

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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Home News

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—Pastor George B. Shaw has accepted the call of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church of Ashaway, R. I., and will begin his labors with that church on August 1. Already we are feeling lonesome when we think of his going so far away.

Yesterday the old soldiers enjoyed a big dinner and social in the Seventh Day Baptist church basement. Read more about it next week.—*Loyalist*.

DODGE CENTER, MINN.—Our church and society have been enjoying several day socials during the last two months. The last one was held one week ago at the home of Brother Edward Ellis.

The committee, composed of four men, with some of the young men as table waiters, served dinner to sixty people in as proficient a manner as the fairer sex might have done. A very enjoyable time was had.

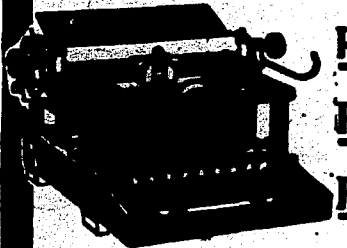
A reception was held in February at the home of B. T. Severance, to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew North, who now have gone to their new home in New Auburn, Wis., and Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Tappan and Mrs. Carlton Brown, who have gone to Battle Creek, Mich.

We are sorry to lose so many of our number and hope that others wanting a change may decide to come to Dodge Center. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Churchward are soon to return from northern Minnesota where they have been for nearly two years.

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The Sabbath Recorder

The world needs Sabbath teaching, but it needs Sabbath demonstration more. We have something the world needs, but it can best be seen in concrete form. Let us be sweetly fraternal, splendidly loyal, and true to our mission, remembering that God will take care of his own. Sometimes our hearts are wrung with anxiety, not only for those dear to us, but for the cause we love. But right will triumph. Truth will be crowned, and if we identify ourselves with truth, when truth is crowned we shall share in the coronation. We can live in that hope, and future prophecy will be a present reality.

Truth does not change; God is ever the same, but our conception of truth grows. There is development in Bible history which we love to see. O wonderful Jehovah, who keeps his covenant with his people, and does not cast us off because we stumble along in the dark, but patiently leads us forward into all truth! . . . We are a small people, but we have a great ideal to hold before the world, and that ideal is a spiritual Sabbath. . . . The head officer of a branch railroad said to the chief magnate of a trunk line, "I am a railroad president, too. Our road is not as long as yours, but it is just as wide." If our creed is as wide as the truth of God, the traffic of the spiritual world will one day run over it. A small life or a small church or a small denomination may demonstrate the truth of it as truly as a large one. We are followers of the Sabbath-keeping Christ, and when he is exalted we shall rejoice with him.

Lester Charles Randolph, D. D., Conference Address

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The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., APRIL 3, 1916

WHOLE NO. 3,709

Hungry Hearers Never Critical

Observe that student in the lecture room who is anxious to get all the good he can out of the lesson the teacher is giving, conscious that his opportunity is purchased for him at great sacrifice on the part of loved ones, and by hard toil on his own part. Eager for the knowledge and power he may gain for his life-work, he feels in every fiber of his being the necessity of making the most of each lecture hour. He gives close attention. His pencil is busy. He allows no word to escape, and treasures up every precept and truth that falls from the teacher's lips. Such a listener is not likely to be critical of his professor, provided the professor understands what he teaches; neither does he care about the teacher's mannerisms or little peculiarities.

The listener who is eager for knowledge, who longs for truth in order to be helped to better things, will surely secure the help he needs, whether from pulpit or classroom platform. More depends upon the hearer himself than upon the best of teachers.

The good seed of the word can not fructify in cold, indifferent, critical hearts, no matter how faithfully sown. Hungry souls will not be too particular about the polish, or the style, or the personal appearance of him whom God has sent to give out the bread of life. An earnest desire for truth, a real hungering and thirsting for righteousness will drive away the spirit of faultfinding and secure to the church the blessed fruits of the Spirit. Every minister will tell you, it is a joy to feed hungry souls. He will also say that it is most depressing to try to feed a flock that care nothing for the food.

Oath and Laws of The Boy Scouts

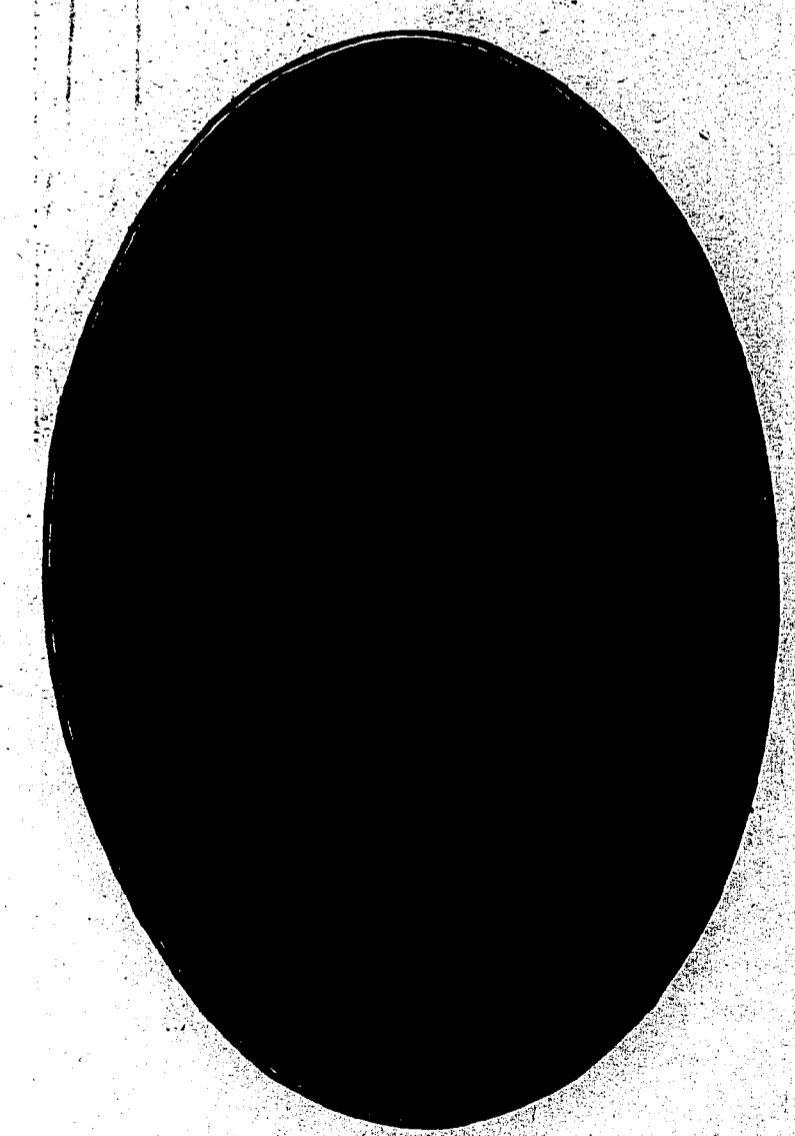
Under Young People's Work in this paper will be found an article concerning the Boy Scout movement. The RECORDER will welcome items of interest under this heading and give them place in some appropriate part of the paper, if our friends will furnish them. This may in-

terest the boys in the denominational paper and so induce more of them to read it.

Probably no movement has ever taken such hold of the boys of America as that of the Boy Scouts. The oath pledges the boys upon their honor to do their duty to God and country, and to help their fellow-men. Their law requires them to trust a scout's honor; to be loyal to parents and employers; to make themselves useful by assisting those in need of help; to be friendly, courteous, and never to be a snob; to be kind to animals; never to grumble at hardships, never to swear, and to be saving and provident.

Lucius P. Burch
Business Manager

Last week we gave a brief sketch of Mr. Worden, the retiring business manager of our publishing house.

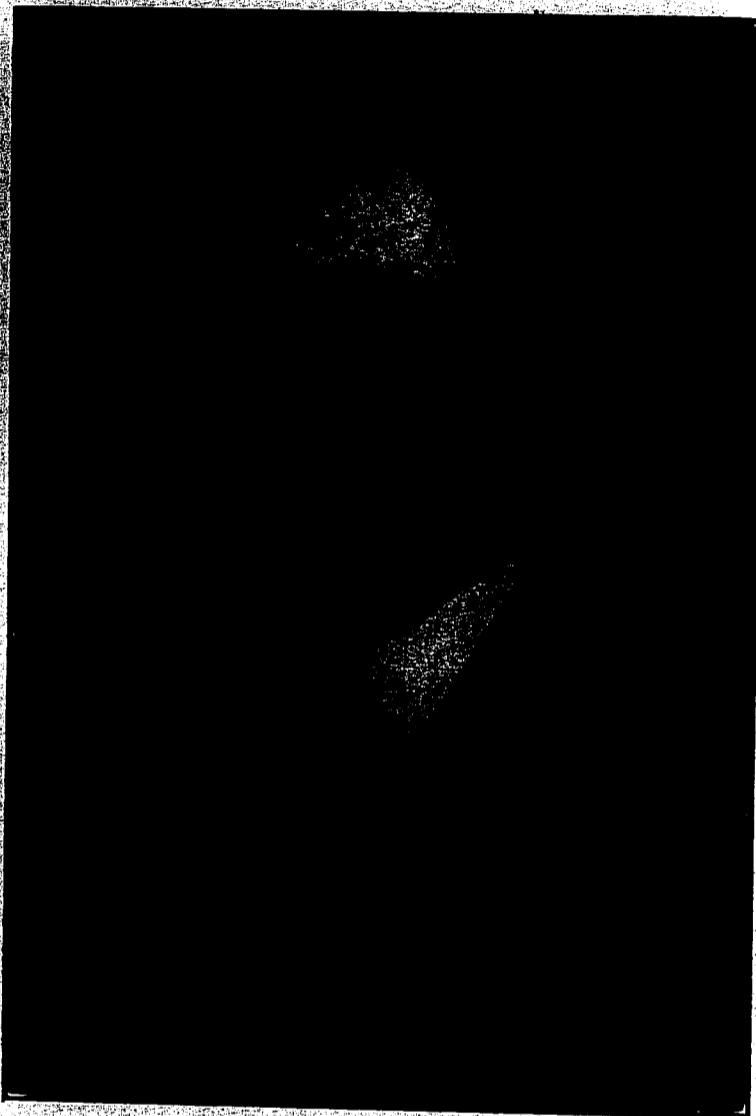


LYNN A. WORDEN

It was planned to give his picture in connection with the write-up, but it was too late in reaching us and the RECORDER had

to go to press without it. We therefore give it here.

Mr. Lucius P. Burch is also a Brookfield boy who, with Mr. Worden, learned his trade in the office of the Brookfield *Courier*, Brookfield, N. Y. He was educated in the high school of that place, spent more than three years with the *Courier*, and worked some time with the *Earlville Standard*. He is now thirty-five years of



LUCIUS P. BURCH

age. For seventeen years he has been connected with the *Sun* of Westerly, R. I., and for the last six years its foreman. The *Sun* is published by George Benjamin Utter, son of the late Governor Utter of Rhode Island.

In commenting upon the departure of Mr. Burch for his new field of labor the *Sun* says: "The committee certainly have made a wise selection, as the record of Mr. Burch for seventeen years has been one of efficiency."

Mr. and Mrs. Burch are receiving a hearty welcome to Plainfield, and we hope they will enjoy their new home. SABBATH RECORDER readers will soon learn to address all business matters belonging to the

publishing house to Lucius P. Burch, instead of Lynn A. Worden. In order that all may feel more acquainted with him, we give his picture here.

The Help of the Lord There is a story of a little boy who stumbled and fell headlong in the path of General Lafayette while the latter was marching through a crowded street. Instantly the big man in uniform lifted the little fellow up and set him on his feet in a safe place. In some way the child got the idea that his wonderful helper was God, and it was a long time before he could be convinced to the contrary.

The little boy had the right idea of God as a helper. It would be well for many grown-up children if they could cherish a simple, childlike faith in God as a present help in time of need, one who never tires of lifting up his children when they fall.

How God Helps Sometimes God's children fail to see the Father's hand in the help he sends. Paul said, "When I am weak, then am I strong." The apostle had to endure many a bitter experience before he reached the point in faith-life where he could utter these words. It was through the discipline of humiliation and trials, which removed his self-sufficiency and threw him back upon God, that he came to see how God's help was manifested in weakness more fully than in strength.

Sometimes the very help one most needs is to be cast down in order that he may be lifted up; to be set back that he may go forward. The tendency of these things is sorely to try our faith, and we too often sink down hopelessly before the difficulties in our way and forget to cry unto the Lord for help. When we call on God for strength, when his help does come and we are lifted up, we too can say, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Our Father helps in many unexpected ways. Such help comes when our day seems darkest, and when our way is hedged up. Happy is the one who can recognize the help of God in his own sense of weakness, in his toils and struggles, in adversity, in the darkness as well as in the light.

The Help of God Comes Through Men

The apostle Paul in several instances refers to "helps" that came to him from men and women who ministered unto him. He recognized the fact that the help of God is often sent through human instrumentality. In First Corinthians 12:28, he places in high rank among apostles, prophets, and teachers a class called "helps," for which he was most thankful. Even on his last journey, as he approached Rome, the apostle "thanked God, and took courage" when he saw the brethren who had come to help him on his way. The mother of Rufus was mentioned by Paul as one of his beloved helpers who had ministered unto him in his weariness, and his servant in Rome was commended to the brethren, "for," said Paul, "he oft refreshed me."

The "helps" of God sent to his children are often those faithful, sympathetic souls who preach no sermons, make no gifts of gold, but who strive to light up the way for pilgrims who stumble in the night. It is a great thing when the servant of God can say of some humble soul; "He oft refreshed me."

"Helpers of Your Joy" This phrase is used by Paul to show the purpose of his second message to Corinth. He determined not to come to the people of that city in heaviness, but desired to be a helper of their joy. It gives a valuable suggestion to those who are commissioned to become ministers of helpfulness to the church. It is a beautiful ministry when one can help his brothers' joys. Sometimes the Christian's joy is but a tiny spark that needs to be supplied with fuel and fanned into a flame until it becomes a great light. God's blessing will rest upon him who can inspire and quicken the Christian's joys. This can not be done by exaggerating one's own troubles, or by complaining of one's own woes. Neither can we help another's joy by drawing him out to make complaints of his neighbors. If we can induce him to recount his blessings and lead him to speak in warm commendation of his fellows, we shall add something to his joy. If we help him to hold more charitable views of others and give him brighter visions of God's love and goodness, we shall fill his soul with peace and his vision of

God will be glorious. Paul knew how blessed it was to be a helper of other people's joy.

