

The Sabbath Recorder

A SONG OF THOSE WHO ANSWER NO

It singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it, each and all—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call;
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore—
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more!

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down;
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown;
 But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
 When we are troubled sore!
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Though they are here no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare;
 They can not be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
 Our God, forevermore!

—J. W. Chadwick.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 28, 1917

WHOLE NO. 3,769

Georgia's Favorite Son And His Mother

One thing that lingers in my memory from a pleasant mid-winter week in Atlanta, Ga., is the splendid statue of Henry W. Grady, late brilliant editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. I had often heard his writings spoken of in highest terms, and it did not take long to learn that the Southern people prized his editorials and set great store by his counsels. Some of Mr. Grady's writings will always stand as gems in English literature, and probably no one of Georgia's sons is more completely enthroned in the hearts of her people. During reconstruction days he was the Horace Greeley of the South, and for years his life was devoted to the amelioration of human suffering among the poor and lowly. The death of his father in battle left Henry, then a little boy, to be brought up by a devoted mother. This brings me to the real point of my story. It is said that at one time, after many vicissitudes in business and much perplexity of soul, he found himself drifting away from the God and religion of his dear old mother, and he left the city to go back to her in the home of his boyhood for help. As he entered the house he said: "Mother, I am drifting away from God." She knew what the poor man needed and immediately took him up to his old room for rest. Then for three days she mothered him as of old, preparing such delicacies as she knew he would relish, and when bedtime came tucking him in and kissing him good night just as she used to do; and at the end of those precious days with mother, Mr. Grady went back to Atlanta cured of his skepticism. He took Christ with him and never again let him go. No wonder that Mr. Grady in a stirring editorial referred to the home where children are taught to love God, as the real capitol of the nation, and declared that the first need of the nation is more Christian homes.

My friend, have you wandered from the home of your youth, and been driven this

way and that in your struggle for a living until the distracting and hardening influences of the world have all but turned you from your mother's faith? Do you sigh for the peace you knew when you said your simple prayer in mother's presence and then fell asleep in full assurance that holy angels would watch over you through the night? What would you not give if now you could go back to mother, and rest, and let her once more make your room seem like the vestibule of heaven?

Or it may be your affectionate, trusting mother, whose last breath was spent in prayer that God would keep her boy from the evils of the world and bring him back to the Father's house, has long since passed from earth. If so, does not the very thought of mother and home stir your soul to its depths? Do not be ashamed of your heart-yearnings, do not try to smother the feeling; it is a call to the simple faith of childhood and to the holy affections that thrive so well in the pure atmosphere of home and mother. Many a strong man has felt the soul-hunger in the old song—

"Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep:
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!"

A Day With "Billy" Sunday

It was one of the ordinary days at the great tabernacle, and so 'could hardly be classed with Mr. Sunday's "Booze day," or other special days. But it was a great day, nevertheless. I am coming to believe that every day is a great day in this unprecedented evangelistic movement. And it goes without saying that the little man who can draw crowds ranging from 12,000 to 20,000 people twice a day, six days every week, for several months must be, in the best sense, a great man.

About six weeks before, I had spent an afternoon in the tabernacle, and was now

anxious to see whatever might appear as evidence of advancement in the religious spirit of the meetings. One who has not attended them since the first week does not have long to wait before noticing a marked change in the spirit of the gathering crowds even before the services begin. There is evident a deep spiritual interest not observable six weeks ago. It is in the very atmosphere, and shows in the faces and tones of the ushers, as well as in the subdued manner and fervent looks of the incoming people.

When Mr. Rodeheaver mounted the platform overlooking the vast assemblage and announced as the first hymn the old song that was so effective in Mr. Moody's day, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," a great silence settled down upon the audience, and the first stanza was sung with a subdued expression such as can come only from hearts deeply impressed with the truths they are singing. Then came, "Take the Name of Jesus With You," and there must have been many hundreds who were taken back, as I was, to days of spiritual awakening enjoyed many years ago; for the flush of emotion was plainly visible on their faces. Thus it seemed through the entire song service; and when Mr. Sunday began preaching, every eye was fixed on him and every ear was open to his heart-searching words.

