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Also a series of four-page gospel tracts, ten in number.

**American Sabbath Tract Society**  
(Seventh Day Baptist)

Plainfield

New Jersey

# The Sabbath Recorder

## EASTER MORNING

M. E. H. Everett

Hold my hand close, we two must go,  
While those around us slumber yet,  
Where shadows crowd the pathway low  
And soft winds sigh their vain regret.

I am afraid to go alone  
There, where our murdered King was laid  
In the new chamber hewn in stone  
The rich man for himself had made.

But, listen! Runners passing by,  
And shouting gladly, to and fro,  
"Twas Mary saw Him first," they cry,  
"Risen from death an hour ago!

"She said that angels filled the place  
With glory from the heavens above,  
She heard His voice, she saw His face,  
And her heart knew Him by its love."

We leave His empty tomb behind  
To seek Him in the realms above,  
And when His tender face we find  
We, too, shall know Him by our love.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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

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WHOLE NO. 3,760

**Troubles Turned To Blessings** If we could only see the purpose of our loving Father when the shadows gather that we call troubles, we should often be led to thank God for the afflictions designed to result in blessings. The very worst thing that could happen to us would be to have absolute freedom from trouble. Those who always have things their own way are sure to be losers in the end. Whoever bears no cross can never wear a crown, and it often happens that our Father leads to better things through tribulations. Those who are represented as worthy to wear white robes in John's picture of heaven are the ones who have come up through great tribulation.

Prosperity may be a curse rather than a blessing, and hard times, poverty, or bereavement may be God's way of fitting us for better things. Had not the prodigal starved in the far country, he would never have feasted in his father's house. If Jonah had not been cast into the sea and gone down to the darkness of the deep, he would never have been the successful preacher who brought Nineveh to repentance. It was after the widow of Zarephath had looked into her empty barrel and stood face to face with starvation, that she found the prophet who was able to fill it. Had not Jacob been brought into that fearful night-struggle, he would never have become a prince among the people of God. Had not the thief been hung upon the cross under a death sentence, he would not have found the pardon, and the promise of salvation with Christ.

Thus, in many ways, have troubles been turned into blessings. Many a man does not become truly rich until misfortunes have made him poor. Many a soul will thank God in heaven for sending the discipline of sorrows that humbled him and brought him to the foot of the Cross; for it is only by the way of the Cross that we can enter the heavenly home.

**Are You Taking God Into Account?** Very few are the fathers and mothers who do not wish their children to become good and true men and women. And we venture to say that, in all the homes where the SABBATH RECORDER goes, parents would like to see their children grow up to be men and women who feel that God will hold them accountable for their conduct, and who therefore will live from day today "as in his sight."

This desire is not likely to be realized in homes where the parents do not themselves take God into account, and where the children can see no evidences that father and mother are relying upon their heavenly Father daily for strength and grace. No matter how good our ideals may be when we are in our best moods; no matter how excellent the precepts taught, the boys and girls are not likely to hold to any general teachings that are not made concrete by the example of the parents. If from day to day through the years of early life the children see exemplified before their eyes the principles of faith in a loving Father God; if the atmosphere of the home is made godly by parents who take their children to the throne of grace day by day and seek divine guidance for each one, then only will there be strong ground for hope that the dear ones, when grown to be men and women, will live as in the sight of God and be true to Christ and the church.

Many parents who could not think of cheating their children out of a chance to make a good living are, after all, cheating them out of the help that would make a good life. If your children never hear you pray; if they seldom see you in church; if they often hear you criticizing the minister and discounting denominational leaders; if they know that you constantly refuse to help in supporting church and mission work; and if they see you all absorbed in pleasure, and money-getting, and worldliness, what sort of men and women can you expect them to become?

**Are We Keeping Our Ranks Full?** This question is inevitable if one notes carefully the death lists as they appear in the SABBATH RECORDER week by week. And one who counts the names of the departed for a series of weeks will be impressed with the fact that death is making fearful ravages in our denominational ranks. From January 1, 1917, to the present time, sixty-five death notices have been published in the RECORDER. We wonder how many have been added to the churches this winter who will be likely to fill well the places of those who have gone to their long home. What evidences have we that the people fully realize how great is the need of earnest faithful effort to stop the leaks from desertion and to fill the ranks depleted by death? Is there an increase of spirituality and conscientious living in Seventh Day Baptist homes? Are the churches keeping up their interest in public worship and sustaining strong spiritual prayer meetings? Are they making special efforts to win souls to Christ? Are they holding revival meetings in which the burden of prayer is, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years"? If so, then may we thank God and take courage, for we have good ground for hope that life in the churches will surely make good all losses by death. Indeed, if the churches are filled with live Christians; if all are awake to their obligations, we may not only keep our ranks full, but increase our membership year by year.

**God Uses Weak Things To Bring Men to Him** Paul's words, "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," are well illustrated in the following story, told by Rev. William E. Boardman. A blind Christian woman led by a little girl, offered a gospel tract to a man who did not believe in the Bible and who regarded religion as only a superstition. Instead of taking the tract he struck it from the poor woman's hand and it fell to the ground. Instantly his well-trained dog picked up the paper and sitting upright on his haunches held it in his mouth for the master to take. After a long time, out of pity for his dog, the man took the tract from him, and as he did so some words attracted his attention and he was induced

to read the message through. Conviction seized and he soon found the Savior.

Thus a poor blind woman who could only hand out a tract, helped by a faithful dog, became in God's hands a successful preacher of the gospel. Who that loves Christ can say, "I can do nothing?" The weakest child of God can, by his help, use the sword of the Spirit with power. For God can supplement any sincere effort to win men with the added help of the very elements of nature and with the irresistible power of the Holy Spirit.

**Exalt Christ Only** In a certain picture of the Last Supper, where Christ was represented as giving his disciples the emblems of his broken body and outpoured life, the artist had tried to throw all his skill into an effort to make the figure and face of Jesus most perfect and glorious. But incidentally he had painted some beautiful communion cups in the foreground. Soon he saw that the friends who came to his studio noticed the cups first and exclaimed, "What beautiful cups!" This aroused him to the fact that he had failed in his object, for he had made the cups divert attention from the Lord—just the thing he had not wanted to do. Immediately he took his brush and painted out the cups, in order that the Master might be made most prominent and attractive.

Herein is a lesson for every Christian who desires to hold up Christ before the world. Whatever tends to hinder men from seeing him in all his beauty should be put away. Paul was careful not to put into his preaching "enticing words of men's wisdom" alone, but sought first of all to speak "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Had he placed oratory in the front, striving to impress his hearers with words and sentences so aptly arranged that every one should admire his eloquence, his high-sounding words and rounded periods would have been but mockery, for they would have obscured the Christ by attracting attention to himself. Like the artist, he would have been putting the beautiful cups in the foreground.

Demonstration of the Spirit and of power is the real thing to be sought by him who would picture the Christ so as to attract men. Without this, all excellency of speech, forms, and ceremonies will tend to obscure rather than reveal the great

central figure. As I grow older I become more and more convinced that the story of the artist who, in order to make Christ most prominent, painted out the cups, has a lesson for all ministers who would preach the word with soul-stirring and soul-winning power.

**Temperance Education Still Greatly Needed** The National Temperance Society was the pioneer society in the initial work of educating this country for prohibition. If we secure a saloonless nation within a few years,—and it now seems probable,—no man can estimate the worth of this society's work in bringing it about. For half a century it has been patiently but persistently arousing public sentiment against the saloon, educating the people in lines of temperance reform, and filling the land with sane and wholesome literature, until today we see the results in the prohibition wave that is sweeping over our country.

When the Woman's Christian Temperance Union sprang into being and the mothers and sisters of America joined in the fight against the liquor traffic, the National Temperance Society hailed the new society as a worthy yokefellow and strengthened it in every way it could. Thus it has helped and encouraged every society that looked toward abolishing the saloon.

In a circular just issued from its publishing house, the National Temperance Society announces its union with the Federal Council, with Macfarland and Stelzle as leaders, in a renewed movement to educate the people in order to make prohibition laws effective. It is not enough to secure acts of legislatures outlawing the liquor traffic, for experience has shown that there must be a strong public sentiment in favor of prohibition if laws are to be enforced. To make sure of such a public sentiment, not merely for today but for the generations to come, the National Society, under its new relationship, proposes to renew with increased vigor its educational work through its temperance literature and practical teaching. It feels that it now has behind it more than ever before the moral influence of the great body of the Church and is more hopeful than ever that through a wider circulation of its educational publications temperance legislation may be made more effective.

**No Contraband Goods Allowed to Pass** Those who have traveled in foreign lands know how carefully each one's baggage is examined before he crosses boundary lines, to see if he is carrying forbidden goods. One midnight as we were about to cross the line dividing Switzerland from France, we were all aroused by customs officers on the watch for contraband goods. They would not take our word, but went to the very bottom of grips and valises in their search. I have many times thought of this experience on that midnight train for Paris, and it reminds me of another journey we are all taking to the country that lies "beyond the river." Into that land we can carry no contraband goods. There are many forbidden things for which search will be made by the eye of Him who sees even the thoughts in our hearts. From Him nothing can be hidden. We can not smuggle in anything displeasing to the King; for "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." "The unclean shall not pass over it"—the boundary line between this land and that. Only the fruits of the spirit (Gal. 5: 22-24) can be allowed to cross that line, and all works of the flesh (Gal. 5: 19-21) must be left behind.

Many of us are nearing the boundary line. We can not tell how soon we may be called to account and searched for contraband goods. We know now very well what we are taking with us and we should remember the difference between this journey and all others. In the journeys of earth, while the forbidden things are kept out of a country we ourselves can be allowed to pass through. But in the crossing just ahead in life's journey, contraband things carried knowingly to the border will cause us to be shut out. Friends, would we not better make sure that these forbidden things are put away before we reach the border?

**Called to a Great Work** Whoever is the acceptable pastor of Westminster Chapel in London, England, has a unique opportunity to arouse, intensify and guide the whole church of England in patriotic loyalty to the government. With this end in view, Dr. J. H. Jowett, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian



Church, New York City, is being urged by both church and government officials to return to England in its time of need and take the Westminster pastorate. Premier Lloyd George is said to be "begging him to come," saying that just as Great Britain has called her sons to go to the trenches, so she is now calling Dr. Jowett to return and take his stand in the British pulpit.

We understand that Dr. Jowett feels deeply the almost irresistible constraint placed upon him, amounting almost to a conscription, and that the Fifth Avenue Church people are laboring diligently to convince him that his influence and power in England would be all the greater if he could go as preacher and apostle to all the churches rather than as pastor of one church. To this end the members of his church have offered to grant him leave of absence six months each year to labor in England, and will continue his full salary in case he sees fit to go. They have also entered protests against his resignation and have sought the influence of President Wilson and other prominent men to keep him in the American pastorate. It is urged by his church people that his opportunities to do good, both in England and in the United States, would be enlarged by this international arrangement.

The man who said that the pulpit is the sheet anchor of a nation spoke the truth, and we see this truth acknowledged in a concrete way in the call of Dr. Jowett for services in the interests of two nations. It is well sometimes to have the attention of the public turned toward the power of the pulpit in national affairs. We are too apt to forget that the prosperity of our nation is largely due to the influence of the gospel ministers, to whom the people look for counsel. Loyal, patriotic, high-principled men in our pulpits mean loyal, patriotic citizens at large. The nation can never estimate the worth of its gospel ministers.

When our country was in the toils of war, and a man of influence was needed to stay the rising tide of hostility beyond the Atlantic and to restore the confidence of another nation in our government, it was a leading minister of the gospel who was chosen for that great work. We can not all be Jowetts or Beechers, but we can make the influence of our high calling felt for the greatest good of the nation wherever we are.

**"Therefore Opposed To the Saloon"**

The *Worker* is a neat little paper edited by Charles Stelzle and published in the interest of the workingman, against the saloon. One object is to answer the specious arguments of the liquor men, who claim that many laborers will be thrown out of employment by prohibition. The country is being flooded with exaggerated and misleading statements designed to influence the labor unions to unite against banishing the saloon, and this paper is doing splendid work by showing the utter fallacy of the liquor men's arguments. The new movement mentioned elsewhere, led by Mr. Stelzle, will meet the widely circulated misrepresentations of the brewers and distillers in a hundred papers. The temperance people need to be thus awake and active if they are to checkmate the audacious moves of the enemy.

"Therefore opposed to the saloon," is the legitimate conclusion of any argument that promotes the best interest of workingmen. Mr. Stelzle takes the "black State" of New Jersey and, by figures from the census tables, shows that even in this State of breweries and distilleries and saloons the laboring classes would be greatly helped by banishing the liquor business and transferring the capital invested in it to other industries.

Of the saloon-keepers in New Jersey only 8 per cent are native whites, while 77 per cent are foreign-born whites. Of the white saloon-men in the entire country 48 per cent are of foreign birth. This proves how largely the saloons of America are controlled by foreigners.

