When you hear an evil report about any one, halve it and quarter it, and then say nothing about the rest.—*Spurgeon*.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COLONY IN FLORIDA

Lone Sabbath Keepers, especially, are invited to investigate the opportunities offered for building up a good home among Sabbath Keepers in this land of health and prosperity. Correspondence solicited.

U. P. DAVIS,
Ft. McCoy, Florida.
T. C. DAVIS,
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 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.

"In childhood, we love the great history books of the Old Testament—Genesis, Exodus, Judges, Samuel, Kings and Chronicles. No stories are there like these from the record of old Israel's life. Heroes and patriots walk and talk there. In all secular literature there are no characters so well known as those children of Abraham, more than three millenniums ago."

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Per year\$2.00
Per copy05

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

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed. Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

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

Advertising rates furnished on request.

Live while you are alive. In other words, enjoy this life as it comes to you. Listen to the bird songs and the voices of the children. Linger to watch the sunset or the opening of a flower. Take into your life the goodness, the pleasure and the brightness of every day, for, "we shall pass this way but once," and then when you reach the last day that is given you here you will be content and say, "I have lived."—*Exchange*.

"The only way to be sure we shall not hurt other people is to try continually to help them. The careless individual, while perhaps not meaning any harm, is always giving pain. 'Unless you are deliberately kind to every creature,' says Ruskin wisely, 'you will often be cruel to many.'"

A big dog once taught me a forcible lesson. A friend and I walked through the country, and this dog jumped easily over a deep gully on the way. Taking the same walk a few days later, this dog ran a quarter of a mile to a path that led down and up across the gully. There was a little dog with us this time, and the big one knew if he jumped across, the little one would try it, and fall in. This is Paul's teaching.—*Professor Dager*.

Thy messengers of peace,
To turn the tide of woe,
Are sinners, saved themselves by grace
Who witness what they know.
They feel as Jesus felt,
They work as Jesus wrought,
Epistles of redeeming love,
To save the souls he bought.
—*London Christian*.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

President—Mrs. A. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Secretary, *Western Association*—Mrs. E. A. Wells, Friendship, N. Y.

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

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

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

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

President—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.

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

Vice-Presidents—Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn, Ashaway, R. I.; Rev. W. L. Davis, Brookfield, N. Y.; Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.; Prof. S. B. Bond, Salem, W. Va.; Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, Adams Center, N. Y.;

Rev. R. J. Severance, Riverside, Cal.; Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, Fouke, Ark.; Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, North Loup, Neb.

Board of Trustees—Prof. A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.; Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.; W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.; Rev. H. Eugene Davis, Walworth, Wis.; Mrs. Mabel C. Sayre, Albion, Wis.; Rev. Lester C. Randolph, Milton, Wis.; E. M. Holston, Milton Junction, Wis.; R. Vernon Hurley, Milton, Wis.; Dr. Geo. E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.; Prof. D. N. Inglis, Milton, Wis.; Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.; Dr. L. M. Babcock, Milton, Wis.; Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Milton Junction, Wis.; Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.; Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, New York City.

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

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD.

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

Vice-Presidents—Carroll B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.; George Thorngate, North Loup, Neb.; William D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.; Miss Marjory Bliven, Albion, Wis.; Allison L. Burdick, Janesville, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Miss Ethel Carver, Marion, Iowa.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Zea Zinn, Farina, Ill.

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

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

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

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

Field Secretaries—Miss Edna Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.; Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, Verona, N. Y.; Miss Mabel Jordan, Nile, N. Y.; Miss Ruby Coon, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Bernice A. Hurley, Welton, Iowa; Miss Lucile Davis, Salem, W. Va.; C. C. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark.; Miss Luella Baker, Riverside, Cal.

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT.

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

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

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

New York, N. Y.; Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.; Mr. W. K. Davis, Milton, Wis.; Mr. F. J. Ehret, Salem, W. Va.; Mr. W. R. Potter, Hammond, La., and Dr. H. C. Brown, Brookfield, N. Y.

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

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

The Associational Secretaries will keep the working force of the Board informed in regard to the pastorless churches and unemployed ministers in their respective 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.

Plainfield, N. J.

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.
Babcock Building.

Printing and Publishing of all kinds.

WILLIAM MAXSON STILLMAN,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.
First Semester began September 16, 1914.

New catalogue sent upon request.

FREE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Catalogue sent upon request.

Address, Alfred Theological Seminary.

BIBLE STUDIES ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.
In paper, postpaid, 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.

Address, Alfred Theological Seminary.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND.

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

New York City

HERBERT G. WHIPPLE,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

220 Broadway. St. Paul Building.

HARRY W. PRENTICE, D. D. S.,
"THE NORTHPORT,"

76 West 103d Street.

Chicago, Ill.

BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

1140 First Nat'l Bank Building, Phone Central 360.

The Sabbath Recorder



The Message That Converted Over 300,000

Billy Sunday has probably led more persons to make a public confession of discipleship to Jesus Christ than any other man who ever lived. Men and women of every type have been fired by this amazing prophet with burning zeal for practical religion.

“Billy” Sunday

The Man and His Message

By William T. Ellis, LL. D.
Authorized by Mr. Sunday

Tells the story of Mr. Sunday's eventful life, gives a keen analysis of his manner and methods and traces his remarkable success as the most conspicuous Christian leader in America, and also contains the heart of his message, arranged by subjects, including his vivid utterances, his startling epigrams and his homely, Lincoln-like illustrations that add to his tremendously earnest appeals. Published by special agreement for the use of copyrighted material and photographs.

The Only Book That Explains “Billy” Sunday

496 pp., illustrated; cloth cover, \$1.00 postpaid

SABBATH RECORDER
Plainfield, New Jersey

THE SOUL OF LIFE

To live for common ends is to be common.
The highest faith makes still the highest man;
For we grow like the things our souls believe,
And rise or sink as we aim high or low.
No mirror shows such likeness of the face
As faith we live by of the heart and mind.
We are in very truth that which we love;
And love, like noblest deeds, is born of faith.
The lover and the hero reason not,
But they believe in what they love and do.
All else is accident,—this is the soul
Of life, and lifts the whole man to itself,
Like a keynote, which, running through all sounds,
Upbears them all in perfect harmony.

—Bishop Spaulding.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—Unjust Comparisons.—As Between Pastors and Evangelists. —Two Opinions: Which is Right? —The Other Side.—Drifting.—Different Temperaments Give Different Experiences .. 737-739	God is Able—A Bible Reading 757
“Study to Show Thyself Approved Unto God” 739	Young People's Work.—\$500 Within the Next Two Months.—International and World's Christian Endeavor Convention.—Song and Its Meaning.—A Christian Endeavor Song.—For the Juniors.—A Story About Neighbors 758-761
Emotional Evangelism 740	Children's Page.—The Boy Who Forgets (poetry).—Marjory Bee's Un-Birthday Gifts 762
Sabbath Reform.—A Sabbath Keeper's Experience.—Not Under Law, But Under Grace 742-749	The Seventh Day Baptist Pulpit 763
Missions.—Monthly Statement 750	Sabbath School.—A Prayer.—Sabbath School Room With Roller Partitions.—Lesson for June 26, 1915 .. 764
“If Thou Doest Well” 750	Home News 766
Railroad Rates to Conference 751	Marriages .. 767
Changes 752	Deaths .. 767
Woman's Work.—“Faust” and the Gospel 753-755	
The Church—Its Business Affairs ... 755	