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SABBATH RECORDER :: PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

# The Sabbath Recorder

Life is too brief  
Between the budding and the falling leaf,  
Between the seedtime and the golden sheaf,  
For hate and spite.  
We have no time for malice and for greed;  
Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed;  
Fast speeds the night.

Life is too swift  
Between the blossom and the white snow's drift,  
Between the silence and the lark's uplift,  
For bitter words.  
In kindness and in gentleness our speech  
Must carry messages of hope, and reach  
The sweetest chords.

Life is too great  
Between the infant's and the man's estate,  
Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate,  
For petty things.  
Lo! we shall yet who creep with cumbered feet,  
Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,  
Or soar on wings!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 3707

### The Sabbath Rally Day

Our readers have seen the notice of Secretary Shaw in the last REORDER concerning a Sabbath Rally Day again this year. These rally days in the churches of other denominations are regarded as important, and are made much of. Mothers' Day, Children's Day, "Lord's Day" Sunday, Education Day, and Bible School Rally Day are coming to be popular and are bringing good results. Some of these we have enjoyed in our own churches, and have found them profitable, and why should not a Sabbath Rally Day be looked forward to with pleasure and entered into with enthusiasm? We do not hear enough in our own churches about the one blessed truth that makes us a separate people. We take too much for granted as to the position our children will take upon the Sabbath question, and neglect to indoctrinate them as we should. Too many are allowed to grow up with the idea that their parents do not care very much for the Sabbath. Let us all join in this work and have, in every church, a rally day that will long be remembered. Suggestive programs will be furnished by the Tract Board, free of charge, and each church can add to these, or rearrange according to its local talent, making a splendid Sabbath service. The more people we can work in at such a meeting the better for the cause. We trust that our churches will respond so heartily this year that the board may not be left in doubt as to whether the effort is appreciated or not.

Give Us a World-Vision When Jesus was about to leave his disciples to carry on his work on earth, he looked beyond the limits of his own people, beyond the boundaries of Jerusalem or Judea or Palestine, and said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." While they were to begin at Jerusalem and do faithful work at home, they were also to have a world-vision that should overleap in thought the horizon of their own land and take in the regions beyond.

This suggests the manner in which every Christian should regard the Master's work today. While being loyal to his own people and true to his own church, the Christian should be ready to assist in every good work among any people with whom his lot is cast or over whom he may be able to exert an influence. The man with a world-vision will not be narrow or exclusive, but will mark the great movements of Providence in the world about him and will utilize every opportunity to advance the kingdom of God.

In the Darkness of Sin Have you read the story of the inutterable darkness in Mammoth Cave when the guide takes away his light and leaves his followers without any of their own? This he does after bidding the company extinguish their torches, to show them how it seems in there with no light. They say that, though he remains away but a few moments, the time seems unbearably long. The silence is dreadful, and one feels that some malignant influence is at work in the darkness, until vague apprehensions fill his mind, and he is glad indeed when the guide returns with the light.

A soul into which the light of God's approval does not shine is dark indeed. Spiritual darkness is no less real than the darkness of the cave, and fills the soul with forebodings of ill. No matter by what luxuries a man may be surrounded, if he is unreconciled to God, his heart is a gloomy place. In the darkness of his secret thoughts he feels an unrest; he can not rid himself of a sense of God's presence, yet knows he is out of harmony with him. This darkness, too, is unbearable. Thank God our Guide is near at hand and we need not remain away from the light he gives.

Value of Little Tests It was Emerson who said, "Train thyself in the little things and thence proceed to greater." I have read of a certain strong man who in early years always carried a prune in his vest pocket as a test of his



power to deny himself what to him was a luxury. He was excessively fond of prunes, and determined to carry one in order to develop his will power in the presence of temptation.

It was a small matter and many will smile at the simple story, but it was a test which many a young person would find hard to meet. In the case of the man referred to, while it probably had little to do with developing will power, it did reveal the fact that he had it and knew how to use it. The habit of self-denial must be cultivated if one is to become strong, and we scarcely realize the value of little tests in its development. Some of you can remember how difficult it was in the days of your childhood to keep even a little candy by you and not eat it. I remember when I almost envied the ability of a certain playmate to win out every time in a test like that.

There is nothing so small that it does not contain potency for good or evil. Many of the strongest characters began developing strength by little tests of will power—little self-denials—that prepared the way for greater things. Anything that determines which is stronger, your will or your appetite, may serve as a test. It might be good discipline to make a list of certain things you think may be injurious to health or to morals, and make tests of them. As careful exercise of the muscles tends to develop physical strength, so will self-denial even in small things tend to develop moral power.

**The Soul's Refuge And Strength** The world supplies every need of the body, but it can not provide for the soul. Every physical sense finds its counterpart in the realm of nature, where the eye, the ear, the sense of touch, the demands of hunger, and even the sense of beauty are all provided for; but the world makes no provision for the needs of the heart. The Lord alone can satisfy our higher nature, and for this he has made abundant provision.

Sometimes the very power of loving has drawn the heart into the mire when it should have mounted up on wings. God alone can give wings to the soul. In him it finds strength. He is its fortress in temptation, its "covert in time of storm," its star in the darkest night, and its ref-

uge and help in trouble. There are no solitudes of the heart where God's voice can not be heard, no gloom so deep but that his presence may be felt, no doubt so perplexing that he can not lead to peace, and no soul so deeply sunk in ruin that he can not raise it up.

**Wise Counsels For Today**

Some time ago one of the New York daily papers published a bit of advice given by Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War, that should be kept before the people in these trying times. It seems that a volunteer "committee" called upon the President to express dissatisfaction with the way the Administration was doing things, and after listening to the criticisms Mr. Lincoln said:

Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it in the hands of Blondin, to carry across the Niagara River on a rope. Would you shake the cable or keep shouting to him, "Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south"? No; you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an enormous weight. Untold treasures are in their hands; they are doing the best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we will get safe across.

Woodrow Wilson would do well to post these words of Lincoln over every door of the White House, in every hall and committee room of the Capitol, over every editor's desk in all the land. Never was such counsel more needed. No President since Lincoln has had to meet such grave issues; and if there was ever a time when the welfare of the nation depended upon the patriotism and loyalty with which the people upheld the Government, it is now.

**Weakness of The Hague No Police Power** The inhuman barbarity manifested by belligerents in this world war has not only horrified the civilized world, but shown the utter inadequacy of The Hague peace treaties. Many may not know that the whole question of the use of asphyxiating gases was discussed in that tribunal in 1890, and that a clear declaration prohibiting it was signed by most of the European representatives and ratified by their governments. The nations accepting this order, absolutely, were France,

Austria-Hungary, Italy, and the German Empire. The Kaiser's name headed the official list.

The barbarous resort to these forbidden methods must impress the world with the vital weakness of The Hague tribunal. It attached no penalties for violation, had no police power to enforce the observance of its laws. It fondly hoped that national honor would be strong enough to hold a nation true to its plighted word. But alas! its hopes were futile, and that, too, in the nation whose king was a leader in framing the law! No wonder the cry goes up from all neutral countries for a World Court with adequate jurisdiction on sea and land, with an international police power sufficient to enforce its decrees.

The Hague agreements have proved to be a farce. The nation most prominent in securing humanitarian rules against dum-dum bullets and poisonous gases is reported to have been first to repudiate them when such repudiation served best its convenience! What nation now can again trust such international law as being competent to govern belligerents in actual warfare? The nations will be wiser when the next Hague conference convenes.

**The Pension Principle** We notice that other denominations are keeping alive the question of pensions for their aged and infirm ministers. The Presbyterian and Baptist brethren have been especially successful in securing a large fund for this purpose. Nothing reflects greater credit upon a Christian people than careful provision for its needy ministers who have faithfully served it until old age and enfeebled health compel them to lay down their work.

The pension habit is spreading and the idea of caring for those who have given long service to any cause has taken possession of the popular mind. Railroads, banks, telegraph companies, express companies, manufacturing establishments, and schools are providing for their employees in old age, not as a matter of charity, but on the principles of justice. And now, at last, the conscience of thoughtful Christians in several denominations is thoroughly aroused to this duty, and the aged ministers who, when young, gave up opportunities for money-making in the business

world and spent their years preaching the gospel at salaries which precluded the possibility of saving for old age, are being provided for by an appreciative people.

This plan should be regarded as economical as well as just. The teacher whose school has made provision for his "rainy day" can the more freely and safely invest his earnings, year by year, for his own improvement, and can devote his time and talents to his task in a more clear-minded, care-free way than he possibly could without such provision. The same principle holds good with the minister. It is splendid—it is Christlike—when consecrated laymen practically tell their ministers that, if they will devote their lives and work to building up Christ's kingdom, their wants in old age shall be provided for. And it is beautiful to see young men, fully trusting their brethren to fulfil this promise, take upon themselves vows for a lifetime consecration to the Master's service.

If the minister is asked to invest his earnings in himself and in his books, in order to make his work more effective, then those who make this request of him should stand ready to provide for his old age. The demands upon us as a people have, in this respect, been few and far between. Most of our ministers have been able in old age to care for themselves, or have had friends willing to aid them. But we have had a few pathetic cases, and in years gone by the denominational fund was all too small. We are now getting a little start with such a fund, and we should not forget or neglect it. It should be made several times larger than it now is.

**President Clark Wants a Secretary** A letter from President C. B. Clark to the editor brings the information that a Sabbath-keeping stenographer and bookkeeper is needed as his assistant in Salem College. Believing that this notice may help both the college and some young person desiring a position where the Sabbath can be kept, we gladly give it place here.

Miss Eva Seager has for some time been President Clark's efficient helper; and aside from the regular work as private secretary, she has organized and opened a Commercial Department in the college, in which she gives instruction in penmanship, bookkeeping, shorthand, and type-



writing. About two hours a day and full time on Sundays will need to be given to office work as secretary for the president.

As Miss Seager has other plans for the coming year, President Clark very much desires to find some one to take her place. He could hardly get along without a Sabbath-keeper, as Sunday is a busy day with him. This position might be of advantage to some young person desiring to continue studies in college courses, taking one or two branches. Any one interested in the matter should address President C. B. Clark, Salem, W. Va.

**Shall We Hear From the Boy Scouts?** Brother Barker, scout master of the Boy Scouts in the Plainfield Church, has suggested that we have a department in the SABBATH RECORDER devoted to the Scout movement. He, with others, thinks such a page would interest the boys in our paper and many would thereby form the habit of reading it. The RECORDER will welcome such a movement and give place in its columns for interesting material designed for the Boy Scouts. We have seen enough of the benefits of the Scout movement to be heartily in sympathy with it. Only the other day, as we passed a group of boys in the streets, my companion said: "It seems to me the boys are more respectful and gentlemanly than they were before the Boy Scouts were organized." With this I fully agreed.

Whatever we can do to interest the boys in better things and to give them high ideals should be done gladly. Let us hear from those in our churches who are interested in the Boy Scouts.

**The Year Book Sent to the Churches** The publishing house has just sent out to each church its supply of *Year Books* for 1915. They go by express or mail, directed, in most cases, to the clerks of the churches; but where the clerks live away from the churches, they are directed to the pastors. These packages should be delivered promptly. If in any case they are not received, please let us know.

"Better make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity."

## The Great War: Its Moral Aspects

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, A. M., D. D.

There can be no question that the war now going on in Europe, and Asia, and Africa, which has had conflicts in every ocean, and which has called for recruits from every zone of the earth's surface, except perhaps the Antarctic, really deserves to be called the Great War. Our hope for the future is that there may never arise another war to rival it, and that this name will always be reserved for this war.

The first impression that comes to one who makes a study of this war is of the magnitude in the waste of human life. It is safe to say that more than three millions of soldiers have been killed, and perhaps twice that number seriously wounded. Then multitudes of women and children and other non-combatants have been killed either by the accidents of battle, or have been driven from their homes, and having lost their means of support have died of starvation.

The loss of property has been almost beyond comprehension. In addition to the expense of maintaining the armies in the field supplied with food and clothing and ammunition, there is the loss through the direct devastation of war, and equally great indirect loss through the suspension of legitimate manufacture and trade. This loss runs into scores of billions of dollars.

But far greater than the loss of life, far greater than the loss of money and property, far greater than the misery and pain and sorrow and suffering and distress,—far greater than all these is the moral loss, the deterioration of character, the damage of the soul. The unspeakable loss is in the hatreds engendered by the conflict, and in the cultivation of wrong points of view. War is forcing upon its victims the thought that might makes right, and that the weak have no rights that the strong and the resourceful are bound to respect. The man who kills, and kills, and kills, preserving his own life at the expense of his enemies can hardly hope to understand the love which our Savior had for the world,—even for his enemies.

We may indeed find some excuse for much of the cruelty on the ground that it is unthinking cruelty, and that those who do the evil deeds are only a little more responsible than the instruments which they

have in their hands. But the hands which have been taught to cruel deeds will bear the mark in after life.

The barbarities are too patent to need mentioning, but you will pardon me if I cite an illustration or two, not of fiendish cruelty but of calm and calculating hatred, of animosity that looks like the overthrow of reason, and of pleasure in the killing of men like the hunting of birds that is terrible from its lack of animosity.

On board of ship bound from the United States to Archangel a war-correspondent found a number of men going to Russia to offer their services to the Russian Government, not because they had any patriotism for Russia, but that they might have a good opportunity to kill Turks. For this they were willing to pay a large share of their expenses to say nothing of risking their lives. One young man was from Providence, R. I., a member of the Rhode Island National Guard and wearing its uniform. When asked why he wanted to fight he said: "The Turks killed my father, mother, and brother. Is that reason enough? If it isn't, they carried off my two sisters, and you know what that means" (Gregory Mason, *Outlook*, Dec. 15, 1915, p. 908).

