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American Sabbath Tract Society
(Seventh Day Baptist)

Plainfield

New Jersey

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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The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 3,761

"Bear Ye One Another's Burdens"

A lift for the overloaded is the one thing always needed where workers are toiling for a common cause. Who can see a brother overburdened without a desire to help lighten his load. When Paul wrote, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," he must have seen that careful and sympathetic teamwork, in which every one was ready to support every other as best he could, would be necessary if the cause of the Master was to succeed. While no one is exempt from cares and responsibilities which at times will weigh him down and in regard to which he can be helped and strengthened by the sympathy and co-operation of his friends, still it will always remain true that certain ones to whom special work has been given and upon whom peculiar responsibilities are placed must have generous help and sympathetic co-operation in a correspondingly greater measure if the causes they stand for are to be promoted.

The spirit of Christ and true loyalty to the cause we love will prompt every Seventh Day Baptist to do what he can to strengthen the leaders. And this same spirit will move the loyal ones to avoid carefully every word or act that might add to the loads their brethren are trying to carry. It will also be a constant safeguard against indifference, which of itself is a cause of discouragement. And no one who is led by the spirit of Him who came to unite His followers in the great work of lifting the world out of the depths of sin and ignorance could have a heart to make his brother's burdens almost unbearable by active opposition and unkind criticism.

Kind words, good wishes, sympathetic expressions of interest, even where one has little or nothing to give, are always helpful. By such things many a faltering, discouraged toiler has been cheered and strengthened to go on and bring success out of apparent failure.

Dear friends of the RECORDER family, shall we not, each one, ask himself the questions, "Am I doing my part toward

helping our burden-bearers?" "Is the Master's cause suffering through my indifference?"

Concrete Cases The general appeal for co-operation in denominational work sometimes fails to arouse interest in the cases most needing help. We often meet the question, "Where is money most needed at this time?" or it may be, "Who are the workers upon whom responsibilities are pressing sore, whom I can help in some way?" Nearly every one would rather help than hinder. Few indeed are the men who will deliberately discourage. But too many seem to forget that they are hindering by not helping. If each one would begin now to look for the concrete cases where special help is needed in denominational work, he would not have far to go. Indeed he could hardly go amiss of them.

There is the pastor. He comes first because nearest to you. What can he do toward promoting the cause of Christ in your community without the co-operation and support of the members of his church? Have you been among the Aarons and Hurs who faithfully hold up his hands? Have you shared with him in his anxieties for the welfare of the church? Has your attitude been one that would increase the confidence of others in your pastor as a leader and teacher of the people? Have you made it easier for him to win men to Christ and the church, or has your very coldness grieved the Spirit and helped to deaden the influence of your pastor in spiritual things? He needs all the help you can give him if he is to succeed in building up the cause of Christ in your community.

Then there is the Joint Secretary of the two boards, laboring as a standard-bearer in Missionary and Sabbath Reform work. He is striving to interest the churches in the things the boards are undertaking, and is burdened over the debts that are hindering the good cause. The two companies of men whom he represents and who are striving as best they can to plan the work

feel most keenly the need of hearty co-operation on the part of the people.

Are you doing your share to help this work along? In some cases the stress is so great that the leaders hardly know what is best to do. Anxiety for the causes they represent, longings for evidences that the people are willing to do their part, efforts to meet the calls for help coming from needy fields and small churches while treasuries are empty and debts are piling up--all these things are making burdens unnecessarily heavy.

What is true of these two boards is to a certain extent true of the Woman's Board, the Young People's Board, and the Sabbath School Board. Success in their work depends entirely upon the interest taken in it by the people at large.

Friends, are we doing our part faithfully and well? Do we long to see the Forward Movement succeed? Do we realize how helpless all these boards are without an abiding interest in them on our part?

Our Schools, too If we as a people are **What of Them?** to bear one another's burdens, we can not forget our schools that have meant so much to us in the past and upon which so much of our future life and usefulness depends. Well did our fathers lay the foundations, and we can never be justified in neglecting to build upon them.

There is Milton College, with Dr. Lester C. Randolph now in the field, making a wonderful effort to secure the funds necessary to place it among standardized colleges according to the new law regarding such schools. The burden is pressing sore upon the group of self-sacrificing men now striving to put Milton on its feet as a college of the first class. While the burden of this work must necessarily rest heaviest upon the people of the Northwest, still there is no corner of the denomination where the people should not feel interested in Milton College. In view of its splendid work for more than half a century, with Milton men among our leaders all over the land, there should not be a Seventh Day Baptist family in America whose sympathies and prayers, and gifts, so far as it is able to give, should not go out toward Brother Randolph in his strenuous efforts for Milton. And every soul should rejoice over any evidence of his success.

Then comes Salem College burdened with its debt for the fine new building made necessary by the burning of the old college. We know too well what financial embarrassment means for this youngest of our schools not to sympathize with President Charles B. Clark and his yokefellows who are now driven by force of circumstances to go out and solicit help. We believe every one who knows of the blessings that have already come to West Virginia and to our entire denomination through Salem College will sympathize with President Clark and be ready to lend assistance in any way possible. While this work, too, must necessarily fall heaviest upon the people most closely associated with the college, still we know of no section where loyal Seventh Day Baptists will not rejoice over any success that comes to Salem, and we believe they will stand ready to assist in whatever way they can.

Alfred University, too, is feeling the strain from the new standardization laws, and President Boothe C. Davis with others is searching among its large alumni for help to make its position as a first-class college under the new law permanent and secure. We rejoice that Alfred has been fortunate enough to secure endowments that practically place it among the standardized schools; but this has come through the faithful efforts of several generations in bearing one another's burdens, to which has been added the best work of the best years of President Davis. Alfred's alumni outside our denomination will be as glad as any of us to see the university placed above all question as to its standardization.

The one thing to be sought above all others is loyalty to every interest vital to us as a people, no matter where that interest is located. There should be no East or West with a people so closely related by ties of kinship, but each section should rejoice over the success of every other. Local interests should in no way work against the general good, and all members of the Seventh Day Baptist family should unite in a spirit of loving, prayerful co-operation in whatever work will strengthen the cause we all love. When any one of our schools or any one of the boards is found to be in special need, and there comes a plea for aid to make it efficient, no church or home

should be indifferent to the call. Every ear should be open to the cry, every heart touched with sympathy, and every hand ready to help.

Dr. Lester C. Randolph Dr. Lester C. Randolph, pastor of the Milton (Wis.)

Seventh Day Baptist Church, and field agent for Milton College, is spending a few days in Plainfield, where he has many friends who sympathize with him in the great work he has undertaken. It has been some time since Milton has brought its burdens to the attention of its eastern friends, and every one will regret that hard times and many calls for help tend to make gifts for this worthy school much smaller than we wish they were.

The people of the Plainfield Church greatly enjoyed Brother Randolph's excellent sermon on Sabbath morning, March 24.

Revelations of Night Have you noticed the glorious heavens in these clear spring nights? One night when the moon was two or three days old, and Orion stood high in the southern sky, with Saturn near the zenith, it seemed to me that the starry heavens never had looked so wonderful before. The stars hung like lamps in an azure dome, as they seemed to hang when viewed under a clear Syrian sky, and I could but feel with the Psalmist that "the heavens declare the glory of God."

Did you ever think that you can see farther in the night than in the day? Sunshine fills earth with beauty, but the darkness of night brings out the glory of the heavens. The earth is near by, and he who sees only earthly glories has a limited vision. How shortsighted we would be if we always lived in the sunlight! The most glorious and far-reaching visions of the universe would never come to our eyes if God did not draw the curtains of night about us and so hide for a time the enchanting scenes of earth.

The universe not only declares the glory of God, but illustrates the most comforting truths of the Bible. The far-reaching, hope-inspiring things of the kingdom of God are often clearly seen only in the night of adversity. The sunlight of prosperity may blind our eyes to the visions of heaven. Visionless indeed is the man whose home

has never come under the shadows and who has never seen the wonderful things Jehovah reveals unto his children in the night.

God's Ways Are Best We often wish we could speak words of comfort to the friends who have come into sore affliction and whose homes have been darkened by loss of loved ones. Every few days the RECORDER receives news of the death angel's visit to the home of some whom we have known and loved in years gone by. We know how futile is every mere human effort to comfort the bereaved, and we know also of the comfort Christ brings in our darkest days. When human speech comes from hearts whom the Savior has touched, the blessings of God often attend the words spoken, to the great consolation of the sorrowing.

If we could only remember that God is with his people in the darkest day, that the Savior promised not to leave his disciples comfortless, and said, "Lo, I am with you always," great would be our all-sustaining consolation; there would come strength and peace in trouble, such as come at no other time.

God who is with his people in infinite love sees the end from the beginning, and though we can not see now with our finite vision, it must be that we shall understand by and by how it is that all things work together for good to those that love him. No trouble can come to the Christian in which he may not feel that God is with him for the best. He will have to trust God that all will come right in the end. The loving Father does not keep troubles away from us, but he does give all needed grace to bear them.

God did not prevent Joseph from being sold into Egypt but he was with him there, and that was far better. When the three holy men were in the fiery furnace, Jehovah did not take them out but came and walked with them in it. So he allowed Daniel to be thrown to the lions, but stopped the lions' mouths while his child had to stay in the den. God said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," when Paul was sore oppressed, and Jehovah sustained the martyrs, giving them a triumphant death. He does not keep death from our doors, but he does assure us of a resurrection to a glorious life where death can never come. Toward that life he is bringing us day by day. To him, this that we call death is

only incidental. For the spirit land he created us, and when one is called from the temporary tabernacle of clay on earth, angels must say, "A soul has just entered upon its real life, untrammelled by the limitations of earth."

The Debt We recently called
A Generous Response attention to the special effort of the Battle Creek Church to raise its share of the debt. This is one of the youngest of our smaller churches. It reported 110 resident members in the last *Year Book*, and has now raised in cash and pledges \$140 in one day. Since that day more has been pledged, and today our debt statement includes \$50 for each of the two boards—\$100 in all—as the first instalment of that church's debt-offering. This gift is over and above the church's regular apportionment for denominational work; and concerning that apportionment, the treasurer in writing says, "We trust that it will be forthcoming."

If all our churches had responded proportionately according to membership, there would now be no debt, and the boards would have money ahead. Everybody would feel better about our work if this could be done soon.

Missionary Board's debt, balance due	
March 21	\$2,181.50
Received since last report	86.00
Still due March 28	\$2,095.50
Tract Board's debt, balance due March	
23	\$2,792.25
Received since last report	68.00
Still due March 28	\$2,724.25

"THE DEED OF TODAY"—FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO

The following poem on the execution of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, Va., fifty-eight years ago next December, will awaken memories of the stirring times just before the Civil War, and will interest our older readers. It was recently cut from a book containing writings of our aged friend, William L. Clarke, of Ashaway, R. I., penned at the time of the execution. Well do we remember the intense feeling and the forebodings of impending trouble as the news from Harper's Ferry went throughout the land.

Why is the sound of weeping heard
Throughout our land this day?
Why does each freely passing breeze
With sighs speed on its way?
Why do women silent keep,
While pearly teardrops start,
Disclosing that a weight of grief
Is nestling nigh the heart?

Why are a million widespread homes
In robes of mourning clad;
While strange men stand with knitted brows,
And features sternly sad?
Why waves the flag of liberty
So faintly at half-mast?
Why are upon our shieldless heads
A world's reproaches cast?

Why do we almost fear to gaze
Upon the smiling sun?
Why shudder at the infamy,
Which, ere his course is run,
Shall closely to our nation cling,
A dark reproach for time,
While well we know her boundless sins,
Her giant strides in crime?

Why stand three thousand armed men
Upon Virginia's soil,
While thousands more are sent to watch
Her sable sons of toil?
And why are we forbidden now
To tread within her bound,
Unless upon us, with her seal,
A passport may be found?

Why is it thus? Shall anguish keen
Long bow us in the dust?
Is there no Lord to rule on earth,
Whom we may safely trust;
And must his humble followers
With fear from tyrants fly,
Or else in faith their lives despise,
In ignominy die?

This day, upon the gallows dies
A noble man and brave,
Who heard the wail of the oppressed,
And dared attempt to save—
To save them from the despot's rage,
His base intents and lust—
For this, John Brown, a martyr, dies,
The unjust slay the just.

How long, O omnipresent God,
Shall dark oppression reign,
And philanthropic, valiant men,
For freedom's cause be slain?
How long our hearts in quiet rest,
While slavery's fearful blight
O'erspreads our land all-glorious,
With gloom more drear than night?

Help us in truth to pledge anew
Our lives to thy great cause,
Heedless alike of good or ill
That flows from human laws;
And when all bondmen are set free,
No martyrs earth will need,
As through the welkin high shall ring
Hosannas of the freed.

Ashaway, R. I.,
December 2, 1859.

WAR OR PEACE, WHICH?

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK

(Sermon preached by the pastor of the Alfred, N. Y., Church, Sabbath morning, March 17, 1917, and upon request furnished for publication.)

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before thy God? Micah 6: 8.

The words of this passage are applicable to both nations and individuals. There is the same law of justice, mercy and humility for the nation as for the individual, and for the individual as the nation. I have chosen these words this morning because they point the way in respect to War and Peace.

More than one-half of the civilized nations today, involving about two-thirds the population of the civilized world, are engaged in the most awful, most inhuman and most diabolical war of human history, and our own government is on the verge of being drawn into the vortex of this whirlpool of death. We do not know what is in store for us, but it looks now as though we might be forced into it if we are to maintain our national sovereignty, a thing for which our fathers willingly shed their precious blood. During the almost three years of this awful scourge I have said practically nothing about it from this pulpit; I have not seen how I could help matters by hasty and hot-headed discussion. However, for a year I have intended to talk to you, not directly about the war, but about some national ideals, which involve the question of the world war now on. I have hesitated to do this and have delayed it long, week after week and month after month, because I have felt my ideas are different from those of most people, and because I have been aware that the views which I hold and must advocate if I say anything, if followed by the nation, may mean an awful sacrifice, not alone my own life (which would be a small matter) but the lives of hundreds of thousands of the flower of our land and my nearest kin with the rest.