He held them in close attention throughout and when his final appeal was made, it was simply wonderful to see the throngs of people moving down the aisles to take the evangelist's hand.

Perhaps many of these did not show such strong signs of deep penitence as some would have liked to see; but if even one in ten among the hundreds who came forward finds the Savior and is helped into a new life, the meetings must be counted as successful.

It should not be forgotten that one of the prominent results sought in a great revival is the quickening of religious life in tens of thousands of church members, and these meetings will mean stronger and more loyal Christian effort in many churches. The revival is pre-eminently a training school for evangelical workers, many of whom go out, in turn, to do excellent mission work.

Bible Study in The Tabernacle

At the close of the afternoon meeting an invitation was given for all desiring to enter upon Bible study under a master teacher to assemble immediately in the choir circle back of the pulpit. Soon a class that must have numbered thousands was ready for the work. Miss Grace Saxe was the teacher. With charts of the Old Testament tabernacle and its furniture, she made everything pertaining to it teach its lesson of Christ and of the gospel. She made a strong plea for the Old Testament as the only foundation for the New, and showed how true Christ was to the commandments of his Father. She went so far as to say that no one could ignore the teachings of the Old Testament and still understand the New.

I could not help wondering what such a teacher, so well versed in the law of God and so persistently urging men to be true to that law, could consistently say in favor of a pagan day in place of the true Sabbath.

The Evening Meeting

Time and space will not permit me to describe adequately the evening meeting. With the tabernacle packed to its capacity, there were no bounds to the enthusiasm as Rodeheaver gave the signal for "America." Twenty thousand people sprang to their feet, and never did I hear a greater volume of song than that sent rolling through the immense structure by this vast concourse of human beings. A score of delegations were then welcomed and allowed to name their favorite songs.

Many papers tried to report the sermon, but none of them could portray its spirit and effect. Toward the close there was scarcely a dry eye in the tabernacle, and the sobs of the penitent could easily be heard. The climax of the meeting came when Mr. Sunday poured out his heart to God in a characteristic prayer that no man can imitate, in which he seemed talking to God face to face. While the thousands moved toward the front and the vast assembly stood in rapt expectancy, time admonished that I must hasten to meet my home train, and I joined the departing thousands all leaving with the same purpose. Thus ended my day with "Billy"

Sunday—a day long to be remembered for its spiritual uplift with the multitude, and for its revelation of the power of a consecrated man of God.

Tabernacle Equipments

The Young Women's Christian Association is a most efficient auxiliary of the work of the tabernacle. The association's large building, 200 by 75 feet, containing the cafeteria restaurant, stands close by. It was built at a cost of \$31,500. In this is located the book room of the association. It takes but a few moments to discover that the young women of New York are doing a great work. One thing that interested me in this book room was the exhibit of open Bibles under glass, where one could see them well, printed in 53 different languages. The New York Bible Society distributes Bibles in all these languages among the immigrants and sailors in the city and harbor of New York alone.

Work with young women forms an important part of the Sunday movement, and the Y. W. C. A. throughout the world will receive much help from the efforts set on foot here. The association is organized in 40 different countries, with 80,000,000 members. In this country there are Y. W. C. A. organizations in 261 cities, 714 colleges, and 22 counties, making a membership of 365,419.

The tabernacle has an excellent hospital, equipped with beds and appliances for the care of those who may be taken ill in the meetings. Resting places are provided here for any who come from a distance and need to rest.

A postoffice is also provided for the tabernacle, fitted out with a good number of letter boxes. It seems that every need of the people has been anticipated and provided for.

"Food Thrift Series"

The United States Department of Agriculture is sending out valuable documents concerning the supply and conservation of food, which, if heeded, will help many a family in these trying times. This is a war measure never before known in America, and is destined to be one of the great benefits of the war. If this country could learn

well the lesson of economy now being forced upon it, the war would not be in vain. According to estimates published by the Department of Agriculture \$700,000,000 worth of food goes to waste and finds its way into garbage pails or runs down kitchen sink spouts, which with proper care might be saved.

