

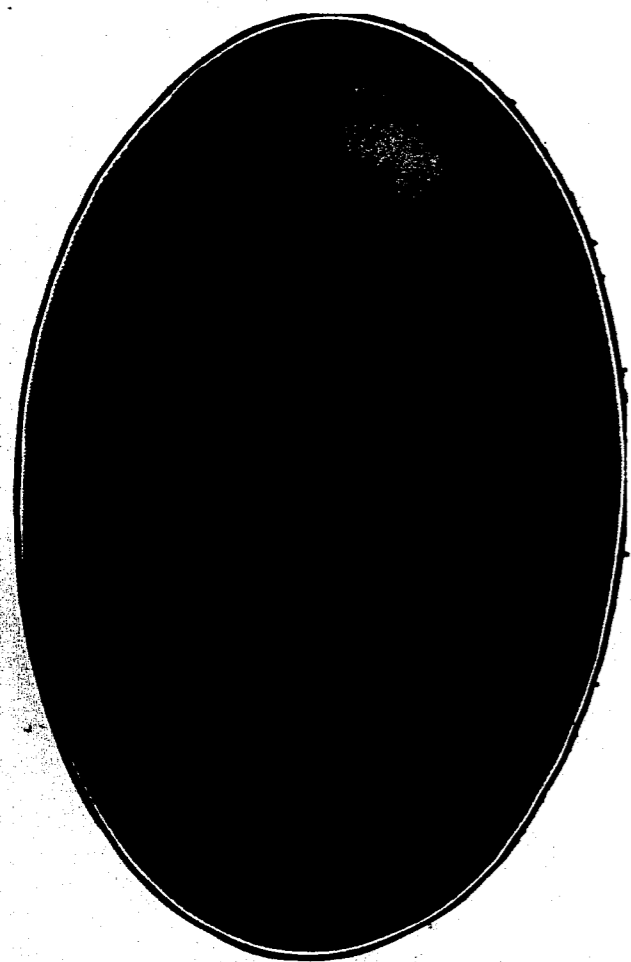
The Sabbath Recorder



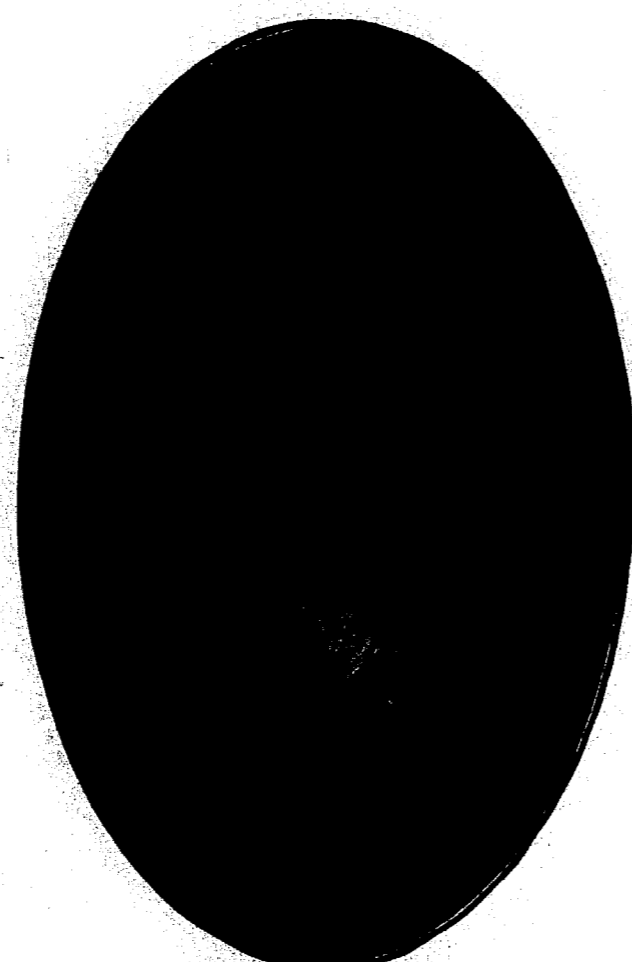
REV. THEODORE L. GARDINER, D. D.
Editor of the Sabbath Recorder

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May 27, 1916
SABBATH RALLY DAY
for Seventh Day Baptists



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The Sabbath Recorder

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VOL. 80, NO. 22

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 29, 1916

WHOLE NO. 3,717

Stephen Babcock Our readers have already learned through the brief note in the last RECORDER of the going home of Professor Stephen Babcock, who fell asleep at his residence in Yonkers, N. Y., on the morning of May 19, 1916. For many years Brother Babcock has been a conspicuous person in our annual denominational gatherings. He was recognized as a loyal supporter of all lines of denominational work, and although totally blind for sixty-five years of his life did remarkable service and became proficient in many ways. He served as president of the General Conference in 1906, for many years was a director of the American Sabbath Tract Society, and for ten years its president. He was also a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Board.

His greatest work was with the blind. In 1853, he became a student in the New York School for the Blind, soon was appointed a teacher, and then principal, which position he held until, in 1901, he retired from active service. Under his instruction the first set of raised maps for the blind were constructed. These maps were used in Europe and America and are still standard maps for the blind.

Brother Babcock always took the keenest interest in current events, and few men were better informed upon the topics of his time. He was a happy, devoted Christian, whom it was a source of strength and encouragement to know.

Doubtless an extended biographical sketch will be furnished the SABBATH RECORDER in due time. For this we wait. Meanwhile the editor desires to bear this testimony to the worth of a good man who has long been a help and inspiration. Many pleasant memories of Brother Stephen Babcock abide and we can but feel a personal loss. He will be greatly missed in his church, of which he was a most loyal supporter, in the Tract Board, where his counsels were highly prized, and in our denominational gatherings, where he was a safe and wise adviser.

Biederwolf Campaign Closing Days The most striking feature during the last week of the Biederwolf evangelistic campaign, Plainfield, N. J., was the civic-religious parade, which took place on Wednesday evening, May 17. It was participated in by all the churches and societies that had united in the revival movement, each church or society arranging its own display. About 8,000 people took part, and it was estimated that fully 12,000 more lined the streets on both sides throughout the entire route. There were six divisions, as follows, all led by an excellent band of music and a flaming cross illuminated by scores of electric lights: first, automobiles, with the evangelist and his party, the mayor and city officials, closely followed by the ministers of many churches marching and waving flags and lanterns; second, the Grand Army of the Republic, and Sons of Veterans, ushers and tabernacle assistants, and members of the local Women's Christian Temperance Union; third, the great chorus choir of 1,000 members, singing as they marched, representatives of the two Christian Associations and the Boy Scouts. Then came students of various schools, men's church clubs and Bible classes, and fraternal societies. These were followed by visiting delegations from surrounding towns and by Bible schools and church delegations of Plainfield. Following all were more than forty automobiles decorated with Japanese lanterns, flags, and flowers.

It took more than a half hour for this procession to pass a given point. Nearly every one carried a lantern or flag, and many illuminated banners were displayed. The Dutch Arms Band, of Plainfield, the Fife and Drum Corps, and the Westfield Band were distributed along the line to furnish music. Some significant floats gave tone and character to the demonstration. The W. C. T. U. people had two water wagons, on one of which Uncle Sam was riding. In large letters on these wag-

ons and on banners carried by members we were told: "Plainfield is going dry; you might as well get used to the Water Wagon," "Saloons Must Go," "Booze Breaks Mothers' Hearts," "Booze Brings Misery," and "Save Mothers' Boys." Then there was a great wagon filled with women, each carrying a banner on which was the name of some State gone dry.

There were thousands of the Stars and Stripes in line, and one flag so large that four boys had to carry it, one holding each corner. Marching alone was a woman wheeling a baby carriage and carrying the national colors. Two little boys, side by side, one black and the other white, attracted much attention. Houses along the line were illuminated, and, aside from the many lights carried by marchers, Boy Scouts were stationed along the streets to light the way with fire.

Seventh Day Baptists In the Parade The people of our own church and Sabbath school made a good showing in the Biederwolf parade. The parade had been planned and announced for "Friday night," but when the committee was told that Seventh Day Baptists could not join in such a demonstration on the Sabbath, the leaders most courteously reconsidered their plans, and out of respect for our feelings, changed the date to Wednesday.

There were 120 in the line from our church and Sabbath school. Pastor Shaw led with a large flag on which was the cross as the sign by which we conquer. Superintendent William C. Hubbard, Professor Henry M. Maxson, and the editor, marching abreast, followed the pastor, all carrying the Stars and Stripes. Then came our Boy Scouts with a national flag, a troop flag and many smaller ones. The boys carried a large white banner inscribed, "Seventh Day Baptists." Several times we overheard the crowds reading this inscription, once with the exclamation, "Here they are!"

After the Boy Scouts came the primary department, then the main school, and last of all the home department in a decorated automobile truck. On the front of this float was a large electric cross, well illuminated, which was admired by thousands. On both sides of our float was the inscription in

large letters, "For Christ and his Sabbath," followed by the refrain of a favorite tabernacle song, "Come Over on the Other Side." On the rear were the words, "Come With Us."

There was also a good company in the line from the Seventh Day Baptist Church of New Market, N. J.

Stirring Scenes at the Tabernacle Hundreds of people were shut out of the tabernacle, as the paraders had right of way that night. It was after nine o'clock when the last of the line had been seated and the evangelist could begin his work. Never had Plainfield seen such a demonstration on her streets, and it is probable that she had never known such a meeting as the one that followed the parade. When the procession, headed by the Dutch Arms Band, began to pour in through the doors, the enthusiasm was unbounded; the chorus choir stopped singing, people sprang to their feet and made everything ring with their cheers. When a pupil of one of the schools would rise and wave his school colors, that would be the signal for another outbreak of enthusiasm. Each school or society seemed trying to lift its own colors the highest. One boy climbed a post and fastened his emblem to a crossbeam near the roof, and not to be outdone a young man, climbing a central post, placed the United States flag over all in the very highest point of the tabernacle. Finally, when the marchers were all in and seated, and hundreds were standing about the doors, "Mac," the Scotch leader of the chorus choir, called on everybody to sing, "Show Your Colors," and more than seven thousand men and women sprang to their feet, and swinging thousands of flags in time with the music, made everything ring with the words:

Make a forward move for the Lord today,
Come over on the other side;
'Tis the King's command, dare you disobey?
Come over on the other side.

Chorus—

Show your colors, show your colors,
Join His army true and tried;
With the hosts of sin you will never win,
Come over on the other side:
Show your colors, show your colors
For the King they crucified;
Jesus leads the way to eternal day,
Come over on the other side.

When Dr. Biederwolf arose to speak, he was greeted with cheers, and after a moment's pause, his first words were, "Will you ever forget it?" referring to the demonstration just witnessed. The enthusiastic "No!" from thousands of voices showed something of the impressions the work of the evening thus far had made.

Other religious demonstrations had been seen in Plainfield; other revivals had been witnessed here; but all agree that never before have the city and surrounding country been so deeply stirred in matters of religion. Night after night and day after day, for six weeks, from 4,000 to 7,000 people have flocked to the tabernacle to hear the stirring messages, and scores of cottage prayer meetings have been held daily. There have been special meetings for men, special meetings for women, meetings at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and with high school students. Delegations from other towns, from the great shops and from various business circles, have received particular attention, and no night has passed since the middle of the first week without many seekers having "hit the trail."

While Plainfield was a little slow in awakening to the good the services were doing, everything now shows that its people fully recognize the fact that Dr. Biederwolf has, by God's help, made lasting impressions for good that will abide with all the churches and be a source of blessing to the entire community for many years to come.

Farewell Meetings With the closing, on May 22, of the Biederwolf evangelistic campaign came a wonderful meeting. With 7,200 people packed into the tabernacle, hundreds could not get in. Indeed the great building was filled long before time for the song service to begin.

The three meetings of the day before—the last Sunday of the campaign—had prepared the way for a great closing. It had been understood from the beginning that Dr. Biederwolf was to receive nothing for his own services until all other expenses of the campaign had been paid, and that the freewill offerings of the last Sunday were to be given to him. This plan of showing their love for the evangelist and expressing appreciation of his work

had been carried out by the people on Sunday, May 21, but no results were announced until the farewell meeting.

The plan of the campaign from the first had been for the Christian workers, after each sermon, to labor with their friends while the congregation stood to sing. Thus many had been persuaded to start in the new life. But on Sunday night, Dr. Biederwolf had requested that everybody remain seated and that no one ask another to go to the front. He simply urged those who felt the movings of the Holy Spirit to arise and go forward of their own accord. The result was wonderful. Seventeen seats holding 20 or 21 persons each were soon filled. The services in the morning and the men's meeting in the afternoon had also brought forth great results. And now, when so great a throng had been moved to start with so little urging from without, everybody could see that the Holy Spirit was working mightily.

As the time drew near for the farewell meeting, Monday night, people seemed to understand that the best seats could be secured by those only who went early; and so, an hour and a half before time to begin, they were already flocking toward the tabernacle. Standing room alone was left for those who arrived at the time to begin services.