I do not speak of these problems for the sake of changing any one's opinion, much less for the purpose of opposing any one, but to hold up some high national principles for which the church as well as the nation must work, and by agitation crystallize public opinion around these principles of justice, mercy and humility, thus helping

to make this, whether we are drawn into it or not, the last war among civilized peoples.

For a people to assume to be a sovereign state it is a high and holy claim, nothing any higher and holier on earth! Upon any people bound together as a nation rest certain high and holy responsibilities, duties to themselves and to the world. To be a sovereign state is a high and holy thing because of certain high and holy ends to be accomplished, and the ends accomplished by a nation, the same as by the individual, depend upon the things for which it aims, the things for which it strives—depend upon its ideals. The revolutionary fathers declared and fought for their independence because of ideals dearer to them than life; Germany brought on the present war because of her ideals—ideals of military power and world empire; the allies, little Belgium with the rest, were drawn into it by their ideals.

What are the aims for which a nation should strive? They are set forth in the text. Listen to what it says, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before thy God?" This is what God requires of individuals and nations; justice tempered with mercy and humility is what God requires of nations in their conduct with their subjects and with other nations; this is what he requires today, as well as of old. He could not be thwarted then and he can not today, as will be seen when he settles accounts with the nations now on the earth.

Taking this principle for granted we turn our attention in the remainder of this discussion today to the question, What does this principle of justice with mercy and humility call for on the part of the United States in this world crisis? Does it demand peace or does it demand war? that is the question. It has been the burning question since the war broke out. We had thought that such a thing would never occur and at first the most of us were dazed, but since we came to ourselves, recovered our senses, the question has been, What shall we do? is it war or peace? We have been divided and there has been at least one cabinet crisis over the question.

While multitudes of people seem to have no opinion yet whatever, there are three distinct policies in the world, and among

us. One opinion is called pacifism and those holding to it pacifists (words recently coined); another opinion directly opposite to this is called militarism and those who advocate it militarists; another opinion regarding what course we should follow is called justicism (another word recently coined by one of our leading magazines).

It is said that "pacifism is the belief that the chief object of the state is to establish and maintain peace," and that "those who believe in this doctrine regard peace as more important than national obligations, more important than the honorable observance of pledges, more important than the defense of weaker peoples, more important than the preservation of the nation's institutions, more important even than the protection of the lives of children and the lives and honor of women."

Militarism is said to be "the belief that the chief object of the state is to establish and maintain military power." It is said that those "who believe in this doctrine regard the power of the state an end to be sought in itself, and to the securing of that power they believe it right to sacrifice treaties and other national obligations." "The militarist declares that necessity knows no law, and defends the violation of neutralized territory and the invasion of an unoffending nation under the plea that the perpetration of such wrong is necessary to the power of the state."

Justicism, while recognizing the horrors of war, holds that there are or may be some things worse than war, namely, certain forms of injustice; that there are some things better than peace, namely, justice which is dealt out with love and humility; and that there come times when justice demands that a nation engage in war.

Pacifism is based on the belief that it is the duty of the state to maintain peace at any cost. Militarism is based on the belief that the state exists for itself or its governing class and that its aim and duty are to establish its own power, prestige and dominion by any means whatsoever, war included. Justicism holds that government exists not for itself, but for its subjects and for weaker peoples; it maintains that the same principles of justice, mercy and love which God enjoins in individual relations should be observed in the relation of nation to nation. It insists on international fellowship based on justice.

Before we settle the question as to what should be the policy of the individual and nation toward war, we should first consider well what war is, what war means; we should take a square and honest look at the grim monster.

If you were to ask the manufacturer what war means, he might tell you that it is synonymous with a great demand for the products he turns out which keep his plant running throughout the year at full speed and capacity. If you were to ask the scholar, he might tell you that it is one of the principal products of human history. If you were to ask the farmers, particularly those of the Middle West, they might tell you that war means enormous prices for their corn and wheat, horses and mules, cattle, sheep and pigs. If you were to ask those who had only seen the old soldiers marching on Decoration Day and listened to the popular orator deliver his Memorial Day address or sermon, they might tell you that war is honor and glory. If you were to watch the crowd as it views the army march by on parade day, with its thrilling music, its gay uniforms, its scarlet, purple and gold, with its black plumes, golden braid and epaulets, its flashing bayonets and horses gorgeously caparisoned, then one might say that war is music, beauty, rhythm and resplendent display. These things which are kept constantly to the front are not war and they are not what war means; they are to say the best misrepresentations. General Sherman's statement that "war is hell" is only too true.

We must always keep before us that war is the taking of life, it is killing; war is killing human beings, our brothers. Many of us turn our faces away rather than witness the killing of a kitten, a calf, lamb, dog or horse; war is not killing dumb brutes, it is killing human beings, men. That is its chief purpose; all the implements of war show this. Look at the bayonet; it is not made as an ornament, it is made on purpose to pierce men through. Look at the rifle, the machine guns, the eight, ten, twelve, the fifteen, the seventeen-inch guns, the battleships, the mines, the submarines—all made to kill men. They do not want prisoners so much as they want to kill the enemy, for prisoners are a burden; they do not want to wound men so much as they want to kill them, for if only wounded, they may come back to fight again; killing men, killing

them on the wholesale is the purpose of war and its implements, turning earth into a slaughterhouse, killing as many as possible. Each side is glad to weaken the other side by maiming men, or starving them; hence the instruments of war are purposely the instruments of death.

We are ever to keep in mind that war is the killing of young men. If war must come to us again, would to God that we older men who have already given half our service to the world and who are yet strong in body, might be called and the young men and boys saved; but no, the bloody jaws of war demand the young men and our boys, not yet voters, with all of life and usefulness before them. We older men will not be able to get in unless we crowd ourselves in, and maybe not then.

Edmund Burke, in 1756, compiled a list of the principal wars up to that time, fifteen in all, and gave the estimated sacrifice in life, and the total is thirty-six billion, three hundred sixty times the population of the present United States, and there have been fifteen or twenty great wars since. Nobody knows how many have perished in the present war, but months since it was estimated at four million; this is to say nothing of half a million of children in Europe who have starved to death and a million or more Armenians who have been swept from the face of the earth in western Asia.

War does not stop with the killing of men, it kills women and children, it wrecks homes, breaks hearts, makes widows and orphans, takes away the support of the aged and the little and helpless children. Taking the strongest and best, war tends to deterioration of the race, both physically and morally.

This whole matter has been summed up by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. He says:

"But war is cruel, pitiless, devilish. War burns up ancient libraries, famous cathedrals, priceless art treasures. It consumes things of beauty which all the world can never replace. It drives aged men and women from their homes into the fields in midwinter to freeze and starve. It shatters the roof over the heads of the invalids and kills the nurses who wait upon them. It blows houses to splinters and makes wreckage of homes. It kills fathers, hus-

bands and sons, blows women to shreds and snuffs out the lives of babes in their cradles. There is nothing barbarous, devilish and inhuman which war does not do. It is the sum of all villainies. The manifestations of its infernal spirit are numberless and run beyond the descriptive power of human speech."

The same author says again:

"There is nothing Europe so needed to know as what war is. And there is nothing which our republic needs more to know. We need to have kindled in us a deeper and hotter hatred of this primeval abomination. We need to read about its horrors. We need to look upon the appalling panorama of purgatorial misery which is unrolled daily before our eyes. We ought in our imagination to walk through the trenches and see these chambers of horror after the last charge. We ought in imagination to walk through hospitals where there are men with arms torn off and legs torn off, and jaws shattered to pulp, and abdomens ripped open and intestines protruding, and eyes torn from their sockets . . . and skulls cracked open and brains oozing out. We ought to move among the dying and the dead and see men in convulsions writhing in agony, and listen to the piercing cry of men pleading for some one to come and end their misery. We ought to gaze on these sights of hell and breathe in the odors of gangrene flesh and the stench of unburied corpses. You say this makes you sick? Do not turn away. You ought to be made sick. The whole world must be made sick. Until it is nauseated by the loathsome smells and horrifying spectacles of war, it will never hate it. And until war is hated it can not be abolished. What we need is an ever deepening horror of war. We shall end war when we abhor it. We shall abhor it when we once see it. We shall see it if we look steadfastly on what is now going on in Europe. . . . There is no longer any glamour of war except in the imagination of fools."

This picture is all too real, too awful and too true, and looking at this side of the situation alone the pacifists cry out for peace at any price. But when we look at what war is and means we get only one-half the truth. If this were all, we would all be pacifists and submit to anything that any nation might put upon us, even to the taking away of our liberties, for the sake of

peace. We must not lose our heads and look at only one-half the truth. War is awful beyond description, but there are things worse than war. Slavery is worse than war, and liberty is more precious than peace. The condition in which our fathers found themselves in Revolutionary days was worse than war, and we owe our free institutions to the fact that they were wise enough to see it and brave enough to act. To have had the United States Government dissolved or broken up into a number of petty states in the sixties, or any other time, would have been worse than war, and Abraham Lincoln saw it and led the nation into a strife that finally took his life, to prevent a condition worse than war. For Belgium and France not to have resisted when Germany, war-mad and dominion-crazy, struck at the heart of these governments would have been worse than war. The United States is facing a condition that may be worse than war. For England not to have come to the rescue of civilization in the present crisis would have been worse than war. The nation that does justly and loves mercy will humbly protect its own citizen and will also defend the helpless among other peoples, as the United States did in Cuba nineteen years past.

I will pass by the murders on the high sea of American citizens, helpless women and children with the rest, by the submarines of a war-mad emperor; I will pass by the murder of American citizens and the outraging of American women by the soldiers of the contending parties in Mexico; those are things yet to be settled; but the principles I wish to insist upon in this connection are that notwithstanding the horrors of war there are some things worse than war, that our liberties and our free institutions are more precious than peace, they are worth fighting for if we must, and that it is the duty of the government to protect and defend its citizens and the citizens to defend the government, though it means war with all its misery. The policy of our government, and all governments, should not be peace at any price, much less should it be militarism; it should be justice and righteousness.

Now you say that I am advocating war; wait a moment; that is where the nation is steering, and all nations. I have purposely dealt upon two facts, namely, first the heinousness, barbarism and horrors of war, and

second that under present conditions this nation, and all other nations, are headed toward war and liable to be plunged into it at any time. I have purposely brought these two facts together as a basis for a plea, not for war, but that both opinions and conditions be so changed as to forever prevent another war among civilized peoples. Unless they recognize the heinousness of settling disputes by wholesale killing, they will not see any great need of an effort to so change conditions as to make war impossible; neither will they unless they see the always pending possibility of war. But when people the world over come to cease glorifying and worshiping war, come to be sick of the revolting spectacle of human slaughter, and at the same time come to recognize that it is not a remote possibility, but an imminent danger, then they are in a way to be removed to bring about conditions which will make war impossible. People must get a view of the awfulness of war and at the same time recognize that we are liable to be plunged into it at any time, or war will continue as in ages past. We must recognize war as hell and that we have been and still are journeying thither, if we are to wipe out this relic of barbarism. The time has come for us to recognize these facts and bring about a change. We have shut our eyes and been inactive decades too long already.

The time has come for the church to speak on this question. The Christian Church has been silent far too long. What right has it to speak on this international question? It has a right to speak and act in the interests of humanity and in the name of Him whose kingdom is being retarded by this inhuman and devilish mode of procedure among those who call themselves his followers. It is said that the united church of the world might have prevented the war had it been alive to this relic of barbarism, and I believe that had the church commenced decades in the past to create a sentiment against war and to develop methods of settling disputes in keeping with humanity and the principles of Christ, this sickening war, which has never been surpassed for cruelty and inhumanity, would never have been. Cortland Myers, the great preacher and pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, declared last October, "The ministers of this world could have prevented the war. But they

were cowards and didn't dare to." I do not think it has been cowardice on the part of either the ministry or the church; it has been because we were asleep; we have flattered ourselves that such a scourge of heathenism would never sweep over us again, and we have been inactive; we have not created public opinion against war, and we have failed to devise plans for the settling of disputes and for the protection of weak nations. I wrote to the Commission of Conference since the war commenced, asking that one session or at least one address be given to this subject that year. Was it granted? It was not! I do not mention this for the sake of criticizing the commission, but because it shows the attitude of the church of Christ. The great annual gathering of the entire denomination, sitting there with one-half the nations of the world at war and we ourselves under the shadow of the scourge, but scarcely a word said. It has been so the world over; we have either been worshiping the god of war, Mars, or have thought it was a hopeless case, and hoped it would not come near us.

But what shall we do? I hope to talk more about this and other phases of the question some other day, but I must take a little time for this point without further delay.

We must not glorify war and cultivate the spirit of militarism by any means whatsoever, neither must we advocate peace at any price, for the one is wicked and the other is weak to say the least. We must not value lightly free government and its protection; rather let us love our government, defend it and insist that it defend our citizens wherever the flag goes or has a right to go. I fear that there are many in this materialistic generation who are forgetting that our liberties are worth suffering and dying for. Everything for us clusters around our government, every privilege, every blessing, everything worth while, everything precious, sacred and holy in life and death depends upon our government and we should be willing to defend it with our lives if need be.

Turning to the positive side, we must abhor war and teach our children to abhor it.

We must remember that with present opinions and arrangements we are and always have been on the highway to war.

We must unite with the churches of the world—

1. In agitating this question till the world is stirred to the very depths over this relic of barbarism which is destroying the nations. We must stir public opinion till the civilized world will no more tolerate war than human slavery, and polygamy. The mightiest weapon in this world is public opinion and we must use it to crush out this diabolical monster.