The first bulletin of this series has for its heading, "Help Feed Yourself." It says that somebody has to raise everything you eat—do your share. Make home gardens and back yards productive; keep them producing all the season through, and save all surplus fruits and vegetables by canning. Every food supply from your garden, properly canned, is so much saved that would otherwise go to waste.

Number 2 of this food series is headed, "Watch Your Kitchen Waste." Excellent advice is given in regard to saving things most people have never regarded as having food value. It assures us that every bit of cereal left over from the meal can be used to thicken soups, stews, or gravies; that water in which meat has been boiled contains valuable food properties and should be saved for soups, or to boil vegetables in; and even the water in which rice is cooked is well worth utilizing.

The third bulletin tells how to store fruits, how to guard food against vermin, and gives information regarding the most nutritious foods. The selection, preparation, and combinations of foods for the family are treated in "How to Plan Three Meals," and housewives are told how they may reduce the cost of living and still provide nutritious food for the children.

Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or to your own state agricultural college, for information upon all these matters.

Honoring Martin Luther

The four hundredth anniversary of the Protestant Reformation promises to be a great day in America. In Europe the occasion is likely to be used in the interest of pro-German or anti-German propaganda, but we are more fortunate in this country where the leaders are urging a non-controversial celebration, the slogan of which shall be, "To celebrate the Reformation of the sixteenth century and

to hasten the transformation of the twentieth century."

Plans are being made for a Protestant exhibition on the last ten days of October, to be held in the Grand Central Palace, New York City. This will possess special historical value, and promises to be one of the greatest displays showing the achievements of Protestantism ever seen in any country. Several denominations are planning important forward movements in honor of the occasion. Lutherans, for instance, are raising a memorial fund of \$10,000,000. Some colleges are arranging for "Bible chairs," and most of the denominational conferences are planning to recognize the anniversary in some way.

It is well worth while for Protestants to celebrate the anniversary of Martin Luther's work on the return of the day, October 31, upon which he nailed his theses to the church door of Wittenberg. The great principles established by Luther, of justification by faith alone and of an inspired open Bible for all, went far toward liberating the church from the errors of Rome. What a pity the Reformation could not have been completed by restoring the Sabbath to its place. The Protestant world would do well if now it would reject the pagan "venerable day of the sun" of Constantine and return to the Sabbath of Christ. This would complete the reform so well begun four hundred years ago.

DEBT STATEMENT

Missionary Board's debt, balance due	
May 16	\$1,745 68
Received since last report	150 50
Still due May 23	\$1,595 18
Tract Board's debt, balance due May 17	\$2,196 00
Received since last report	127 50
Still due May 24	\$2,068 50

A salesman, speaking to a customer, said: "Mr. T., I've often talked other business to you, and now I would be glad to talk to you of my great business." Permission being granted, he opened his Testament and talked to him about Christ. Soon tears filled the eyes of the old merchant, and he said, "I'm seventy years old, and I've done business with thousands of men, but you are the only one that ever spoke to me about my soul."—*The Christian Standard*.

MILL YARD CHURCH: JOHN MORE

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, LL. D.

Seventh Day Baptists have been accustomed to regard Peter Chamberlen as the next real leader of the Mill Yard Church after the death of Mrs. Trask and of her husband's and her immediate followers. Recent authorities have shown some disposition to place John More before Chamberlen, however. The present writer has not had opportunity to make a critical examination of the evidence offered, but is willing, so far as his immediate purpose is concerned, to accept More as Chamberlen's predecessor in the activities of Mill Yard, although the latter appears to have been much the older man, since he was born in 1601, and died in 1683, at the age of eighty-two. While we do not have the date of More's birth, his death occurred early in the 18th century, in either 1701 or 1702, probably.