W. T. Ellis records the severing of a friendship through national prejudice: "Before Turkey was involved in the war, a Canadian called upon his longtime friend, the German consul at Damascus. The latter refused to let him in the house, and, coming to the door himself, tried to send him away with bitter railings. The teacher was patient and remonstrated, 'But I am not calling as a Britisher or to talk about the war, but, as your friend of many years, to pay a purely social call.'

"It does not matter, you can not set foot in my house"—and the Consul actually spat at his former friend" (*Outlook*, Dec. 8, 1915, p. 860).

An English soldier was exhibiting the empty shell of a cartridge which he had used to kill a German officer the first day that he had been in real war. "Well, I slipt that cartridge out on the spot. It was my first German, and I thought what a bully souvenir it would make for my wife. First class, isn't it? Don't you think she will like it?" (*Independent*, "Poisons of War," June, p. 1915).

Other illustrations of the poison that

comes to man's soul through war will suggest themselves to every one who reads the papers, and I need not enumerate. The sinking of the *Lusitania* with the loss of 1,254 people not connected with the war, the destruction of Louvain because a few private citizens were shooting at German soldiers, the destruction of the cathedral at Rheims because its tower might be used for military observation are instances which show that civilized warfare easily reverts to the unreason of piracy and vandalism. The Turks drove two million Armenians from their homes, and killed half of them by means no less fiendish than the torture to which the Indians of America sometimes committed their captives. The Russians in their retreat from Poland drove thirteen millions of their own subjects from their homes, and destroyed villages and farm property even to haystacks, in order that the advancing Germans might find nothing to their advantage in the desolate country. A military purpose was served, but at the expense of immense suffering. Although there is a systematic effort on the part of the government to provide for these unfortunate refugees it is not improbable that many of these thirteen millions reduced to poverty will die of starvation.

It is safe to say then that this war is very similar to the great European wars of the past, and differs mainly in the circumstance that it is greater. The material loss, appalling as it is, is no greater in proportion to the wealth of the nations than was the waste in the Napoleonic wars. Perhaps we may say also that the moral damage is about the same, and that human nature continues as it has been.

The one outstanding discouraging feature is that this great physical and moral calamity has happened just when we have been congratulating ourselves upon the immense progress of the peace movement. Intelligent effort to abolish war and to supplant it by the arts of peace have been exerted for centuries, but within the last score of years these efforts have been multiplied. A number of international peace organizations have been called into being. One of the latest of these is the World Conference of the Churches for International Peace which held its first session at Constance in Germany on Sunday the second of August, 1914, just as the Great War



was getting started. Of all the organizations for peace the Hague Conferences seemed to promise the most since the members were the official representatives of the governments of the various nations. At the second meeting at the Hague, in 1907, forty-four of the forty-seven sovereign states of the world were represented, and a casual observer might have imagined that there was now no longer any chance for war. Besides the numerous local and international peace societies there are approximately five hundred other international organizations of various kinds. These give expression to the comity of interests throughout the world, and testify to the real kinship of all branches of the human race.

But this war has come, and the civilized nations of the world, with a few exceptions, are flying at one another's throats with all the ferocity of the beasts of the forest. It is a mistake however to conclude that war is nothing but barbarism and a reversion to the primitive conditions of the race. In order to discern the moral qualities of this conflict we must not look merely at the surface. This war is no accident. Thoughtful men have seen that it was impending. Some have even welcomed its coming. A modern representative of the point of view of the German government is Friedrich von Bernhardt. Writing in October, 1911, he speaks of war as "not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a true civilized nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality" ("Germany and the Next War," p. 14). He approves of the efforts of the Hague Conferences in the direction of humanizing war, but decidedly disapproves of the efforts to abolish war. He says: "War is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulate element in the life of mankind which can not be dispensed with, since without it an unhealthy development will follow, which excludes every advancement of the race, and therefore all real civilization." He quotes with approval Heraclitus of Ephesus, who says, "War is the father of all things." (op. cit., p. 18).

Von Bernhardt's opinions in the matter of international ethics correspond very well with his view of war. He says that among nations "right is respected only so far as it is compatible with advantage" (op. cit.,

p. 19), and in another connection, "Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision (op. cit., p. 23), since its decisions rest upon the very nature of things." In speaking of the Christian law of love he says: "This law can claim no significance for the relation of one country to another, since its application to politics would lead to a conflict of duties. The love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen" (op. cit., p. 29). Again he says: "Reflection thus shows not only that war is an unqualified necessity, but that it is justifiable from every point of view." So sincere is this enthusiast for war that he even quotes Machiavelli with approval.

On the other hand the pacifists are equally sincere in their condemnation of all war. They would even speak of the war for the liberation of Cuba as "our sordid war with Spain." They call war "the negation of civilization, a reversal to savagery, the breaking down of the social sentiments which have been built up during the years of peace, a concentration of all human crimes, a profound disturbance of the social and moral order."

The position set forth by von Bernhardt is not only immoral, but it is also absurd. It is of no value any way except for the strong. If the aggressor in a modern war is met by resistance nearly equal to his own strength the success that may be won will never equal the cost. Suppose that two farmers should take issue over the possession of a few rods of land, and in the contest should burn all the buildings on each other's farms. It would make little difference how the contest was decided.

I do not wish to pose as the defender of war, nor to deny that war is as bad as it has been painted; but I think that there is something of error in the position of the pacifists as well as in that of von Bernhardt and the militarists.

War is a great and terrible evil, but it is primarily nothing more than one of the symptoms of a far more deadly evil, namely the apotheosis of selfishness in the sovereign state. If really the state can do no wrong, if really the officers of the government acting in official capacity in intercourse with the officers of other states are above the

principles of ordinary morality, and ought to think only of advantage and disadvantage and never of right and wrong, then war is inevitable. When all the nations are looking with suspicion upon their neighbors, and sending spies to make sure of one another's strength and weakness, when all are adding dreadnaughts and submarines to their navies, and perfecting their fortifications and military equipment, when ministers and cabinet officers are carefully covering up their real purposes by artistically worded phrases of deceit, what we call peace is only an armed truce in the midst of war.

There are many thinkers today who honestly believe that the exchange of views between diplomats in order that they may come to mutual understanding is of no great consequence, and that no statesman's words are of any great importance except as they have weight through the implied threat of force behind him, and that the representative of each nation in a council has influence precisely in proportion to the material equipment and readiness to fight of the nation which he represents. I am not such a pessimist as to believe this; but there is some foundation for this position, and that foundation ought certainly to be removed. The two weapons in our hands are an appeal to reason and an appeal to conscience.

It already has been proven, if not completely at least approximately proven, that arbitration is a real substitute for war. Scores of cases of dispute have been settled by the Hague Tribunal, and thousands of cases have been submitted for arbitration before other tribunals. It is well within the limits of possibility that all matters of international difference may be settled by the courts amicably and judicially.

The duel was not banished from civilized lands simply by pointing out its evils and decrying it as a sin and a relic of barbarism. A substitute had to be found in stable law courts and tolerably accurate administration of justice. Some say that arbitration and judicial procedure are perfectly feasible in small matters like questions of fishing and such like, but that they can not be made to cover such matters as Asiatic immigration to America or the Monroe Doctrine. The law courts of our country have already been able to settle questions that are relatively far more important to

the citizens of this land than these are to the citizens of the world. Perhaps the Monroe Doctrine is already out of date, and Asiatic immigration is not such a curse as it is pictured.

It is true that the agreement of a state to submit all questions to arbitration does involve some sort of abdication of absolute sovereignty, but the nations of the world have already begun to abdicate sovereignty in their recognition of international law. What civilized state of today would be willing to deny the existence of international law, or to defy the opinion of all the rest of the race?

It is easily possible that in many cases the decisions in international arbitration might miss something of exact justice, and go according to the prejudices and preconceived opinions of the members of the court who do not exactly understand the evidence or the point of view of the principals in the action; but the same thing happens in our law courts within the nation. We can afford to suffer a little injustice in order to avoid the misery and the waste and the horrors of war. Possibly it would be different if we were sure that war decided every matter correctly. It is perfectly absurd to say that war decides any matter correctly.

The hope for the peace of the world is then in a league for peace with an agreement for arbitration, and with the understanding that the decisions of the impartial tribunal shall be enforced by some adequate international army, navy, or police force.

The combination of the forty-eight States of the United States Government is a valuable object lesson for the world. If the States had not abdicated something of their sovereignty the government would not have been of much value; but now there is justice and equity, and no possibility of war between any two of the States.

Years ago it was said that a corporation had no soul, and therefore could have no morality in dealing with its employees; but now while it may theoretically still be without a soul, the courts hold that it has practically the same moral responsibility as an individual, and the directors and stockholders are accountable. In exactly the same way the peoples of the world must require that nations and governments shall be accountable for fair dealing, and justice, and equity, not only towards their own citizens,



but toward the citizens of all other nations.

I mean in short that in addition to applying reason to the solution of international difficulties we should apply conscience as well, and that the spirit of the Christ should be just as manifest in the relation of states as in the relation of individuals. Perhaps this is a faraway ideal; but it is an ideal toward which we can approach.

Something of the stability and freedom of our present civilization is due to the thorough organization of a strong government which will exert force when required to prevent any man from infringing upon the rights of others. We can trust in the organization even when there is no moral quality back of it, but we trust with far greater confidence when we realize that this organization is based upon mutual good will and the spirit of service. There is no reason why this good will and mutual care should not be extended to all the world.

Many think that the present crisis in Europe is an indication that all the ideals of the fraternity of the human race are moonshine, and that the transforming influence of the gospel of Jesus Christ is not really of any great account.

A New York physician says: "I have lost my faith in humanity. I can not see that these millions of men now engaged in blowing each other's head's off, and hating each other with a hatred not found even in wolves, are one whit better than our old cave-dwelling ancestors. The only difference is one has guns, while the other had only clubs" (*Christian Work*, Dec. 25, 1915, p. 846). Ex-President Eliot in writing to the *New York Times* not long ago said: "For nineteen hundred years the ethics of Jesus of Nazareth have been in the world, but have had no effect to prevent or even reduce the evils of war, the greatest of the evils which afflict mankind. The ethical doctrines of Christianity in regard to justice, humility and mercy have not found expression in the relations between Christian nations, whether in peace or at war, or indeed in the history of institutional Christianity itself. At this moment none of the Christian churches has had any influence to prevent the catastrophe which has overtaken Europe. They are all alike in this respect—Greek, Roman, Lutheran and Anglican. Each national church sup-

ports the national government, and every ruler is as sure of his God's approval as ever Israel was of Jehovah's; and within each nation all the religions represented—Hebrew, Catholic Protestant and Mohammedan—unite in the support of the national government gone to war. So far as the advent of universal peace is concerned, one form of Christianity is as good as another; and all are helpless" (op. cit., id.).

I am free to admit that the case looks bad; but if Christianity has failed to meet this crisis the reason is because it has never been really applied. Although our Savior came to institute a world-wide brotherhood the Jews with their exclusive ideals could not comprehend such a doctrine, and the heathen who received the message were scarcely more teachable in this direction than were the Jews. It is hard for us, with the enlightenment which we have inherited and acquired, to realize that the Negroes and the Hindus are fellow-heirs with us of the mercy of God. What we need today is a fearless teaching of the social gospel of our Master as well as the gospel for the individual. We must seek for our own salvation to be sure, but not less for the salvation of our community, our state, our nation, and the larger community of the world; for all men are our brethren.

The trouble with Christianity as it is applied today is that it is not very far removed from the morality of the Old Testament prophets who believed in one true God to be sure, but thought of Jahweh as the one God for Israel, while there were other gods for other lands. They practically made religion co-extensive with patriotism. This is exactly what we have in Europe today. What we need theologically is to realize that there is evolution in religion just as certainly as in anything else. The old Testament saints certainly had some truth, but we should not be content with their standards. We should get rid of the national religion idea, and come out into the light of a universal gospel.

One reason why the peace movement has not made more real progress is because its partisans have assumed that all fighting is wrong, and that the man who adopts the calling of a soldier is thereby a sinner. A good many Christians think that the keynote of Jesus' teaching is in the saying, "Resist not him that is evil." They urge

that the only way to meet oppression and invasion is by letting the tyrant and the oppressor have his way. This gospel of Peace through refusal to fight or to be drawn into a quarrel has been set forth with great skill by Count Tolstoy (compare also *Atlantic* for Aug., 1915, p. 266). There is much to be said of the might of meekness. We may be sure indeed that this is not the counsel of cowardice, but rather of the greatest moral bravery.

But the greatest misunderstanding of our Master comes from making a principle into a rule and misapplying it. When Jesus said, "Resist not him that is evil," he was rebuking the man who is unmindful of fellow-men and standing persistently for his own rights. We ought to resist the evil man when it is the part of love to do so, when we can do better for him by showing him that he ought not to lead a life of violence, or when we can show love to society by hindering this man from a career of damage.

The pacifists are very ready to protest against the use of force. I am willing to admit that we can not precisely affirm that our Lord ever actually used physical force against his opponents; but he did teach that it is the motive that counts and not so much the outward deed. Then he did resist by protest when he was smitten without cause by a servant of the high priest. It is to be noticed also that he taught his disciples by the allegory of the Good Shepherd who gave his life for the sheep. The shepherd that dies for his sheep dies in resisting the wolf.

Our civilization is not founded upon force, but there is a moral use of force. We are too prone to be moved by sentiment. We pity the murderer who is by force taken to the fatal chair, and forget the victim whom he has slain. We pity the wife and children of a defaulter who are deprived of the support that he might give them while he is detained in prison, and forget the widows and orphans whom he has robbed of their savings. We shudder with horror at the butchery of war, and forget the wrongs and injustice of peace. The business man who makes girls work at less than a living wage in order that he may heap up dollars for himself and his fellow capitalists belongs in the same class with the monarch who offers hecatombs of soldiers in sacrifice in order that he may

express in himself the "will to power." The encouraging feature of the present war is that no one is willing to take the responsibility of having caused it, and all are ashamed or apologetic for it. Even the government which is apparently the aggressor has been careful to assert that it is being attacked, and inspires its people to arms upon the plea of defense of the fatherland.