"A Man Whose Name Was Help"

When Bunyan's Christian found himself sinking down in the Slough of Despond, almost hopeless in the mire of fears and doubts and discouragements, there came to him a man whose name was Help. He was the very man poor Christian needed most in that perilous time. Had he begun to scold and reprimand Christian and reproach him for unfaithfulness, no doubt the poor man would have given up entirely. But no, he was not that kind of helper. He gently reminded Christian of the merciful promises of God, which for the time being he had forgotten, and then said, "Give me thine hand." He saw that the pilgrim's burden was so heavy already that he could not get out alone, and tactfully refrained from adding to it by reproachful words or severe reprimands. The helpful lift was the thing needed; so he kindly drew the pilgrim out, "and set him on sound ground, and bid him go on his way."

Thus a helpful word to one in trouble, a lifting hand offered in the spirit of love, will bring a fellow mortal "out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay," set his feet upon a rock, establish his goings, and put the new song in his mouth. All our paths in life have their Sloughs of Despond, from which pilgrims to the "Wicket-gate" need to be lifted. Like Bunyan's Christian we see but dimly the "shining light," and every doubt or fear makes it more difficult to "keep that light in thine eye," as directed by Evangelist. A single mistake by the helper may put it out entirely. The one thing for which the world is suffering is a friendly lift from the man whose name is Help.

Help by Not Hindering He who would help another to bear life's burdens should remember that often the first step toward help is not to hinder. There are many hinderers who do not mean to be such. People who always see the dark side, who constantly fear the "lions in the way," and who prophesy ill for the undertakings of those who toil for human betterment make life a little harder for all whom they meet. Life is hard enough at

best, and he who needlessly discourages another by any adverse influence makes that other's burden heavier and may do him an untold injury. The pessimistic views of ten men when Israel was on the border of the promised land resulted in forty years of wandering in the wilderness for all the tribes, and in keeping a whole generation out of Canaan.

Inconsistent living, selfishness, greed, pride, worldliness, a critical spirit that magnifies difficulties—all these become hindrances to the Master's work. The builders of the wall about Jerusalem were hindered, not only by the opposition of outsiders, but by the indifference and the faultfinding of many who belonged to Israel. These are the things that take the heart out of the workers; and if they could only be eliminated, the most potent factor of discouragement would disappear.

Prohibition Gleanings

In Canada prohibition debates are running a close second to the war in public interest. Last week when 20,000 men and women with banners, brass bands and a civic water wagon with "Old Man Ontario" perched on the seat, marched to the parliament buildings of Toronto, the parade was attacked by several convalescent soldiers who had returned from the European front with wounds. A free for all fight was stopped by the police. The paraders presented to Premier Hearst a petition containing 800,000 signatures requesting legislation which would make Ontario dry. In British Columbia, which up to now has resisted the advances of prohibition, Premier Bowser is reported to have come to terms with leaders of the growing prohibition movement, and it is reported the province will be in the dry column by the end of the year. The premier plans to amend at once the ordinary license laws for shorter hours and to forbid treating. The premier has agreed to submit a referendum on the liquor question to the people before June 1. The effort of the liquor chiefs to discredit the dry administration of Saskatchewan, by charges of bribery, seems to be losing its strength. The administration officials have established to the satisfaction of the legislative bribery

inquiry commission that the liquor system with headquarters in Winnipeg is behind the attack on them. In Manitoba the huge liquor interests of Winnipeg are reported to have established warehouses just over the border in Ontario with the intention of shipping liquor from the Winnipeg plants to these warehouses and thence back into Manitoba, when the province has prohibition. By this trick the liquor men plan to continue their business contending only the dominion government can stop inter-provincial trade. Manitoba adopted prohibition last Monday.—*The Continent*.

The people who sneak bottles of liquor through the mail by parcels post are liable to get into serious trouble. Postmaster General Burleson has issued stringent orders prohibiting the mailing of any intoxicating liquors, the penalty being a fine of \$1,000 or two years in the penitentiary, or both.

In a recent address by Mr. Arthur Hunter, actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company, before the Twenty-third Street Y. M. C. A. of New York City on the subject of "Habits Which Shorten Life," he placed at the top of the list of life-shortening habits the use of alcoholic beverages. Among other things he said:

"Despite the claims which have been put forth that alcohol is a food, and notwithstanding what laboratories may have held to be the value of alcohol in certain circumstances, the insurance statistics show that the use of it as a beverage is a habit that leads directly to short lives. The abstainer has an average chance of a long life of 15 to 20 per cent compared with the moderate drinker, and from 40 to 80 per cent in the case of the heavy drinker."—*American Issue*.

Isn't it about time that all the talk about compensating saloon-keepers and brewers for the prospective loss of their property that is bound to come soon should cease?

The Supreme Court has ruled that no one has an inherent right to sell liquor. The business is not on the same plane as the meat or coal or grocery business.

Think for a moment. Does any one seriously propose that those who make carriages, harness, trucks, etc., should be compensated because automobiles and auto

trucks have come to stay? Haven't the wise men in those old lines changed their plans to conform to the advance of the new industry, and isn't everybody better off in every way because of it? Do not the newer lines offer far greater opportunities for all?

The liquor business is a foe to all health, happiness and efficiency. Its total extinction is decreed by thinking men the world over. Corporations, big business everywhere is against it. The end is not far off.

When the enemy seeks terms of surrender the end of the fight is near.

Furthermore, if any one is to be compensated it should be the victims of the traffic—not those who have grown rich on it.

Widows, orphans and all others are entitled to the first awards of compensation damages. Yes, if we are to have damages, let us all have them according as we have suffered loss of service, protection, opportunity.—*Montclairian*.

The demonstration in favor of local option in Trenton yesterday was easily the biggest demonstration of its kind ever witnessed in New Jersey. When 7,000 men—voters—will leave their business, spend car fare and give their time to go to Trenton from all parts of the State to participate in such mass meetings as those which marked the day at the capital, and when over 3,000 of those men will parade over a four-mile course through slush and rain to show their loyalty to the home rule cause of local option, the right of each municipality to vote the saloon out if it wants to, then the time has arrived for estimating just how soon the saloons will be wiped out in New Jersey.

There were snap and ginger and determination about those business men—bankers, farmers, storekeepers, clerks, laborers—who marched, and sang as they marched, that augurs ill for the liquor people. No politician, who is not blind, can fail to read the signs of the times.

The remarkable mass meetings, the resolutions, the parade, the crowning address by Billy Sunday, will not change this year's adverse vote in the House of Assembly to any appreciable extent, for the fate of bills of this kind is settled at the September primaries and at the November elections, not

by post-election mass meetings. Nevertheless, the scenes witnessed yesterday will decidedly affect next fall's campaign and they will have a direct bearing on next year's vote in the Legislature. It is plain that local option will be a big issue at next September's primaries.

Next Monday the Senate will pass the Gaunt local option bill by a vote of 12 to 9, and soon after that the House of Assembly of 1916 will defeat it by a reduced majority. But there is a House of Assembly coming before very long that will pass this Gaunt bill and that day is not far distant, unless signs of the times are very misleading.—*Jersey City Journal*.

A New Book by Edwin Herbert Lewis

Some of the current newspapers contain notices of a new book by Dr. Edwin Herbert Lewis, of Oak Park, Ill. We have not seen the book, but this is what a writer in the *Continent* says about it:

Those About Trench, by Edwin Herbert Lewis. Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.35.

"Those About Trench" first novel of Dr. Edwin Herbert Lewis, head of the English Department of Lewis Institute, Chicago, is a book of unusual order. Vivid, vital, balancing a strong plot with style of unusual finish, it holds the attention alike for material and for manner. A trifle academic in places, not always perfectly convincing or smoothly welded, these flaws are forgotten in the tale's swinging glow and charm. The title is derived from the embodied remark that we are what we are because those about us are what they are—presumably a method of suggesting the power of environment. However, Dr. Isham Trench, the hero, is far superior to the unsavory surroundings purposely chosen. A devoted pediatrician though the sternest of pessimistic scientists, Dr. Trench gathers around him a strange conglomeration of young foreigners, and imbues them all with some share of his own ardent spirit. Primarily convinced of the non-existence of the soul, association with sweet Edith Bridgman, whom he loves without intending to marry, and life's uplifting attrition bring him at the end to far sounder mind. For pure adventure "Those About Trench" is exhilarating. Beginning in Halsted Street, Chicago, it dashes to India, Afghanistan, Austria and the Serbian mountains, skirting meanwhile a tremendous war secret. By turns scientific and tender, imaginative and realistic, it gives full measure of entertainment and stimulating food for thought.

"The ark of God is never in danger. The kingdom of truth on earth is sure to triumph."

SABBATH REFORM

The Sabbath as a Day of Rest and Worship

REV. A. J. C. BOND

The above caption is the title of a very interesting article by Rev. W. H. Adeney in the new "Encyclopedia of Sunday Schools and Religious Education," copyrighted, 1915, by Nelsons. Three volumes.

It is treated under six heads.

1. *Origin and History.* The author thinks both Babylonian and Israelite may have followed a more ancient common custom, in their observance of a Sabbath. He says that in later Judaism to "Sabbatise" was a current phrase in the Roman Empire for adopting the Jewish religion. Certainly an important statement when we come to consider the Sabbath in the early Christian Church.

2. *Reason and Purpose.* Three phases are given in the development of the Sabbath to the time of Christ. First, it comes in the category of taboos. Behind which, however, the author sees a humane purpose. Then the legal Levitical period when the Sabbath was considered as a day for rest. And, again, its use as a day of worship, as Israel developed, under the prophets, to a higher practice in religious worship.

3. *Christ and the Sabbath.* Jesus observed the custom of his people, being more liberal in his interpretation of the Sabbath law. "It is to be observed, however, that none of these actions could be included in the prohibition aimed at by the original law of the Sabbath." Jesus taught that the Sabbath was given for the benefit of man. "This is not abrogating law, it is redeeming it from abuse."

The rest of the article is so illuminating, and withal is such a helpful commentary on our position as Seventh Day Baptists, both in the things in which we agree with, and in those in which we differ from, Mr. Adeney, that I append it here, without comment or change. A thoughtful reader will find food for satisfactory reflection, as he contemplates his position as a Sabbath-keeper.

4. *The Jewish Sabbath and the Chris-*

tian Sabbath. Dr. Hessey has shown that Sunday, as the "Lord's Day," was never identified with the Jewish Sabbath in New Testament times, nor during the first three centuries of Christian history. Saturday was still the Sabbath. Sunday was the Lord's Day. St. Paul took up an entirely free attitude toward the Jewish Sabbath when he wrote, "Let no man judge you . . . in respect of . . . a sabbath day" (Col. 2: 16). The Sunday was then treated separately as a day of happy fellowship and worship in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. It was Constantine's legislation that made it a rest day. Much later the Puritans attached the whole weight of the fourth commandment to the Christian Sunday and thenceforth Sabbath-breaking was with them as great an offense as it had been with the Jews.

5. *Modern Views and Usages.* A great change has taken place in the opinions and practices of modern Christendom with regard to Sabbath observance. In the first place both history and a correct understanding of the Christian spirit have shown the mistake of legalism in the freedom of the gospel. The neglect of Sunday as a day of rest and worship, that is so apparent in the life of the present age, is not to be traced to a spirit of enlightenment. It must be attributed to a thirst for pleasure, and an attitude of indifference to the claims of religion. Herein lies a great danger for the whole fabric of Christian civilization.

6. *The Right Use of Sunday.* Claiming freedom from Jewish law, and repudiating the idea of the peculiar sanctity of certain days, as such, in accordance with the teachings of St. Paul, how can Sunday be preserved for rest and worship? By falling back upon the teaching of Christ. He said that he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. He broke the husk, and brought out the kernel. The spirit of the Sabbath points first to rest and then to the best use of the opportunities which rest affords. If the Sabbath was made for man in the simpler days of antiquity, it means that man needed it then and needs it now. If Jesus needed the rest and worthy use of the Sabbath, much more is it needed in modern life. Man needs the Sabbath physically, and he needs it spiritually, if he is not to become the slave of time and sense.

If the tide that threatens to sweep away the Sabbath is not stemmed, there is danger of religion itself being swept out and of society becoming secularized and materialized. The day must be guarded, not on account of its original and inherent sanctity, but because mankind needs its benefits, this need creating a duty and making the destruction of the privileges of Sunday a sin against God and man.

I have copied the last three paragraphs verbatim, and without comment. But I want a closing word. And I shall put it in the form of a question. In the light of the history of the Sabbath and Sunday, as reviewed above, and in the light of the world's need of a Sabbath, as so clearly and vividly portrayed, who has the advantage in this world,—this modern, materialistic age, unfriendly to piety and a virile religion, the small minority who hold to the Sabbath of the Bible and of Christ, and who believe that it only can supply this crying world-need, or the great, but perplexed majority, struggling to make the Constantine-authorized Sunday serve so holy an end?

Louisville, Ky.,
March 20, 1916.

An Ideal Wisconsin Farmer

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

Looking over some old papers the other day I came across the one I am enclosing. It was written as an exercise in English in the Summer School in Madison, which it was my privilege to attend in 1892. I am sending it to you because the subject of this sketch was our old friend and brother in Christ, Joseph Warren Wood, who passed to his reward about a year ago, from Sumner, Wash.

Possibly it may do for filling in the RECORDER when you need material.

At the time at which this was written Mr. Wood was living on the farm where the most of his life was spent.

Respectfully yours,

HATTIE E. WEST.

Milton Junction, Wis.,
March 22, 1916.

Among the people of my acquaintance especially worthy of note is a man whose grizzled hair and beard indicate advancing age. He is of sixty years and upwards

but his tall, well-proportioned figure is still borne with a quick, firm step and is erect except for the slightly rounded shoulders which speak of a life of physical toil, rather than of age. His general aspect is that of a farmer, but the high brow is indicative of intellectual strength and the quick, keen eye tells the source through which during years of physical toil the mind has been fed. The firm mouth indicates stability of character, and from all the features look forth a gentleness and straightforward sincerity in keeping with the manner of the man and the habitually low tones of a voice noticeable for its gentleness, never reaching a high pitch even in the most heated discussion.