Mr. McEwan, the happy-faced Scotch leader of the chorus choir, known now to every one here as "Mac," sometimes "Scotch Mac," announced a favorite hymn, "There is Honey in the Rock," but before the first stanza was sung a tremendous uproar of applause stopped the singing—Dr. Biederwolf had entered and was coming down the aisle. Soon after the opening, a paper signed by the mayor and officials and by many leading men was approved with enthusiasm and presented to Dr. Biederwolf, expressing in well-chosen words the high esteem in which he is held by the people of Plainfield and North Plainfield. This was indeed a splendid tribute and Dr. Biederwolf, greatly moved, responded as best he could. Of the meeting at this point the Plainfield *Courier-News* says:

Judge William N. Runyon arose and voiced the feelings of all present when he said: "There is a heaviness in the hearts of all of us for we are taking leave of God's messenger who has been so greatly blessed in his mission and who

has brought us so close to God during these past weeks. It will take more than the ordinary amount of stamina for us to go through this service and Dr. Biederwolf has a hard task before him in bidding us good-by."

When Dr. Biederwolf arose to reply it was the signal for another ovation. He told the great congregation that he began the campaign here with much fear and trembling. He felt that a campaign in Plainfield differed in many material respects from other campaigns he had conducted. He knew some mistakes had been made and there had been some crudities that might better have been eliminated, but, said he, "Notwithstanding any errors I may have made I shall never cease to thank God for the opportunity he has given me to minister to you in holy things and I am happy tonight to know that thousands have beheld Jesus to the salvation of their souls."

The chairman of the campaign arrangements next took possession of the meeting and announced that the collections for running expenses had amounted to \$4,668; the offering on the second Sunday for paying all bills, \$7,050; and special collections for benevolent institutions, \$1,526. He then announced that a friend had placed in his hands a sum of money to be divided among the helpers who had been so faithful in the musical part of the programs, and calling them one by one to him, presented each with an envelope containing \$25. Then turning to Dr. Biederwolf he stated that 10,000 people had contributed to the fund for him and his good wife, and handed him a check for \$7,500. Instantly 7,200 people sprang to their feet, gave the Chautauqua salute, and by prolonged cheering showed their approval. When quiet was restored Dr. Biederwolf said that this was the largest offering by nearly \$2,000 he had ever received at the close of a revival campaign.

Time was too short for each member of the Biederwolf party to speak farewell words, so they all gathered around the piano and sang, "We'll never say good-by in heaven," and "Mac" sang, "Till the judgment day breaketh, we bid you farewell."

After a brief sermon hundreds flocked down the sawdust aisles for Christ. It was the last call by Dr. Biederwolf, and after the usual signing of cards expressing church preference by the seekers, and the formality of receiving them by handshaking, the benediction was pronounced and the campaign was ended.

Self-Control

PAUL E. TITSWORTH, PH. D.

A few years ago during the course of a serious operation a well-known physician of Schenectady realized that the patient upon the operating table before him had just died. With sudden impulse the surgeon resolved upon a bold and unprecedented course of action. Making a hasty incision in the region of the heart in order to make that organ accessible, he seized it vigorously and manipulated it with his hands. Under this treatment the powerful and mysterious muscle slowly but surely began working again. As the anxious moments crawled past its pulsations grew more steady and business-like. After some hours of intensest waiting and anxiety the woman manifested more and more unmistakable signs of a return to conscious life. A few weeks of slow convalescence served to convince the doctor that his patient would return to her normal health and today she is doing her work in the world. This is the first well-authenticated report of a physician's having restored life after death to all appearances had occurred. Once or twice since this marvelous feat is said to have been accomplished under somewhat similar circumstances.

Increasing knowledge of the human body and anesthetics, which give the surgeon time for the most delicate operations, have emboldened medical men to attempt and achieve undreamed-of triumphs. The time was when even the most elementary operations were quite or nearly impossible because patients and operators could not stand the pain involved nor could sufficient freedom from struggling be obtained to undertake such dissections as required leisure and calm. Such conditions were entirely changed by the discovery in 1846 of general anesthesia by the use of which both time and quiet requisite for even the most delicate operations were obtained and the sufferer was spared the exquisite torture of them.

In spite of this advance there were still tremendous problems to solve; there remained the mortality from wound infections which had to be overcome before operative science arrived at even a modicum of success. Tetanus and wound gangrene carried off many a man and woman who

had undergone otherwise successful operations at the hands of skilled practitioners. It was the Frenchman Pasteur who made the discoveries leading to the germ-theory of disease, and it was Lister who seized upon these discoveries and applied them to surgery. The result was immediately manifest in the lessened mortality rate. A more detailed study of bacteriology has since familiarized surgery with the habits of bacteria, has made possible the present efficiency of surgical science, and has made medical men bold to attempt operations which to a doctor of George Washington's time would have seemed ultra-madness. Today the surgeon opens up the cranium, operates upon the spinal cord, cuts diseased tissue from the jugular vein, and even lays his professional hands upon the holy of holies of life—the heart.

The nineteenth century witnessed not only the discovery of anesthetics and antiseptics but likewise of antitoxin that has saved thousands of lives from the terrible claws of diphtheria. The twentieth century is not a whit behind its predecessor in remarkable performance in the fields of medicine, surgery, and sanitation. In the South hook worm has been brought under control, in Cuba, Colonel Gorgas drove yellow fever from Havana in three months' time, and undoubtedly without the conquest and control of this tropical scourge the digging of the Panama Canal would have been impossible. The X-ray has proved an indispensable help in the location of fractures and foreign substances in the body, and sanitation and preventive medicine have reduced particularly in the cities the death-rate of civilized countries.

I have thus rehearsed something of the history of medicine during the last one hundred years to recall some common facts. I should like to emphasize the idea that man has progressed in the knowledge of his body, its needs, and in how to protect it from invasion by deadly enemies. His control of human physical nature is increased by this one hundred years of progress. His increased knowledge of physiology and the resulting power to prevent and control disease is slowly but surely lengthening man's days of usefulness. Indeed, even so eminent an authority as the French chemist Metchnikoff asserts old age itself can be done away with.

What man has accomplished in medicine is not more nor less than he has achieved in a variety of fields. The passing years speak loudly of his increasing skill in subjecting to his purposes and controlling physical nature—soil, water, air, fire, and electricity—and in harnessing it to his own will and purpose. So rapid is the onward march that the advance trenches of his knowledge and control of the world of yesterday become but the second or third line of defense of tomorrow. The sturdy men and stout-hearted women who pushed their way into the unknown forest or across the roadless prairie, who suffered the buffets of weather and the depredations of beast and savage, have given way to those other adventurers and pioneers, to the men who jeopardize their lives in experimentation with the yellow fever mosquito, or to those who plow the air on aeroplanes, or to those chemists and physicists who are running man's enemies to earth.

Every need of man, fancied or intensely actual, finds some one willing to go poking about in the remotest corners of the earth to satisfy it. A systematic study of nature has relieved man of the superstitious fear of storms, eclipses, and unknown seas that so intimidated his medieval and ancient ancestors. Nowadays men of science are striking out boldly battling with the physical world confident that wind and sea and fire and cold can ultimately all be brought to serve us. We ought to be glad that Prometheus dared the wrath of the old gods in order to bring down from the sky fire to cook our food, warm our houses, and melt our iron; we ought to be proud that Benjamin Franklin lured the lightning from its lofty habitation to drive our electric locomotives and to light our houses; we ought to be grateful that Marconi taught us to send messages on the wings of the electro-magnetic waves. These forces we use every day and still we do not know what either fire or electricity is. While our knowledge of nature is extensive, the heights of the unknown rise vastly higher than the peaks which we have already scaled. There still stretch away the acreless fields of the undiscovered that challenge our human imaginations. There is still that "vast ocean of mystery alive with truths of science waiting to be caught."

Our ignorance, however, often gives

rise to disease and death. Until cancer and tuberculosis and pneumonia are under control we shall have to watch our loved ones struggle with these mortal enemies while we stand hopelessly by as they go down to defeat and death. And so there still remain problems to be solved that are of greater magnitude than those already mastered. Who shall curb the earthquake? Who shall harness the freshet? Who shall control disease?

There is another realm of problems of yet deeper import to us mortals. I do not mean those arising from imperfect knowledge and control of physical forces but those due to our but partial knowledge and control of human forces, of human nature. Here are likewise diseases that smother life, that rot away its tissue, here are fevers that consume human flesh, here are also earthquakes and tempests and upheavals that daunt the courage and test the knowledge of our most expert problem-solvers. Enormous as is the task of putting bridal and bit upon physical nature, how stupendous is that of taming the human spirit!

While the pangs of knowledge-hunger have sent men to the frozen poles or to the edge of Vesuvius' seething crater, our human kind has frequently looked askance at the less spectacular service of devoted men and women who have rushed into the fever-spots of civilization, where passions are either unrestrained or untutored, to study out means of improving and controlling the less lovely elements of society. Missionaries, teachers, slum-workers, and pioneer preachers of every kind are some of the venturesome spirits of the moral world who hazard their lives that we men and women may learn better how to control human nature. We neglect to give the rightful need of praise to the men and women who are systematically studying human kind, its heart and its soul, with the aim of helping us to control ourselves better and to enrich our lives. We need now problem-solvers to meet the persistent dangerous problems confronting us in the physical world. Who, for instance, will help us rid ourselves of the murderous floods of the Mississippi and its tributary waters? We likewise need problem-solvers for the persistent dangerous problems confronting us in our own hearts as a nation

and as individuals. Who is going to help still the lust for power manifest in the perennial controversy between the haves and the have-nots?

One of the primal problems confronting you and me is that of self-control. Self-control is often associated with the power of an individual to remain placid when hot words and sharp blows are raining about him, or with his ability to choke back an angry retort to an insult or sneer. This is a very important evidence of self-control which every one should covet but self-control means even more than that. It is not a sporadic manifestation of discipline over self but a persistent policy. The best type of it is grounded in wisdom, in a vision of the meaning of life, and of the part we aim to play in its great drama. As the vision emerges from the clouds of our inexperience and immaturity we swear our increasingly ardent allegiance to it. "Self-control is the self-imposition of a self-discovered law."

The pessimist shouts from the housetop and the cynic hisses in our ear that human nature can not change, that in spite of the intervening thousands of years of disciplinary experience we are just the same as our savage forebears. This sneer oftentimes wounds us grievously for in our pessimistic moods we are likely to think that it is more than half true. There is a great difference in human beings, to be sure, some being less removed from their original ancestors than others. Each man and each woman must civilize himself or herself, but in as far as they are not so minded they present aspects of barbarism not yet outgrown. Such undeveloped individuals bear down the level of morals and civilization of the community and afford a splendid mark for cynical sharpshooters.

With this partial reservation let us consider men from the point of view of their ability to control themselves, in order to discover, if possible, whether their nature has undergone any change. At once a decided superiority of modern man over his savage ancestor is apparent. The savage yielded to every impulse of his untutored nature. Whenever he was hungry he prowled about for food, whenever he was angry he struck and often slew his enemy without compunction, when he desired a woman to do his drudgery and to share

his bed he stole her from an unsuspecting neighbor. In such a state of barbarism every man's hand was at every other man's throat, life was insecure, and not even the strong man could always be on his guard against his fellow.

In the higher state of society the individual learned that by joining cause with others he could be relieved of always guarding his own life and that of his family against his neighbors; he also learned that in order to secure this enormous advantage he must check some of his hot impulses. This it came about that within the tribe or clan men submitted even to imposition without fighting.

The story of the advance of men from the state of savagery to that of civilization is too long to be narrated even in briefest outline. The point which I wish to emphasize is this: at every step of that advance, in each enlargement of the groups, every time men came into more intimate relations with their neighbors and hence became more dependent upon them, it involved an increasing amount of self-control. Men learned that they could not satisfy every whim and at the same time live in comparative peace with their fellows. In proportion as they grew aware of duties they were forced to curtail the gratification of their own impulses. In every stage of society, however, human beings have had teachers, men whose sharp spiritual eyes perceived that to follow impulse brought a clash with those other and greater goods which men prize most. These prophets have been able to discern a difference between such things as brought momentary satisfaction and such as secured continued well-being of oneself, one's family, and to one's nation. These far-seeing men have been the problem-solvers in the history of human spiritual progress as the doctors who have dominated disease and the electricians who have harnessed electricity have been the problem-solvers of our material progress.

On his desert island Robinson Crusoe could keep a pig, hunt when he chose, fish anywhere, and cut and slash the trees at will, but if Robinson Crusoe should ever become a citizen in a village in these United States the village board would forbid him the luxury of a pig, public opinion would frown upon his waste of timber, and the

state law would have something to say as to how and when and what he hunted and fished. That is to say, to be a good citizen Robinson Crusoe could not do as he pleased: if he wished to live at peace with his neighbors and without reproach before the law he would have to exercise much self-control.

I hope I have said enough to show that with the growing intricacy of our social life men are put more and more into a position of responsibility to and dependence upon their fellows. Each step means the subordination of more of their impulses to their duties. That men have built such powerful social institutions as the state, the church, the school, the fraternal order, is eloquent testimony to their increasing power of self-control and is a knock-out refutation of the argument of the cynic and the pessimist that human nature has remained unchanged.