The moral salvation of this world rests not in the abolition of war itself, but in the suppression of the spirit that lies back of war. The English soldier who manages a machine gun that is mowing down thousands of his fellow-men is not as guilty in the sight of God as the private citizen who stays at home and asks his government to send air ships to Germany to kill women and children as a reprisal. We need to learn then that while non-resistance is not the primary teaching of Jesus, it is just as manly to make concessions for our fellow-men as to stand for our rights. We need to learn that while force may be used without vindictiveness, nations ought to be as generous and kind as individuals. War is not inevitable, and will pass away just as soon as we apply to international relations the principles taught by our Savior. This is no more an impossible ideal than that our own community should be free from fights and street brawls.

May the time soon come when swords will be turned into plowshares, and the peace of God,—good will and fellowship and the spirit of service reign in all hearts.

#### Old and New Friends

Make new friends, but keep the old;  
Those are silver, these are gold.  
New-made friends, like new-made wine,  
Age will mellow and refine.  
Friendships that have stood the test,  
Time and change, are surely best.  
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray,  
Friendship never owns decay;  
For 'mid old friends, kind and true,  
We once more our youth renew.  
But alas! old friends must die;  
New friends must their place supply.  
Then cherish friendship in your breast;  
New is good, but old is best.  
Make new friends, but keep the old;  
Those are silver, these are gold.

—Henry van Dyke.

Come over on the sunny side of life.  
There is room there for all and it is a  
matter of choice.—Barnetta Brown.



## SABBATH REFORM

### "By Him"

(A Compilation)

ARTHUR L. MANOUS

"Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay *by him* in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come" (1 Cor. 16: 1-2).

Concerning this collection, not *of*, but *for* the saints, it is sometimes contended by those who desire to find Biblical authority for Sunday observance, that the expression, "by him," "refers to religious offerings, which Christians made on Sunday in their religious assemblies." But really, does the expression indicate a public collection taken at a public meeting? What do others say of this question?

In the *History of the Sabbath*, by J. N. Andrews and L. R. Conradi, Fourth Edition, page 199, one Mr. J. W. Morton, late Presbyterian missionary to Hayti, is quoted as saying:

"The whole question turns upon the meaning of the expression, 'by him'; and I marvel greatly how you can imagine that it means 'in the collection box of the congregation.' Greenfield, in his *Lexicon*, translates the Greek term, '*with one's self*, i. e., *at home*.' Two Latin versions, the Vulgate and that of Castellio, render it '*apud se*,' with one's self; at home. Three French translations, those of Martin, Osterwald, and De Sasy, '*chez soi*,' at his own house; at home. The German of Luther, '*bei sich selbst*,' by himself at home. The Dutch, '*by hemselven*,' same as the German. The Italian of Diodati, '*appreso di se*,' in his own presence; at home. The Spanish of Felipe Scio, '*en su casa*,' in his own house. The Portuguese of Ferreira, '*para isso*,' with himself. The Swedish, '*naer sig self*,' near himself" (*Vindication of the True Sabbath*, Third Edition, pp. 51-52).

"BY"—"PARA"

According to the *Englishman's Greek Concordance of the New Testament* (Harper and Brothers, New York, 1867), the

preposition "by" in our text is a translation of the Greek word, *para*. In our common version this word is rendered "by,"—as in our text,—about twenty-three times. "*With*,"—as in Matthew 19: 26,—about forty-two times. And by the term "*at*,"—as in Matthew 15: 30,—about twelve times.

"HIM"—"HEAUTOU"

According to the same authority the pronoun "him" in our text is a rendering of the Greek word, "*heautou* (incl. all the other cases)." This word is variously translated in our common version. For example, it is rendered "*him*,"—as in our text,—about three times. "*His own*,"—as in Romans 4: 19,—about eight times. "*His*,"—as in Luke 15: 5,—about nineteen times. "*Itself*,"—as in Matthew 6: 34,—about nine times. And "*himself*,"—as in Matthew 12: 26,—more than one hundred times.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

1380. "Eche of you kepe *at hym silf*" (Wycliffe's Trans. In "*The English Hexapla*," Bagster, London, without date).

1534. "Let every one of you put asyde *at home*" (Tyndale's Trans. In the same place).

1539. "Let euery one of you put asyde *at home*" (Cranmer's Trans. Ibid).

1557. "Let euery one of you put asyde *at home*" (Genevan Trans. Ibid).

1582. "Let euery one of you put a part *with him self*" (Rheims [Catholic] Version. Ibid).

1795. "Let every one of you set a part *with himself*" (Haweis' Trans.).

1839. "Let each of you lay somewhat *by itself*" (Campbell, Macknight and Doddridge's Trans.).

1853. "Let every one of you lay up something *by himself*" (Boothroyd's Trans.).

1858. "Let each one of you lay aside *by himself*" (Sawyer's Trans.).

1864. "Let each of you lay something *by itself*" (Emphatic Diaglott).

1880. "Let each of you put *by at home*" (Darby's Trans.).

1902. "Let each of you put on one side and store up *at his home*" (Weymouth's Trans.).

1905. "Let every one of you lay aside and preserve *at home*" (Murdock's Syriac Trans.).

In the light of the foregoing facts and translations the meaning of the phrase "by him" is made very clear. Taken in connection with the context, it plainly teaches that on the first day of the week, each one was to enter into his business records of the past week to ascertain how God had prospered him, and to lay by a sum—"by itself," or "by himself," "at home,"—for the poor saints at Jerusalem. This matter, as a personal business affair, was in perfect keeping with the character of the first day of the week as one of "the six working days" (Gen. 1: 1-5; Ezek. 46: 1; Luke 13: 14; 23: 54-56).

### The Prophet Elijah

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

The prophet Elijah is a colossal figure towering above his age in moral and spiritual grandeur, as some lofty mountain peak towers above the low-lying plain at its base. His chief characteristic is force—force with righteousness as its goal. Our review of his life will contain no new truth but we trust it will be beneficial.

Israel was immersed in idolatry. Jehovah's altars had been thrown down and altars erected to Baal in their stead. A few souls were faithful to God but an effort was being made to utterly stamp out the true religion. God had said he would punish apostasy by withholding the rain of heaven from the earth; and when Israel, chosen as the repository of his truth, sank down into the practice of heathenish abominations, Elijah suddenly appeared before Ahab with the startling message that there should be neither dew nor rain upon the earth for these years save by his intercession.

Elijah, clad in the skins of wild beasts, presented a striking contrast to Ahab, robed in kingly apparel; but conscious of his divine appointment he quailed not in the presence of royalty. He delivered his message and departed as suddenly as he had come. This is our introduction to Elijah. Nothing is known of his previous life, his parentage, or his birthplace save that he came out of Gilead east of the Jordan.

After his interview with Ahab he went, under divine direction, to the brook Cherith near the Jordan. His home was

probably in a cavern under the steep mountain cliff, safe from Ahab's vengeance, shut out from the world, an ideal place to commune with God and be divinely disciplined for his life's work. God commanded the ravens to feed him *there*—not anywhere, but *there*.

The ravens are carrion birds that snatch food from others and abandon their young; but moved by a supernatural instinct, for a year they brought food to Elijah twice a day. Through this unlikely medium he also received spiritual food, for upon each appearance they confirmed his faith in God's love and care and the veracity of his word. Then the brook dried up. What were Elijah's feelings as he sat beside the drying brook? Did his faith preserve the peace of his soul in unruffled calm? If so, it was superior to the faith of many Christians who have sat beside the drying brook of failing health, a dwindling exchequer and vanishing friends.

Not until the brook was dry did God reveal the next step to Elijah. Then he told him to go to Zarephath, where he had commanded a widow to feed him.

When Elijah reached the city gates he found the widow gathering sticks to build a fire with which to cook the last meal for herself and son, that they might eat and die. Elijah asked for food, assuring her that the God of Israel had said the supply of food should not fail. She granted his request. He abode in her home two and one-half years and they suffered no need.

For three and a half years the heavens gave no rain. Then God told Elijah to go and show himself to Ahab and he would send rain upon the earth.

As Elijah was going he met Obadiah, governor of Ahab's house, from whom he learned that Ahab had instituted a most thorough search for him throughout Israel and the surrounding nations.

By request Obadiah brought Ahab to Elijah. Ahab's first question to Elijah reveals a quality of fallen human nature: "Art thou he that troublest Israel?"

Elijah replied: "I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim."

Elijah proposed to test Jehovah and Baal. At his command Ahab gathered to-



gether on Mt. Carmel all Israel and the eight hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and the groves to meet Elijah. With burning words Elijah urged the people to make a decision and not go limping between two opinions. "If the Lord be God," said he, "follow him: but if Baal, then follow him."

For a test Elijah proposed sacrifice, a rite common to all religions, the sacrifices to be prepared and put upon the altar in the same manner, and the God that answered by fire should be the God. And all the people answered, "It is well spoken."

Baal's prophets were given preference in regard to time. They offered their sacrifice in the morning and called upon Baal to hear them. As Baal was the sun god, they had reason to expect that at noon, when the sun's heat is most intense, their prayers would be answered if at all. As no answer was received, they became violent, leaped upon the altar and cut themselves with knives until the blood gushed out.

Elijah urged them, saying, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."

For six hours that lonely prophet stood on Mt. Carmel listening to the unavailing cries of Baal's prophets as they echoed and re-echoed through the mountains and the valleys, while billows of anguish and indignation at the havoc wrought in God's kingdom surged and resurged over his soul. Then, calling the people to him, he repaired Jehovah's altar. Israel was divided; ten tribes were in revolt. But in this crisis, fraught with such momentous issues, each tribe was represented by a stone inwrought in Jehovah's altar, significant of the fact that at times all Christians, irrespective of denominational lines, should unite in the Lord's work.

At Elijah's command water was poured upon the sacrifice until it covered the altar and filled the trench about the altar. At the hour of the evening sacrifice Jehovah's prophet, majestic in the strength of his God, approached with stately step near the altar and prayed that the Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Israel would make himself known in Israel that Day. Instantly the fire fell, licked up the water,

and consumed the sacrifice, the altar and even the dust.

In previous offerings the altar was not consumed, but the mission of this altar was ended; for never again in the history of the world would the religion of Jehovah be put to such a test.

After the people had witnessed the answer to Elijah's prayer, they fell upon their faces and said, "The Lord, he is the God."

The day's work was completed by killing Baal's prophets. Then Elijah went up on the mountain, bowed himself down and prayed for rain.

There was a bountiful rainfall. Elijah, anxious for Ahab's safety since he had honored God, assumed the role of a dutiful subject and ran before Ahab's chariot to Jezreel, thus proving that he had acted as God's ambassador on earth and not in revenge.

But "there was a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself" in the person of Jezebel, Ahab's wife, who was rooted and grounded in idolatry. She was a wonderful woman, possessed of great native ability. Her name stands as a synonym for desperate wickedness; but if she had been on the right side, marvels would have been wrought for Israel through her instrumentality.

When Jezebel learned through Ahab the result of the test on Carmel, she was filled with rage. But few people would have had the courage to fly in the face of Carmel; but, zealous for the honor of her gods, Jezebel sent a threatening message to Elijah who ran for his life, and she snatched victory out of defeat.

Elijah fled to Beer-sheba where he left his servant, went a day's journey into the wilderness, sat down under a juniper tree and prayed to die. The spiritual giant had fallen—the result of looking at circumstances instead of looking to God. At length from sheer exhaustion he slept, perchance a troubled, dreamy sleep. Listen to that deep-drawn sigh. His spirit is sounding the depths of despair, from which not even the angel of sleep can give release. Our hearts beat faintly as we view this scene; hope is well-nigh extinct. But listen: as a mother bends with yearning heart over her child tossing on its pillow, sighing in its sleep, so the heavenly Father bends over his child asleep under the juni-

per tree. New life thrills in our veins as we catch the outbreathings of his heart. "The ravens and the widow were sufficient to minister to Elijah when he was strong, but in this hour of his dire need he shall have the best"; and lo! at God's command an angel wings its flight through the gates of the Celestial City on a mission of love to the fallen hero. Carefully he prepares food for Elijah, then gently awakens him and bids him arise and eat. After needed rest, Elijah was again administered to by the angel, and in the strength of that food he went forty days and nights to Horeb the mount of God.

If this event in Elijah's life had not been recorded, we would have judged him a greater man; but he would not have seemed so human, and there is great comfort in the thought that our Father looked down through the ages and noting the missteps of his children recorded in his word the fall and restoration of Elijah to assure them that they are as dear to his heart when they lie prone in the dust as when they stand on Carmel's heights. Oh, the tender compassion of our Father God—boundless as eternity!

Elijah must have lost influence and a reward for further service in Israel, but not sonship nor the love of God.

At Horeb the Lord appeared to Elijah and said: "What doest thou here, Elijah"—away from the path of duty? How human he appeared when, instead of confessing his faults, he tried to justify himself by telling how jealous he had been for God's honor, that he was the only prophet left and his life was sought.

An eyewitness of a storm in the Sinai mountains says that the winds rush through the gorges of the mountains with such fury that neither man nor beast can stand in their way. Great rocks are torn from their places and hurled across the path, and mingled with the roaring of the wind is the thunder's deep bellow, while the lightnings seem to belch forth from the mountains as from a fiery furnace. Such a storm, followed by an earthquake, God commanded Elijah to witness; but awful and sublime as were these manifestations of nature, God was not in them in a way to impart himself to Elijah. But after they had subsided, there was a "sound of gentle stillness" and through that medium God spoke to Elijah. Undoubtedly the

terrific manifestations of nature were necessary to prepare Elijah to hear God's voice in "the sound of gentle stillness," and multitudes of God's elect since then have been prepared by the terrific storms of adversity to catch the whisperings of the "still small voice" as it breathed the undying love of God into their souls.