Mr. Stelzle shows that, in the State of New Jersey, for every \$1,000,000 invested in the average industry, 333 wage-earners are employed, while in the liquor industry only 53 wage-earners are employed for every \$1,000,000 invested. Thus the money now used in liquor-making would, if invested in some beneficial industry, furnish about six times as many men with employment as it does in the booze business. In the same State the saloon-keepers, bartenders, and all other persons engaged in malt, vinous, and distilling industries, including hotel managers, superintendents, and clerks, make only one per cent of the total wage-earners in the various industries of the State. Of this small per cent engaged in the liquor business, only a few men work

at occupations that are peculiar to that business. Most of them could easily and without loss turn to work in other industries.

There is one feature of this question that workingmen are apt to overlook. Those of their number making up the one per cent engaged in the liquor business are employed in forwarding an industry that brings untold damage to every industry in which 99 per cent of the wage-earners are engaged. It would be suicidal for labor unions to cast their influence against prohibition.

#### DEBT STATEMENT

Missionary Board's debt, balance due	
March 15 .....	\$2,186.50
Received since last report .....	5.00
Still due March 21 .....	\$2,181.50
Tract Board's debt, balance due March	
15 .....	\$2,816.25
Received since last report .....	24.00
Still due March 23 .....	\$2,792.25

#### SOME THOUGHTS ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION

MARY E. POST

It has only been a short time since I have been attracted to the reading of the book of Revelation. It was the third verse of the first chapter that caught my attention. "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of the prophecy, and keep the things that are written therein." Indeed he is twice blessed (Rev. 22: 7). And then there is a curse pronounced upon any one who would add or take away from anything written therein (Rev. 22: 18-19). Surely there must be something important for one to know if it was guarded so carefully.

Then it is the unveiling of Jesus Christ. The thought that he wishes us to understand him and his plans for his children ought to attract us. As I understand, the Revelation gives us in panoramic view the history of the world from different angles. The first three show us the church, the fourth and fifth the honorable place the Lord is given, and the sixth the world influences that figure in history during the period ending with the "great day of his wrath."

The world influences are represented by

the horses (Rev. 6). I wish to call attention particularly to this sixth chapter. In the second verse we read about a white horse: "And he that sat thereon had a bow; and there was given unto him a crown; and he came forth conquering, and to conquer." Whatever war this refers to, whether this present one or some other, the one who goes forth conquers.

In the third and fourth verses comes forth a red horse. "And to him that sat thereon it was given to take peace from the earth." Does not this condition seem nearer fulfilment now than at any time in the past?

Verse five follows with a black horse and the rider "had a balance in his hand," saying, "A measure of wheat for a shilling, and three measures of barley for a shilling, and the oil and the wine hurt thou not." The notes say that implies scarcity. We seem to be very near that zone.

Then the pale horse, Death, followed by Hades (v. 9). Poland is dying; New York City has had a bread riot.

Now the second distinguishing feature of this war is found in the last clause of the eighth verse: "And there was given unto them authority over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with famine, and with death, and by the wild beasts of the earth." I suppose this present war has slain more than any previous war but has not reached a fourth yet.

The ninth, tenth and eleventh verses: "And when he opened the fifth seal, I saw underneath the altar the souls of them that had been slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a great voice, saying, How long, O Master, the holy and true, dost thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And there was given them to each one a white robe; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little time, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, who should be killed even as they were, should have fulfilled their course."

Wherever we find the word "brethren" in this book it refers to the Jews. There is an article in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the heading, "The Problem of American Judaism," by Ralph Philip Boas, in which he says that many of the Jews in America who have prospered in a financial way hardly differ from a body

of agnostics; that "now a more searching test awaits Judaism, a test that may decide its existence. If it is to remain as a religion it must now show that it has power to restore the great bulk of prosperous American Jews to a state of religious activity."

We know that the church at the end of this age is the Laodicean church,—a mixture of hot and cold water, of faith and unbelief; that these neutralize each other, and Christ rejects it altogether. Then when the fellow-servants in verse eleven are classed with the brethren (or Jews), we can surmise that this persecution may be on account of the Sabbath.

If this is the Laodicean age, there surely will be need of a test and we may have to seal our testimony with our lives. God grant that we may be willing.

### BATTLE CREEK'S LOYALTY TO THE WORK

At the request of the Church Finance Committee the Sabbath service on March 10 was given up to an effort to help lift the debt of the Tract and the Missionary boards. It would be impossible to give a complete report of the program, but we do wish to share with the denomination some of the good things we heard.

Rev. Herman D. Clarke, speaking for the Tract Society, gave a brief historical review of the work of that organization. He explained the present working plans, showing that the debt came about through the irregularity of our giving. The work of the board is planned in advance, must be carried out, and salaries paid on time. Our contributions are usually light during the first half of the year, and the debt forms. During the second half-year we make a strong effort and lift the debt. Then we allow ourselves to rest, and let the same thing happen all over again.

Rev. Mr. Clarke said that the SABBATH RECORDER is one of our greatest means of unity and strength. It holds us together and keeps us alive. The family that does not have the RECORDER to read does itself an inestimable damage. We must not allow the paper to suffer. He spoke of the thousands of dollars that have been lost to the society in unpaid RECORDER subscriptions; yet these RECORDERS have been received by people who would never think of

cheating their grocer. He closed with an appeal to keep our light shining; for a knowledge of fundamental truth is involved in our work, and our failure means the apostasy of our children and greater darkness to the world.

Rev. George W. Lewis, representing the Missionary Board, spoke of the necessity of organization in religious work and briefly outlined the work of the Missionary Board. He told us to remember that it is our representatives who have been forced to go into debt, and that it is our debt. He, too, spoke of the necessity of regular and continuous giving. He reminded us that the Bible calls for tithes and offerings, not merely offerings when we are having a "spasm" of debt paying. We must rise above any personal objections we may have to methods of work, etc., and do as the Lord has asked us to do, and when we get out of debt, keep out.

Pastor Kelly closed the service with a strong appeal for help. He gave as one reason for the debt that the rank and file of the people have not grasped the idea of the greatness of our mission. Realization of its greatness would open the hearts and pocketbooks of the people. The salvation of men should be the fundamental principle of our work if we wish to receive God's blessing. Boards as well as pastors become discouraged if they feel that they lack the support of the people. He recommended us to Nehemiah for example, who called upon God, then organized the work, and the walls were builded, "for the people had a mind to work."

Following Pastor Kelly's address the ushers distributed envelopes for pledges, and \$140.00 was received in cash and pledges. Since then a personal canvass has brought the amount up to over \$160.00.

We are very anxious to see the debt entirely removed and we appeal to the other churches to make an effort also. The people are interested and they are willing to help, but the debt, or rather, the work, must be brought before them as a personal matter.

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.—Ps. 139: 23-24.

## SABBATH REFORM

### I AM A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST. WHY?

Because God blessed and made holy the seventh day of the week, making it sacred time, and commanded that it be observed as a memorial of him forever.

Because Christ kept it all his life, gave no hint of any change, and the apostles wrote of it years after Christ as the day before "the first day of the week."

The Bible is the Christian's rule of life, and it nowhere teaches that the Sabbath of Christ and his Father was ever to be changed.

### TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Sabbath evangelist, Willard D. Burdick, conducted a Sabbath institute with the church at Little Genesee, March 16-17. He had been with the church for over a week, holding preaching services evenings and visiting with the pastor in the homes of the people. This made a most excellent preparation for the institute.

As secretary it was a pleasant privilege to be associated with Brother Burdick in this institute. On Friday afternoon at three o'clock the children from the village school came to the church. There was a service of song, and Brother Burdick talked to the children, giving them in a very interesting and clear way most excellent counsel and timely admonition. I spoke upon the "square life," using crayon sketches to attract attention.

In the evening the devotional services were conducted by Pastor Loofboro. The theme considered by Brother Burdick was "Reasons for giving the Sabbath Question a rehearing," which he treated from the standpoint of the general situation, the standpoint of the uninformed person who observes Sunday, and from the standpoint of Seventh Day Baptists. I spoke upon the subject, "Permanency of the Sabbath as taught in the New Testament," but wandered away to a

chalk-talk dealing with the "way of the Sabbath" which begins at the foot of the Cross, leads through the narrow gate to all the world and ends with the crown.

Sabbath morning I used charts to illustrate the topic that had been assigned to me by the conductor, "The Work of the Missionary and Tract Societies in carrying out the Mission of Seventh Day Baptists." This I prefaced with a few remarks from the text, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork," to make the Sabbath-morning service have something of the nature of Sabbath worship more than I could get from an informal presenting of the function of the two societies in relation to our mission as a people. There was special music by the choir, and an offertory solo by Brother Burdick, the evangelist.

The Sabbath-school lesson was about temperance, and the secretary was worked for an address at this time too. He had with him his reel of colored ribbons beginning with the red one two and a half inches long to represent the amount of money used in the United States annually for foreign missions, and ending with the black one several yards long, that represented the liquor interests, a demonstration that seemed to interest and inform the old as well as the children. Then he illustrated "The way of drink" with chalk in a chart showing how the way might seem to a young man to be a way up to the palace of pleasure, but when turned upside down and seen in its true light, was a downward way by a sure leap to ruin. A male chorus gave a special selection suited to the topic of the lesson.

In the afternoon Evangelist Burdick gave an address upon the subject, "Letting down the Bars." This is a splendid, forceful, interesting, earnest discourse. He has already been asked to give it at New York City, New Market, and Salem in the near future. At this meeting Pastor G. P. Kenyon took part in the devotional services, for the people of this valley from Main Settlement to Richburg were invited to attend the institute, and did so in remarkable numbers considering the severe rain-storm which turned to snow at night. Dinners for many were served at the hall just across the road from the church.



In the evening there were four short addresses, as follows: "The Sabbath and the Spiritual Life," by Rev. G. P. Kenyon; "Our Young People and the Sabbath," by Secretary Shaw; "Some Popular Arguments for Sunday-keeping," by Pastor Eli F. Loofboro; and "How Sunday came into the Christian Church," by Evangelist Willard D. Burdick. Considering the wintry blizzard that was raging, there was a large attendance even at this meeting at night, and in all the meetings there was a relatively large number of boys and girls of the younger years.

At every session of the institute Brother Burdick called attention to the Sabbath literature which had been placed on two tables for distribution. He had sent to the publishing house for a special supply of 295 tracts of nine different kinds. While this literature was for free distribution it was not passed out to any one. People helped themselves, and were asked to take only such as they wanted for their own use, or to give to friends. Only 20 pieces were left at the close of the institute. It would seem that the matter of giving thought and honor to the Sabbath has been emphasized among the people of this community. Already the superintendent has asked for 100 copies of the programs for Sabbath Rally Day, the third Sabbath in May, to be sent to him for use in this school. How about this matter in other schools? Next week there is to be a Sabbath institute with the church at Alfred, the next Sabbath at Plainfield, the next in New York City, and the next in Salem, all conducted by Brother Burdick. This is a good work. Let us support and encourage it.

**TRACT SOCIETY — MEETING BOARD OF DIRECTORS**

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, March 11, 1917, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, William C. Hubbard, Clarence W. Spicer, Edwin Shaw, Asa F. Randolph, Frank J. Hubbard, Henry M. Maxson, Theodore L. Gardiner, Orra S. Rogers, Esle F. Ran-

dolph, Marcus L. Clawson, Jesse G. Burdick, Franklin S. Wells, Herbert L. Polan, Raymond C. Burdick, Charles P. Titsworth, Irving A. Hunting, Alex. W. Vars, Arthur L. Titsworth and Business Manager Lucius P. Burch.

Visitors: President Boothe C. Davis, George M. Clarke, Nathan E. Lewis.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Supervisory Committee reported that the new linotype machine has been installed at the Publishing House and specimens of work done on the machine were exhibited.

The Committee on Investment of Funds reported a loan of \$3,000.00 to I. H. Marvin on house and lot, 207 W. 6th St., this city, at 5 per cent.

The Committee on Italian Missions reported 18 sermons and addresses by Mr. Savarese during January and February with an average attendance at New York of 7, and at New Era of 21.

The Committee also reported that for the last three Sabbaths, the meetings of the Mission at New York and New Era have been visited by Secretary Shaw and other members of the Committee, of which a fuller report will be made later.

The Committee on Sabbath School Board Publications reported that they had notified the Sabbath School Board of their appointment, and requested that suggestions be made freely as to wherein the Committee may be of assistance to that Board.

The Committee on Indexing the SABBATH RECORDER recommended that an appropriation of \$25.00 be made to the Committee for the purpose of securing instruction for an indexer, and to purchase some necessary supplies for instituting the work. Recommendation adopted.

The Treasurer reported correspondence from E. J. Babcock, relating to the estate of Rebecca L. Babcock, and on motion the Treasurer was authorized to consent to the request of Mr. Babcock in securing legal services of a home attorney in Richardson Co., Nebraska, to facilitate in securing settlement of the estate.

The Treasurer also reported having received notice of a bequest of \$300.00 from the estate of the late Anginette Kellogg, of Adams, N. Y.

The Corresponding Secretary presented the following report for the past month:

Since the last meeting of the Board, February 11, the Secretary has been in Plainfield most of the time attending to the correspondence of the two Boards. Sabbath Day, the 17th of February, he went with Mr. R. C. Burdick to visit the work of Antonio Saverese in New York City, and in the afternoon of the same day at New Era. Sabbath Day, February 24th, he spent at New Market relieving the pastor of that church to visit with Mr. Iseus F. Randolph the work among the Italians in New York City. The week ending March 3 he gave to the Plainfield Church. The 10th he visited with Mr. J. G. Burdick in New York City, attending the Italian service, and a part of the service of our own church there.

