

The Sabbath Recorder

We are coming to realize that an unworthy citizen can not be a good Christian. When Nero is on the throne, Christian co-operation with the powers that be is indeed difficult. But living as we do, in a Christian nation, whose chief magistrates have almost without exception confessed the Christian faith, we must make for civic duty a large place in the Christian life. Long enough has the inactivity of the best meant the opportunity of the worst men. Long enough have Christian men without protest submitted to the irresponsible political dictator, who degrades men to the level of his purposes, but will not lift them to the level of his opportunities. No minister need attack any political candidate of any party. Every minister must attack steadily and persistently every form of graft and chicanery, and steadily and persistently exalt the idea of public office as a public trust. . . . Our good men must be good for something. Our saints are not to be statues awaiting translation to some divine art gallery, but soldiers of the common good. The separation of church and state, which we all believe in, necessitates the closest possible union of citizenship with religious principles.

—Pres. William H. P. Faunce.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—They Are Not Forgetting Rally Day Leaflets.—Gideon's Band and Their Bibles.—"Playing Up" or "Padding" in Newspapers.—Prohibition "Failures" Are Great Blessings.—Insulting the Manhood of West Virginia.—Federal Council Year Book.—The Preparedness Most Needed.—The Compassion of Christ.....	609-612	Answer to a Letter From a Friend.....	624
L. S. K. Affairs.....	612	Woman's Work —The Country Flowers(poetry) —News From Fouke, Ark.—Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.....	626
God's Nearness.....	613	The Great Test, or the Struggles and Triumph of Lorna Selover.....	628
Sabbath Reform.—Some Sound Teaching.—A Mother's Preparation for the Sabbath.....	614	Young People's Work.—Missions a Blessing.....	633
Dear Tender Day.....	615	Opposes Military Drill in Schools.....	634
The Dying Soldier (poetry).....	618	Children's Page.—The Answer (poetry).—A Robin Hunt.....	635
Missions.—The True Giver (poetry)—The National Missionary Congress.—The Colored Women of the South.—Monthly Statement. 619-524		Home News.....	636
		Sabbath School.—Teaching Suggestions for An Adult Class.—Lessons for May 27, 1916.....	637
		Marriages.....	638
		Deaths.....	638



REV. ABRAM H. LEWIS, D. D.
Sabbath Writer and Orator
1836-1908

On Sabbath morning of Rally Day we are asked to make a FREEWILL offering to the Missionary Society to liquidate the debt of \$4000.00. Unless this matter is *talked* up and *worked* up and *prayed* up by somebody beforehand, the amount will be small that is thus contributed. "We are well able to overcome it." Let us all lift together, and the burden for each one will not be great.

May 27, 1916
SABBATH RALLY DAY
for Seventh Day Baptists

How many copies of the Sabbath Day Rally programs do YOU want in your Sabbath School? We MUST know before May 15, in order to know how many copies to print.



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

American Sabbath Tract Society
Plainfield, New Jersey

ALFRED UNIVERSITY

Buildings and equipment, \$400,000. \$
Endowments over \$400,000.
Meets standardization requirements for College Graduate's Professional Certificate, transferable to other States.
Courses in Liberal Arts, Science, Philosophy, Engineering, Agriculture, Home Economics, Music, Art.
Freshman Classes, 1915, the largest ever enrolled.
Fifteen New York State Scholarship students now in attendance.
Expenses moderate.
Fifty free scholarships for worthy applicants.
Tuition free in Engineering, Agriculture, Home Economics, and Art courses.
Catalogues and illustrated information sent on application.

BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS, President
ALFRED, N. Y.

Milton College

A college of liberal training for young men and women. All graduates receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts.
Well-balanced required courses in Freshman and Sophomore years. Many elective courses. Special advantages for the study of the English language and literature, Germanic and Romance languages. Thorough courses in all sciences.

The Academy of Milton College is an excellent preparatory school for the College or for the University.
The School of Music has courses in pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, vocal music, voice culture, harmony, musical kindergarten, etc.
Classes in Elocution and Physical Culture for men and women.

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

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

Salem College SALEM West Virginia

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

The aim of the college is:
Thoroughness in all work.
Graduates who can "make good."
Soul culture as well as body and mind.
A helpful spirit.
Christian character.
For catalogue and other information, address
REV. C. B. CLARK, M. A., Ped. D., President.

The Fouke School

REV. G. H. FITZ RANDOLPH, PRINCIPAL.
Other competent teachers will assist.
Former excellent standard of work will be maintained.
Special advantages for young people to pay their way in school.
Address, for further information, Rev. G. H. Fitz Randolph, Fouke, Ark.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND
President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.
Vice-President—Wm. M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Joseph A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.
Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

EXECUTIVE BOARD
President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—A. L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

THE SABBATH VISITOR.

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

TERMS.

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

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK

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

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

A JUNIOR QUARTERLY FOR SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOLS.

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

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

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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

The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY.

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

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

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next session to be held at Salem, W. Va., August 22-27, 1916.

President—Prof. Samuel B. Bond, Salem, W. Va.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.

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

Treasurer—Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.
Executive Committee—Prof. Samuel B. Bond, Chairman, Salem, W. Va.; Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Rec. Sec., Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Cor. Sec., Milton Junction, Wis.; Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Salem, W. Va. (for three years); Mr. M. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va. (for three years); Dr. Sands C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y. (for two years); Dr. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis. (for two years); Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y. (for one year); Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I. (for one year). Also ex-presidents and presidents of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 80, NO. 20

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 15, 1916

WHOLE NO. 3,715

They Are Not Forgetting Several churches are sending orders for the Rally Day Leaflets

leaflets containing the Sabbath Rally Day program. This leads us to hope that they will not forget the Missionary offering—a part of that day's program. What a blessing would come to the Missionary Board if every church and every little band of our people throughout the land would respond to this call and wipe out all the debt in one day! It makes us glad just to think of such a thing. Then what would the full realization do for us? Was it ever known that a debt of \$4,000 was wiped out by our churches by the free-will offerings of a single day? Come, let us rise up and do this very thing! Remember, May 27 is the day. Only one more RECORDER can reach you before that time. May the spirit of consecration fill our hearts; and may the very atmosphere of Christian giving fill our churches on Sabbath Rally Day. Then the good work will be done. Then our Missionary Board can go on with renewed courage.

Gideon's Band More than once when And Their Bibles away from home and in some strange city has the editor been cheered by the Bible lying on the table in the room assigned him at the hotel. These Bibles are substantially bound and in good clear type easy to read. They give one a kind of home feeling, and when on the inside of the front cover one sees the label telling who placed it there, he finds himself saying from his heart, "God bless the Gideons!" There are now more than ten thousand Christian commercial travelers associated together for the work of Bible distribution in the hotels of this country. They wear a blue button with a white pitcher and torch thereon, and have placed in the guest rooms of America 305,203 Bibles.

Many testimonials have come from persons who have been helped by the Gideon Bibles. The local Gideon Camp of Birmingham, Ala., now holds one of these Bibles, recently taken from a hotel in that city, containing this testimony written and

signed on its flyleaf: "May God bless the man who placed this book here. I am a young lady twenty-one years old, fatherless and motherless. Tonight this book saved me from taking a wrong step. May the next reader find in it the comfort I did."

Recently I read of a man who, completely disheartened, determined to take his own life, and securing a bottle of poison, repaired to a hotel where he expected to carry out his purpose. On entering his room he laid the poison down upon a Gideon Bible. A few moments later his attention was attracted to this book, and opening it his eye fell on one of the "prescriptions" the Gideons had placed on their card inside the cover: "If discouraged or in trouble read Psalm 121 and John 14." This he did, and, overcome with sudden conviction, he threw his poison out of the window, fell on his knees, and sought and found the Savior. He is now an active church worker and a good citizen. The Bible is indeed a great preacher, and through it the Gideons are doing a blessed work.

"Playing Up" or "Padding" In the Newspapers We are told that, when news is scarce, some daily papers instruct their correspondents to

"play up" some brief telegram or unimportant incident to fill out their empty columns. "Playing up" news, or "padding," includes every form of exaggeration from great "scare-headings" to the rewriting of the item, greatly exaggerating or distorting its statements, and giving a significance to them entirely different from that intended by the original writer. The worst lies are said to be those having truth for a handle and falsehood for a blade.

The liquor people are fairly outdoing all other padders as experts in playing up statistics and distorting facts so that they tell entirely different stories from those told by the reports and tables from which they are taken. No one can look over the "clip sheets," sent out with great headings and cartoons for newspaper use, without seeing the hand of the padder, or the evi-

dences of playing up to deceive, in almost every paragraph.

Here before me lies one of their impressive tables made to show a surprisingly large number of seizures for illicit distilling during a period of years in six prohibition States. By using these tables as a basis for figuring they certainly make a bad showing. But investigation brings out the fact that they have left out Kansas and North Dakota, States in which no seizures whatever have been made. Had these States with their inhabitants been counted in, the result would be entirely different. One has to keep a level head and a careful lookout not to be deceived by some of the "made-up" showings of the liquor men.

Prohibition "Failures" Are Great Blessings In keeping with what has been said above, the liquor men published the fact that 5,186 packages of liquor were imported into Denver, Colo., during the month of March. They stated that the value of this liquor was \$50,000, and raised the cry, "Prohibition does not prohibit in Colorado!" To one not familiar with all the facts in the case, this cry might be regarded as conclusive. The number of packages imported into Denver was stated correctly by the liquor organs, and the value given was the same as that reported by the public carriers; but since only a small part of the facts bearing on the question were published, the reasoning was wrong and the conclusions were false.

Mr. G. Arthur Halloway takes up the case, gives the data omitted by the "wets," and shows the falsity of their conclusions as follows:

Prior to January 1, Denver had 465 licensed saloons, not to mention the 600 places (other than drug stores) which held internal revenue tax receipts but no corresponding city or state licenses. These 5,186 importations would be equivalent to 11 sales per month for each of the 465 saloons, or one sale every three days.

This "immense" volume of business—one sale every three days for each of the 465 saloons—amounting to \$50,000—would be equivalent to \$108 gross receipts per month for each of the saloons. Fine business! Some of the saloons paid from \$500 to \$800 monthly rentals. The bar in the Foster building alone brought almost \$700 per month rent.

During Denver's saloon days her liquor bill was \$6,000,000 per year, or \$500,000 per month. Even if Denver did import and consume \$50,000 worth of liquors during March, she saved \$450,000 which would have gone for booze under the license system.

Charles J. Munz, of Denver, is a very prominent attorney with a large real estate business. He also acts as counsel for the Val Blatz Brewing Company. Mr. Munz says, "During the last 30 days I have examined more abstracts of title for prospective purchasers of residence properties than I did during the previous 30 months."

Yea, verily, these "Prohibition failures" are great blessings!

Insulting the Manhood Of West Virginia A friend in West Virginia encloses us a card intended, as we suppose, for a campaign document. It was sent out bearing the signature of a "Republican Candidate for United States Senator," with the man's picture on one end and the following statements covering the rest of the card, which is headed MR. TAXPAYER—THINK!

I have always acted in accordance with what I believed to be the right; I have never hesitated to assert that belief publicly. I therefore submit for your consideration:

First. National prohibition will diminish Federal receipts \$284,000,000.00 per annum.

Second. The Federal Government will be forced to secure the amount in some other form of taxation to which West Virginia will be compelled to contribute her proportion.

Third. The assessed valuation of the United States is \$80,000,000,000.00; the assessed valuation of West Virginia is \$1,204,000,000.00, or about one-sixtieth.

Fourth. West Virginia's share will be between \$4,000,000.00 and \$5,000,000.00 each year in addition to what you now pay, an additional amount equal to the proceeds of a \$.45 levy; your rate now is \$.14.

Fifth. The Virginia debt judgment of \$12,000,000.00 and interest must be adjusted in some way.

Sixth. Prohibition does not prohibit.

Seventh. Prohibition makes *whiskey* drinkers out of *beer* drinkers.

Eighth. Prohibition makes *criminals* out of *law abiding citizens*.

Ninth. Prohibition is not a remedy for the *abuse* of liquor; the legalized, strictly regulated sale, in territory ascertained by local option, reduces the abuse to a minimum.

I refer to my record as a member of the state Senate, to my ideas of general legislation. When you are urged not to vote for me, ask yourself how much of *your* burden will *he* pay. The amount *you* pay is of no importance to any one but *you*. If elected to Congress, I will vote *against* national prohibition.

This document is nothing less than a direct insult to the manhood and Christian integrity of the citizens in a State that recently rolled up a majority of more than 90,000 for state-wide prohibition. It is insulting because it appeals only to the lowest that is in man. Moral issues are ignored, and the fact that the good people

as shown by their votes are thoroughly sick of the curse of the liquor traffic is set at naught. Evidently this candidate thinks the West Virginia people care more for dollars and cents than for the moral conditions of society, the safety of their homes, the welfare of their sons and daughters, and the blessings of spiritual life. In this he is greatly mistaken. The citizens of the Mountain State have seen enough of the rum curse, and said so with unmistakable emphasis at the ballot box.

Some statements in the last half of this card are so palpably untrue that every loyal citizen should feel insulted as to his intelligence when a man offers them as arguments in soliciting votes. The trial for two years of state-wide prohibition has been too convincing for West Virginians to accept such statements as coming from a trustworthy source. If we mistake not, the prohibition sentiment that made West Virginia dry will see to it that the writer of that campaign card never has the chance to vote for rum as their representative in Congress.

Federal Council Year Book

The first real Year Book of the Federal Council of Churches has just been issued. It is edited by Rev. H. K. Carroll, of Washington, D. C., and is full of information regarding not only the Council, its commissions and constituent bodies but also all other denominations and religious societies, brotherhoods, young people's movements, and temperance societies. A Social Service Year Book has also been issued. The price of each is fifty cents, postpaid. Of the *Year Book*, Dr. Carroll says: "The first *Federal Council Year Book* is not all its users will wish it to be, nor all its editor would make it." It is nevertheless a snug little volume of important data on religious matters that will be convenient for many who need such a work.

The Preparedness Most Needed

It seems to many that the frenzied clamor for military and naval preparedness urged upon the nation by some is out of all proportion to the danger that threatens us. The fact that a dozen nations, praying to the same God and believing in the same Christ, are engaged in the most brutal and deadly combat the world has ever known is evidence in itself that

the preparedness most needed by believers in the Prince of Peace has been completely lost sight of. Men have not read the teachings of Jesus aright, and so have misunderstood his words: "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." The sword of Jesus is not a literal sword of carnal warfare; but some literalists in these days lose sight of the spiritual meaning of this symbolic text, and thereby make the Prince of Peace the champion of international strife and bloodshed. Both sides in this world-struggle claim Jesus as the great Captain of their embattled hosts. Think of it, they make Christ at war against himself! How impossible! No matter which side is victorious, when the end comes Christ must be both conqueror and conquered.

Had the whole world, instead of multiplying armies and navies and military schools, given attention to the preparedness urged upon men in the New Testament; had all believers in Christ properly interpreted his language when he spoke of peace and the sword, this horrible inhuman carnage could never have come. And even now in America, with danger on every side, the preparedness most needed is that of the Christian soldier, and the army that will be most effective—most sure to make our nation great and strong and true—is the army of the Lord. This is the only army that can insure perfect and lasting peace. "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

The Compassion of Christ A most interesting study for a young minister whose life is to be given to the work of winning souls is that of the compassion of the great Preacher, his model. Often will the Bible student meet with the expression, "He was moved with compassion," in the story of Christ's earthly ministry. When Christ saw the multitudes as

sheep without a shepherd; when miserable lepers came to him; when the demoniac appeared; when he saw the boy with a dumb spirit; or when he met the widow of Nain, he was "moved with compassion" and ministered unto them.

The word compassion is from *cum*, together, and *patior*, to suffer, and means to suffer *with* another. It enables one to put himself in another's place, and in tender sympathy to enter into another's suffering. It was a marked characteristic of the great Teacher. To be lacking in real compassion is a misfortune to him who would win men to Christ.