2. We must unite with the churches of the world in insisting that when peace is made it be upon the basis of equity and justice to all nations, great or small. Nothing less will insure permanent peace or please God.

3. We must join with the churches of the world in insisting that the peace commissioners never disband till they have agreed, in treaties, upon the establishment of a World Court to which shall be brought international disputes. For this such statesmen as Elihu Root have worked long and faithfully in years past and we must come to their support as followers of Christ.

4. We must join with the churches of the world and with such men as Ex-President Taft in insisting that these same commissioners of peace shall arrange for an International League for the Enforcement of Peace. A World Court will not have its full force until there is some power back of it to enforce its decisions. It must be an international understanding and agreement that when one nation starts out on a diabolical rampage, as did Germany nearly three years past, all other nations will unite in subduing her as a police force unites in hunting down a marauder. No city thinks of dismissing its police force. Pacifists and all admit that an armed force is necessary in a city, and it is just as necessary in the present stage of civilization that there be an international police force ready to subdue any nation that starts out to menace the peace of the world or to do wrong.

Covering these last two points, the church must let the men who meet to fix terms of peace understand that unless they also and at the same time provide means by which war shall be forever impossible, they on their return will be held up to execration by all Christendom. Let the church in all the world say, "We have been guilty of worshiping Mars, the god of war,

instead of Jehovah, of quoting Washington instead of Christ, of sleeping when we should have been awake and acting, and if we must be baptized with a baptism of fire; we will go forth bravely and pay the penalty of neglect and our sins, but this must be the end of war, and if you will not make it so, down you go!

We already have an inter-church organization organized to lead the way in this crusade. I refer to the World's Alliance for the Promotion of Friendship through the Churches. They say there are eighty peace societies; perhaps no one knows how many there are, but this one is organized with branch alliances in ten nations, uniting three or four thousand of the leading men in all denominations in this one great reform. This World Alliance is, among other things, for the very purpose of focusing the influence of the church of Christ on the commissioners of peace that they may be led to provide plans for the abolishing of war.

This is one of the great reforms of the world, the time is ripe, the iron is hot to the melting point, Jehovah is calling the church to act. Can't you get the vision? Oh, what a glad day it will be on earth and in heaven when war is abolished, and when justice and peace, love and international friendship encircle the globe! Are you willing to help bring it about? You may if you will.

WHY NOT A MEMORIAL SABBATH?

UNCLE OLIVER

It is, I am glad to say, a growing custom for patriotic pastors to preach a memorial sermon at the last service before Memorial Day, May 30. The Sunday before that day is coming to be called Memorial Sunday. It seems to me very appropriate at the memorial season for both pastors and congregations to remember religiously the self-sacrifice of the boys and young men whose willingness to die for their country a half a hundred years ago made possible our present prosperous condition as a united country.

Now, why not a Memorial Sabbath, as well as Sunday? Are our people less thoughtful of the sacrifice and suffering of those days—less grateful—less patriotic—than others? I do not believe it. If I did think so I should be ashamed. Do we think

the Sabbath too sacred a day for such memories? I do not believe this either. While I presume that there may be now and then such a Seventh Day Baptist as cares very little for the tender recollections that cluster around Memorial Day, for the sentiments now so dear to the old comrades marching slowly down the sunset slope into the gathering twilight of life, for the very close relation of religion and patriotism, I believe that we are a grateful, patriotic people. I wonder that long before this time there has not been a general agreement among our pastors that there should be recognized a Memorial Sabbath, sacred to our patriotic traditions.

While I am glad of a Sabbath Rally Day, I was sorry last year when it was put upon what I feel should be Memorial Sabbath. One of our leaders told me afterward that he regretted its having been given that day, and that he thought it would not be done again. He agreed with me that it should be a patriotic Sabbath. There are fifty-one other Sabbaths for a rally.

I am writing this in behalf of the few remaining comrades of that great vanishing army of Civil War veterans who once counted their own lives as nothing so that the life of the nation be preserved. I am speaking in behalf of every man and woman of every patriotic society everywhere.

Grand Army men have in the years gone by seen the proper observance of Memorial Day; but the most of them now dwell in the city of the dead. How fitting it is, then, that pastors and teachers take the lead in such service; that they go with the boys and girls to the fields and woods in search of such floral tributes as fittingly may express loving gratitude to those who offered their lives for the safety of our republic. Every soldier's grave should have its little flag fluttering over it and its bunch of pretty memory posies; and those who can speak well should be glad to tell again the story of the heroic courage of those boys of half a hundred years ago. I do not wish to have Seventh Day Baptists neglectful concerning these things.

If the windows of your soul are dirty and streaked, covered with matter foreign to them, then the world as you look out of them will be to you dirty and streaked and out of order.—*Trine.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"A WIND A-BLOWING"

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes,
For it comes from the west lands, the old, brown hills,
And April's on the west wind and daffodils.
It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine;
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluttering from the west.

"Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat;
So will you not come home, brother, and rest the tired feet?
I've a balm for the bruised heart, brother, and sleep for aching eyes."
Thus the west wind whispers, full of wild birds' cries,
So, it's the white road westward that my feet must tread,
To the cool, green grasses, and rest for heart and head;
To the flower-fields and warm hearts and the thrush's song—
In the fine, free west land—the land where I belong.

—John Mansfield.

WHEN MRS. CREIGHTON TAUGHT THE JUNIORS

"You see, Mrs. Creighton," said Mrs. Buskirk, the busy president of the Woman's Missionary Society, as she rocked back and forth in the most comfortable chair in Mrs. Creighton's pretty sitting room, "you see I have a real purpose in coming to see you today. There is fire in my eye and a burden on my heart, as they say. But really," she added, soberly, "I have been looking for some time for a fit person to take up a very important work, and I have made up my mind that you are just the one."

"Indeed I'm not," said Mrs. Creighton, with a smile on her lips, but a look of decision on her clear-cut features, "why, I don't get half time enough to train my children properly as it is."

"But this will just help you to do it,"

said Mrs. Buskirk, leaning forward eagerly. "I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Creighton: we want you to teach the missionary lesson to the Juniors once a month. Miss Clark is a good girl and doing beautifully with the Juniors in many ways, but she hasn't had the opportunity to inform herself about these things as much as we older women have; and she doesn't seem to have the art of making missions interesting. You used to get up such splendid papers before the babies kept you so closely at home, that I know you could make this work just delightful to the boys and girls."

"It's good of you to say so," said Mrs. Creighton, in the cordial way that everybody liked, "but, indeed, since the baby came and the three other children had that siege with the whooping cough, I've forgotten almost everything I ever did know. Why, I don't even get time to read our own missionary magazine nowadays."

"It will do you good to refresh yourself a bit, then," said the president, persuasively, "and, as I said before, this kind of study will only help you to be a better mother."

"If I succeeded better with my own children, I'd feel more like trying," said Mrs. Creighton, thoughtfully, "but, indeed, I'm far from satisfied. There's Paul, for example. He used to just love to go to Junior and could hardly wait for the time to come. But now he says he's entirely too big, and that it is nothing but child's play. I have to insist and insist to get him to go. What's the use of trying to interest a lot of other children when I can't even interest my own? Then I'm nothing of a speaker and never was. Sister Bess can talk all around me when it comes to speaking in public. Why don't you ask her?"

"Bess is a dear girl," said the president, "but she hasn't had the experience in dealing with children that you have. It isn't so much what you say as the spirit in which you say it that counts. I know you are just the one and indeed, indeed, you mustn't disappoint me."

"But just look at me with four children under twelve years old, and busy from morning till night," said Mrs. Creighton, sharply, "surely there is some one in the church who can do this better than I."

"Moses the second," said Mrs. Buskirk, laughing, "did any one ever hear such a terrible list of excuses?" Then her face grew suddenly sober and deeply earnest as she

laid a slender, white hand on the plump arm of her friend. "Dear Mrs. Creighton," she said, earnestly, "God needs you to do this work. Can't you make the sacrifice for him?"

Mrs. Creighton's dark eyes drooped before the searching gray ones of her friend, and her face lost something of its decided sternness. "I haven't done much for the Lord of late and that's a fact," she said, with none of her usual vivacity, "not nearly enough in the home, and next to nothing outside. But let me think it over till tomorrow, Mrs. Buskirk, and I'll let you know."

Just then the youngest Creighton, just overhead, made known his waking presence by a series of lusty cries. When Mrs. Creighton came down, a few moments later, with the little fellow on her arm, there was just a trace of tears on her eyelashes, and a look of sweet resolve on her strong, young face.

The next evening, as Mr. Creighton sat reading in the pleasant sitting room, after the children had gone upstairs, the door opened and his wife came into the room, barricaded behind a formidable pile of books and papers. There were Blaikie's "Life of Livingstone," Uganda's "White Man of Work," Mrs. Dye's "Story of the Congo," "The Life of Jacob Kenoly," and "The Prince of Africa," beside numerous pamphlets and magazines containing short articles on Africa or letters from missionaries there.

"Bless me, what have we here," said Mr. Creighton, laying down his paper as his wife sank into a chair and deposited her burden on the center table, "a walking library or an encyclopedia on wheels?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir," said Mrs. Creighton, "just a few little works on Africa. You see I've promised to teach the missionary lesson to the Juniors the first of the month, and as Africa's the subject for next time I thought I ought to know something about it before I began."

"But, Jessie, what do you want with such an outfit as that?" said her husband, "one of those little magazines would surely furnish you with enough information for one Junior meeting."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Creighton, "you've got to know a good deal more about a subject than you expect the children to get before you can attempt to teach; I learned that much when I was

a school-teacher. I want to be so full of the lives of these great missionary heroes that I can't help telling all about them. Of course, Frank," she added, apologetically, "I don't mean to spoil our evenings together. But I thought that while you were reading the paper I could be giving a look at some of these."

"Bless your heart, I'm proud to see you do it," said Mr. Creighton, taking up his discarded paper. "I'm not half done with the paper. So start right in and read for all you're worth if you expect to finish that pile by next Christmas."

The cozy sitting room that so often echoed to the sound of childish laughter and the patter of childish feet was a wonderfully quiet place for the next half hour as Mrs. Creighton, like the true book-lover that she was, bent to her task with a thirsty eagerness. The big basket of mending, and even the lace collar for Mildred, that had occupied her busy fingers in the evening, were quite forgotten in this new, absorbing delight. Mr. Creighton pretended to read the paper, but, ever and anon, he found himself glancing over the top of that commonplace page at the tense, earnest face of his wife as her keen eye glanced down the page, absorbing, drinking in the great stories of Africa's salvation, that she might pour them forth again to growing boys and girls. Instinctively, half consciously, a deeper respect and tenderness welled in his heart for this woman he had chosen.

"I'm through with the paper now, Jessie," he ventured at last. "Suppose you read out loud for a bit, just where you are."

It was the story of David Livingstone she had been reading, and she began to read aloud just where the little family leave its last mission station and undertake the terrible journey to Lake Ngami. She read rapidly, eagerly, in a low, well-modulated voice, the story of that awful journey, of the sickness and death of a darling baby girl and the sufferings of the brave wife and the other children. Now the story was told in the well-chosen words of the author, and again in the simple, unpretentious language of the great missionary's diary. At last came the searching climax, when it was decided that the wife and children could not stand the rugged trials that Livingstone must endure if he obeyed the voice of his God; and the family started back over the long, hard way. Then came that

morning when a steamer, bound for England, stood ready in the harbor and the brave husband and father bade farewell, perhaps forever, to all that were dearest to his heart.

Mrs. Creighton stopped reading just here, and laid down the book with a little tremble on her lips and a hint of moisture in her bright, dark eyes. "O Frank," she said, eagerly, "doesn't it make us feel as if we were doing just nothing at all when we read about such folks as that?"

"We aren't doing much, Jessie, and that's a fact," said Mr. Creighton, who had followed the reading with steadily deepening interest, "but I don't know how we can do any more when we're both of us busy from morning till night."

"We must simplify our work somehow and make time to serve the Lord," said Mrs. Creighton, decidedly; "it isn't right to live to ourselves as we have when so many, many people need us so much."

"Amen, little woman," said her husband, looking proudly into her earnest face, "lay by that book for us to read together in the evenings. It goes to the spot, and no mistake."

The next evening Mr. Creighton had to spend at the office, so when the babies were in bed Mrs. Creighton took up "Uganda's White Man of Work," and sat down in the dining room, where the older children were busy with their lessons about the table.

"Mamma," said Paul at last, looking up from his history, "I am through with my lessons now. Can't I go up to the corner and play hide and seek till bedtime?"

His tone was apologetic, and even as he spoke he waited for his mother's curt refusal. Playing out-of-doors after dark was a privilege rarely granted in the Creighton household. But, instead of scolding, Mrs. Creighton smiled pleasantly and patted the chair at her side. "I like to have you with me in the evenings, Paul dear," she said, "and I'm reading such an interesting story; I'm sure you would like it, too. Come and sit down for a bit and listen."

Paul seated himself slowly and half reluctantly, and prepared to listen. But Mrs. Creighton, who was really a remarkable reader, had not turned many pages of this delightfully interesting story before Paul had drawn closer and was looking over her shoulder with eager interest. The chapter was not finished before Mildred

laid aside her books and took her place on the other side of her mother, eagerly drinking in every word. Nine o'clock came all too soon to the happy group, and Mrs. Creighton laid down the book with a reluctant hand.

"We'll finish it some other time if you like, children," she said. "And then at our next Junior meeting I want to tell you all about this story and many others just as interesting."

"I'll be there all right," said Paul, warmly; "I had no idea missionary books were so interesting. Why this one keeps you jumping all the time."