He has received many letters from a large number of the workers of the two Boards, and has written as many or more. Matters of especial interest will appear in the correspondence read later. He has prepared items of interest for the SABBATH RECORDER each week and attended to the publication of the *Pulpit* for March. A few items of interest he has indicated on the slips now to be distributed.

He presents a proposition from J. A. Davidson, of Kindersley, Sask., Canada. Also reports from Rev. George Seeley, Rev. G. Velthuysen, Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, and Rev. W. D. Burdick, and asks permission to speak in a general way concerning the work our Boards are doing among foreigners in America.

He plans to visit the Western Association during the remainder of the month of March in the interests of the two boards, and will be next Sabbath at Little Genesee and the 24th at Alfred Station, most of the time being in company with our Sabbath Evangelist.

He reports progress in the matter of the re-issuing of certain tracts as authorized at the last meeting. Respectfully submitted,

EDWIN SHAW.

Plainfield, N. J.,  
Sunday, March 11, 1917.

Voted that the action of Secretary Shaw in response to correspondence from J. A. Davidson be sustained.

Correspondence from W. D. Burdick relating to the discontinuance of subscriptions to the SABBATH RECORDER was referred to the Committee on Distribution of Literature.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature presented the following report:

No. new RECORDER subscriptions .....	15
No. subscriptions discontinued .....	16
Net loss .....	1

Reasons for discontinuing paper:

- 4—Requests, no reason given.
- 3—Have use of some other RECORDER.
- 1—Dead.
- 8—Gifts, discontinued at expiration.

Pages of tracts sent out..... 123,313

This includes 115,400 pages of tracts sent to Rev. George Seeley.

Minutes read and approved.  
Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,  
Recording Secretary.

**FAITH**

MARY E. FILLYAW

In the *Jewish Evangelist* for January, I find the following: "The mightiest weapon that is going to make our service effective is faith. Faith knows no obstacles, and is sure that God holds the ultimate triumph of our quest, namely, that the Jews everywhere shall confess Christ to be their Messiah."

And now, my dear Lone Sabbath Keepers, what is our quest? What do we desire most earnestly? What are we hoping for, looking for, praying for, waiting for? Is it not the time when we "shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace"? when the mountains and the hills shall break forth before us into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands? when "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off"? (Isa. 55: 12-13). Between now and the coming of that blessed time there is a certain work to be finished. "Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people" (Isa. 62: 10).

Those of you who were once living within the sound of your own church bells have already come through the gates of your former habitations, and scattered yourselves among the people—the people who are well-nigh Sabbathless—the people who trample under foot God's holy day and spend Sunday more as a holiday than as a holy day.

Each one of us must trample out a little Sabbath path for our children and friends to walk in, by remembering to keep holy the Sabbath Day ourselves. Then every one that walks in it will help to widen it. We must gather out the stones—the hindrances that lie in the way of true Sabbath-keeping. We must lift up a standard for the people; in all our dealings we must

do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God (Mic. 6: 8). Some one has strikingly said: "Christianity, if it means anything, means sixteen ounces to the pound, three feet to the yard, a just weight and just measure. It means honesty in all dealings, purity in all conversation, a charity as broad as the race, unflinching integrity, sympathy, humanity to man, loyalty to God."

For all this we must have faith in God, for "without faith it is impossible to please him" (Heb. 11: 6). "For whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14: 23). Again says the *Evangelist*: "It has been well said that no one can ever do true service until he or she has felt that they are facing tasks which are too great for them in their own strength. 'I can not' is the word of many—there stands a fatal difficulty, till faith comes with her words, 'You can—with God.' He is ready to go to all lengths with those who dare in faith to go to all lengths with him. 'According to your faith be it unto you.' The whole success of our work turns on faith." That is because "faith is the substance (realizing) of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11: 1).

Before we plant seed in the ground, we know what kind of crop we want and prepare our soil accordingly, but unless the rain comes to settle in the furrows and make the ground soft (Ps. 65: 10) our labor is in vain. The natural man looks to nature for the rain; the Christian looks to God. The natural man lives in the wilds of nature, striving to satisfy his soul with the fruits of his toil; the Christian lives in the land of Beulah, where he eats "angels' food" made from "the corn of heaven" (Ps. 78: 24-25; Isa. 62: 4). This is the difference between the one having faith in God, and the one without such faith.

Still the Christian must gather his own supplies by prayer, by searching the Scriptures, and by speaking often with those that fear the Lord (John 5: 39; Matt. 6: 6; Mal. 3: 16). He must gather not only for himself, but for others also, and invite them to partake with him (Exod. 16: 18; Acts 4: 32). He must not only invite, but compel them to come in, so that the Lord's house may be filled with guests (Luke 14: 23).

Now faith sees the Lord's house filled with guests; not only that, it sees ourselves

going out into the highways and hedges, gathering in guests from those who travel decently along the public highways, and from those who hide about in the hedges, shunning their fellow-men. Oh, what a work is before us!

Those who "eat angels' food," "eat the bread of the mighty." (See margin of Ps. 78: 25.) Angels who do the commandments of the Lord, hearkening unto the voice of his word, "excel in strength" (Ps. 103: 20).

Every one of you Lone Sabbath Keepers is a spy sent by the Lord to spy out the land. How many Calebs are there among you, calling to the rest of us, "Come, let us go up at once, and possess the land, for we are well able"? How many Joshuas have you ready to be transformed into leaders for all of us? I think you have one already wearing the insignia of a leader,—Rev. G. M. Cottrell; and his orderly, Sister Angeline Abbey, is already going out into the highways and hedges, and compelling those she finds to come in; and one of his aids-de-camp, Elder J. Franklin Browne, has come here to the little Cumberland Seventh Day Baptist Church, "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty" (Judg. 5: 23). And there are others doing with their might whatever their hands find to do (Eccles. 9: 10); and still others watching, waiting to be assigned to posts of duty, listening for the command to "go forward."

Fayetteville, N. C.

#### ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

The seminary has recently furnished the members of Alfred University and the people of the community with six free lectures by Rev. Jay W. Crofoot, of our mission in Shanghai, China. The lectures were partly illustrated; gave information and interest; and were well attended. They treated of such subjects as the physical character and the industrial life of China; its social life; language, literature, and education; the government and foreign relations; Chinese religion and philosophy; and Christianity in China.

ARTHUR E. MAIN.

Alfred, N. Y.

"Love in the heart—not phosphorus in the brain—makes a Christian."

## MISSIONS

### LETTER FROM JAVA

DEAR, SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS:

I have just read the RECORDER of October 30, 1916, and my heart rejoices as I see Java and the needs of my work are not forgotten by you. I do thank God for the sympathy he rouses in your hearts, as also I see in many special letters written to me personally. I am so thankful to that brother, Christian Swendsen. Dear brother, I believe God will reward you a hundred fold. Your good words encourage me to ever go on with this work. God's blessing *must* rest upon it, when it is sustained by such love and prayers, and he will give me my final aim—to see these poor people "saved for the Kingdom of God." I have not yet received the money mentioned in that RECORDER; and also I am still looking out for the money mentioned in Brother Hubbard's letter, dated October 1; in this war time it takes a long time, especially for money orders, to reach me. But our heavenly Father is so gracious and faithful; he sees our needs; he knows I need at least 200 guilders (\$80) every month, to carry on this work. At the beginning of last month I had only half of the amount, and for three weeks I looked out for gifts, but no money came; till at last about Christmas, the registered letters and money orders (from Java) came flowing like a river, and I could close my books at the end of the year with a balance in hand of over f. 900 (\$360)! Is not that beautiful? You will surely praise our Lord with me.

We are in the midst of the rainy season now. It makes the work a little difficult, as there is much sickness among my people; I myself also feel far from well. But still there is so much to be thankful for. The green around me looks so fresh, and the high mountain-tops at the background are looking so beautiful in their deep, dark blue; and wherever I look out from my little cottage I see the flowers in my little garden, white, pink, lilac,—and the chevelures in my window are really charming. And the dear birds in the trees around me cheer me with their gay chirping and singing.

In one of my letters I have written about my everyday work. I think I ought to write about our Sabbaths, too. Every Sabbath I feel the day has been too short. It is really a day of great blessing to my soul. Sabbath evening, at half past six, we have a service of prayer. And when I come home several little ones are waiting me to have a pleasant time in my house. There they sit on a mat and drink tea out of their small play-cups, and have great fun, when they bring me a cup of tea, too. In the morning the sick are looked after as usual; and at nine o'clock we have our meeting, followed up by a prayer meeting for those who are seeking a blessing or who want to confess their sins. When I come home, I have a quiet time for myself, reading, praying, and I can play the organ (a souvenir from my eldest sister, and my aunt who is dead now). In the afternoon I write for the Javanese textbook I am composing; and at five o'clock I have a meeting for the children. After six I do some visiting, when the weather permits it; and generally the little ones go crowding at my side and having great fun.

The RECORDER and the *Pulpit* also belong to my Sabbath readings. I often find beautiful thoughts in them, which I translate for my small Dutch paper on Holiness. It is a monthly paper. I have only a few subscribers, because many "Christians" are not interested in writings about holiness. But now for five years I have had sufficient to meet the expenses only, out of the gifts from about one hundred readers; and many letters I have received thanking me for the helpful articles and encouraging thoughts in that little paper, translated by me out of English and German literature on holiness. May our Lord use it for the extension of his Kingdom.

I have been thinking about the good book from Brother Clarke, "The Great Test," how good it would be, if it was translated into Dutch. Don't you think so, too? Perhaps somebody might be found who could give a good translation. And if not, perhaps I could try to do that work, little by little, as I have not very much time to spare.

Now, my dear friends, you know a little more about this corner of our Lord's vineyard; and I do hope you will continue to hold me up with your prayers and your



sympathy. May God's richest blessings be upon you all in this new year.

Yours for the interests of the heavenly Kingdom,

M. JANSZ.

*Pangoengsen, Tajoe p. o., Java,  
January 15, 1917.*

### LETTER FROM LIEU-OO, CHINA

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

It is almost four months since I wrote to the RECORDER last time, but I know that Dr. Crandall has written, so you know that we have both improved greatly in health. I think I have improved more than Dr. Crandall, perhaps. We certainly do thank God for his help, and that he has heard those who have been praying for our restoration to health.

You may believe we are glad at the prospect of Dr. Sinclair's coming soon. I have long been praying for such a doctor to be raised up for this work, and when I first heard of her I felt sure she was the direct answer to my prayer. But there were hindrances. Then when I found she was under contract to go to India for three years, I was greatly disappointed, but I thought that three years were not so very long and perhaps she would be prevailed upon to come here from India. Now I feel as if the Lord in his goodness to us had prevented her going there and perhaps given us the time of sickness in order to bring to a focus the matter of her coming here. I do hope she may come in safety, and be a great help to our work.

As we had strength, and as money came in for equipment, we were working all the fall and early winter in getting the hospital furnished and ready for opening. It involved many trips to Shanghai and many days spent with our kind and long-suffering missionaries. As time went on, the money orders which came in brought less and less in our money here. On account of the European war, I suppose, exchange is so poor that on a salary of \$600 gold we get \$600 Mexican, less than we did a year and a half ago. At the same time, prices of most things have advanced, so it makes one look closely at even the pennies.

We do feel that the people at home have been most kind and generous in helping us so much with the equipment (indeed furnishing it all) after helping so nobly to

raise the money for the building. The hospital is not "equipped" yet, but we took advantage of the Chinese New Year holidays to have our opening. We have the beds, and bedding enough to make them up to look well, little cupboard stands for each bed, a table for each ward and a few chairs and stools. There are still many things in general furnishings to get, and nothing has been done toward furnishing the operating room. That will need a good deal. We have purposely left it to the last, so that Dr. Sinclair may have a voice in it, for we expect her to use it mostly.

We have two nice private rooms with "foreign furniture" for which we expect to charge enough to bring in a little extra money, one room with two beds which is called a semi-private room (Chinese called it "second class"), and in all the other rooms together there are twenty beds for adults, and eight for children. Our children's ward is the pleasantest room of all; it is on the third floor and has five windows. The tuberculosis ward is small, having only two beds. It has canvass frames on three sides which can be let down so it is all open like a veranda, and above them are immovable Venetian blinds which can not be closed, so there is always fresh air in plenty. The Chinese will need to be educated up to that, I think, as they are as much afraid of fresh air as Americans were, a few decades ago.

The making of mattresses and comfortables for all of these beds was an interesting though a dusty job. We bought the cotton just as it came from the gin, as the country people brought it along, a few pounds at a time. Then we had two and often three men here for about two weeks, beating it up and making it into proper sized pads, as we would call them, I suppose. The comfortables are not tied, but covered on top with cloth made for the purpose, and many of them with quilt covers sent from America in the days of the little Shanghai Hospital. The sheets are turned over the edges of the comfortables on the right side and then basted on with long stitches going through the comfortables. When they are soiled, both sheet and cover can be taken off and washed. The Chinese are much interested in the pieced quilt covers.