The completeness of Elijah's restoration is attested by the fact that he boldly confronted Ahab in Naboth's vineyard and delivered to him God's message of judgment.

But his eventful life was drawing to a close, and one day he told Elisha, whom he had been training for his successor, to tarry at Gilgal but the Lord had called him to go to Bethel. Elisha refused his request and together they started on the journey which led them to the Jordan, and still God called Elijah on. He had no boat with which to cross the river but with his mantle he smote its waters, parting them hither and thither, so they passed over on dry ground. On, on they walked and talked, now amid scenes of Elijah's childhood, each moment growing more intense with feeling until suddenly a storm swept down upon them, a chariot and horses of fire appeared and separated them, and Elijah was carried up into heaven.

What a glorious ending to his earth life—a beautiful type of the living saints who at the appearing of Christ "shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," and caught up, "to meet the Lord in the air."

Nine centuries in their weary march come and go, and once more we behold Elijah as he appears in glory upon the Mount of Transfiguration and talks with Jesus concerning his decease which he shall accomplish at Jerusalem. In holy reverence we draw near in our imagination while he talks on the central theme of eternity, and with bated breath we listen as he testifies that not in stormy, bloody scenes like Carmel shall the world be won to God; but that men and women, dead in trespasses and sins, as they look upon the uplifted Christ shall be transformed by the vision and drawn into the kingdom of God.

"God has his church and cause in charge, and they who deal with sacred things must keep within divine regulations concerning them."



## MISSIONS

"Have you found the heavenly light?  
Pass it on!  
Souls are groping in the night,  
Daylight gone.  
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,  
Be a star in some one's sky,  
He may live who else would die—  
Pass it on!"

### Caste in Home Life in India

In our station we see a great deal of caste among the English-speaking people as well as among the Indians. In other stations less of the caste spirit and practice may be present among the Europeans, but in Kharagpur it is altogether too evident to be called Christian. However, today, I wish to tell you of caste in the everyday life of the Indian people as I have seen it in our compound or dooryard.

The everyday life of the Indian people is shot through and through with caste. This fact is brought home to us again and again right at our front and back doors.

Our coal in Kharagpur is delivered in baskets on the heads of women coolies. We get a basket—about half a bushel—a day. So every morning a woman with two baskets balanced on her head comes to our back door. This particular morning Prasna, our cook, was not around to help lift down the top basket. When Mrs. Browne saw this poor woman standing there with these two heavy baskets on her head, she was moved with compassion. She called Methrani, the woman who keeps our house clean, to help lift down the basket.

But to Mrs. Browne's surprise Methrani was met with a haughty and blunt "No" from the coal-carrier. Methrani tried to explain that she had come to help. Impatiently the woman with the coal on her head stood up straighter than ever and refused to let puzzled Methrani touch even the basket.

The only obstacle in the way was this,—Methrani is a sweeper and the coal-carrier is a coolie. Both do menial work. One is as poor as the other. To us there is no distinction in appearance or character. To them, however, a slight caste distinction rendered the sweeper's offer of kindness

in response to the coolie's immediate need, a means of defilement to the coolie. To us it seems petty and childish. In reality it could only be an imaginary defilement. We all know that. Yet here you have it,—the stubborn fact of caste.

Caste is very impracticable. It impedes progress, robs helpless boys and girls of equal opportunities and privileges; and let their ambition be what it may, high or low, it dooms them to the same work and circumstances in life, generation after generation.

Caste tends to drive brotherhood from social life and to leave with men a feeling of pride that they are not brothers. We see this daily exemplified on our compound. The room of our gardener, a Christian man, is separated from our sweeper's home only by a wall eighteen inches thick. In eight months we have never seen the gardener or his family go near the sweeper's door. The gardener has three children and the sweeper two. Do you suppose I have ever heard the gardener's children speak a word to the sweeper's children? Never. Have we ever seen them play together, do you think? Never. They might as well live one hundred miles apart as eighteen inches, for all they know about each other. They would not miss each other at all. Caste makes brotherhood in a large sense impossible.

Hundreds of boys and girls never know what a school is. They never hold a pencil in their little brown hands. They never see a book with their bright eyes. If they did have pencils, neither they nor their parents could write. Should they catch sight of a book, neither they nor their parents could read. Why? Because caste practically excludes them from school privileges, such as you all enjoy without ever thinking that it is not the natural privilege for every boy and girl to enjoy. Legally all boys and girls are admitted to the schools. But the fees are so high that for a low caste parent to be able to pay them, would be next to a miracle. And should such a parent be able to pay the required fees, the higher caste parents would withdraw their children from school rather than permit them to be in any way associated with a low caste child.

A lawyer in the Calcutta High Court told me that about a year ago, a bill was put before the lawmaking body of India,

granting free schools to all and making education compulsory. The bill was not even discussed, and the chief reason was caste.

If each day a bright, happy little girl would come and play on your veranda, and if you knew that the schoolhouse door were closed to her, how would you feel? None but the children in America who have had to go to work before they ever saw a schoolhouse can begin to know what is ahead of this little girl, and even they can not fully understand because this little girl will never be permitted to mingle with others who can read and write. "But," you say, "are there no schools in Kharagpur?" Yes, we have good schools, comparatively speaking. Yet this little girl will never enter one of their doors or sit at one of their desks. Caste dooms this bright, sweet little girl to ignorance and mental atrophy.

So strong is the hold of caste upon the Indian that years of preaching and teaching that God is our Father and that all men are brothers, leave these people still clinging to their caste prejudices. A man who had a Christian father, who has been a Christian himself from boyhood, who is now teaching a Sunday-school class, and who has been trained as a pastor,—this man who has a son of at least fifteen years, astonished me by his attitude toward the lower castes. I put this question to him, "If we should send the sweeper's little girl to the United States, educate her, and if she should become a refined Christian young woman, would you not like your son to marry her?" He replied, "No, not if the sweeper's little girl should become an angel, would I allow my son to marry her." In fact among Indian Christians this system still has such strong hold in this mission field that the sweeper caste are often excluded from the churches.

One of the great aims of our work among the English-speaking people is to teach them how to love and deal with their servants in such a manner that they will want to become Christians. We are trying to set the example at home, and to lead them all to recognize no caste distinctions. Another time possibly I can tell more than I am able to tell at present about results. Soul saving is just as hard and costly a business in India as in the United States.—*Zo D. Browne, in Baptist Commonwealth.*

"What are you giving today?  
Some have given father, mother,  
Leaving friends and pleasant ease,  
All the dear home ties have severed—  
How compare your gift with these?"

Bishop Rowe, in *The Spirit of Missions* for February, describes the founding of a new mission within the Arctic Circle, in order to preach the gospel to the Kobuks and the Koyukuks. "As a beginning," he says, "two log cabins were built at Allaket. Miss C. M. Carter has accepted this forlorn post of duty. . . . I had hoped that the heroic missionary spirit in some man of the church on hearing my plea for a man for this place would have cried out: 'Lo, here am I; send me.'" But it has been vain so far. As one witnesses the willingness of women to volunteer for work no matter how far away and forbidding, at the call of the church, and the silence of men to such calls, one can not but think of Mrs. Browning's lines:

"The world's male chivalry has perished out;  
But women are knight-errants to the last."

—*New York Tribune.*

### The Great Test, or the Struggles and Triumph of Lorna Selover

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

(Continued)

CHAPTER VIII

"Brother Harold, I have neglected you this vacation, and am sorry. But when I get to college I am going to write you some of my best letters. Sister loves you and you are my only brother. How nice to have a clean, manly brother! I would not trade you off for all the fellows in the State," said Lorna as she was making preparations to start in a few days for college.

"Not even Mr. Ellington, sister? I think he has been rather attentive of late. If he could only talk something besides the ministry and get you out of your recent solemn condition." And Harold looked at his sister with something of a critical eye, for boys of his age are not slow to note the ways of sisters.

"Well, Mr. Ellington is very entertaining and he seems to be a promising student. No, not trade you off for even Mr. Elling-



ton. Why should I? And he will soon forget us all in his study for law or ministry. By the way, Harold, what would you rather be, a minister or a lawyer?"

"Neither one," said Harold. "I want to be a physician."

"A great opportunity for doing great good, brother. Are you willing to climb to the top and at the outset take God into your plan? Nothing truly succeeds without partnership with him."

"I do not know just how that can be done," said Harold. "I suppose I would be like the most of them and make lots of money and be on the go night and day, and wear glasses, and smell of medicine! Anyway I don't want to have your troubles about religion, sister, what's the sense of it? Can a doctor do anything better with his patients by being immersed or having other things religiously different from the crowd?"

"A physician is a man the same as others and responsible to God for his beliefs and conduct. If he is a devoted man and has a religious principle he will win greater confidence and be able to minister as a physician to the spiritual necessities as well as bodily wants of his people. I consider a physician next to a minister of the gospel in influence for good in a community, if he will do as God commands. The Great Physician should be his pattern. There is not much money in the profession now but there is something far better. We'll talk or write of that when you are ready for studies on that line. You may change your plans when in college or at the close of high school."

What a blessing for a boy to have a sister that shows love and tact and confides in him. How many boys could be saved to better lives if they had sisters that knew their influence. Lorna had often thought of this and determined that as far as she could act her brother should be a true man.

The time drew at hand for starting for college. It was a sad day for the family but they knew the necessity of it. Lorna had been constantly at home all these years except a few visits with her mother in a distant State. She had read a great deal about travel and many books on social life as well as the best educational works suited to her age. She was a woman now and yet a girl in unaffected ways and obedience

to parents. Would a girl or woman ever outgrow the duty of obedience in the Lord? Not if rightly trained and parents have been true to their trust. Mr. and Mrs. Selover had carefully guarded her interests and had been her companions, and the sweetest relations existed between them. In religion, as has been seen, they had conscientiously done everything possible to bring her up a loyal and useful Methodist. The present unsettled state of affairs was to them a very sad thing. But they hoped that under the influence of Methodist teachers and a large church where she would soon be active, she would see differently and come out all right.

"This is the beginning of a new life, my daughter," said Mr. Selover. "When boys or girls go off to college, few ever come back to settle in their home town. We may hope that in the providence of God it may be otherwise in your case. Remember that this is your home and that father and mother are still your confidential advisers and companions and that our hearts and lives are yours and Harold's above all else. Be careful what companions you select while at Kingsbury and remember that you are the daughter of a family that has a record for generations, religiously and financially and otherwise, for good citizenship."

Saying this, the father almost broke down and mother was weeping.

"Dearest father and mother, I have tried to be loyal and dutiful and I am sure I shall do nothing to bring grief to such faithful parents as you have been. I'll be home for the holidays and you will come to to see me when business permits. I shall write every week if not twice a week." And she affectionately kissed each of them and her dear brother. The train pulled out and Mr. and Mrs. Selover returned home feeling that a large part of the house was vacant. Harold was so uneasy that he did not know what to do with himself. The mother went to her room to weep and the father went to his store to forget his loneliness.

On board the train Lorna was much surprised to see Dr. Williams, who would go part way en route to Milton.

"Why, Miss Selover, I am surprised to find you on this train. Where are you going, to some funeral?" said Dr. Williams.

Lorna's eyes were filled with tears as Dr. Williams accosted her. For a moment she could not speak but she smiled.

"Well, it seems like a funeral just now. I have just left my home and parents to go to college and of course you well know what that means to me and especially to my father and mother," said Lorna.

"Yes, indeed, I have passed, myself, through all that, and some of my children have also. It is a part of our discipline in life. But happy is the young man or woman who loves homes enough to weep when leaving it. It is a good sign. Where are you to attend college?"

"At Kingsbury; perhaps you know the town," said Lorna.

"Yes, I am acquainted there. It is a good college and you will have delightful times when you are acquainted," replied the Doctor. "I like the small denominational colleges. They are best for students; and then when the course has been completed and the student has settled the matter of life work, he is better fitted to go to a university where temptations are greater and the student seldom ever knows his teachers in the true sense. I have taught in a small college many years and somehow all the students seem to belong to my family."

"Are you returning to college teaching now?"

"Not exactly. I am about to change my position and enter a theological school to prepare young men for the ministry. I hear that your friend, Mr. Ellington, whom I met the evening we had our little discussion, is likely to enter the ministry. I took a great liking to him and he seemed to be quite a talented young man. My old college mate, Dr. Mead, speaks very highly of him."

"Then you and Dr. Mead are well acquainted," said Lorna.

"We were classmates and at one time for a semester we roomed together," replied the Doctor.

"Did you have many discussions then like the one we had the other evening?" asked Lorna.

"Only a few. We had no time for that and just at that time we were not disposed to antagonize each other. College boys as a rule are 'hail fellow well met.' That was our case. Since then in correspondence we sometimes get into a tangle

over something, but we keep sweet. He avoids it as much as possible and so do I. But there are occasions when it will come up. But he did admit to me the other day that I had the best of him on baptism and that he has sometimes had doubts in his mind as to what he ought to do; but somehow tangled up with his large church and Presbytery he does not quite feel at liberty to antagonize them and so he keeps quiet."

"I don't believe a minister ought to cover up any truth; no matter the results, he should declare it. Don't you think so, Dr. Williams?"

"I certainly do and that has been my practice, observing the proper moment or occasion. We Seventh Day Baptists if anything are not aggressive enough. We could take a few lessons from our Adventist brethren on missionary methods. What was your opinion of our discussion at Dr. Mead's?" he asked.

Could she unburden her heart to this man, who, she now felt, had the truth on this one question? Would it be proper to do so, and what would her parents think? But she must politely answer.

"My opinion is that Pedobaptists have no argument and the lexicons they themselves print and read are mostly against them, Dr. Williams. I am sore puzzled over this. I was not quite satisfied when my pastor sprinkled me this summer, but being only a girl I thought they could put me right and I might have the peace of complete obedience. I am still struggling over the question," honestly answered Lorna.