The ever-present compassionate Christ left nothing undone that would enable us to be true followers of him in preaching the gospel. He has anticipated every need of the ministry, and sent the Holy Spirit to fill his place in the church. Young men, the Spirit will soften your hearts and fill your souls with compassion. He will broaden your vision and enable you to present his message in tenderness and love. And when the multitude see you "moved with compassion" as your Master was, their souls will melt with yours, and they will kindly receive the message. In the words of another, "Your temper and style so softened, will silence all that is flippant and boisterous; and instead of your hearers saying, 'Almost thou makest me an infidel,' they will ask you to lead them to the Savior's feet."

L. S. K. Affairs

Again, how time flies! The year is passing, Conference approaching, and we must soon give account of our stewardship. How are we coming on in L. S. K. matters? Has each L. S. K. joined the ranks? Has each of the more than thirty secretaries lined up his state work for the year? If we are not already well along in these things, it is high time to get busy. I am counting on the secretaries to do their state work. Of course you distributed the *Directories* early in the Conference year. In addition to that I suppose the most of you sent personal letters to every L. S. K.

In reply to these, you should get enlistments to the Tenth Legion (for tithing), the Quiet Hour (for prayer and Bible study), subscriptions for the SABBATH RECORDER, and pledges for membership in

the Home Department of the Sabbath school. This is in line with the denominational effort in the churches and I think it wise that our plans harmonize with these. So we shall not this year, as heretofore in finances, seek to raise a specified sum, but instead seek to get all our members to practice the Scripture plan of tithing. And I ask the secretaries to make their reports to me in this way by early July—number of tithers, RECORDER readers, number in Home Department, Sabbath school, etc., and I trust you will take pride in making the percentage as high as possible, compared with total membership.

And let me urge the L. S. K's to be kind and generous in their responses to their secretary. These are only things that we mostly ought to do. I realize that the secretaries in the States of large membership, like New York, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, California, etc., have quite a task on hand, but I trust they may successfully accomplish it. Please get busy.

Now about that lift to pay off the Missionary debt of some \$4,000. My little effort to start a boom through the RECORDER didn't seem to get far, but perhaps it had something (?) to do in starting the Boulder Church in their contribution. Anyway, May 27, the Sabbath Rally Day, is to be used as the time for all the churches to rally and contribute their share. Very appropriate indeed. And I wish to ask all the L. S. K's to make their rally at the same time for this purpose. A number have already made good contributions, as shown through the treasurer's reports in the RECORDER. May we not ask that not only the regular contributors, but many others whose names are not often seen in these lists, come to the rescue at this time. The L. S. K. share in this debt would be nearly \$500. Let us all take hold and show that we purpose to be second to none in doing our duty.

Again may I urge the treasurers to give full credits for L. S. K. contributions. As we are assessed certain amounts for the different societies, we trust their annual reports will show our total contributions, as well as our deficit, when we fail to meet the assessment. L. S. K's should not forget that we are assessed \$50 each for the Sabbath School Board, the General Conference, the Young People's Board, and the

Seminary. In reports in late RECORDERS I find numerous credits to L. S. K's, and other contributions that should be so credited but are not. I find in the quarterly report, March 31, of the Woman's Board, \$84.50 credited to L. S. K's (full credits and some very generous gifts).

In the Tract Society's report for the same quarter, I find some \$55 credited to L. S. K's, \$45 more contributed by them, without the credit, and \$15 more contributed through the churches of which they are members.

The L. S. K's are credited by the Missionary Society in February, with \$18, and contribute \$12.50 more without the credit. In March they have \$2.50 credit, pay \$2.50 without the credit, and contribute \$25 through their churches, which get the credit.

Note some additional corrections to your *Directories* since March 6.

Wisconsin. P. G. Larson, deceased.

California. Lyle E. Maxson and family moved to Nebraska, Bayard or Minatore (both addresses given in RECORDER of April 17).

Florida. Add Alfred I. Maxson, Stuart, Fla.

Michigan. Omit J. Henry Myers (not there).

Pennsylvania. Omit Mrs. J. L. Hayes, deceased. Add Mrs. Ida Markham, 2208 Sassafras Street, Erie.

Mississippi. Omit Mrs. G. A. Estes, unclaimed.

Nebraska. Add Mrs. G. G. Boehler, Archer, R. I., member North Loup Church.

North Dakota. Add Mr. and Mrs. Walter Babcock, Francis and Eunice Babcock, all members at Grand Marsh, Wis., except Francis.

Indiana. Drop Mrs. May Sandmayer.

Iowa. Cora Tarbell, deceased.

Wisconsin. Add Fred Hall, Veteran, R. F. D. Mr. William E. Wright, deceased. Mrs. Wright, moved away. Add Mrs. William L. Maxson, Frederic, Polk Co.

Hawaii. Drop this station. Secretary Kemp and her husband have returned to the States; present address Andover, N. Y.

Alabama. Mrs. Eva Parks, new address Birmingham. Add Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Birmingham; Elder and Mrs. R. S. Wilson, Whitney; Mrs. Robert Butler, and Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Bottoms, Paint Post.

(Is this in Alabama, Brother W. D. Burdick?)

The L. S. K's are to have an hour on the Conference program at Salem, W. Va., in August. What shall we have? Shall be glad to have suggestions from L. S. K's and their secretaries. Come now, speak up. Cordially yours,

G. M. COTTRELL,
General Secretary.

Topeka, Kan.,
May 6, 1916.

God's Nearness

C. H. WETHERBE

One of the greatest comforts that a true Christian can have is the divine assurance that God is near to him. It is a wonderful thought, if one will grasp it in fullness of faith. The Bible says that God is everywhere present, beholding the evil and the good. It also says that he is especially present with the children of his love. No one but a true Christian can appreciate the gracious nearness of God to him.

Although God is an invisible being, yet it is as true as anything can be that he is spiritually and actually nearer to the believer than any human being can be. No audible voice comes from God to the Christian's ears, but gracious and most precious thoughts come from him to the believer's open heart. The nearness is undefinable. The subject of it can not explain the experience to others. He feels the blessed nearness as he feels no other personal nearness. There is something about it which assures the Christian that it must be from his Lord. The heart is made tenderer, more spiritual, more praiseful, more humble. Do you have such experiences? Are there not times when God seems to be especially near to you? It must be so, if you are a real Christian.

In the Bible we see accounts of those believers who longed to have God very near to them. One of them cried out, "O my God, be not far from me!" Perhaps he was in the midst of trouble. It may be that professed friends had forsaken him. He felt lonely and sad. But if he knew that his God was near him, even close at hand, he was full of comfort and lively hope. Do you long for such nearness?

SABBATH REFORM

Some Sound Teaching

Even those who advocate the practise and observance of Sunday as the sabbath will often give expression to sound views on the relation of Christ's work to the law of God when the question of the true Sabbath is not under consideration. We are glad to note the clear statement on this subject in an editorial answer to an inquiry by a reader of the *Sunday School Times*:

"Jesus did away with not one jot or one tittle of the Old Testament law by his atonement. This he plainly declared in Matthew 5: 18. He came not to undo or to destroy the old law, but to fulfil it,—and to enable us to fulfil it. For the law was and is God's law; and God does not alter his laws from age to age. . . . The law stands unchanged; but for the first time its full requirements were met in Christ. And when we personally and individually accept the restitution that Christ made for us, we, through him, have satisfied the law. If we decline to accept his restitution, the law must work out its death penalty upon us.

Inasmuch as Christ came to enable us to fulfil the law, it may properly be said of those who fully accept his work, "Here are they that keep the commandments of God." The great purpose of this closing gospel message is to emphasize this truth.—*Exchange*.

A Mother's Preparation for the Sabbath

Habits formed when young are usually lasting. If, as children, we were trained and taught by Christian parents to regard the Sabbath as God's holy day, to put aside all secular work, and to feel and realize the peace and quiet calm of the Sabbath, we were very fortunate indeed. But if we have been used to the rush and bustle of life with every day alike, we have a much harder lesson to learn as we grow older. We become fixed in our habits whether they are good or bad. How well do I remember the words of my sainted mother, "Come, girls, put aside the work, as the Sabbath will soon be here; let it find you ready." Have we of this age kept up this

practice as in those earlier days? I fear not.

First, have we, as parents, set the example that we should? If there is a gala day, a picnic, or day of pleasure ahead, how eagerly have we with the children watched that we might have a pleasant day; how the children have anticipated it and talked of it. If we older ones have not done this with the children, we have lost much of the joy of seeing them happy. Have we shown the same joy and happiness in looking ahead for the Sabbath and attendance on divine service and Sabbath school? Or has it been plainly visible on the face of the mother that it seems irksome to go to church? If so, we are more to blame than the little ones.

There is no more fitting way to begin the day and its duties than by attending the church prayer meeting. One can not understand the loss of this until deprived of it. No matter how weary we may be, we gain the sweet rest and peace that comes from attending to this duty and blessed privilege that will not be felt in any other way, if we go in the sweet spirit of a child of God. Do you prepare the children and say, "Go," or cheerfully say, "Come, let's go"? The small numbers usually found in the meetings give evidence of lack of interest and also of forgetfulness on the part of many who, a few short months ago, made earnest promises to do all they could in the service of the Master. The mother's words, so often spoken, "I am so tired and the work is not done; I can not attend church today," make trivial excuses by the children seem real and valid ones and they, too, stay away, spending the time in many questionable ways. The consciences which at first troubled them are hushed now and they say, "Mother does so." How quickly they all, parent and children, get cold and careless. Where rests the blame? Most assuredly with the mother.—*Mrs. G. Taylor Brown*.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn. Isa. 61: 1-2.

Dear Tender Day

The Story of a Daughter's Love for her Mother

Emmeline Thayer, alone at last, allowed her overburdened heart the solace of a groan. All day, how she had wanted to groan, but had only softly sighed! No one could hear her sigh.

It was so very near now, the day Emmeline dreaded—the dear, tender day.

"How can I bear it without Mother?" she thought. For on the last dear, tender day Mother had been there. They had gone to church together, Mother and Emmeline, and listened together to the beautiful things that the minister said about mothers. Emmeline, this middle-aged, careworn mother herself, had slid a gloved hand under the hymn book and squeezed Mother's thin old hand.

"I'm so glad I squeezed! I'm so glad I squeezed!" sobbed Emmeline in the security of this quiet room. Squeezing had never come easy to her, nor to Mother, nor to any of their race. They loved, but loved silently—a fierce inward flame.

Thinking of it now Emmeline Thayer could not understand that warm little impulse that had come to her to squeeze, but she felt still—she would always feel—the faint answering pressure. Mother had squeezed back! After eleven lonely months it was a comfort to remember that.

"She knew I loved her—she knew—she knew! But, oh, why didn't I tell her so—in words, 'I love you, mother?' Why didn't I say it a dozen times a day? I felt it a dozen times! I lost so many chances!"

Emmeline sat down suddenly on the side of Elizabeth Anna's bed that she had been turning and tossing. It was as though a tremulous old hand gently pressed her down. Mother seemed in the room. Mother seemed saying: "There, there, Emmy, don't fret. I knew all the time you loved me. Sit still an' rest a minute now. You're tuckered out."

Yes, she was tuckered out. But it was more than a weariness of body—her soul was tuckered out. Life had dragged for many weeks. There had been sickness in the family—the son twin and little Sarah and their father, one at a time. She ought to be thankful it had been one at a time. Then the spring sewing had kept on and on. There had never been a spring when Elizabeth Anna had shot up so, and down

so, out of her last year's clothes, or the twins' things had come out of the summer chest so faded and impossible, or father's shirts so needed replenishing. Emmeline had sat long days and patiently stitched, missing Mother's quiet presence with her, and Mother's willing help. She had stitched so much and thought so much and missed so much that a curious sense of being set apart from the rest of the family had crept over her. She felt a little unappreciated, a little bitter—soul-tuckered as well as body-tuckered.

Last May had been the first time the little town of Purdy had celebrated a Mother's Day; it had been a beautiful little innovation upon the old-fashioned Sundays, and every one had loved it. Every one had tried to keep Mother's Day—dear, tender day. Emmeline herself had worn a gay little geranium blossom for Mother. But this May would be very different.

"I shall have to wear a white one," she whispered. "White for dead mothers—oh, how can I wear white!" How could she sit there in the pew, where she had squeezed Mother's hand and Mother had squeezed back?

"Darthea Cobb's mother will be two seats ahead, and the little Keith children's grandmother across the aisle—they can all wear red, red flowers! I shall feel like stopping them when they go past me and whispering 'Say, 'I love you!' Don't put it off till you get home—now, now! Whisper it now!"

Emmeline got up from Elizabeth Anna's bed and continued her work. Resolutely she turned the key upon those interrupting musings, but all the while she was conscious of the throbbing ache behind the little locked door of her heart.

The daughter twin burst in upon her, breathing wrath:

"Make Jerry stop vaccinating my doll! I can't make him. He keeps right on. She's bleeding all her sawdust out. An' Sarah's crying like everything because he says he's going to vaccinate her. He's the meanest boy!"

Little Sarah burst in, wailing with fear. Elizabeth Anna appeared to add to the din, while upward from some culinary region floated the calm, clear report of Senthilla, the maid:

"The custard is scorched an' there ain't no more aigs."

The business of life closed in upon Emmeline Thayer. She must hide the key of that little locked-up room.

On Sunday morning the usual bustle and hurry of getting ready for church ensued. Where were the gold studs for Father's clean shirt? It did seem as if people might let those studs alone—oh, was *that* where they were! But he couldn't put on the new shirt till he shaved—were those twins going to stay in the bathroom all day? Father was the sweetest tempered of men on ordinary occasions, but this was unordinary. It was late, and Old Hundred was lame and would limp all the way to church. You couldn't hurry a limping horse. The minister always began terribly on time—would somebody oust out those twins or get the shaving dish and brush?

The twins were in no hurry. Something exciting and mysterious occupied them more than polishing of small hands and faces. They were whispering.

"Yes, I shall too, with a safety pin!"

"It'll show."

"Let it! I ain't going to have mine drop off, right in the middle o' church!"

"Sh! can't you? 'Lizabethanny said to whisper. . . . Yes'm, I'm coming out. Yes'm, I'm washed. What? N-o, not behind my ears. Nobody'll look behind—yes'm, yes'm, I will."

"Elizabeth Anna, will you see if you can find Sarah's other best shoe? We've looked and looked—"

"I 'member! It's out in the garden somewhere. We threwed it after Minette."

"Minette? Threw it after—"

"She was ma'id. We ma'id her to Aggie Cobb's husban' dolly. An' 'Lizabethanny said to throw a nold shoe—"

"That was your new one. Go and get it this minute! Here, put your slipper on."

"Emmie, if I don't get my razor—"

"Children, children, come out instantly!"

"Thout our ears—"

"Thout your ears," laughed Emmeline Thayer in spite of herself. There was no longer time for little ears—they must trust to kind fortune that no one looked behind. There was only time to hurry-scurry little and big into Sunday garments. A sudden prescience of deliverance came to Emmeline Thayer—perhaps there was no time for her

to get ready for church. If she could be spared just today, just this dear, tender day— If she need not listen to the minister say beautiful things about mothers—

"I'll get the family off and if there isn't time for me to get ready, it won't be wicked to stay at home if there isn't time."

But the Thayers always went to church, and she was half a Thayer. Then she might stay at home half the Sundays! Emmeline Thayer's sense of humor was never wholly stifled.

John Thayer bustled out to the barn in his shirt sleeves and bareheaded. The brisk little May breeze stirred what Elizabeth Anna called his scalp lock, which was thin and long. He harnessed Old Hundred and led him round to the piazza steps.

"Come, folks!" John Thayer called. "No time to waste. We don't want to break the family record for being on time. Jerry, tell Mother she'll have to be spry."

But Jerry was too busy to hear and Mother went unwarned. Jerry and the daughter twin were holding a whispered consultation; there was certainly mystery in the air. Elizabeth Anna and small, placid Sarah had their own secrets down by the pansy bed. Elizabeth Anna's brisk young voice reached John Thayer.