We can assert with confidence therefore that man's nature is changed, for he has learned the value of many greater goods and has shown himself capable of self-sacrifice even in order to achieve them. Prophets and scientists are demonstrating to men that whiskey destroys the individual, sends his family over the hill to the poor house, and lays an unnecessary burden of suffering and taxes upon the community. In America particularly we are rearing men and women who can control their appetites.

It is, however, in the spiritual world as in the physical, while much has been achieved enough remains of attainment to challenge all our developing powers.

Our country is blighted by the spectacle of men and women of means who have not learned to harness their latent power and inherited advantages to any work valuable as human service. They rush from one pleasure to another, they are always in pursuit of new thrills, but like children they soon tire of their costly playthings, their motor cars and their expensive homes. To them the world and its contents seem but a cheap toy to be recklessly used and then tossed into the ash-can. These men and women are like mighty compound locomotives, splendid to look at, humming with power, that go dashing down the track bringing destruction to everything in their way, while there are waiting to be moved hundreds of

freight cars bulging with the necessities of life for men and women who are famishing. Where are the prophets and teachers to help such men and women conserve and utilize their wasting energy? It reminds me of a situation common enough in Alleghany County. The luscious and nutritious apples that rot in our orchards in years of plenty are at one end of the State while thousands of hungry mouths clamoring for food are at the other. As yet no one has found a way to bring demand and supply together. In the rich young men and women are alertness of mind and steadiness of hand requisite for first-class surgeons, and among the people there are abnormal organs emptying deadly poisons into all the body. Where are the problem-solvers to bring need and power for service together?

Another class of men and women who need self-control are those who enjoy in unusual measure the regard of their fellows, who are honored with influence, or enjoy great popularity. Such persons often grow giddy from the attention which they receive and the dangerous idea takes root and grows in them that they are especially favored individuals who can do and say what they please. They lose sight of the fact that license is always weakness and always leads to defeat in the end, that self-control alone is power. Whatever we may think of Germany at the present time, it must be admitted that few nations could meet a crisis so effectually as she has done. The world knows too that her strength lies in her discipline and this lesson is not going to be lost upon the more easy-going nations, ourselves included. This German self-control emanates from the royal house. Back in the seventeenth century when most monarchs were using their offices merely to gratify their own desires, the kings of Prussia exercised most rigorous discipline over themselves and with but few exceptions this iron self-control has ever since been characteristic of all the rulers of Prussia and Germany. Small wonder is it that monarchs who know so well how to hold themselves to the mark can discipline their subjects. These princes fêted, cursed, flattered, fawned upon by admirers, and fired upon by regicides, have still known how to preserve their balance.

How frequently do we observe young men and women in our schools who, lion-

ized by their fellow-students, lose their heads and peter out completely and end on the intellectual and spiritual scrap-heap. To whom much is given, of him much will be required.

Most of all, however, do we ordinary people need self-control. It is easy to see the chance which the rich man's son has if he will only take and use it. It is easy to know all the great things we would do if we had the heads of a Napoleon or of an Edison, but it is not so easy to say to ourselves, "We are men and women of one talent, but we are not going to hide that one talent in the earth." Do you have an ambition to render service in the world? Do you long to earn your share of satisfaction in a worthy job roundly done? Do you wish to know the joy of developing power, of gaining in capacity to do and to feel and to be? Self-control will bind together your halting powers, it will marshal the forces of your personality and will give you the abiding happiness of knowing that you are doubling, trebling, yea, quadrupling your talents. A large percentage of failures in life are due to some men's inability to pull themselves together, to harness their capacities to a given task. Men and women will always be putters when they have no compelling vision of a worth-while goal to reach and no power to discipline themselves to achieve.

By self-control I mean, to be sure, restriction, restriction of effort and definiteness of aim but not that kind of limitation of the personality which we associate with the hermit or with the miser. By what I have said of self-control I do not mean the harnessing of human power for selfish purposes. I like to think of the world as an inexhaustible field for spiritual ministrations and for the achievement of imperishable triumphs, and of self-control as the illuminating consciousness compelling to spiritual service. Self-control is the persistent and enlightened devotion of every power of mind and body and soul to realize a vision. Therefore this problem of self-control, of self-discipline, which is new with every new individual, which can be solved only by him but never for him, is one of the biggest spiritual problems confronting each of us. No less a person than wise old King Solomon asserted that he who ruleth his spirit

is greater than he who taketh a city.

Human history is ablaze with the illuminating example and teaching of men who have disciplined themselves. Jacob, unpromising as he was in his boyhood, by dint of discipline prepared himself to assume a large role in the Hebrew history while his more likable brother Esau dissolved into the background of events without leaving a trace of himself. It is at the torch of such men as Jacob that other men have caught the inspiration to mold themselves for human service.

Considering him from the human standpoint, no man ever had severer temptations to dissipate his capacity than did Christ. Conscious of his extraordinary powers the impulse to accept the offer of the Tempter to a life of earthly influence, ease and luxury must have come with greatest poignancy. The desire to set up a kingdom of the Jews and to put himself at the head of it he must have deeply felt for most of the people who heard his message expected such a consummation of his mission. And yet if such a desire did exist in his breast none was ever more severely and successfully suppressed. Not even the fear of death itself could deflect him from his Father's business. So perfect was his self-control that he could say in substance, "No matter what happens to my physical self, no matter what insults or torture men may subject me to they can not shake me from my purpose." And so confident was he of success for his mission that at what seemed the height of his career he allowed himself to be led away and brutally executed.

Christ was and is the greatest problem-solver for the spiritual life of man. His words and his life have manifested their healing power where ever disease has been consuming the inner man. His character is eloquent of perfect balance, of the complete discipline of all its elements. He was "gracious without condescension; just without severity; lenient without laxity; flexible without vacillation; imperative without imperiousness; heroic without courseness; indignant without bitterness; forgiving without feebleness; sociable without familiarity; in short, absolutely perfect and yet absolutely natural" (Boardman).

This is the Christ I want to commend

to you as the perfect pattern in our striving for self-control. This is the Great Problem-solver at whose blazing torch the guiding lights of the Christian ages have been enkindled. The life of Christ is a great dynamo of power for any one who will use it. We talk of the mysteries of birth and of death and yet science can tell us much of them, but what greater mystery is there than the fructifying of one personality by another, than the awakening of slumbering powers of mind and will by contact with another incandescent human life? And the life of Christ is so abounding in spiritual force to energize sluggish wills and so dynamically radiant with beauty of character to stir our passion for righteousness. This is the Great Physician, this the Christ I wish to hold up to you.

I covet for every one that discipline of his powers which will keep him working for the realization of his vision and that vital connection with the greatest powerhouse of driving strength—Christ; and lastly, I desire for every one that abundance in things spiritual that shall furnish him not merely the strength requisite for his own personal needs but such as shall overflow to others. I should like to enlist the services of each of you not only for the battle for self-control in yourselves but for the ranks of the problem-solvers of the spiritual life of man.

*Alfred University
Alfred, N. Y.*

Confession

M. E. H. EVERETT

How well dost thou love me, heart of my heart?

Oh, speak and tell.

"As well as the forests love the sun

When their leafbuds swell;

As well as ocean loveth the moon

Seeking her nighttime and morn and noon."

How long hast thou loved me, soul of my soul?

How long, I pray?

"Since ever that darkness fathomless

On the great spheres lay.

A strong wind over the waters blew,

A flame leapt up and thy face I knew."

And what is the end of a love like this,

Dream of my life?

"To dwell forever in joy and peace

In a land past strife,

And to look on the Sacrifice that made

All love that is holy unafraid."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

The Bivouac of the Dead

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the glory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voices tone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—Theodore O'Hara.

The Broadening Science of Sanitation

MRS. ANGIE M. LANGWORTHY

Read at meeting of the Fortnightly Club, April 28, and at meeting of Brotherhood, April 29, Milton Junction, Wis.

Our old world has witnessed many changes since she took her position in planetary space for the grand march which she has continued with unbroken step through the centuries. Empires have flourished and fallen into decay; modern enlightenment has taken the place of effete civilization; and yet our present attainments in the arts and sciences are only stepping-stones to greater achievements. James Russell Lowell tells us:

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth."

Perhaps no greater advancement has been made in any direction than in the science of sanitation. Here, as elsewhere, many of our cherished ideas have been relegated to the past and a broader science has taken their place.

Bacteriology has become a household word to the educated world during the last thirty years. The words germ and microbe do not appall us as they once did, "for we realize that the kingdom of the bacteria is gradually being subjugated by man." One of the great triumphs of the twentieth century is the complete subjugation of his microscopic foes.

Broadly speaking, sanitation covers all the arts which have as their basis clean environment. And sanitary engineers interest themselves not only with drains and

sewers but with all that is required to provide communities with pure water, fresh air, clean food, and clean surroundings. Chairs of sanitary engineering are being founded in our universities, and students who are trained to become health officers, are taught some of the arts of engineering as well as some of the arts of medicine.

Just a few years ago sanitarians were cultivating newly discovered germs, while now they are turning their attention to flies, mosquitoes, rats, squirrels and other insects and animals which may harbor and scatter these germs. A few years ago they were analyzing water; now they are studying currents in lakes and the laws of sedimentation and filtration. Until recently placards were used to warn people of disease while the real cause of the disease was still at large. Now carefully kept vital statistics are used as the basis of detective work. Surely, the science of sanitation is broadening.

Sewer gas is no longer considered the bugaboo that it used to be. It has been found that the air of the Paris sewers contains fewer bacteria than the air over the Paris streets.

Sanitarians tell us that very few diseases are ever caused by infection passing through the air. Little by little health officers have abandoned the practice of disinfecting rooms which have been occupied by persons with contagious diseases. Aerial transmission of disease has been replaced by something else—the theory of contact. The germs do not float in the air but are transmitted from one person to another on spoons, knives and forks, soiled clothing, pencils, toys, door knobs, drinking cups and many other objects which pass from hand to hand, or from hand to mouth.

The surgeon does not fear infection from the air as he does that from unclean instruments and utensils. The only safeguard against contact with contagious disease is personal cleanliness and hand disinfection when caring for the sick.

Let us consider another phase of the air problem. Scientists used to tell us that human beings inhaled oxygen and exhaled carbonic acid. If people remained for some time in a close room, depression ensued. The inference was natural—the cause of the depression was the increase

in the carbonic acid and the decrease in oxygen.

Modern research shows that several things had been left out of the account. One of these was heat and its close ally, moisture. Another was air movement. Another was air cleanliness. These taken together, form the basis of the modern idea of ventilation. In other words, for indoor comfort we need clean air in gentle motion with the temperature and humidity adjusted to the ordinary exercise of the occupants. That a slight increase of carbonic acid and a decrease of oxygen do not produce physical discomfort is shown when persons are confined in close chambers. Although they remain until the carbonic acid is far in excess of what it is in crowded rooms and cars, the occupants experience no discomfort provided the temperature and humidity are kept within certain limits, and the air is kept in motion. Air in motion is a matter of great importance. In a crowd the air does not move freely between the bodies, while heat and moisture are given off. The result is to retard the absorption of oxygen by the blood, and we have the well-known effects of crowd poison.

The old adage, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," holds good in regard to indoor air. Air inlets are often placed near the ground, and often on dusty streets where the screens become clogged with the debris almost daily, and the finer dirt passes into the rooms.

Modern cities are dust producers. Streets and sidewalks are worn by the traffic; car wheels leave a metallic dust; fuel burns and smoke and ashes are the result. Dust is continually in motion both within and without our homes. The introduction of the electric and other vacuum cleaners is a veritable boon to the housewife in the elimination of dust. Dusty air, of course, contains bacteria.

The smoke problem is another phase of air pollution. This is more serious in the soft coal regions. Foul odors are another element in unclean air. Ill-smelling rooms are an offense to both the physical and mental organs, and should never be tolerated.

The question now arises, How can we secure clean air, keep it in motion, and

have it properly warmed or cooled as occasion requires?

It has been recently proved that dust and bacteria and odors and poisonous gases may be very largely removed from air by washing it, or allowing it to flow horizontally through chambers where water is falling in drops or as a spray. The effect is the same as that of a summer shower. The water may be used until it becomes foul. We are told that air washers have been used for some time for purifying outside air; but only recently have they been applied for the cleansing of the air of a room.

The advantage of re-circulation lies in the conservation of heat. When air is heated and forced through a building and then out of doors, much heat is wasted.

Another form of sanitation is the purification of water. There have been great advances along this line since the old sand filter was introduced into Lawrence, Mass., in 1893. Today there are very few large cities where the water supply is not subjected to some form of purification. Filtration, the passing of water through layers of sand, is still the prominent feature, but many different methods are employed. Settling basins have long been used to remove the heavier matter. It has been proved over and over that clean water pays. The typhoid germ has been largely exterminated in the cities where filters have been introduced. Ideas in regard to the disposal of sewage are also broadening. New methods of treatment are being devised. Popular ideas are many years behind those of the experts. The popular idea is that the water supply can be protected against infection by the treatment of sewage. This is not so. The water supply should be filtered. But because sewage treatment is not the way to protect the water supply we should not consider it unnecessary. Our sense perceptions deserve consideration. Hence streams, lakes and harbors should be clean enough to avoid offense.