As the appointed day drew near, Mrs. Creighton found herself more and more absorbed in her new responsibility. More and more often she paused in her busy days to ask God's guidance in what she was trying to do. The influence of those earnest thoughts and half-uttered prayers began to reflect itself in the daily life of the home, a soft, indefinable spirit, keenly felt, but difficult to describe. The children's voices were gentler and sweeter in their play, the mother's reproofs were less frequent and more kind; the tired father came home at evening to a spirit of cheerfulness and happy good will that was restful, indeed.

"Well, Jessie," said Mr. Creighton, when the appointed hour had come at last, "I'll take baby Helen for a walk in the park while you and the children go to the Junior meeting, and call around at the church at exactly half-past three."

"Not a bit earlier than that," laughed Mrs. Creighton, as she gathered up her bundle of maps and charts, "for we mean to make it a good hour, don't we, children?"

A "good hour" it was in more senses than one, for intense, prayerful preparation had left Mrs. Creighton fairly tingling with missionary zeal. On the map she had drawn a rough outline of the rude cross that marked Livingstone's three great missionary journeys, and she kept the children's eyes busy while she poured forth the stories of his heroic life and remarkable death. The story of "Uganda's White Man of Work," followed naturally enough, then the marvelous tale of the mission on the Congo, and Jacob Kenoly's brave struggle in Liberia. Through it all the three little brown heads she loved so well kept bobbing away on the front seat, and she knew that she must be succeeding, since her own

children were so pleased and happy. Last came a few moments of questions and explanations and happy chatting back and forth, and the missionary story hour was over.

"That was just fine, mamma," whispered Mildred, as Mrs. Creighton took her seat again among her children. But the proudest moment came a little later, when Paul confided to her on their way back home, "That sure was the finest Junior meeting I ever went to!"—*May Griggs Van Voorhis, in Missionary Tidings.*

WORKERS' EXCHANGE

Battle Creek, Mich.

Just now when vacant-lot gardeners are holding the attention of so many in our cities and towns, it may be of interest to some of our women to know how one circle of the Battle Creek Ladies' Aid Society last year secured the funds to make good its share toward the society's apportionment for the Woman's Board.

One of the members was the owner of a vacant building lot quite near by the homes of several of the circle. This she offered, ploughed and ready for planting, for a potato patch. The ladies, enthused with the idea of probable profits, after fully discussing the matter, decided upon the undertaking, ordered the seed, and prepared it themselves. They secured the services of a capable man for the planting and hoeing. Their expense bill came to about eight dollars, but their income after the harvesting was three times that amount, leaving them a very fair profit which doubtless would have been considerably larger had it not been for the effects of the long drought in the late summer. Even with all, our yield was more than the ordinary average, and indeed, is it not most often so, that the Lord of the harvests gives a more abundant increase for "missionary gardens"?

We pass this thought along. Perhaps other of our women will like to try the plan, which may be utilized for the two ends of adding to the food supply, thereby helping to decrease the cost of living, and of earning money for our own cause.

At its last monthly meeting our Ladies' Aid Society gave the following program:

Scripture Reading (Jas. 2) and Prayer—Mrs. O. J. Davis
Music

A Reply to the Question.—If the manufacture of alcohol is prohibited by law, what can the medical profession use as a substitute?—Mrs. E. E. Kellogg. (Mrs. Kellogg showed conclusively that alcohol is not needed as a medicine, that its use is already discarded by scientific physicians, and that other and better methods can be employed for the treatment of disease.)

Roll Call, each member responding with an item of interest in reference to temperance or prohibition

Poem—Mrs. Fremont Monroe
Paper, Woman's Suffrage—Mrs. F. E. Tappan
(The paper was replete with thought upon this now vital subject and was followed by a round-table talk conducted by the president, Mrs. E. H. Clarke. A lively discussion followed.)

The topics being most timely, elicited the utmost interest of all the members, of whom a large assemblage were gathered at the parsonage where our meetings are most commonly held.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

BEGINNINGS OF MILL YARD CHURCH: JOHN TRASK

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, LL. D.

[PREFATORY NOTE: Since the preparation of the article on Trask, which appeared in the SABBATH RECORDER of March 12, my attention has been called to an article which appeared in *Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society*, Vol. V., No. 1. London, January, 1916. This article calls attention, in turn, to a discovery, made by the late Charles Henry Greene, of Battle Creek, Mich., in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, England, of a record of Trask's trial in the Star Chamber. It is claimed that the records of the Star Chamber were deliberately destroyed in the time of the Long Parliament. But the record of the final hearing of Trask's had been copied and attested by "F. Arthur."

Mr. Greene, during the last two or three years of his life, was most persistent in his efforts to find all he could concerning the beginnings of the Mill Yard Church; and he had investigators at work much of the time in various English libraries, particularly the Bodleian at Oxford, and the British Museum; and this record of Trask's trial is the result of that labor. The record is endorsed:—"Junij. 19: Anno Jacobi 16: The Sentence in the Starr-Chamber against Jo: Traske." (Throughout this record, the name is spelled *Traske*.)

It will be observed that after the original Latin heading to the record an English translation has been added in brackets. The editor of *Transactions*, etc., says, "As this specifies that James was James I, it must have been made after the accession of James II in 1685. The document may be seen at the Bodleian Library in Oxford, Additional Manuscript C 303, at folio 38b; the present reproduction has been carefully collated with it." The extended remarks of the editor will be given in a future article.

I have reduced the original orthography to a more modern form, but have sought to preserve the absolute integrity of the document. C. F. R.]

In Camera Stellata Coram Concilio ibidem decimo nono die Junij Anno decimo sexto Jacobi Regis.—(In the Star Chamber before a council on the nineteenth day of June, in the sixteenth year of the reign of King James I; i. e., A. D. 1619, June 16).

This day was brought to the bar John Traske, Cleric, against whom Sir Henry Yelverton, Knight, his Majesty's attorney general, informed this Honourable Court, *ore tenus*, that the said Traske, being a minister and an insolent detractor of the Ecclesiastical Government and having a fantastical opinion of himself with ambition to be the father of a Jewish faction and some new opinion in religion to seduce simple people after him, did publicly profess and teach that the law of Moses concerning the differences of meats forbidden the eating of, [e. g.] hogs' flesh, conies, etc., is at this day to be observed and kept, and that the seventh day which we call Saturday is the Lord's Sabbath and ought to be kept for the Sabbath at this day, in which Jewish opinion he confirmed as many people as he could; and being convented for the same before the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and other Bishops and Commissioners of the High Commission, they dealt favorably with him by arguments to make him see his errors, but he, continuing obstinate, he was only imprisoned and restrained from company that he might not infect others, but was not restrained from any meats until November last, and then he was only allowed the flesh meats in his opinion supposed to be forbidden;—notwithstanding which mild dealing (in respect of his erroneous and high offences and obstinacy against true religion and the peace of the church and His Majesty's government) the said Traske very insolently and presumptuously wrote a most scandalous letter to the King's Most Excellent Majesty with his own hand, and therein conceiving, as he pretended, his cruel handling by some of the prelates, termeth their proceedings against him to be cruel and bloody tyranny and oppression, and that His Majesty should take the sword speedily out of the hands of the blood-thirsty and not give way to any proud papal prelate; and being examined what he meant thereby, he saith that the proceedings against him by the Lord Archbishop and other Bishops and Commissioners to be bloody and to be a cruel oppression; as,

First. For murdering his children for want of education and instruction.

Secondly. That he hath been deprived of maintenance by ordinary means; and,

Thirdly. For that he hath been kept from the execution of his ministry.

And the said Traske, continuing still in his insolent and obstinate course and opinions, did, presumptuously, write a second scandalous letter to the King's Majesty, not in the way of submission, but in manner of a private challenge, to right his pretended grievances. And therein useth many disdainful phrases and scornful detraction of the term of hypocrisy, and thirty-two times useth the uncivil term of *Thou* and *Thee* to the King's Most Excellent Majesty in the said letter, and therein continueth his impudent scandalizing of the Lords Bishops, as he did in the former letter; and His Highness's said attorney further informeth this Honourable Court that the said Traske hath heretofore, and still doth, tradiciously seek and labour to draw and pervert His Majesty's subjects from the religion here established and from their obedience to His Majesty's government, and to draw disciples after him in his Jewish opinions; all which appeareth by the said several letters, and by the said Traske's own confession under his hand.

For which high and erroneous offences and presumptuous attempts, His Highness's attorney prayed that the said Traske might receive the sentence and judgment of this Honourable Court;

Whereupon, the Court taking grave and mature deliberation of the quality of the said Traske's offences, found and pronounced him guilty of three most heinous and dangerous offences:

First. Of an immediate detraction and scandal upon the King's Most Excellent Majesty in the highest degree.

Secondly. Of a scandal to His Majesty by scandalizing his Ecclesiastical Government, and of foul and false accusations against the Lords Bishops and the High Commissioners.

Thirdly. Of a seditious practice and purpose to divert His Majesty's subjects from their obedience, to follow him and his Jewish opinions, which opinions the Reverend Bishops and the rest of the Court now sitting did utterly confute and condemn as false and erroneous.

For which several and heinous offences

(the Court holding the same worthy of very severe and exemplary punishment),

HATH ORDERED, DECREED, AND ADJUDGED, That the said Traske be committed to the prison of the Fleet, and there to be kept close prisoner during his life, that he may not infect others;

And the Court holding the said Traske not a meet person to be any longer in the ministry, but to be thereof degraded, hath left the same to the ecclesiastical power to be done;

And then the said Traske to be whipped from the prison of the Fleet to the Palace of Westminster, with a paper on his head inscribed with these words:

FOR WRITING PRESUMPTUOUS
LETTERS TO THE KING, WHEREIN
HE MUCH SLANDERED HIS MAJ-
ESTY; AND
FOR SLANDERING THE PROCEED-
INGS OF THE LORD BISHOPS IN THE
HIGH COMMISSION;
AND FOR MAINTAINING JEWISH
OPINIONS.

And then to be set on the pillory and to have one of his ears nailed to the pillory, and after he hath stood there some convenient time, to be burnt in the forehead with the letter J, in token that he broached Jewish opinions;

And, also, that the said Traske shall also be whipped from the Fleet into Cheapside, with the like paper on his head, and be set in the pillory and have his other ear nailed thereunto;

And, lastly, that the said Traske shall pay a fine of one thousand pounds to His Majesty's use.

M: GOAD:

Examinatur per F. Arthur.

POVERTY THE CHALLENGE TO THE CHURCH*

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

There came to my desk recently from the publishers, a neat little volume by John Simpson Penman with the above title. I sat down and read it with much interest, and believe that it is a book worth anybody's time to read. The author treats first of the extent and causes of poverty, presenting his facts, gathered from government statistics, industrial investigations,

*Published by the Pilgrim Press, Boston. Price \$1.

etc., in a clear and concise manner. When one has read these first two chapters, he feels that the presentation has been fair and conservative, and is impressed all the more deeply with the magnitude of this problem. He feels, however, that the underlying causes are not so complex but that they may be adequately dealt with, if only the people can be made familiar with them.

The reader is therefore in a frame of mind to give interested consideration to the remedies proposed. These are not radical, but seem quite commonplace to one who is in any sense a student of modern economic conditions. However, the clear-cut and very matter of fact way in which these are given makes a strong appeal, and the reader is irresistibly drawn to the same conclusions as those arrived at by the author. Three remedies are proposed, and they are very familiar, "Minimum wage," "Democratization of industry," "Social legislation," but they make profitable and stimulating reading. Experiments have already been made along all these lines, experiments with which we are quite familiar, and these are made use of to reinforce the author's argument.

There is a chapter on "The Economic Surplus," and the closing chapter on "The Church and Poverty." Of course the whole argument of the book leads up to this Challenge to the Church in the last chapter. The challenge comes with some punch, and the viewpoint is one which pastors may well consider. This is a subject upon which the church should have a message. The church or denomination that looks in upon itself will die. On the other hand, the church, rightly understood, holds the only solution to this and other most pressing problems. And it is high time she took her place in the center of things, and radiated the life that will save the world.

I have personal friends in every denomination mentioned by Brother G. M. Cottrell last week by way of examples for us, but I can not bring myself to subscribe to so narrow a program, when other denominations are grappling with the problems of life in a spirit of co-operation, which gives me an opportunity to have a co-ordinate place with them, and at the same time gives me fullest liberty in every other practice and teaching dear to the most loyal Seventh Day Baptist.

Salem, W. Va., March 21, 1917.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

LORD'S DAY, BEST DAY

REV. ROLLO J. SEVERANCE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
April 14, 1917

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Best for meditation (Rev. 1: 10-20)
Monday—Best for instruction (Acts 16: 12-15)
Tuesday—Best for rest (Exod. 20: 8-11)
Wednesday—Best for worship (Ps. 118: 25-29)
Thursday—Best for fellowship (Acts 20: 7-12)
Friday—Best for service (John 5: 1-13)
Sabbath Day—Topic, The Lord's Day the best day

It is not my purpose in the discussion of this topic to enter into an argument concerning Sabbath and Sunday. It is necessary, however, to define terms and I shall also present as accurate an interpretation of the Scripture references as is possible after a careful and prayerful consideration of all the material dealing with the passages cited which are at my command.