"I'll carry Father's; that's the safest way. Things don't stick to Father very well. An', besides, Old Hundred's a dreadful juggler. Sh, can't you, Sarah?" when only Elizabeth Anna needed sh-ing. Little Sarah was only swaying silently on her stout-shod little feet.

Emmeline came to the door, still in her neat and faded wrapper.

"No, I'm not ready. You mustn't wait, John. I've had such a delaying time! Jerry's collar *wouldn't* fasten—those stiff collars are perfectly maddening on wiggling boys! I'm thankful he only has to wear 'em Sundays. And I found a button off Sarah at the last minute, and Elizabeth Anna's hat elastic was nothing but a string. You drive right along, all of you, and I can ride down with the Cobbs. They're always a little mite late, and their back seat holds three. It's the roomiest back seat— Go right along, Father; please go right along!"

She meant to be quite honest with herself. She meant to get ready if she could. Not only the Thayers but the Coopers—she was a whole Cooper—were a churchgoing race. Habit, and inclination as well, drew

Emmeline churchward. It was only today, just today—

She watched the family surrey disappear down the road, a sunny cloud of dust behind it. The dust spirals seemed to limp too, with Old Hundred.

"They can get along without me," thought Emmeline. She did not mean the dust spirals. "They won't miss me any," though honesty compelled her to remember that they had all called to her as they rode away: "Hurray, Mother. Don't be late."

"Don't stop to button the top buttons o' your boots," Elizabeth Anna had called. "Bring the buttoner. Your hair looks good enough—don't stop'n comb it."

"The Cobb's be along in ten minutes, Emmie. Don't miss 'em."

She turned back into the house and conscientiously hurried, but some weight in her heart loaded down her fingers; they moved heavily. She fumbled buttons and pins. Unreasoning tears got in the way of her vision. Emmeline was undeniably depressed. Life seemed to stretch away from her—a lonely road. Mother was dead and John and the children had ridden blithely away without her, down the church road.

"Emmeline Thayer, you sent 'em away without you! Are you trying to get up a—a scandal? Put on your bonnet! Get your gloves out of that drawer! The Cobbs—"

The Cobbs were going by the house. Lemuel Cobb was whipping up his horse. It was too late to ride to church with the Cobbs. In spite of herself Emmeline rejoiced. Fate had settled her little problem. She put away her bonnet and slowly drew off her black dress. She would put on her second-best and slip across the field to the little cemetery and spend the morning with Mother. She would take a bunch of geraniums—scarlet ones, pink ones, white. White flowers reminded Emmeline Thayer. Suddenly a new thought darted woundingly through her brain—was she denying Mother before the world? People wore a white rose, a white geranium, in their buttonholes today to do honor to a dear dead mother. Oh, Mother was a dear dead mother! Was she failing to do Mother honor? before them all—to show she remembered and honored and loved? She had not thought of it like that. But wasn't she failing to do Mother honor?

Swiftly, very swiftly, Emmeline put on the best black dress again, put on the bon-

net, found gloves and handkerchief. She could not hurry fast enough now. Her fingers fumbled with eagerness.

There was a short cut through the fields; she would take the short cut. It ran through the little cemetery and on across more fields, across a corner of pasture, a bit of woods, to the little white church. The Coopers were a fast-walking race. Grandfather Cooper had tramped his ten miles at seventy, and at a splendid clip. Emmeline was glad she was related to Grandfather Cooper. She fairly sped along.

At the cemetery she made a swift little turning to Mother's spot.

"I'm wearing the little white flower for you, dear," she whispered. "I'm going down to show them all."

She was after all not very late. A thin thread of worshipers was still passing in at the open doors, though the soft drone of the organ greeted their ears. Emmeline joined the thin thread. She walked noiselessly up the aisle toward Father's waving scalp lock. Quietly she slipped in beside him.

The organ-drone ceased. The minister was on his feet. A little white flower was in the minister's buttonhole. It was a beautiful and impressive little service. On all the listening faces seemed to settle down a curious tenderness—on young faces and rugged old faces. The minister's voice was tender.

Emmeline Thayer, in her place beside Father, sat very still, her wet eyes fixed on the crossed hands in her lap. Tears dropped down occasionally, unrestrained. Not once had Emmeline looked up. Her thoughts were of Mother—the one mother the minister seemed speaking of. When he spoke of patience and service and sweet example, it was of Mother he spoke. When he mentioned the little children round a mother's knee, they were herself and the long-ago sisters and brothers. It was a sermon about Mother.

Suddenly Emmeline was awakened to her immediate surroundings, for suddenly a wonderful thing happened. A little voice whispered, "I love you!" in her ear. She found herself looking down into an adoring little face—the daughter twin's little face.

"I love you!" whispered Elizabeth Anna across the daughter twin's head. She turned the other side and found little Sarah loving her. She knew by the soft little shining in Sarah's eyes. Across the child's

lap suddenly reached a big brown hand and squeezed! It was the big brown hand of John. John loved her. It was of her, her, they were all thinking as the minister talked. She was a mother too. It had not occurred to Emmeline that it was also her day—her dear, tender day.

Thoughts multiplied in her brain and tears in her eyes. The feel of John's good tight squeeze and the sound of that little "I love you!" took up all the room of the world. There was no minister preaching, no congregation listening with tender faces—there was just love, just love in the world.

A sense of buoyancy and regeneration swept over Emmeline Thayer. She was no longer discouraged, nor lonely, nor bitter. Warm blood coursed Grandfather-Cooper-wise through her veins, went tramping lustily through. Things she could do for John and the children occurred to her mind in a stream of things. She laughed in her heart as she pictured herself rolling up her Sunday sleeves to begin at once—now! She longed for a kneading board and a cooky cutter.

Then the next wonderful thing—oh, the wonderful thing! It suddenly dawned upon Emmeline Thayer that all her little row beside her were wearing gay flowers for her. Gay, bright flowers for living mothers. She was a living mother. They were honoring her.

The children's faces broke into smiles at her notice of their decorations.

"It was a segret," whispered the daughter twin. "We never let you know, 'Lizabethanny brung Father's pansies an' pinned 'em on down here. I love you!" whispered the little daughter twin.

"Oh, little daughter and little son twins! Oh, 'Lizabethannies and small sweet Sarahs! Oh, Johns!" Emmeline reached blindly for the big brown hand again.

All the room of the world was full of love.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in *Farm and Fireside*, May 6, 1916.

The funds of missionary societies depend not so much on the condition of men's purses, as on the state of their souls.—*Missionary Intelligencer*.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

The Dying Soldier

M. E. H. EVERETT

Alone he lies on the cold damp moss,
Underneath a forest tree
That croons him a tender lullaby
From its dark green canopy.
The moon sails smiling away in the blue
As if there were naught but peace,
But the great guns out in the open roar
As though war could never cease.

He crept away from the lines at dawn
To seek out a place to die,
And, lost forever to human ken,
He feels that the end is nigh.
A cottage he sees on the Dnieper's bank,
And the Dnieper leagues away!—
Where a woman sits at her spinning wheel
Who thinks of him all the day.

Great branches sway in the evening wind
Till the moonlight floods the air,
The sky looks down like her sweet blue eyes
And the light is her yellow hair;
Three children, ranged on a wooden bench,
Watch every turn of her thread.
"Come, Carl and Hulda and good little Max,"
He calls to them, "go to bed."

Now the great guns roar their menace and rage
Till the black smoke hides the sky.
"Be kind, most merciful One," he cries,
"And teach me the way to die."
His head lies heavy on earth's kind breast,
From his lips his last words creep:
"Come, Carl and Hulda and good little Max,
Kiss mother and go to sleep."
April, 1916.

The "sleeping sickness," so prevalent in parts of Africa, is caused by the sting of the tse-tse fly. The editor of the *Standard* suggests that there are church pews where the tse-tse fly is operating. He also expresses fear that it may be laying its eggs in the velvet book-rest of the pulpit. In that connection, a correspondent tells that Mr. Beecher, once being asked, "What would you do, Mr. Beecher, if, while you were preaching, some one got asleep in your congregation?" promptly replied, "I have a standing agreement with the sexton of my church that, if he sees any one asleep, he will come at once to the pulpit and wake me up." There may still be churches where there is need of such understanding between the pastor and the janitor. The tse-tse fly may, in others, get its encouragement exclusively in the pews.—*Baptist Commonwealth*.

Weak Christians are afraid of the shadow of the cross.—*Thomas Brooks*.

MISSIONS

The True Giver

Hast thou plenty? Then rejoice;
Rejoice and freely share.
Hast thou scanty store? E'en then
A little thou canst spare.
And hast thou only bit or crumb,
A donor yet thou mayst become,
Since morsel from thy less or least
For bird or insect maketh feast.

Be the portion small or great,
The loving, generous heart
Will always find it large enough
To give away a part.

—From the Norwegian, by Emile Poulson.

The National Missionary Congress

SECRETARY E. B. SAUNDERS

Nearly thirteen hundred men, delegates to this remarkable missionary meeting, met in Memorial Continental Hall, at Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, April 26, at 7.30 p. m. For four days we listened to men who had been set on fire with the love of God and service to their less fortunate fellow-men. In front of us was perched the American eagle, and above hung the flag, the Stars and Stripes. Above our heads, on three sides of the room, hung the flags of other countries. The meeting was world-wide in its spirit, and partly in representatives. Nearly every State was represented, and various countries and islands.

In most cases the speakers came from the wonderful campaign, just closed, made during the past year by the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Seventy red-hot conventions have been held in as many cities scattered through the United States. The delegates in most cases represented the various societies engaged in this and other gospel work. In addition to these were returned missionaries and Student Volunteers. Elder Main, of Alfred, and myself were appointed to represent the Missionary Society. Elder W. C. Whitford, as member of the International Sunday School Committee, was there and Brother Paul Burdick, of Alfred, a Student Volunteer. This made four Seventh Day Baptist delegates, but there were other Sabbath-keepers. Elder Tenney, of the Sanitarium at

Battle Creek, Mich., was present. I also found, scattered through the audience, teachers, students and ministers of our Adventist brethren. There were twenty ushers who courteously stood at the entrance, and at the various inside doors. They admitted to the lower floor those who were delegates and could show the proper badge or button, usually on the lapel of the coat. They closed the doors during prayer time. They gave those of us who were beginning to be thick of hearing, good front seats. They admitted to the platform only those who had a burning message. I fell in love with the usher boys. I wondered who they were and where they came from; I saw they were the cream of young life. The last night of the meeting they were called to the platform and we were told they were Student Volunteers. While they stood in line, the male quartet sang "Speed Away." We could not see the boys for tears, at least I could hardly. This is not all. These young men are Sabbath-keepers from the homes of our Adventist brethren.

The male quartet was fine. They were part of them, Y. M. C. A. secretaries and part clergymen. They sang at every session. One evening President Wilson sat on the platform before us, an interested listener. Mrs. Wilson with another lady occupied a private box above. On Thursday, at 2 p. m., we were invited to the White House to shake hands with the President. He is an adept at this as he is at many other things.

If every church in our denomination could have had a representative in this meeting, to carry home fire from off the altar, I would be the happiest man living, it seems to me. It would make of us another people. What matters all our education, our fine homes and business ability, if they are not consecrated to the service of God and of our fellow-men.

There were three sessions each day of about two hours each. Usually three to four men spoke at each session. Between the addresses (usually of about 30 minutes) the quartet sang, or a missionary hymn was made a chorus or tender solo by the conductor, who often said, "Now sing with your heart, not with your lips."

The general secretary of this Laymen's Movement is one of our Milton College boys, William B. Miller. He is a humble man of middle life but has already become a man of distinction. He is a rare com-

ination of spiritual power and the ability to organize men for service along spiritual lines. He could never have shook my hand so cordially and said, "I am glad to see you," as he did, if he had not had in his heart a warm place for his old friends who differed with him on the Sabbath question.

I must close before I reach the latter part of the menu which we had at this spiritual feast. I hope to write of the good things we enjoyed. The sad part of it to me was, so few of my people were there to receive the spiritual help we so much need. It is our great lack. And now I pray that our business men and officers will attend the conferences to be held in this country again the coming year. More later.

According to Bishop Kinsolving, the evangelical missionary in Brazil, "The black man in our South has made more progress in the last fifty years than Latin-America has made in four centuries." The black man has been under Protestant influence; Latin-America under Catholic. Bishop Kinsolving also says that there is no divorce among the South and Central Americans. He then gives his reason as follows: "It is true; there is no divorce, for the simple reason that there is no need for it; nothing in law or custom or social sentiment forbids any husband from having just as many families as he pleases." He also affirms that where a Protestant church is started, improvement in social ideals becomes visible. Romanism itself begins quickly to take on a new complexion. "Wherever one of our churches is planted," says the Bishop, "a new moral atmosphere prevails, and the priest himself begins to live a purer life."—*Baptist Commonwealth*.

The Colored Women of the South*

Of all the recollections of early childhood none have so indelibly stamped themselves upon my memory as the desire to become what my old aunt called a Christian, to be a teacher, and to solve the mystery which made my face so different from my playmates that they would call me "yeller." I could not quite tell whether to be yellow was a thing to be liked or disliked. Mamma's relatives seemed proud of me. Aunt Sellie would take me on her lap, smooth

*Paper prepared by one of their number for the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society.

my hair, and say to mamma: "Sis Jane, dis chile too white to run about in the sun bareheaded." The white people would urge my mother to bind me to them, saying that I would make a smart little nigger. At night (I slept in the bed with my parents, at the foot), I heard mamma tell papa that she would work her fingers off before she would bind me to anybody. "Because," said she, "Viney is just like Miss Joe, and Miss Joe was Massa Felix's smartest child. She graduated before she was twenty, then came home and married rich. Who knows but Viney will do the same?" Thinking that mamma talked as if she was glad I wasn't black, I began to be glad, too.

One Sunday my cousins came, of whom I had many. After our breakfast of meal, coffee, and bread, we were permitted to go off to spend the day in play, mamma cautioning us to go to the walnut tree on the top of the mountain so as not to get hungry. We had not gone far when to my grief Cousin Luke cried out, "Let's run from dis little yeller thing. We don't want her wid us. When de sun shines on her, she looks so yeller it makes me sick." Left alone in the deep, dark woods because of my color, I felt convinced that of all things there was nothing worse than to be yellow. I wept till my eyes were as briny as salt pork. "Miss Joe—Massa Felix. What was mamma talking about? Am I mamma's child?" I thought of these things till I doubted whether I was anybody's child. Being hungry, and not knowing where the walnut tree was, I returned home, and when mamma knew it all, she said the children should be whipped, I should have a good dinner and a long trip with her next day.

Monday morning, a glimpse at a sheet of paper told me that our trip was to Miss Mildred's, three miles away, where mamma had her letters written. "Mamma," I said, "don't go way up there just for that. Let me write your letter." I had seen Miss Mildred take a book, put a sheet of paper on it, then with the pen run back and forth across it; and I was sure I could do the same. But she said, "No, Viney, you can't write. It takes grown people to write." "Then," said I, "why don't you write your letter, mamma?" (My mother was a great, tall woman, weighing two hundred and ten pounds. I thought if anybody was grown she was.)

As we traveled those three miles I heard for the first time in my life the story of slavery. My mother gave me her own sad history, telling me how, when she was eighteen, she overheard her master say that she must be sold to pay for the new farm; how through the downpouring rain she walked ten miles the following night to bid farewell to her sister, and the next morning was told that she must be ready for the sale-block at ten o'clock. Then naming the state capital, she said she despised it because there she was carried and put in the sale-house, and sold to be carried hundreds of miles to the cotton plantations. "Viney, 'twas your father that bought me. He paid two thousand dollars to get me."

After this strange conversation I no longer wondered why I was not black, but I did wonder why God permitted me to be born. "Viney, however anxious I might have been to learn, I could not have done so. Books were closed to me; but it will not be so with you. Soon there will be schools, and you can learn. Then you can write mamma's letters." Only a child I was, but it seemed that my heart would burst with desire to teach my people who had been so downtrodden; and from the depth of my heart came the response: "Mamma, I won't only write your letters, but I'll teach all my people to read and write for themselves."