Nor should we fail to notice the natural powers of self-purification of lakes and streams. Organic matter is doomed to destruction by oxidation. The oxygen dissolved in the water serves this purpose. But without control the powers of the water may be overtaxed.

Other branches of sanitation are developing. In many cases the solution of these problems is not yet satisfactory. We have the street-cleaning problem, the garbage and refuse problem, the housing problem, the factory problem, and many other problems equally important.

The greatest of all sanitary problems is to be able to discriminate between the things which are necessary and those which are merely advantageous; between those which are conducive to health and those which make for comfort. Does good ventilation add to one's health? Does factory sanitation make the laborers more efficient? Shall we have better housing or more parks?

The broadening science of sanitation calls for broader men—men of sound fundamental education, and a better enforcement of the laws. Some one has said that legislators do not legislate with wisdom, inspectors do not inspect, attendants do not attend, and laborers do not labor as they should.

America is first in her engineering conceptions, but she is far behind European nations in the operation of all public utilities.

We may well take as our motto these lines from our own poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea."

"The Country Flowers"

A. C. G.

Some of us who were brought up in the country can understand the feeling of the one who wrote "The Country Flowers," the poem heading Woman's Work in a late RECORDER. I don't know that I ever felt "sorry for the cultivated flowers," but I did feel sorry for the people who spent so much time over them, with, it seemed to me, so little reward. Why did my mother trouble to save the dahlia roots and go to all the pains of setting them out and tending, later, the plants, when a full-blown dahlia was just a dahlia and "it was noth-

ing more"—not in any way so attractive as Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Oh, how wonderful was that pulpit, striped with soft deep brown, the most beautiful sounding board any one could imagine; and the preacher stood up so stately, rising above the encircling green, and, silent though he was, he told things—not very clear perhaps to a childish mind, but to be understood in a dreamy way, while the warm feeling of Infinite Nearness, the sense of a beautiful mystery in all the eye could see or the ear could hear, swelled the heart almost to bursting. And yet my bump of reverence (my father sometimes said I had none) was so very small that I never hesitated to yank "Jack" up, pulpit and all, to put into my basket to carry home.

That basket! I must stop a little to think of that. What it did to the things put into it who can tell? The flowers were so beautiful when picked—there were, too, bunches of sweet-smelling ferns, bits of gray lichen with little red cups, and mosses redolent of the moist soil; but, when I had reached home and poured my treasures out on the kitchen table, the charm was gone, they were little better than trash. That was what my mother called them the day she "set her foot down," good and hard. "Child," she said, "you *must* stop bringing in so much trash. You never make any use of it and it is only for some one to clean up. Why *do* you pick the flowers and then run off and leave them to wilt?" Dear, much-tried mother, how could I explain. Neither of us had even a bowing acquaintance with Emerson, and if his "Each and All" was in print then (it may have been), there was no one to stand the lovable philosopher up on my side and make him tell mother that the "poor, unsightly, noisome things had left their beauty" but in the cool ravines, in the thickets by the brook, or where the soft changing light made the flower-children of the woods so sweet and wonderful. But I didn't finish telling about Jack-in-the-Pulpit or of how I was not alone in my apparent disrespect for the little green preacher; for Mrs. Dudley, the very young wife of the elderly lawyer who sometimes visited the farm, one day, while roaming with me the fields and woods, came across Jack and his pulpit—Jack well down the side of a small ravine, preaching to an

audience of heavy-breathed, thick-headed mandrakes just above him on the bank and a little group of weak-backed spring beauties below, and she exclaimed over his loveliness and pulled him up very carefully, feet and all, with a dozen of his audience to keep him company, and, later, after an early supper with us, she took the train back to New York, with these all packed in a pasteboard box, to be transplanted to a little area, about five feet by ten, in front of her city home! As if Jack could preach in the city or do anything but hang his head, shy and self-conscious and out of place. You, little country-bred lad or lassie, felt just the same way on those rare occasions when father took you to visit the city. Didn't you feel wilty enough while you sat in that stuffy room, being interviewed by the pale-faced aunt or the dainty, white-handed city cousins? Were you not glad to get back to the country again?

But Jack-in-the-Pulpit was by no means the favorite. Nothing could be dearer than the hepatica, peeping out so early from its little cottony hood to see what was going on above the dead brown leaves. And then, how sweet the faces that starred the brook meadow. The meadow, some rods back of the house, where the hickory nut trees grew here and there on little knolls not far from the brook, that was a meeting place not only of waters but of flowers—sometimes, too, of little wriggly snakes, that once, to my dismay, came out of their holes, "every one of them" (according to the story mother heard), and ran around and around my feet. Really I suppose only *one* came out and that one probably didn't wriggle any more than was necessary to get back to its hole again; but we, the snake and I, were both badly scared.

Snakes, however, seldom made their appearance in the meadow, and one forgot about them in the time of flowers. There were anemones and dog-toothed violets; blue pickerel weed wading in the edge of the brook and purple and white violets on the bank; flowers that I had no name for; jewel weed growing, though later, in damp shaded spots, chickweed making a carpet for the yellow petals to fall upon; and that flower with the immodest name—Dutchman's-breeches—I didn't care for that, beautiful as it really was. Somehow in

my mind it was connected with "Old Dutch Fred," the hired man, who, himself, washed in turn his two pairs of overalls under the barnyard pump, dried them on the fence near by, and sat on them of evenings until they were sufficiently pressed, as ironing, he said, wore them out too fast. Dutchman's-breeches—it certainly wasn't a pretty name and so I hunted the books for another, and found—*dicentra cucullaria*—is that right? I haven't seen the words for almost twoscore years, but I ought to remember them, they were so hard to learn. They didn't fit in easily with my American English—they were hyphenated, as it were. But I tried hard to naturalize them; for, I thought, should some one ask how that particular flower was called, it would seem quite ladylike to say, "Oh, that is—*dicentra cucullaria*!" Nobody ever asked, and I was glad, not being quite sure of the pronunciation.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad came along one day and cut my meadow in two—a big slice by the brook and a little slice where it was reaching up to the cornfield above. It wasn't good to look at—the railroad. It cut down deep into the ground, leaving a steep red bank on each side, and the trains going by—mostly freight—made a deafening noise. But they didn't scare the flowers away. Morning glories trailed along the upper side, and on the very top of the bank nearest the meadow some wild forget-me-nots swayed down toward the flowers along the brook. Any day their small piece of earth might crumble, and fall beneath the feet of the iron horse. Did they beg to be remembered? If I should pass today the small blue flowers in the same old place, I should translate their language thus: "We are but a part of the sweet, quiet life of the country that must be sacrificed to the inroads of a more and more boisterous civilization. Forget not the simplicity, the content that dwelled with us formerly."

But if the railroad spoiled the meadow at the back of the house, nothing came by to disturb the quiet seclusion of the wood across the road in front. First came the chestnut grove, some of the tree trunks rising from beds of dwarf ginseng. Back of that, where the ground was oozing water, with little black-faced pools, and green islands and capes and peninsulas (much

more interesting than those pictured in the school geography), there the violets grew, the largest and most beautiful. Stepping carefully wherever there was solid footing to be found, holding fast to some branch of a scrubby undergrowth—there were few big trees there—half afraid of the stillness that made startling every occasional sound, on I ventured until I found them—and, oh, the pleasure! No common cultivated flowers these, no second-hand gift, but right from dear Mother Earth. With the egotism, the exultation of youth, I believed they had been put there for me, they were waiting just for me, they were friends, they loved, they understood; and then the Presence made itself felt—the wonderful Presence that, in all the wild, free places of earth comes so near, and hushes the soul, and make even a child understand and look up to say, "My Father!"

Could any city child have aught as compensation for such delight as came from those country flowers? Could the rarest plants of the most beautiful conservatory in the world have such charm? No, no! The white clouds in the blue sky above, the green that was fast conquering the gray of early spring, the fresh wind of the moist woodland against the face; the peace of God's unspoiled world, the joyous sense of freedom—oh, it was, it is, all so beautiful, so wonderful, and it belonged, it belongs, with the flowers, the sweet wild flowers; and so, like the writer who is "sorry for the cultivated flowers,"—

"Of 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 ther perfume as they grow!"

When the roll is called up yonder of these churches, and those men and women who have provided the munitions for the men in the trenches who are making this a saloonless nation, will your name, or the name of your church, be written there?

If not, why not? "Think on these things."—*The American Issue.*

New Jersey has one liquor dealer for every 22 boys and youth between the ages of 18 and 24. The saloon must debauch many of them or die. What are you doing to protect them?—*The American Issue.*

Ordination of Deacons at Walworth

E. M. HOLSTON

On Sabbath Day, April 15, at the regular hour for morning worship, the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church observed the impressive service of ordination of deacons. The Chicago, Milton, Milton Junction, and Albion churches were invited by the Walworth Church to send delegates to the council and all responded by sending representatives.

Chicago was represented by the pastor, Rev. William C. Daland, D. D., who acted as president of the council; Milton by the pastor, Rev. Lester C. Randolph, D. D.; Milton Junction by the pastor, Rev. Henry N. Jordan, and E. M. Holston; and Albion by Rev. Simeon H. Babcock. Others present who were also invited to act as members of the council were Rev. George W. Burdick, of Milton, a member of the Welton (Ia.) Church and Deacon George Babcock, of Albion. E. M. Holston was chosen secretary of the council.

The candidates called to the office of deacon by the church were H. Irving Coon, George R. Boss and Willard D. Hibbard. Mr. Hibbard was unavoidably detained at Farina, Ill., by the severe illness of a relative and was not present. After a very impressive statement of his Christian experience by each of the candidates it was unanimously voted by the council to proceed with the ordination service.

Rev. Henry N. Jordan preached the sermon from the text, "For we are laborers together with God" (1 Cor. 3: 9). Theme: God's Fellow-workers. The speaker pointed out that the diaconate is no honorary, titular office; service in social, religious and spiritual work of the church is the requisite. God's fellow-workers are those intimately joined with him in unison of spirit, singleness of purpose, and oneness of effort. To be thus in accord with the Lord, his servants must possess certain traits as principles:

1. Full of the Spirit. This is the manifest presence of God; the multiplied man results.

2. Wisdom, good judgment. Pastor and church have great problems which call for impartial, wise judgment.

3. Catholicity of interest. Social and religious needs and problems demand

broad sympathy and large-hearted concern. 4. Faith. Christianity is progressive because of contagion, constructive power and steadying influence of faith.

5. Prayer. The agency by which the Spirit is released to men, wisdom secured, faith vindicated.

The necessity, dignity and holiness of the office necessitates reverence for office, exaltation of the holy calling, and the greatest use of its privileges.

The charge to the church was given by Rev. George W. Burdick and the charge to the candidates by Rev. L. C. Randolph. The consecrating prayer was made by Rev. S. H. Babcock, who was the faithful and beloved pastor of the Walworth Church for nine years. He was assisted in that beautiful and impressive service of the laying on of hands by the clergymen and deacons of the council and Deacons Oliver Perry Clarke and William R. Bonham, of the Walworth Church. Deacon Bonham welcomed the new deacons to the duties and responsibilities of their office and the service closed with the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie," and the benediction was pronounced by Pastor Loofbourrow.

In Memory of Mrs. George W. Lewis

MRS. H. M. SOCWELL

Thou hast passed the shadowy portal,
Thou hast borne the mortal strife,
Thou hast left this world of sorrow
For a world of heavenly life;
And our hearts are grieving for thee—
Grieving with that unseen pain—
Grieving that we shall not see thee,
Our dear sister! here again.

Blinding tears are 'neath our eyelids,
Every lash contains a tear,
And our hearts are wet with weeping—
Weeping for thee, sister dear;
Weeping for thy loss, dear sister!
Ah! thou art with angels now,
And their hands have smoothed the furrows
Pain drew sternly on thy brow.

Wasted almost to a shadow,
Sad and pale from recent pain,
Wert thou when our Father took thee
Ne'er to feel one pain again;
And thy sad, pale face, in changing,
Slowly changing in our eyes—
Glimpses of thy former features
Even now before me rise.

Weakness on both sides, is, we know, the motto of all quarrels.—*Voltaire.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE, HOMER, N. Y.
R. F. D. No. 3.
Contributing Editor

Change of Address

The friends and correspondents of the editor of the Young People's Department will please note the fact that since he is now located at Scott, N. Y., his address is Homer, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 3. There is no postoffice at Scott.

Consecrated Money

MABEL E. JORDAN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 3, 1916

Daily Readings

Sunday—Consecrated goods (Gen. 13: 1-4)
Monday—Unconsecrated cash (Luke 16: 19-31)
Tuesday—Giving to God (Exod. 35: 4-5, 21-26)
Wednesday—Systematic giving (1 Cor. 16: 1-2)
Thursday—Proportionate giving (Deut. 16: 17)
Friday—Giving the best (2 Cor. 8: 5)
Sabbath Day—The consecration of money (Job 27: 1-23). (Consecration meeting.)

Money supplies a channel through which one may reach most intimately to others, near by and around the world. It is the golden channel of service.

I recently read a short story of a living sacrifice.