"I can well sympathize with you in that struggle, Miss Selover. I have seen many in the same doubt and some have triumphed and found peace in the settlement for life of the matter as they ought to settle it. Will you thus settle it is a question for you to face. When settled and Jesus is obeyed, the whole thing does not seem so great a cross after all."

"O Doctor, you have given me hope, and the only thing that brings me pain is my parents. It looks to them like losing a daughter to have me change my belief and submit to immersion. I had not fully said I would, but I am fast coming to that conclusion. It has been a great struggle. I would not fear the results or be afraid of any popular opinion, but it grieves me



to think of going contrary to my parents' wishes and belief," said Lorna.

"With your permission, I will send you a little book on the question and some tracts which you can read at your leisure. I observed that Mr. Ellington was a fine Greek scholar for a young man of his age. I hope he will give the question a thorough study, especially if he enters the ministry. But here we must part. Glad to have met you and had this conversation. I assure you that you will greatly enjoy your college course. You will meet after a time Professor Barton. Kindly remember me to him saying you met me on the train."

Dr. Williams bowed politely and smiling went his way.

"Who can help liking such a man?" she said to herself. "The peace of obedience. I must have it or I can't study well. But my dear father and mother," and again she covered her face and wept. Home, dear old home. Its hallowed influences. Its refinement and culture. Its religious atmosphere. Can it be that they are in error? Dear old Pastor Dudley, how she would miss his sermons and his pastoral calls and cheery ways. Dear Sunday-school class. What would open to her at Kingsbury by way of usefulness and activity?

In a few days she was settled in her room and had made a few acquaintances. She rented a piano and she had a beautiful well-furnished room, and money from father to set the pace among other students. At once she was a favorite. The Methodist pastor had been informed by Pastor Dudley of her coming and difficulties and had made ready to gradually dispel her doubts and set her at ease.

She at once wrote to her parents who so anxiously looked for the first letter.

"Kingsbury, September 10.

"MY DEAREST PARENTS: I arrived safely having no mishaps en route. I did not care to look at the scenery though I was told it was beautiful. My thoughts were on you and home. My dear old home. Never did I appreciate it as now. I can never thank you enough for the dear, kind, loving help you have always given me and the care with which you guarded me these years. I am still your obedient daughter ("in the Lord," whatever that may mean). I have the prettiest, cosiest room and the new piano rented is a fine one in

tone. I have made acquaintances with a few but remember your loving advice and so go slow in forming friendships though treating all with courtesy as occasion demands. By the way, I met Dr. Williams on the train and had a most interesting chat. He spoke so highly of the college here and he knows one of the professors to whom he sent his regards. He has a most winning manner and does not obtrude himself upon people nor thrust his religious opinions on men without being called out, or it fits in naturally. He did not say a word about the Sabbath but did inquire how I was impressed with the discussion at Dr. Mead's. He and Dr. Mead seem to be fast friends. So you see that great men can differ and yet be intimate and friendly. It is a lesson in charity and being a gentleman on every occasion.

"Tell brother I will write him an interesting and long letter in a few days when I get better settled. Give my love to Pastor Dudley and if you meet my Sunday-school class tell them I think of all of them. When I am settled I will give you all the particulars. I pray for you every night and I know your prayers are most fervent for the absent child. Be of good cheer. I'll 'make good.'

"Most affectionately,

"LORNA."

"The dear, sweet girl," said the father. "How we will miss her. But I wish she had not met that Sabbatarian preacher or teacher, whatever he is. His smooth ways are all the more dangerous. But Pastor Dudley told me last evening as I met him that he had written a letter to the minister at Kingsbury to do all in his power to settle her on the question of baptism and any other question that might come to make her doubtful of our faith and Discipline," said the mother.

(To be continued)

"I can not say,  
Beneath the pressure of life's cares today,  
I joy in these;  
But I can say  
That I would rather walk this rugged way  
If Him it please."

"I can not feel  
That all is well when darkening clouds conceal  
The shining sun;  
But then I know  
God lives and loves, and say, since it is so,  
Thy will be done."

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### He Has Kept Us

JOHN LELAND SHAW

In youthful days, when "pioneers,"  
In time of joy and time of tears,  
He has kept us.

When trouble came and times of trial,  
In times of peace through self-denial,  
He has kept us.

How good to us these many years,  
His patient love has stayed our fears,  
And He has kept us.

What love was shown in anxious days,  
To Him we render all the praise,  
For He has kept us.

We know not why we linger still,  
Our labors having been so ill,  
But He has kept us.

With greater faith than yet we've had  
We'll love the good and hate the bad,  
For He has kept us.

### "Heapin' Up the Lord's Measure"

A Monologue by Sister Lucinda

Good mornin', Mis' Whitcomb! You look middlin' comf'table an' I hope you're feelin' as well's you look. Well, I'm mighty glad to hear you say so. But, oh dear suz, how we all wish't you could be real well again so's to be 'round as you used to be! We miss you more'n I can say.

You wish you could be more useful? Land's sake alive, Miss Whitcomb! I guess you don't sense how useful you be, even if you be shut in. It does beat all to see how much you do settin' in that wheel-chair, day in and day out! An' you're so cheerful 'bout it, too! Why, only the other day, Mis' Maitland, she that's had so much trouble lately, sez she, "It does me a sight of good jest to see Mis' Whitcomb's face at the window when I pass her house. There she is, sufferin' most of the time, an' yet she always has a bright smile for me which makes me feel ashamed to go 'round with a long face complainin' 'bout my own trials. It makes me feel better the rest of the day."

And there's a lot of other things you do, Mis' Whitcomb, that's real helpful. You dunno how we all listen to your responses when your name is read at the roll call. They're just beautiful! An' those boxes of pictures and clippings about different mission fields; what a help they be to our program committee! An' how int'restin' they make our meetin's!

Miss Perley, you know she's the sup'rintendent of our Bible school primary department, an' what with her sick mother an' housework is awful busy, she sez to me only last week, "I declare I don't see how I could give my little folks any missionary trainin' at all, if 'twasn't for that blessed Mis' Whitcomb! She mounts pictures on bright-colored catridge—I guess that's what she called it—paper, an' strings 'em together with narrer ribbon to make banners, and sech like, an' the children are so pleased with 'em!"

No, Mis' Whitcomb, you can't make out any kind of a case 'bout you're not being useful. Why, you do a mighty sight more fer our church than some I could mention that's got their health and strength.

But here I am, as usual, runnin' on and 'most forgittin' what I came to tell you 'bout, the annual meetin' we wimmen folks had in the church yest'day afternoon. I knew you'd want to hear about it. Well, there was a hull lot of wimmen there an' it was a good, rousin' time, I can tell you.

First, we had a season of prayer, and 'bout ev'ry one took part. It was real upliftin'. Then the roll was called an' we answered to our names by repeatin' or readin' somethin' from a book writ by a missionary who works 'mong the Injuns—Miss Isabel Crawford. I tell you, 'twas great! Some of the pieces would make you cry, an' others would make you laff. There wuz one that told 'bout an Injun thankin' the Lord that Miss Crawford's mother let her go to 'em to tell 'em 'bout the "Jesus Road," he called it. 'Twas real affectin'.

Next there was reports of what we done the past year, an' when 'twas told us that we done a hull lot better'n we ever done before, Mis' Appleby, she wuz presidin', said we'd oughter sing the doxology. An' we sung it good an' strong. Some of our wimmen get off the pitch dredfully, but we didn't care this time.

Then we 'lected our officers, an' of



course we put Mis' Appleby in fer president agin. She luffed an' sez, sez she, "Well, I give you fair warnin'! If you insist on my bein' president, look out for a great big measure that I shall give you to fill up this year!"

And Mis' Jonas Emmons, she 'twas Mary Ann Lapham, you know, she sez, sez she, "Bring on your measure, 'Mis Appleby, an' we'll fill it right up, and have it heaped up, too!" An' you'd oughter to've seen Mis' Medory Atkins, she that's president of the Wimmen's Littery Club, turn 'round and glare at Mis' Emmons for talkin' right out in meetin' that ondignified way. Well, mebbe 'twant jest what you'd call parlyment'ry, but 'tenny rate we all felt roused right up to do jest what Mis' Emmons had said in that off-hand way of hers.

An' then Mis' Appleby riz up from her chair an' sez, sez she, "It's cur'us, ladies, that Mis' Emmons has brought before us jest the idee I had in mind as a basis for a little talk with you this afternoon. I wuz goin' to propose to you that we give the Lord not only a full measure of missionary fruit this year, but one that's rounded up. But I'm goin' to use Mis' Emmons' word 'heapin'.' Somehow, it seems to mean more.

"You all know when we buy a box of berries, we are more likely to be pleased if it's heapin' full instead of level full. Now, why not please the Lord by givin' him heapin' full boxes or measures of missionary fruit?"

An' then Miss Appleby went on suthin' like this—I can't say it nice and graceful as she did, but mebbe you'll get the idee—"Of 'course," sez she, "we're all plannin' to raise our apportionments for state, home and furrin missions, an' that will make our measures jest level full. But that's only doin' what we've been asked to do, and I don't b'lieve there's a woman here who doesn't want to see them measures heaped up.

"Now there's sev'ral ways to do this. We can make thank-offerin's; we can give in mem'ry of dear ones who've gone on before; we can make special gifts to special objects, an' so on.

"But I want to put before you a plan which ain't been used at all, that I know of. Let me explain. Did you notice in the reports our treasurer gave this afternoon that the sum contributed to state mis-

sions ended with 61 cents; that to home missions, 86 cents; and the furrin' missions, 54 cents?

"Now, p'raps you'll think it's cur'us but I always hate to give the Lord what I call odd sums, an' I always make 'em up to fives or tens. For example, I would make the 61 cents, 65; the 86 cents, 90; and the 54 cents, 60 cents.

"This, to me, points to one of the ways by which we can heap up the Lord's measure. Whenever we send our quarterly payments to the rooms, we can make up these odd cents in the same way. S'pose it's \$25.61 for furrin missions, \$25.61 fer home, and \$20.86 fer state missions. Let's instruct our treasurer to send \$25.65 to home and furrin missions each, and \$20.90 to state missions. In this way, we help to heap up our Lord's missionary measure, you see.

"Nat'rally you'll ask how the treasurer of our circle is to get the extra money for this purpose. As you all know, we take collections for current expenses at our reg'lar monthly meetings. Why not take what is necessary from this fund? I earnestly hope that a vote to that effect will be carried this very afternoon."

When Mis' Appleby sat down you'd orter heard us clap our hands! An' it wan't long before there wuz half a dozen wimmen standin' up ready to make the moshun Mis' Appleby had put up to 'em. It didn't take more'n a minnit to do the hull thing up good and brown.

And then Mis' Appleby riz up ag'in, an' thanked us in that pretty way of her'n. An' she sez, sez she, "I'm sure you'll never be sorry for this little step you've taken to show that you're willin' to give the Lord good measure." An' then she smiled real sweet at us and sez, sez she, "I don't believe it'll be very long before we shall be makin' up them offerin's by dollars instead of cents, and so lettin' the Lord's measure run over a little bit. How pleased he'd be! An' I wouldn't be at all s'prised if as pers'nal givers we made up our extra offerin's the same way."

Well, Mis' Whitcomb, I only wish you could have been at that meetin'! It was the inspirin'ist one I ever went to. An' if all our church circles would do as we agreed to yest'day afternoon, there wouldn't be no deficit; the boards wouldn't have to borrow no money to pay our mis-

sionaries' salaries; and they could start up a lot of new work.

I hope I ain't talked so much an' so fast that I've tired you all out, Mis' Whitcomb. Well, I'm awful glad you've enjoyed it. An' now I must go home an' get dinner. Good-by!—Mrs. Lucy T. Wilson, in *Zion's Advocate*.

### Letter From Lone Sabbath Keeper

This letter was received by Mrs. J. H. Babcock from Mrs. F. A. Babcock, of Usona, Cal., and Milton, Wis.; and many friends of Mrs. Babcock will be glad to read it.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A beautiful Sabbath Day is drawing to its close. I have just climbed a "giant hill" or "Lilliputian mountain"—as you will, either term is suitable—northeast of my cabin, to watch the sunset. The foot of this hill slopes down to the little glen, in the center of which rises a small knoll on which stands my cabin. On the summit of the hill grow two tall pines, between which I am seated. Always when I step out at the north door and look up towards the sky, this hill and the twin pines meet my view. At the west lie three long mountain ranges, over which the sun hangs—a red gold ball—as if it would give to the world its richest before slipping from sight. The rays of the setting sun, falling on the mist-shrouded mountains, clothe each range with a different color. The first is of a dark purplish hue, the second a lighter shade, tinged with blue, while the third and highest is still lighter and tinged with pink, which so blends with the red gold and blue of the sky as to blot out the horizon entirely. It seems strange to me how the mountains can take on such wonderful colors and change as they do. Even now the bright tints are fading, and merging into somber gray as the sun sinks behind the last range.

I often wonder, as I watch the glorious sunsets here in the mountains, "Will the sunset of my life be as beautiful?" and then I lift my eyes above the rock-bound hills—above the tall pines—above the highest mountain peaks—to the blue heavens above, and breathe a prayer for strength and guidance to live daily such a useful, helpful life as shall go out in peace as has

this Sabbath Day. The shadows which lie heavy below are silently creeping up the hillside and will soon shut out the light. I must hasten down to my cabin and the "chores" awaiting me there, after which I will finish my letter.

Later.—I have read the SABBATH RECORDER through today. I always save it for Sabbath Day. I enjoy that and the *Pulpit* here. As I took up the SABBATH RECORDER and met the kindly eyes of my dear old pastor, Dr. Platts, the thought that I can never see him again in this life brought a feeling of sadness. The thought has often come to me when reading some mention of him in the home paper, "I hope he will be there when I go back." Still I know it would be selfish to wish him to remain when God had something so much better for him. . . .