Little did I know of the greatness of the world, and the many people therein. I had been brought up between two mountains. To me this hollow was the world, and those I called cousin, uncle or aunt, all the people. I knew nothing of the many islands of the sea, and the masses of land and millions of people beyond the waters. I saw myself grow tall, and my world of people seated around me learning. But how should I learn? As yet there were no schools near me for colored children. I knew that when mamma wanted anything, she knelt beside the bed and asked God for it; so I decided that each night, instead of saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep," I would pray the Lord to make me a teacher.

No sooner were we seated at Miss Mildred's than she gave me a biscuit. How kind she was! It seemed easier to get biscuits there than to get corn bread at home. And the cookies, too, so much sweeter than the biscuits, made her seem so sweet to me that when mamma was ready to re-

turn home I cried to remain. The next morning, mamma's aunt, an old woman of seventy, told Miss Mildred that the colored people were going to have a meeting the following Sabbath; "and," said she, "I'd like to have the little gal go wid me." Miss Mildred eyed me all over, then said my clothes were too poor. I remember how eager I was to tell them that my dress was just made; but mamma had taught me that children should keep still when old people were talking. So I said nothing, and was glad I did, for Miss Mildred said she would make me a new dress and have me ready. I suppose now that they were thinking of the quality of my dress, it being made of an old, thick bag. When the Sabbath came I dressed my hair in front of the mirror till it looked beautiful, I thought. It did not hang down but it hung out, and that pleased me. Dressed in my new pink calico, at the gate I stood and watched for Aunt Milley. Presently down the mountain she came. "Whar is your bonnet, chile?" Bonnet I had not once thought of. I did not wear any at home. But Aunt Milley knew just how to plan, and said: "Miss Mildred, des tie your hankcher under her chin." So the handkerchief, doubled three-cornered, was tied under my chin, and we were off to the meeting. There was no real church. The colored people had bought a piece of ground on which they were going to build a church. The trees had been felled, and on these we sat. The meeting began. The people rose for singing. Children are imitative. I rose too. Aunt Milley's hand forced me down.

[My people have their peculiarities. In many of the churches, to this day, an unconverted person is allowed to stand only when the benediction is being pronounced.]

On the way home I asked Aunt Milley why she did not let me stand and sing with the rest of the people. "'Cause you is a sinner," said she. That was a brand-new word to me. Everybody at home called me Vinney. How did I get the name sinner? Quick as thought it flashed into my mind, that it was a new name I had gotten by going to the meeting. Aunt Milley must have one, too. "Aunt Milley, what's your name?" Sure enough, she, too, had a new name. "I is a Christian. You is a sinner." Though I knew not the meaning of either name, hers seemed more beautiful than mine, and I asked her the difference.

Aunt Milley could not read books, but it did seem to me that she could read the skies, for she stopped, and, pointing upward, told me of God, of heaven, and the dear Christ who lives there, saying that some day she with all Christians would be with him. There was something so beautiful in her face when she said: "Yes, chile, de whiteness of dat hankcher a nutton to what mammy's old black face will be when she gits wid the Lord." Then she told me of another place which she called hell, which she pictured as terribly as she pictured the other beautifully. Then she added: "Vinney, you with all sinners is on your way to dis place, where you will not be wid de Christ dat lubs you as the apple ub his eye; but wid de debil dat lubs you jes to see you burn." I pleaded, "Aunt Milley, I want to be a Christian, like you. What must I do?" "Jes git converted and be baptized." No end to new words, I thought. "Converted—baptized." The more I repeated them the larger they grew. That night, to my little prayer, "Lord, make me a teacher," I added, "Dear Lord, please make me a Christian." It was a long time before our church was built. I went once more, but, unfortunately, sat with my feet under the seat; a huge log which slipped from its prop, and it being heavy, and the people still heavier, so badly mashed my foot, that Uncle Reuben had to carry me home on his back, and as mamma had to give him papa's best pair of socks, she did not think it best to let me go again. Though the bad bruise set me somewhat against the church, I still desired to become a Christian.

Time went on. I picked up a knowledge of reading, grew older and more thoughtful, and began to wonder why the Lord did not answer my prayer. Aunt Milley said, "Be baptized." I have not been. Sis Lucy is going to the white church to carry Miss Mildred's basket. "I hope they will do it there," I said, "then I'll know." On my sister's return she began to tell about that very thing. "Sis Lucy, did you see them do it?" "Yes," she said. "Do you know how they did it?" "Yes." "Sis Lucy, can you do it?" "Yes." "Sis Lucy, will you baptize me?" She told me she would. Just in front of our house was a corn house, and just beyond the corn house a large goose pond. When the Sabbath came, true to her word, my sister carried me to this pond and bap-

tized me. There was something about the water I liked, so I asked her to baptize me again. She said the white people did not baptize but once that day, but she would baptize me again the next Sunday. So she baptized me again the next Sunday, and after that she baptized me every Sunday till the weather grew too cold, and we had to give it up.

There we were trifling with one of the most sacred of our Lord's ordinances. What for? Because we wanted to have fun? A thousand times *no*; but because of that terrible thing which today has thousands of my people in this land, and millions in my fatherland, bound as in chains: *ignorance, ignorance.*

I can think of no time in my life when I have been more sincere. The Lord was calling me to himself; but I knew not the way. I wanted to be a Christian. Aunt Milley said, "Be baptized." Sister Lucy said baptism was dipping; and there was the deep pond. It did not once occur to me that aught besides was needed. But I did begin to wonder when I found no efficacy in that which I was sure would bring peace to my soul. My heart ached as never before. I longed for something. Though I knew not what, I felt that I could give my life to possess it. Yes, there was "balm in Gilead," and God, who knew the pent-up suffering of his child, was soon to restore. Soon there came the news that a man sold away to the rice swamps had returned in search of his aged mother, and would preach at Old Brother Dick's that very night. There was my chance, I thought. "Mamma, may I go to the meeting?" God blessed the going. The man could not read a line; but dare I say he could not preach, when he spoke the life-giving words which showed me my Savior, shed light in my heart, and brought new life to my soul? Now that God had answered this prayer, I could trust him for all things.

Years passed with but little change at my home; but in our Southland great changes had taken place. The American Baptist Home Mission Society had founded schools to make housekeepers, train teachers, and educate preachers. From one of these very schools came a young minister to our church a hundred miles away. After the service he talked with me about the school, and told me that if I would write to the president (passing me the address) he would

send me the catalogue, and I should be able to go. I was delighted at the bright prospect. But the next morning the name of the thing for which I was to write had slipped from my memory. I could not possibly recall it. I could have wept, for I felt sure it was something to pay my way to this great school. I tried and tried to recall it, but it was a week before it came back. Then at once my postal was off asking for it, and stating that I desired to enter the school. To my great astonishment and greater grief, what should come but a book calling for money, instead of being money. I slept not much that night, but besought the Lord to show me how I could earn the money. Cherries had gone, and sumac had turned red. Yet I must go. I had always worked hard, but now I worked harder, saving every penny. When I saw that I could not possibly get enough money, I wrote an earnest appeal to my uncle, whose family was smaller than ours; at the same time I wrote to the president asking if while in school I might be permitted to do some work towards paying my board. Kind letters came back. I then disclosed my plans to my dear mother, who, having only Godspeed to give me, gave me that, and it was the largest thing I had to carry with me. I entered low classes, but with faithful teachers, and all the study my brain would permit, I advanced.

At the end of each school year I returned home. I gathered and dried cherries, often going to the tree before sunrise, and remaining until it was too dark to gather the fruit. My frugal meals were eaten at the tree. Yes, I often tired, and at times my brain would seem as if addled by the sun. Yet I labored on for the accomplishment of the one desire of my heart—to be able to teach my people. God blessed my labor, and as I write this I stand in the assurance that both my child prayers have been answered.

As to my being a Christian, I know that I am not as Christlike as children of the dear Christ are permitted to be, but I will stand in his presence and reflect his image as he shines upon me. Because of superior advantages others are better teachers, but I rejoice that the Lord has given me a part in this labor of love, and each day I ask him to make me better fitted for the work which is the joy of my heart and the hope of my people.

Monthly Statement

April 1, 1916, to May 1, 1916

S. H. Davis,
In account with
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society
Dr.

Balance on hand April 1, 1916	\$1,031 77
T. E. Saunders	5 00
Mrs. M. J. Greene	5 00
Enoch Davis	4 00
Mrs. Mary C. White	5 00
Maude B. Osgood, L. S. K.	2 00
Robert and Addie Bell, L. S. K., Home Missions	3 00
Mrs. D. C. Waldo, Foreign Missions ..	50
Lucia M. Waldo, Foreign Missions	50
C. W. Parker, Debt Fund	10 00
Anna L. Crandall, Life Membership ..	25 00
Jennie Crandall, Life Membership	25 00
Dr. S. C. Maxson, to be cred. to Leon- ardsville Ch.	5 00
Churches:	
Plainfield	50 59
Milton Junction	25 81
Milton Junction, Evangelistic Work..	5 00
Milton Junction, Dr. Grace Crandall..	1 00
Pawcatuck	223 95
Welton	9 30
Rockville	5 00
Salem	58 50
Berlin	15 00
Salemville	8 81
Cumberland	3 00
Syracuse	1 00
Shiloh	20 00
First Verona	10 08
First Brookfield	12 22
Chicago	18 00
Chicago, Java Mission	1 00
Dodge Center	10 00
Independence	9 18
Little Genesee	17 59
Mill Yard, 1/2 for Tract Society	21 67
Dodge Center Sabbath School	5 00
Salemville Sabbath School	7 37
Farina Sabbath School	6 68
Daytona Sabbath School	15 00
Boulder Junior Y. P. S. C. E., Lieu-oo Hospital	4 00
Young People's Board, Dr. Palmborg's salary	25 00
Memorial Board, 1/2 D. C. Burdick Income	33 97
Memorial Board, 1/2 D. C. Burdick Farm	11
Memorial Board, Missionary Society income	14 92
Interest on checking acct. for February and March	2 59
Income from Permanent Funds	400 00

\$2,163 02

Cr.

Julius Nelson, March salary	\$ 50 00
J. J. Kovats, March salary	20 00
E. B. Saunders, March salary, clerk hire, trav. exp.	107 70
Ross Coon, acct. H. E. Davis salary ...	17 63
Erlo E. Sutton, trav. exp.	12 28
D. B. Coon, March salary and trav. exp.	80 30

J. G. Burdick, April salary	29 16
T. L. M. Spencer, April salary	50 00
T. J. Van Horn, salary Jan. 1-April 1 and trav. exp.	153 29
Paul Burdick, salary Jan. 1-April 1	25 00
R. R. Thorngate, salary Jan. 1-April 1 ..	12 50
J. E. Hutchins, salary Jan. 1-April 1 ..	25 00
Geo. P. Kenyon, salary Jan. 1-April 1 ..	25 00
G. H. F. Randolph, salary Jan. 1-April 1 ..	75 00
Mrs. A. P. Ashurst, salary Jan. 1-April 1 ..	50 00
B. E. Fisk, salary Jan. 1-April 1	30 00
A. G. Crofoot, salary Jan. 1-April 1 ..	25 00
R. G. Davis, salary Jan. 1-April 1	25 00
A. L. Davis, salary Jan. 1-April 1 and trav. exp.	116 19
George W. Hills, salary Jan. 1-April 1 ..	87 50
Gerard Velthuysen, salary April 1-July 1 ..	75 00
Marie Jansz, salary April 1-July 1	37 50
Exchange	1 20
Interest and stamps on loan	25 72
Washington Trust Company, payment of loan	500 00
Treasurer's expenses	20 00
	<hr/>
	\$1,675 97
Balance on hand May 1, 1916	487 05
	<hr/>
	\$2,163 02
	<hr/>
Bills payable in May, about	\$ 500 00
Notes outstanding May 1, 1916	4,000 00
E. & O. E.	

S. H. Davis,
Treasurer.

Answer to a Letter From a Friend

DEAR BROTHER:

Yours of recent date received in due time and carefully read—yes, read with pleasure. I was glad to hear from you, for it brought back old and pleasant associations.

At first I thought you were writing me because you knew that I agreed with you regarding many of the evils of which you speak, but on a more careful reading, I conclude you hold me, with others, responsible for those evils. You speak of me as one of the leaders of the denomination. Let me disabuse your mind of that thought, for I am only a little one-horse preacher, and so far from popular that I was told the other day how a certain woman had said that if J. T. Davis or Elder ——— were on one side of a question, she would take the other side.

You refer to my article in the RECORDER of January 31, saying it seems from that "that the elect will be deceived," and I have carefully reread that article, and can not understand to what you refer, except it be to what I say regarding the work of Dean Main in the Federal Council, and the necessity of being thus united, in order to strike such blows.

Now, my dear brother, if I am correct in regard to the ground of your criticism, will you kindly tell me how Dean Main could have done that work, and have gotten the results, outside of the Council?

Pardon me if I give here some of my own experience and observation. A few years ago, while a citizen of Iowa, I was delegate to the state Prohibition convention, at Cedar Rapids, and there met Elder G. W. Burdick, also a delegate. . . . In the proposed platform was a plank to protect one day in seven as a day of rest. . . . We could see that the intention was to protect Sunday, so just before the question was put before the convention, we got the floor and offered a substitute, which took the protection from the day, and protected the citizen in his right to one day of rest in seven. After some discussion, in which we had the privilege of stating our reasons for the substitute, it was passed unanimously.

Now, were we wise in our course, or should we have stayed at home, then complained of the Prohibition party for putting a Sunday plank in their platform, when there was not a Seventh Day Baptist with interest or courage enough to be on the ground to defend the truth?

Again, last week, we were in attendance at the Madison County Sunday School Convention, and heard Brother W. L. Davis, pastor of the Second Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church, firmly, but kindly, plead for a change of name from Sunday school to Bible school because some of us were not members of Sunday schools, and the change was made. Sabbath truth was made prominent, yet good feeling was maintained.

I agree with you regarding the nobility of our Adventist brethren, and I admire their devotion to truth, and their energy in defending it, but I judge you do not accept the doctrine of the visions. You say they did not say anything about the visions, but I know that they often do so, or have in other years, and and have also preached other doctrines equally objectionable. Now, my brother, to be consistent, it seems to me that you should not go to worship with Adventists. But you may say, to worship is different from uniting in an organization. Then, I ask you, would you hesitate to unite with them in organ-

A Life Shortener

Far more spectacular will be the war's effect on aristocracy—a change that at first seems merely one in Society, but that, on examination, is speedily seen to be a change in society, the big "S" giving place to the little. The heirs to the most important titles in England held commissions in the army; so did many of the "younger sons." After the war began it was considered the "proper thing" to get a commission for the second son as soon as the first son was killed in battle: that is English pluck, and very fine; if perhaps unselfishly shortsighted, pluck it is. But since the day of Mons it has been shown by undeniable figures that the average life of an English officer on the firing line is exactly twenty-three days. This means that already many famous old English titles are without heirs, even collateral. If it continues, it will mean the passing of the old English aristocracy, and those who know the present trend of English feeling—those who remember the systematic heavy taxation of large estates begun by Lloyd-George before the war and consistently continued up to the present time—will tell you that it is very doubtful if, after the war, new titles will be created to take the place of the old ones—will tell you that it is more doubtful if the old titles will be conferred on new families.—*The Christian Herald*.

The story of Whang, the blind sorcerer of Korea, is the history of redeeming grace. At three years of age Whang had smallpox and became blind. At ten his father and mother died of cholera; his uncle took the little lad and trained him to be a sorcerer. At twenty-five he was brought to Christ. He learned to read by the Braille system of writing. He invented a system for his blind countrymen. He has opened a school for the blind in his native city. "I wish you could see him smile," writes a missionary. "In repose, his face is thoughtful, wistful, seeing things not close by . . . in another world. It was so I saw him first, dusty, tired, at the end of a three-hundred-mile walk. Thus he came to our back door, and I saw on his tired, pock-marked face the vision of another world. Strange, isn't it, to find a deeper, sweeter happiness on a blind Korean face than I ever saw on a human face at home?"—*A. Woodruff*.

ized work for Bible study, or Sabbath Reform? I certainly think you would not. Yet to be consistent with such a theory, even you and I, although friends for years, must separate, because we differ. Shall we seek an "Isle of Patmos" and worship God alone?