His conversation is characterized by a simple frankness, mingled with shrewdness and enlivened by humor.

Little children love him and he shows a keen appreciation of child-nature by the stories with which he amuses them and his skill and patience in teaching the little orphan boy who finds shelter under his roof.

But the man is best studied in connection with the home which he has built up about himself.

Its natural setting is typical of the nature and varied accomplishments of its owner. The farm comprises level meadows and rugged woodland, and is watered by a little stream whose varied usefulness is supplemented by a picturesque waterfall set in the midst of trees and rocks gemmed with ferns and mosses.

Many a man on the farm is like the one described by Whittier in his prelude to "Among the Hills," "blind to the beauty everywhere revealed."

Not so, our friend.

In his love of trees he reminds one of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Every one of the great variety that grow upon his farm is to him a friend. He knows its name and its relatives, its habits and its history, how it grows in the open and how in the forest, when it puts forth its leaves and when its blossoms have matured in fruit.

He is equally familiar with the herbs and shrubs. The little stream keeps no secrets of its life from him and the rocks tell him their names and their story.

The various industries of the farm also show a versatility in handcraft. A blacksmith and a machine shop supply in a limited manner the needs of the farm in those

departments and the hand of the owner does the work. That the brain is active here also is shown in the various labor-saving devices that have been planned and executed by him.

From the workshop he goes to the market garden, and that the lettuce is crisp, the peas early, the strawberries sweet, the cabbages firm, and the melons luscious is due to the wise management of the farmer.

That he is recognized authority upon these departments is shown by his contributions to the *Scientific American* and to the agricultural department of the *New York Tribune* in the days of Horace Greeley, and his papers before the State Horticultural Society.

The roomy farmhouse is typical of the hospitality of its inmates; the simplicity of its furnishings of the warm-hearted home cheer. In the wide hall a museum shows much of the life history and tastes of its collector. Among geological, mineralogical, and zoölogical specimens are to be found curiosities in the shape of freaks of nature showing an eye keen, not only for the facts of nature but for its humors as well. The Indian relics, the antlers of deer, and other trophies of the hunt speak of pioneer life and a fondness for adventure. A diary found here contains the history of three years spent in California from 1849 to 1852. This diary is interesting not only for the matter it contains but for the light it throws upon the character of its writer. Written when he was a young man away from home for the first time, far from the restraints of society, and thrown in the midst of the vice and excess then so prevalent in California, he could still go home and place this minute record of those three years of his life in the hands of his mother without cause to blush for a single line it contained.

The library in this farmhouse is a small one, not that of a man of leisure and general culture.

Its older books are mostly those on science and agriculture, while the more recent ones are on religion and kindred topics. These latter, in his advancing age, when less actively engaged in physical toil, constitute his working library; the one most often found in his hands, and the one about which all the others cluster, is "the Book of books." This is used by him, not as by many in old age, simply as a source of

consolation, but as a mine of knowledge from which he is constantly digging out new treasures. Books and chapters set aside even by many theologians as too obscure or too deep to be understood have been to him a stimulus for months and years of independent study. He works upon the theory that the divine mind had a purpose in dictating these pages and that they contain messages of vital importance else they never would have been written.

A worthy descendant of Roger Williams he asks no church or society to formulate for him a creed, and though known as a good neighbor, a kind and gentle man, he is nevertheless at variance with a large part of the world about him on many a vital point. The Sabbath that most men observe he late in life has set aside, on the ground that there is no "Thus saith the Lord" for its observance, and has turned to the Seventh-day Sabbath of the Old Testament. This was not the result of outside influence but of private investigation of the Bible. In doing this he has broken away from the associations of a lifetime.

Always what is known as a "temperance man," he has of late years antagonized old-time political friends by his advanced views on temperance reform, while for years he has been on religious grounds an uncompromising enemy of every form of secret society.

Professor C. H. Threlkeld at Rest

EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER:

It may be you have not been advised of the death of Professor C. H. Threlkeld of Nelson's Business College, Memphis, Tenn. He died the morning of March 16. I got word here late last week. As you know, he was the son of Elder C. W. Threlkeld, now of Florida. For twenty-five years he has been vitally connected with the above business college, as teacher of shorthand, and typewriting. He has been a loyal adherent of our cause as Sabbath-keepers in that city during all these years, and has raised a large family the most of whom are non-resident members of the Hartsville Church. No particulars of his death have been sent to me as yet, but I am hoping to get word soon.

Sincerely,

T. J. VAN HORN.

MISSIONS

Letter From China

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

A letter for the RECORDER is due from me in this mail, and as it closes in a very short time, I will have to hurry. "Hurry" is my chronic condition these days. There is not much time wasted, and letter-writing is crowded to the wall. We have worked hard enough here today, but it has been a holiday for most people, as it is the fifteenth day of the first month, which is the end of the New Year season. Of course it is the full moon, as the first and fifteenth of every month are, and being also a holiday, many people go out for a moonlight walk. Besides the bright moonlight, there are many other lights, as in all directions one can see different colored paper lanterns hung up on very high poles formed of several lengths of bamboo tied together. There are also little fires burning all through the fields and people burning torches made of bunches of rice straw. As they wave the torches they cry, "Yellow cotton go to some one else's fields, white cotton come to mine!" That is the meaning of all the fires and lanterns, a worshiping of the god of the fields. The fires are the burning of paper (false) money to this god, and portions of food are also set out in the fields for him. All of this superstition and idolatry has such a firm hold on the people.

Just now a little girl came into the room where I am writing, pulling a lantern in the shape of an immense white rabbit on four little wheels, with a candle burning inside. It is really very pretty, and is only for giving the little ones pleasure. On the streets children everywhere are carrying or pulling pretty lanterns made of all colors of paper and in many shapes. It is a grand finish to the New Year. It seems to me that the Chinese New Year has been more strenuously observed than ever this year, though ours is the official one. It may be because we have observed it in a special way ourselves.

At Christmas time we had no special celebration, but a few days after the first of January, we gave a feast to the men of the church, and during the China New Year

season we invited all the women of the church and one inquirer to come and stay with us nine days, for Bible study, being the guests of Dr. Crandall and myself for that length of time. As they arrived on the second day of the year, of course there was a good deal of preparation of bedrooms and buying of eatables, etc., to be done beforehand, and so the China New Year was more accentuated than usual with us. There were eight women and one girl, and two little boys here as guests. We had two classes a day and a meeting in town every other night, on the alternate night just having our regular "family prayers" here. Dr. Crandall had a morning class, taking up mostly the Old Testament in a historical way; of course not at all minutely in so short a time. In the afternoon I taught them especially about Christ, the reason of his coming, God's love to men, about his death, resurrection, ascension, and teaching about his return, the coming of the Holy Spirit, and one lesson on prayer. Only one of the women, and the girl and one of the boys could read, so the teaching had to be oral, but each day I gave them a verse to learn in connection with the subject of the day. These women who can not read have felt that of course they could not understand much because of that, and so often have an expression of dulness on their faces while listening to teaching, which has troubled me much. This week, however, they spent all their spare time learning those verses and were very happy and enthusiastic in it, some even learning a few characters; and we think that one of the greatest benefits will be that they have waked up to the fact that they can learn something, and listen to all instruction with interested looking faces. They are so enthusiastic over learning that they say they are willing to come one afternoon in two weeks to study. They also evidently enjoyed being together with spare time on their hands. They got better acquainted with each other, and we, with them. The wife of our evangelist was the one who could read. She had her tiny baby with her. She has seven other children, and it was the first time she had ever been away from her family. Her husband is very domineering and seems to think she can't do anything, but he found out she had been in the habit of doing a good many things, and I imagine she went back

home, much more highly appreciated as wife and mother than ever before!

Of course during the holidays E-ling and We-ling (one of our protégés) were at home, so we were a merry party. Now they have returned, going this morning in Dr. Crandall's care, so the house seems very quiet and deserted. From now on, though, we will have plenty of people and plenty of noise, for a big party of workmen with their overseer arrived this afternoon to *begin work on the new hospital!* Perhaps that doesn't seem interesting! I suppose they will begin digging for the foundation tomorrow. I feel as if some impressive ceremony ought to be performed at the beginning. We certainly will pray that the work will go forward prosperously and well, the men in charge be honest and true (which would be nearly a miracle), and that it may be used for God's glory and the bringing in of his kingdom in this place at least. The contractor will come with the timber, cement, and other materials in about a week. He has drawn some beautiful plans, elevations showing all sides, etc., and colored them, making one copy for us to keep, which he will have his carpenters frame for us to hang in the building. He certainly is an artist, and loves to do such work. He says he has never had any instruction in it. He evidently has a poor education, but is a very bright man. He confesses that a few years ago he smoked opium terribly, but has broken off most of it now. We are hoping we may help him while he is here to finish up the good work. We had to pay \$200 Mexican extra for the promise that they would not work on the Sabbath, and we hope they will come to the services and get some benefit of them.

Will all the friends of the work please pray for us at this, as at all times, that we may have wisdom in all things, and that this will mean a greater work for the Lord in every way?

Yours in His work,
ROSA PALMBORG.

Lieu-oo, China,
Feb. 17, 1916.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others can not keep it from themselves.
—J. M. Barrie.

Some Reports

REV. G. M. COTTRELL

(Field Secretary Lone Sabbath Keepers)

I am getting some reports from the L. S. K. secretaries—not as many as I should. A very encouraging one comes from a State not far from Indiana.

1. The secretary reports replies to her letters from all the L. S. K's in the State. This is something of a feat in itself, as all secretaries know who have tried to secure responses to the letters they have sent. If this one thing could be attained in three or four of the States with our largest membership, the event would almost call for a day of thanksgiving or celebration.

2. "We are a unit on the RECORDER." That means that they all have the RECORDER to read, a situation that was reached last year by only one State, South Dakota.

3. Seventy-five per cent belong to the Home Department of their home Sabbath schools.

4. And at least half of them are Tenth Legioners, and the secretary herself has set a good pace in giving by reporting \$60 personally contributed thus far this year.

Let us hear from the rest of the secretaries.

Why shouldn't this department furnish a sort of clearing house, or advertising medium, for our mutual benefit and the building up of the kingdom? Our mention of the need of a preacher in North Carolina brought a response to the call.

Below we quote from our Missouri secretary's letter, showing his desire to advance the cause in his territory. Brother E. F. Bliss, Mt. Vernon, Mo., is a broom-maker and his trade is growing almost faster than he can take care of it. He writes: "I wish I could find some good Sabbath-keeping business man to come here and help me out. There is another thing I would like to do, and that is to get some of our people to come here and settle. I will donate four acres of land on which to build a church and parsonage. We have as good a country and climate here in Missouri as you will find anywhere. It is well watered by springs and streams, and adapted to fruit and stock-raising as well as general farming. Good roads and bridges are being built and many improvements made. Good schools and churches and a good class of people. I am well

pleased with this country and will gladly give any information."

I note the death of Charles H. Greene, Battle Creek. I wish to bear testimony to his great interest and help in L. S. K. matters. I am indebted to him for much information regarding our membership. He was much interested and was acting as general scout for Michigan, in interesting the scores of detached Sabbath-keepers in this movement. His death comes as a personal loss.

Topeka, Kan.

What It All Means

REV. W. D. TICKNER

In the *Chicago American* of March 13, an article appeared under the heading, "Has the World Lost Control of Its Mental Balance?" It reads as follows:

In a recent article published in the *Hearst papers* Edgar Lucien Larkin, a distinguished student of psychology who corresponds with other psychologists in many foreign countries, expresses the opinion that the mentality of mankind is now in a general abnormal paranoiac condition. He says.

"I am in correspondence with scientific researchers in mind in many parts of the world. They write me of unusual mental states. Some fearful influence is agitating the lower faculties of the mind of man. My books have elicited thousands of replies and I am alarmed over the thoughts therein."

There is much to justify such alarm. (1) The crazy desperation and ferocious cruelties of the war in Europe, a slaughter-pen of a magnitude unknown to previous human history, is enough in itself to discourage sane people; (2) The Mexican situation, where revolution follows revolution without prospect of a near settlement and where incendiarism and assassination have come to be a daily program; (3) China already launched into a civil war and promising to soon become merely a big Mexico; (4) Japan hurriedly arming for some purpose and constantly becoming more querulous; (5) Even in the United States and Canada, where peace prevails, attention is frequently called to the vast increase in violence—explosions, homicides, suicides and other horrifying things, the perpetrators often being mere youths who abruptly plunge into wickedness.

All of these examples, and more, may well awaken fear among those who have been looking forward to the *Golden Age* and believing it to be close at hand!

If it be true that some fearful influence is agitating the lower faculties of humanity—what is it?

Several answers have been offered by those who have speculated upon the matter.

Some say it is due to a decline in sincere and

simple religion, that a materialistic philosophy has gradually supplanted *old-fashioned piety*, even among those who still observe religious rites, and that materialism carries with it the ethics of the jungle!

Others say that we are reaching the climax of the *competitive system*, that swift communication and transportation have brought the whole world into close contact and have intensified the struggle for commercial advantage to such a degree that violence, big and little, must continue to grow until some species of co-operation shall come in and moderate human greed.

And some say that telepathy explains it all, that in Europe the crazy ambition and avarice of a few war lords have gradually awakened the war spirit of the millions and that war, with its attendant infuriation, perils, miseries and despondency, has sent disturbing thought waves all over the world.

The subject is too large and vague to invite any dogmatism, but this much is plain enough—now is a good time for all Americans to cultivate *calm and steady ways*; and, while amply preparing their country to defend itself against the madness of other nations to do so coolly and conscientiously with a clear view of our country's oldest and highest ideals.

To those who have carefully compared prophecy and history, the present titanic struggle offers nothing more than what has long been expected. The present war, which is unprecedented for its ferocity, is generally recognized as being out of the regular order. Nothing like it was ever known before; and, coming as it does in the regular order of events as foretold by the prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and John the Revelator, it would seem as though the query contained in the above clipping could find a full and complete answer in Revelation 16: 13-14: "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty."

Adams, Wis.