Our first inquiry naturally is, What day is meant by "Lord's Day" as used in the topic? By many people the answer would be "Sunday" and Revelation 1: 10 would very likely be referred to. But what reason has any one for supposing that St. John had reference to any particular day of the week when he said, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day"? If he did mean a particular day of the week, why the first day? The nearest that any day comes to having the term applied to it is when Jesus said, "The Son of man is lord also of the sabbath" (Mark 2: 28; Matt. 12: 8; Luke 6: 5). It does not seem honest to me for any one familiar with the facts to unquestionably assume that John meant Sunday when he used the phrase "Lord's Day." The majority of Bible students, regardless of creed, do not think the passage can rightly be interpreted as referring to a particular day of the week. The application of "Lord's Day," then, to any special day has no significance or meaning as far as the Bible teaching is concerned. Then why use it? Is it not much more in keeping with our profession as Christians to use the term which we find so often on the lips of our Master and his early disciples? The

Sabbath! The very mention of the word thrills the soul of every true child of God. For our purpose in the discussion of the topic, therefore, let us change the wording of the subject thus—

THE SABBATH DAY THE BEST DAY

1. Best for meditation. God in his divine providence has seen fit to set aside one day of each week for holy purposes. Man is a spiritual being and his spiritual nature must be cultivated and developed. The Sabbath was given for this purpose. That is just what Jesus meant when he said, "The sabbath was made for man." To be sure we should meditate upon the goodness of God every day, but in an especial way we should use the Sabbath for communion with our Maker. It is expected that on this day we will put aside the cares of the world which necessarily must occupy so much of our time and attention during the other six days. Dear young friends, are you using this "day of all the week the best" for the upbuilding of your spiritual lives?

2. The Sabbath best for instruction. It is interesting to notice how many references there are to Jesus and the disciples and Paul teaching on the Sabbath Day. There can be no doubt that it was the custom of both to give instruction concerning God and truth and righteousness every Sabbath. The church of Christ has done well to recognize the value of religious instruction and the appropriateness of the Sabbath as the day when this information can best be attained.

3. The Sabbath best for rest. Another evidence of the fact that the Sabbath was made for man is the physical rest that it affords. It has been scientifically demonstrated that man can do more and better work when given one day in seven in which to recuperate his strength and energy.

4. The Sabbath best for worship. Man has an instinct for worship. It is a part of his divine inheritance. Another wise provision of the church is that of making a place for public worship in connection with Sabbath services. But what is worship? Attendance at the house of God in itself is not worship. Listening to a sermon is not worship. Reciting a creed or voicing a prayer is not worship. Worship is a personal, spiritual exercise; it is lifting the soul reverently to God. Worship depends upon attitude, not form or cere-

mony. One may worship in song or prayer or while listening to a sermon but let us not forget that these in and of themselves do not constitute worship.

5. The Sabbath best for fellowship. It is indeed quite enlightening to see to what straits the adherents of Sunday are put in trying to find Scripture grounds for their position. For instance, the passage (Acts 20: 7-12) cited as an example of Christian fellowship is the only one of its kind in the whole Bible. And many devout students of the Word say that an unbiased interpretation of Acts 20: 7 would demand that it be eliminated from the evidence of Sunday gatherings. For according to Jewish reckoning the meetings of Paul with the brethren at Troas was on what is now termed Saturday night. But the Sabbath is a good day in which to fellowship with each other and with our Savior. Jesus and his disciples have set us the example. We need to watch ourselves, however, lest we use the day for social pleasures rather than for Christian fellowship.

6. The Sabbath is best for service. The freedom with which Jesus used the Sabbath for service was the cause of much adverse criticism by the Pharisees. But the teaching and example of our Master was to the effect that it was one's duty to do good on the Sabbath Day. When we accept the principle as set forth by Jesus that we are to measure our loyalty and love to him by the way in which we minister to our fellow-men we can readily see the propriety of using the Sabbath for service.

The Sabbath Day should be the best day of all the week and it will be to those who have experienced real spiritual Sabbath-keeping. The following quotations will furnish food for thought.

The day of rest from ordinary duties gives an opportunity for extraordinary duties. What an excellent time for a spiritual inventory. The leisure, the worship, the memories, and the significance of the day enable us to ask ourselves whether we have carried out the ideals presented in its services, and whether we are living in a way worthy of the eternal rest signified.—*Conrad Vandervelde.*

We hear much about the Sabbath to get "back to nature," but its true use is to get back to God after the wanderings of the week.—*Mrs. William F. Eldredge.*

Your attitude toward the Sabbath is the

best possible test of your spiritual condition.—*From "Expositor."*

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, a summer without flowers, a homestead without a garden. It is the most joyous day of the whole week.—*H. W. Beecher.*

MARLBORO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY HONORS ITS TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

The Christian Endeavor society of the Marlboro (N. J.) Church recently celebrated the twenty-fourth anniversary of its organization with a program appropriate to the occasion. The readers of the SABBATH RECORDER are indebted to Miss Lucy V. Campbell of the Marlboro society for the following very interesting account of the occasion and the special program given. Miss Campbell has written as follows:

On Sunday evening, March 18, the Marlboro Christian Endeavor Society celebrated its twenty-fourth anniversary with a program fitting to such an occasion.

Miss Lavinia Munro read a history of the Christian Endeavor movement, Mr. Albert Bivins read a history of the movement among our denominational churches, and Miss Jessie Mickel read a history of our society which was written by her mother, Emma Schenck Mickel, one of the charter members.

At roll call many responded with a verse of Scripture but some had a special message for us. We had previously asked all the former presidents for a message, one of which I enclose as read. I will not send the others but would like to quote extracts from them.

Miss Lottie Schaible, our first president, sent a paper with this as the theme, "Our Father's Business."

"In the business world, the son is usually anxious to enter into partnership with his father, hoping in this way to rise, and to increase his ability as a business man.

"If this is true in the secular world, it should be more important in the spiritual world. Our Father's business should be ours as it was Christ's, for he said, 'I must be about my Father's business,' and in reading his life we know his Father's business was foremost.

"Not to enter our Father's business

means, for each of us, that we shall come short of the best that life has in store for us."

Rev. G. H. F. Randolph wrote of things he remembered while here twenty years ago; of the revival, at which time many young people dedicated their lives to the Lord and his service; also of the changing of the time of meeting from Sabbath afternoon to Sunday evening.

"It was not so much the change of time as the new vision that brought results. The vision was one of service; the results were new life in the society and new courage for the workers. . . . You have held the field! You will 'hold the fort.' But oh, remember the vision—one of service!"

Mrs. Edna Jones wrote a message on Enthusiasm.

"Christian Endeavor has a right to your enthusiasm because of its rapid growth; all over the world is the work being carried on.

"Who will hurrah for Christian Endeavor if not the Christian Endeavorers themselves? 'Secular organizations are exalted to the skies; why not exalt an organization that came from the skies?'"

"If we can not do God's work with all the knowledge we would like, let us do it with all the zeal that God has given us."

Mr. Howard Shoemaker, who was a member about five years ago, wrote: "I shall ever look upon the Marlboro Christian Endeavor as the genesis of my life in Christ Jesus. It was there that Jesus Christ, through his Spirit, called me to prepare for the gospel ministry. . . . What I am and what I am now able to do for Christ's cause, I owe, largely, to the early training that I received in the Christian Endeavor society."

Miss Susie Harris, one of our early presidents, wrote: "I feel confident that the Marlboro Church is stronger today because of the existence of this society, and my message to its members tonight would be, 'Be faithful in the Master's business.'"

Miss Susie Bivins, the last president, said: "In Christian Endeavor the members learn the need of co-operation and of sympathetic understanding of each other's viewpoint. . . . They are taught that they should strive to make their influence ever uplifting and beneficial to those about them. . . . We are few in numbers now, but that gives us a greater opportunity for

service, and the greater opportunity gives greater responsibility."

Rev. J. E. Hutchins, our recent pastor, wrote: "Every life needs an avenue for the expression of the faith and hope which lieth in it; and every attempt in the Christian Endeavor service, however crude and weak it may seem at first, becomes the foundation for greater service in after years."

Mr. Joseph Bowden, in a short talk, proved to us that he believes in organizations, especially in Christian Endeavor, and that in his travels he has observed that the churches which have Christian Endeavor societies are those which are wide-awake and active in the Master's service. "The young people are promoters" of all good and worth-while things.

We have another year, yet, before a quarter-century is past, but we hope to get a "running start" in this year so that we can start the second quarter-century with all the vigor and enthusiasm of which young people are capable.

THE MARLBORO YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

EMMA SCHENCK MICKEL

(Paper read on the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the society's organization)

The Marlboro (N. J.) Christian Endeavor Society was organized by Rev. J. C. Bowen, March 18, 1893, just twenty-four years ago, with 11 members. Perhaps it would be of interest to know who the charter members were. Their names follow: Lottie Schaible, Lillian Hall, Mary Hall, Emma Schenck, Walter G. Davis, Thomas Davis, Irving Bonham, Harry Davis, Joseph Bowden, Robert Jones and George Irwin. Miss Lottie Schaible was the first president, with Mr. Thomas Davis vice president.

By August 21 the society numbered 21 active members, and a report of the first six months showed an average attendance of 41.

The first anniversary of the society came on its regular meeting night, and a program consisting of recitations, readings, and singing was followed by an address by Rev. S. J. McDowell. In that year the society grew from 11 members to 34. The good influence of the society was soon felt, and the interest kept increasing, and on July 13, 1895, the Junior Endeavor was or-

ganized with a membership of 14, with Miss Mame Fisher as superintendent.

About this time Rev. J. C. Bowen resigned on account of age and infirmities, and Rev. G. H. F. Randolph became pastor of the Marlboro Church. On March 14, 1896, 11 new active members were added to the society, Elder and Mrs. Randolph being two of them, and at the next business meeting, Elder Randolph became president, which position he filled for five terms and served one term as vice president, making three years in all. During this time the society was in a prosperous condition and purchased an organ.

On July 1, 1899, Rev. L. D. Burdick became a member of the society and acted as president for six months. That year the society gave \$30 towards the heaters.

On March 28, 1903, ten years after it was organized, the society, though not so large in membership on account of the young people going away to school, getting married, etc., was in a good spiritual condition. Rev. N. M. Mills became a member at this time and continued so until his untimely death, while in the work of his Master. The following resolutions were adopted at the meeting of July 17, 1904.

In view of our loss in the death of our beloved pastor, Rev. Nathan M. Mills, it is most fitting that we, as members of the Marlboro Y. P. S. C. E., should express our appreciation of his kind services rendered so earnestly in our behalf. His example has been one of faithfulness and loyalty, not only to our society, but to the entire community. During his sojourn among us, we have learned to love him, not only as a pastor but as a sympathetic Christian friend. The memory of his life, so altruistic and so devoted to the cause of Christ, will ever abide with us, encouraging us to be helpful in the cause to which he so freely gave his life.

Not less faithful and earnest has been the one who has stood by his side these many years, sharing his trials and discouragements. At this time when the cross seems so heavy to bear, we assure the bereaved family of our heartfelt sympathy, and may the father above comfort them in their dire distress and continue to lead them in paths of faithfulness and devotion to the cause of truth.

In behalf of the Marlboro Y. P. S. C. E.

On January 8, 1905, Rev. S. R. Wheeler became an active member. During his pastorate a literary committee was formed and several good literary programs were given, and the time of meeting was changed from Sunday night to Sabbath afternoon.

The society was disorganized April 11, 1908, and was reorganized October 17,

1909, with Mrs. Minnie Churchward as president. It seemed to take on new life with such an able president and grew and flourished, especially the social part. Great interest was taken in the social life of the young people of the church, and its good influence was felt by the whole community. In January, 1910, the society placed new lights in the church.

After the resignation of Mrs. Churchward, the society, though few in number, kept faithfully struggling forward until on May 4, 1913, Rev. J. E. Hutchins became a member. His good influence at once became apparent in the spiritual, social and literary life of the young people, not only of the church, but of the entire community, and new interest, new life, new heart to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" was felt by the young people. Soon after, the "Story of the Pink Rose" was given and the memory of that service will live long in the hearts of those who heard it.

The society now numbers 14 active members; and only when the book of life has been closed and we stand before the judgment seat of God, can we know the height, the breadth, the depth of good felt in molding the lives of our young people by the Marlboro Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

He was one of those sharp laymen, always ready with a question which he hoped would prove a poser. So when the new minister came to dine, he thought to stump him by asking,

"Don't you come across a good many things in the Bible that you don't understand, like the problem of Cain's wife, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, of course," acknowledged the clergyman.

"Well, what do you do about it?"

"I simply do just as I would while eating a nice fresh herring. When I come to the bone I quietly lay it to one side, and go on enjoying the meal, letting any idiot that insists on choking himself with the bone in his herring do so."—*The Continent*.

"God's perfect plan I may not grasp,
Yet I can trust Love infinite,
And with my feeble fingers clasp
The hand which leads me into light.
My soul upon his errands goes;
The end I know not—but God knows."

RACHEL LANDOW, THE HEBREW ORPHAN

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XI

(Continued)

Let us pass over two years. Harold has been graduated at Milton and Rachel has finished the high school and is now taking a business course at the Plattville Business College, preparing to be her uncle's stenographer, typewriter and bookkeeper.

It is late in August and Harold is ready to go to a medical college in Chicago.

"In two weeks, Rachel, I will probably be in school again, but I almost dread it. Milton was such a pleasant town and we were all like one family there. Now it will be different. I'll hardly know the names of the faculty, at least there will no intimacy. But I am now planning something else before I get there. Rachel, you are now of age and I am past age. Of course we'll please our folks as far as religious principle will permit, but our duties to God come first. I have been greatly exercised of late over the matter of baptism. My sister suffered untold opposition and greatest trials. I have not, but I know that I ought to have been buried with my Lord long ago. I feel that I have been growing more or less careless. But I have decided to go to my brother-in-law's en route to Chicago and be baptized and unite with his church. I wish you felt that it was your duty to send your name there for membership or go yourself. If you feel that is your duty, I'll arrange with father and mother for you to go and be there with me. Will you?" asked Harold.

"You have said what I have wanted to hear for some time," said Rachel. "But I have hardly dared mention it. I talked with Lorna two years ago about it, and her mother opposed it so much that I said no more. But now I feel that it is more my duty to be baptized than to conform to my auntie's wishes. Will you get uncle to let me go?"

"I think I can arrange it and you keep quiet. But, Rachel, I want to say something else and fear to say it." And he looked her anxiously in the face.