Now, my dear brother, please accept this in the same kindly spirit in which it is written, for I should be sad to lose you as a friend. The fact that we honestly differ in our opinions, to my mind, should not affect our friendship. Some that I love and admire for their ability, honesty and integrity, differ from me very widely regarding what, to me, seems vital; yet where they are right, I want to acknowledge it, and work with them in loving fellowship, and so may we work.

Very truly,

JOHN T. DAVIS.

Leonardsville, N. Y.,

April 23, 1916.

The Most Ancient State Paper

On the walls of two of Egypt's greatest temples, that of Karnak and the Ramesseum at Thebes, carved in the everlasting stone of the dry land of the Nile, is the oldest international treaty known to man. Rameses the Great, one of the signers, is the best known man of remote antiquity. Khetasar (the Czar of the Kheta, or Hittites), the other party to the treaty, is unknown, except to a few, and his nation is little known, even to the scholars.

The Hittites were a mighty race, whose empire, equal in rank with the mighty empire of Egypt and Babylonia, once extended over four hundred thousand square miles of territory in Asia Minor and Syria. Three years ago, practically nothing was known of the life and civilization of these mysterious people. They are mentioned in the Bible, and in the Egyptian and Assyrian records, but until very recently their own story had never been read by modern man. Today, thanks to the excavations that were carried on at the capital city of Carchemish, much has been learned about this great group of tribes, and orderly evidence about them is now available for the first time in two thousand years.—*The Christian Herald*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

The Country Flowers

I jes' feel kinder sorry fur ther cultivated
flowers,

Thet hev ter hev sech watchfulness an' care,
That hev ter hev seeds planted, an' wartered ev'ry
day,

An' seems afeared uv ev'ry breath uv air.

I offen stops an' looks inside hothouses thet I
pass,

An' wonder if them flowers don't feel er-
shamed!

Jes' shet indoors—like city folks—institid uv grow-
in' wild;

But, then, uv course, ther flowers should not
be blamed.

Why, out here in the country, whar I live the
hull year round,

We almost allers hev some kinder flowers
Thet jes' grows independent, like the birds an'
grass an' trees,

Dependin' on ther Lord fer sun an' showers.

Why, ther's buttercups an' wind flowers an' vi'lets
in May,

Wild roses an' red clover blooms in June,
While Margareets an' black-eyed Susans fill
ther medders full,

With tiger lilies comin' purty soon.

Then ther's ferns an' salmon milkweed, an'
dainty babies' breath,

An' leetle daisies blowin' in ther breeze!
No wonder thet ther butterflies is flyin' all
eroun',

An' birds sing by ther thousand in ther trees.

Then, in ther fall, ther's goldenrod, an' purple
asters tall,

An' gentians—blue an' white an' fringed an'
plain—

An' leaves uv ev'ry color, thet jes' glorify ther
trees,

An' medders full uv wavin' yaller grain!

An' later on, when winter comes, with all her
ice an' snow,

Ther woods is full uv berries, bright an' red,
Thet peep up thru the drifts uv white, as cheer-
ful as kin be,

An' show yer how ther winter birds is fed.

Yes, I jes' feel kinder sorry fur ther cultivated
flowers,

Dependin' on a human bein's care!
An', as I said, shet up indoors instid uv growin'
wild

In Mother Nature's rain an' sun an' air.

Uv course I know they're awful fine and wuth
ther weight in gold,

An' my wild flowers ain't in ther style, I know,

But put me in ther country, right 'long side ther
country flowers,

An' let me smell their perfume as they grow!
—Martha Coleman Sherman.

News From Fouke, Ark.

The following extracts are from per-
sonal letters to Miss Godfrey, who is glad
to share them with us. We are all glad
to hear of the advancement in the work of
the school.

The women of the denomination are
pledged to help in the support of this
school. If you have not sent in your gift
for this work, now is a good time to plan
for it. Read these letters in your society
and see if the members are not ready to ap-
propriate something for this fund. Mrs.
Whitford will be glad to receive money for
this work.

DEAR MISS GODFREY:

I received your card and letter. I in-
tended to answer the card, but was practic-
ing for L. T. L. (Loyal Temperance Le-
gion) program every night after school
for a whole week. I played for them, so
when any practiced I had to be there too.
We had the program last Sabbath night
in the M. E. church. The building was
full. About fifty were in the exercises.
The regular time for our meetings, when
we are not preparing for something extra,
is Wednesday after school, at the Seventh
Day Baptist schoolhouse.

We had two-days cooking school, Mon-
day and Tuesday. A woman from Fay-
ette, Ark., was here. We had it in Dr.
Smith's office room at the left as you enter
the hall. There were over fifty in there
and you see we didn't have much room.
Oh, yes, the office room has cement floor.
Our teacher insisted that we should have
a cooking club, or two if possible. Mrs.
Newman is going to take the girls from
ten to sixteen years old and Mrs. Ramsey
is going to take those over sixteen. Les-
sons are sent each week by the govern-
ment.

We also have Tomato and Poultry clubs.
I belong to both. My tomatoes are up;
my eggs haven't come yet.

Our garden is growing quite well. Our
roses are almost in bloom. We had one
in bloom about a week ago. It seemed
just like roses, surely enough. Violets
have bloomed all winter long and are still
at it.

Two of our high school pupils have
taken the teacher's examination and both
have good second grade certificates. One
of them has a school down on the river,
at \$45 a month. (This is doubtless a
three-months summer school.)

We have two more months of school
and then a vacation. Come and we will
go fishing. You ought to plan to be
down here next fall to the fair. The chil-
dren under ten years old are killing flies.
The one that kills the most gets \$5; the
next, \$3; the next, \$2.50. Pretty good
money, isn't it? They have decided to
have the fair two days this year. If you
can't come, I wish you would send some
school yells. Please. We had a few last
year, but not many.

I must close now.

Your friend,

ELVA SCOUTEN.

March 30, 1916.

From another letter, written April 26,
1916:

We have been having debates in English
classes and you ought to hear them. The
other day, all three classes debated to-
gether. The subject was—"Resolved that
Wilson should be re-elected as President."
The negative won by eight points.

My tomatoes for the club are out in the
field now. I transplanted five rows this
morning and will have to wait until the
rest of my plants get a little larger before
I finish my tenth of an acre, for that is
the size of our plot. My eggs have not
hatched yet. They are the White Orping-
ton.

You have doubtless read of the Jefferson
Highway which is to go from Minnesota
to New Orleans. This highway will be
of rock or gravel. It will pass our house
and keep the Big Road (on which several
of our Seventh Day Baptist farmers live)
all the way down to Sulphur River. It
will cross between where we were in the
boat, taking pictures, and the railroad.

There is a class of twelve studying for
Christian Endeavor Experts. They are
over half through. The society has seven
Experts now.

We have five acres of cotton planted and
twelve of corn. We will plant cane and
peanuts later, also sweet potatoes. We
had English peas for dinner Easter and
would have had potatoes had there been
a good stand, but the stand was poor and

there were not enough. There are fine
prospects for a fruit crop this year. The
wild plums are just loaded.

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting

The Woman's Executive Board met with
Mrs. Daland on May 1, 1916.

Present: Mrs. West, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs.
Daland, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Whitford,
Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. Nettie West, Mrs.
Maxson.

Mrs. West read Isaiah 55 and offered
prayer.

The minutes of April 3 were read.
The Treasurer's report for April was
read and adopted. Receipts, \$213.85; dis-
bursements, \$60.00. Mrs. Whitford read
an interesting letter from Mrs. Van Horn,
of Salem, W. Va.

The Corresponding Secretary read a por-
tion of a letter written by Dr. Grace Cran-
dall to Miss Mercy Garthwaite, and corre-
spondence from Mrs. H. A. Franklin, of
Verona, N. Y.

Mrs. West read a communication from
Professor S. B. Bond, President of Con-
ference for this year.

It was voted that the President of the
Woman's Board act as Chairman of the
Committee to arrange the program for the
Woman's Hour at Conference, with power
to appoint the remaining members of the
Committee.

Mrs. Daland and Mrs. Crosley were ap-
pointed as other members of Committee on
Conference Program.

Mrs. Nettie West, who was appointed
at the April session of the Board to arrange
the program for the Woman's Hour at the
recent quarterly meeting held in Milton
Junction, made a report of that session.

Mrs. Crosley had the announcement of
the Summer School for Missions to be held
in Boulder, Colo., in July, which was in-
teresting to the members of the Board.
She also read some of the material for the
Woman's Page of the RECORDER.

After the reading of the minutes the
Board adjourned to meet the first Monday
of June.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.

"It isn't sin, after all, that takes a man
to hell. It is the failure to repent of
sin."

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

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

(Continued)

CHAPTER XVI

After Lorna had been home a few days, greeted her friends, and told her parents all she could about the year in college—told them, as she had promised, of the address of Dr. Williams at the convention, and had had a little discussion over the same with no satisfaction to herself, only to increase her anxiety, or make her the more anxious to investigate the matter more thoroughly, her father asked her at the breakfast table if she would like a month or so of travel during the vacation, saying that he had been planning it all the year and had decided, if she wanted it, to send her with a small party of church people from Kingsbury. This party had already arranged a trip to the coast to take in the Epworth League Convention and also to see the sights. Tickets could be obtained for the season at reduced rates and would be good for stop-overs at all the important places and parks. Lorna entered heartily into the plan and kissed her father gratefully for his love and care of her.

"My daughter," said he, "I want you to dismiss all study and all anxiety and have no discussions on religious questions, but give yourself the rest you need and be ready for another college year."

Lorna looked sober. How could she now dismiss the matter of one of God's commandments? She said nothing, and her father knew what was on her mind. But he had found that the mention of the subject was sure to bring on a discussion and he also knew that he could not well convince her from any Scripture; that what satisfied him, only caused her to feel alarm and would compel him to produce Scripture for his opinion. He found he could not do this. He now hoped that the summer trip and coming in contact with such a great crowd of young Methodists would take her mind from the subject or else make her feel that all was right as it was.

She received a letter from Mr. Ellington, saying that he and his charge were to go to the coast on the convention train and they also were to take in some of the good

things and then proceed on their pleasure trip.

This pleased her and did not seem to displease her parents.

The next Sunday her league chose delegates proper, though there were many who were going besides the appointed delegates. Lorna was chosen by suggestion of her pastor, who himself now hoped for a change in her through this trip and the notice made of her by the church and league. Her first impulse was to decline the honor as they would be sorry in case she made a full decision on the Sabbath question; but she thought how much pleasure it would give her parents, so on their account she accepted.

The journey there would be by the way of St. Louis to southern Texas and thence on the Southern Pacific to Los Angeles without change of cars from St. Louis. They were to have a special car which was to be decorated; and all in all, it would be a happy and enthusiastic crowd of young life. They would leave on Monday and, nothing preventing, would arrive at Los Angeles early Friday morning. The convention would open in the afternoon.

We omit all details of the preparation and the start. They left home on schedule time, the "City Band" giving them a good send-off and hundreds waving handkerchiefs. Lorna had a section in the middle of the Pullman with her seatmate. She had taken two or three interesting books along and some crochet work.

It would be interesting to describe the scenery along the route, along the low plain of the Mississippi; the fields of corn, hemp, and other grains; the orchards along the edge of the Ozarks; the coal, iron and lead mines; the rivers of Texas that rise in the western plateau, and the great stock ranches of New Mexico; the ride through Arizona, the driest and hottest portion of the United States, past settlements of Apaches, and on to the city of Los Angeles. But all this is not essential to our story.

At St. Louis Mr. Ellington came aboard the train and at once went in search of Miss Selover. His coach was not occupied with league delegates and not crowded. It was time for breakfast in the diner and Lorna was just making ready to go when she saw Mr. Ellington enter her coach. She waved her hand at him and they greeted each other. He was introduced to her seatmate and quickly he asked them to

breakfast with him. They were soon seated at a table, the menu studied, and what they wanted ordered.

"This is a great treat," said Mr. Ellington, "and I only wish we could occupy the same coach; but I suppose only delegates to the convention are allowed here and of course I have to be the most of the time with my employer and companion, looking out for his comfort. I trust, however, that each day I may have an hour or two with you. Any books to read?"

"Just two of stories, one guide, and a German book to keep me fresh in my study of German," said Lorna. "The newsboy will supply the rest."

"I brought some theology," said Mr. Ellington.

"My parents have told me to dismiss all study and discuss no theology on this trip, but to make the most of it for rest and observation," said Lorna.

"Then what is the German book for?" said he laughing. "And as for theology, why go then to a religious convention? However, I expect the most of the delegates are in for a good time and to see the sights more than to discuss ways and means of advancing the kingdom of God! Of course they can do both at once. But how can men look at the beautiful scenery God has made for our delight and not think or talk of theology? What is theology? God's ancient and happy people in the days of their prosperity were always talking theology. Most Christian people think of theology as a dry, musty doctrine of bygone days, a mere matter of whether babies who have not been baptized go to heaven or not. I heard an old minister say that when he was a boy he was taught that hell was full of infants a span long, all because they had not had a little drop of water put on their brow, or because an established church had not had its say over them. But that is not theology in its true sense. That is superstition. And I have already found, as have you, that pagan superstition still survives in Christianity. And so we are to root it out. How can we do it?" asked Mr. Ellington.

In spite of her father's protest and request she felt obliged to answer, "How can we rid ourselves of all that pagan rubbish? Just as I have on the question of baptism. Do as the Lord says do and not follow the vain traditions of men."

"And what did the Catholic priest tell us

at the convention about our Christian Sabbath?" asked Mr. Ellington. "What an assumption! If I had to follow the dictates of a prelate, with no free thought on my part, I'd sell my soul for greed, serve the devil the rest of my days and get all the fun out of it I could."

"Well, a Catholic priest can tell some truth perhaps. Did any of our learned divines show where the Bible taught us differently? Did they easily put finger on the chapter and verse and show a 'Thus saith the Lord' for our Sunday? Not one. And why not, if it was there? That has bothered me ever since. But my friend here is opening her mouth to say something."

"Say something! Well, I guess I can on that question. You see I am a Methodist and en route to a Methodist convention, and I have not a word to say against my church and people, only that in my heart I am convinced that we are liable to have some errors like other people. My mother is a Methodist, was born one, and I naturally go with her. My father was a Catholic once, but when the priest began to dictate to him in matters that only one's own conscience or investigation could decide he broke with them. Now he is nothing religiously but he can argue by the hour on Bible topics. He says that only the Catholic Church is responsible for our Sunday, and that he is rich enough to offer a thousand dollars to any minister or person who can give a hint from the Bible sustaining Sunday observance, and I have been trying for two years to get that thousand dollars for my future wedding outfit but have utterly failed to date. I am hoping this convention will have something to offer us on that question."

The speaker was a young student in the same college with Lorna and had become acquainted with Lorna at college. They had chosen each other as seatmates on the trip and hoped to be assigned to the same room by the committee. Lorna had not known about this before and now felt she had some one to talk to on the question that so deeply interested her now and had brought her such a struggle.

"Really," said Mr. Ellington, "this thing is getting interesting. You'll have the whole Methodist Church soon agitated and unsettled. Better come and unite with Presbyterians, who have little trouble over it."

"It is time that we all had some settled convictions and some Scripture to sustain them," said Miss Harns, for that was the name of the young woman.

"I guess I better send my pastor after that thousand dollars," said Lorna. "He says it is no trouble at all to give Scripture evidences for the Christian Sabbath, as he is pleased to call Sunday. I have wanted to have him give me the evidences, but father and mother do not wish me to discuss the matter with him or others this summer, but say that when I am further along in college I will be able to better see the question. But I am not satisfied with that way of settling great questions of duty and the keeping of the commandments of God. It seems to me that a minister could produce in five minutes any Scripture to prove his statement. Is the Bible so worded that we can not tell until we are through college whether God commands, or the apostles kept, Sunday for any reason?"