"A pastor in a small eastern town received a letter from his Missionary Board asking for help for a needy western field. He prepared his sermon with great care and brought the needs of this field to his people the following Sabbath. The banker seemed sleepy and yawned two or three times during the sermon, and the wealthy merchant seemed uneasy and kept looking at his watch.

"The pastor waited with bowed head while the ushers were taking the offering. Neither the banker nor the merchant gave anything. In the back seat sat a little crippled girl. She wanted to give some thing, but she was very poor and had nothing to give but her crutches which had been given to her by a friend in the church. The man with the plate first thought that he would not pass it to her, but she motioned him to her seat. She lifted her

crutches and put them on the plate and the usher with tear-dimmed eyes carried the plate with one hand, steadying the crutches with the other, to the pulpit. Every one knew the crutches. The banker suddenly blew his nose and reached for a pencil; the merchant stopped the usher returning up his aisle. Some one paid \$50 for the crutches and sent them back to little crippled Maggie.

"The pastor said, 'Surely our little crippled friend is giving us a wonderful example.' Several hundred dollars were received in the offering."

Crippled Maggie recognized and obeyed the inner voice. That is the one law of giving, as of all living.

All of our money belongs to God, and should be used as he wishes.

Some definite part of our income should be set apart for religious work. Tithing has been practiced from the earliest times of which we have any history.

The Tenth Legion is now nineteen years old and every Christian Endeavorer understands its pledge to be a personal, individual and voluntary resolution; and the part the United Society of Christian Endeavor plays in it is simply recording the resolution you have made with your God.

QUOTATIONS.

A man is turned into the semblance of the idol he worships.—*A. T. Pierson.*

Tithing aids the spiritual growth of the individual by increasing loyalty to Christ.—*Rev. Thomas Ashburn.*

Put your personality, your membership, your influence, your prayers, your testimony and your money into God's bank, the church.—*H. N. Lathrop.*

The key to a person's treasure is in his soul.—*Rev. Charles H. Rust.*

I shall place no value on anything I possess except in its relation to the kingdom of God. It shall be given or kept as, by giving it or keeping it, I shall best promote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hopes for time and eternity.—*Robert Livingstone.*

TO THINK ABOUT

What part of our money should be used for distinctively religious work?

What are some good causes that greatly need money now?

Is the amount that one spends in pleasure a fair one to designate to church expenses and benevolences?

What reasons are valid for the non-payment of church pledges?

How has money a personality?

Battle Creek Christian Endeavorers Highly Favored

Battle Creek Endeavorers have been very highly favored lately. Daniel Poling, associate president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, has been spending a few weeks at the Sanitarium. He was here for rest, but with two large Christian Endeavor societies in connection with the institution, he did not rest so much as he should have done. While here, he led a union meeting of the Sanitarium society and ours, giving us a very good example of expert leadership in the sincere and reverent way in which he conducted the meeting. Two City Union rallies were held while he was here, at one of which he was the principal speaker. The other rally was one upon which we had long been planning, as Battle Creek was so fortunate as to be one of the two cities in Michigan to entertain Paul Brown during his Eastern trip. He, also, is an excellent speaker, and very much in earnest about Intermediate Christian Endeavor work. I think he gave us all some new ideas as to the importance of that branch of work. It was a wonderful opportunity to have with us, at one time, two such earnest and efficient Endeavorers as Daniel Poling and Paul Brown.

We have been trying during the year to do the work outlined in the Efficiency chart. Some of it seems almost impossible for us to accomplish, but the things we have attempted have been very helpful to us. Our rating is 232.

Pastor Kelly is now conducting a mission study class, dealing with the history of missions. It is very interesting and instructive.

During the winter, Christian Endeavor Expert classes were organized in the societies of the city, in connection with the City Union work. Sixteen members of our society took the examination, becoming Experts, and also winning for our society

the City Union banner which was offered to the society securing the most Experts in proportion to its membership. Two of our members are officers of the City Christian Endeavor Union, and one is an officer of the County Union. We find the work with the other societies very pleasant.

R. C. B.

Meeting of the Young People's Board

The Young People's Board met April 23, 1916, at the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton Junction, at 1.30 p. m.

Members present were Rev. H. N. Jordan, Professor L. H. Stringer, C. B. West, Zea Zinn, Carrie Nelson, Beulah Greenman, Mrs. W. D. Burdick and Ethel Carver. Prayer was offered by Miss Carver.

The Corresponding Secretary had received a letter from the Superintendent of the Peace Union, in which it was stated that there are 251 members. Reports from Ethlyn Davis and Edna Burdick had also been received.

The Treasurer's report was given.

The Superintendent of the Junior and Intermediate department has received only one half of the reports which she has asked for. The Board voted to authorize the Superintendent to organize a Lone Sabbath Keepers' Junior Society.

The committee to present the Week of Prayer and Self-denial reported progress, that letters had been sent to each Field Secretary and to the RECORDER, and that letters are to be sent to each society, urging them to observe this week.

Twenty-seven new members of the Tenth Legion were received this month.

A letter from Rev. W. L. Burdick was read, in which he asked the Board if they wished him to attend the meeting of the United Society at Sagamore Beach, Mass.

Voted to tell Mr. Burdick that it is the wish of the Board, that he attend this meeting at the expense of the Board. Voted, also, to instruct the Corresponding Secretary to ascertain Mr. Burdick's expenses in the past, and that they be paid to him this year.

Voted to empower Miss Zinn to secure new report blanks, and to ask any help that she may need in doing so.

Seventy-five dollars was voted to the Fouke School.

Adjourned to meet May 21, at 1.30, with Miss Zinn.

ETHEL CARVER,
Recording Secretary.

More About Sunday

REV. GEORGE M. COTTRELL

The Billy Sunday meetings in Kansas City continue with increasing interest. Eighty thousand out last Sunday to attend the different meetings. Twenty thousand that couldn't get in. Some new records made. One night this week 4,500 employees of Montgomery Ward & Company, attended the meeting, and the general manager, superintendent, secretary, and 150 of their men and women were converted. Thursday night was high school night with about 8,000 from the school in attendance, and 703 mostly students, went forward. Some of the biggest men of Kansas City were in the crowd on the platform and these watched the trail-hitters coming down the aisles, and when they saw their own sons coming, husbands and wives embraced each other and wept for joy. The very newspaper accounts of these meetings thrill one, and ought to prove the seed for other revivals, as well as the sermons themselves, which being copyrighted are not so easily reproduced. I am enclosing two or three accounts of the different meetings and trust the editor can find room for at least some of it, to the delight and profit of the reader.

Sunday night the great evangelist's sermon was on "The Decalogue the Only Code." Here, as everywhere, we admire him for his strict orthodoxy and for believing and preaching the entire Bible. Of course, when he came to the fourth commandment, he showed the weakest link in his chain, but did admit that the Sabbath commanded was the seventh day of the week, and, transferring it to Sunday after the resurrection, while failing to give any authority for the change, took about as decent a view perhaps as can be given when you are short on real authority. He said: "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. To the Jews the Sabbath Day was the seventh day, com-

memorating the Lord's creation, and to the Christian it is the first day, commemorating the resurrection of Jesus Christ; and the fact that we keep the first day of the week is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the resurrection that you can find. There must have been some tremendous event that would cause Jews like Jesus and Peter and John—something of tremendous importance must have happened to cause them to change to keeping the first day and to *change without authority*. And from the day that Jesus Christ got out of the sepulchre until today we have kept that day holy and he blesses the people that do it."

Of course, we don't agree with "Billy" at all about the practice of Peter, John and Christ, but we almost forgive him this error, till he gets the clearer light. I trust Brother Gardiner can find room for some of these enclosed reports.

Topeka, Kan.,
May 20, 1916.

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

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

(Continued)

CHAPTER XVIII

Tuesday morning the *Daily News* of the evening before was well circulated. It contained both the Bishop's address and the sermon of the Seventh Day Baptist pastor. There was also an account of the singing of Miss Selover at that church. The music conductor had neglected to erase the names of Mr. Ellington and Miss Selover from the program that day, as had been ordered by the committee and as he had intended to do. Being called home for an hour to see about some important business he put the program in the hands of another who had not been informed as to Miss Selover's part and who when the time came announced a solo from Miss Selover. The violin was on the piano. What should they do? Ellington quick as a flash arose, giving Lorna no time to protest, took her by the arm, led her to the platform and took up his instrument. There was nothing she could do then but to sing. And such singing! Her soul was

in it. Her cheeks were red, her eyes sparkled with excitement and her whole appearance was magnetic. The audience cheered and cheered as Ellington led her to the piano and took his stand by it with his violin. The president of the convention arose as if to announce something, but Ellington gave him no chance, as they immediately struck up an instrumental duet of a high order. Again the people cheered and demanded one more and again they played. Then they bowed and went off the platform. The rest of the singing and playing was of an inferior kind.

It may not have been with a pure motive that Ellington rejoiced and smiled as congratulations were showered upon them at the close of the session by many who knew not the situation. Of course it had to pass now with nothing said by the conductor or committee. The papers made great ado over the affair and Ellington sent copies to all his friends, and one to Mr. and Mrs. Selover.

That evening Lorna wrote a letter to her parents, giving them a detailed account of the journey there, having sent thus far only postcards. She described the convention proceedings to date and told of the part she and Montrose had taken. She must tell them of her religious experiences, although she well knew the pain it would bring them.

"On our trip the question of the Sabbath came up very unexpectedly and in such a way that I could not avoid taking part. I pinned down Montrose to exact Scripture statements and he was obliged to admit there was not an item of authority for observing Sunday as the Sabbath. Then on Sabbath morning (I must say Sabbath now, instead of Saturday) the Bishop gave an address and all his arguments were the same old stale ones that have been shown a hundred times over, all errors, and I was more than ever convinced of the divine origin of the Seventh-day Sabbath and that it will always be binding on us as long as God's law has any force in this world. Dearest father and mother, the greatest convictions have come to me from the statements of First-day writers and speakers, who contradict each other and utterly fail to interpret the Bible reasonably and to understand what it now to me so plainly

teaches. Why we have not seen this before is a great mystery. Last Sabbath was my first observance of the day, and great peace and comfort came to me in obedience. My only sad thought now is your attitude toward it and I fear toward me, your loving and always obedient daughter. But when God speaks I must first obey him. You have taught me that from youth up. So has my pastor in his sermons, but little thinking what it has meant to me. Unless now you or my pastor or Mr. Ellington can give me direct *Scripture evidence* of any change of the Sabbath to Sunday, I must keep the Bible Sabbath. Oh, do not blame me! Do not grieve. I love you more than ever and want to be a comfort to you as you grow older. I must tell you also that I am now engaged to Montrose. I may have been hasty in that, but I have had some encouragement from you and I am now wearing the ring. But I am anxious to know how my Sabbath-keeping will work with his Presbyterian pastorate if he ever has any. I fear it will not work. I must hold up to the light this great and testing truth. I can not be silent and be blameless. We are told to 'earnestly contend for the faith,' etc. How will my pastor and church consider the matter? Ask the pastor about it. Must I break with my loved church and people? Oh, I wish you would now see this in the true light. Can't you see the Sabbath as it is in very truth? I shall almost tremble with fear that you will have unnecessary trouble over me. How can I assure you of my undying affection. Write at once.

"Affectionately,

"Lorna."

When Mr. and Mrs. Selover received this, they were nearly prostrated with grief, and Mr. Selover was almost angry, if not quite.

"It seems as though everything we have done to prevent this has hastened it along," said Mrs. Selover.

"Why *can't* the girl see all her prospects ruined by this nonsense and fanaticism! She will break with Mr. Ellington for he will not now give up the ministry for her, and the foolish man is no doubt entertaining the idea that he can win her to his views if he has any—I fear he has none. Then disappointed, she will be a mental and physical

wreck. What can we now do?" almost wailed Mr. Selover.

Mr. Selover was called to the store and Mrs. Selover to the parlor to meet a friend. Harold came in and seeing Lorna's letter took it up and read it.

Harold had seen the tract the traveling man had given his father, as Mr. Selover had unwittingly left it on the parlor table one day. Harold had not grown sufficiently old to have preconceived opinions and great prejudices. He was quite convinced. The matter of the future and a business career had not blinded him to the force of argument in favor of the Seventh-day Sabbath. But he was old enough to begin discussions with his father and mother; for, though an excellent boy, he was different from Lorna in that he thought it right to take the side he believed and "speak out in meeting" anywhere. So when evening came and they were all three together, Harold remarked: "Well, I see that sister has made a decided change in practice. I guess our pastor will rave over it, but why in all reason could he not, consistent with his practices, give Lorna some Bible for his statements? He simply couldn't nor can any one for the Sunday. I read that tract you left on the table, father, and have often listened to the discussions going on and I am going to write Lorna that I say a good loud *Amen* to her decisions."

"Why, Harold, is that the way to treat us? Lorna would never have spoken out that way. What do you know about the arguments of our pastor and most learned men?" said his mother.