Mr. Eugene Davis had planned an evangelistic campaign for three days before the

opening of the hospital, but the arrival of a new son on the first day of the meetings, several weeks ahead of time, rather disarranged the program, and Mr. Davis did not get here till the last day of the meetings. It also called Dr. Crandall away to Shanghai, so she missed all the excitement here. The Chinese teacher who was to have come with Mr. Davis to make the principal speech at the opening exercises, went to the wrong railway station and did not get here.

Mr. Dzau, our old stand-by in Shanghai, with a young teacher from the Boys' School and three boys, also Miss Burdick and two of the older girls from her school, were here for the meetings, which were not so well attended as we had hoped they would be, though quite a number came. The singing of the young people was a great help. On the last day, with Mr. Davis, came Mr. Daung and Mr. Tsu, business men belonging to our Shanghai Church. As they are both rather large men we put them in our private rooms where the beds are larger, to sleep,—of which they will boast to the end of their days, I suppose,—all in fun of course.

They are nice men, and one of my pleasantest memories in connection with it all is of those men with their unqualified pleasure in the new hospital (Mr. Daung had given \$50 toward its building and both had contributed to its equipment) and their enthusiastic and efficient help in so many ways on that important day.

As I had looked ahead to it and all the work of entertaining the visitors that week, including a dinner given to all our church members with the Shanghai visitors, and with it all Dr. Crandall being called away, I had felt almost paralyzed in my mind with the thought of so many things to attend to; but Miss Burdick put her shoulder to the wheel and worked hard, taking many responsibilities; and Mr. Davis and our Shanghai visitors and some of our church members all helped so well, that everything passed off very nicely.

I asked Miss Burdick to write about the exercises of the day, and I think she has done so quite minutely, so I will not enter into that. There were 324 who passed through our hands in the reception room and were served to tea and cakes and later shown over the hospital in groups conducted by the young men and women, who

had been rehearsed on the line of march in the morning so there would be no confusion. Almost 300 were seated in our meeting room. How the men managed it I don't know for I supposed 150 was all it would hold. This room and the reception room of the hospital were decorated with five pairs of congratulatory scrolls from different people and from two schools. One, from two chief men of the town, had also a large pink satin scroll on which was written almost a history of the medical work from the time I arrived in Lieu-oo, with appreciative remarks, and expressing thanks on behalf of the people of the town.

Two influential men of the town made speeches in appreciation of the work and of the new hospital. One of them opened his remarks by saying that a bridge that was very much needed had been talked about for five years and nothing done yet, while this hospital had been accomplished in a short time with very little talk. (He didn't know how much talking had been done in America, nor how long we had been saving for it!) Miss Burdick suggested that his talk might spur them on to build the bridge. Perhaps it did. At any rate, work has commenced on it, so we may have had some influence for public progress.

Though people were loud in praises of the hospital, we have not been rushed with inpatients yet—the first one coming in today. She is very sick, and we hope she may make a good recovery. People here are shy of a new thing and the weather has been too severely cold and windy for very sick people to be brought out. We expect to have plenty of patients after a start is made.

Dr. Crandall came back from Shanghai yesterday. She is expecting to start for America two months from today, if the boat sails in time.

With many thanks for all your help and all your prayers, I am your fellow-worker,  
ROSA PALMBORG.

Feb. 14, 1917.

"While a slave bemoans his fetters,  
While a child pleads not in vain,  
While an infant lisps it letters,  
Heir of all the ages' gain,  
While a lip grows ripe for kissing,  
While a moan from heart is wrung,  
Know, by every want and blessing,  
That the world is young."



### LEADING WRITERS ON THE SALOON QUESTION

EVERY place where liquor is sold, whether it be the low groggery or the gorgeous barroom of a metropolitan hotel, is not only an enemy to religion, an enemy of health—it is a deadly foe of virtue, social order, industry, business, even civilization itself. The grogshop contributes nothing to the well-being of any community, and has no right to exist. The fact that it has been tolerated for centuries is no evidence of its right to be; it is an evidence merely of the ignorance, the obtuseness, and intolerance of the average citizen. The time has come when the saloon should be made an outlaw, the garb of respectability thrown upon it by the license system stripped off, and everybody connected with the business notified that he must change his occupation or be publicly branded as a criminal.—*Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek, Mich.*

IT was my study in China of the spread of opium smoking among the Chinese that sent me home with the conviction that we ought to hit alcoholism every chance we get. Once I had regarded drink as a fool-killer—something that, at worst, would eliminate from each generation the two, three or four per cent of weak-willed and leave the rest unscathed. But in China I have visited districts where the opium habit had fastened upon nearly half the grown people; where babies were born with the opium craving and fretted themselves to death unless opium smoke were blown across their nostrils. I saw that opium was not merely a fool-killer, but a deadly snake capable of crushing a whole people in its coils. I came home realizing that alcoholism might do for us what opium was beginning to do for the Chinese, and so I am for every movement and policy that appears likely to really weaken the hold of liquor.—*Dr. Edward A. Ross, University of Wisconsin.*

THE capitalist has his capital working for him. It stands between him and want. He can afford to play fast and loose with his body. The workingman has only one hold on life, on comfort, enjoyment, and his job, and that is efficiency of his body and mind. Alcohol weakens efficiency. Common observation has shown

that about excessive drinking. Modern scientific observation, with its finer processes, shows it about moderate drinking. The more exact the scientific observation of the effects even of the most moderate drinking becomes, the further can it be traced. A small dose of alcohol increases the muscular output for a few minutes and then it takes a day or two to recover from the effects. A man can not set type, or add columns of figures, or perform muscular motions as fast and as steadily as if he had not taken alcohol into his system.

I have long since come to the conclusion that as a mental worker I can not afford even a small drink of wine or beer. I have only a little intellect, and have to keep that in working order.—*Walter Rauschenbusch, Chicago University.*

THE backers and promoters of the liquor traffic in Maine, those affluent and ostensibly respectable outlaws both within and outside our State who organize the systematic defiance of our laws in the interest of their own selfish greed, deserve nothing but the contempt of all decent citizens. For the sake of unlawful and swollen profits they are willing to imperil the morals of our youth, inflict needless suffering upon helpless women and children, and bring physical and financial ruin upon many of our citizens. In order to continue their unhallowed business without hindrance they have the audacity to demand that the organic law of the State be administered to suit their convenience. They even have the amazing effrontery to point to the continued existence of their traffic as an evidence of the failure of the very law which by every known method of bribery, trickery, and debauchery they are constantly seeking to break down.—*Carl E. Milliken, Governor of Maine.*

WHEN national prohibition comes, it will be due to the powerful missionary work of the saloon. The saloon has furnished arguments for prohibition, more telling and potent than those of the ablest anti-liquor advocate. Every drunken man seen in a public place, is such an argument. Every drunken woman is another—twice as strong. Every bar which keeps open after hours, or sells to a minor, or furnishes booze to a person already intoxicated, makes converts to prohibition. The

liquor interests have for years held themselves above the law. They have taught us that true temperance, under their rule, is an impossible ideal. Therefore, the nation will turn to prohibition and abstinence as the only solution left.—*Samuel Hopkins Adams.*

FROM the social and economic standpoint, nothing can be said in defense of the liquor traffic. It is inextricably mixed up with every social evil. Prostitution, poverty, disease, degeneracy, insanity, industrial accidents, crime—all present the liquor question as a complicating factor, if not an actual determining cause. No far-reaching and permanent accomplishments along the lines of social progress can be hoped for until the manufacture, sale and use of alcoholic beverages has been absolutely prohibited, in the home as well as in the saloon, by the rich as well as by the poor, in times of peace as well as in times of war. Organized labor should be the leader in this crusade. To fail or falter, for reasons purely selfish, means a betrayal of that great cause of human betterment to which labor is dedicated.—*John Haynes Holmes.*

### A MINISTER'S VIEW OF BUSINESS MEN'S OPPORTUNITIES

In the April *Woman's Home Companion* the Rev. Dr. C. H. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, has an article on business men and Christianity in which he says among other things:

"No other man in the community has more abundant opportunities for the development of the Christian character than the business man. If he is only a subordinate, he can be watchful and industrious and faithful. If he becomes the head of a firm, and employs hundreds or thousands of men, he can be to every one of them a brother. No finer test of character comes to any man than that which comes to an employer. To the men who work for him he is called to be just, and considerate, and generous, and kind, and only as he is all of these does he fulfil the law of Christ.

"If his business does not prosper, he must acquit himself as becomes a good soldier of Christ. In times of financial reverse, he should endure as one who sees

the Invisible. Calamities sometimes overwhelm the wisest and the best of men, and when fortune is swept away the merchant should show to the world a heart that is cheerful, because it knows the peace that passes understanding. Few losses are more depressing and demoralizing than the loss of money. It is in the business world we have a right to expect some of the greatest heroes of the faith."

### ONE TALENT

ANNIE L. HOLBERTON

If fate or fortune fetters me  
In bonds I can not break,  
Must I remain useless, inert?  
No! rather would I make  
The most of what I still possess,  
The little left to me.  
Would word of mine might win one heart  
The sad mistake to see  
Of life without a hope in Christ  
Who gave for us his own  
To ransom us from sin and death  
And for our sins atone.

"Come unto me," he calls today,  
"Accept my love and live;  
Acknowledge me your hope and stay;  
I will my comfort give."  
To every joy his presence will  
An added pleasure lend;  
When sad affliction bows you down  
Lock up and find your Friend.  
God does not willingly afflict,  
But nature's laws conspire,  
Cause and effect together act  
To thwart our heart's desire.

Though imperfections mar my days,  
Mistakes I oft must rue,  
My heart inclines to what is right,  
My thought to all that's true.  
I pray that Heaven may usher peace  
Where cruel wars still reign;  
From want and suffering release  
Those who now toil in pain.  
Oh, let our Savior's warning voice,  
Who said, "Learn war no more,"  
Re-echo through our troubled land,  
And ring from shore to shore!

### CORRECTION

In the SABBATH RECORDER of March 12, 1917, a fit of mental abstraction, a typographical error or a poor typewriter made two mistakes in an article on page 331 of that issue. Near the beginning the word should have been "metaphorical" instead of "metaphysical," and the name mentioned in connection with the ordination referred to ought to have been *Stephen* instead of *Henry*.

T. J. V.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

"If He had let me take the pleasant way  
Whereto my steps were bent,  
The path where birds sing in the bough all  
day,  
Shaded and well content,

"I had not found beyond the leagues of sand,  
Toil-worn, the mountain crest  
From which mine eyes look over to that land  
Wherein shall be my rest.

"If He had let me slumber as I craved,  
Pillowed in grasses deep  
Beside the stream whose murmuring waters  
laved  
The silver coasts of sleep,

"I had not heard His footsteps drawing nigh  
Across the lonely place;  
Unknown, unloved, they would have passed  
me by,  
Nor I have seen His face."

### THE MOTHER BOAT

The world has been stirred, for a breathing space, by a terrible tragedy—the murder of a beautiful, wayward young woman known as Grace Roberts. The newspapers have quoted her chance remarks and published her picture. They have built up mysteries around her, and solved them, and built up new mysteries. They have delved deep into her past—even as far back as her carefree little-girlhood.

Grace Roberts, whose real name was not that, was born and brought up in a small village. Very soon, the newspapers tell us, her beauty and cleverness began to be felt by her young friends. She was soon the most popular girl in town—swamped with invitations to go skating, to attend dances, to drive in the moonlight.

Every girl has one or two chums. "Grace" had two firm friends, and the three girls formed a little circle of their own and ruled very royally. "Grace" was the queen—the other two were her ladies in waiting.

The three girls led a gay, an exciting, a stimulating life. The mothers of the town began to grow apprehensive—with the exception of three mothers, who were, more or less, charmed at the popularity of their

young daughters. "Grace" and her two chums grew a bit hard to manage, a trifle loud, a little too sure of themselves. Then the town that they lived in became too small, too conventional, too slow. Or so it seemed to them.

"Grace Roberts" left her home when she was eighteen. She has never been back. And today she is dead—a woman with a disagreeable past, a woman with a police record behind her, a woman who was brutally murdered. Her two chums have also slipped into oblivion—one was killed by a jealous admirer some six years ago, the other has disappeared—as girls often do disappear—as completely as a small, careless dancing sunbeam disappears when a cloud scuds across the way.

Three girls gone, and nothing beautiful left to remember them by! Three girls— young, attractive, who in the beginning had been endowed by every gift of a very kind God. And three mothers—sorrowful, shamed, silent under the burden of their grief. . . . This is the story.

We are not here to criticize or to blame. We are not here to judge. God alone may judge. And the three girls are gone. . . . But we can see that they made mistakes, and we can see that perhaps they were not the only ones responsible for those mistakes.

There are many beautiful, soul-stirring poems about the mother listening to the first prayers of her tiny child. There are many tenderly sympathetic pictures of the mother sitting on the edge of a crib-bed telling sleepy-time stories. There are many songs of the mother who croons sweet lullabys as tired little eyelids are drooping. But can any of you, offhand, remember a song, or a poem, or a picture of a mother listening to the prayers of her growing daughter, sitting on the bedside and giving counsel, hearing the daily problems and helping to solve them? I can't think of any picture, or poem, or song, about such a subject.