"Well, we will find that it takes the greatest scholars years of careful study to settle some matters," said Mr. Ellington.

"I should say so," replied Miss Harns. "And they seem not to have settled them yet, by the contradictory arguments we heard at the Meadville Convention."

"Then you took notes at the convention?" asked Ellington.

"No one had to, to see the results of that babel," said Miss Harns. "Father said they testified like the false witnesses against Jesus and then crucified the Sabbath between two thieves, the Mohammedan Friday and the Pope's Sunday. Father speaks his mind very freely when he talks about such matters. Mother pays no attention to it. But somehow, while mother has 'got religion' and father renounces it in a way, he has the best of the arguments when it comes to testing question by plain Scripture. I don't understand it."

"I don't see how I am to meet father's wish when this matter comes up in so many unexpected ways," said Lorna.

"'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,' father would say in answer to that statement," remarked Miss Harns.

"But like Pilate, men are still asking, 'What is truth?' and I suppose as long as the world stands, there will be unsettled conditions and the inquiry still made," remarked Mr. Ellington.

"But can not true believers find the truth

concerning matters of salvation and of God's law?" asked Lorna. "Must we forever be in the dark? If so, then God's word is not plain enough for the wayfaring man. For myself, I do not propose to go a lifetime unsettled as to what God means when he says, 'Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. . . . The seventh day is the sabbath.'"

"The Sabbath is more than a day. Man is greater than a Sabbath, and Jesus said he was Lord of the Sabbath. Are the twenty-four hours of the Seventh Day of different kind from those of the First Day? What difference does it make to God which day we rest on, if we rest and worship?" asked Mr. Ellington.

"If you were a father and told your boy to finish his plowing Friday afternoon, would you think it made any difference if he chose to finish it on Saturday? I suppose not, with that argument. But it would make a great difference with you whether he respected your wishes enough to do as you told him or made his own convenience or wish the rule. When God, through Elisha, told Naaman to go and wash seven times in Jordan, did it make any difference whether he went to the Jordan or to a river by Damascus? And when God told Saul to utterly destroy the enemy and all his flocks, did it make any difference whether he chose to serve God a little different?" said Miss Harns.

"Well, now," said Mr. Ellington, "you seem to be more under the influence of your father than mother. If he were consistent he'd be a Seventh Day Baptist at once and then where would you go?"

"Probably go with my mother. But of course that would not settle the thing God really commands," said Miss Harns.

"Now, Mr. Ellington, I did not intend to bring up this matter. It distresses me. I simply *must* get right on it. What my dear Miss Harns would do does not say what I'd do. As much as I love my parents, my first duty is to love supremely and obey my Savior and God. I just had to go contrary to my parents' wish in baptism and satisfy my conscience and truest convictions in going down into the baptismal waters. If now God says I should keep the Seventh Day, and there is no Scriptural authority—as men who keep Sunday have said themselves—for Sunday observance, I must keep the Seventh though the whole world is against me, and that is the great strug-

gle I am now having. Now you are studying for the ministry and must meet this question. Tell us frankly, is there any command in the Bible to keep holy the Sunday or first day of the week? I want just Yes or No, no beating about the bush on what Dr. So-and-so says or thinks. Answer me, please."

"That is not a fair way to put it," said Ellington.

"That is not to be discussed at this point. Kindly answer my question, Yes or No."

"Well, no."

"Very well, now is there a Scripture saying the Sabbath would be or had been changed from one day to another? Yes or No."

"No."

"Is it anywhere said that the apostles met or preached on Sunday, or celebrated the Sunday as the Sabbath? Just Yes or No."

"No."

"Now we are getting down to business," said Lorna. "Is there a single Scripture that says that the vision of John on the Lord's Day was on a literal day of twenty-four hours, or was on the first day of the week?"

"I never saw it."

"Did the people of God up to the time of the resurrection keep a definite seventh day of the week and so regard the Sabbath? Yes or No."

"Yes."

"Do you accept the statement of the Catholic Church that it has God-delegated power to change any of God's commands and institute fasts or feasts binding upon the consciences of men?"

"No, I do not."

"Is a law, human or divine, on the statute books annulled without any later enactments or statements to the contrary by the one making that law?"

"No."

"Has God ever made any statement (on record) that he had annulled his law or made it void or any portion of it?"

"No, but the ceremonial law ceased as we well know."

"Is the Sabbath law a ceremony of ordinances against us?"

"I do not think so."

"God has said, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Now if the whole world made a practice of stealing as a part of its religion, and pretended to do it in the name of Jesus,

would that annul the law and make stealing right?"

"Never."

"Does the making of a living, so-called, or a matter of convenience on man's part change the law or annul it?"

"Surely not."

"What is the divine definition of sin?"

"Sin is the transgression of the law."

"Continuing the catechism, if any human law conflicts with the divine, is the transgression of the human a sin?"

"Not necessarily."

"But is it? If God is supreme authority, as you preachers certainly say, is a human law in direct conflict with God's binding upon the conscience of any Christian who knows the divine will?"

"No."

"Can you consistently twist Paul's statements about obeying our earthly rulers, or being subject to them, to conflict with Peter's statement that 'we ought to obey God rather than man'?"

"Not by true Biblical interpretation."

"Then if sin is the transgression of God's law, and the fourth commandment has not been annulled or changed by any divine authority—observe my proposition—is it still a sin to disobey the fourth commandment, with that understanding of the matter?"

"It is a sin to knowingly transgress."

"Then if one investigates the matter and can see no change of law or annulment, but that it is still binding, is it not a knowing transgression to not keep the commandment, and will it not be a sin?"

"With your proposition, yes."

"When men of God bring these important matters to the attention of supposed Christian people, is it not wilful ignorance if they refuse or neglect to make any honest investigation of the matter?"

"I should say it was wilful and responsible ignorance."

"Then why has the great majority of clergymen, even, made so little investigation of it, and why do the masses of Protestants just take for granted the offhand statements of the leaders and make no investigation and go right on with such false interpretations of plain Bible texts? Blind leaders of the blind in this question and others important, each one living to perpetuate his own church and denomination regardless of God's plain law and teachings. Oh, this looseness and neglect and ignorance! I'm done with it. God my helper,

I will follow the truth as far as I see it. Dear Mr. Ellington, you have settled the matter of the Sabbath. Centuries of search have never revealed Scriptural authority for Sunday-keeping. It rests wholly upon tradition and the gradually growing custom of an erring church. It has no "Thus saith the Lord."

The discussion had become so earnest that they hardly realized that it was long ago time to leave the diner for other passengers to occupy. Lorna saw the porter smiling and looking at her, and Mr. Ellington paying for the orders. They arose and went to their coach, and Mr. Ellington begged pardon for such a long call and hastened to his own coach. Lorna and Miss Harns fell to quiet meditation. The great test had come to Lorna, and Miss Harns was troubled. Her father's logic was right; his heart was wrong in that he did not follow the light he had. And why had she treated it so lightly when she had heard her father discuss the matter? Surely, after this conversation, she would begin to look at it *very* seriously. Was she sinning? It must be, if she was not keeping the fourth commandment. She broke the silence by asking, "Lorna, is this a matter of salvation?"

"Keeping the whole law did not save the rich young ruler who came to Jesus. But will disobeying God save us? That is the most important question. No, if keeping the Sabbath may not of itself save us, that does not excuse disobedience. Faith in Jesus saves us. But faith without obedience is not a saving faith. 'Faith without works is dead.' But Jesus says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' 'I and my Father are one.' Then Jesus is concerned with the Father's law, and to make that law honorable was his mission in salvation. Faith does not make void the law. Jesus magnified the law. It is, then, a question of salvation whether we obey God or not. We have not truly accepted the gospel offers if we do not obey God. There is no separation of the two. Now we are up to the question, 'Will you obey?' Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.' Say—*there* is the Lord's Day if any, and not Sunday. 'My holy day,' says God. It seems to me that 'blindness hath happened in part to Israel,' not only to Israel, but to us Gentiles. Mary

Harns, what are we going to do? I am in great trouble. My parents, I believe, have arranged this very trip to put me off the track of Sabbath investigation and I have run right into it worse than ever. And Mr. Ellington, with whom I am corresponding with serious purposes, has unwittingly made me more convinced than ever that I must keep the Bible Sabbath. How can he escape the same conclusion? Oh, how this tests men! It will change his whole course in life, perhaps mine. And my parents! Mary, you will have your father with you if you obey. But I—will my loved and affectionate parents forsake me?" and she put her face in her hands and wept. She wanted to kneel right there in the coach and pray. She wanted to write to her parents. But she must wait until she and Miss Harns had a room assigned them.

(To be continued)

Mother's Songs

Often and often my thoughts go back
Like wanderers over a timeworn track
To the time when I knelt at my mother's knee
And she sang at the twilight hour to me.

Oh, the dear old songs! I can see her eyes
Aglow with the gladness of Paradise,
And I fancy she'll sing in the streets of gold
The hymns that she sang in the days of old.

"Mear," and "Hebron," and sweet "Siloam,"
Telling of rest and of hope and home;
And, dearest of all that she sang to me,
Old "Rock of Ages," and "Bethany."

As she sang them over, her face grew bright,
As if God's city was just in sight,
And she saw the angels, and heard them sing
By the great white throne, before the King.

Over her grave in the churchyard old
The grass grows green, and the moss and mold
Have almost hidden her name away
On the marble that crumbles to dust today.

But still as of old, when the twilight falls,
The voice of mother her children calls,
And we come at her bidding, o'er leagues of space,

To hear her sing in the old home-place.
—Eben E. Rexford, in the *Christian Endeavor World*.

Mrs. George W. Lewis at Rest

A card from Rev. George W. Lewis, of Jackson Center, Ohio, brings the sad news of the death of Mrs. Lewis on April 30. Obituary will appear later.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Missions a Blessing

MABEL E. JORDAN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
May 27, 1916

Daily Readings

Sunday—Light bringers (2 Cor. 4: 1-7)
Monday—Educational blessings (Prov. 22: 17-29)
Tuesday—Changing lives (Acts 8: 5-8)
Wednesday—Making men brothers (Eph. 2: 11-22)
Thursday—Planting spiritual ideals (Rom. 8: 1-14)
Friday—Creating happy homes (Luke 10: 38-42)
Sabbath Day—How missions are blessing the world (Ezek. 47: 1-12). (Foreign missionary meeting.)

BIBLE HINTS

The great river of Christian missions flows from the Christian Church; without it the missionary enterprise could not be carried on (verse 1).

Within the present generation our gifts to foreign missions have practically doubled; the river is rapidly growing deeper (verse 5).

Missions mean new fruit. The results nothing that is not life, new life, glorious life (verse 9).

Missions mean new fruit. The results of missions can not be foretold, for they are full of perpetual surprises (verse 12).

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

Foreign missions mean to the world health instead of sickness. They mean blessings to bodies as well as souls.

We in Christian America have very little idea of the condition of the people in the foreign heathen lands. In India there is no happy girlhood or young womanhood. The rule is that girls must marry before maturity. There are twenty-six million widows in India. Widows can not remarry. India is seeking, and India is being sought. The gospel message has gone out there. There are 4,000,000 Christians in India. Think of the blessings that Christianity will bring to those in darkness in seeking India.

Persia has received many blessings through the work of missionaries there. About four thousand young people of Persia are Christian Endeavorers.

Sixty millions of people in Africa have never heard of Jesus.

Will you help to carry the gospel message to those in darkness?

The chief blessing of foreign missions is the knowledge of the infinite Father which they bring, taking the place of demons and insensate-images and foul rites.

FOR ANSWER IN THE MEETING

What is my entire duty toward foreign missions?

How do foreign missions repay me?

Name a country that has been particularly blessed by foreign missions, and tell how.

What are missions doing for the world?

QUOTATIONS

No man ever sought Christ with a heart to find him who did not find him.—*D. L. Moody*.

If you want to serve your race, go where no one else will go, and do what no one else will do.—*Mary Lyon*.

Only as the Christian people of earth shall get together in their testimony, will the heathen world understand that it is true.—*Royal J. Dye*.

A PRAYER

Our heavenly Father, we thank thee that some of us are called to the hard tasks of life. We praise thy name for wisdom to conquer in thy name. Give us trust in thee. Give to the men on the far-flung battle line faith and courage to stand for thee. We take to thee in prayer today the men and women who are in lands of darkness. Give them light and give them victory. Amen.

God locks up his best blessings, but gives to every man a key wherewith to open the lock. One man tries the key of *pride*, but it will not fit the lock. Another tries the key of *vanity*, and fails. Another tries the key of *selfishness*, and he also fails. His key is three times as big as the keyhole, and he can't get it in. They all fail to unlock the door, and go away. Finally, another man comes. He puts his key to the lock and it slides in; there is not a ward that it does not touch; the bolt slides back without a sound, and the door swings open. He knows the secret. He comes in the spirit of *love*, obedience and resignation, and to him God's will is revealed.—*Beecher*.

Opposes Military Drill in Schools

It seems that Boulder, Colo., is discussing the question of introducing military drill into its public schools, and the *News-Herald* of that city publishes the following letter from our friend, Rev. Alva L. Davis.

EDITOR NEWS-HERALD:

I notice that you are desirous of obtaining an expression from the parents of Boulder touching the question of military training in our city high school. Permit me to say that I am decidedly in favor of physical training for both boys and girls in our high school. But I am just as decidedly opposed to having military training established in said school.

Don't deceive yourself, or imagine that you can deceive the public, in thinking that military training, whether "The Steever or Wyoming Idea," or any other idea, "is simply physical training under military discipline," unless you emphasize the word "military." The purpose, the underlying motive of military training is not for physical training. That is only incidental, a sort of by-product. The one word toward which military training points is *war*. Oh, I know you don't so label it. It doesn't sound so harsh to say it is to be "prepared for peace." But that is what Germany and France and England have said for years.

If there was ever an hour in the world's history when sanity, calmness and poise were needed, that hour is now. This awful carnage of war has demonstrated the hopeless bankruptcy of any attempt to base society on a selfish disregard of the needs and rights of others. Christian men and women in all nations ought to repent, in sackcloth and ashes, of the spirit and attitude of which the present war is but an unequivocal and startling expression. We ought to be ashamed of the spectacle that stalks in Europe today, which is but a glaring contradiction of the will and spirit of Christ.

That which you are advocating almost daily in your paper, in some form or other, has been advocated and applied by the nations of the earth for long, weary centuries. But no nation has ever been so well "prepared for peace" but that she has had war. The greatest military powers of the earth have in turn met defeat.

The peace-loving Hammond, in the sev-

enteenth century, when preaching before Charles I on "The Christian's Obligations to Peace and Charity," exclaimed: "Blessed Lord, where is this promise of Christ's coming, this consequent of his birth and kingdom among men? For since swords came once into the world, since the sweet of revenge and the advantage of spoiling others was once tasted, since the bloody issue once began to break out, what hath all our Christianity done to stop or stanch it? Mahomet, who professed to propagate his religion by the sword, hath not brought such store of these bloody weapons, so rich a full-stocked artillery into the world, hath not kept them so constantly employed, so sharp-set, so riotous in their thirst of blood, as hath been observable in Christendom." What would Dr. Hammond say if he lived in the twentieth century?

It would seem we have preached war as a means of settling disputes between nations about long enough; that the fallacy of armed men as a guarantee of peace has been so completely demonstrated that a "wayfaring man though a fool" need not be deceived thereby. Why not try Christianity? Why not preach it?

Christianity has not failed. It has been vindicated by the present war. That which has failed to keep peace is "preparation for peace." This deification of force has come to this natural, this inevitable catastrophe. What think you would happen, if the newspapers and magazines in Christian lands everywhere, instead of preaching war, "preparation for peace," military training, etc., would but advocate the Golden Rule as a standard of conduct between men and nations? Christ gave the law of peace to the world, and in so far as that law is applied between men and nations we will have peace. We must have a dynamic other than force to insure peace within our borders, or between nations.