"What do I know? Well, I know that they have not given a single Scripture verse for Sunday-keeping, and moreover, I know from what I have heard others read from their books that many of your own great authors and divines admit that Sunday has no Scripture foundation. They'd be mighty glad to produce the Bible for it if they could, but everything I have read or heard for it is a mere assertion. Why, mother, you have read the Bible through and through and so has father, and still you two have not yet been able to show Lorna any Scripture authority for the Pope's Sunday. That's just what it is, and the Pope and all his followers say so to us Protestants. Am I disrespectful to you or any one in asking for proof of anything

and in stating any truth? I did not know it was any disrespect. I'm just going to keep Saturday myself when I get where I can." And Harold was emphatic. His father and mother were almost speechless. Mr. Selover arose and walked the floor.

Said Mr. Selover suddenly: "If I had not already given money for a scholarship at Kingsbury and paid in advance to make sure of a good room for Lorna next school year, I'd not send her another day to college, and I am almost inclined to stop her now. I have spent thousands of dollars on her for her future usefulness and thought I could see a successful career for her, and now it is all utterly wasted—worse than wasted."

Pausing a moment, he again spoke: "Harold, I had planned for you a college course and, if you wanted it, partnership with me in the store, or any profession you might prefer; but if you go with Lorna in this heresy, you can hoe your own row. This is a warning."

Harold went at once to his room, both angered and grieved. What should he do? He sat down and wrote to Lorna and told her just what had been said and asked her what she was going to do. When he knew, he would stand by her and work his finger nails off for the completion of her college education. As for himself it did not matter. He would graduate at high school next year and then launch out for himself as soon as he was twenty-one. He might have been hasty but he immediately went out and mailed his letter at the office, to go out that night.

"Why don't father and mother search the Scriptures honestly and see if these things are so?" he said to himself. "They seem to think that what the church or the pastor says is beyond all contradiction and that all who don't agree with them are ignorant. I have heard the Baptist man on general occasions give as good an address as our pastor gave, and yet he has a very small congregation and a small salary. It makes me sick to see and hear such intolerance." And thus he mused until sleep overtook him.

The convention lasted over the week and Lorna and Mary and Miss Sue went again to the Seventh-day church.

Soon they left for an excursion to the

mountains and from California to the great parks. Mr. Ellington was to meet them at the Yosemite. En-route to the Yellowstone Lorna received a lot of mail by previous arrangement. Her brother's letter made her so sad but she was so glad that he, too, would soon be keeping the Sabbath with her. But if her father felt like that, how could she return to Kingsbury to college next school year? And she had no means to attend any other college.

Still Montrose had great hopes of yet changing her to be united with him in Sunday observance. He would test her a little with his love. They were resting in the park and talking over future prospects when he said:

"I am going to take only a year's course in the seminary I have chosen and then take a pastorate near Union Theological, if possible, and take studies there two years. We can be married next year and settle down."

"But how then am I to finish my course?" asked Lorna.

"After your next year, why not study, with me, theology? Many do that with their husbands."

"But I have set my heart on a full and thorough college course as a foundation for my future work whatever it may be," she replied.

"But if your father refuses it, then what?"

"I can teach and work my way through," she replied.

"Then that would take you four or five years longer and seriously delay our marriage," he said.

Lorna was silent awhile. Then tearfully she asked, "Can't you wait three years longer if I can get the money and get through?"

"I dreadfully hate to wait that long. If I get a pastorate, while I study at Union it will greatly help me to have you with me. Let's see what your father decides."

"Oh, I dread it. Must I be practically cast out by my father for this? But others have suffered for the truth worse than that. Montrose, why can not you see this truth now and decide accordingly? Let us struggle together to shape our future while we obey God's commandments. I am sure he will lead and guide us to victory and usefulness."

"I am not yet convinced that you are right in your interpretations and decisions," he remarked.

"Then why don't you show me a single Scriptural verse for the Sunday? You have had ample time to find it."

"I have about come to the conclusion that it makes no difference and that one day in seven is all that God asks. That being so, nothing stands between us. You keep your day and for the greater influence I can have I'll preach on Sundays. How's that?"

"But the commandment is not indefinite. It is positively definite and was so regarded all through the Bible times. I have lately been reading the prophecies and think that this apostasy was foretold and that the 'Man of sin,' whoever that means, was to change times and laws, and I know of no other times or laws that have been changed except the time and law of the Sabbath. If that is so, then Sunday is a great anti-Christian institution and to observe it after knowing God's will is a sin. I would feel that I were committing a great sin now if I kept Sunday and did not keep the Sabbath. Oh, Montrose, this means so much to you and me and to the world. How can two walk together except they be agreed?"

Mr. Ellington was silent. He did not know what to say now. Was there to be a coming breach between them? He could not stand such a thought. He almost worshiped her.

"We'll study it out later, dear. Let's join the crowd now and make this a glorious trip."

In a few days they had to part again. He would come and see her on her return home. The journey soon ended and Lorna was at home.

(To be continued.)

"What though the day be lost, and every warrior slain!
A million years are His to win the field again.
The triumph is to God, however long the strife:
For sin and death must yield to him, the Lord of Life.

"The planets are in league against the hosts of night;
The sun itself goes forth to battle for the right.
The ages fight for God! Shall we the contest yield?
Arise, ye sons of truth, and sweep the hostile field!"

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

Best Things in Our School

We present below the abridged speech of Superintendent Holston at the recent Wisconsin quarterly meeting. The four schools were represented by live superintendents on the program, and we are giving the benefit of the occasion to others who were not present.

But we want the best things from *all* the schools. Tell us about the conventions you have attended, the discussions of your last workers' meeting, the problems of your class, the interesting items and the forward movements all along the line.

For instance Dr. Burdick has just handed to us a letter from another school whose constant aim seems to be to do things always in the best way.

FROM PLAINFIELD

We have not yet acquired the ten per cent addition to our school. We are endeavoring to grow in numbers, interest and activity. We hope, in view of the strenuous campaign now being conducted, to report additions to the church. We have less than a dozen of church age who are not now members.

We always endeavor to maintain the interest of the school by programs, special days, and occasional addresses by outsiders. Bible drills, missionary minutes, etc., are some of the other things we have tried.

We are unusually situated, at present, by reason of the six weeks' campaign being conducted, under the auspices of the local churches, by Dr. William E. Biederwolf, the evangelist. The first Sabbath in May all our services were omitted for the entire day to conform to Dr. Biederwolf's plans for the day. He is doing a splendid work. Large numbers are attending the services, with many decisions and consecrations resulting.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Superintendent.

FROM MILTON JUNCTION

One of the best things begun in our school this year has been the readjustment of our finances. Formerly we gave irregularly and without system, with a deficit certain at the end of the year. On the first of January a budget was made up and each pupil was given a pledge card with an envelope dated for each Sabbath of the year. Practically every pupil signed the card and is faithfully paying the pledge, and the amount pledged will cover the budget. This is not ideal, however. Sentiment is crystalizing toward the plan of raising all funds for local religious purposes, including the Sabbath school and other branches of church work, by an every-member canvass, the budget to cover all lines of church work and the funds all to pass through the church treasurer's hands.

An orchestra of several pieces has been organized, which helps wonderfully with the music.

On May 11, twenty-six of our young people including some of their teachers and the superintendent attended a "Teen Age" banquet at Edgerton, a feature of the annual Rock County Sunday School Convention.

One of the young men's classes will take up the teacher training course the first of July with volunteers from other classes of the school joining. Professor A. B. West will lead the class.

We found the real Christmas spirit in "White Gifts for the King," and the most touching number of the program and the climax of the service was the offering of their lives to Christ made by five girls and one boy, with a request for baptism and church membership. The whole service was in the same sweet spirit of consecration to Christ with the whole large congregation uniting. Many have since assured the superintendent that it was the finest and most ideal Christmas service they ever attended.

E. M. HOLSTON,
Superintendent.

Lesson XI.—June 10, 1916

SOWING AND REAPING.—Gal. 6

Golden Text.—"God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."
Gal. 6: 7.

DAILY READINGS

June 4—Gal. 6: 1-18. Sowing and Reaping
June 5—Matt. 13: 24-30. Sowing Tares
June 6—Ecc. 11: 1-8. Sowing on Waters
June 7—Psa. 126. Joy of Harvest
June 8—1 Tim. 4: 6-16. Sowing Good Seed
June 9—Rom. 14: 13-23. Social Responsibility
June 10—Rom. 2: 1-11. Life's Harvest

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

The Night: A Sermon for Boys and Girls

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

How many, many blessings the *day* brings!—sunlight, lessons, play, work, dinner, companions! And the *night* brings its blessings, too,—beautiful starlit skies, quietness, rest, sleep. My! how tired we are some evenings! and then, the sun sets, the daylight slowly fades into twilight, and the twilight into night, and we can *just rest*. Night is another sign of God's love for us. It comes like a benediction (after a long sermon).

How beautiful the sky is on a still clear night! Is there any color more beautiful than the deep blue of the starlit sky? Now, if it were not for the night, we might never have known of the stars. The stars shine just as brightly by day as by night, but the sun outshines the stars in the daytime so that we can not see them. In the early evening we see only a few of the brightest stars. Soon we can see more of them. And in a little while they appear thicker than candles on a Christmas tree. Did you ever try to count the stars?

I wonder how many stars you know by name? Most people know the Great Dipper. It has seven stars—four in the bowl and three in the curved handle. The two that are opposite the handle are the "pointers." That is, they point to the North Star. The North Star has been a guide to many a sailor.

There are twenty stars of the first magnitude; that is, the brightest. Five of these are so far south that we never see them in New York State. All of them can be seen from the equator. If you will look in the SABBATH RECORDER of April 10, 1916, you will find on page 455 an article entitled "Friendship with the Stars." It tells you how to find several of these stars of the first magnitude—Arcturus, Capella, Sirius, and others.

There never was a star that missed its

appointment. There is a lesson about being on time. Who is it that keeps the stars in their places and helps them to be always "on time"? Who makes a peaceful night to follow every tired day? The Bible tells us that "God made the two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also" (Gen. 1:16). In another place in the Bible we are told that "he telleth the number of the stars" (Ps. 147: 4).

Letter From Java

Mrs. Hattie E. West.

MY DEAR SISTER IN JESUS:

Oh, how can I thank you all for all your love and sympathy! My heart is overflowing with gratitude towards you, and to our heavenly Father who "covereth me with lovingkindness." Oh, really I can not count all his blessings. I will keep 1 pound 12 shillings for me and use the other money for the work, according to the wish of the dear friends who gave the money.

I don't know just now what to buy for myself, as I have so few needs and I don't like luxury. Perhaps I can save it till I get sufficient for a baby organ with five octaves. I long so much for a *good* one, as the one I have is very small; it has only three octaves, and the treading is so heavy, and it makes me tired so soon. But sometimes I think it is not right for me to buy things like that which are not necessary, as everywhere are so much need and misery.

* * * *

I will look out if I may find something in the RECORDER about your "White Christmas." I long to know something more about it.

And now I must close, dear sister. I have so much to think about and to arrange, and when I exert myself in much writing I soon get a bad headache.

May our heavenly Father bless you all abundantly and reward you for all your love and goodness towards me.

With hearty greetings,

Yours in Jesus' love,

MARIE JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, Tajoe p. o. Java.

February 24, 1916.

Mothers' Day and Babies' Day

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

The Salem Church observed Mothers' Day as usual, but not in the usual manner. Members of the congregation were asked to wear a white flower in honor of Mother, which most of them did.

It was designated "Presentation Day," also, and the interest was made to center around the baby. Invitations were sent to the members of the cradle roll department of the Sabbath school to be present. About twenty responded. The seats were all filled, and several chairs were brought in from the church parlors. The babies were well-behaved, and the service impressive and helpful.

I am enclosing a copy of my letter to the babies, which will indicate something of the character of the service. I am sending, also, a letter from one of the non-resident members, who could not be present, but who responded in this way. He is the six-months-old son of Professor Luther F. and Clellie Lowther Sutton, of Morgantown. The letter was in his mother's hand-write, but those who know Robert Lee says it sounds just like him.

Sincerely,

AHVA J. C. BOND.

Salem, W. Va., May 23, 1916.

DEAR BABY:

Next Sabbath Day, May thirteenth, is to be "Presentation Day" in the Salem Seventh Day Baptist church. You are invited to come, and bring your parents. You will have a special section of the church reserved for you and your parents, along with the other babies and their fathers and mothers. The primary department of the Sabbath school will sit in the choir seats and assist in the program. The pastor will read from the Bible about babies, and will pray that you may grow up to be a good Christian and that your parents and the church may have grace and wisdom to help you. He will, also, preach a short sermon but not too long to tire you out.

After the service you will be given a cradle-roll pin which is a gift of the Sabbath school. They hope soon to welcome you into their classes.

If you will let Deacon Wardner Davis know that you would like to ride to church next Sabbath morning he will call

for you, or have some one else who has an automobile, and they will be ready to take you home whenever you want to go. If the service is too long for you, you will not have to stay all through. We think, however, you will want to stay. The service will belong especially to the babies.

The last "Presentation Day" in our church was held the second Sabbath in May just two years ago. There were six babies present then. We hope there will be a good many more this time. So be sure and come.

With lots of love,

AHVA J. C. BOND,

Pastor.

DEAR PASTOR BOND:

Your letter with the invitation pleased me very much. I am sorry to say that I can not persuade father and mother to leave home just now, so I can not be at church next Sabbath to hear you speak to the babies. I expect to attend Conference with all my family and then I shall be glad to meet you.