Hear the royal promise,
Victory is sure;
Wrong shall be defeated,
Right shall reign secure.
March on with courage;
Help to save the world;
Be this conquering banner
O'er all lands unfurled.

—Charles G. Richards.

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

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

(Continued)

CHAPTER X

In a few days Lorna received a reply to her letter to her parents.

"Plattville.

"DEAR DAUGHTER: Your letter announcing your recent immersion was received with sorrow. While we recognize immersion as a valid baptism as well as pouring or sprinkling, we consider your act a serious reflection upon your parents' wisdom and religious faith and more so upon our church. You were solemnly baptized by our pastor, who deeply feels this almost insult to his love for you and his instructions. He has called to see us about it and concluded to say no more about it now. Of course no action will be taken by the church, and we hope, now that you have been satisfied, you will in the future keep your place in the church and gradually win back the place you have lost in the esteem of the brethren. The serious thing about it is that you have given those Baptists occasion to thrust their peculiar views on the people and stir up agitation detrimental to religious peace in the community where you are and also here. And the worst feature is that you had one of those Sabbatarians perform the act. It will not be helpful to you in your religious life to get familiar with that sect and have them now begin to influence you on other subjects and drive you into heresy. Attend to your studies and confine your correspondence to home and your classmates here and be not distracted by outside events and discussions. Your father has in view for you a great vacation next summer if you do not go off on another Baptist heresy.

"Your brother is doing well in high school now and has a growing ambition to be a physician. A boyish dream! But I am sorry that your act has now set him to asking all sorts of foolish questions. He even questions the honesty of our pastor and says that he has not met your position as a Christian should. Of course I was glad in the past that his sister had such a good influence over him, for you were law and gospel to him then, but this

late nonsense has done him harm and I fear will result in his indifference to church matters. You see 'how great a flame a little fire kindleth.' You may come home for the Christmas holidays and bring a friend with you if you wish.

"Lovingly,

"MOTHER."

It was with much emotion that she read these words. Her dearest parents, and must she come in conflict with them for Jesus' sake? "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." She did love father and mother as few daughters do, but she felt now conscious that she loved her Savior most and that was right.

She would all the more express her love for her parents and show them that obedience to God did not alienate her from those who loved but did not agree with her. Again she knelt and renewed her consecration to Christ and his service and asked for grace to do his will and to win others to his truth.

Soon the conviction came to her from her morning Bible lesson,—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven,"—that she must tell others of this new-found truth or rather old truth just found by her. Then again she read, "Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." Yes, this was another duty of the true Christian, or how would truth ever triumph? To be sure, she must be tactful and wise and winning if possible. The way would open for this she was sure.

On her way to the classroom she met a messenger who handed her a note. Hastily she read:

"DEAR MISS SELOVER: I am sure you saw me at your immersion last Sunday and will wonder why I am here at Kingsbury. Let me explain. I came from my college at Meadville to arrange for an intercollegiate debate, to wind up with a game of football. I have succeeded and just before the holidays will be the contest. Several colleges have agreed to send teams for the ball contest, which will include at least three games, and also a debater that has won the laurels from their own college. These colleges are Meadville, Kingsbury, Milton and Waterville. I am sure that it will be a great occasion and that the con-

tests will be in the best of spirits. You remember what I said at your home about athletics. This may seem a departure from that opinion of mine. I have not changed my opinion but there has been an agreement signed by the representatives of each team and the debaters, whereby all that might be detrimental to morality and Christian ethics will be eliminated. Of course you will witness the contests. And now that I am here, and in view of the pleasant visits you and your parents granted me at your home, I make bold to ask if I may meet you at your earliest convenience. Return answer by this messenger.

"Most sincerely,

"ELLINGTON."

Her heart was all in a flutter. What would her parents say? But they had given him a hearty welcome and invited him to come there again. She would meet him, and hastily writing a note she handed it to the messenger.

The meeting would be that evening in the parlor of the house where she roomed.

The hour came for his arrival. Passing the compliments and expressing his pleasure at this meeting he opened the conversation with an account of the proposed debates and how it came about that he was sent to make necessary arrangements. He said that in the case of Milton, they had not had football there in some years; but last year the faculty had voted to give the game a trial for one year subject to certain conditions, one of which was that their team play but two outside games the first year. "That is a small college of Seventh Day Baptists, but in athletics as well as in quality of their graduates they have shown themselves above the average,—so says the State Superintendent of Public Instruction,—and the men they send to Madison for postgraduate courses take good rank. But as they have only played one year they will stand little show in the game; as for debating, they will be hard to beat. However, Meadville is confident of success in both contests," and he smiled as he said that, hoping to arouse her interest in Kingsbury.

"I of course ought to stand up for my college and will in a measure, but I have learned to look unselfishly at all such things and to rejoice with them that rejoice," replied Lorna.

"Changing the subject, Miss Lor—excuse me, Miss Selover—I was deeply impressed by your courage in submitting to immersion after your conscience had led you that way. You bore yourself with becoming dignity and humility, and though as yet I do not share your fullest convictions, I honor you for your moral courage and the fact that you *have* convictions, a very rare thing these days," said Mr. Ellington.

"Why, do you not have convictions? But I should not have said that. You do or you would not be led to choose the ministry as a profession, or rather your life work. I do not like the expression 'a profession' in speaking of the ministry," replied Lorna.

"These are long evenings and you tell me you have all your lessons for tomorrow. Will I be imposing upon your time and patience if I ask you to tell me in your own way all about how you were led to this act? I shall be interested and indeed it will be helpful to me in more ways than one. I like to see things as others see them."

"With pleasure, Mr. Ellington; I was only this morning reading that it is my duty, as occasion is given me, to let the light shine and to contend for the faith. I need not go into detail and, especially, rehearse what was said in your presence at Plattville; but as briefly as I can intelligently give it, these are the arguments: In the first place, a doubt arose as to the validity of infant baptism. My brother was sprinkled in infancy but I was not for various reasons. I was told that it had been practiced in the church from the earliest Christian times. But I soon found to my satisfaction that the primitive Christians baptized none but penitent believers. And I found Pedobaptist confessions that primitive Christians did not baptize infants. Erasmus so states. M. De la Rogue also denied that they did. Mr. Chambers and Carcellacus declare that such baptism in the first two centuries was altogether unknown. But I saw also that even if early churches did practice it, it would not *prove* it Scriptural or apostolic. Then I was told that baptism was initiatory, emblematical and dedicatory, answering to the old Jewish rite of circumcision. This, they said, proved infants proper candidates for the ordinance, they being connected with parents in covenant with God. And much

more like that, all of which I found was not true, at least in the sense in which it was used. It is, I suppose, initiatory into the visible church. The covenant of grace in which Christians now stand can hardly be the same as the covenant of circumcision. If so, it would be in order to baptize every male child when eight days old, and not before. But our church and yours do not wait even that long, sometimes, or wait much longer. And it would withhold baptism from me, a girl, and from such as are 'not born in thy house.' The covenant with Abraham had things not promised to us today. The covenants are *not* the same. The Scriptures do not state that they are the same or that one follows in the stead of the other. The apostles do not in any place seem to state it or hint it. Then they told me that the apostles baptized whole households. Granted. Whole households do not prove children in those households. Who knows that Lydia or the jailer had babies then? It is all an assumption and assertion, no proof; and as baptism is for believers, babies are not believers. Arguments drawn from analogy are not sufficient. I was led to reject infant baptism as a Popish custom.

"Then the question of sprinkling came up. Was I baptized when Pastor Dudley sprinkled me? They said baptism was only an outward act of the body, not affecting the heart or mind. But whether baptism was essential to my salvation or not, was not the question in my mind, but *did* God in Christ Jesus *command* it? Jesus said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' He commanded baptism as much as 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' I had to obey or disobey. Which was it to be? One said to me, 'Baptism is a *generic* term,' and that Jesus did not say whether it was to be sprinkling or pouring, or what the mode was to be. 'Do as you please.' So I pleased to do just as Jesus did, go down into and come up out of the water. I wanted to do as he did. Then they tried to mystify the matter by quibbling about the words 'into' and 'down' and all that. Then that there was not water enough to baptize three thousand at Jerusalem in one day. But if you sit down and figure that out, you will find that twelve disciples could do all that in an afternoon, much more the seventy. And then as far as that goes,

to repeat the formula even, in sprinkling, would take about as much time as immersion. There was no force in that argument. Then we spent evenings looking at the Greek and at lexicons and notes by the most eminent divines, and though there was not a Baptist among the writers of those we examined, all agreed that the original Greek sustained immersion and not sprinkling. Dipping or immersion was universally acknowledged to be the meaning of the untranslated word 'baptize.' If *baptizo* in the Greek means to dip in its primary and every-day use, then Jesus was dipped, and every time the word said baptize it literally said dip or immerse. Then I found that Paul taught that baptism was burial. I had not in being sprinkled been buried nor had I been resurrected by coming up out of the water. Planting was also a figure and I had not even been planted for I never saw a farmer plant corn with a drop of dirt. One said that the Old Testament word in Hebrew, *tabal*, was to dip. Now I did not know just the difference between dipping and immersion. I got Webster and he said dip was to 'drive or plunge into any liquid for a moment; to lower and raise again; to baptize by immersion.' The idea of dipping a man for the purpose of sprinkling him was nonsense. Hazael 'took a thick cloth and dipped it in the water,' etc. That was not sprinkling. Joshua says that 'the feet of the priests that bare the ark were *dipped* in the brim of the Jordan.' They were not sprinkled. Naaman 'went down and *dipped* himself seven times in the Jordan.' Do you suppose he sprinkled himself? The ridicule against Baptists was tried on me and that gave me respect for them. The use of the prepositions was discussed and the result was all in favor of immersion. Greek and Hebrew grammars and lexicons and notes all gave evidence for immersion, though some of the authors tried in various ways to at least justify sprinkling. The claim that there was not water enough in Jerusalem to baptize the three thousand seemed very far-fetched. With the pool of Hezekiah, the 'upper pool,' 'fountains,' 'pool of Siloam,' and the fact that Jerusalem was one of the best watered cities in the world and that tens of thousands of Jews went up annually to their feasts, there was no ground for the idea advanced about scarcity of water. The statement that our

great scholars had made it a life study and we ought not to dispute them or call in question their scholarship was offset by the fact that other equally great scholars declared differently; and this led me the more to feel that the plain word ought to settle it for me and not scholarship. The promise of light on greatest questions of grace and salvation is to babes and such as are humble and will to do God's will, and not to the great and mighty ones of earth. All this and much more has led me to believe there is no baptism but immersion and that all other forms are a perversion and a *sin*. I trust I have not wearied you, Mr. Ellington. You asked me and I have given you my reasons and the word of God for it."

"You will make a preacher sure," said Mr. Ellington. "I will myself examine into this. It almost scares me to think of the results of such an investigation, if I reached the same conclusion that you do. A lawyer would reason it out like this with your premise and conclusion: If sprinkling is a sin and a perversion of God's word, then you can't fellowship the church that thus perverts the Scriptures when there are others that better represent God's word. See? By staying in such a church we can not speak out our convictions, for that would bring confusion and division among the members and would oblige us to hide an important light or truth and keep on holding error and perpetuating the sin. See? Where are you going to end in this matter? If immersion is the only true baptism, and if sprinkling is a sin in that it is a perversion of the ordinance, and the Baptists are right, then your place is with Baptists and not with Methodists. Your duty is to be with those who in your opinion are nearest right with God. Now what will you do in such a dilemma?" asked Mr. Ellington.

"I surely had not thought of that. You frighten me. I have already suffered so much from this baptism and have lost my positions in the church as organist and singer and teacher, and threats of various troubles have been made to deter me from following my convictions. Must I go farther and leave my church and people and all I love so dearly, and grieve my parents beyond comprehension. Oh, I do not know what all this yet means. And where would you stand if you were con-

vinced as I am? You are deciding for the Presbyterian ministry. Could you give up your cherished plans for a truth?"

"Well now, we are both getting into deep water; that is, if your convictions are Scriptural and your parents and pastor and your church are unscriptural. If they are unscriptural on that question, so are Presbyterians. I guess we better drop the whole thing and settle down satisfied where we are," said Mr. Ellington.

"I shall not be satisfied until I have all the truth a mortal can find in God's word, and obey it. I have surrendered myself, I think, wholly to God, and wherever he leads I must now go, and it looks like going to the cross thus far. I wish, Mr. Ellington, you would make this as honest a study as possible and let me know the results of it."

"Miss Selover, may I here and now express a hope that both of us may do what is right both in these matters and others that I have of late been thinking about. May I write to you a little later on?" he asked.

"My parents asked me to confine my correspondence to my home people. I would be pleased to have you say whatever is on your mind and will receive your letter but I can not now promise to reply to it. I must try to please my parents though I am now of age. They have grieved so much over my stand for this great truth that I want to spare them as much as I can. But this evening's conversation has brought me a feeling that more crosses are yet to be carried. Oh, I am so weak, and so alone in this! No, not alone, for God is with me; but the flesh is weak."

(To be continued)

"For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living gain.
Seeds that mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden: God will bear both it and thee."

"I know a little land-locked bay,
For souls upon a stormy sea;
What light on all the hills around,
What song of birds in every tree!

"No billows roll, no rocks do rend,
No wildly wrecking winds are there,
But tiny ripples whisper, 'Peace!'
That little land-locked bay is Prayer."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

April Rain

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—Robert Loveman.

If They Only Knew*

A dramatized version in two contrasting but related scenes

SCENE I

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Gertrude—The dignified young president.
Clare—The conservative, painstaking secretary.
Doris—The treasurer, a tennis devotee.
Mabel—The sweet-faced, conscientious member.
Ethel—The warm-hearted, fun-loving girl.
Gladys—The young woman of promptness and decision.
Other members.

It was the month of June and the afternoon of the Young Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in a certain fashionable church. The soft breeze that stole in through the open windows of the "Ladies' Parlor" touched lightly the cheeks of the groups of girls who were engaging a little listlessly in the opening exercises.

When these were over, the following discussion occupied the remainder of the hour and forms the first act:

President—We have not arranged any literary program for today, as commencement is so near and every one is so crowded. But I have an important item of business to present to the society. You know we are supporting a Bible woman in India, and you know, probably, also, that

*Used by permission of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West, and published in tract form by the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, Dearborn Street, Chicago.

we are over two quarters behind in our payments. Will the treasurer tell us how much we now have on hand?