"Have we not been as brother and sister, and talked over our plans and troubles together? And I want to tell you how much you have helped me and stood by me

when the world went hard with the Jewess. Can't you say what is on your mind now?" asked Rachel.

"I fear you may not be pleased, but I must out with it, Rachel. You have indeed been a sister, but there is no blood relationship and you are not of my nationality; so I think I would not be wrong in telling you that I have been for a year wishing that we might be more than brother and sister. You can guess my meaning," he said.

Rachel blushed and then cried.

"Have I offended you, sister dear?" Harold said. "Forgive me if I have."

"No, Harold, you have not offended me. I dare not trust myself to open my heart to you just now. But you know what opposition your father would show. And now that you have gone so far in this I must confess to you that my affections have been divided between you and another foster brother. You know that I was first placed with a Dr. Brown at Arbordale and he has a son studying for the ministry, Leland by name. While we did not agree and he labored very hard to convert me to his faith at the time, he was very kind and somehow in spite of myself during the short time I was there I came to almost love him; but I was a child. Though I have not seen him since, he has written me several times, a matter I have kept secret. I ought not to have done that, perhaps, but girls do foolish things when 'boy-struck.' He now tells me that he loves me and can be happy with me. But I am divided, and perhaps I ought not to have let you be so free in the past. I thought you were just a brother and would never think of such as me with your bright prospects. While I have come to think so much of you I never had a thought that you could like me more than a brother."

"Have you given this Leland any encouragement?" asked Harold.

"Yes, and no. I have written most friendly letters, but have not said outright that I loved him. I wanted to be first sure that he was in earnest before I trusted myself further."

"If you have encouraged him and you do love him, I ought not to stand in your way and I will try and overcome my feelings. But it will be hard to do so. Another matter: does not your Bible tell you not to be 'unequally yoked together with

unbelievers'? Can you give your life and fortunes to a man, however good, who will not help you religiously as you believe? and how can you ever keep the Sabbath with a man who has no convictions or belief in harmony with yours?" said Harold.

"I had not thought much about that, Harold. I confess that it looks dark unless I can convince him of the truth and he will accept it," answered Rachel.

"Not one in hundreds ever follows his deepest convictions when he has set his heart on a certain profession. One half of the Sunday ministers would today keep the Sabbath if their congregations and denominations favored it. But they are held by tradition and prejudices, and Sunday will have to go completely to smash, as it is fast going, before they will halt and look God squarely in the eyes, so to speak, and listen to his commandments. Your Mr. Leland Brown will be no exception to the rule, I fear. You do not realize, though you wonder at it, what a grip tradition and custom have on the Christian world. Paganism still survives in Christianity."

"Is it not possible for us to keep both days, trusting that, in time, by my example and arguments he will be won to the truth?" asked Rachel.

"Such a thing might be possible but not probable. How can two walk together except they be agreed? The majority do not come out the way you suggest. Love becomes more and more blind to the errors of a husband or wife. In time you would find yourself gradually drifting away. You can not live a truth unless you not only practice it but *proclaim* it. If you have light, it *must* shine out or your light becomes darkness. Many Sabbath-keepers, I hear, have been lost to the truth by compromises and isolation, and that would be your situation in all probability," urged Harold.

This left Rachel very thoughtful and worried. She had not taken all this into consideration. The majority of nominal Christian young people do not, until too late to return to the following of their first and best convictions. She resolved that she would write to Leland and test him with some questions and statements. She remembered now that Lorna had told her how she had passed through this same test and had found that she could not be the wife of a Presbyterian minister and both

of them succeed. They simply must agree; not compromise, but be conscientious in the love and practice of the same truths.

"Father," said Harold, "you know that I have planned to stop off, en route to Chicago, and see sister Lorna and Montrose. I want you to let Rachel go with me to Lorna's, as she has never been to their home, and stay three or four days. It will not interfere with her business course in the least. Lorna has been asking for her to come down, you know, and this is a good time for her to go, as she can be accompanied one way. Can she?"

"It will be a little hard to spare her just now, just as you are leaving. Mother will be so lonely, but if she is willing I will get a good woman to stay with her while Rachel is gone," replied his father.

With a little urging by Harold and the promise that Rachel would not be away over a week and probably be back in less time, the arrangement was made.

"Now, mother," said Harold, as they were about to start, "you know that I will write every week and that Chicago is only a little way off and you can phone any time to me in case of emergencies. I want you to throw that careworn expression to the bats and be the most cheerful woman in town. Father needs you so much and we all need you. Worry is slow suicide and you will do yourself and all the rest of us great injustice by committing suicide, even by a slow process. 'Thou shalt not kill,' means not only to take other lives suddenly or gradually but not to take your own life. Do you not know that you have done a great work in your life in bringing up your two children and that now you have a new work with Rachel? Why, just praise yourself a bit and see what a woman you are?" and Harold gave her the biggest kiss possible for a boy to give his mother.

"And a father is not a small factor in this deal, and I guess a manly boy will not be ashamed to kiss even his father," and before Mr. Selover knew it he was affectionately kissed by his son.

Ah! how many boys think of that? Do not fathers have their great burdens and do they not hunger for affection?

Off they went.

"Sarah, I guess we have not wholly failed with the kids, even if they have left us religiously. I have been thinking lately.

We must admit that, in all our controversies with them and others on the question of the Sabbath and baptism, they have somehow had the best of it. Why is this? Why has not our dear and scholarly pastor been able to meet them? I can't understand it. But I must hasten to the store. Jennie Carley is coming over to stay with you while Rachel is away. Have a good time."

Montrose and Lorna met Harold and Rachel at the station on Thursday afternoon, as Mr. Selover had telephoned they were starting from Plattsville.

"Well, at last you are here," said Lorna. "Going to stay a month of course."

"Can't you keep us more than a month?" asked Harold.

"Why, yes, if you don't eat too much. We do not have a farmer's menu here, nor a merchant's salary, but I guess we can feed you. How's mother and father? How's the business college, Rachel?"

"Not too many questions at once," said Harold. "We have a grip full of things here for you from the old home and two mouths full of talk after we get settled, but let's not do our visiting here at this old station, show us your tent."

"You think we are reduced to living in a tent just because we are poor ministers? You just come this way and we will show you Missouri travelers—or are you from Arkansas?"

"I thought so from the slowness of the train. I could hardly wait to see your face, Lorna," said Rachel.

Reaching the little parsonage they saw what taste and religion could blend together for a home. Montrose was always talking about modern rural conditions and here he had for the past three years done what few pastors have time to do or ability. He had supervised the building of the church parsonage and located it near the church on a small hillside. There was no cumbersome fence in front but a half dozen nice shade trees, some fruit trees, shrubbery, a cement walk to and around the house, a large veranda on three sides, climbing roses and other vines, a flower garden, and a neat garage. Within easy reach was the woodshed, cellar, dining room and kitchen, all on a level, no steps up or down; hot and cold water, up stairs and down; labor-saving equipments of modern make; a good drainage system; bedrooms arranged to

admit all the sunlight possible; good ventilation, attractive and comfortable furniture but not expensive. The library was well supplied with standard works for reference and a reasonable number of books of fiction that were uplifting in influence. They did not try to take everything in the line of magazines and papers but had just a few choice ones, the SABBATH RECORDER, and Methodist and Presbyterian papers, one each on account of their former associations, one independent daily, a prohibition paper, two or three for special subjects—gardening and farming, and a woman's paper. Mr. Ellington kept well informed on farm topics and attended farmer's institutes so as to be able to converse well with his farming members and be able also to assist them in many ways by his valuable knowledge. In fact he was so abreast of the times that he was invited to speak at institutes often.

On Sixth Day (Friday) Harold acquainted them with his and Rachel's wishes as to church membership, and the baptistry was put in readiness for the ordinance.

"Perhaps we ought to have acquainted father and mother with our plans, but somehow we feared a controversy and a possible excuse for keeping Rachel at home. I think, as we are of age, we did not need to ask consent," said Harold.

"You will have to smooth over the affair, then," said Lorna, "and tell them, before you return, the outcome of your stop over here."

(To be continued)

"Let us hope on—for hoping is but trusting
The promises God made us at our birth.
Let us toil on—for toiling is not rusting,
And our reward is far beyond the earth.
Let us faint not—God knows when we are weary
And he will lift the cross we can not bear.
Let us pray on—the path, though dark and dreary,
Is not o'ercome by ills if hedged with prayer.

"Let us sing on—and if we are not singing
The old, light-hearted songs we used to know,
In our faint voices He still hears the ringing
Of the old melodies of long ago.
Let us live on—submitting and enduring,
Bravely awaiting all that is to come
Beyond this life's bewildering and alluring—
Let us be patient, we shall soon be home."

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world next to the might of the Spirit of God.—*Spurgeon.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A BOY I KNOW

I know a boy who has a watch,
But never thinks to wind it;
And when he ought to be on time,
He's always just behind it.

And when he has a task to do,
He says, "Wait till tomorrow";
And when he can not find his things,
He simply says, "I'll borrow!"

That boy may make a business man—
I know he wants to do it—
But he must mend his careless ways,
Or he will live to rue it.

That boy must do his work today,
And plan work for tomorrow.
Good habits, everybody knows,
Are something boys can't borrow!
—Rebecca Foresman.

THE BEST WAY

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

The picture puzzle was a very interesting puzzle. Elizabeth and Amy could hardly wait to put it together, and their busy little fingers made quick work of sorting the wooden pieces of all shapes and sizes into separate piles on the little table on the side porch.

"I've put it together once," Elizabeth said as she found the piece for which she had been hunting, "but it's lots more fun when you're here to do it with me. We ought to get it all done before mother comes back. She's going to send it to Cousin Dick tonight. You know he has been ill, and it takes lots of things to amuse him."

"Well, I think, he'll be amused with this all right," was Amy's reply. "I just love puzzles. But, O Elizabeth Henderson, just see who's coming down the road! It's old Mrs. Sharpe and I'm afraid she's coming here."

Elizabeth jumped up from her seat. "It is, Amy, just as sure as anything. Whatever shall we do? She's coming for mother to read to her, and I know she'll stay and stay. She always does."

"Let's not go to the door," Amy suggested after a moment. "She'll think you have all gone away."

"But she's almost blind, Amy, and

mother has promised to read to her whenever she can."

"Well, she can't do it when she isn't here, can she? Let's just keep quiet, then maybe she'll go over to Mrs. Brown's. I hope she won't come around to this door. There, she's ringing the bell."

Both girls kept very still. Twice Mrs. Sharpe rang the bell, and Elizabeth and Amy anxiously waited for her to go away. But she didn't go; she sat right down on the front doorstep. Elizabeth knew for she tiptoed into the sitting room and peeked out.

"My, that's a dreadfully uncomfortable seat, Amy," she said, "out there in the hot sun. I couldn't let her stay there if I wanted to. We wouldn't like folks to treat us that way if we were old and blind."

"No, I guess we wouldn't," Amy was forced to admit.

Elizabeth had already reached the front door and opened it wide. "Come right in, Mrs. Sharpe," she said cordially. "Mother isn't home this afternoon, but it's nice and cool on the side porch and you will get real rested out there. I'm afraid you are all tired out."

"Yes, I am tired, child, or else I wouldn't stop and bother you when your mother isn't home. I expect you want to play and not have to entertain an old lady like me. But you see everybody seems to be away this afternoon. I stopped at Mrs. Deane's and Luella Jordan's but couldn't arouse anybody. My head has been aching pretty hard today, but it's so nice and cool here that I know it will feel better." And she sank down in the big chair.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of tea?" Elizabeth asked. She suddenly felt very sorry for the little old lady.

"No, no, child, I don't want you to take any trouble for me. You go right on with your play."

But Elizabeth had gone into the kitchen. She was thankful that she knew how to make good tea, also that there was plenty of hot water.

"Bless you, child," Mrs. Sharpe said when she had drained the cup. "You don't know how much better I feel already."

Elizabeth looked down the road. "Why, mother is coming this very minute," she announced joyfully. "She didn't expect to be home so soon. Now she can read to you."

And to Amy she added as they went back to the puzzle, "Oh, aren't you glad we went to the door after all? I should have felt too mean for anything if we hadn't."

"Of course," was Amy's reply. "I guess it's the best way to treat other people as you would want them to treat you."—*The Morning Star*.

ALISE OGDEN

One of the greatest sorrows that has ever come to Salem was the death Sunday morning, March 11, of Alise Ogden, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Postmaster and Mrs. Charles G. Ogden.

She had had the grip some time ago, from which she had practically recovered, but just one week before her death there developed an acute attack of uremic poison. All that skilled physicians, trained nurses and loving friends could do failed to stay



the disease, and after days of suffering she quietly passed away.

She was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church, having been baptized into the fellowship of that church at the age of ten years.

She leaves a father and mother, three brothers and two sisters, who will miss her from the happy home circle. The children living are Mary Lou, Carroll and Duane, who were older than Alise, and a younger brother and sister, Gordon and Charline. There is also a large circle of near relatives and friends who mourn her early departure.

Funeral services were held at the home, conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, assisted by Rev. E. J. Woofter, of the Baptist church, and the Seventh Day

Baptist male quartet. Scouts from the Seventh Day Baptist troupe acted as pall bearers, and her Sabbath-school class carried the flowers, of which there were many,—expressions of love for Alise and of sympathy for the sorrowing family. Burial was made in the Odd Fellows Cemetery.

Pastor Bond's remarks at the service follow.

The circumstances that bring us together in this home at this hour are unusual. The meaning of that which has taken place in our midst can not be well made out by our finite minds, and we are in danger of becoming confused in making the attempt. Only a true Christian faith can avail for an experience such as this, and I am thankful that those who loved Alise most have that faith, and that it is strengthened by thoughts of her own faithful life.