Of course it isn't so simple and sweet to picture. An overgrown girl of fifteen hasn't the appeal of a golden-haired tot of five. And yet the overgrown girl needs her mother much more vitally than the tiny child needs her.

Of course some mothers do listen, at bedtime, to the prayers of their growing-up daughters. Some mothers invite confi-

dences and give advice; some mothers are very much interested in even the smallest sort of details. But some mothers think that, when a girl is able to wash her own face with thoroughness, and brush her own hair without leaving the tangles in it, maternal responsibility is ended. Some mothers are like that. I wonder if the mothers of "Grace Roberts" and her two chums heard *them* say their prayers before they crept into bed? I wonder. . . .

I know a girl who is very popular with boys. She is a small-town girl, just as these three were small-town girls. She is in demand, and her callers are many.

But this girl has a mother—a *real* mother. That's why she will never go wrong; why the flattery and popularity will never turn her head.

Some mothers are figureheads. They will, perhaps, know their daughter's boy friends in a casual way. They will shake hands and disappear after commenting politely on the weather. But this particular mother doesn't meet the friends of her daughter in a casual way. She gets to know them, and if they are worth while they become her friends, too.

This mother dreams with her daughter over filmy party frocks. She appears, at the right moment, with cookies and hot chocolate. She gives advice and encouragement when they are most needed. She reads the same books that her daughter reads, and is able, tactfully, to see that they are the right sort of books. She is often invited to be one of the guests at parties made up of very young folk—and she is not invited out of politeness. And the very young folk are always glad when she accepts—which she often does. And, as she said to me, once,

"It's like living over my own youth—the sharing of Dorothy's good times. I can't tell you how much I enjoy her little parties, and her young friends, and her small successes."

That's the right kind of a mother to have—and to be.

When a baseball team isn't playing a good game, when a quartet isn't singing well, when a parade isn't moving smoothly, some one from the crowd of bystanders is very likely to call out, "Get together, there, get together!" It's slangy, but it has the right meaning. And when I am a bystander in a crowd, and see a mother who

isn't interested, or is too busy, or can't understand—when I see a daughter who is pretty, and headstrong, and full of wild youth—when I see them playing the game unskilfully; or getting the music wrong, I want to call out, loud enough for them to hear, "Get together!"

Life, when all is said and done, is a vast ocean. And we, drifting across it, are very, very frail and inefficient, very destructible little boats, sent out from the shore of childhood by the great hand of God. Some of us sail straight across the ocean of life without mishaps and at last gain the wonderful harbor of Peace that lies at the other side of the ocean. And very often we are able to sail without mishap because we are bound, by invisible chains of love and trust and good fellowship, to a larger, older boat that sails just in front of us—a "mother boat," which has met the storms of life and can understand the ways of the billows and the tempests.

But some of the little boats that set out so blithely across a sunny ocean drift away from the guiding craft, and the invisible chains melt away. And when storms come they are swept from their course. Some of them, after painful wanderings, find their way back, battered and worn; but some of them are shipwrecked on reefs hidden treacherously beneath the fascinatingly dangerous waves; and some of them, without warning, almost, sink out of sight, and scarcely a ripple is left to mark the spot where they disappeared.

Sometimes it isn't entirely the fault of the little boat. For the little boat is brave, with new courage and bright colors and confidence; and never having sailed before, there are many things that it can not be expected to understand. Sometimes it is the mother boat that sails too far ahead. Sometimes it is the mother boat that forgets that the invisible chains are necessary.

. . . I pray that this little story, this true story, has not been told here in vain.—*Margaret E. Sangster Jr., in the Christian Herald.*

The soul which knows no self-seeking, no interested ends, follows a path which leads more and more to the perfect day; and its peace, amid whatever troubles beset it, will be as boundless as the depths of the sea.—*Fenelon.*



## RACHEL LANDOW, THE HEBREW ORPHAN

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER X

(Continued)

Monday evening came and Mr. Carlton was prompt by appointment. The usual greetings and weather prognostications gone through with, they settled down to chat about past associations in the east where Mr. Carlton had lived, and a general conversation about political and other conditions in the country. Mr. Selover came in and was soon seated with them. In a few minutes the Presbyterian minister called to ask if Mr. Ellington was there.

"Come in, Doctor, stay awhile. Mr. Ellington and all of us are here. And by the way, my wife who was once a Presbyterian wants to know if you could take her back on probation," said Mr. Selover jokingly.

"I have never said any such thing, Doctor. But I think he may be under a little conviction as to the doctrine of predestination. It seems that we are predestined to have Sabbatarians and Jews and all sorts of heretics pounding away at us, and now we have this little black-haired Russo-Austrian Jewess to deal with. Pretty good girl though, notwithstanding her previous education, that is as fixed as the North Star," said Mrs. Selover.

"Pretty good record in most respects have the Hebrews, Mrs. Selover," said the Doctor.

"But my people seem to be everywhere despised. Why is it, and why must we suffer so all these ages?" asked Rachel.

"Scriptural reasons," said Mr. Selover, "but we need not discuss them."

"Guess we are like the man who said he did not want to know Charles Lamb: 'I don't want to know him for fear I should like him.' We do not study the Jew lest we might know him better and like him," said Ellington.

"Shakespeare's Shylock did not truly represent the nation to which he was assigned in the story. But we have judged all his race by one character. I am sorry that it was a so-called Christian who wanted to get his pound of flesh from a Jew. Mr. Selover, you have studied Jewish history and the history of many nations and know the part the Jew has played.

His history goes back farther than that of any other nation. He was the most highly civilized of the ancients. The basis of all civilized governments has been the laws of the Jews. What is the past record?" said the Doctor.

"I admit that the history of the Jews is one of suffering, and every infernal barbarity of unchristian hate has been heaped upon them," said Mr. Selover. "They were shut up in Italy like sheep in the pen and denied civil rights until they paid for them handsomely. The Prussians forbade their being manufacturers or farmers unless they were baptized as Christians. Because they were thrifty in France the French thrust them out. Germans burned them alive once at Strasburg. Spain banished them at one time. Said one who had seen his wife and his two sons die on the beach, as he covered them with sand: 'My God, my misfortunes would tempt me to deny thy law; but I am a Jew, do with me as thou wilt.'"

"Yes," said Ellington, "and they have been denied the schools of Russia, the lucrative professions, and compelled to live in most degraded communities. See also the treatment when Captain Dreyfus was jealously condemned. Even here in America, the asylum of the oppressed, the Jew is spoken of contemptuously and many hotels deny him lodgings. I would not wonder if Rachel had exclaimed, if she had known these things, 'I did not know a Christian could be so good to me,' when that social worker was with her dying mother. And why all this persecution? Have the Jews been paupers among us? They are the bankers of the world and give more for charity than any other people. Have they been criminals? Judges testify that they never had a Jew in a criminal court. Do you find them in jails? Give me an instance. They have been killed off by the nation and still they prosper and live on, and God for some purpose saves them. Said England's great premier, 'The world has by this time discovered that it is impossible to destroy the Jews.' In caring for the poor they surpass all people. They would never have permitted Rachel to be a charge to the Christian or any one else, only that the mother died so suddenly. And a father that had deserted them would have kidnapped her had not the social settlement worker saved her from the one

criminal Jew I know of. But thousands of so-called Christian fathers desert their families. In one small orphanage in the State of Michigan, the superintendent said that every child except one had been deserted by a father and not one was a Jew. You will not find a Jewish name on any slab in the potter's field."

"Well, we are having quite a meeting in behalf of the Jew," said Mrs. Selover. "Any more such interesting history?"

"Plenty of it," said the Doctor. "Every nation on earth almost has been financed by Jews. Russia persecuting the Jews was obliged to make a loan from the Rothschilds. They went to their own national capitol to see the minister of finance, who was a Jew; to see the Spanish treasurer, who was a Jew; to Paris to see the premier, who was a Jew; to Berlin, and there the chancellor was a Jew. Some of the Jews could pay off a national debt and could make a nation bankrupt. And no one can prove that their money came by fraud. Where have we found enchanting musicians, great writers, artists, orators, actors? Among the Jews. Who was Mendelssohn? A Jew. Who is Sarah Bernhardt? A Jewess. Who were Rubinstein, Rosenthal, and Herschel, the astronomer? Jews. Who was Neander, the great historian? A Jew. Who fills the most chairs in German universities, and in the largest theological school in the world? Jews. At one time one half of the students at Columbia University were Hebrews and some of the professors. Yale, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, all have chairs filled by Jews. The greatest modern statesman, Disraeli, was a Jew. Jews furnished the financial basis of the expedition that resulted in the discovery of America. Shall we belittle the Jew? A Jew provided maps, and a Jew composed the astronomical tables for that great and memorable voyage. The great navigator had a Jewish doctor, a Jewish surgeon, and it was a Jew who first saw land. A Jew was the first to set foot on American soil. Three of Napoleon's marshals were Jews. Of soldiers in Europe they have a larger proportion than has any other race. In one of our wars here it was Hayn Solomon, a Jew, who first gave \$600,000 as a patriot, and never a penny has been returned. There would have been no Bunker Hill Monument but for a Jew. Going down to death in the ship *Maine* were fifteen Jews.

At Manila the first man to fall was a Jew. Among Roosevelt's rough riders were seven Jews. Lord Beaconsfield, taunted with being a Jew, replied: "I can well afford to be called a Jew."

"But greatest of all, the Jew gave to the world its Bible and its Savior, the prophets, the apostles; and the Jewish Mary with the Holy Spirit gave us the child that shall rule all our hearts. Rachel, are you sorry that you are a Jewess?" asked Mr. Ellington.

"I am most proud of it after hearing all this history. My mother told me much, but I did not know all this before," replied Rachel.

"But this is not what I called for," said the Doctor. "I would like to have you preach for me next Sunday, Brother Ellington. I heard you occupied the Baptist pulpit yesterday and now you must give us a message. I do not forget that you were once a Presbyterian, but I have come to honor you for your convictions and brave stand for what you think is right. We may disagree, but it is refreshing to see a man these days who can stand all the storms of opposition and not compromise. But let that go. Will you preach for me?"

"I certainly can not decline such a kind invitation, but I was hoping to hear you on my last Sunday here."

"Will Mrs. Ellington return when you do?" he asked.

"She can stay as long as she thinks proper, but we have a county Bible-school convention in three weeks from now and she has a part on the program."

"Well, I thank you and will look for you next Sunday. I am pleased to meet you all this evening. We have had quite a visit over the Jew and I suppose Miss Rachel here was the occasion of it. Good night."

"Are you not going to attend services with us once before you go, Montrose?" asked Mrs. Selover.

"I certainly wanted to, but I seldom refuse a request to preach. Do you think Rev. Mr. Dudley would like to have me preach for him? He has not been in to see us since we came."

"He has not gotten over the old arguments we used to give him," said Lorna.

Mr. and Mrs. Selover well knew that and they did not want to say now that they were dissatisfied with their pastor's at-

tempts to convince their daughter; yet they were greatly put out with him for his lack of tact and argument.

"Guess I know what is the matter," said Harold.

"Well, never mind, Harold. Let us discuss the matter of our choosing our trades or professions or something more helpful than likes and dislikes. For instance, why do you, Harold, want to be a physician?" asked his father.

"That's my ambition, but with the ambition is the wish to have if possible a lucrative profession in which I can also do a great deal of good."

"Ambition runs away with many a man's better judgment," said his father. "One type of ambition was shown by Alexander the Great. His ambition was to conquer. He was not pleased even when his father gained a victory as it would leave less for him to obtain. It is said that the great number of stars plagued him, inasmuch as he had not yet conquered one. In his case and that of many others, ambition is vanity. Such have no wish for the success of others and do not feel for the sufferings of others. This continual looking for fortune uses up so much time that they do not have noble things in mind. Our choir sang recently, 'Only remembered by what we have done.' Many famous in history and remembered for what they have done are not famous for the good they have done. Infamy is remembered as well as nobility. Ahab and Jezebel and Nero and others would no doubt now like to be forgotten."

"I would rather have been that thief on the cross that asked for remembrance by Jesus than to have been Pilate as governor," said Lorna. "The successes of all those ambitious men have passed away and few read about them, but the woman who put two mites in the contribution box is read about in every home where the Bible is read."

"The glories of history are the sacrifices of men. The surgeon who, though pricked by a lance or pin while performing an operation, yet kept right on with his duty and then, when successful and his patient saved, lost his hand and then his arm and then his life as a result, won a victory for his profession and immortalized his name," remarked Montrose.

"Physicians have great opportunities for good," said Harold. "I consider that pro-

feSSION next in importance to the ministry. In fact in some countries the Christian doctor can have access to more homes and hearts than the mere missionary. I have been inspired with the accounts I read, while at Milton, of the Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China who are physicians. I almost want to go myself when I am graduated from the medical college. It seems as though it would be refreshing to see some hungry souls drinking in the gospel story there in contrast with the absent look and lack of interest of many in our churches here. See the people who yawn and nod and look at their watches while the pastor is preaching a most stirring discourse—gospel-hardened men and women who can't stand an hour's sermon but can wait two hours in the rain for a pothouse politician to come on a train to harangue a crowd. Do you have any such in your congregation, Montrose?"

"I have not noticed any, though possibly there are some."