Doris—Just \$2.47.

President—Did you all hear? Just \$2.47 in our treasury and over two quarters behind in our pledges. The important question is, What shall we do? A motion is now in order.

Gladys—Miss President, I move we make a desperate effort to pay this debt and thus discharge all obligations, then keep out of trouble another year by not taking any special work. Ever since we have tried this Bible woman it has been the same old story of arrears and an empty treasury and I, for one, am getting tired of it.

Mabel—But you know we thought some special work would be just the stimulus our society needed.

Clare—Yes, and so it was for a time, but our interest seems to be dying out.

Ethel—I rise to second the motion before the house. This Bible woman is getting on my nerves. If we don't support her some other society will. We're not the only young women in this State.

President—You have heard the motion. We will now take just fifteen minutes for discussion. Please confine your remarks to these two points: How shall we secure the money to pay our indebtedness and shall we continue the support of our Bible woman? Remarks on any other question are out of order.

Doris—I really can not see how we can raise this money now. It is dreadfully hard to get up entertainments in warm weather.

Ethel—So hard, Doris, that a whole day at tennis in the blazing sun is nothing compared to it.

Clare—Oh, the best, surest way will be to make up this amount out of our pin money or by going without some pet extravagance, but I agree with Gladys that in the future we had better not assume obligations we are not sure we can meet easily.

Mabel—Miss President, I should be very sorry to have this Bible woman given up. She is doing such a beautiful work. It seems to me it is our privilege as well as duty to go on with her support now we have started. I, for one, am willing to do all I can to help.

President—And so are we all.

Clare—Why, of course, it isn't that we aren't perfectly willing, only the weight of a burden resting so heavily on us that we feel *must* be lifted, no matter what happens, is rather depressing. We will pay our dues just the same and raise all the money we can besides.

Doris—And maybe such a tide of prosperity will pour in upon us next year that we shall be able to support two Bible women, who knows?

President—The fifteen minutes are up. Are you ready for the question? The motion before us is to make up from private contributions the deficit in our Bible woman's salary and at the close of the year to drop her. All in favor will say "yes." It is a vote.

Each to the Other—She is such a load off my mind.

President—Yes, so she is; and it isn't as though we couldn't, by and by, take up some definite work if we want to.

Ethel—Oh, it is such a relief to dismiss the far-away heathen and their unreal needs and chat about prize essays, graduating suits and the good times we are planning for commencement week. I am glad our missionary meetings are over for a time.

Mabel—Speaking of good times, do you know I have had some of the best times of my life right here in our missionary gatherings? They have been most profitable and inspiring and have opened to me so many excellent books.

Ethel—Do you mean dry missionary literature?

Mabel—You wouldn't call "Western Women in Eastern Lands" dry, would you?

Ethel—Yes, plenty dry enough to burn. I would put on the flyleaf of every missionary book these lines:

"If there should be another flood
For refuge hither fly;
If all the world should be submerged
This book would still be dry."

Mabel—I wouldn't let you put those words in any of my missionary books; they are of thrilling interest to me.

Ethel—Well, Mabel, don't look so serious. I joined the Y. L. Society just to please mother and nothing I ever did gave her greater joy; but honestly, it has meant infinitely more to me than my frivolous words would imply. I'm truly sorry we gave up the support of our Bible woman.

If we only knew what it meant over in India perhaps our action would have been different. Let's forget it.

SCENE II

A MONOLOGUE BY A BIBLE WOMAN OF INDIA

On a hot dusty plain in Central India stands a poor little Hindu village. One morning in spring, when the scorching winds that precede the monsoon were beginning to blow, and the air was dry and oppressive, an unusual stir might have been seen among the people, and busy preparations for a season of feasting and merry-making. In one of the mud huts, surrounded by a group of chattering women, is a young girl, with large, glowing eyes, and face eager and expectant.

Lachhmi is to be married today, and she is happier than she has ever been in all her short life. Not because she is soon to wed the one she loves, for she has never seen her future husband, but on account of the new yellow *sari* that is draped about her slender form, and the abundant jewels she wears. Poor enough ornaments they are, but the cheap glass bracelets and heavy pewter rings that encircle the delicate ankles, seem beautiful in Lachhmi's eyes.

The ceremony proceeds, and at last the supreme moment arrives when the bride is presented to her husband. The *sari* is thrown back from her face, and for one brief instant Lachhmi raises her eyes timidly to meet those bent upon her. Only one glance, then with a swift recoil of horror, she sinks back faint and gasping. Great beads of perspiration start to her forehead, as the awful truth forces itself upon the poor girl, that she is married to—a leper! A leper! and her father knew this all the time—even arranged the betrothal himself—and yet did not tell his child! Lachhmi turns to him with such a look of appealing agony in her face, that it seems as if a heart of stone would be melted by it. Her eyes fill with scalding tears and her lips quiver. But she does not cry out;—she is very quiet. Hindu girls are taught to suffer in silence; they have no redress. Besides, in this case, what good would it do to speak? It is *too late*.

Lachhmi now lives at the home of her husband's parents. Her mother-in-law is cold and stern. One day, when Lachhmi forgot Hindu etiquette so far as to raise her

eyes in the presence of this new mother, she received such a beating, that she will carry the marks of it as long as she lives. She has to do nearly all of the work of the house. She scours the brass dishes, helps to cook the food and draws water from the deep well that stands in the courtyard, though the heavy bucket makes her back ache terribly. At night after the men have finished their ten o'clock dinner, and the women are allowed to have something, she is often too tired to eat, and only longs to rest her tired limbs on the rude little bed in the corner. But she could bear it all bravely, if she just had the one thing for which her heart is most hungry, and that is love. She is naturally such a clinging, affectionate little creature that she would not find it hard to love her husband, in spite of his affliction, if he would let her. But his misfortune has soured his temper, and though his disease is only in its earliest stages, its shadow is always over him, and makes him more harsh and neglectful than he would otherwise be.

Seven years pass, and Lachhmi, still a very young woman, looks old and faded. Her life is not a loveless one, for three little girls cling to her *sari* and call her mother. But her husband is cross and miserable because he has no son. "What are girls good for?" he cries angrily, "mine will only bring me a small marriage portion, because they are the daughters of a leper. I wish I had drowned them the day they were born."

Even to Lachhmi the children are not the comfort they would have been once. Sorrow seems to be drying up the fountains of her heart. She scarcely knows what it is to feel deeply any more.

In the inner court of her home, fastened to one of the walls, is a little shrine. It contains the household gods, and every morning fresh water is placed there, and a small handful of rice and grain. One day as Lachhmi is making her usual offerings, she gets to wondering whether these gods, whose wants she supplies so regularly, ever think of her. Do they know she is not happy? Are they sorry for her? The thought is so much in her mind that after a while she ventures to speak to her mother-in-law about it. A scornful laugh is the reply. "Do you suppose the gods care for you or any other woman? Do not the priests tell us we are beneath their

notice?—that our ears are too polluted to listen even to the reading of the most holy Shasters?"

Lachhmi says nothing more, but every day she grows weaker and weaker. What has she to live for—what to hope for now?

But one lovely winter morning an unexpected joy comes into her life.

The news flies through the village that a "Miss Sahib," a missionary from a neighboring city, has come to visit the women. She goes to a house not far from Lachhmi's home, and there the women flock together to hear her talk and sing. How Lachhmi longs to hear her too! She never saw a white face but once in her life, and that was years ago at a *mela* when she was a little child. Why should she not go with the others to the neighbor's house. She has not yet shown any signs of leprosy, and could not harm the teacher. In her eagerness Lachhmi gathers courage to ask permission of her husband.

"Of what use is it for Miss Sahib to waste her time in teaching women who are no better than cows?" he exclaimed insolently. "But if the teaching can do them no good, neither will it do them harm. Yes, Lachhmi may go if she likes." Calling her little girls to her, she stepped quickly across the flat roofs of the intervening houses, and sits down with the others at the feet of the missionary. The children scream with fright at the sight of a foreigner, but the mother soon quiets them, and then listens with eager intentness to what the teacher is saying. She is talking about a God, one that Lachhmi never heard of before, who was killed by some wicked people. He must have been a kind God, for he was not angry at his enemies, only sorry for them. But Lachhmi can not understand about it, and she is too timid to ask questions, so she just sits still and looks hungrily into the sweet face of the foreign lady. The teacher is young—not much older than Lachhmi herself. She has just told one of the women she is not married, which is very strange. Were her parents not able to get her a husband? But then, thinks the Hindu girl, why should she want one?—and her thoughts fly back to her childhood days in her own home, the only really happy days she can remember, and as she compares that time with the present, her heart throbs and her great, dark eyes dilate with suppressed feeling. At last

she can bear it no longer and breaks out impetuously: "Miss Sahib, Miss Sahib! Don't ever get married, it is hell to be married."

The missionary is startled—there is such a ring of hopeless anguish in that young voice—but recovering herself she says consolingly, "Never mind, Lachhmi, you have your children to comfort you."

"I have no children," is the reply.

"No children? Why, is not that your little girl you are holding in your lap?"

Lachhmi looks down at the sleeping child and is silent a moment, then she says slowly: "I have three of these things, but they are only girls."

Too pained to talk any more, the missionary sings a few *bhajans*, and then prepares to leave. The women crowd around her. "When will you come again?" they ask. "Tomorrow?" "Come very soon."

The lady smiles. "I can not come for a long time, but my Bible woman will visit you and will tell you many things about the loving Jesus."

A few days later the Bible woman comes, and after that she visits the village regularly once every week and sometimes twice. The women like her, and as she is a Hindu, they can understand what she says better than when the Miss Sahib speaks. Lachhmi goes to see her whenever she can get permission. She looks forward to those visits with almost painful eagerness. They are bringing a glimmer of sunshine into the poor girl's life. The good words from the Bible are like balm to her troubled spirit. Not that her darkened, untaught mind grasps much of their meaning, but they soothe and comfort her, without her really knowing how or why.

"I wish I could understand the lessons better," Lachhmi says to herself. "I will listen carefully, and perhaps by and by I will."

One morning, after about two months, the Bible teacher meets the women with a sober face. When the lesson is over she says very sadly: "I can not come to you any more."

"Can not come any more?" echoes a chorus of voices in dismay.

"No; the Miss Sahib has not any money to support me. The people far away over the sea, who used to send it to her, wrote a letter, and said they could not take care of me any longer. So I must stop teach-

ing. O Lachhmi! poor Lachhmi! do not look at me that way!" and the tender-hearted Hindu burst into tears.

But Lachhmi does not cry. She only keeps repeating in a dreary monotone: "Not come any more!" The one little star that for a few short days has shone in her dark sky is about to disappear. "Good-by," it whispers, "good-by, Lachhmi!"

The girl goes home that afternoon and lies down on her bed. She can not get up when they call her; she is burning with fever. Her mother-in-law stops a minute to look at her and says indifferently: "She will die and it is well; she was too sickly to be of any account."

Lachhmi is not sick long. Once in her delirium she clasps her hands, such poor, thin little hands, and cries out in piercing tones for the teacher. But the only answer is a coarse laugh, and the shadow of a hideous idol thrown cross her face. There is no loving friend during those last hours to wet her parched lips, none to kneel by her little cot and whisper sweet words of hope and Jesus in her dying ear. Uncomfortable and alone she lies, till one dark, stormy night, Lachhmi's soul takes its flight from earth to the world beyond.

* * *

Were the girls in the homeland cruel, do you think? Oh, not cruel! *They only did not know.*

An Open Letter to E. H. Socwell

(The following letter to Rev. E. H. Socwell, in answer to certain questions, is published for the information of any who may be interested, and who did not notice the item of expense as included in the first quarterly report of the treasurer of the Tract Society for this fiscal year. The members of the Revision Committee are widely scattered, and it was felt that a saving in traveling expense would be secured by having the meeting at or near Milton just before the General Conference.—E. S.)

Rev. E. H. Socwell,

Dodge Center, Minn.

DEAR BROTHER SOCWELL:

Your letter enclosing two dollars for SABBATH RECORDER subscription is at hand. I have attended to the matter, and your receipt will come to you from the publishing house.

In your letter you write as follows: "I am asked by several persons about the item of entertainment of the Committee on Revision of Literature during their deliberations at Milton at about Conference time, and I am unable to answer them. Will you kindly answer me as follows. How many members were entertained and for how long time, and was it before or after Conference? These are the questions asked me and I can not answer them."

The answer is as follows. The committee consists of five people, Corliss F. Randolph, Arthur E. Main, William L. Burdick, Willard D. Burdick, and Edwin Shaw. Feeling that a quiet place was needed for the meeting, and not wishing to trouble the people of Milton to provide entertainment, the committee hired two small cottages for a week at Lake Koshkonnong, about six miles from Milton. One cottage was used as a place for the meetings and as sleeping quarters, the other was used as kitchen and dining quarters and a place for the family who was hired to provide the meals. The meeting lasted just one week, from Monday morning till Monday morning, prior to the opening of the General Conference. The actual expense of the transportation of these five men to and from the lake, once each way, and the rent on the cottages, and the cost of the meals, was paid by the American Sabbath Tract Society, the organization that appointed the committee, assigned its work, and authorized it to meet and make the arrangements. I do not have the data just now at hand, but I remember the entire expense was just about forty dollars.

Trusting that this will enable you to answer the questions people are asking you,

I am sincerely yours,

EDWIN SHAW.

Interesting Letter From Pastor Bond

The following letter to the editor, though not intended for publication, will be of sufficient interest to many readers to warrant giving it a place in the SABBATH RECORDER. A description of the "new type of lessons," referred to in Brother Bond's last paragraph, will be found in the Sabbath School department of this paper.

New York Hall,
Louisville, Ky.,
March 21, 1916.

DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER:

I am finishing my second quarter's work here this week, and shall then return to my family and church at Salem. The next thing in order, aside from the regular program, will be Conference preparations. We are planning and praying for a large attendance and a good Conference.

The president, Professor Bond, has already been busy for some months in preliminary preparation of the program, and has notified us that we are to get down to definite business as soon as I get home.

I feel like getting down to work with renewed interest and vigor because of my two months' absence in study here. I am more grateful to the Salem Church than I can express, for this privilege each year, and I hope to be able to render a better service as pastor for the sacrifice made by the church.