As her pastor I baptized her at the age of ten years. I have observed with unusual interest the gracious unfolding of her life from innocent childhood into the first opening of the bud of virtuous young maidenhood, and had great hopes for her future as a Christian woman. Few indeed have been those who have put into fourteen short years so much of genuine Christian service, and rarely perhaps has one of any age left behind more of that sweet, refining influence which the world so much needs. What her life lacked in duration it seems to have made up in intensity. And while we mourn the cutting short of a life of such promise, let us rejoice that a life so short could be so rich and full.

She was born February 8, 1903, and had therefore passed, by a little more than a month, the fourteenth anniversary of her birth. When a baby her name was placed upon the cradle roll of the Sabbath school. At a year and a half she was sitting beside her mother in the choir, and at five she became a regular member of a Sabbath-school class. When seven years old she joined the Junior Christian Endeavor society, taking the active member's pledge, to which she was always faithful. When the present Intermediate Christian Endeavor society was organized last July, Alise was one of its constituent members, and was a real factor in the life of this new organization, genuinely and actively Christian. I remember one day when I was calling at the home, Alise entered the room and modestly waited an opportunity to show me a

number of Intermediate Christian Endeavor pins, which she had received for the members of the society. She was proud of them, and felt that the pastor would be interested.

Alise was faithful to every responsibility that came to her, and it is nothing less than remarkable how widely extended, and of what a high order, her influence has been. Strangers have pointed her out and remarked upon her sweet face; they have done so to me as well as to others. She was faithful in reading her Bible in connection with her Sabbath-school and Christian Endeavor work, and besides she had read it through from cover to cover, independent of her other reading.

She fulfilled every requirement in Junior Endeavor work ever asked for, either by the Young People's Board of her own denomination, or by the state Christian Endeavor union, and passed the test given by the state Junior superintendent which made her a Junior Endeavor Expert. She had musical ability, and possessed special talents as a reader, winning a few years ago a silver medal in the W. C. T. U. oratorical contest.

Alise was in her first year in the preparatory course in the college. She was a good student, and enjoyed school life. She had joined the Excelsior Lyceum, and had not missed a session since she became a member, again revealing her faithfulness, and her genuine sincerity of purpose in whatever relation she assumed.

She leaves her parents the memory of a dutiful and loving daughter, to her older sister and brothers a sweet influence that will follow them through the years, and her life will take a large place in the formation of the ideals of the younger children of the family, to whom she gave much devoted care. The members of her Sabbath-school class will do well to emulate her good life, and a much wider circle of young people will cherish her memory and will be helped thereby. Children loved her, and one of the smallest of her friends said the other day, "I want Alise to get well and come over here" (to her home across the valley). She was thoughtful for very old people, and by some of these she will be greatly missed.

I bless God for her life, and that it was my privilege to be her pastor. I have now a card which she signed promising to try to win at least one person to Christ and to

church membership before the April communion. God grant that she may win many! She was anxious especially for some of the same age as the Intermediate Endeavorers. The church needs many such as she. We needed her. But that Junior may be right who said, "She was always helping, and God needed her, and we must not be selfish."

The words of Jesus come to me, when in the temple at the age of twelve he answered his anxious and puzzled parents, "Know ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" Perhaps no child was ever moved more completely by the motives that characterized the early years of Jesus than was Alise Ogden. She loved the prayer meeting, as well as all other church services.

There may be those who hear these words and who did not know her intimately, who may feel that the natural joyousness of childhood and young womanhood had little place in her life. Such is not the case, and those who feel so have a false notion of Christianity as expressed by a pure, unspoiled young life, a conception wholly foreign to that which the Master had, and which, according to her measure, was shared by Alise. Her life was not only serviceful beyond the usual for one of her years, it was also deeply joyous. She found joy in her work, and she knew how to play happily with others, and to make them happy. While committing a piece recently, which had to be learned in a day, she said while working upon it in connection with her dishwashing, "I enjoy this, this is life for me."

She enjoyed life. She was happy here. But she is gone. Yes, not dead, but gone from our sight, and life means infinitely more where she is. Jesus who for these brief years heard her childish prayers, and guided her youthful footsteps in the path of life, will be even nearer to lead her into the infinitely sweeter joys of our eternal home, his—and now hers—and ours finally if we are faithful, even as she was.

A. J. C. B.

WANTED

Clerk for a general store, married man preferred. Write, stating age, experience, salary expected, and reference from last employer. E. A. FELTON, West Edmeston, N. Y.

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

MINUTES OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

The regular meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton College, Milton, Wis., Sunday afternoon, March 18, 1917, at two o'clock, the President, Professor A. E. Whitford, presiding, and the following trustees present: A. E. Whitford, D. N. Inglis, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, E. M. Holston, A. B. West, G. W. Davis and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Professor A. B. West.

The minutes of the last regular meeting and a special meeting were read. The Secretary reported that notices of this meeting had been regularly sent to each member of the Board of Trustees.

The Committee on Publications, through its chairman, A. B. West, reported, recommending the acceptance of a proposal made by Miss Marion Carpenter, of Alfred, N. Y., to prepare a list of puzzles, anagrams and enigmas to be used in the *Junior Quarterly* in connection with the weekly lessons in that publication. Upon motion the report was adopted and the committee instructed to confer with the interested parties and the Publishing House and make the necessary arrangements.

The Committee on Field Work reported that visitors had been secured to visit and inspect all the schools in the different associations, and that some of this work had already been done. Several schools in the Southwestern Association have been visited by Vice-President T. J. Van Horn, and by Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, editor of the *Junior Quarterly*. The schools at Farina and Stone Fort, in Illinois, Jackson Center, Ohio, and Battle Creek, Mich., have been visited by Mr. E. M. Holston. Full reports of the visits made by Mr. Holston and Mrs. Van Horn were presented and freely discussed. Mr. Holston being present gave a supplemental report, furnishing much information helpful to the Board.

Upon motion the report of the Commit-

tee on Field Work was adopted and the reports of the field representatives were ordered placed on file.

The report of the Treasurer was presented and accepted as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT

From December 16, 1916 to March 18, 1917
GENERAL FUND

	Dr.	
1916		
Dec. 16,	Balance on hand	\$329 44
" 24,	I. F. Randolph, S. S.	2 50
" 28,	Mary Stillman, Providence, R. I.	7 80
" 31,	J. M. Craft, DeRuyter, N. Y., S. S.	5 00
1917		
Jan. 1,	Mrs. Eda L. Greene, Berlin, N. Y., S. S.	1 25
" 3,	J. W. Crosby, Nortonville, Kan., S. S.	3 25
" 3,	Mary S. Andrews, Farina, Ill., Church	1 75
" 3,	Harriet M. Stillman, Brookfield, N. Y., S. S.	4 00
" 4,	Mrs. Amy K. Crandall, Little Genesee, Church	4 05
" 4,	E. E. Whitford, New York, N. Y., Church	5 71
" 5,	D. E. Livermore, Andover, N. Y., Independence Church	2 00
" 5,	Geo. E. Murphy, Ashaway, R. I., Church	3 15
" 6,	A. B. West, Milton Jct., Wis., Church	10 92
" 8,	P. B. Hurley, Riverside, Cal., Church	10 71
" 11,	Eda R. Coon, Leonardsville, N. Y., S. S.	8 62
" 15,	Wm. M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J., Church	18 22
" 19,	N. C. Clarke, Farina, Ill., S. S.	2 08
" 19,	B. I. Jeffrey, Milton, Wis., Church	5 05
" 19,	John B. Campbell, Hammond, La., S. S.	3 75
" 24,	Roger W. Lewis Hopkinton, I. I., 2nd Hopkinton Church	12 60
" 24,	Roger W. Lewis, Hopkinton, R. I., 2nd Hopkinton S. S.	5 74
" 30,	Riley Brannon, North Loup, Neb., S. S.	39 50
" 31,	A. W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J., Church	14 55
Feb. 6,	Geo. O. Sayre, Milton, Wis., Silles Lamphere's class of boys, Christmas gift	2 25
" 21,	Ella J. Tomlinson, Marlboro, N. J., S. S.	9 78
" 28,	Mrs. Amy K. Crandall, Little Genesee, N. Y., Church	2 30
Mch. 5,	Interest to Jan. 2, 1917, on Permanent Fund	15 56
" 6,	Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y., Church	8 92
" 6,	Howard C. Stewart, Milton, Wis., S. S.	11 07
		<u>\$551 52</u>

	Cr.	
1916		
Dec. 24,	Prof. A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis. mimeograph supplies	\$ 1 78
1917		
Jan. 30,	Prof. W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y., expenses International Lesson Committee	14 40
Jan. 30,	Dr. A. L. Burdick, Janesville, Wis., postage	2 00
Jan. 30,	Lucius P. Burch, Plainfield, N. J., balance fourth quarter, 1916, to close account on publishing "Junior Quarterly"	11 76
Feb. 6,	Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark., editing "Junior Quarterly," second quarter, 1917	17 50
" 6,	Mrs. Herbert Polan, New Market, N. J., editing "Visitor," Jan. and Feb., 1917	20 00

" 12, Edgar Van Horn, New York, N. Y., expenses S. S. Council Evangelical Denominations, Boston, Mass.	18 62
Feb. 12, Davis Printing Co., Milton, Wis., 200 score cards	2 90
" 20, T. J. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark., expenses S. S. Board, field work	26 38
" 20, E. D. Holston, Milton Jet., Wis., expenses S. S. Board, field work	37 00
Mch. 13, D. M. Smith, Nashville, Tenn.: 25% of assessment for Council expenses, 1917	6 25
50% of assessment for Lesson Committee expenses, 1917	12 50
" 13, Mrs. Herbert Polan, New Market, N. J., editing "Visitor," Mch. and April, 1917	20 00
" 13 Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark., editing "Junior Quarterly," third quarter 1917	17 50
	<u>\$208 59</u>
Balance on hand March 18, 1917	342 93
	<u>\$551 52</u>

JUNIOR QUARTERLY FUND

Dr.	
1916	
Dec. 30, F. J. Hubbard, Tract Society appropriation	\$100 00
1917	
Jan. 3, Lucius P. Burch, "Junior Quarterly" receipts	48 32
" 30, General Fund	11 76
	<u>\$160 08</u>

Cr.	
1916	
Dec. 31, Publishing House, balance on third quarter, 1916	\$ 71 56
To apply on fourth quarter, 1916	28 44
1917	
Jan. 3, Publishing House, balance on fourth quarter, 1916	48 32
Jan. 30, Balance on fourth quarter, 1916	11 76
	<u>\$160 08</u>

Jan. 30, 1917, The loan of \$73.50 from the General Fund transferred to the "Junior Quarterly" Fund	
Jan. 1, 1917 The Publishing House taking over the entire cost and publishing the "Junior Quarterly"	

HOCKER PERMANENT FUND

Dec. 16, 1916, Balance on hand	\$ 0 40
Feb. 26, 1917, Bank of Evansville, to place, on certificate	\$ 0 40
Mch. 28, 1917, Permanent Fund, in certificate	\$519 28
	<u>W. H. GREENMAN,</u> Treasurer.

The following figures are given that the schools may see how they stand.

	Apportionment	Paid
	July 1, 1916, to June 30, 1917	
Farina	\$19 25	\$ 8 51
North Loup	39 50	49 69
Milton Junction	24 50	12 76
Milton	44 25	38 08
Walworth	11 50	11 00
Alfred	53 00	22 83
New Auburn	7 88	10 00
Berlin N. Y.	10 38	3 25
New Market	9 25	5 00
Plainfield	32 63	54 18
New York	7 13	5 67
Verona	8 88	8 88
Lost Creek	8 62	8 62
Roanoke	3 00	7 00
DeRuyter	7 75	5 00
Nortonville	21 00	3 25
Second Brookfield	12 75	4 00

Little Genesee	12 13	6 25
Andover, Independence	8 63	2 00
Ashaway, First Hopkinton	35 38	3 15
Middle Island	6 88	
Ritchie	7 37	
Greenbrier	3 00	
Salemville	4 25	
Los Angeles	2 25	
Long Beach	2 25	
Jackson Center	11 00	
Albion	16 50	
Berlin, Wis.	25	
Southampton	1 38	
Welton	5 88	
Dodge Center	12 50	
Carlton (Garwin)	1 15	
Stone Fort	4 38	
Chicago	6 00	
Boulder	6 75	
Farnam	1 25	
Grand Marsh	3 13	
Battle Creek	18 75	
Second Hopkinton	7 50	18 37
Marlboro	9 78	9 78
Riverside	6 37	10 71
Leonardsville (First Brookfield)	13 75	8 62
Hammond	3 75	3 75
Second Alfred (Station)	27 63	
Friendship (Nile)	12 88	
First Hebron	3 13	
Scio	1 63	
Hartsville	5 38	
Hebron Center	1 50	
Richburg	6 25	
Little Prairie	1 25	
Attalla	2 13	
Fouke	5 63	
Gentry	5 50	
Scott	2 37	
Adams	20 50	
West Edmeston	4 12	
Syracuse	1 63	
Salem	41 73	
Exeland	2 00	
Shiloh	42 00	
Waterford	4 75	
Rockville	13 35	
First Westerly	5 00	
Westerly (Pawcatuck)	46 63	
Second Westerly	3 38	
Cumberland	1 50	

The report of the Committee on Standards was presented by the chairman, E. M. Holston, and the Standard of Efficiency, as it had been revised, was read. Upon motion the report was accepted and the Standard of Efficiency was adopted as read.

The report of the Rev. E. D. Van Horn, delegate to the annual meeting of the S. S. Council of Evangelical Denominations, held in Boston, Mass., in January, was presented and upon motion was accepted and ordered placed on file.

Correspondence was read from Ira M. Price, W. C. Hubbard, M. G. Stillman, T. J. Van Horn, Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, A. C. Ehret, G. B. Shaw, W. L. Greene and Edwin Shaw.