Lovingly yours,  
F. A. BABCOCK.

### Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting

The Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. A. E. Whitford on March 6, 1916. There were present Mrs. West, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Daland, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Whitford, Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. Maxson.

Mrs. West read from Romans 10 and Mrs. Babcock offered prayer.

The minutes of February 7 were read.

The Treasurer's report for February was read and adopted. Receipts, \$321.39; disbursements, \$56.55. The Treasurer read a letter from Battle Creek, Mich., written by Mrs. D. B. Coon.

The Corresponding Secretary read letters from Mrs. D. H. Davis, of Shanghai, Mrs. Ryno and Ethel Rogers, of New Market, N. J., and T. L. M. Spencer, of Georgetown, British Guiana. The last mentioned letter spoke of the great need of a church building for the Seventh Day Baptists of Georgetown and it received the serious consideration of those present.

Mrs. Whitford had on hand the cards which she had been authorized to have printed for her work as Treasurer, and it was voted that an order for \$1.30 be drawn on the treasury to pay for these cards.

Mrs. Whitford read a letter from Mrs. Clara C. Stanton, Treasurer of the Pawcatuck Ladies' Aid Society. She also



read a letter written by Dr. Rosa Palm-borg to Mrs. O. U. Whitford.

After the reading and correction of the minutes the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. Daland on the first Monday in April.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON,  
*Recording Secretary.*

## How to Make Systematic Finance a Success in the Church.

BOARD OF FINANCE

[We reprint here the statement of the Board of Finance to the churches, published some time ago in the RECORDER. Read it again, lest we forget.—ED.]

Before any system can be made a success there must first be a knowledge of its principles and its methods of operation. No business is run at its best until all its movements are reduced to a system and all its affairs are managed in perfect harmony with that system. The business part of a church is subject to the same laws as those which govern any other business, and should be conducted as thoroughly and as systematically as are the affairs of a railroad, a bank, or a mercantile house. The one comprehensive work of the church is to give, by some means, the gospel message of life and love to all mankind. It was with reference to this work that the apostle Paul asked, "How can they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?" and we may reverently continue the inquiry, for our time, "How can they be sent without money, and how shall we raise the money?" The Board of Finance of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference has undertaken to answer the modern end of this question for Seventh Day Baptist churches.

1. The successful working of the system which the board has devised requires an ample supply of pledge cards, ruled and printed for definite objects, and of envelopes, similarly printed, in which to make systematic collections of the sums pledged. This equipment the board will furnish to any church without cost.

2. A thorough canvass of the entire church and society for pledges to some or all of the objects named on the card, by some person or persons competent to give information concerning the work of the

church and of the various boards and societies for which contributions are asked, is the next essential. The canvass should be made without too much haste. Take time to see individual members of families and business firms. Ask everybody to subscribe something for one or more (all if possible) of the objects named on the card; but give individual liberty both as to amounts of subscriptions and objects for which they are made. Have subscriptions made upon the basis of a definite amount per week, giving liberty to make payments weekly, monthly, or at other regular intervals as may be found most convenient. Get everybody interested in, and hopeful concerning, the work of the church and of the denomination. Present the work both as a duty and as a privilege bringing grave responsibilities. Magnify the work even in the smallest details. The value of the system will be proved when everybody is interested and each is doing his part as God has given him the ability.

3. The third requisite is a good treasurer. It is no great task to keep the account of a fund as a whole, but in this system of weekly payments on pledges by a considerable number of individuals there are many small details which will need prompt and careful attention. The treasurer must not allow these to accumulate on his hands, else he will soon find himself swamped in the confusion which almost certainly follows neglect. He should enter up his accounts as soon as practicable after every collection and be able to tell every subscriber, at any time, just how his account stands. Should any subscribers fall in arrears, as is sometimes the case, attention may be called to the fact (omitting names) from the pulpit. If this does not remedy the case the collector may seek a personal interview with the delinquent member, always in a spirit of brotherly kindness. If the treasurer take untiring interest in his work and keep everything up snug it will beget the same interest and spirit in the members with whom he is dealing.

These three things carefully observed can not fail to make systematic finance a success in any church.

Cards, envelopes and other supplies may be had, free of cost and postage paid, on application to Dr. A. S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### Consecrated Time

MABEL E. JORDAN

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,*  
April 1, 1916

#### Daily Readings

Sunday—Youthful days (Eccles. 12: 1-7)  
Monday—Consecrated days (Eph. 5: 14-21)  
Tuesday—A motto for every day (1 Sam. 21:8)  
Wednesday—A consecrated day (Mark 11: 1-11)  
Thursday—Time well used (John 9: 1-7)  
Friday—Prayer-time (Acts 10: 1-8)  
Sabbath Day—The consecration of time (Ps. 90: 1-17). (Consecration meeting.)

Time is a factor in all parts of our lives. If it is not consecrated our lives can not be. We should plan the use of our time. Living by schedule is living effectively. A young man who was speaking of being too busy to spend a half hour each day in reading something worth while was asked to make out a list of his regular duties with the time required for each. He found that he had at his disposal four hours and a half unaccounted for every day. If this young man had lived by schedule he would have had the time for reading worth-while books.

We should have a time to plan for our next Christian Endeavor meeting. The best time to do this is on Sunday morning. Read the Scripture lesson and memorize the topic for the next meeting, then keep watch through the week for some illustration on the topic and in this way many helpful testimonies will be brought to the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting.

Appoint a certain time each day for prayer and Bible study. Become a Comrade of the Quiet Hour. In our Christian Endeavor pledge we promise to make it the rule of our lives to pray and read the Bible every day. The Quiet Hour pledge simply makes our Christian Endeavor pledge a little more definite.

The uncertainty of life as well as its swift passage should incite us to live to the top of our ability today. We say: "Some day I hope to get time to read"; "Some day I hope to get time to attend to cultivating religious habits." But

"some day" is today—or probably never. We are taught in the Bible to grasp the swiftly moving moment. In our Scripture lesson for today we find this: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." David said: "Make me to know mine end and the number of my days," and again in Job 7: 6 we find: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

#### QUESTIONS

What is a wise division of our time?  
Why should we give a part of each day to Bible study and prayer?  
How may we guard the fragments of our time?

#### QUOTATIONS

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.—*Lavater.*  
Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe: It leaves no opening for the lurking fiend.—*Wilcox.*

Now is the time to act,  
Now is the time to fight,  
Now is the time to make thyself a better man.  
If today you are not ready,  
Will you be tomorrow?—*Christian Herald.*

### The Quiet Hour

ERNEST R. SUTTON

*Paper read at Salem, W. Va., on Christian Endeavor Day*

In the fall of 1912, there was instituted in our Christian Endeavor a department known as the "Quiet Hour." The growth of this department has been rather slow, but I am glad to report a membership of fifteen. It is hoped the membership will be increased, and I am sure that will be the case when the benefits to be derived from the Quiet Hour are realized.

The Quiet Hour is an organization established by Dr. F. E. Clark, who proposed that the United Society of Christian Endeavor should enrol as Comrades of the Quiet Hour all those, whether Endeavorers or not, who agreed to make it a rule of their lives to spend some definite part of every day (at least fifteen minutes) at some regular time—early in the morning is suggested—in quiet communion with God and meditation upon religious themes.

One can become a Comrade of the Quiet Hour by sending a statement of one's desire to Rev. F. E. Clark, Tremont Temple, Boston, enclosing a two-cent stamp. The



Quiet Hour pledge will be returned, to be signed and kept by the Comrade. Sometimes the Quiet Hour is spoken of as the morning watch, because the morning is the most opportune time for observing it. There is no more encouraging fact in the life of the church at the present time than the increase in the number of Christians who observe the morning watch. This tendency is most marked among students in all parts of the world.

Perhaps the question might be asked, What are the advantages of keeping the morning watch? Miss Emma Rogers, our denominational superintendent of the Quiet Hour, answers this question: "First, because it puts us in touch with God, and draws us out of our petty selves and lets him breathe into our lives his great purposes; second, because it gives us faith in God and in ourselves; third, because it makes us sweet enough and brave enough and patient enough to meet the manifold perplexities and sorrows and temptations that come to every one of us."

But without dwelling upon the general helpful results which come from the devotional study of the Bible and from communion with God, it should be emphasized that at the very beginning of the day the soul is in its most receptive state. The mind has been refreshed by the rest of the night, and it is also much less occupied than it will be at any subsequent hour of the day. Moreover, the outer conditions in the early morning are most favorable. The first hour is pre-eminently the still hour. The noises of yesterday have receded, and the din of the world of today has not yet broken in upon us. It is easier to say, "My soul, be thou silent until God speaks." It is easier to heed the command, "Be still, and know that I am God." Furthermore, by having secret prayer and Bible study for spiritual growth the very first thing, we make certain of them. By assigning these important exercises to a later hour in the day, we multiply the chances of their being abridged, interrupted or crowded out entirely. In this connection we should heed the words of MacCheyne: "I ought to spend the best hours of every day in communion with God. It is my noblest and most fruitful employment, and is not, therefore, to be thrust into any corner." The Quiet Hour prepares us for the day's conflict

with the forces of evil within us and around us. We do not wait until the enemy is upon us before we gird on the armor and grasp the sword. We fortify ourselves before any avenue is opened through which Satan might assail us; for example, before reading the morning paper, before entering into conversation with others, before turning our own thought currents upon the plans and work of the day. It is always wise to gain a march upon the enemy. The keeping of the morning watch, or Quiet Hour, is the secret of largest and most enduring achievement in life and in service. Without doubt our failure to prevail with man and against evil in the world during the day is too often due to our more fundamental failure to prevail with God at the beginning of the day. If one was asked to explain why the church does not accomplish more, it might be attributed to the fact that Christians are not spending the Quiet Hour alone with God. Let us never forget the vital truth expressed by Faber, that "the supernatural value of our actions depends upon the degree of our union with God at the time we do them." Therefore, if our lives and words and acts throughout the busy day are to possess supernatural value, we must take the earliest opportunity in the day to establish a vital and complete union with God. Why delay this union a single hour? Why be satisfied with having man alone work a part of the day if the energy of God may be manifested all the hours of the day?

A Campaign for Millions was launched at the Christian Endeavor convention at Chicago last July. Twenty thousand new comrades of the Quiet Hour are wanted, who will spend a little time each day in communion with God. Let us join the ranks and help swell the battle cry there uttered, "Mobilize, Vitalize, Evangelize."

"An angel paused in his onward flight,  
With a seed of love and truth and right,  
And said, 'Oh, where can this seed be sown  
Where 'twill yield most fruit when fully grown?  
To whom can this precious seed be given  
That it will bear most fruit for earth and heaven?'"

"The Savior heard and said, as he smiled,  
'Place it at once in the heart of a child.'  
The angel whispered the blessed truth  
To a weary teacher of precious youth.  
Her face grew bright with heavenly light  
As she led their thoughts in the ways of right."

## From the States South of the Ohio River

### FIFTH LETTER

From Kissimmee I went to Tampa, and was met at the train by Brother Anthony Potter and was soon welcomed at the home by Mrs. Potter and their son Orson. The daughter Mary is in Alfred University.

For twenty-two years Mr. and Mrs. Potter have lived at Tampa, with the exception of a short time. I was the first Seventh Day Baptist minister to visit them at their Tampa home during these years. Mr. Potter came to Tampa for his health, and during these years has worked at his trade, being an expert engraver and jeweler. *As an expert he holds a profitable position and keeps the Sabbath.*

Sabbath morning Mr. Potter and I attended the Seventh Day Adventist Sabbath school, which was followed by a Bible reading conducted by one of their members.

Sunday night we attended the Baptist church and listened to an excellent sermon preached by a Methodist pastor of the city. Throughout the city that night the pastors exchanged in anticipation of the union evangelistic meetings that are soon to be held. This sermon was one of the best that I have ever heard given in preparation for evangelistic meetings.

Monday forenoon I saw the colored parade that was given in connection with the festivities of Gasparilla Week. There were fifteen hundred colored school children in the parade. And the walks were lined with people, many of whom were colored.

Monday night we went to hear "Pastor Russell." He began speaking at 8 o'clock and Mr. Potter and I left the hall at 10.15 and he had not finished his sermon—or medley. I heard some of the strangest interpretations and explanations of the Bible that I have ever listened to in a sermon. And yet many are willing to follow his unbiblical teachings. The following quotation from one of his sermons in a paper handed me that night is a sample of his statements.

Of the two hundred thousand professed ministers of Christ, probably one hundred and eighty thousand declare privately, if not publicly, that they have no faith in the Bible as God's inspired message to his people. The other twenty thousand

and are sadly confused, while still clinging to the Bible as the Divine Word.

Tuesday morning I went by boat to St. Petersburg to see Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Potter. Mr. Potter was spending a few days at Sarasota, but I had a pleasant visit with Mrs. Potter and with Mr. and Mrs. George Potter, of West Hallock.

The following night I left Tampa for northwestern Florida by the way of Ocala, where I called upon Miss Edna Hull. Miss Hull and her sisters, Miss Elsie and Mrs. Walter Mead, are the daughters of Mr. J. H. Hull, who was a brother of Elder Joseph L. Hull, of Little Genesee, N. Y. Mr. Hull came from Red Cloud, Neb., to Ocala, twenty-three years ago for his wife's health. This was a Sabbath-keeping home, and the daughters keep the Sabbath, and keep posted on our denominational matters through reading the RECORDER. They were baptized about two years ago, but did not unite with a church. I hope that they will unite with some one of our churches as non-resident members.