The pulpit service has been taken care of by President Clark, the Christian Endeavor society, and Pastor Stillman, who came over and preached one Sabbath. The Prayer Meeting and Bible Study department of the Brotherhood has looked after the prayer meeting service. For our guide in the prayer meeting we have been using for some weeks, "The Meaning of Prayer," by Harry Emerson Fosdick, recently added to the faculty of Union Seminary, New York.

I have one more quarter here, and a month each in Alfred and Colgate libraries, if I am able to follow to its conclusion the course marked out in conjunction with the faculty here. The library work will be in preparation for my thesis, "The History of the Sabbath Among Baptists."

I am sending you an editorial from the *Baptist World*, descriptive of a new type of lesson being prepared by the International Lesson Committee. It will be of interest to all our Sabbath-school workers. Dr. Samply of the seminary here is the "dean" of the Lesson Committee.

A. J. C. BOND.

Who brings sunshine into the life of another has sunshine in his own.—*David Starr Jordan.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Good Prayer Meetings

MABEL E. JORDAN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
April 15, 1916

Daily Readings

Sunday—Regular attendance (Heb. 10: 23-25)
Monday—Home prayer (Dan. 6: 4-14)
Tuesday—Love for the church (Ps. 84: 1-12)
Wednesday—Using our gifts (1 Cor. 12: 13-25)
Thursday—Studying the Bible (Ps. 119: 105-112)
Friday—Interest in others (Luke 6: 27-38)
Sabbath Day—Good prayer meetings, and how to have them always (Acts 12: 1-17)

No prayer meeting can be good unless it is a meeting with a purpose. The prayer meeting held for Peter in prison was a prayer meeting with a purpose. It resulted in the breaking of chains and the release from prison. Such meetings alone can claim the prayer meeting blessing and they always break the chains of sin and bring release from Satan's prisons.

The Jerusalem Christians had been praying for Peter's release before the prayer meeting. So today I think that we should pray at home for our church prayer meetings.

A good prayer meeting is first of all a meeting. Christians must come together. It is also a meeting with God, and this fact must be realized. Then it is full of prayer. Whatever we say to one another we must say much to God. Prayer is, not mere petition, but communion, the pouring out of the whole soul to God.

"Prayer is the golden key that unlocks all the storehouses of God's grace; they are opened by men and women on their knees." There is little danger of too much prayer in a prayer meeting.

I recently read a story in which two young people were discussing the curate of their parish. Neither of the young people were Christians but they had attended a service which was conducted by the curate. One said to the other, "I like that young man, he didn't say a prayer, he prayed." I fear oftentimes that is the trouble with our prayers, we say a prayer instead of praying from the heart.

The Prayer Meeting Committee can do much to make better Christian Endeavor prayer meetings. They can hold a pre-prayer service with the leader of the meeting. Each member of the committee can be ready to lead in prayer, or to speak an encouraging word to the timid members.

QUOTATIONS

As souls really pour out their hearts in prayer in silence or while one leads, there is a conscious uplift experienced in the inner nature which actually accomplishes a spiritual service.—*Rev. C. H. Rust.*

Brother, if thou prayest for thyself alone, one alone will pray for thee; if thou prayest for all, all will pray for thee.—*St. Augustine.*

Companionship is the one invariable result of prayer.—*H. S. Coffin.*

Let us ask God to put the holy language of devotion upon our lips, that we may talk to him in sweet, pure, strong words.—*F. B. Meyers.*

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. John 15: 7.

TO THINK ABOUT

What is a good prayer meeting?

What is the duty of each Endeavorer in the prayer meeting?

How should we prepare for the prayer meeting?

What can I do to make the meetings better?

Thirty More Seventh Day Baptists Enlist

WANTED! Two hundred more in the next three months.

Since Christian Endeavor Week there have been over thirty new members enlisted in the Tenth Legion. We have heard from only a few societies and churches, and hope that the rest of them will send in the names of their Tithers soon. Alfred has enrolled two more; Farina, three; Hammond, La., six; Boulder, seven; and Milton Junction has added eleven more to her list. Besides this there have been three names sent in individually.

Following are the new ones:

Alfred, N. Y.—Doris Babcock, Earl Palmer.

Farina, Ill.—Stella Crosley, Charles Bee, Flora Zinn.

Hammond, La.—Mrs. T. M. Campbell, Theron Campbell, Mary Campbell, Mrs. S. S. Powell, G. E. Thompson, Lewis Thompson.

Boulder, Colo.—Mrs. Myrtle Van Horn, Doris Van Horn, Belva M. Davis, Mrs. Myrtle Saunders, Mrs. A. R. Weaver, Mrs. F. O. Burdick, Beulah Sutton.

Westmore, Mont.—Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Coon.

Westerly, R. I.—Mrs. A. K. Witter. Milton Junction, Wis.—Mrs. G. W. Buten, Mrs. C. C. Burdick, Mrs. Geo. W. Coon, W. H. Greenman, Paul Greenman, Susie Burdick, Hazel Johnson, O. S. Mills, Pearl Randolph, Hannah Shaw, Ruth Schrader.

Why a Tenth?

MRS. A. K. WITTER

As were the Israelites in the days of the patriarchs and unto this day, so are we—a chosen people; for we have listened to the voice of God calling to the careful rendering of his word, and, as demanded by loyalty to him, have accepted the day which he set apart and sanctified as his holy Sabbath.

All children born into these families were and are Israelites and are careful of their birthrights (unless overcome by the specious attractions of the outside world). Is it possible that, with all the teachings of Christ, which we highly prize, we are under less obligations to accept and follow the claims which our Father makes upon us to show our fidelity to him?

The question is often asked, How can we be sure of one-tenth? My idea is that *whatever I receive* comes as the result of the application of laws which my Father made for the propagation and sustenance of his children, and is really his, but is put into my hands as a steward. He asks that one-tenth of it be put into "his treasury," ready for use upon his call. It is *his dues, an honest, just debt*, not a sacrifice. All free-will and sacrificial offerings come out of my nine-tenths, proving my love for, and interest in, humanity; but the tithing must be done before deducting living expenses, as they belong to my *nine-tenths*. "The tenth" belongs to God and must be used in the spreading of the gospel; the

support of the church; the building up of his kingdom; and whatever other benevolent objects I would assist must come out of my nine-tenths and will prove the degree of love I have for my Father, my Savior, and my fellow-men.

Westerly, R. I.

Meeting of the Young People's Board

The Young People's Board met February 27, 1916, at 1.30 p. m., at the home of Professor L. H. Stringer. The meeting was called to order by the President. Members present were Rev. H. N. Jordan, Professor L. H. Stringer, C. B. West, A. L. Burdick, George Thorngate, Zea Zinn, Carrie Nelson, Mrs. W. D. Burdick, and Ethel Carver.

Prayer was offered by Miss Zinn.

The minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Corresponding Secretary reported that she had written letters to six new societies.

Treasurer's report was read.

The Junior Superintendent reported that the new standards had been sent to all the societies and to some of the churches that did not report a regular society and that she had written to several churches to see about organizing Junior societies.

The Quiet Hour Superintendent reported that several hundred letters and postal cards had been sent to new members. The Board decided that the pledge cards printed by the United Society should be used in this work. The Superintendent was instructed to send individual letters to new and prospective members. Voted to send \$6 to Miss Rogers and that the Board should allow any reasonable amount incurred by her in her work.

The Tenth Legion has secured a few new members this month.

The Pledge Card Committee reported that the cards had been printed, and most of them had been sent out; 850 were sold at one-half cent apiece. The report was adopted and the committee discharged.

The Christian Endeavor Week Committee reported that pledge cards, a letter and a pamphlet were sent to each society. The report was adopted, the bill allowed, and the committee discharged.

The Stationery Committee reported that the stationery had been secured and sent

to the officers. The report was adopted, the bill allowed, and the committee discharged.

A report from the Secretary of the Central Association was read.

A bill of \$1.60 from the Junior department was allowed.

Voted to send \$50 to the Fouke School.

Adjourned to meet March 19, 1916, at 1.30 p. m., at the home of Mrs. W. D. Burdick.

ETHEL CARVER,
Recording Secretary.

A Hopeful Report From a Young Society

Our Christian Endeavor society here at Stone Fort, Ill., was organized the first of the year, with eleven active members. We have since that time had an addition of one associate and four active members. The young people of our community are taking a great interest in the work, and the prospect for the future of the society seems bright. Unfortunately, we were unable to observe Christian Endeavor Week because of bad weather. Those who signed the Quiet Hour pledge are finding it to be a source of constant joy and uplift. We feel we need the prayers of all Christian Endeavorers that God may bless our young society and make it a strong one.

FLORENCE LEWIS,
Corresponding Secretary.

BOY SCOUTS' COLUMN

Boy Scout Movement

ERLE F. BARKER

The Boy Scout movement has had such a wonderful growth in the past few years that it does not need an introduction to the majority of readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. There may, however, be some subscribers who are not familiar with the aims of the Boy Scout movement, and for these a brief history of the organization as given in the handbook for scoutmasters will not be out of place.

"The movement originated in England, in 1907, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell. In the beginning of 1910 the Boy Scout movement in America was introduced along lines similar to those of the English Boy Scouts, by Mr. W. D. Boyce, of Chi-

cago. Prior to this time a number of troops had been started in various parts of the country by men who had been impressed with the possibilities of the scheme through reading General Powell's English handbook, 'Scouting for Boys.' It is significant that Mr. Boyce's interest was occasioned because of an actual service rendered him in true scout spirit by a London Boy Scout, who because of his obligation to do a good turn daily and the rule against acceptance of tips, greatly astonished and impressed Mr. Boyce. After the conference with Sir Robert Baden-Powell he secured the co-operation of friends in Washington, D. C., and proceeded to incorporate an organization of the Boy Scouts of America under the laws of the District of Columbia. This was effectively accomplished on February 8, 1910. Headquarters for the Boy Scouts of America were temporarily established at 124 East Twenty-eighth Street, with the co-operation of representatives from a number of National organizations having headquarters in New York City.

"Simultaneously with this effort, other organizations established National headquarters for themselves. Happily, however, before the middle of July, 1910, all of these organizations with the exception of the American Boy Scouts merged with the Boy Scouts of America. It was largely through the efforts of Mr. Edgar Robinson that the different organizations were brought together. From the very beginning he saw the possibilities of the movement. His wide experience in boys' work enabled him to give wise counsel in his endeavor to have the movement inaugurated under satisfactory conditions. The continuance of the American Boy Scouts in the field proved to be a source of embarrassment and greatly retarded the proper development of the movement in this country. Furthermore it was one of the important factors in causing a misunderstanding as to the true aims and purposes of the movement because so much emphasis was placed by the American Boy Scouts upon military drill and training."

Through the influence of Adjutant-General Verbeck, one of the National Scout Commissioners, the National Scouts disbanded.

"Early in 1910, it was deemed wise to secure a more representative and substan-

tial backing. A conference was called of the different organizations and as a result of this meeting a working plan of the present organization was developed. This put the administration of the Boy Scouts of America as an association in the hands of a National Council working through an Executive Board. This National Council is composed of representative and prominent men who are selected for their positions by local councils throughout the country."

The movement was first organized in the Y. M. C. A. but rapidly spread to churches, schools, city clubs and other organizations interested in the welfare of boys.

"The Boy Scouts of America plan to get hold of every American boy, to improve his general interest in life through scouting, to weld manly principles into character, and to make him, through personal and advisory development, fully competent, efficient and co-operative. Scouting is a movement designed to help the boy during the adolescent period of life, and as the greater majority of boys pass this period between the ages of twelve and eighteen years of age the entering age limit of twelve years is most carefully enforced."

The development of the boys through the Boy Scout movement is brought about by giving them instructions in first aid to the injured, life saving, tracking, signaling, nature study, seamanship, campcraft, woodcraft and other subjects. This is accomplished by games and team play and should be a pleasure, and not work, for the boys.

There are connected with many of the churches of our denomination Boy Scout organizations, which should be brought into closer relationship. There should be more of the brother scout feeling among the scouts of the denomination. The scout masters as well as the scouts should be interested in what the different troops are doing and therefore gain new ideas and plans for carrying on the work.

The SABBATH RECORDER reaches nearly every member of our denomination and is, therefore, the best medium for arousing this brother scout feeling among Seventh-day boys. The editor, Dr. Gardiner, is heartily in sympathy with the idea of devoting a few columns to the Boy Scouts, providing he can obtain the desired material. Therefore it is up to every scout

master and scout of the denomination to help furnish reading material if this movement is to be successful. Ideas which have been adopted among the different troops, stories of scout hikes and happenings will all make interesting reading to the young people, and may be an incentive for the boys of other churches to organize.

The scout master and scouts of the Plainfield Church would like to see the Boy Scouts' column a weekly fixture in the SABBATH RECORDER, and will be pleased to co-operate with the troops of the different churches in making this movement a success. We would like to hear what the scout masters and scouts of the other churches think of this idea.

"Be prepared."

Fifth Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Sabbath School

March 26, 1916

[At the annual meeting of the Plainfield (N. J.) Sabbath School, it was voted that the following annual report of Superintendent William C. Hubbard be published in the SABBATH RECORDER. Notwithstanding Mr. Hubbard's request to be allowed to retire, he was re-elected and accepted the superintendency for another year.—Ed.]

To the members of the Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath School:

In submitting this fifth annual report, your superintendent desires to acknowledge the gracious favor of our heavenly Father which has been with us through the year, and to return thanks for countless blessings.

We have held 51 sessions, having adjourned our school, June 5, 1915, at the time of the yearly meeting, to join with the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church. Our total attendance for the year has been 4,505; the average being 88.3 per week, a loss of 4. If we could not account for this loss except by a falling off in interest, it would be a discouraging sign; but 8 of our loyal, active, faithful young people are away at college, and 11 other scholars have either left the city, or are so occupied that they can not attend Sabbath school. Had these 19 friends remained in the city, it is reasonably certain that our school would have shown an average attendance gain of

4 per week over last year, rather than a loss for the year.

The weather conditions affect the attendance; five more stormy Sabbaths, this year, and severe cold on several occasions has tended to keep people at home.

August is a month in which most schools are at low ebb, and many schools suspend their sessions then. I hardly think this a good plan. We had an attendance of 51, on August 21, and the same on December 18 (the lowest), and a maximum of 154 on December 25, Christmas Day. We even had 95 present on Easter Sabbath, with a blizzard raging outside.