Our earliest available record of John More begins with *A Booke for the Accounts and Other Business of the Chirche in Lothbury*, a record kept by More and Chamberlen, beginning August 20, 1652, and ending May 23, 1654. Then in 1652 was published a book by John More, of Barnelms, entitled, *A General Exhortation to the World; by a Late Convert from the World. Wherein the Present National Churches are Admonished to a Timely Repentance*. This was followed two years afterward, in 1654, by *A Lost Ordinance Restored; or Eight Questions in Reference to the Laying on of Hands Lovingly Answered by one of the Least of all Saints, with a General Exhortation to all Baptized Churches not yet under the Practise*, etc. In the same year appeared *A Trumpet Sounded; or the Great Mystery of the Two Little Horns Unfolded. Being a Candle set up in the Dark Lanthorne of Daniel. Consisting of Two Parts. The First of Which was sent to the Lord Protector so called*. This tract was probably written as a part of the Fifth Monarchy propaganda, with which More appears to have been more or less prominently identified. Then again, in 1655, appeared another tract of 24 pp. from his pen, entitled, *Protection Proclaimed . . . Wherein the Government Established in the Lord Protector and his Council is Proved to be of Divine Institution*, etc. The series is closed by the pub-

lication, in 1670, some thirty years before his death, of a tract, dated from New Chapel, in Cowes, upon the subject, *Moses Revived; or, a Vindication of an Ancient Law of God . . . wherein the Unlawfulness of Eating Blood is Clearly Proved by the Word of God*, etc.

Doctor Thirtle takes strong ground in his assertion that More was greatly indebted to Chamberlen, saying, "John More, whose name figures prominently in the Records [of the church], was for a time a particular friend of Dr. Chamberlen. . . . It would almost appear that the Doctor was his father in Christ, and was looked upon by him as a teacher and champion in whom it was worth while to boast."

Subsequently, there appears to have arisen a difference between the two that was little less than an open enmity.

Whatever may be said of More's leadership, and its precedence in point of time over that of Chamberlen, the present writer is persuaded that it was soon overshadowed by the stronger and more compelling personality of the celebrated Doctor.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

REV. EDWIN SHAW

(From a Communion Day sermon)

I have chosen as a Scripture text a verse from Jeremiah, chapter 50, and verse 22, "A sound of battle is in the land, and of great destruction."

On first consideration this may not seem to be a suitable theme and thought for a church communion service. And yet it was in the shadow of the Cross, with impending perils all about him, that our Master instituted this service which we celebrate today.

I have not chosen this text with the purpose of describing the condition of the world in the time of Jeremiah, a time when the then known world was so completely involved in the turmoil of war that the prophet says that the "hindermost nations" shall become a wilderness and a desert. That is to say, the war was so far-reaching that the nations on the rim of the earth, the "hindermost nations," would suffer to the extent of becoming a wilderness in the general desolation.

Nor have I chosen the text because I think that the words of Jeremiah have any

direct reference to our time, that they are intended to point forward, or foretell anything of the events of these days. Very much futile speculation, very many useless and even foolish suggestions are being made and published about this world-war, based upon the mistaken notion that the prophets of Israel and Judah were writing history for the Americans and the Europeans of the twentieth century. The prophets were very much in earnest, and they preached and they wrote with great power and fervor, but it was for the conditions of the land in their own times. They preached to the people the doctrine of sin and its consequences, of righteousness and its rewards, of God the ruler of the world. With clear vision they saw the conditions that were among their own people and among the nations about them. Of these things they preached and wrote. From their messages to the people of their own generation we are not to find predictions in detail for today; but we can learn lessons, we can take warnings, we can find assurance and hope in the triumph of truth and right, and in the power of a just and righteous God. And Jeremiah says to his people, "A sound of battle is in the land, and of great destruction." And such is the case with us today.

The sound of battle is not a pleasant sound, war never has a pleasant sound. But it is a call of righteous necessity, a sound of moral duty, it has the tone of sacrifice, and the ring of courage and loyalty. To many of us it will mean, before the war endeth, the tolling knell of sorrow and of death. We are verily in the shadow of our own crosses.

It is not for the minister to say what policies should be followed in details. It is for him rather to preach loyalty and devotion to truth and right, to country, home, church, and God. But it does seem to me that our country is taking the wise course in the selective conscription method of dealing with the army. And it seems to me that very valuable time, costly time, may be lost by too much delay in getting help and assistance to our allies in Europe. I wish we might start an army, at least a group of soldiers, on the way by Memorial Day, or Independence Day, at the latest.