Friday afternoon I reached the home of Mrs. Madelia Ayars, at Panama City. This growing city of about two thousand is the recently chosen county seat of Bay County. It has a new courthouse costing about \$90,000, and a school house costing \$23,000, and has had a bank failure during the past year. These are making taxes high and causing people to feel the pressure of hard times.

That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forbes came and took us in their motor boat across St. Andrews Bay, leaving me at Elder C. W. Threlkeld's, about two miles from Panama City, and taking Mrs. Ayars to their home about a mile farther on toward Cromonton. Mr. Forbes' mother, Mrs. E. J. Forbes, and his sister, Mrs. Lena Dobbs, live on this same peninsula between the homes of Elder Threlkeld and Mr. Forbes.

At St. Andrews, which is on the mainland about three miles northwest of Panama City, lives Mrs. Otway Ware, a member of the Farina Church. Here also Mr. and Mrs. Edward Whitford, of Farina, are spending their winters, and at their home I also had the privilege of again meeting Mr. A. H. Persels, of Farina, who is spending a few weeks in Florida.

Because of sickness in the homes at St. Andrews, only those of our people who



were in the homes on the Cromonton side of the bay met for the Sabbath school that we held on Sabbath afternoon at Elder Threlkeld's. This little gathering was thoroughly enjoyed by each of the seven who met in this house shut in by the sea, where the noise of the busy, Sabbathless world was shut out.

I stayed three nights with Elder and Mrs. Threlkeld, and the time was well spent in visiting and talking about the things of the kingdom of God. Soon after I entered their home Elder Threlkeld said that I never had been more heartily welcomed than in their home, and I enjoyed that welcome every minute of my stay with them. We talked much concerning the blessings in Sabbath-keeping. Brother Threlkeld said that often as the Sabbath draws on he says, "Welcome, blessed visitor." Would that we all might feel thus the worth of the Sabbath in our lives!

Elder Threlkeld is in his eighty-first year, and is longing for the privileges of worship among those of like precious faith in the last years of his earth life. If he can sell his Florida home he will go where he can have such privileges. Their membership is with the now extinct Bethel Church of southern Illinois, and I urged them to secure membership in some other church, for as it now is they have no outward connection with our denomination.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Forbes took me for a ride on St. Andrews Bay, and I say its beauties and realized its advantages more than I possibly could without this opportunity. This bay offers one of the best and safest harbors on the Gulf of Mexico, and the government recognizes this and has at great expense dredged a safe passageway into the harbor.

While this part of Florida does not offer flattering inducements for those who wish to raise fruit or truck, it does offer to those who think of spending their winters in the South beautiful scenery, good fishing, and a healthful climate, at moderate expense. But I am sorry to say that there is little chance for our people in St. Andrews, Panama City and Cromonton to get together on the Sabbath for worship and Bible study.

In giving these glances of my trip in Florida during the past month I have but touched upon some of the many interest-

ing experiences that I have had, for the reason that you like to read *short articles*, and because there is an abundance of other material for the RECORDER that you should have the chance to read.

In the next RECORDER I will give you some of my conclusions on our present and future in Florida.

WILLARD D. BURDICK.

Hammond, La.,  
Feb. 29, 1916.

### Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, March 12, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., Vice President William C. Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: William C. Hubbard, Clarence W. Spicer, Edwin Shaw, Asa F. Randolph, Frank J. Hubbard, J. Denison Spicer, Henry M. Maxson, Theodore L. Gardiner, Esle F. Randolph, Marcus L. Clawson, John B. Cottrell, Jesse G. Burdick, Frank S. Wells, Herbert L. Polan, Raymond C. Burdick, Charles P. Titsworth, Irving A. Hunting, Arthur J. Spicer, Arthur L. Titsworth.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Herbert L. Polan.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Advisory Committee reported progress on the Rally Day program, and that a statement on the back cover of the SABBATH RECORDER will be published relative thereto for a few weeks previously. The committee presented correspondence from Sabbath Evangelist W. D. Burdick relating to some of his future plans, which the committee will give their consideration.

The Supervisory Committee reported they had placed insurance for \$8,000 on the Publishing House plant as directed. They reported the *Year Book* for 1915 now ready for distribution, the last copy for same not having been received until February 13, yet the time of delivery is still earlier than last year. The committee also reported that they considered themselves very fortunate in having secured Mr. Lucius P. Burch, of Westerly, R. I., as Business Manager, his services to begin April first next. Report adopted.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported:

Number new subscriptions (RECORDER)	3
Number subscriptions discontinued	10

Of those discontinued, nine were gifts with the order to stop at expiration.

Attorney Asa F. Randolph reported progress in the matter of the lease to Joseph T. Murphy of our interest in the Cimiano property.

Correspondence was received from Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, J. Walter Smith, Mrs. J. E. Kimball, Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Mrs. D. H. Davis, expressing her appreciation of sympathies extended by the Board, Miss Ethel C. Rogers, Rev. George Seeley, Hugh Mathesan, Dr. Bessie Sinclair, Rev. E. B. Saunders, Will H. Briggs, Rev. H. C. Van Horn, W. W. Boyce, Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins, Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Rev. C. S. Sayre, A. Morrison, Rev. E. E. Sutton, Rev. T. W. Richardson, Corliss Fitz Randolph, State Department, U. S. A.

Voted that we request the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, Rev. F. L. Gardiner, D. D., to represent us at the several Associations of the denomination to be held in 1916.

The Committee on Italian Mission reported eleven sermons by Mr. Savarese during January with an average attendance at New York of 8, and at New Era of 31; 2,000 *L'Ape Biblica* printed and distributed.

The Joint Committee reported that a meeting had been held at which were considered the suggestions coming from the Joint Committee of the Missionary Board. These suggestions look towards a satisfactory adjustment of the joint work now being conducted by the two Boards. The results of these conferences between the two Joint Committees when approved by both Boards will appear in the annual budgets of the Societies to be made out for next year.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,  
Recording Secretary.

A man who seeks neither life, nor name, nor rank, nor money, is the hardest man to manage. But with only such life's tribulations can be shared, and such only can bring great things to his country.—*Saigo*.

### Golden Wedding

Deacon and Mrs. A. B. Burdick, of 203 Huntington Street, observed their golden wedding anniversary Wednesday. They were united in marriage in Westerly, March 1, 1866, by Elder A. B. Burdick, an uncle of the deacon, Mrs. Burdick's maiden name being L. Lucie Crandall. Their union has been blessed by four children—Dr. Alfred A. Burdick, of Baltimore, Mrs. L. Lena Starr and Charles Noyes Burdick, of this city, and George Rowland Burdick, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Burdick has not been in good health for several weeks and therefore no formal celebration of the happy event was held. Many friends called during the day to extend congratulations and more substantial tokens of their regard, and the couple also received numerous appropriate remembrances by mail.—*New London (Conn.) Day*.

### Resolutions of Appreciation

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., wishing to express their appreciation of the life of their brother, Charles Henry Greene, do hereby direct that the following resolutions be placed on the records of the church, and that their publication be requested in the SABBATH RECORDER:

*Resolved*, That in the sudden death of Charles Henry Greene, the Battle Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church has lost a faithful member, whose quiet, unobtrusive faith, strength of character, broad charity, zeal for the promulgation of the truth, and interest in his fellow-men, are characteristics which deserve the emulation of those who remain.

*Resolved*, That we express our appreciation of his untiring zeal in locating lone Sabbath-keepers, and in gathering, from far and near, invaluable data concerning the history of Seventh Day Baptists.

### Sabbath School

Lesson I.—April 1, 1916

CONVERSION OF SAUL.—Acts 9: 1-31

*Golden Text*.—"Faithful is the saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." 1 Tim. 1: 15.

DAILY READINGS

Mar. 26—Acts 9: 1-9. Vision of Jesus

Mar. 27—Acts 9: 10-19. Conversion of Saul

Mar. 28—Acts 9: 20-31. Effective Preaching

Mar. 29—1 Tim. 1: 12-17. Called to be an Apostle

Mar. 30—Gal. 1: 11-17. Source of Paul's Gospel

Mar. 31—John 3: 1-13. Agent of Conversion

Apr. 1—2 Cor. 5: 14-21. A New Creature

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)



## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### Digging to China

"If I should dig an' dig all day,  
Right in the garden where I play,  
An' dig a great, deep hole, I know  
I could climb down to China so!

"I'd like to try it, yet somehow  
I'm 'most afraid to try it now;  
The sun is shining here so bright,  
I know down there it's dark midnight!

"I do not like the dark at all—  
It makes me 'fraid 'cause I'm so small—  
Maybe, if I was brave an' big,  
Why then I'd dare to dig an' dig!"

This rhyme brings to mind the story of a little girl in West Virginia, where, in drilling for oil, they sometimes force the drill down three thousand feet or more. The girl's father was a driller, and one evening, after listening with round, interested eyes while he talked with a neighbor about his work, she broke in—"Papa, when you were drilling for oil, did you ever hit a Chinaman?"

A.

### The Elephant and the Leech

"There come the elephants." Every child stretches out from the curbing to see if it is really so. Yes, there they are—one, two, three, up to twenty. They are at the end of the long parade, but they are worth waiting for. See them go by, every elephant with his trunk stretched out and holding fast to the tail of the elephant in front of him. They look so big and their skin is so tough. No wonder hunters use them in India to hunt tigers with. You have seen pictures of these great animals with a saddle looking something like a summer house. In this house ride the hunters at a safe distance from any man-eating tiger. The elephant doesn't look very afraid either. I imagine he doesn't mind a tiger's scratch any more than we do a cat's scratch.

There is, however, a tiny little animal that elephants are very much afraid of. I used to be afraid of them myself, for they swam around in the water of the pond where I went swimming when I was a boy. Sometimes they would fasten to my leg, and before I could get at them they would be filled with blood. We call them

blood-suckers, but a more polite name is leeches. Dan Crawford, who lived twenty-three years in the jungles of Africa, tells us that these leeches are very plentiful in that country also. Now an elephant is deathly afraid of a leech. That seems almost nonsense, for what can a tiny leech do to a great elephant? His skin is so hard that no leech can bite him. It certainly would seem so. But an elephant has to drink water through his long trunk, and the inside of that trunk is very sensitive. It may happen that a leech will be in the water and fasten himself to that sensitive skin. Then there is a terrible commotion. The elephant can not scratch the leech off. He is almost "tickled to death." Yes, I really mean it, for sometimes the elephant is so irritated by the tiny leech that he thrashes out his own life. Dan Crawford says he has come upon places in the forest where an elephant has rolled over and over in frenzy, snapping the trees off and sometimes dashing out his own brains just because a tiny leech was fastened inside his trunk. That is why elephants are so careful to wave their trunks over the water they drink. They are looking for leeches.

The worst enemies we have are like leeches. They are very small, but when they fasten themselves upon us they cause such misery. One bad word hidden away in our minds, one evil thought cherished in our hearts, a little anger or jealousy that clings to us—how these things do bring misery! Do not be deceived into thinking that any sin is not dangerous just because some call it a "little sin." Remember the little leech and the big elephant.—*Rev. Chester H. Howe, in Christian Work.*

### A Frontier Missionary's Wife

She went from a home of broad domain  
To a two-roomed cot on a fruitless plain;  
She went to a mission with numbers few,  
But out of her zeal the numbers grew;  
Through sorrow and death in her home she passed,  
But God upheld her from first to last;  
She faithfully served her fellow-men,  
With a beauty we can not describe with pen.  
O woman, you went to immortal fame  
Instead of a cot on a fruitless plain;  
A mansion above is prepared for you  
Which out of this two-roomed dwelling grew;  
The crown which you won is by far too bright  
For us to behold with human sight—  
'Tis set with the gems of a matchless hue  
And each is a soul that was saved by you.  
—*The United Presbyterian.*

## HOME NEWS

NILE, N. Y.—Lewis H. Kenyon, of Nile, N. Y., recently presented the Historical Society of Alfred with a portrait of Elder Lemman Andrus, painted by Francis Sinnett Kenyon while Elder Andrus was pastor of the Friendship Seventh Day Baptist Church, in 1865. Elder Andrus died September 3, 1890, at the age of ninety-three years.—*Alfred Sun.*

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—Pastor Shaw is preaching some very helpful sermons to the boys and girls before the regular sermon for the older ones.

This week at Sabbath school is visitors' day. Each adult teacher will, if plans are carried out, be a guest of the primary department.

Last week at Sabbath school several short talks were given on "The place of the Sabbath school in church work." A week from tomorrow some will be asked to tell of "The place of the teacher in Sabbath-school work."

The cold last week was a little too much for the radiators in the audience room and they froze up—results, several breaks and a prayer meeting held in the foyer. The building was warm enough the next day and will be all right this week.

A letter from Rev. A. L. Davis, of Boulder, Colo., was read at the morning service last Sabbath saying he had accepted the call to the pastorate of the church and that he would be here ready to begin his service the first of September. That will leave the church pastorless for about a month, as Pastor Shaw's resignation will take place the first of August.

Pastor Shaw presented to the congregation Sabbath morning, upon recommendation of the Brotherhood, a plan for better social life in the church. In brief the plan is for the entire membership to be divided into twelve parts or groups and each group to give a social during the year. This will mean a church social each month during the year. No charge can be made for services rendered.—*The Loyalist.*

MILTON, WIS.—The social at the Seventh Day Baptist church on the evening after the Sabbath was a very pleasant occa-

sion. Old and young enjoyed themselves together. The social stunts, the orchestra music and the short program all helped to pass the evening quickly. About one hundred and twenty-five partook of the picnic *a la mode* served on the cafeteria plan. A big dish pan was placed for freewill offerings to cover the expenses of the evening. The Intermediate Christian Endeavor had charge and did itself much credit.—*Journal-Telephone.*

STONEFORT, ILL.—A Communication from Dr. F. F. Johnson some week ago contained several items of home news and a brief reminiscence. These were mislaid at the time, but we trust they will still be of interest to RECORDER readers.