The amount of money we voluntarily give is a fair index of our interest in any endeavor which requires funds for maintenance. Our total weekly offering for the year aggregated \$193.74, an average of \$3.80 per week, nearly 4½ cents per week per person. About \$400 passed through the hands of our treasurer from all sources, including \$100 given by the church for running expenses.

Every year sees its changes in the personnel of the teaching force. Not all can follow the example of Dr. Maxson, or Mrs. Wardner and maintain an interested class for a score of years, more or less. Mrs. J. E. Kimball, who relinquished teaching for a time this year, because her class in the Primary was divided into two, resumed her work, taking a class of young ladies. When fall came, practically all of these left the school for college or hospital work, and the class was temporarily disbanded. Miss Mosher has gone away to teach, and Miss Ethel L. Titsworth, whose resignation we had to accept, over a year ago, has again come into the teaching force, and taken the class Miss Mosher formerly had. Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Langworthy have moved to Westerly, and their classes have been assumed by Mr. Raymond C. Burdick and Miss Helen M. Rogers, respectively. Mr. Abert Whitford's class has disbanded, all the young men going to college, except Mr. Harold Spicer, who goes to New Market, each week, to have class companionship. The Men's Class has a new teacher, also, Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner succeeding Mr. Theodore G. Davis.

Many willing workers have gladdened the superintendent's heart, and compensate, in some measure, for the *pulling* that seems to be necessary in other directions. Ten

good souls have substituted as teachers, when required, which was greatly appreciated.

From time to time, we have tried to vary the program. We all tire of routine, so special days and sessions have been observed. Easter Sabbath, April 3! Do you remember the printed program, the Easter lily grown before our very eyes by Mrs. Nathan E. Lewis, and the fourteen inches of snow which greeted us when we went outside? On April 7, we noted the fiftieth anniversary of Lincoln's death, by reading a poem, just written by Chief Justice Stafford, commemorative of the occasion. Mother's Day, dear to us all, an occasion of both joy and sadness, was observed May 8. The Sabbath Tract Society appointed May 22 as a Rally Day, and furnished a program which we followed, as we should! Bible Day succeeded this, a week later. Could you tell now "how we got our Bible?" and do you remember some of the quaint ones in the exhibit held after school? O that we might think to bring our Bible, each one of us, each week!

Children's Day is always a happy time, with birds and flowers and young child life; and Miss Martha K. Lawson told us such a beautiful story. Who is not a child when a good story is told? Independence Day was not allowed to go unnoticed, for there is no conflict with loyalty to one's country and to Christ.

After the summer's rest, the fall campaign was opened with Rally Day, October 2, and for that quarter our attendance would have averaged 100 per week but for a downpour of rain, the week before Christmas. On World's Temperance Sabbath, the State Superintendent of Temperance Instruction, Rev. J. J. Allen, recently appointed, gave us a very able address. Thanksgiving Day was suitably noticed by special music and readings; and on Christmas Day, a Christmas cantata, "King Forever," which we had been practicing for several weeks, under the leadership of Mrs. Theodore G. Davis, was rendered. The Primary Department contributed to the occasion with songs and recitations. The offering was again of "White Gifts," and when it was completed, over 100 packages of provisions were received, and \$30 in money. The material gifts were sent to the Children's Home, just then in special need. And again we learned the blessed-

ness of giving. Refreshments were served, at the close, and the usual sociability of such an occasion enjoyed. The Lincoln's Day program, of February 12, seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience who heard it.

Last week, we had the pleasure and profit of listening to Miss Edna Earle Cole, the new State Superintendent of Intermediate work, who addressed us in her happy fashion; and to Mr. George E. Hall, Chairman of the New Jersey State Executive Committee, who spoke briefly on "Now" as the only time which is ours, and urged all to improve the present, since tomorrow never comes.

These special occasions, we hope, were helpful and added a different note, and if so, we were well repaid for the effort.

In place of the Hymn Stories of last year, brief Missionary Minutes have been presented, from time to time. Some schools make very much of missionary instruction, using it as a part of their weekly program. Their denominational work being large enough, furnishes material for every Sabbath of the year. We are adopting some of this general material.

The desk has the flowers, each week, from the church service, and they later go to some of the sick members. In addition to having charge of this, Mrs. Negley has sent from our school to the Judson Memorial Settlement work, in New York City, 600 bunches of flowers, and 25 half pints of canned fruits and jellies, in the name of the school.

One year ago, the enrolment stood at 152 total, but your superintendent suggested that the pruning hook should be used and right after the last annual meeting we used it, bringing the school enrolment to the following:

Officers ..	10
Teachers ..	11
Scholars, Main School ..	75
Scholars, Primary Department ..	14
Associate Scholars ..	29

*131

*The apparent discrepancy is accounted for by the fact that some of our officers are teachers, as well.

This fairly represents the actual school, today.

We have been asked by the General Conference to secure 15 new members in our Sabbath school. They desire to increase

the membership of the denomination by 500, during the Conference year. These additions must come, if they come at all, largely from our Men's Class, and the Home Department. We believe it can be done, if our people only have a mind to work.

We all agree that the hope of any institution lies in its children; therefore it is a pleasure to testify to the splendid work that is being done in our Primary Department, under the capable supervision of its head, Mrs. Nathan E. Lewis. In this she is ably assisted, at the piano, by Mrs. Frank J. Hubbard, the two making a combination difficult to excel.

Miss Nancy Randolph still keeps our Home Department in touch with the Sabbath school. Hers is a difficult task, and her visitors perform a service which we active members know little of. She needs two more visitors, active and earnest. Will you volunteer?

The instrumental music of the school is well looked after by our faithful and efficient helpers, as follows: Mrs. Roland M. Davis, pianist; Miss Zilpha Williams, violinist; Mr. C. W. Spicer, flute; and Mr. Nathan S. Wardner, clarinet. To Mrs. Davis and Mr. Spicer we tender our grateful thanks for their many years of unselfish service. Another violin, and a cornet would round out our orchestra to six pieces, which would add materially to the pleasure of the school. Let us have two more in our orchestra! Our male quartet, composed of the Messrs. Whitford and Messrs. Titsworth, should be engaged permanently by the school. Their help is greatly appreciated by all of us.

We are glad to report a start in Teacher Training work. Mr. Raymond C. Burdick is now taking such a course, and thus our school should be able to secure a ten point diploma, this year, from the state official. Perhaps our young ladies at Alfred will get the pedagogy necessary and elect Bible study with Dean Main; if so, we may look forward with eagerness to their return for work in the home school.

It is a matter of thanksgiving that we have not been called upon to mourn the loss, by death, of any active member this past year. God has been very good to us and blessed us, and I firmly believe every one is profoundly grateful.

And now, in closing, what shall I say for

all your forbearance, your kindness and courtesy. I have had many evidences of your esteem and affection, during these five years. I could say truly and sincerely many things complimentary to all—but I will say this: this work has brought me in close touch with human hearts, has broadened my vision of the field and the workers, has brought me nearer the Master than any other work that I ever attempted.

Time can not efface from memory, nor money purchase, the blessings which have come to me in this endeavor. "Accept the responsibility and receive the blessing," said our beloved friend, the late David E. Titsworth, exactly five years ago, this very hour. He knew, because he spoke from an experience of twenty years. I thank you, very one, but I feel that I would indeed be ungrateful if I did not publicly acknowledge the obligation I owe to one, who, in season and out, has ever had the highest interests of this dear school on her heart and mind; and who, in countless ways, and upon many occasions, suggested the word or prepared the entire program for which I have been commended. To my dear wife, more than to any one, are my thanks due, and I gladly give full credit to the "Superintendent's Superintendent," as I often call her.

The year ahead does not promise any lessening of the strain of last year, from a personal standpoint, therefore I ask that another be selected for my place, knowing full well that both the school and the superintendent will be greatly blessed thereby. I do not believe in long terms of service; change your leaders, create new interest, develop new material and thus grow numerically and spiritually. The Lord never intended that a few only should have the inspiration of responsibility.

So take up the work, for "Ye are well able."

"And may the peace of God keep your hearts and minds," and bring you all at last, to his kingdom.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Superintendent.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.
—Abraham Lincoln.

Going to School at Seventy

A colored woman, seventy years old, hurrying along a New York street with her schoolbooks under her arm! Yes, *her* schoolbooks. She is on her way to night school and she must not be late; for she graduates very soon, and she has been late only once in her four years of school life. She is hoping to get a medal for punctuality. Let me tell you about her.

Grandma Harmon, "Aunt Martha," lived with her daughter and grandson. In all her early life she had never had a chance to go to school. She had taught herself some things at home, but she wanted to "read an' write an' figger" a little better.

So she went to have a talk with the principal and teachers of the night school some blocks away.

"What mus' yo' do to get in here?" she asked.

"Oh," they told her, "any one can enter who really wants to learn."

"Then," said Grandma Harmon, "put my name down."

They looked surprised. "Why," the principal said, "do you mean *you* want to go to school?" They thought she had been inquiring for some one else.

"Yes," answered Grandma stoutly. "If it ain't too late, I'd like to learn a little more."

So her name was put down and she hurried home to tell the family. Of course they were surprised. At first they thought she was joking, but Grandma soon proved to them she was serious.

She entered school and was put in the first class of the elementary department.

Five nights in the week, from October through April, and for four years, she trotted back and forth between her home and the school. Then she graduated with "honors"; that is, she received two gold medals from the New York Board of Education. One was for good lessons and the other for punctuality.

And let me tell you the strangest part of this true story. She never asked to stay home from school when her daughter had company; she never thought she was going to have a headache or a sore throat just about school time; she never played truant or asked her grandson to write an excuse for her. She was always glad when vacation was over. I really think it was quite remarkable. Don't you? G.

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. LESTER CHARLES RANDOLPH, D. D.,
MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

An Experiment With a Bulletin Board

When the average Bible school realizes the necessity of providing adequate missionary instruction for its pupils, the first step taken is likely to be the appointment of a missionary committee to which is assigned the supposedly simple task of "creating a missionary atmosphere."

One such committee, appointed last year, chose to interpret its commission as a command to "get up and dust." It was even ready to try various experiments, believing thoroughly in Cyrus Hamlin's famous motto, "Let me fail in trying to do something, rather than sit still and do nothing." In one of George H. Trull's practical and inspiring little books, which one member of the committee reviewed before the Teachers' Council, were found several suggestions concerning the use of a bulletin board. This idea stuck so persistently in the minds of some other members that at last, with fear and trembling, they ventured to hang at the back of the main room in the church a frame which had been previously used in an exhibit. It is a home-made affair of cherry-stained molding to which green burlap is tacked. Hence this particular bulletin board is made largely of cloth and happens to be about three by three and one half feet, though the size and construction are by no means fixed.

An expert sign painter, temporarily out of employment, was providentially discovered and his services promptly enlisted. The bright coloring and graceful lettering attracted attention at once. An effort is made to produce some changes nearly every week but one permanent feature is the following challenge placed at the top,— "Watch this bulletin board for reports of what the Gospel of the Kingdom is doing all over the world." Book notices and various devices by missionary experts have been put into conspicuous and attractive form.

Best of all are the famous sayings of illustrious men, such as Livingstone's well-known motto,— "I will place no value on

anything I have or may possess except in its relation to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ." Cary's, "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God"; Judson's, "The prospects are as bright as the promises of God"; and Josiah Strong's, "Not America for America's sake, but America for the world's sake." One or more of these are displayed at different times as occasion demands.

Let it not be thought that the "board" contains only the sign painter's work. News items, statistics, and illustrations from missionary or other periodicals are pinned on every available space. Sometimes the entire collection is composed of clippings and pictures referring to the particular mission field which is being studied in a five-minute period of the school's closing exercises.

There is an increasingly large group of children and grown-ups gathered in front of the board before and after sessions and the committee has strong faith that each observer is unconsciously absorbing some vital missionary information and inspiration. It was surprised and delighted at a suggestion that the space was only half large enough, which suggestion came from that august and conservative body, the Ladies' Missionary Society (hence the surprise). A recent organization known as the Young Women's World-Wide Guild has started a bulletin board of its own.

It is too early to measure the results of this particular experiment but it has already proven economical of the school's time and hence appeals naturally to those in charge of the weekly sessions who feel dismayed at the prospect of crowding so many important activities into the limits at present allowed. In this respect the bulletin board may be compared to grandfather's clock in the familiar old song which "wasted no time and had but one desire—at the close of each week to be wound" (or filled). Neither will this enterprise run itself wholly, but the workers who, through prayer and perseverance make it go may be assured that they are thereby hastening their own honorable discharge.

Missionary committees are at best merely temporary makeshifts—a sort of necessary evil to provoke the teachers and officers unto a full realization of their own high privilege—the privilege of making them-

selves thoroughly efficient in "character-training for service in the Kingdom of God."

MEMBER OF MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

A New Type of Lesson for the Bible School

The International Lesson Committee have issued for the year 1918 a series which they call Improved Uniform Lessons. Several features of this new series commend themselves to our best judgment. The course is quite similar to the well-known International Uniform Lessons in use now for more than forty years. For each lesson there is a general title; a Scripture lesson, from which, if the selection is long, a smaller section is assigned for printing in the quarterlies; a golden text. If nothing additional were provided, the series would not differ much from the lessons of the past.

The most notable improvement in the lessons is the adaptation of each lesson to the five main departments of the Bible school. The committee have undertaken to provide a thoroughly teachable and helpful lesson for primary, junior, intermediate, senior and adult pupils. In a few instances a Scripture selection different from the uniform lesson for the day has been chosen for primary pupils. There are thus slight departures from absolute uniformity in the lessons. Special subtitles and memory verses are chosen for use by teachers in the different departments. For intermediate, senior and adult pupils additional material from other parts of the Bible is provided for the use of lesson writers and teachers. The effort has been made to impart freshness to the Uniform Lessons for persons who have used one or more cycles of these lessons in the past. Denominational editors and lesson writers are at liberty to modify the series at any point and to any degree they may deem best. The syllabus provided by the lesson committee will be found quite suggestive to the teachers in the various departments. Some have spoken of the new series as a graded-uniform series; but the lesson committee have chosen to refer to the new lessons as Improved Uniform Lessons.