I went with my Grandpa Lowther to see the babies in the big children's parade last Wednesday which was a part of the State Sunday School Convention being held in our town. It was a beautiful parade and it took nearly half an hour for it to pass. There were about 1,500 children in the line. My brother Marion thought it was about as fine as a circus parade.

Please give my love to all the babies. I hope they are all as well and happy as I am, and I hope there are lots of dandelions and robins in Salem.

Lovingly yours,

ROBERT LEE SUTTON.

Manager's Statement

Of course we know the RECORDER was a day late last week, but we did not know so many readers would notice it. We realized it, though, when inquiries began to come in on Tuesday asking, "What is the matter with my RECORDER? I have not received it." We were very sorry to have this happen, but the fact was, our press was tied up on a job that could not be taken off until finished. You know there are times when the most methodical of us miss our regular schedule.

LUCIUS P. BURCH,
Manager.**HOME NEWS**

SALEM, W. VA.—Though silent, the Salem ladies are not idle but are carrying on the work of the Aid Society with an earnestness and system which are meeting with very satisfactory results, not in finances merely but in pleasant social seasons and outgrowth of friendly relations.

We meet regularly on the second Sunday in each month, our meetings are well attended, and all are interested in the business at hand. The many calls for aid which come to us cause us many hours of consideration of ways and means to meet them.

The "church supper," while it has its social feature which is always much appreciated, is such a labor problem with unsatisfactory returns and to some, if not all, such a very questionable means as to its fitness, that we are always studying for other and better plans for raising money.

At present, however, the church supper is our best asset. We have varied the suppers, trying to introduce new and novel features, and have thought we found the efforts worth while. We have also held sales which have all been financially successful.

We will all be glad in spite of our successes in these lines when social features can stand alone and money come as a gift direct—unencumbered by any channel which leads to the gratifying of the indulgences.

Some of the larger considerations which we have met since last Conference are the purchase of a stove for our church kitchen, \$65, and parsonage repairs, \$200. We have also met our obligations to the Woman's Board besides many smaller but important matters. We find ourselves encumbered with a small debt but our plans are good to have it lifted soon.

A committee was appointed at our April meeting who sent to every member the following little rhyme. It speaks for itself:

"If our college need some money,
Be it much or more,
And our Ladies' Aid could give it,
Why not pass it o'er?
Every lady has some talent,
Some may say, 'Not I,'

But each could surely earn one dollar
If she'd only try.

"Every spring for many years,
Each has one dollar made,
To have a Salem Scholarship
Named for our Ladies' Aid.
Every lady will be anxious—
None will say, 'Not I'—
To give as much in nineteen-sixteen
As in days gone by.

"So come to Mrs. L. D. Lowther's
In May, the fourteenth day,
And bring the dollar you have earned
In your own quiet way.
How you earned that needed dollar
You there must tell in rhyme,
Then we will serve good things to eat
And have a social time."

The response was \$32, at the meeting and more was sent in later. The rhymes were a feature not to be lightly mentioned. We send a sample, that others may share the good day with us.

"To the Ladies' Aid of my Christian creed.
I see your wants and learn your need
From the invitation I received in rhyme
To come today and be on time
And enjoy the social and eat the hash
And bring a dollar to pay in cash.

"You asked me to tell in rhythmic rhymes
How I earned the 'kale' or got the dimes.
I'm a little bashful to have you learn
That they came by the strokes of the dash of
the churn.

Oh, not quite all, for now and then
I got a dime from the cackling hen.

"We must not allow any chances to slip
To raise the 'dough' for the scholarship.
It pains me much—it does, 'you bet,'
To learn how much is the college debt.
If we all work together and do our best,
Our husbands will join and pay the rest.

"Here is my dollar with a free good will
And I hope to pay in others still.
The debt would not be if we had money galore,
So I sign my name just—Isadore."

SECRETARY.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—The cafeteria supper given by the ladies on Tuesday night was well patronized.

A union meeting of the Senior, Intermediate, and Junior societies was held Sabbath afternoon with Hazel Crandall as leader.

The choir gave their cantata at the United Brethren church on Davis Creek Thursday night of last week to a large and appreciative audience. An offering of about \$11 was received of which the Davis Creek Church received a part.

We were more than glad to get the rain last Sabbath, but we were sorry it kept so many from church and Sabbath school. Only a few over a hundred attended Sabbath school, and five teachers were absent. We had a good session, however.

The Endeavors are trying out a unique way of nominating and electing officers. A primary election was held at which members filed for office. At the election, booths will be used and votes canvassed as in a regular political election. The members are becoming very much interested in the results.

Tuesday night upon invitation of Ray Thorngate about a dozen men met in the basement of the Seventh Day Baptist church to plan Visitation Day, which means a day for visitation to take a religious census of Valley County. All pastors, Bible-school superintendents in the village and representatives of the various schools were present. More about this next week.

Nearly an inch and one fourth of rain fell early in the week. It was badly needed but the cold wave which accompanied it was not so welcome as the rain. It was cold enough to freeze and just what the effect will be on fruit buds it is hard to tell—only the future will tell us.

Mrs. Angeline Abbey has returned home after spending several years in missionary work in Wisconsin.—*The Loyalist*.

To the Public in North Loup.

Having lived in North Loup for eight and one half years we are about to remove to Rhode Island.

The conditions are such that a return to Nebraska even for a visit can not be thought of with any confidence.

We love North Loup and all its people and would be very glad to take with us something by which to remember you all. We therefore plan to buy as good an album as we can secure, in which to mount pictures of North Loup people and scenes. In this way we hope to secure a unique and perpetual memorial of some of the happiest years of our lives. It would be out of place for us to ask individuals for pictures and it would be impossible for us to exchange with all.

If we succeed with our idea of this

memorial it will be by your co-operation. This request is not made to special friends—we have no special friends. It is not made to members of any congregation, but to every person in the village and country about. Please give us pictures of individuals, homes, farms, stock, everything that has to do with our community. This is a small matter to you but it will mean a great deal to us. Let no one think that you are too little acquainted or that we have done so little for you. Think of what a book could be made with your help for us to take to Rhode Island. Thank you,

GEORGE B. SHAW.

—*The Loyalist*.

ELKHART, KAN.—DEAR RECORDER: You are prized for your weekly visits, and form an important factor in our Sabbath reading, and our business career. The story that is now running in your pages, "The Great Test," should be printed in pamphlet form to be scattered broadcast as the leaves of autumn. As for Elkhart she is growing, and while only three summers old is putting on the dress of a full-grown city. Nice cement walks, waterworks and electric lights are being installed. Work is progressing nicely. Several of our own people are coming back and the way of the Sabbath cause looks brighter. We would like to have several good live lone Sabbath-keepers turn their attention this way. There is room for you and a chance to make a home. Remember God's cause needs you. Yours,

E. D. STILLMAN.

May 20, 1916.

Milton College Notes

On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week President Daland delivered interesting talks on "Rhythms and Rhymes." The discussion untangled many knotty questions on prosody in such a delightful manner that every one lamented the unavoidable brevity.

Some very valuable advice was given aspiring rhymsters on the value of making a modest beginning. Rhymed couplets, the president said, should be the first objective. Not until these are mastered should one attempt the more elaborate forms of verse. His remarks on the necessity of mechanical

perfection disillusioned those who have always held to a comfortable belief in the "muse," but on second thought it seems rather better to realize that poetry, like music and other arts, is the fruit of loving, careful labor.

President Daland left the thought that any good thing is a result of close attention to details, however slight, and that nothing can be accomplished "at one jump."

The present endowment fund of Milton College amounts to \$145,000. In addition to this, \$105,000 is necessary to standardize our college, according to laws recently passed by the state and federal government. At present our students are given credit in other colleges and our graduates are recognized as qualified teachers in Wisconsin and in many States of the Union. If this required amount can not be procured, the reverse will be true.—*Milton College Review*.

We understand that plans are on foot to raise the Milton endowment to the required sum for standardization, and we sincerely hope they may be successful. Of this matter we shall hear later.

Conference at Salem

It may not be considered out of place for the pastor of the Salem Church to say a word about the coming Conference, and our hopes regarding it. No doubt the president of Conference will, in due time, make known to the readers of the RECORDER something of the character of the program as planned, and now almost completed. The local Entertainment Committee will soon issue an invitation and statement, assuring you of a home during your stay among us. My own former pastor, now only associate in that office in West Virginia, and friend always, the pastor of the Lost Creek Church, will make the formal address of welcome—but not too formal. So there is little left for me to say. However, by speaking early I may be able thus to magnify the importance of my words; and, too, not having been appointed to speak, that fact may increase their significance.

Committees have been appointed, and work begun looking toward the entertainment of the delegates. While we have no particular assurance of the fact, never-

theless we are looking for a large delegation, and we hope we shall not be disappointed.

Salem has the best auditorium in the denomination in which to hold Conference. All who attended the last session held here in 1910 will bear me out in that statement. The new gymnasium will make an excellent dining hall. Huffman Hall, together with the rooms in the Administration Building, will serve every demand for rest rooms, committee rooms, exhibits, headquarters, etc.

Our homes, in appropriate instances our arms, and always our hearts, will be open to receive you. Come and fill them with your presence, and with the blessings of your friendship and of your loyal denominational spirit. You need the help and inspiration of the Conference. The denomination needs the sympathetic co-operation of all its members. Every church should be represented by one or more delegates, who will carry back home the inspiration and practical help of the sessions. Plan to come, and let nothing interfere with your carrying out that excellent resolution.

AHVA J. C. BOND, *Pastor*.

Salem, W. Va., May 24, 1916.

To the People of the Central Association

DEAR BRETHREN:

The people of the Second Brookfield Church desire a good attendance at the sessions of the coming association which convenes with us June 8-11, 1916. We also request that the names of delegates and other persons who plan to attend the association send their names in at once so that the Entertainment Committee may provide homes for all.

Ample conveyance will meet all delegates arriving Wednesday evening at either Leonardsville or North Brookfield. Please do not fail to tell us you are coming and at which place you will arrive. *This is important.* It means our convenience, your comfort and enjoyment. *Send in your name—yes, be sure to send your name.*

Come praying for God's blessing upon the moderator, the speakers and the people of the churches of the association.

For and in behalf of the Second Brookfield Church,

W. L. DAVIS, *Pastor*.

The Possibilities of Northern Alabama

A. T. BOTTOMS

At the request of Brother W. D. Burdick, I shall try to write something of the wonderful possibilities of north Alabama.

The Tennessee River rising in Virginia enters our State at its northeast corner, makes a graceful curve and leaves our State at the northwest corner. This leaves us one of the most fertile valleys of the South. Our section is known as the grain belt of Alabama. Nature has specially favored our section in that our climate is unexcelled; our water is varied, so that any one can find almost any kind of water desired. There are several summer resorts located at health-giving springs. Our altitude is from 800 feet to 2,000 feet elevation, our valley is high and dry and does not contain malaria except in a very few localities. Our mean annual temperature is 61. The mean in summer is about 75. In winter our mean temperature is 43. I have never seen but two days in my life when the temperature was zero, and then only a short time in the early morning.

Our average annual snowfall is 2 inches. Our average annual rainfall is 49½ inches.

With all this climate and soil, our agricultural resources are undeveloped, due to the fact that the farmers have studied nothing but cotton growing. The boll weevil, which is almost sure death to the cotton industry, is just entering our section. Hence a large number of farms are for sale in some sections. Some of our farmers are beginning to raise stock. This of course will change things.

Alabama imports beef from Kansas City by the carload, which our people buy at 20 cents per pound, when we raise it at 3 to 4 cents per pound. We bring dairy products from the North to the extent of \$15,000 to \$25,000, yet we can produce these products more cheaply than in any other place. At present we have only one small packing house and a small creamery in the State.

The people are large consumers of pork products, yet they bring these from the North, at a cost, to the consumer, of 12½ to 28 cents per pound, when we are able to produce pork at 2 cents per pound.

The greatest but most neglected of our opportunities is the poultry business. One man told me that Alabama does not sell

eggs enough in one day to give the city of Birmingham her breakfast.

When we consider all these possibilities, with the fact that our climate is such that we can have grazing crops all the year and that stock need practically no protection in winter except shelter from rain, we know that our agricultural possibilities are great, with land selling from \$10 to \$75 per acre.

The Mussel Shoals Hydro Electric Company have before Congress, with almost sure success, it having passed one house, a proposition to expend \$45,000,000 in the development of the water power at Mussel Shoals on the Tennessee River. When complete this plant will develop 210,000 horse power. This will flood North Alabama with power, make it a beehive of industry, fill it with interurban lines, and cause land values to rise from \$10 and \$75 to around \$200 per acre in a few years.

Should any of our people wish to investigate these possibilities, I shall be glad to answer any questions or to assist in any way that I may be able.

We are specially anxious to see several families of Sabbath-keepers locate near Athens, a thriving little town almost in the heart of this territory.

Hoping that I may be of help to Sabbath-keepers who wish to come South, I am

Yours truly,

A. T. BOTTOMS.

Rum and Railroads

My friend was the last guest to be served at dinner. The Pullman conductor was sitting at the table opposite and they fell into conversation about the Civil War.