"Well, I see them every Sunday in our church here. But say, when a man has had a great truth presented to him and he has wriggled out of it because it might lead him away from his great church and his popularity, that man can never preach as well afterwards. There may be intellect but not spirit."

"Whom do you refer to?" asked his father.

"Oh, I need not mention names. It is plain enough every Sunday. But if you want it, his name is Dudley, and there you have it."

"May it not be in your opinion only, having yourself rejected his arguments?" said his mother a little excitedly.

"Say, mother, I have overheard both you and father express opinions to that effect. You know that you are not as well satisfied with his preaching and ways as you used to be and you know why. He has been told plain truths that he can not gainsay and he knows it by this time but he sticks to his errors stubbornly and yells the louder to keep his courage up."

"Don't get excited, brother, again better change the subject. I am going to propose an excursion tomorrow with the Epworth League down to the bluff, and a picnic dinner. The motion is moved, seconded, and carried. The meeting stands adjourned."

And Lorna went quickly to the piano and played her loudest march.

(To be continued)

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER

REV. R. J. SEVERANCE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
April 7, 1917

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Angels in the tomb (Mark 16: 1-7)  
Monday—Immortality demonstrated (2 Tim. 1: 10)  
Tuesday—The invisible made real (2 Cor. 4: 17-18; 5: 1-9)  
Wednesday—Christ enthroned (Eph. 1: 17-23)  
Thursday—A day of reckoning (2 Cor. 5: 10-21)  
Friday—Resurrection life now (Col. 3: 1-11)  
Sabbath Day—Topic, The significance of Easter (1 Cor. 15: 50-58)

To my mind, it is profitable for us to contemplate the gladness with which the early disciples greeted each other on that first resurrection day nearly two thousand years ago. Their hearts were made to rejoice, for by his appearance to them the Lord proved that he indeed had the power to break the bands of death.

This joy, however, was not confined to those to whom our Master showed himself alive on that glad day. The resurrection hope has been the predominant note in the life song of every true believer in Jesus Christ from that day unto this. Have you noticed what a great space the resurrection story fills in the Acts of the Apostles? That wonderful event is the ground upon which those heroes of the first century built their faith and hope. Paul says in the fore part of the chapter from which our lesson is taken, "if Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain: ye are yet in your sins."

If the fact of the resurrection of Christ was considered of so much importance by the writers of the New Testament, surely there should be some significance in it for Christians today.

Paul further says, "But now Christ hath been raised from the dead," and it is upon this foundation that we are to rest our hope of victory over sin and death. "If Jesus Christ rose from the dead, then death is not the master. Death, himself, has a master, for there is One stronger than he. And yet, how very strong is death, even when he comes to us very quietly. . . . The

strength of the touch can loose the silver cord and break the pitcher at the fountain. . . . But if Christ be risen from the dead, then, after all, death is not the master. There is one stronger than he. 'He could not be holden of death.' And thus it is that, when death visits my home, or when I stand by an open grave, or when I foresee the days of my own decline, and I hear the Christian assurance which rings from the Savior's empty tomb, 'Death is not the master, he is only the servant of the master,' then the world is transformed, and the apparent defeat at the end of the day is only glorious promotion. 'O death, where is thy sting?' (Dr. Jowett).

Paul closes this discussion about the resurrection with these very practical words, "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoving, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord." The admonition is exceedingly timely here and now. Steadfast and unmoving! these are the characteristics of all those who worship the risen Lord in sincerity and in truth and who believe that his resurrection power is sufficient for their every need. In the power of the risen Christ we can fight every battle and come off victorious.

"Strong in the Lord of Hosts  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror."

#### A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS

The Lord has written the promise of the resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in springtime.—*Luther*.

When a man dies, they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before.—*Koran*.

My general wish on earth has been to do my Master's will. That there is a God, all must acknowledge. I see him in all these wondrous works. Himself how wondrous! What would be the condition of any of us if we had not the hope of immortality? What ground is there to rest upon but the gospel? There were scattered hopes of immortality of the soul, especially among the Jews. The Romans never reached it; the Greeks never reached it. There were imitations, crepuscular twilight; but, but, but God, in the gospel of



Jesus Christ, brought life and immortality to light.—*Daniel Webster, on his deathbed.*

### TWO INTERESTING REPORTS

In a recent letter to the editor of Young People's Work, Rev. A. L. Davis, pastor of the North Loup (Neb.) Church, says: "As field secretary I have been trying to get into touch with the Christian Endeavor work in the five societies in my assigned territory. I had hoped to receive a report from each society that I might make a condensed report for the RECORDER. In this I have failed. Welton and Boulder have reported, and these reports are so interesting that I think it best to enclose them to you for publication in full. Increased interest is being manifested in the Christian Endeavor work at North Loup. The Efficiency campaign has been taken up in real earnest. The first diagnosis (chart grading) showed a rather feeble pulse, but the temperature is rising."

The reports referred to follow below.

*Rev. A. L. Davis, North Loup, Neb.,*

DEAR MR. DAVIS:

Your letter came last week and was read Sabbath afternoon at Christian Endeavor. All the Endeavorers were pleased to hear from you.

We have received the goal card and have been trying to do our part toward reaching the goal. We have at least eight new members. Three weeks ago at Christian Endeavor we had twenty-eight, only three of these being visitors.

We voted to pay our part of the apportionment, which is \$10.80. We are trying to raise this by weekly collections and offerings at our socials.

We have subscribed for the *Christian Endeavor World*, and from this we take our topics for Christian Endeavor.

We have had no socials yet this year, but are planning one for the last of February. From then on we intend to have at least one each month.

The Bible study has not been taken up this year, for Pastor Wing has been busy getting settled.

Hoping this is sufficient information for your report and that we may hear from you soon, I remain yours in Christian Endeavor work.

LOIS BONWELL,

*Corresponding Secretary.*

*Boulder, Colo., Feb. 4, 1917.*

DEAR MR. DAVIS:

I feel that I owe you an apology for neglecting to answer your letter, before this.

We have a good Christian Endeavor society here and have good attendance when the weather permits. But most of our members live in the country and it is often hard for them to get to town in the evening.

We have not taken up the Forward Movement or the Efficiency campaign, as they seemed hardly practicable in so small a society, and no one seemed to understand the work well enough to go ahead with it. However, we are busy and are trying to do efficient work.

We are holding Sunday night services for the benefit of the First-day people, as they have no local pastor. We have good attendance and have induced many of the young people to come into the choir. These young people attend our weekly choir practice and many times outnumber our own singers.

In our activities we try to make the young people of the community feel welcome. There has always been a sort of barrier between the First-day people and our own people. This has been broken to a large extent since the Sunday night services started.

We have organized a teachers' training class in the Sabbath school and the young people are doing well in this also.

I believe this is efficient work although it may not raise the thermometer on the Efficiency chart. But we are always glad to receive any advice whereby we might do better.

Yours sincerely,

ESTHER HURLEY,

*Corresponding Secretary.*

*Welton, Ia., Feb. 23, 1917.*

### NEWS NOTES

MARLBORO, N. J.—For our missionary program for February 24 we gave a brief survey of the mission field of the Southwestern Association. Selected articles were read from the SABBATH RECORDER, also letters were received from Mr. Siedhoff and Rev. T. J. Van Horn. Miss Lavinia Munro, who recently came from Arkansas, gave a very interesting talk about the work and needs as she knew them. Three boys read the Scripture lesson.

*L. W. C.*

### JAIRUS M. STILLMAN

#### A Biographical Sketch

PROFESSOR ALBERT WHITFORD

Professor Jairus Maxson Stillman was born in Alfred, N. Y., February 20, 1834, and died at Milton, Wis., February 20, 1917, at the ripe age of eighty-three years.

He was the son of Maxson Stillman Jr. and Lydia Chapman, who were married September 26, 1822, in Berlin, N. Y. They settled in Petersburg, N. Y., and removed from that town to Alfred in 1826.

The father, who died in 1896 at the age of ninety-seven years, was a descendant in



the sixth generation from George Stillman, an emigrant to Rhode Island from England. The death of the mother preceded that of her husband only about five years.

Jairus was the third child of this wedlock; Elvira who became the wife of Dr. Henry C. Coon, and Hannah, the first wife of Rev. Stephen Burdick, were the two older children; Mary, who died in infancy, Chester, of Alfred, N. Y., and Harriet, wife of William R. Clarke, of Nutley, N. J., were the three younger.

Only the last two, with an adopted daughter, Anna, now living at Alfred, N. Y., survive the death of their brother.

The father was a master carpenter and the builder of the first five or six buildings

of Alfred Academy. He was also a tenor singer of some talent, a teacher of vocal music and for many years the chorister of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred.

His son Jairus, it appears, inherited from him his musical ability. In his youth he labored with his father in the trade of a carpenter while attending the village school and Alfred Academy until he reached his majority, and thereafter devoted his time and talent to perfecting himself in the art of music.

He was a special student in music in Alfred Academy during the years 1855 and 1856, a pupil of Auguste Kreissman, of Boston, Mass., in 1857, a pupil of S. J. Cooke in piano playing, and of Carlo Bassini in voice culture, both of New York City, in 1859 and 1860. In 1861 and 1862 he studied pianoforte at Milton Academy, under the instruction of Miss Ida F. Sallan, afterward the wife of President W. C. Kenyon, of Alfred University, at the same time receiving instruction in German.

He began his work as a teacher of music in Hopkinton Academy, Ashaway, R. I., and two years later, in the years 1865-68, he instructed the classes in music at Alfred University.

Later he had charge temporarily of classes in vocal music at Milton College.

During the years 1870-74 he was a student in harmony, counterpoint and musical composition under Dudley Buck in Chicago and Boston.

From 1868 until 1885 Professor Stillman, assisted for a part of the time by Professor T. Martin Towne, had charge of several normal music schools for a term of six weeks, and a large number of musical conventions and institutes in nearly all the northern States stretching from Rhode Island to the Dakotas.

In the late seventies he was a resident of Chicago and sang in the choir of the Centenary Church.

As a composer he made many valuable contributions, especially to sacred music. He was an associate author of *The Cluster*, for use in normal conventions, published by J. L. Peters, New York City, in 1873; of *Good Will*, for Sabbath schools, published by Towne and Stillman, Chicago, 1878; and *Anthem Treasures*, published by S. W. Straub, Chicago, in 1882. He was the composer of the *Badger Song*, *I Want To Be More Like Jesus*, and many other songs, glees, anthems and Sabbath-school

songs published in different singing books.

By him the standards of music were raised in hundreds of communities, and an inspiration to a musical career was enkindled in the hearts of many pupils who became teachers of this art and who attributed their success to his instruction and example.

In recognition of his musical ability, Alfred University, in 1881, conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of music.

In 1885, Doctor Stillman assumed charge of the department of music of Milton College, as the successor of Dr. N. Wardner Williams who had served in that capacity the five previous years. He then organized this department into courses of study embracing pianoforte playing, voice culture, harmony, and elementary and chorus singing.

His work in the college attracted wide attention and brought to the school many young people desirous of obtaining a substantial musical education.

Among his assistants in later years in this department of instruction were Miss Alberta Crandall, who succeeded him as its head, and her sister, Mrs. Ellen Crandall Place.

Professor A. E. Whitford, a pupil of Dr. Stillman in voice culture, has written for publication recently the following tribute to the services of Dr. Stillman in the college: "No one can ever measure the influence of the work of Dr. Jairus M. Stillman in producing the present high standard of excellence of music in Milton College. We know it is very great. His tremendous energy and untiring efforts during a long period of years as principal of the School of Music was an inspiration to all under his influence. Because of his work a Milton audience now demands the best grade of music and is never satisfied with anything cheap. All of those who now have something to do with the music of Milton have been under his instruction and he is ever their inspiration. His great work was pre-eminently as a leader of large choruses and it is in this line of musical endeavor that Milton owes much to him."

In 1909, after a service of twenty-four years as head of the department of music in the college, Dr. Stillman, on account of failing health and strength, sent in his resignation to the board of trustees of the col-

lege, which was very reluctantly accepted.

In his youth he was baptized into the fellowship of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred and in this church he retained his membership during his life.

He was possessed of a deeply reverential spirit which expressed itself in song. For fourteen annual sessions of the General Conference of the Seventh Day Baptists he took charge of its music. He was chorister of the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church for many years.

On December 8, 1867, he was united in marriage to Miss Clara Langworthy, daughter of William A. Langworthy, of Potter Hill, R. I., who died March 1, 1869, leaving a daughter seven weeks old. This daughter, who received the Christian name of her mother, was married September 1, 1898, to Dr. Justin H. Burdick, to whom were born five children.

It is with this family that Dr. Stillman found a home the last years of his life.

On the day of his death he was about the house very much as usual, chatting with members of the family and remarking that this was his eighty-third birthday. Finally, near six o'clock in the afternoon, he complained of feeling sick, retired to his room and within half an hour, had passed away.

#### ORDINATION OF DEACON, GARWIN, IA.

On Sabbath morning of February 3, 1917, after the usual opening exercises, occurred the ordination of Brother E. C. Severance as deacon, with moderator, Willard Van Horn, in the chair.