Every advantage for which you are pleading for our young men can be obtained without the military spirit, without inculcating a war spirit, without training our boys to think that *war* is patriotism. My greatest objection, living protests against military training, are my two boys.

This is no time for the emulation of a mad-dog scare. Pour oil, brother, on the troubled waters.

Sincerely yours,

A. L. DAVIS.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Answer

If I should drop a wireless line to fishes in the sea, inviting them to come and dine, what would their answer be? In think, myself, they'd look surprised, and say, "We'll come at eight, if on the wireless line you'll put a little hook-less bait."

—The Churchman.

A Robin Hunt

Robert looked at his rifle admiringly. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"It's a good one, too," replied his uncle, taking it out of the boy's hands.

"Now I suppose those robins will let our cherries alone," said the boy, giving the weapon a little flourish.

"You are going to shoot some birds with it, are you, Robert?" asked his uncle.

"Yes, sir; I think I'll go out now and see if I can't get enough to make a pie."

"A robin pie is not as good as a chicken pie," said the uncle, thoughtfully.

"Why, no; I don't suppose it is."

"And do you know, Robert, I think a live robin is a lot more interesting than a dead one."

Robert began to laugh. "You do say the funniest things, Uncle Charlie, that I ever heard. Yes, I suppose a live robin is more interesting, but, you see, I've got to kill them out, or they will eat up all our cherries."

"That's a fact," said Uncle Charlie. "I believe I'll go robin hunting with you."

"Oh, all right," cried the lad, enthusiastically; "get your gun and let's go."

Uncle Charlie went in his room, and pretty soon came back with a black leather case under his arm. "I think I'll use this," he said, holding up his spyglasses. "Before you use your rifle, let's just take a look at Mr. Robin and see what he really is doing."

Robert thought that would be very good fun, so the two set out for the garden where they could see some robins up in a tree not very far away. The birds became accustomed to the presence of the two persons, and one big red-breasted fellow glided

into the air and came sailing down into the garden.

"There! There!" cried Robert, fumbling at his gun.

"Shoot him with the glasses first," whispered Uncle Charlie; "let's see what he really is doing. You want to kill him, I believe, because he steals cherries."

So Robert trained the glasses on the bird and watched it. For a moment the robin sat still on a bean-pole, then it made a quick dive into the tomatoes, and came up with a bug in its mouth. Robert could plainly see the bug struggling in its beak.

"He's got a bug," whispered Robert. "Look! Look! Why, he has hopped over and caught a grasshopper now."

Another one of the birds now came sailing to a cherry tree. "There! There!" cried the boy; "I must shoot him now; he's in the cherries."

"Let's see what he takes first," said Uncle Charlie.

So Robert watched again, and he could see the robin's beak picking away at something on the trunk of the tree. He mentioned this to Uncle Charlie, who thought it must be some tiny insect. Then Robert saw it catch a caterpillar, and what was most entertaining was the nearness of the bird. He felt he could almost reach out and touch it. After catching a bug or two more, the robin did pluck a cherry.

Robert reached for his rifle. "There, he got a cherry."

"Wait just a minute," said Uncle Charlie; "tell me just what the robin did eat on the tree."

"Well, he ate a caterpillar, three bugs, and he picked at several little things I couldn't make out; then he took a cherry."

"Well," said Uncle Charlie, "how many cherries do you suppose all those bugs and caterpillars would have ruined?"

Robert thought. "A good many, I guess; five or six."

"In all their lives?" queried Uncle Charlie.

"Oh, no, I mean today; I suppose they would ruin a whole pint in all their lives."

"Well," said Uncle Charlie, "they would ruin much more than one pint, but even at that, the robin has saved a whole pint of cherries for each bug he caught; he also picked off a lot of little insects that were boring into the tree and ruining it, and he did it all for one cherry. I think that's working pretty cheap, don't you? I don't

believe I would discharge that workman by killing him, if I were you."

"I don't believe I will," said Robert. "It's really more fun to watch them than it is to look at a dead robin anyway."

So Robert laid his gun aside and continued gazing at the graceful movements of the birds through the glasses.—*Baptist Boys and Girls.*

Home News

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—The Sabbath-school class taught by Mrs. C. W. Thorngate enjoyed a very pleasant time at the home of a member of the class, Helen Hutchins, Sunday. Of course the teacher was one of the youngsters too.

Only two of the twenty-three teachers were absent from their classes last week. Pretty good record, but how many scholars failed to attend Sabbath school? There were about 180 present—the week before over 200 were there.

The Seventh Day Baptist choir gave their operetta Monday night in the Wilson Presbyterian church in Mira Valley. The house was crowded to the doors, and splendid attention was given them. An offering of about \$25 was received, for which the choir is truly thankful. The operetta has brought the choir nearly \$90, which sum will be added to the church treasury.

The Working Man's Money

In one of our large cities a laboring man leaving a large saloon, saw a costly carriage and pair standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor.

"Whose establishment is that?" he said to the saloon-keeper as the carriage rolled away.

"It is mine," replied the dealer, proudly. "It cost thirty-five hundred dollars. My wife and daughter can not do without it."

The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought; then, looking up, said with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by some startling flash, "I see it! I see it!"

"See what?" queried the saloon-keeper.

"See where, for years, my wages have gone. I helped pay for that carriage, for those horses and gold-mounted harness, and for the silks and laces for your family. The money that I have earned, that should

have given my wife and children a home of our own, and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages, and the wages of others like me, have gone to support you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife shall have the benefit of my wages; and, by the help of God, I will never spend another dime for drink."—*A Southern Leaflet.*

Women and Cripples in a French Church

At the first town at which I stopped after leaving Marseilles I spoke to the conductor of the tramcar in which I was riding—and the conductor was a woman.

"If you wish to see how we feel," said she, "get off here at the church and enter; it is the hour of the mass."

I went into the church. At first I thought that I had made a mistake and come upon a hospital. The congregation was large, but it was composed almost entirely of convalescent soldiers and the women who had been nursing them. The priest offered a prayer referring to the war; the women were silent with a silence more significant than tears.—*Christian Herald.*

Painting Her Portrait

If I could be such an old lady as that, so beautiful, serene, sweet, and lovable, I wouldn't mind growing old, said a young girl the other day, speaking of a white-haired visitor who had just departed.

"Well, if you want to be that kind of an old lady you'd better begin making her right now," laughed a keen-witted companion. "She doesn't strike me as a piece of work that was done in a hurry; it has taken a long time to make her what she is. If you are going to paint that sort of portrait of yourself to leave to the world you'd better be mixing your colors now."—*N. C.*

Draw a line between the folks who say, "Oh, I can't be at prayer meeting Wednesday night—I have another engagement," and those who say, "Wednesday evening? Oh, I can't make any engagement for that night—I must be at prayer meeting," and you will have nearly all the conscientious, reliable working force of the church on one side of it. Which side?—*Interior.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

Teaching Suggestions for An Adult Class

Given at the quarterly meeting at Milton Junction by G. R. Boss, superintendent of the Walworth Sabbath School.

The teacher should be careful not to do too much of the talking but should simply conduct the class, drawing out the class and getting their views in a diplomatic way.

It often occurs in an adult class that one or two of its members do most of the talking if the teacher allows them. This can be overcome by calling out different ones before asking the question.

The quiet ones in the class often have the best thoughts if drawn out. It often works well, when there are several in a class that can teach, to pass the teaching around, the teacher acting as superintendent. The greater the number that take part in a class the greater the interest. The greater the interest the greater the study of the lesson. If you want your class to grow in numbers and interest, get all members to work and with that work comes deeper interest and increased attendance.

Lesson IX.—May 27, 1916

THE COUNCIL AT JERUSALEM.—Acts 15: 1-35
Golden Text.—"For freedom did Christ set us free." Gal. 5: 1a.

DAILY READINGS

May 21—Acts 15: 1-11. Council at Jerusalem
May 22—Acts 15: 12-21. Decision of the Council
May 23—Acts 15: 22-35. Decrees of the Council
May 24—Gal. 5: 1-6. Freedom from Bondage
May 25—Mark 7: 1-8. Source of Uncleanness
May 26—Gal. 3: 1-9. Gospel of Faith
May 27—Rom. 3: 21-31. Righteousness by Faith
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

"Home is seldom more precious to the heart than when its lighted windows can just be glimpsed in the far distance at night-fall."

Not long since, a Moslem gentleman in Tunis, North Africa, said that the greatest danger to the Mohammedan faith comes through Christian work among their children.—*Missionary Visitor.*

Here's A New Proposition

A TYPEWRITER BY PARCEL POST
ON TEN DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION

This typewriter is not an unknown machine of unknown make. It is the

REMINGTON JUNIOR

the very latest addition to the great Remington family of typewriters. A new and smaller Remington—built for the needs of the professional man and the home.

At the end of 10 days, if you decide not to keep it, send it back—no obligation involved. If you decide to keep it, the price is \$50. Send us 10 monthly payments of \$5 each and the machine is yours.

Just the machine you have always needed, made by the most celebrated typewriter makers in the world, and sold on just the terms that suit you.

Remington Typewriter Company,
(Incorporated)
327 Broadway, New York

Send me a Remington Junior Typewriter, price \$50, on free examination. It is understood that I may return the machine, if I choose, within ten days. If I decide to purchase it, I agree to pay for it in 10 monthly payments of \$5 each.

MARRIAGES

GREEN-BOND.—At the home of the bride's sister, in North Loup, Valley Co., Neb., at 8 o'clock p. m., on April 29, 1916, by their pastor, Rev. George B. Shaw, Leslie J. Green and Mary Ethel Bond, all of North Loup.

DEATHS

BROWN.—George Tracy Brown was born at Richfield, N. Y., September 12, 1839, and died at his home at Irwindale, Cal., March 28, 1916.

He was the son of Benjamin Dow and Dollie Barstow Brown, who were both of English ancestry.

Mr. Brown's business career began as a clerk in a store at Unadilla Forks, N. Y. He early contracted asthma, which caused him to turn his mind westward. He came to California in 1862, by the "overland trail," which meant much in those days of troublesome Indians and "road agents." He was sixty-four days in passing from Omaha to San Francisco.

He became a pioneer miner and stock raiser. In 1885 he came to Los Angeles County, where he became a successful fruit raiser and shipper. His orange grove of about fifty acres is one of the finest in the San Gabriel valley. He was one of the organizers of the Azusa Irrigating Company, which has one of the best water systems in the valley. For a long term of years he was its president or vice president; and at the time of his death was one of its directors.

The subject of this sketch was a public-spirited man, taking a deep interest in the construction of oiled and concrete roads and boulevards, for which San Gabriel valley is justly noted. He was a man of strong convictions, with a keen sense of justice and right, not easily turned from his purpose. His standard of morals was of the highest. He was a man of unusually clear and sound business judgment, a loyal citizen and friend.

When a young man, in his eastern home, he was a church member; but during his long and eventful pioneer life, religion lost its grip. But during his illness of several months—the only illness he ever had—he told the writer of this sketch that his trust was again fixed in Jesus as his personal Savior.

He was united in marriage to Miss Mary W. Clark, of Brookfield, N. Y., June 10, 1874, who, with their daughter, Miss Phebe Leora Brown, and son, Carleton Barstow Brown, survive him.

The farewell services were held at the Brown ranch home, surrounded by sweet-breathed orange groves, roses, lilies, and blooming hedges and vines. The throngs of people in attendance and the great banks of floral offerings told of the high regard in which the departed was held by his neighbors and business associates.

G. W. H.

POTTER.—Mary Jane Potter, of Adams, N. Y., was born September 7, 1837, and died at the home of her daughter after a lingering illness, April 7, 1916.

On January 27, 1861, he was united in marriage to Baily Potter, a soldier in the Civil War, who passed to the life beyond March 19, 1885. To this union two children, twins, were born, Darius Bailey Potter and Della M. Babcock. Because of sickness, Mr. Potter was unable to attend his mother's funeral. Besides her two children she is survived by one sister, Sybil Gregory, of Burville, N. Y.

At the age of nineteen she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Adams Center and remained a faithful member until her death.

Funeral services were conducted at the home of her daughter, in Adams, by her pastor, A. Clyde Ehret, after which she was laid to rest in the Adams Center Cemetery. A. C. E.

MAXON.—In Farina, Ill., April 8, 1916, Mrs. Adeline West Maxon, in the eighty-sixth year of her age.

Mrs. Maxon was born in Grafton, N. Y., September 2, 1830. She was the oldest daughter of Rev. Amos West and Lois Davison West. She had one sister, Abigail, who was the wife of Rev. C. M. Lewis, besides three half-sisters all of whom some years ago passed on to their reward. When she was four years old her mother died, and she with her sister was left to care for themselves, her father, who had consumption, soon going west. For a number of years she worked in a cotton factory in Hoosick Falls, and then went to Bennington. She had very little opportunity for an education.

She and her sister finally went to North Adams, Mass., where, in 1848, she was married to George R. Bly. Mr. Bly lived only a year and a half after their marriage. The young widow then went to Adams, N. Y., where, in 1853, she was married to Lorenzo H. Maxon. In February, 1854, they moved to Walworth, Wis. Their only child, Charles W. Maxon, was born in May, 1856. In 1865 they located at Farina in order to escape the cold winters of Wisconsin. They were among the early settlers, coming before scarcely any of the prairie was broken. They had their share of sickness and hardships, but they had the privilege of helping to develop a country which we are proud of today. They were here at the organization of the Farina Church in April, 1866, and with forty-five others became constituent members. Mr. Maxon, being a carpenter, helped to build the church building which is still in use. Mr. Maxon died November 12, 1904, at the age of 88 years.

Mrs. Maxon has lived a consistent Christian life many years. She was a very lovable woman, always with a cheerful smile and a pleasant word. She enjoyed life very much, but was ready to go when the Lord called her. A friend in writing of her death said, "To know her was to love her, to have daily converse with her was education, to go to her in trouble was a benediction. Where is another like her, so ready in help and sympathy, so unfailingly cheerful, and upon whose life is the law of charity?" She loved nature, which was very apparent by her garden of flowers and her knowledge of

birds. She was a grandmother to all the community and her many friends and neighbors will miss her.

The funeral services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist church of Farina, Ill., Monday afternoon, April 10, conducted by Pastor L. O. Greene. She was laid to rest in the Farina Cemetery. L. O. G.

OVERMIRE.—L. W. Overmire was born in Sandusky County, Ohio, October 1, 1842, and died at his home in Garwin, April 8, 1916, aged 73 years, 6 months and 8 days.

In the year 1851 he with his father's entire family landed at Iowa City where they spent the winter, and in March, 1852, left Iowa City for Tama County, landing on the banks of Derr Creek, on the site of the old Bruner saw mill, in which vicinity he lived four years. In the spring of 1856, they moved to Monticello, and lived there until 1860, and then moved to the old homestead, where the family grew to maturity.

May 18, 1871, he married Elizabeth Wilson, who died August 11, 1881. She was the daughter of James and Mary Wilson. The children of this family were: Mrs. Lena Bond, of Garwin, Iowa; James Franklin, of Haverlock, Iowa; Walter and Willie, who died in childhood; and a daughter, Orpha Lauella, who passed away August 23, 1911. On December 6, 1883, Mr. Overmire married Clara Bell Bond. To this marriage was born one child, Warren, who died in infancy.

Mr. Overmire came from a sturdy stock of old-country people, who settled in America before the Revolution, and helped our national defenders. They leave a record of good and patriotic deeds, were interested in all the good things, and in the welfare of the country. Mr. Overmire was a staunch member of the Christian Church, of which he had been a member a great many years. A few years ago he was elected as an elder for life by the church of Garwin. He was of a literary turn of mind; he read many books and papers, keeping himself well posted in the affairs of life. He loved nature, and enjoyed the raising of fruits and flowers. His sickness brought out the strong features of his character. He bore his suffering with the greatest patience, never complaining. His faith was supreme. With Paul he could say: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." He passed away peacefully in the hope of the Redeemer. Besides his wife and son and daughter to mourn his departure, he leaves one brother, Silas, of Lenox, Iowa, who was present at the funeral; also fourteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and a great many acquaintances made through his long residence in Iowa.