But here we are just now this Sabbath morning; we have met in the quiet of our

home church, in these peaceful surroundings, like the disciples of old in the quiet of the upper chamber, to celebrate the service of our Lord's Supper. As it was in Jerusalem, so it is here now. Battle and destruction, anguish and sorrow, anxiety and conflict, are impending. The uncertainty of the perils in detail are trying to the nerves, and the certainty of the dangers in general are sure.

Jesus with his disciples, by the very peace and quiet of those hours alone together, gained strength and courage and fitness for the trials so near at hand. And out of that upper chamber of prayer and communion they came ready and prepared for the struggles before them.

May that be the blessed outcome and result of our service here this morning. May we so confidently come to God in our prayers of thanksgiving and praise, may we so confidently come in our petitions for mercy and pardon and help divine, may we so confidently come in our intercession at the throne of power for the triumph of truth and right and the coming of lasting peace, may we so confidently come in our own atoning service for the salvation of the souls of men, may we come so confidently, and humbly, and in such harmony with the will of our heavenly Father, that we too shall go forth into the world ready and prepared to meet bravely and well our duty, our trials, our sacrifices, our crosses, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"SPRING"

REV. GEORGE M. COTTRELL

I DON'T wonder that the district school boy and girl used to write their first essay on the subject of Spring. And I am not surprised that they usually began it by saying, "Spring is the pleasantest season of the year." It surely is the time when the frost in the heart is thawed; when the flowers begin to bloom and the birds in one's soul chatter their sweetest carols. How can it be otherwise when we sit on porch, or by the window, in the balmiest of spring-time mornings, as the carpet of green is spread over the lawn, the pear and cherry trees are a mass of blossoms, the garden seeds are coming forth, and shrub and plant

add their bursting bloom while the birds are singing in solo or groups and hallelujah choruses their appreciation of the day! Dead indeed must be the soul that can not respond to this call of nature, this wonderful resurrection of Spring from the womb of winter—symbol of the resurrected soul aglow, abloom with the life divine.

ALONG the side of our house is a row of the old-fashioned yellow-white fluer-de-lis that has contributed the big bouquet for our sideboard this morning. From a member of our one-time parish was received a cherished letter this week, with a purple blossom of the fluer-de-lis, pressed, and its purple blood spilled, to bring to us its message of spring, and joy, and with it this happy verse, whether original or copied I can not say:

Only Joy to You

On the hill, beside the cottage, in the meadow
and the wood,
Now dainty flowers are waking from their winter
dreams for good.
Lo, the happy secret somehow to the under-
ground was told;
Yea, at once, in joyful silence, petals venture to
unfold.

Just the splendor of the sunlight, and the kind-
ness of the shower,
Oh, the time of frost is over, when fluer-de-lis
is in flower!
You hear twitter in the plum tree! Hear the an-
swer to the call!
The flash of brilliant turquoise see from tree to
garden wall!

Oh, the garden's filled with music, brimming over
with delight,
Yes, the bluebird on his journey reads the happy
omen right;
Oft he sings it to his nestling lying snugly in
the bower,
Unto them frost time is over when fleur-de-lis
is in flower.

A writer in one of the English reviews relates that during a conversation with George Eliot, not long before her death, a vase toppled over on the mantelpiece. The great writer quickly and unconsciously put out her hand to stop its fall. "I hope," said she, replacing it, "that the time will come when we shall instinctively hold up a man or woman who begins to fall as naturally and unconsciously as we arrest a falling piece of furniture, or an ornament."—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

SABBATH REFORM

TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

The Tract Society has been asked by the Seventh Day Baptist Historical Society to provide an exhibit at the coming session of the General Conference. A committee has been appointed to take care of the matter. Nothing has been definitely decided upon by the board, but the following is an outline of the plan as thus far developed:

A.

At the Publishing House

The publishing house to be open during the week of the Conference except Sabbath Day for visitation by delegates. To be in charge of the business manager and the Supervisory Committee.

B.

At the High School Building

1. Charts showing the development in the publishing house in all its departments during the past eight or ten years, to be prepared by the Supervisory Committee.