The Doctor says: "Allison Burdick, one of the quartet boys who were here last summer from Milton College, Wis., came and organized a Christian Endeavor society at the old town a week ago."

In January Dr. Johnson arranged to visit his children and kinsfolk in the north of the county in which he lives, preparatory to spending the winter in the South. Elder Robert Lewis was elected pastor of the Stonefort Church for the term of one year.

The following "reminiscence" was included in the letter:

When your correspondent was about eighteen years of age, he and R. R. Link (deceased) and Dr. Z. Hickman, of Benton, attended Jacob's Hill Academy, which was situated about seven miles from Lebanon, Tenn., on the macadamized road leading from Lebanon to Murfreesboro, Tenn., south. Elijah Fields also attended with us from the same community at the same time. The principal was Col. Sam Anderson, who had some very peculiar traits of character; was a bachelor and about forty years of age. He was addicted to using much tobacco by chewing it. He resolved to quit the use of it entirely and punished himself this way: He wore a scissor-tail coat, and so the pockets were behind him. He found, while he was not thinking about it, difficulty to get at it. He would slap his hand in his pants pocket and not finding the tobacco he was reminded of his determination. He would usually take a walk during recess and would punish himself by taking the "twist" of home-made tobacco out, smelling of it, then deliberately putting it back in his pocket again.

Another peculiarity: When he was a young man he courted a young lady and they were engaged to be married. As they were walking one day along a lonely path she saw a worm crawling across the path and crushed it with her foot. He abandoned her at once and said he would never marry a woman guilty of such a crime.



She married another man, who died about forty years afterward. He then went to see her and they were married. When your correspondent visited the old home county again, after living in this county several years, he went to see them, and they were living happily together alone.

The visit referred to here was made some years ago, while Dr. Johnson as an evangelist of the Missionary Society was on his way to visit Dr. William Gordon, of Shelbyville, Tenn., a convert to the Sabbath. Brother Johnson is well up in the eighties now. He says he still has a few copies of his Autobiography for sale at \$1.00 each, which he would like to see circulated among friends in this denomination.

### A Plea for Help

DEAR RECORDER FRIENDS:

It will perhaps be of interest to some one, if I write and tell you a few things about this place. There are but few Sabbath-keeping people here, and the most of those are Seventh Day Adventists. We would be so glad if some one could and would come to Kanawha and hold a few weeks' meetings. I am sure there could be quite a bit of good done.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond, of Salem, W. Va., has been here a few times but could stay only a few nights at a time. We were all glad that he could come as often as he did, but would like for him to come and hold meetings for two or three weeks and longer, if possible. The people here think so much of him and often ask when he is coming back. I believe he could do more good here than most any one else, as the people are acquainted with him, and like to hear him preach better than any one they ever heard. My parents knew Mr. Bond when he was a small boy, so it was a pleasure for them to see and hear him talk once again. I believe if the Salem Church knew there was a chance for their pastor to do good here or anywhere, they would be glad to release him for a few weeks. I am sure the people of this place would appreciate their kindness very much.

Rev. W. D. Burdick spent two nights with us while in West Virginia, but on account of bad weather there were not many at the meetings to enjoy the good sermons.

Messrs. Glenn Ford and Ernest Sutton, of Salem, spent one night and Sabbath with

us. I am sorry to say we did not get word that they were coming in time to let the people know so that we could have a meeting at the church; but their visit was a help and encouragement to the ones that did meet and make their acquaintance, and we would be glad to have them come back.

I am glad to say there is one woman and her two children who have been keeping the Sabbath the past few weeks. This woman, and daughter of fifteen years, also her husband and the small son, made a start for the better life while Mr. Bond was here. I am sorry to say the lady's husband gave up and is not trying to do right as he should. That is one reason why we are so anxious for Mr. Bond to come and hold meetings, and there are some young people here who need help. I think it would be so nice if some one could come and get the people interested and then organize a young people's society, or something that would give them all work to do to keep them interested. We are going to live in hopes that something can be done here and I hope we will not have to die in despair.

We do enjoy the RECORDER and *Pulpit* so much. I wonder where "Sunshine Louise" is? I would be glad to hear from her again and to learn her real name. I hope you will not think me selfish in writing as I have. Of course I like to attend good meetings, but who doesn't?

Sincerely yours,

FELSIA BEE.

Kanawha Station, W. Va.,  
March 8, 1916.

Said a little Japanese girl to her heathen grandmother as she came home from a Christian Bible school, "I have to go to the temple to pray to my god, but this God of the Christians can be prayed to when you are warm in bed, or most any time. But there's one thing I don't like: he can see you all the time everywhere; and sometimes I should think that would be quite inconvenient." There are some in Christian lands that agree with that Japanese girl.—*The Christian Herald*.

When you hear a man publicly blamed, find out whether the blame originates from a man who belongs to the same profession as the man blamed. The quarrels between men of the same trade are the usual thing, and not reliable always.—*Fukusawa*.

## MARRIAGES

ETTERS-TAYLOR.—At the home of the bride's parents, near Exeland, Wis., November 3, 1915, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. George Etters and Miss Kate Taylor.

## DEATHS

GREENE.—Charles Henry Greene died suddenly of bronchial pneumonia, at Battle Creek, Mich., February 23, 1916, aged fifty years.

He was the son of Thomas R. and Amanda Babcock Greene, and grandson of Oliver and Phebe Babcock, of Potter Hill, R. I. His mother died in 1887 and his father some time previous to that. Since his mother's death he has been much alone in the world. For many years he lived in Alfred, N. Y., and for twelve years past he has resided in Battle Creek, Mich., and has been a faithful, deeply interested member of the Seventh Day Baptist church of the latter city for all that time.

He was staunch in his adherence to the principles and teachings of the people of his choice and was an enthusiastic student of church history. He has collected a great fund of information relative to the history of his denomination, and his contributions to the printed history of Seventh Day Baptists are most valuable.

Many of his friends were anxious about his health on account of his apparent reduced vitality, but not even his pastor knew that he was sick till the day of his death. Even the doctor at the Sanitarium, where he had gone to take some treatment, thought he was doing well till the morning of his death.

The deceased is survived by a nephew, Howard A. Greene, of Westerly; an uncle, Stephen Babcock, of Yonkers, N. Y., and two aunts, Dr. Lucy Babcock, of Alfred, and Mrs. Julia M. B. Ambler, of Chatham, N. Y.

A beautiful farewell service was held in the undertaker's parlors before the body was started for its final resting place in the First Hopkinton Cemetery, R. I. Upon the arrival of the body in Westerly, R. I., a brief service was held in the home of Mr. George Strachan, of 7 Summer Street, before the interment. M. B. K.

RANDOLPH.—Mrs. David L. Randolph (Julia E. Titsworth), daughter of Abram Dunham Titsworth and Juliet Fitz Randolph Titsworth, was born not far from Plainfield, N. J., September 15, 1836, and died in the eightieth year of her age, March 10, 1916, at Horseheads, N. Y.

She had been a faithful member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Plainfield, N. J., for sixty-four years, and was a regular attendant at the services and an active worker. She was married November 2, 1858, to David Lennox Randolph, who died October 6, 1913, their home always being at Plainfield until his death. An only child, a boy, died in infancy. Farewell

services were held in the home church on March 13, 1916, and burial was made by the side of her husband at Hillside Cemetery.

A notice of her husband's death is found in the SABBATH RECORDER, Vol. 75, p. 511, and a notice of a sister's death, Mrs. Daniel B. Rogers, Vol. 80, p. 126. E. S.

SEVERANCE.—Mrs. Ellen Alvira Severance was born in Milton Township, Dodge Co., Minn., February 23, 1876, and died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Amos Austin, of Mantorville, Minn., March 3, 1916, aged 40 years and 10 days.

She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joel H. Sanford, of Mantorville, Minn., and was visiting her sister at the time of her sudden death from heart failure. On October 23, 1876, she was married to Frank E. Severance, of Dodge Center, Minn., Rev. H. D. Clarke officiating. To this union were born four children, two of whom died in infancy. For some time she had been a sufferer from paralysis, but cheerfully did what she could to maintain her home. Mourning her loss are her husband, and two daughters: Hazel Irene and Bernice Estella; her father and mother; three sisters: Mrs. Joseph Sanford and Mrs. Charles Campbell, both of Milton, Minn., and Mrs. Amos Austin, of Mantorville; one brother, of Benson, Minn.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. D. Clarke at the home of E. A. Sanford, Dodge Center, Minn., and interment was made in the Riverside Cemetery, of that place. H. D. C.

In Holman Hunt's great picture called "The Light of the World," we see One with patient, gentle face, standing at a door which is ivy-covered, as if long closed. He is girt with the priestly breastplate. He bears in his hand the lamp of truth. He stands and knocks. There is no answer, and he still stands and knocks. His eye tells of love; his face beams with yearning. You look closely and you perceive that there is no knob or latch on the outside of the door. It can be opened only from within. Do you not see the meaning? The Spirit of God comes to your heart's door and knocks. He stands there while storms gather and break upon his unsheltered head, while the sun declines and night comes on with its chills and its heavy dews. He waits and knocks, but you must open the door yourself. The only latch is inside.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts

Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

—*Longfellow*.



## 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, 36 Glen Road, Yonkers, N. Y.

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 spending the Sabbath in Long Beach are invited to attend church services at the home of Mrs. Frank Muncy, 837 Linden Ave. Sermon at 10 o'clock; Sabbath school at 11 o'clock; Y. P. S. C. E. and Junior C. E. at the home of G. E. Osborn, 2077 American Ave., at 4 o'clock.

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.

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.

If you meet a man whose character is unknown to you, consider him a good man rather than bad. There is little harm in mistaking a bad man for a good. A bad man may become good through a false estimation of his fellows. But if a good man is mistaken for a wicked, he will be lost to his friends, to his community, and to his country.—*Fukusawa.*

## The Sabbath Recorder

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

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## Logic in Religion

Every soul finds its own level, its environment, its associates, and goes to its own place. If you love the things that Christ loves, and live for the objects he lived for, he will say to you, as afterwards to Peter, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me afterwards." "Where I am, there shall my servant be." But if, on the contrary, you love what he hates and live for what he abhors, it is an absurd expectation that death can place you in his holy presence. If it did, it would be the worst torment of all.

We have no right to expect that death will effect a radical change in ourselves and our surroundings, and make a break in the chain of continuity. We create our world, our character, our heaven, or our hell. "He who created thee without thyself can not save thee apart from thyself." A man does not change as he takes off his overcoat, or passes from one room to another. Here we have material bodies in a material world; there etherial bodies in an ethereal world, but we shall be the same in either. If we would be with Jesus yonder, we must begin to live in him, with him, for him here!—*The Christian Herald.*

"If you would keep a man out of the mud, black his boots. The man with soiled shoes don't care where he walks."

"Every man is a sinner in bondage, or a sinner repentant, or a sinner forgiven—one of the three. Where do you stand?"

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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VOL. 80, NO. 13

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MARCH 27, 1916

WHOLE NO. 3,708

**Restless Ministers** Under the heading, "Pastors Who Want Calls," the *Watchman-Examiner* relates its experience in advertising for two churches wanting pastors. Both were struggling churches and could offer no large salary, but more than one hundred ministers applied for the positions. Had all the applicants been ministers without churches, there would have been nothing strange in their seeking positions; but when we are told that probably 75 per cent of them were men who already had pastorates, we can not avoid the feeling that there are all too many restless ministers looking for a chance to change. Something must be wrong, either with the ministers or with the churches, when such conditions prevail.

One thing is certain, a minister who is dissatisfied with his church and constantly looking for an opportunity to go elsewhere can do but little good where he is; and the chances are that, when his restlessness becomes known, churches wanting pastors will think him of little worth anywhere, and he will be compelled to face the danger of being sidetracked and forgotten. I am always sorry when I see a young minister watching for "better openings" and making frequent changes, and have more than once, when asked for advice, urged some brother to remain for longer service before accepting a call. The one who can settle down contentedly to toil in a small church, under the conviction that God has placed him there, and who can throw all his energies into his work just as though he were to stay there a lifetime,—he it is who will bring things to pass. Such a one can hardly fail to build up his people. The very fact that they see he is contented to remain among them will of itself bind them to him. It is a sad commentary on the ministry when 75 per cent of the pastors are anxiously watching for a change. It is an excellent commendation for a minister when it can be said of him, "He is happy where he is, his people love him, and he seems satisfied to remain."

**Are Churches to Blame?** It may be that the churches are at fault where there are so many restless pastors. Often the minister is placed in peculiarly embarrassing circumstances on account of the spirit and attitude of his people. If churches are unwilling to give their pastors adequate support, and leave them to pinch and worry along under a load of debt; if the members look askance at every new plan the pastor proposes; if their treatment is such as to make him feel that when he is old he will be cast off to look out for himself with no provision for old age; if the people of his church act as though their minister were the only one expected to live a self-sacrificing life; if they neglect the prayer meetings and forget to pray for the welfare of the church and for the success of its leader, then the most natural thing in the world is for him to become disheartened and restless.

Whenever a pastor sees that the attitude of his own church members toward him is certainly discounting his influence with those outside, so that he is handicapped in his efforts to bring them to Christ; whenever he finds his own church pews filled with preaching-proof people who can listen to the most soul-stirring sermons week after week without being moved to better living—who, like Felix, have for years waited for the convenient season that never comes—it can not be wondered at if he does feel that a change is desirable. Even the eloquence and consecrated fervor of Paul could not avail with a critical, preaching-proof people.

Really, if any one of you, my brother laymen, wishes to unsettle the pastor and crush him with discouragement, just keep up a fair show of morality in the eyes of men and then find fault with the pastor as often as your neighbors will listen to you. Sneering a little at the preacher and his preaching as you leave the church on Sabbaths, saying as you have opportunity that his sermons contain no spiritual food for you, ridiculing his manner, calling in question his doctrines—in short, doing or