After the statement of Brother Severance, it was voted to proceed with the ordination, and the following program was carried out:

Ordination Sermon by Rev. J. H. Hurley, of Welton. Text, Exodus 4: 2—"What is that in thine hand?" Theme—"The common things of life, divinely blest"

Consecrating Prayer—Pastor Loyal Hurley  
Charge to Candidate—Rev. Mr. McKee, of the Christian Church

Charge to the Church—Pastor Hurley

Welcome—Deacon T. S. Hurley

Consecrating Hymn—Congregation

Benediction—Pastor Hurley

"Although the believer is justified from sin, sin still needs to be ejected, as, like a bad tenant, it often remains after receiving notice to quit."

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### OUR LITTLE GARDENERS

When Teddy and Tommy water the flowers,  
There's many a plant goes dry,  
Though they use the biggest watering pot  
And fill it ever so high!

For little lads will stumble and trip,  
And the water is sure to spill  
On shoes and socks and knicker knees—  
Though they do their best, it will!

So when they get to the thirsty flowers  
It's poorly the posies fare;  
But Ted and Tommy should grow like weeds—  
They're watered enough and to spare!

—M. M. Watson,

By permission of the Continent.

### A SPRINGTIME WALK

GLADYS A. BEEBE

Little May pressed her face disconsolately against the window. "I just know it never will come time for flowers to blossom," she wailed. "Grandma said way last week, spring would be here in no time and I've waited and waited and the snow won't go off."

"Cheer up, Chicken," said Uncle Dick. "I'll take you out and we'll find some buds that will soon be flowers and you can watch them grow. Run, put on your hood and coat, and I'll show you."

May skipped gleefully away. Uncle Dick did do such lovely things, she believed he could even make flowers grow.

First Uncle Dick went down by the brook, and lo, there from the willows he broke branches with just the dearest little gray buds! May squealed with happiness.

"The dear little kittens!" she cried. "Aren't they just sweet!"

Uncle Dick gathered her a nice armful of the soft catkin twigs.

"Just look there," said May, pointing up the creek. See those funny things that look like cones. I didn't know cones grew on willows."

Uncle Dick laughed and gathered some cone branches, as May called them. "This is a truly house," he said, "and in the center lives Mr. Grub. Now he is white and sleepy but a little later when its warmer he will hatch out, change his form and fly

away. His mamma fixed this nice house for him last summer. She stung the end of the branch so it grew into this shape. Shall I cut one open, so you can see Mr. Grub?"

"Oh, no!" cried tender-hearted little May. "I want Mr. Grub, all the Mr. Grubs, to keep safe and happy where their mammas put them until they are big enough to come out and fly away. I love the cones, but I love my pussies better, their fur is so warm and soft. Will they change, too, Uncle Dick?"

"Yes," he answered, "they will grow yellow if you put them in water. The fur, as you call it, will slowly change. You can watch them if you will put them in a sunny window. Some kinds grow roots, too, and you can raise some willows of your own if you are careful. Papa will give you a place by the spring brook where you can set them out when it's warmer. You see the ones in the house grow faster than those where it's cold, so you couldn't set them out until it's warm weather."

"I'll ask papa this very night," cried May excitedly, "if I can set my willows out and keep them, and I'll be awful careful of them."

Next Uncle Dick went up the hill a little way and showed May a poplar tree all covered with downy catkins.

"Oh! oh!" and May danced up and down. "Get me some, please, Uncle Dick."

Poplar branches are very easily broken and soon May's arms were full of the knobby twigs with their downy buds.

"I'll call these old cats," she cried smoothing the catkins with her fingers. "What will these do, Uncle Dick?"

"They will grow long and hang down like worms," he answered, "if you put them in water, but the limbs will not root like those of the willow."

"I'll have to play they are cats quick then," said May, "before the old enchanter gets them."

Uncle Dick laughed, and told her that he had read about a little girl who dreamed, after playing with the willow pussies, that they were real little cats hunting for willow mice.

"Maybe I'll dream about them, too," cried May, as Uncle Dick led her home. "Do you 'spose I will?"



"Perhaps," he answered, "just try to see, when night comes."

*Coudersport, Pa.*

### TWO TRAVELERS

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand  
Went journeying up and down the land.  
On Lend-a-hand the sunshine smiled,  
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy child,  
Birds greeted her from many a tree;  
But Selfish said, "No one loves me."  
Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand  
Went journeying home across the land.  
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss—  
The weather was bad, the folks were cross;  
Lend-a-hand said when the journey was o'er,  
"I never had such a good time before."

—Unidentified.

### THE MARVELS OF FRENCH MODERN SURGERY

War conducted by a chivalrous nation like France has its beautiful and beneficent side which is the silver lining to an otherwise grim, repulsive tale of carnage and mutilation. The horrible slaughter, the maiming of millions of belligerents, the finest men of the nations now facing each other in a life and death grip, would make us despair of the future of civilization. Happily there remains an undercurrent of sublime chivalry, a spirit of noble endeavor to render help to those sad victims of war's ravages. None have exercised their mental powers and their hearts' impulses as the devoted friends of humanity more than the members of the medical fraternity.

France, true to her great past, has risen to the height of the task of succoring the afflicted and the human wrecks in a manner which has brought her the admiration and affection of all, for not only does she help her own stricken sons, but those who today she deprecates to find her foes.

We have read with keen interest in an American publication a letter from an American lady long resident in France, giving an account of the marvelous recoveries of those who have been the victims of "Fire Flame" attacks. She describes the result of a new method of treatment which she justly describes as "miraculous." From her account the terrible wounds and disfigurement are so treated as to leave no lasting trace of injury.

We have tried to obtain further details of this most important subject, but have failed, as no mention was made of the hos-

pital where she witnessed the "miracle" cures, but consulting a London medico, he said, "Though having no knowledge of these cures, there is no reason to doubt the absolute truth of the statements made, as during the past twenty-eight months of war many marvelous cures by new methods have been made that before the war were not even imagined possible."

We can, however, give interesting details of the splendid results obtained at "The Palace of Miracles," as the "Grand Palais" of Paris is appropriately called.

The "Grand Palais" was formerly a center of Parisian elegance, the home of art. Here were held the spring salons and autumn exhibitions. Today this beautiful building is dedicated to the efforts of the most distinguished surgeons of France and the most devoted women as nurses, to effect the "mending" and rendering useful again of disabled soldiers left as human wrecks on the battle-field. The truly marvelous results of restoring these wrecks to the semblance of humanity and making them again self-respecting, useful citizens is the work undertaken at the "Grand Palais." The well-known specialist, Professor Canes, has invented a machine which registers accurately physical deficiency; another registers the quality of the injured member so as to render it possible to start the required cure.

There is no space to explain the details of the scientific use of these instruments. Suffice it to say that the results attained approach the marvelous to the lay mind. Massage is largely used where limbs are apparently quite useless.

Thousands of cripples are being restored to active life, and work is at once found for them at good wages. Those who when treated can not follow their old calling are taught new ones suitable to their conditions. Formerly these unhappy victims of the curse of war would have remained cripples for life, a burden to society and a misery to themselves. They are now restored to their country, happy and useful men.

An instance is given of a carpenter restored to health but with diminished strength. He has been successfully taught cabinet making.

The marvels of the "Grand Palais" redound to the honor of that splendid body of medical scientists of France.

Before concluding these brief and very

### HOME NEWS

RICHBURG, N. Y.—On the evening of March 10, the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage was a social center, when nearly fifty people, young and old, met in a farewell party for their pastor and family. A pleasing feature of the evening was the following program: piano duet, Mary Kenyon and Audrey Almy; recitation, Thelma and Ailene Clark; song, Winifred and Genevieve Saunders; piano solo, Genevieve Wright; vocal solo, Gladys Hulett; recitation, Robert Almy. Refreshments were also served.—*Alfred Sun.*

LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.—Secretary Edwin Shaw, of Plainfield, N. J., preached here last Sabbath at the regular hour for service. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The sermon showed the speaker to be a deep thinker and possessing thorough knowledge of Scripture. Owing to the inclement weather but few were present from neighboring towns. Dinner was served in the hall.—*Alfred Sun.*

"All of God's paths lead upward."

imperfect details of what is being done for the stricken sons of France and the alien foe, we feel it a pleasurable duty to record the gratitude of every Frenchman for the noble munificence of America. Already over eighteen millions of dollars have been sent to the sister republic in her hour of need. American ambulances have received official recognition for their splendid organization. As messengers of mercy, Americans have earned the gratitude of the whole human race.—*Edward Fox Sainsbury, in Our Dumb Animals.*

The power of God's Holy Spirit means a hopeful ministry and a joyful, peaceful life. St. Paul knew what perplexities and problems were, and when he closed that letter to the Roman Church he wrote: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, in the power of the Holy Spirit." We need a hopeful ministry, a joy-filled life, peace which means poise, an abundant and abounding life which expresses the power of the indwelling Spirit of God.—*John Timothy Stone.*

## PAYING POULTRY FARM FOR SALE

### AT SACRIFICE PRICE

Quarter mile outside Battle Creek City Limits; half mile north of car line on North Washington; three quarters of mile north of Sanitarium. 4 and 9-10 acres, consisting of 1 acre occupied by residence and poultry plant; 20 fifty-ft. lots 132 ft. deep; an unopened road 1324 ft. long and 30 ft. wide; three-fourths of land poultry fenced; 272 fruit trees, 30 bearing; 15,000 strawberry plants, besides raspberries, blackberries, grapes, etc.; rich garden spot. One seven-room house, furnished; bath, laundry, fruit cellar, furnace, electricity, city water, piped for gas, cement walks, etc., all modern conveniences.

Poultry plant consists of one pullets' laying house 40x16; one breeders' house 40x18; Brooder house 50x16; sheds, store room, colony houses, coops, wired runs, etc., etc., thoroughly up-to-date and complete in all appliances; 225 select single comb white leghorn laying pullets; 90 two-year old breeders; 25 cocks and cockerels; 4 incubators; egg storage for 10,000 eggs, etc. Equipment in detail will be shown to prospective buyer.

EARNINGS.—In 1916 I cleared over \$500.00 from an average of 400 laying hens. All my eggs bring EXTRA PRICES, and demand is greater than the supply. The Sanitarium alone is a constant market for all eggs that can be produced. The entire outfit—

## FOR QUICK SALE \$6,000

\$1,500.00 DOWN, BALANCE ON EASY TERMS

At this price I am sacrificing ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, and am selling solely on account of my wife's recent sudden death, which alters all my plans. The price includes EVERYTHING (house furnished) except personal effects and books. I WILL ALSO TURN OVER TO THE BUYER AN ORDER FOR 5,000 DAY-OLD CHICKS FOR THIS YEAR'S DELIVERY.

This fine property is adapted for enlarging the poultry plant and is a most conservative investment, WITH RAPIDLY RISING VALUES. At the price it is—

### A RARE BARGAIN

W. ROBINSON, 430 N. Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich., R. F. D. 3.  
Bell Phone 3106-J. Box 133.

## SALEM COLLEGE NOTES

## CHAPEL EXERCISES—MUSIC DEPARTMENT

On Monday morning, chapel exercises were conducted by Miss C. N. Harkness of the music department. Miss Harkness deserves a great deal of credit for having gotten together such a good program in such a short time, only having had two days in which to make preparations. The selections were good and well rendered. The playing of Miss Eva Ford is familiar to Salem students and needs little comment. Miss Mildred Fleming, a high-school student, is taking piano lessons under Miss Harkness and made her first appearance in a recital given some time ago. Miss Pauline Harris made her debut at the piano last Tuesday morning. Miss Harris is a college freshman. Her home is in New Jersey and she came to Salem principally for music, having heard of the excellent reputation and character of the department. Miss Erma Childers likewise made her first appearance and rendered a vocal solo entitled, "Stolen Fruit." The program follows:

- Piano Solo—Pierrette, *Chaminade*, by Miss Mildred Fleming
- Vocal Solo—Stolen Fruit, *Nutting*, by Miss Erma Childers
- Piano Solo—The Butterfly, *Lavallec*, by Miss Eva Ford
- Piano Solo—The Gondoliers, *Nevin*, by Miss Pauline Harris
- Piano Duets—Poet and Peasant, *Von Suppe*, by Misses Hallie Van Horn and Miss Alberta Davis

Miss Harkness reports a large enrolment in the department for the present semester.

## LECTURE COURSE

Last Sabbath night at the college auditorium, Mr. Montraville Wood lectured on the recent discoveries made in connection with the study of the ultra-violet rays and the gyroscope. Mr. Wood has had a great deal of experience in this line of work. His lecture was interesting and instructive and well attended. His was the third selection on the Y. M. C. A. lecture course.

*Lecture on Washington, D. C.*

Mr. Martin, traveling passenger agent for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, located at Parkersburg, gave a very interesting and instructive stereopticon lecture at the college auditorium last Thursday evening on the capital city, Washington, D. C. This lecture is but a part of the extensive pub-

licity campaign which the B. & O. are using in an effort to draw travel east on their lines. To honeymooners and especially to graduating classes, they offer special rates for a few days. These special rates not only cover your traveling expenses to and fro, but also include hotel, sightseeing and other incidental expenses while in Washington. The pictures were clear and distinct, and the subjects well chosen.