2. A display of books, papers, tracts, magazines, etc., published by the Tract Society, to be arranged and cared for by the Committee on the Distribution of Denominational Literature.

3. A collection of pictures of people and of places connected with the history of the Tract Society, arranged in albums, hung on walls or racks, etc., in charge of a special committee.

4. Charts.

a) Showing present organization of the society, the board and its committees, and the relation to the denomination, etc.

b) Chart of the financial history of the society, chart showing "how your dollars were used last year," etc.

c) Charts of other matters of interest to be prepared and arranged by special committee.

C.

At the Seventh Day Baptist Church

The corresponding secretary's office is at the church. Also the place of the monthly

meetings of the Board of Directors. So far as possible in connection with other work going on in the church these places will also be a part of the exhibit of the Tract Society.

What did your church do to observe Sabbath Rally Day this year? Did you make special offering for the Missionary and Tract societies? Did the pastor preach a sermon that had some particular reference to the occasion? Was the matter made a topic for the prayer meeting service? Did the Christian Endeavor societies consider the subject? Did you use the programs in your Sabbath school? Was the result of the day's effort such as to interest the people, especially the children, in the matter of the Sabbath, with its privileges and responsibilities? Was some one asked to write up an account of the occasion to send to the secretary of the Tract Society? He will appreciate it very much if each community where the occasion was observed will make a report, for his guidance to a better service in the years to come.

THE WORLD WAR AND THE SABBATH

WILLIAM M. STILLMAN

In these terrible days of death and destruction, of famine and evil, we find everywhere a Sabbathless world. I do not mean by this that there are not many conscientious Sunday observers who think they are keeping the Sabbath, but that, to all intents and purposes, except for a very small minority, the world is not observing the Seventh Day (Saturday) as the Sabbath, and the mass of church people are observing Sunday as a rest day in its place.

It is the object of the true Christian to seek the truth, and the truth will set him free; and nowhere else can we go than to the Bible, to both the Old and New Testaments. We can not and must not rely on decrees or edicts of churches or councils, but hold strictly to the Bible as our only rule of faith and conduct.

We must rid ourselves of the idea that the Sabbath is in any wise *Jewish*, for it was given to Adam at the time of the creation and to Noah ages before the time of Moses.

God speaks of it in Genesis as follows:

"God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the *seventh* day, and sanctified it."

In the time of Moses God gave his Sabbath to his chosen people as a memorial forever and commanded them to keep it holy, for "the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." God placed great importance upon its proper observance and severe penalties were dealt out for failure to obey him. Thus in Ezekiel 20: 12,—"I gave them *my sabbaths*, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them." And in verse 13, because they "greatly polluted" his Sabbaths, God said he would pour out his fury upon them in the wilderness, to consume them. Again, in Isaiah 58: 13,—"If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable," etc. In Exodus 31: 13, God says,—"Speak thou also unto the children of Israel, saying, Verily *my sabbaths* ye shall keep: for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you." Six days' work may be done, but on the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, *holy to the Lord*, and we have vivid results portrayed in Nehemiah 13: 15-20 of God's wrath for the disobedience of this particular command. In Jeremiah 17: 27 he told them that if they would not hearken unto him to hallow the Sabbath Day, he would kindle a fire in the gates of the city, and it should devour the palace of Jerusalem, and it should not be quenched.

Nor by searching the New Testament do we find any change in the law. Christ himself kept the Sabbath strictly and taught his disciples how to keep it, stripping from it much of the formalism with which Judaism had surrounded it.

Much stress has been laid on the point that Christ is the fulfilment of the law, and that therefore, if we love him, it makes no difference what day we keep, even though it be the Roman Catholic Church day of Sunday. But Christ was very plain in his talks to his disciples on this point.

Christ himself says that he was with the Father at the time of creation and sat at his right hand at the time of the giving of

the law to Moses. He knew the Father's will and never disobeyed it. In Matthew 5: 17-18 he says,—"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." It is stated very explicitly in the Second Epistle of John, verses 5 and 6,—"And now I beseech thee, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that *we love one another*. And this is love, that *we walk after his commandments*," and (1 John 5: 3) "his commandments are not grievous." "For he speaks in a certain place of the seventh day on this wise, And God did rest the seventh day from all his works" (Heb. 4: 4). "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God" (Heb. 4: 9). And in the last chapter of the Revelation is given the penalty for any one who shall add to or take away from this book.