The conductor suddenly said: "As you surmise, I am the son of a Confederate soldier, and my father was a slaveholder. The old mansion on our plantation was burned, and the eight hundred acres of land are now owned by our old slave Mammy Sally and her three sons. I reckon that they are worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Yes, my father believed in total abstinence, and taught me the same creed. I have never taken a gill of liquor in my life, and I have a son twenty years old who is growing up with the same habit. I have been conductor on a dining car

running south for many years, and I have had unusual opportunities to see the effects of liquor and estimate its fearful ravages.

"We don't serve it now, and I am glad it isn't here any more to annoy the self-respecting traveling public. In the old days when we sold it, I remember one evening that a man came in, ordered whiskey, drank it immediately, and long before his dinner was served became intoxicated and began to swear like a mad man. An aged lady and her grandson sat opposite, and I took the poor fellow by the coat collar and pushed him out of the car. Afterwards, he came back to apologize. He was a banker and feared his escapade would get back to the city where he was prominent in social circles.

"Two weeks later, I saw him enter the car again, and at once he called for a drink. I refused to give it to him, meanwhile reminding the irate man of the experience I had had with him a little while before. This calmed the fellow, and he placed his fingers to his lips for me to speak in a lower tone. At length he begged so hard that I gave him just one drink, but it made him crazy again, and I had to put him out of the car once more. What a poor man he was! He had money, but his manhood was gone. He had gold, but his appetite for drink had destroyed his self-respect. He had silver, but he had lost the sweet satisfaction of life. He had diamonds and bonds and stock, but he had deliriums and bruises and sickness of soul. He had a bank account, but was a moral bankrupt. He owned horses and carriages, and had servants, but he was a slave and his life was corroded with the canker of dissipation.

"Poor rich man! His soul was clad in rags, his hands will soon be twisted by rheumatism, and he will be left a gouty, wrinkled, palsied human wreck, prematurely decaying and tottering to his fall. He may seem to end his days in the lap of luxury, but he will really pass them in a cauldron filled with scalding dregs of an evil life.

"I am glad that this railroad has cut out the liquor business. It makes me sick to think of the years when we served a few patrons of the road with liquor and thus often greatly annoyed the many excellent people who traveled with us. It led to

language that insulted ladies and gave pure-minded men the nightmare. I am glad that everywhere it is increasingly difficult for traveling men to get the poisonous stuff, and I hope to see it shut out from every State."

As our friend paid his bill and passed out, the conductor said: "Prohibition has come to stay, in the South, I believe."—*Charles L. White, in Baptist Commonwealth.*

The Engine Went On

I once had a curious and instructive conversation with an engineer who had charge of a large stationary engine. It was a beautiful engine, and worked as true as steel could work. The man surprised me by telling me it had been at work ninety years, "And do you know," he added, "it has had eight masters. I am the eighth who has had the care of it. The others are all either dead or worn out, and yet it goes on as if it were as young as ever. Very strange, sir, isn't it, that an engine should live so much longer than a man, and it is not hard work for us either, or exposed work, for the room is always warm and comfortable, and the place is of course clean and light."

"What did the men die from?" I asked. "Well, three or four, I am afraid, died of drink, another of bad temper, another of worry, an so on, but the engine went on just the same." The fate of the engine, its long life and continued industry puzzled the man. He often in his lonely hours thought of it and wondered how many men would follow him before the engine began to break down. It did not puzzle me. That engine worked a great many hours a day truly, but it was equable in its work; it never ran loose; it was true in its vocation; it was bright as a new pin, clean in every point; it was served with best but simple fuel food; it had its furnace tubes clear; it was saved friction by having its parts properly oiled, and it drank nothing but water. So it lived on through nearly three generations, with a good chance of living through three more. It was allowed, in fact, to make the most of its physical life.

Its masters did not make the most of their lives. They might have been some-

what industrious, but they were not so orderly, so true, so steady, so clean as they made the engine. They had not learned so well how to find the best food and drink for their own labor as had been found for the engine. They did not make the most of their lives, and, therefore, they stopped, but the engine went, still merrily, on its way.—*Sir B. W. Richardson.*

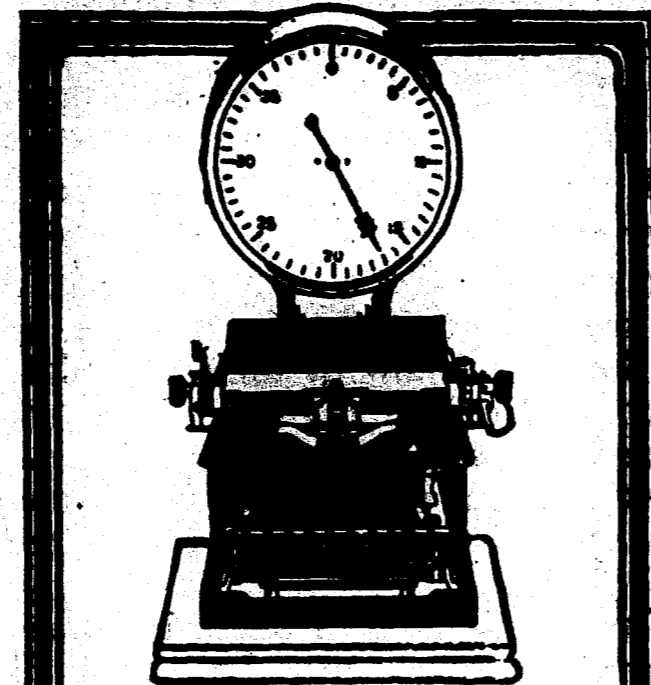
A Knot in His Discourse

Christ gives us the thread of life, colored by his blood. When the Bible-school lesson was upon this subject, John Wanamaker gave out fourteen hundred spools of scarlet thread to his scholars. One of the speakers to the school said: "Sometimes a Christian man loses the thread of life, or breaks it, and tries to restore the broken thread; but, my brothers, he can not do it. The thread so lost will never be an unbroken thread again." General Howard, who was present, quickly replied, "No, no, my brother! We have a Savior, a Mediator, an Emmanuel, who stands between us and the divine Father. He can re-tie the thread of life after it is broken, in such a way that you can not detect the knot."

Bishop Fowler once said that when a parishioner called upon him in the morning as he was preparing his sermon it broke the thread of his discourse, and he could always feel the knot as he came to that part of his sermon. Human fingers can not perfectly restore breaks, even among physical things; but our Creator and Savior can give you a new thread of life, whole, perfect and white, as his own precious blood can make it. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." He is the perfect Redeemer, who can save unto the uttermost.—*The Christian Herald.*

Sinful thoughts, once given entrance to the mind, are hard to dislodge. All men have memories of which they would gladly rid themselves. These memories intrude upon the happiest and holiest moments, and cast a bitter drop in every cup of joy. They have a power that we must acknowledge because we can not cast them out. Like the ghost in Macbeth, they will not down at our bidding, but rise up to plague us in the hour of seeming triumph. The

only way to avoid this power of sin over the mind is to refuse it entrance. If we would be wholly free from evil we must not let it appear even in thought.—*Watchman-Examiner.*



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DEATHS

STILLMAN.—George Edward Stillman, son of Charles A. and Esther Babcock Stillman, was born at DeRuyter, N. Y., March 9, 1850, and died at Plainfield, N. J., April 29, 1916.

His youth and young manhood were spent at Westerly, R. I., but since 1879 he has lived in Plainfield, N. J., being at the head of the pattern department of the Potter Printing Press Company. His first wife, Cassie Powers Stillman, died October 22, 1909. He was married again December 25, 1911, to Annie Louise Birge, of Providence, R. I., who survives him. He left no children, but is survived by an aged stepmother, Mrs. Content Stillman, a half-sister, Mrs. Etta Hemphill, and a half-brother, Herman Stillman, all of Westerly, R. I. He was a faithful member of the Seventh Day Baptist church, being at the time of his death in the twelfth year of service as a trustee of the church at Plainfield, and assistant treasurer. From 1888 to 1900 he was a member of the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

Funeral services were held from his late home, 827 West Sixth Street, Plainfield, N. J., on May 2, 1916, conducted by the pastor assisted by Rev. Henry T. Arnold, a brother-in-law of the deceased, and by Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner. The burial was made at Hillside. E. S.

GREEN.—Near the Belfast station of the Burlington Railroad in Greeley Co., Neb., on May 17, 1916, Mrs. Jason D. Green, in the forty-fifth year of her age.

Alice Augusta Cadman was the daughter of George and Augusta Ross Cadman. She was born at Gloversville, N. Y., on April 13, 1872. Her mother died when Alice was four years old leaving two little girls, Alice and baby Laura, now Mrs. Laura Ellis, of Topeka, Kan.

When Alice was still quite young the family removed to Ohio, and a little later to Nebraska. In 1887 she was married, at Alda, Neb., to Jason D. Green. Since about this time she has lived in or near North Loup.

In 1893 she was baptized and united with the Seventh Day Baptist church at North Loup. She was a Christian woman whose interest and activity were largely bounded by the walls of her home. She is survived by her father, and the parents of her mother, a sister and two half-brothers, by her husband, three sons and three daughters and by two granddaughters. The circumstance is very unusual that one should have at the same time two grandparents and two grandchildren.

Mrs. Green was killed almost instantly by the overturning of the automobile in which she was riding with her husband and two sons. Brother Green and family have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of relatives and friends in this sudden and terrible affliction.

The funeral was held Sabbath morning and very largely attended. Text, "There is but a step between me and death." G. B. S.

DUNN.—Allen Wilson Dunn died suddenly on May 21, 1916, at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., in the seventy-fifth year of his life.

He was the eldest son of the late Isaac Holton and Hannah Dunham Dunn, New Market, N. J., and a direct descendant of the *Mayflower* pilgrims. He belonged to the sixth generation of this family born on the old Dunn farm. He is survived by a widow, Anna F. Dunn, four children—Harry C., Isaac Herbert, Mrs. Edith A. McMahon, of Elizabeth, and Mrs. Ruth H. Dauncey, of Plainfield—and eight grandchildren. He leaves two brothers: W. W. Dunn, of Plainfield, and David Dunn, of Brooklyn.

The funeral took place at his home in Elizabeth on Wednesday, May 24, and the body was laid to rest in Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield, N. J. *

Postal Savings

Larger postal savings deposits will now be accepted at the postoffice. This is made possible by an important amendment to the Postal Savings Act just approved by President Wilson. A postal savings depositor may now have an account amounting to \$1,000 upon which interest will be paid. Formerly \$500 was the maximum amount he could have to his credit. This enlargement of postal savings facilities will be very gratifying to thousands of depositors who have already reached the old \$500 limit and are anxious to entrust more of their savings to Uncle Sam. Another feature of the amendment that will avoid further embarrassment to the public and to postal officials is the doing away with the limit on the amount that could be accepted from a depositor monthly. Under the old law only \$100 could be deposited in a calendar month. The amendment abolishes this restriction. While the Postal Savings System has already proved a signal success as is shown by the fact that more than half a million depositors have over eighty million dollars standing to their credit, still it has fallen short of meeting the full demands of the public because of the restrictions which have now been eliminated. Postmaster General Burleson and Third Assistant Postmaster General Dockery have been tireless in their efforts to secure a modification of the limitations and the new liberalizing legislation is particularly gratifying to them.

It is a poor heart, and a poorer age, that can not accept the conditions of life with some heroic readiness.—*Stevenson.*

SPECIAL NOTICES

The Tract Society is no longer making a special appropriation of \$150.00 a year for the mission work of MISS MARIE JANSZ

in
JAVA

but will gladly welcome and forward to her quarterly all contributions for that work that are received by the treasurer,
FRANK J. HUBBARD,
Plainfield, N. J.

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 Dayton, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

"God's promises are unbreakable, and none is made with conditions that man can not fulfil. Who does not profit by God's promises can find no fault with God."

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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A little thought of sin treasured in the heart weakens our moral nature and gives a slight turn to our character which may bring us into moral ruin. A little turn in life may put us on the way to happiness and heaven, or may send us whirling through the rapids of sin, where we shall be swept over its falls and broken to pieces on its sharp and sunken rocks, to come out into eternity, broken in heart, shattered in character, ruined in hope. To keep sin out of our heart is to keep it out of our life.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

"God is within easy reach everywhere. The experience of nearness is determined by the actual desire of each human heart."

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RELIGION should be a strength, guide, and comfort, not a source of intellectual anxiety or angry argument. To persecute for religion's sake implies belief in a jealous, cruel, and unjust Deity. If we have done our best to arrive at the truth, to torment one's self about the result is to doubt the goodness of God, and, in the words of Bacon, "to bring down the Holy Ghost, instead of in the likeness of a dove, in the shape of a raven." The first duty of religion is to form the highest possible conception of God.

Many men, and, still more women render themselves miserable by theological doubts and difficulties. These have reference, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, not to what we should do, but to what we should think. . . . There is very little theology in the Sermon on the Mount, or indeed in any part of the Gospels; and the differences which keep us apart have their origin rather in the study than in the church. Religion was intended to bring peace on earth and good will towards men, and whatever tends to hatred and persecution, however correct in the letter, must be utterly wrong in the spirit.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

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