*Magician*

The fifth number on our lecture course was given last Wednesday night by Mr. Reno, the magician. Mr. Reno has his tricks down pretty well, and his demonstration proved very interesting. The attendance at the lecture was only about fair. The last number on the course will be given on the 12th of April.

## DEATH OF ALISE OGDEN

Due to the death of Miss Alise Ogden, an academic freshman, the faculty closed the college and suspended all work last Tuesday afternoon. Miss Ogden died last Sunday morning. The funeral was a large one and was conducted by Pastor Bond. Miss Alise had a good many friends among the student-body, faculty and town people. She was a hard, conscientious worker, and took an active part in church affairs. She had a very attractive personality, and her death will be a sad loss not only to her family but to the student-body as well.

## SALEM'S SUMMER SCHOOL

One of the most helpful features of the institution, now, is the Summer School. The Summer School is made up largely of graduate students or teachers, who are here to further their educational ambitions. They know what they want in the educational line—they mean business. For this reason, there is a fine spirit of co-operation and good will and everything runs down hill, smoothly.

Plans are now under way for the most efficient and successful Summer School we have ever had. The announcements will be ready for press within a few days, and in a few days more be ready for distribution. There will be several new members on the faculty this summer, every one of whom are experienced, capable, and specialists in their line of work. The Summer School will open June 19 and close August 16.

A. F. G.

## "THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT ME"

"Why, yes; I do those things sometimes!"

The young woman's face was hot and flushed. She was standing in the presence of the officers of the church. For some time she had been thinking about taking upon herself the vows of the sacred body, and now she was being examined as to her spiritual qualifications for that most important step.

"Do you dance or play cards or go to places of questionable amusements?"

Why should that question have been asked her? Who had a right to bring her to account for these acts? They were her personal affairs. For a moment she felt tempted to fling back the sharp answer which sprang to her lips. But there, just by her side, sat her teacher. If she had put out her hand she could have touched the lady's arm. How she wished she might do that! She felt in sore need just then. She well knew what her teacher thought about those things; many times the dear lady had talked with her girls heart to heart; and the young woman who was knocking at the door of the church thought the teacher did not know that she ever did one of those things about which she was being questioned. Before she replied she shot a quick, inquiring look up into the face of the teacher. What would she think of her if she confessed to habits like these? Would she ever forgive her or love her again? Let that be as it might, she must now be honest.

"Yes; sometimes I do."

"But you are willing to give them up now?"

The voice was kindly; but something rose up in rebellion in the young woman's heart.

"I do not see why I should give them up. I have never felt that they were harmful to me. I love them. Why should I give them up?"

Then the real battle was on, and it had to be fought out. As the questioning went on, it seemed clear that she did really and truly love God, and Jesus Christ, whom he sent to be the world's Redeemer. She was trying to be good and strong and helpful in her living; but she could not understand why she should be required to put away the games and the other things that seemed to bring her a few moments of pleasure, and,

so far as she knew, had never brought her harm.

After a time, silence came over all in the room. Then some one asked her if she would step from the circle a little while, so that they might confer together about the difficulty, which was a real one. She was ready to go; but just as she was rising she felt the warm hand of her teacher on her own, holding her in a loving clasp. Looking again into the face of her teacher she saw there something she never had seen before. Love such as she could never forget, sympathy and yearning, and all shining through the mist of tears. She pressed the lady's hand and went out to wait until she should be summoned back.

What took place in that little room she never knew or asked; she was too earnestly striving in her own soul. It seemed all too short a time before the door opened and she was beckoned back.

"We have decided to receive you," one of the officials said in a subdued voice.

"Whether I give up the things you spoke of or not?" There was an expression half of surprise, half of hope in the voice.

"We believe, if you come with us, the things which have seemed so dear to you will lose their hold upon you—that you will not care to do them any more."

"And you will receive me with them?"

"That is our decision."

"But I can't come in that way! I know you will wonder why I say this; but if my Master could give up so much for me, ought I not to be willing to give up such little things as these for him?"

Now the tears were not only in the eyes of the teacher; those of the young lady were shining like drops of silver. A little movement of tense excitement ran round the room, and then the final action was taken which placed the young woman side by side with all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ.

"How could you do it?" The words of the teacher were choked, yet full of the joy she knew not how to express.

"O teacher, it was just the way you looked at me. It made me think of the way He must have looked at Peter that night. And it helped me to see what I never had seen before—how much he has done for me!"—*Edgar L. Vincent, in Baptist Teacher.*



## SABBATH SCHOOL

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

### Lesson II.—April 7, 1917

JESUS RAISES LAZARUS FROM THE DEAD

*Golden Text.*—"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life." John 11: 25.

#### DAILY READINGS

April 1—Jno. 11: 1-16. Death of Lazarus  
April 2—Jno. 11: 17-27. The Resurrection and the Life  
April 3—Jno. 11: 28-37. Sorrow of Jesus  
April 4—Jno. 11: 38-46. Jesus Raises Lazarus  
April 5—Jno. 11: 47-57. Plot to Kill Jesus  
April 6—Matt. 28: 1-10. The Risen Christ  
April 7—1 Cor. 15: 50-58. Resurrection Triumph  
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

### BY OPENING 5,000 BANK ACCOUNTS HE IS TEACHING MILLIONS TO SAVE

In the April *American Magazine* is an account of the novel scheme adopted by a wealthy Californian to awaken in boys a desire to save their money and to get ahead in the world. This scheme is being copied in other parts of the country and has had far reaching results.

"F. B. Silverwood, of Los Angeles, or 'Daddy' Silverwood, as he is called by five thousand boys, believes that the best kind of a nest egg is a silver one, and so he has set five thousand silver dollars in banks where each boy can sit on his particular egg and hatch thrift from it.

"The first batch of these eggs, or one dollar bank accounts, was deposited in 1909, and this letter written to five hundred boys:

"DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:

"You are one of five hundred boys I have selected in southern California for whom I am opening a bank account. One dollar has been deposited to your credit in the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, corner Sixth and Spring Streets. I have stipulated that it remain there for five years, except in case of sickness or death, for the reason that I want to add to it from time to time if you endeavor to do the same.

"You are living in a land where nobody is held down by caste—in a country where poor boys from the farm go to the White House; where brakemen, and even section hands, become railway presidents; where the poorest boys become our merchant princes; where, the factories and institutions of every de-

scription are built up by boys with no opportunity except their own energy and integrity.

"Trusting that you will decide to be one of the great men of the future, I remain

"F. B. SILVERWOOD.

"Three fourths of the boys for whom accounts were opened fulfilled the requirements and added to the nest egg. 'Daddy' Silverwood kept his promise and also put in money.

"A little newsboy added \$275 to his account the first year. Others have done almost as well. They are spurred on to save by letters which Mr. Silverwood writes, encouraging them to work hard and better their conditions."

A Kansas City (Mo.) saloon-keeper, who has been in the business twenty-two years, recently announced that his place was for sale at a bargain. "My reason," he said, "for quitting the liquor trade is not that I am old or rich, or troubled by my conscience. I simply have decided to get out while the getting out is good, for I believe that I can read the handwriting on the wall. I believe that the finish of the booze business is in sight, and I prefer to step from under before the roof falls in. I would not now undertake to say when nation-wide prohibition is going to arrive, but it is coming sure as fate, and it is not many years away. It is coming not so much as a result of feverish and hysterical agitation, but as a result of the majority of the voters of the country making up their minds that boozing is a criminal waste of time and money, and booze a nuisance and a dangerous drug."—*The National Advocate*.

The life of a beautiful girl was nearing its close. The busy father sat by her bedside, and his daughter asked him to read to her. He found a magazine and read some bright bits of poetry and fiction. . . . "O father," she exclaimed, "can't you find the place in the Bible where it says, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him?'" His voice trembled a little, but he said, "I will find it." But when he found the place and began to read, "Like as a father," he could bear no more. "O my child," he cried, "if God cares for you as I do—" He bent over the bed and wept. "It is the verse we both need," she said softly after a few minutes.—*The Presbyterian*.

## MARRIAGES

SALMON-VINCENT.—George Salmon and Katie A. Vincent were married at the home of the bride's father, Elmer D. Vincent, in the township of Milton, Wis., March 10, 1917, Rev Henry N. Jordan officiating.

## DEATHS

DAVIS.—Elvira Virginia Davis was born March 2, 1836, near Salem, Va., and died March 5, 1917, at North Altoona, Kan.

She united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1867, of which church she held her membership till the time of her death.

M. D.

MARTIN.—Angelina Bee, daughter of Elder Ezekiel and Mariah Johnstone Bee, died near Chillicothe, Ohio, March 7, 1917, aged 76 years, 6 months and 13 days.

The funeral services were held at Berea, W. Va., March 11, 1917, and her body rests in the "Old Bee Row," in the Pine Grove Cemetery near the home of her childhood, among those of blessed memory.

Sister Martin had been a great sufferer for many years and for four years had been almost entirely helpless. She bore her suffering patiently and died triumphantly, praising the Lord.

In presenting the following memorial Brother Martin says: "It was written by her own hand during her long illness." It is very precious to her loved ones.

"I was born August 24, 1840, on the Maxwell farm, one mile below the Middle Island Seventh Day Baptist Church, which place always appeared most like hallowed ground as my first and most of my school days were spent in the little log schoolhouse which stood a few yards from where the church now stands.

"There were eight children: Angelina Bee Martin, Vigo, Ohio; Arthur G. Bee, and Elizabeth Bee Meredith, of Berea, W. Va.; Josiah Bee, of St. Clair, Gilmore, Co., W. Va.; Sedilla Bee who died several years ago; Emmaretta who died in infancy; Alzetta Holbert, twin sister of Emmaretta, who died about thirty years ago, and Eudolpheus Bee, of Kanawha Station, W. Va. Then there were two half brothers: B. W. Bee, of Salem, W. Va., and J. N. Bee, of Berea, W. Va.

"In March, 1857, our family moved to what was then called Hughes River, now Berea. During the June meeting my heart with others was touched with the arrow of conviction under the preaching and exhortation of Uncle Asa Bee and my father of blest memory. Never shall I forget the morning that God for his dear Son's sake spoke peace to my soul. The sun seemed

to shine with new splendor; the birds sang sweeter; the grass and trees looked greener; all nature seemed changed and I was a new creature saved by grace. And what a beautiful scene as the congregation stood on the bank of the river above the mouth of Otterslide as several happy candidates were buried with Christ in baptism.

Angelina Bee and Marcus E. Martin were united in marriage November 23, 1865. To them were born seven children; Ida A., Blanch M., Hazel D., Lola T., Vasa V., who died in infancy; Code Miles, the only little boy, who died when eight months old, and Kitty M.

G. H. F. R.

Mr. Moody once said: "Prayer is more powerful than gunpowder." "How do you know, Mr. Moody?" a friend inquired. "Well," he said, "during the Civil War I was holding a meeting in Nashville, Tenn., when a young soldier came to me with a letter in his hand, trembling from head to foot. 'Mr. Moody,' he said, 'I want you to pray for me. I have just received a letter from my sister, and she tells me that this very evening, as the sun goes down, she is on her knees in prayer to God for my salvation. I don't know why it is, but I have been trembling like a leaf ever since I received this letter, and I am afraid that something dreadful is going to happen unless I am converted.' The prayer was offered and the soldier was saved. This young man, with all his bravery before the cannon's mouth, was at heart an infidel. He did not believe in prayer or in Christianity, but his sister's prayer of faith, six hundred miles away, made him tremble from head to foot with the ague of conviction, which the dangers of battle could not do. Therefore I say that prayer is more powerful than gunpowder."—*Christian Herald*.

God is always seeking you. There have been many cases like Saul, breathing out threats and slaughter against the disciples, who saw suddenly a light from heaven flashing upon him, and heard a Voice that pulled him up in the midst of his career. Ah! it would be an awful thing if no one found Christ except those who set out to seek for him. Like the dew on the grass, he often comes to hearts that are thinking not of him.—*Maclaren*.

"One of the cleverest devices of the devil is the prompting of people to give religious reasons for irreligious acts."

## SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jansz in Java will be gladly received and sent to her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.  
FRANK J. HUBBARD, *Treasurer*,  
Plainfield, New Jersey.

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 regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 1810 Midland Ave., Syracuse. O. H. Perry, church clerk, 1031 Euclid Ave.

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 Street.

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 Street.

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

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

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

I would give nothing for that man's religion whose dog and cat are not the better for it.—Rowland Hill.

## The Sabbath Recorder

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

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Mr. Bryan lately prophesied (in Indianapolis) that "before the fourth of next March, a Democratic President will affix his signature to a bill which will make the District of Columbia dry, and when that time comes the nation's capital, that three years ago ridiculed grape juice, will fly the white flag of prohibition."—*The National Advocate*.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

**THE DAWN OF PEACE**

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,  
And beat your brands to dust!  
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,  
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,  
And break the helmet bar;  
A noise is in the morning wind,  
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths  
The glittering hosts increase—  
They come! They come! How fair their  
feet!  
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,  
Our enemies are ours!  
For all the clouds are clasped in light  
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew;  
But wait a little while,  
And with the radiant deathless rose  
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing  
Shall feed by streams of rest;  
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,  
Nor nursing from the nest.

—John Ruskin.

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