Upon motion it was voted that the relationship between the Committee on Publications and the committee appointed by the American Sabbath Tract Society to represent the interests of our publications in the Publishing House, be referred to the Committee on Publications.

The question of our program at the next session of the General Conference was presented by the President and after an informal discussion it was moved and carried that the President and Secretary constitute a committee to prepare a program for Conference and present it at the next meeting for approval.

It was voted that the Secretary be instructed to have the Standard of Efficiency printed in such form and numbers as may be required.

The following bills were presented and, upon motion were allowed and ordered paid. To A. E. Whitford for one copy Athearn's "Church School," \$1.00. To the secretary for postage, \$2.50.

The minutes were read and approved. Adjourned.

A. E. WHITFORD,
President.
A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Lesson III.—April 14, 1917

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—John 10: 1-18
Golden Text.—"I am the good shepherd, the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."—John 10: 11.

DAILY READINGS

April 8—Jno. 10: 1-10. The Good Shepherd
April 9—Jno. 10: 11-18. Jesus, the Good Shepherd
April 10—Jno. 10: 19-30. Darkness of Unbelief
April 11—Jno. 10: 31-42. Evidence of Works
April 12—Zech. 11: 15-17, 13: 7-9. The Foolish Shepherd
April 13—Matt. 18: 7-14. Lost sheep
April 14—Luke 15: 1-10. Joy of Finding
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

THE SABBATH RECORDER—1861

REV. GEORGE M. COTTRELL

Fifty-six years ago! A copy from the attic, and though it is a four-page sheet 17½ by 24½ inches, its identity is unmistakable, and you'd recognize our same old denominational family paper, the SABBATH RECORDER. I picked it up at Milton, I think, in 1894, when on the road for the Tract Society and the RECORDER. It is in a good state of preservation and has on it the name of "W. J. Boss."

It was published in New York City and edited by our veteran newspaper man, George B. Utter, whose son, George H. Utter, more recently published the *West-erly Daily Sun*, and became governor of

Rhode Island, and a senator in the United States Congress. At the head of the first column it announces:

"The SABBATH RECORDER is devoted to the exposition and vindication of the views and movements of the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination. It aims to promote vital piety and vigorous benevolent action, at the same time that it urges obedience to the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. Its columns are open to the advocacy of all reformatory measures which seem likely to improve the condition of society, diffuse knowledge, reclaim the inebriate and enfranchise the enslaved, etc." The price is \$2.00 in advance; \$2.50 if not paid within the year; and paper stopped, if not paid within two years, and the arrearage collected if possible.

The first page contains a rather lengthy article by S. S. Griswold, on "The Coming of the Lord," of a somewhat controversial nature, in answer to "Bro. C."; another column on "Secret Societies," rather disagreeing with those who, on account of these societies, opposed the federation of the Wesleyans with the Protestants; then two columns of Juvenile Stories, and some minor matter.

The second page contains some editorials about the Tract Society and the RECORDER, an article on "Moderation and Zeal," by A. R. C., Albion, Wis., "Sunday Laws in the Legislature," "Pew-Renting in Plymouth Church," a column of Religious Intelligence and two columns of General Items.

Over half of the third page is devoted to Congressional and Political News, a column and a half of Summary, and a column of market reports, special notices, marriages, deaths, letters and receipts, and two ads of sewing machines.

The fourth page has four columns of Agriculture and Miscellaneous matter and two columns of ads. Of these I note the following: Stodart Pianos, Godfrey's Lady's Book for 1861, Dyspepsia Remedy, Mrs. Winslow, the Erie and Central New Jersey Railroads, the *Carol*, the *Sabbath School Visitor*, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Local Agents for the RECORDER. Of these my father, J. B. Cottrell, was agent at Richburg, N. Y. (No wonder I am an enthusiast for the RECORDER—family trait—runs in the blood.) Kansas, the irrepressible, was in the

limelight when this paper was issued—then, on account of her drought, known as *starving* Kansas. But the article, while acknowledging assistance rendered, disclaims that there is any serious suffering.

The editor reveals that the question of debts is not new to our generation. They had debts to raise in those days. And he was requested to make an effort to meet these, after first paying current expenses. His report for the seven months ending with December, 1860, shows total receipts of \$3,029.79, out of which \$1,028.80 was applied on the debts. Of the receipts, \$1,994.12 was for RECORDER subscriptions, \$58.00 on advertising, and \$278.00 on job printing. A fine showing in some respects.

I always did enjoy the former custom of publishing each week in the RECORDER the list of names and receipts on subscription, from whom letters were received, list of agents, and even the ads and special notices. It seemed to give it a kind of homelike touch that was pleasant; and then the editor seemed to be manager and financial agent, too, and he went the rounds of the associations and Conference, looking after his agents and subscribers until he was a familiar figure to all. I remember him as a polished Christian gentleman. One time in our farm home when I brought him a glass of water or milk, he said, "I drink to your health and hope you may never drink anything stronger."

The paper, I should judge, contains as much matter as our present form of the paper, and consists of such a variety that it makes a very complete religious and family newspaper, and does credit to both its editor and denomination.

The item on Plymouth Church (Henry Ward Beecher's) shows that the annual sale of the pews and aisle chairs reached a sum of nearly \$30,000, less than half of this being the assessed value, and a larger sum being a premium that people paid to get their choice of seats. (That reminds me of one time in that church when I could get *no seat*, but stood in the gallery with my foot on the window sill and took notes of the great preacher's sermon.)

By a careful study of this RECORDER one will note the names of the men who were prominent a generation ago. Such are these: S. S. Griswold, A. R. Cornwell, W. C. Whitford, W. B. Gillette, P. S. Crandall, J. C. Rogers, J. R. Irish, T. B. Brown, J. W. Morton, H. H. Baker,

Stephen Burdick, J. M. Todd, Crandalls, Randolphs, Campbell, Potters, Titsworth, Stillmans, *et al.*

Boys of today, you will have to look to your laurels, and *speed up* if you expect to compete with these stalwarts of the past. What changes and progress have been made in these fifty-six years. Kansas, and even the United States, were but babes in swaddling clothes compared with what they are today. States and nations may rise and fall, opinions and laws may change. Men may forget God and be drunk with the world, but the eternal truths for which the religious paper stands, are true forever; and "*lest we forget*," I can but quote from Dr. Chalmers in this RECORDER the ringing words that will put us face to face with our duty and destiny:

"Manhood will come, and old age will come, and the dying-bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast upon your acquaintance will come; and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put in the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose dirt into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me; and in a few brief years, the minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now all this, you know, must and will happen—your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it. Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of careless, and thoughtless, and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer trifle and delay, when the high matters of death, and judgment, and eternity are thus set so evidently before you.

"And the tidings wherewith I am charged—and the blood lieth upon your own head and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them—the object of my coming amongst you is to let you know what more tidings are to come; it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and sense, to the regions of faith, and to assure you,

in the name of Him who can not lie, that as sure as the hour of laying the body in the grave comes, so surely also will come the hour of the spirit returning to God who gave it. Yes, the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and his mighty angels around him, will come, and the opening of the books will come, and the standing of men of all generations before the judgment seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which will fix you for eternity will come."

Let us hear then the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

Topeka, Kan.,
March 24, 1917.

SALEM COLLEGE NOTES

"YOU CAN NOT HIDE WHAT YOU ARE THINKING"

This was the subject of Doctor Trotter's address at chapel Tuesday morning. Doctor Frank Butler Trotter is president of the State University at Morgantown and was formerly dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. West Virginia University is the largest in the State. She has an enrolment of at least 500 students, a campus of 50 acres, and an experimental farm of about 100 acres. Besides her Department of Arts and Sciences she also offers courses in law, medicine, engineering and agriculture.

Doctor Trotter admitted that, although he had been traveling east and west on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for a period of twenty years, this was the first time that he had ever called for the purpose of giving us the once over. He was evidently pleased with what he saw, and made quite a few complimentary remarks on our equipment, buildings, etc.

The speaker referred principally to a series of articles which Senator Beveridge contributed to the *Saturday Evening Post* some years ago. A young senior in a certain college called on the president and, in a sad and mournful voice, explained that all the big things—the things worth while—had been accomplished, that there was little left to be done. For instance, there would be no more wars; the struggles and experiences of the Revolutionary and Civil

wars were ancient history. Great generals would never again be in demand. But since that time Europe has been engaged in the most terrible war the world has ever seen. The speaker hastened on to say that the only reason why this war had not been brought to a more speedy close was the lack of a truly great general. Doctor Trotter expressed faith and confidence in the college man of this country, and believes that in case America should be involved in war, our young men would desert the campus and lecture room for the honor of their country as the men of Oxford and Cambridge are doing. This same youth seemed to think that the problems of science, medicine, law and literature were alike solved and that there was little need of trained men. But Doctor Trotter showed us by examples from these various fields of work that there is need of trained men, and it is only that one who is trained to write a better book, a better poem, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor who will be the most successful in the long run. He wished us well, and expressed the opinion that our success would be due in no small part to the training received and habits formed while students here.

We like him, and we hope that he may again in the very near future find time to talk to us from his rich fund of experience and learning.

THE PRESIDENT'S DISAPPEARANCE

It has been about seven weeks now since the president disappeared. It seems longer than that to us, the student-body, because we miss him. We miss his cheery smile and pleasant "Good morning, boys" as he passed us on the walks or as he stood beside his open office door. The office door is mostly shut now, and the hall in that corner seems dark and gloomy. Of course his presence means more to Salem students than merely this—but some of us have never had the privilege of being with him in the classroom. Outside the classroom there is a feeling of "good fellowship" between Doctor Clark and the boys which we hope will never be severed.

Late one evening this week I went up to the president's home on the hill. Mrs. Clark directed me to the study where I found the president busy at work. I asked him to say something in reference to progress of the college canvass.

In the course of his conversation he re-

marked that he and Mr. L. D. Lowther were devoting as much time as possible to the canvass. Thus far the main efforts have been confined to Salem with occasional short trips to nearby towns.

In all, about thirty thousand dollars have been raised for the college on the subscription plan. The members of the college board, the faculty, members of our own society and some others have been canvassed with good results. The work will now be extended.

The president was very glad to receive two or three subscriptions from persons to whom no direct appeal had been made, but who of their own free will and accord, and as an indication of their interest in, and friendship toward, the institution, were kind enough to send their subscription to him unsolicited.

A. F. G.

HOME NEWS

MILTON, WIS.—Pastor Randolph left again this week on his college campaign work, after a three weeks' visit with his family here. Rev. J. L. Skaggs, of Nortonville, Kan., arrives this week and will be the acting pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church for a few weeks.

The monthly Workers' Meeting of the church was in charge of the Primary Department Sunday evening.—*Journal-Telephone.*

DEATHS

PECKHAM.—Annis Stillman Peckham was born June 15, 1833, and died February 16, 1917, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

Mrs. Peckham, one of the oldest residents of the town of Watson and a woman who was held in high regard by a large circle of friends, died at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon at her home in this place. Although her last illness was of long duration, she bore it with patience and remained cheerful to the end; and although she was very weak physically, her mind remained undimmed to the last and the end came as calm and peacefully as the running down of a time-piece.

Mrs. Peckham was the daughter of Rev. Halsey and Amelia Irish Stillman. She was born in the town of Truxton, Cortland County, and came to Watson with her parents in 1844. On December 25, 1850, she was united in marriage with Waite B. Peckham, of Watson, who died June 4, 1912. Six children were born to them, four of whom survive: Fred W., of Watson, Frank R., of Lowville, Emily Cobb, of Geysers, Mont., and Alice A., who resided with her mother and gave her the most tender care and consideration; and now that that mother has entered into rest,

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nothing but the most satisfying memory of duty faithfully performed can come to the daughter. Five brothers also survive: Stephen, Phineas, and Norman Stillman, of DeRuyter, Silas Stillman, of Eaton, and Jesse Stillman, of Earlville; also ten grandchildren.

When quite young the deceased united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Watson, and though that church has been disbanded she remained faithful to her Sabbath to the end. She remained indoors the greater part of the time for the last few years, but her many friends found time to call and visit with her and to remember her with gifts and cards when June 15 came around. But her book of life is closed and her passing brings grief to many who will long cherish her memory.

The funeral services were held from her late home, February 19, Rev. F. E. Haven officiating. The profusion of flowers and the large attendance bore silent witness to the love of neighbors and friends. Interment in the Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery. *

AYRES.—Zilpah Mulford was born near Big Foot, Walworth Co., Wis., July 27, 1857, and entered into her eternal rest March 14, 1917.

She was the oldest daughter of Delos and Emeline Mulford. On December 20, 1876, she was married to Lyman B. Ayres. To them were born two daughters: Mrs. L. E. Robbins, of Walworth, Wis., and Mrs. E. R. Stillman, of Harvard, Ill. On May 17, 1879, both she and her husband united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Walworth, Wis., of which church she was a consistent member at the time of her departure. One sister, Mrs. J. M. Cramer, of Denver, Colo., her two daughters, five grandchildren, and a host of friends are left to endure the loneliness caused by her death. Her husband preceded her by nearly three years to the eternal home.

Brief funeral services were conducted from the house March 17, 1917, at 1.30 in the afternoon, followed by services at the Seventh Day Baptist Church at 2.00, Pastor C. B. Loofbourrow officiating. Interment was made in the Walworth Cemetery.

C. B. L.

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American Sabbath Tract Society
(Seventh Day Baptist)

Plainfield

New Jersey

The Sabbath Recorder

GIVE US MEN

Give us men!
Men from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
The nation's welfare speeding;
Men of faith and not of faction,
Men of lofty aim in action.
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,

Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As her noble sons
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others,
Give us men, I say again—
Give us men!

Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for country, home and God!
Give us men! I say again, again—
Give us men!

—Bishop of Exeter.

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