The funeral services were held in the Christian church at Garwin, George W. Biersborn officiating. L. F. H.

STILLMAN.—Mary Grace, daughter of Ephraim and Pamela Potter Stillman, was born near Ashaway, R. I., April 17, 1832, and died at the same old home place, April 10, 1916, being within one week of eighty-four years of age. She was the second child of a family of ten, being a sister of the late Rev. Horace Still-

man, and early in life began doing her share in the support of the family. She graduated from Alfred in the classical course, in 1861, and was one of the oldest living graduates of that institution. For many years she was a successful teacher in the New York schools. She dearly loved nature, books and travel, having journeyed widely in America and Europe. Her later years were spent on the old homestead, caring for two elderly sisters, enjoying her books and flowers, and dispensing help and cheer to all who came within her sphere of influence.

During the pastorate of Elder Charles M. Lewis, she became a Christian and joined the First Hopkinton Church, September 17, 1853. Her membership was transferred to the New York City Seventh Day Baptist Church, December 16, 1882, where she continued a member the remainder of her life.

The qualities of integrity, thoroughness, perseverance, devotion to duty and loyalty to truth marked her whole life. An earnest Christian, she was a liberal giver, and no just and needy call of benevolence ever appealed to her in vain. She was one of the most devoted attendants upon church worship—her love for God and nature leading her to furnish flowers for the sanctuary from early spring to late autumn.

In her last sickness she was a keen but patient sufferer, and but for leaving those dependent upon her, she longed to be at rest. She is survived by a brother, Herbert, of Westerly, R. I., two unmarried sisters, Frances and Jenny Lind, of Potter Hill, and a sister, Mrs. Eunice Conger, of Peninsula, Ohio. These, with many nieces and nephews and other near relatives and friends, remain to hold her in memory dear.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn, pastor First Hopkinton Church, and burial followed in the old First Hopkinton Cemetery. H. C. V. H.

LANGWORTHY.—Sarah Maxson, widow of Clarke F. Langworthy, was born at Brookfield, N. Y., November 5, 1825, and died in Ashaway, R. I., April 19, 1916, at the ripe age of 90 years, 5 months, and 14 days.

She was the daughter of Thomas and Abby Davis Coon. When twenty-one years old she came to Ashaway where she continued the remainder of her life. She was baptized and joined the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1856, of which she was a loyal and interested member until her death. July 5, 1847, she was married to Horace Maxson, who died in 1889. Of this union there were born three children, one of whom died in early infancy, the others being Clarence Maxson, of Porterdale, Ga., and Mrs. Annette Larkin, of Ashaway. In 1893 she was married to Clarke F. Langworthy, whom she survived several years.

Mrs. Langworthy was a woman of noble life and character and will be missed by many loved ones and friends of long standing. Besides the son and daughter mentioned above, she leaves to mourn their loss a granddaughter, Miss Alice A. Larkin, a writer well and favorably known to RECORDER and many other periodical readers; also two brothers, George G. Coon, of Milton, and O. Laverne Coon, of Albion, Wis., and two

(Continued on page 640—second column)

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 36 Glen Road, Yonkers, N. Y.

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

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

Persons spending the Sabbath in Long Beach are cordially invited to attend the regular church services at the home of Glen E. Osborn, 2077 American Ave. Sermon at 10.30, by Rev. Geo. W. Hills, and Sabbath school at 11.30. Any Los Angeles car stops at Hill St., one block north of the Osborn home or any Willowville car from down town brings you almost to the door.

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

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

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

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

"Now, thankfulness is not a minor virtue. It is not one of the elementary virtues which may be left behind as we become more mature. I believe that thankfulness is essential to the strength of every virtue, and that without it every other branch is starved and lean.—J. H. Jowett.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.—Emerson.

The Sabbath Recorder

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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

Terms of Subscription

Per year\$2.00
Per copy05

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

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

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

Advertising rates furnished on request.

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

(Continued from page 639)

sisters, Mrs. Charlotte Maxson and Mrs. Caroline Stillman, who have lived with her for several years past and who tenderly cared for her in her last illness.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. H. C. Van Horn, and she was tenderly laid to rest in the beautiful Oak Grove Cemetery.
H. C. V. H.

VAN HORN.—Martha Babcock Van Horn, daughter of John and Elizabeth Babcock, was born in Clark County, Ohio, May 26, 1836, and died at the home of her son, U. Sherman Van Horn, Welton, Iowa, April 24, 1916.

When she was about five years old the family moved to Shelby County, Ohio, two miles north of Port Jefferson. At about the age of fourteen they moved to Defiance County, five miles south of Fort Defiance. After a few years they came to Welton, Iowa, in 1854, where she spent the remainder of her life. She has been for over sixty-one years a faithful member of the Welton Seventh Day Baptist Church, being one of the twenty-one constituent members.

She was united in marriage to John B. Van Horn, April 8, 1856, Rev. Lewis A. Davis officiating. Mr. Van Horn died May 20, 1900, aged sixty-eight years. To them were born seven children. The first three died in childhood. Those still surviving are Mrs. Clara L. Van Horn, Mr. U. Sherman Van Horn, of Welton, Iowa, Mrs. Naomi Ruth Van Horn, of Garwin, Iowa, and Mrs. Lizzie A. Knight, of Gentry, Ark., who, with two brothers, James O. Babcock, of Welton, Iowa, and N. Wilson Babcock, of North Loup, Neb., thirteen grandchildren and numerous other more distant relatives and friends, mourn their loss, yet not as those who have no hope.

Funeral services were conducted by her former pastor, Rev. G. W. Burdick, of Milton, Wis., and interment was made by the side of her husband and three little children, in the cemetery by the church.
G. W. B.

"Christ appealed to the spiritual instincts, not the 'strong arm' instinct in humanity."

BOARD OF FINANCE.

President—Dr. George W. Post, 4138 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
Secretary—Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Custodian—Dr. Albert S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

Dr. George E. Coon, Milton Junction, Wis.; Harold M. Burdick, Milton Junction, Wis.; Grant W. Davis, Milton, Wis.; W. K. Davis, Milton, Wis.; Wm. M. Davis, Chicago, Ill.; Walton H. Ingham, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Dr. H. L. Hulett, Bolivar, N. Y.; Winfield S. Bonham, Shiloh, N. J.; Orra S. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J.; Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE

GENERAL CONFERENCE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Secretary, Southwestern Association—Mrs. R. J. Mills, Hammond, La.

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

Secretary, Pacific Coast Association—Mrs. N. O. Moore, Long Beach, Cal.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

President—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.

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

Vice-Presidents—Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn, Ashaway, R. I.; Rev. Wm. L. Davis, Brookfield, N. Y.;

Rev. W. D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.; Mr. Roy F. Randolph, New Milton, W. Va.; Rev. Wm. M. Simpson, Nile, N. Y.; Rev. R. J. Severance, Riverside, Cal.;

Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, Fouke, Ark.; Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, North Loup, Neb.

Trustees—Prof. A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.; Dr. A. L. Burdick, Janesville, Wis.; W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.; Grant W. Davis, Milton, Wis.;

Mrs. Mabel C. Sayre, Albion, Wis.; Rev. L. C. Randolph, Milton, Wis.; E. M. Holston, Milton Junction, Wis.;

R. Vernon Hurley, Milton, Wis.; Dr. G. E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.; Prof. D. N. Inglis, Milton, Wis.;

Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.; Dr. L. M. Babcock, Milton, Wis.; Geo. M. Ellis, Milton, Wis.;

Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.; Rev. Wm. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.

Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June, in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD.

President—Rev. H. N. Jordan.

Vice-Presidents—Carroll B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.; George Thorngate, North Loup, Neb.;

Miss Carrie Nelson, Milton, Wis.; Miss Marjorie Bliven, Albion, Wis.; Allison Burdick, Milton, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Miss Beulah Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Zea Zinn, Milton, Wis.

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

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

Editor of Young People's Department of Sabbath Recorder—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Verona, N. Y.

Junior Superintendent—Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.

Field Secretaries—Miss Edna Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.;

Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, Verona, N. Y.;

Miss Mabel Jordan, Nile, N. Y.;

Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.;

Mrs. Bernice A. Hurley, Welton, Iowa.;

Miss Lucile Davis, Salem, W. Va.;

C. C. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark.;

Miss Luella Baker, Riverside, Cal.

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT

President—Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I.
Recording Secretary—Mr. Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.
Corresponding Secretaries—Rev. E. B. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I.; Prof. E. E. Whitford, 180 Claremont Ave., New York, N. Y.;

Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.;

Mr. W. K. Davis, Milton, Wis.;

Mr. F. J. Ehret, Salem, W. Va.;

Mr. W. R. Potter, Hammond, La.;

and Dr. H. C. Brown, Brookfield, N. Y.

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

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

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

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

Plainfield, N. J.

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY
Babcock Building.
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING OF ALL KINDS.

WILLIAM MAXSON STILLMAN,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.
First Semester began September 15, 1915.
Catalogue sent upon request.

FREE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.
Catalogue sent upon request.
Address, Alfred Theological Seminary.

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

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

New York City

HERBERT G. WHIPPLE,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
220 Broadway, St. Paul Building.

HARRY W. PRENTICE, D. D. S.,
"THE NORTHPORT,"
76 West 103d Street.

Chicago, Ill.

BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
1140 First Nat'l Bank Building, Phone Central 360.

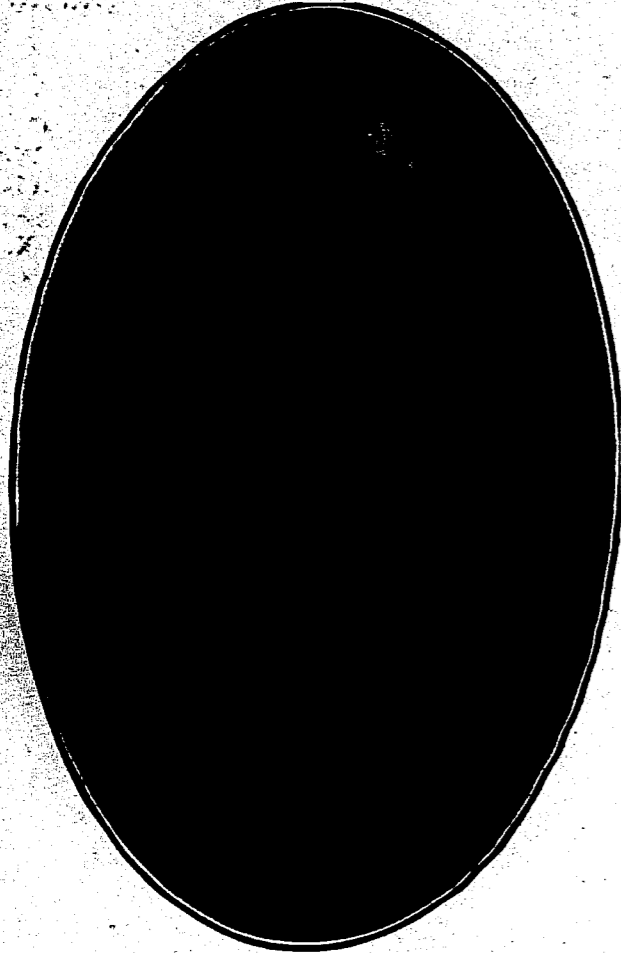
The Sabbath Recorder

It is less of a compliment to the age in which we live than many suppose, to say that it is a critical age. The critical faculty has its own value, and is not to be despised. It has done, and is doing, good service in correcting errors, reforming abuses, and demolishing superstitions. But it is a very small part of a man after all. A great critic may be a very small man; and a critical age may be quite an inferior one. The constructive faculty is much nobler in itself, and immeasurably more valuable in its results, for the obvious reason that it is a much nobler and better thing to build up than to pull down. It is an easy thing to destroy; and there are always destroyers enough. It requires skill and labor to erect a building; any idle tramp can burn it down. God alone can form and paint a flower; any foolish child can pull it all to pieces.

—J. Monroe Gibson.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—Encouraging Signs: Churches Responding.—The Forward Movement: Is It a Reality or Only a Memory?—A Message From Rev. H. Eugene Davis.—The "Gospel Herald."—Dr. Josiah Strong.—Bleed-wolf and "Booze." Number Two.—Sabbath Keepers in Ceylon.—We Are "Not Religious"—So Says a Japanese.—"Talked Up, Worked Up, Prayed Up Beforehand".....	641-644
Another Victim of the Rum Fiend.....	644
The Mills Compared.....	645
Program for Central Association.....	646
Stephen Babcock Gone Home.....	646
Sabbath Reform.—The Weekly Cycle.	647
Billy Sunday in Kansas City.....	648
Troubled Hearts.....	652
Missions.—Tiny Prayer Lesson.—A Plea for Efficiency.....	653
The Great Test, or the Struggles and Triumph of Lorna Selover.....	654
Woman's Work.—The Silent (poetry).—Miss West Writes of Temperance Work in the Girls' School.....	659
Good News From Battle Creek, Mich.	660
Josiah Strong, Pioneer.....	661
Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors.....	663
Children's Page.—Burying the Hatchet.....	664
Semi-Annual Meeting.....	664
Mrs. Ella I. Lewis.....	665
Resolutions of Respect.....	665
Sabbath School.—Working All Along the Line.—Lesson for June 3, 1916..	666
Home News.....	667
Milton College Notes.....	668
Marriages.....	669
Deaths.....	669

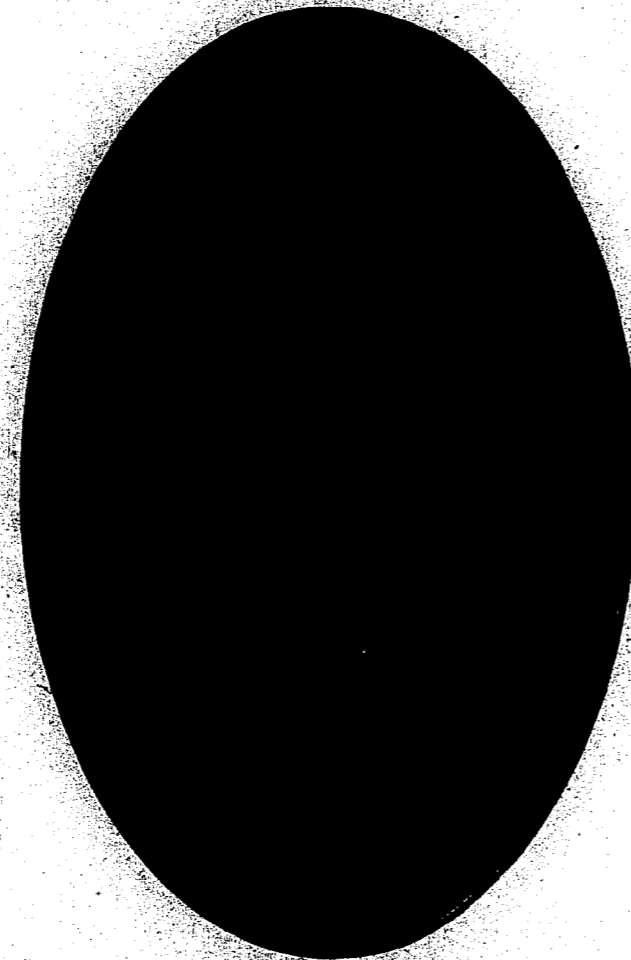


On Sabbath morning of Rally Day we are asked to make a **FREEWILL** offering to the Missionary Society to liquidate the debt of \$4000.00. Unless this matter is *talked up* and *worked up* and *prayed up* by somebody beforehand, the amount will be small that is thus contributed. "We are well able to overcome it." Let us all lift together, and the burden for each one will not be great.

REV. ABRAM H. LEWIS, D. D.
Sabbath Writer and Orator
1836-1908

May 27, 1916
SABBATH RALLY DAY
for Seventh Day Baptists

How many copies of the Sabbath Day Rally programs do YOU want in your Sabbath School? We **MUST** know before May 15, in order to know how many copies to print.



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

American Sabbath Tract Society
Plainfield, New Jersey