Another outstanding feature of the lessons for 1918 is the presence of a topical

course for the third quarter on "The Christian Life." We are inclined to think that this is an experiment well worth trying in the great popular series of International Lessons. Those who wish to introduce more doctrinal teaching into the Bible school will welcome these topical lessons. The committee announce that during 1919 a topical course on "Great Teachings of the Bible" will occupy six months of the year.

We shall watch with interest the introduction of the Improved Uniform Lessons. We extend our congratulations to the International Lesson Committee for the progress they are making in providing better lessons for the Christian public.—*Baptist World*.

Lesson III.—April 15, 1916

PETER AND CORNELIUS.—Acts 10: 1-23

Golden Text.—"There is no distinction between Jew and Greek; for the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all that call upon him." Rom. 10: 12.

DAILY READINGS

Apr. 9—Acts 10: 1-16. Visions of Peter and Cornelius
Apr. 10—Acts 10: 17-23. Peter Summoned
Apr. 11—Lev. 11: 1-12. Clean and Unclean Meats
Apr. 12—Dan. 7: 9-14. Vision of the Kingdom
Apr. 13—Micah 4: 1-5. All-inclusive Kingdom
Apr. 14—Rom. 10: 11-21. Salvation for All
Apr. 15—Rev. 21: 1-7. The New Heaven and the New Earth

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Amos Sidney Crandall

Amos Sidney Crandall died at his late home in Milton Junction, March 9, 1916, aged ninety-three years, one month, and twenty-eight days.

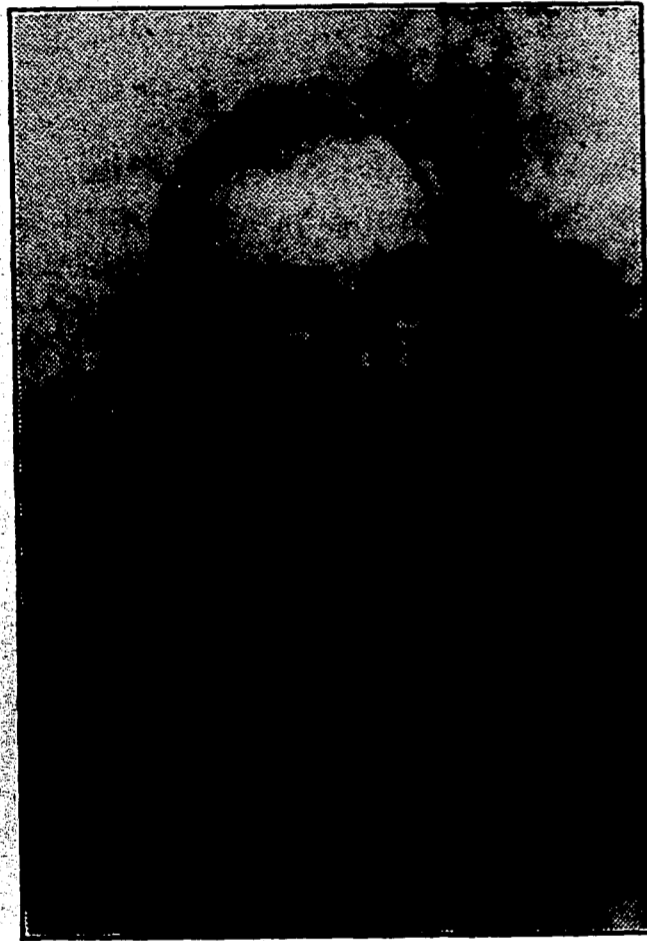
Mr. Crandall was a descendant of the family of Crandalls who were prominent in the colonial history of Connecticut and Rhode Island. He was a fifth generation removed from John Crandall, who came to the American colonies presumably in 1636. This ancestor was active in the civic and religious affairs of Rhode Island. He was a Baptist in his early belief and profession, but later became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church organized at Newport, R. I., in 1671. Joseph, his third son, and the great, great-grandfather of Amos, was a prominent minister of this denomination.

Amos was born in Salisbury in north-

western Connecticut, January 10, 1823, the second son of Henry Beebe and Lucinda Latimore Crandall. There were nine children in the family, four girls and five boys.

The mother died in 1849. The father was married a second time in 1851 and to this couple was born a daughter, Ada Francesca, now, Mrs. Forbes, of Panama City, Fla. None of this family group is living excepting Amos' youngest sister, Mrs. Mary Stone, of Oakland, Cal., and his half-sister, Mrs. Forbes.

In the autumn of 1823, Mr. Crandall's family moved to Alfred, Allegany County, to obtain lands in a new developing country and to secure and enjoy better religious



AMOS SIDNEY CRANDALL

privileges. The region was heavily timbered and the soil hard to cultivate. People of these modern times can little understand or appreciate the formidable difficulties and hardships that confronted the men and women of those pioneer days when progress in clearing lands and making homes was slow; crops were scant and uncertain; money was scarce and the necessities of life costly. While these were times that taxed to the utmost the faith and courage and the physical endurance of men and women, yet they deepened moral and religious convictions; strengthened purposes and grounded character on a living faith in the truths of God.

For fifteen years Amos' father lived in the vicinity of Alfred. In 1838, because of the financial depression and the almost total failure of crops in the previous year, he decided to seek a home in the West, in the vicinity of the Great Lakes, a section that was opening up for settlement. He was accompanied on this trip by Joseph Goodrich and James Pierce.

After looking over the favorable localities in Ohio they finally determined to come to the Rock River country in southern Wisconsin where on Du Lac prairie Mr. Goodrich purchased the claim on which Milton now is located and Mr. Crandall that on which Milton Junction now stands.

On Sabbath Day, March 9, 1839, the families of Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Crandall, twenty-two in number, met at the home of the former and organized a "Seventh Day Baptist Moral Society" which conducted a Sabbath school each week and a prayer and conference meeting. Soon afterward this society became the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church.

In June or July of 1839, a stirring revival began in the community. Among those who were converted was Amos, who with three of his brothers was baptized and became a member of the Milton Church. After the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton Junction was organized he transferred his membership to the latter church, in which he has worshiped and worked as a loyal, devoted, earnest Christian.

In April, 1845, he was married to Arminda T. Frink, who died in November, 1856. To them was born one child, Henry Francis, who resides in Milton and is a deacon of the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church. In March, 1858, he married Mary Odell, who died in 1888. One son, George Amos, of Milton Junction, was born to this union. September first, 1890, Mr. Crandall married Melissa Coon, who entered into rest in October, 1914. Since her death Mr. Crandall has been cared for by his son George. He is survived by his two sons, nine grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren, his sister, Mrs. Mary Stone, and his half-sister, Mrs. Forbes.

Mr. Crandall was a farmer and always lived, since coming to the West, near or in Milton Junction. He was a quiet, undemonstrative man who lived his religion in his daily life, in his associations with his

(Continued on page 448)

MARRIAGES

HULL-ROGERS.—Mr. Charles E. Hull and Mrs. Alice E. Rogers were united in marriage at Milton Junction, Wis., on March 11, 1916, by Rev. Henry N. Jordan.

THORNGATE-GREEN.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Green, in Wallace Creek Township, Greeley Co., near North Loup, Valley Co., Neb., on March 16, 1916, by their pastor, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Guy Thorngate and Elsie Green, all of North Loup, Neb.

DEATHS

MAXSON.—Nancy Jane Coon was born in Potter County, Pa., February 24, 1848, and died in Kingfisher, Okla., January 3, 1916.

At the age of sixteen she professed Christ, and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Portville, Cattaraugus County, N. Y. She was united in marriage to Sanford L. Maxson, July 7, 1866. In 1878 the family moved to Alfred, N. Y. In 1885 the family again moved to Albion, Wis., thence, in 1889, to Salem, W. Va. In 1893 they returned to Wisconsin, living at Milton and afterward at Walworth, where her husband accepted the pastorate of the Seventh Day Baptist church.

In the summer of 1902 they removed to Kingfisher, Okla., where they have since resided. At the time of her death she was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Kingfisher.

She is survived by her husband, Rev. S. L. Maxson, one daughter, Mrs. J. L. Carr, of Kingfisher, Okla., and one son, Charles H., city superintendent of schools in St. Cloud, Minn.

Funeral services were held at the family residence, conducted by Rev. J. Collins, assisted by Rev. Job Ingram, both long-time friends of the family. The remains were laid to rest in the Kingfisher Cemetery. C. B. L.

SHERMAN.—In Alfred, N. Y., February 22, 1916, Eugene Sherman, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Sherman was the son of David and Minerva Horton Sherman and was born in West Union, Steuben Co., N. Y. In November, 1871, he married Miss Christy Forbes and to them were born three children,—Miss Lillian Sherman, Mrs. J. N. Norwood, and Mrs. L. R. Watson, all of Alfred. He lived on the Sherman homestead in West Union until 1887, when he moved to Spring Mills, Pa., and the following year to Cowanesque, Pa. Six years ago he came with his family to Alfred, which has since been his home.

In early life he experienced religion, but was not baptized till 1895, when he joined the M. E. Church of Cowanesque. After coming to Alfred his membership was transferred to the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred. His

life has been one of manly integrity; he was frank and open, industrious and honest, and loved and respected by all who knew him.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held at the home February 24 and burial took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery. WM. L. B.

ROGERS.—In Alfred, N. Y., February 26, 1916, Mrs. Lottie Bassett Rogers, aged 52 years, 3 months, and 13 days.

Mrs. Rogers was the daughter of Bayliss S. and Esther Crandall Bassett and was born near Canisteo, N. Y. When she was a child entering the teens her father came to Alfred and this town has since been her home. For a number of years she attended the schools in Alfred, and in June, 1883, was united in marriage to Mr. D. H. Rogers. To them were born five children,—Daniel B., of Rochester, N. Y., Fred S., of Ithaca, N. Y., Mrs. Edna Bardeen, of Los Angeles, Cal., Miss Esther, of Alfred, and Harold, who is with his sister in California.

In 1882 she made a public profession, was baptized and united with the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred, and of this church she remained a faithful member till called home. She was kind to all, but her chief joy was her family, to whom she devoted herself with marked unselfishness. Besides her husband and children she is survived by five brothers, William C., of Bennetts Creek, N. Y., Fred L., of Canisteo, N. Y., Byron S., of Whitesville, N. Y., George C., of Canisteo, N. Y., and B. Sheffield, of Alfred, N. Y.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick on March 1 and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

WM. L. B.

WHITFORD.—In Alfred, N. Y., February 28, 1916, Mrs. Sophia Cyrenia Whitford, in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

Mrs. Whitford was the daughter of Ethan and Cyrenia Saunders and was born in Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y. Darien was her home until 1864, when she came to Alfred, N. Y. She was united in holy wedlock to Samuel Whitford October 15, 1866. To them was born one child, Frank S., who died in Boulder, Colo., in 1909. Mr. Whitford died October 15, 1901. By a large circle of old Alfred students Mrs. Whitford will always be remembered as having served with efficiency for a number of years as head of the Boarding Department of Ladies' Hall at Alfred University.

When about thirteen years of age she was baptized and united with the Darien and Cowlesville Seventh Day Baptist Church; upon coming to the town of Alfred she joined the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred and later joined the church of like faith in the village of Alfred. Years of faithful service and unfaltering trust in her Master had given her quiet, serenity and poise which manifested themselves in countenance, voice and conduct, while her beautiful character bound friends and neighbors, as well as relatives, to her.

Farewell services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, assisted by President Boothe C. Davis, were held March 2 and burial took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery. WM. L. B.

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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Amos Sidney Crandall

(Continued from page 446)

friends and neighbors. He was a profound believer in his Creator and Father God. He loved his Bible as a book of light, joy and comfort, as God's open message to men. He was devoted to the church and entered into its services with eagerness.

The funeral services were held on Sabbath morning, March 11, 1916, in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton Junction, at the time of the usual hour for worship, and were in charge of the pastor, Rev. Henry N. Jordan, who was assisted by Rev. George W. Burdick. A double quartet sang three comforting songs. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Milton Junction.

—*Journal-Telephone.*

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetting way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—others.

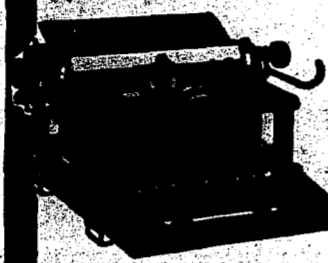
Let "self" be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for—others.

—C. D. Meigs.

The *Music News* (Chicago), of March 10, gives a very flattering account of a recital given by Paul Herbert Schmidt and in another column this article also appears: "Paul H. Schmidt, baritone, who lately came to Chicago from New York, had a big experience as teacher in the latter city and will take up the same work here. His

Auditorium Recital Hall concert of last Thursday evening was a decided financial success, which is a rather unusual thing with a newcomer to the city."—*Journal-Telephone.*

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Sabbath Writer and Orator
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May 27, 1916
SABBATH RALLY DAY
for Seventh Day Baptists

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Outline programs that can be adapted to each community will soon be published in the Sabbath Recorder. Watch for them. Printed copies in leaflet form will be sent on request to the churches in sufficient quantities to supply each person



REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK
Sabbath Evangelist and Teacher
Present representative of the American Sabbath Tract Society

The basis of national prosperity comes from farms and factories and comforts and conveniences and houses and ships; but the glory of the nation's life is its character and manhood. And these are spiritual. The only way to develop the civilization on the outside is to develop manhood on the inside. . . . This, then, is our task, the keeping alive in men's minds the sense of the presence of God, the spiritualizing of things that are material, the maintenance of the old convictions of honor and truth and duty and patriotism. . . . It is a little thing that we are increased in goods if our sons decay. It is of small consequence that our towns are crowded with stores, and our stores stuffed with wares, or that our cargoes overtax the ships, if all these things on the outside smother men, and the character within. We do not have to ask the good God for material treasure. He has already granted that in abundance. Rather is it ours to ask Him for strength to dedicate ourselves anew to the work that our fathers began. To care for the American home, and keep its ideals bright; to care for the church, and spread His truth among all peoples. To keep alive in men the sense of God, and His loving providence, of Christ, and His redemptive mercy; the sense of duty, the sense of sin, the sense of sympathy and self-sacrifice, and the hope of immortality.—*Newell Dwight Hillis*

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