It is a great mystery, but throughout the Bible, in both the New and the Old Testament, it is apparent that the Sabbath is a part of the Godhead, and its observance by man a test of obedience, and love to him; for great woe is prophesied to all who disobey.

This war may be a punishment for the world's long and continued disobedience; for if the Sabbath were observed, it would be proof of the supremacy of our love for God, and sin would go out of the world, for love would take its place in the hearts of all men.

"THE GRAY OLD PREACHER"

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

I enclose a clipping from the *Detroit Free Press*, that we think here is very much to the point, on not dropping our ministers from leadership in the churches because they have a few gray hairs, or an occasional wrinkle on their face, thus showing the stress of hard work in the Master's service and often the effect of severe manual labor which they have been obliged to add in order to pay their bills. If it were printed in the RECORDER I think it would do us all good in these days of "pastorless churches" and "churchless pastors." We now have

six or seven churches needing pastors, but some of them no doubt would not be satisfied with anything less than a "star" young man, while other professions, as the clipping states, are glad to get men of age and experience. God bless the young men. We are glad they can do so much more than their fathers did at the same age. But we have not enough young men to go around, while eight or ten ministers in our denomination, ranging from 55 to 65 or 70 years, who are usually as regular at church service as the average young man, are without a charge. Would it not be better for the cause that the ex-pastor, who has had a fair degree of success in his work, be in the work rather than in his present situation? With this picture before us, and the "small salary" idea added, is it any wonder that so few of our young men are offering themselves to the gospel ministry; that so many middle-aged men, who perhaps spent their last dollar in their preparation, are now searching for some sort of physical labor to keep the wolf from the door in these desperately high-priced days? Where is the fault? These conditions should stir us as a people to some sort of reform.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. LEWIS.

I recently attended a council called to participate in the formalities of inducting a young man as pastor of an influential church. I heard a score of complimentary opinions expressed about the youth of this candidate. I heard a few half-smothered and half-expressed opinions about the gray hairs of the erect man who was going. King Lear like, out into the night, pushed out by those who ought to have been kind, if they couldn't be thoughtful. I began to wonder if the great, powerful and rich corporation we know as the church had any appreciation of wisdom and experience. I began to wonder if youth and inexperience lighted up by a meaningless enthusiasm, with promises of "See what youth will do," is the only asset a church prizes. Experience is valued in army life, in commercial life, in legislative life, in the field of law, journalism and medicine so I wondered why gray hairs here and there become such a liability in the life of a powerful organization like the church.

I wondered why men at 50 go down in the pulpit when they go up in the other professions and trades; why wisdom is not valuable in the field of thought as in the field of military generalship; why experience in religious life and character is at a discount in church and above par in medicine. I wondered, too, why young men of parts and promise should choose a profession that offered twenty-five years of service rather than a profession that held out the pledge of fifty years of activity. I wondered what there was about inexperience that made it more valuable than the record of achievement attached to a man of fifty. I wondered if the steel corporation should do with the heads of departments what churches do with their men of experience what condition the steel trust would be in today. I wondered why England did not lower the wage of Gladstone and hire a youth, why Germany did not put the discard tag on Hindenburg and call a youth, why America insists on a Wilson with gray hairs instead of a boy with hopefulness in his marrowbone.

I conclude that fire in the pulpit is more admired than light, that promise is more than performance, that the things that are going to happen are of sweeter taste than the things done. The corporation called the church has a special brand of ethics they apply to the matured man, a special type of religion they show the man who has fought battles, a code of honor they reveal to the man whose mind, heart and will have become ripened through the experiences of twenty years of life and leadership. "Look at his gray hairs" is the cry of dismay in the ecclesiastical corporation. "Let us swap him off for a younger man," is the slogan.

People who wonder why young men fear to enter the ministry might do some thinking to their own advantage. My advice to young men is: Leave alone the ministry as a profession, enter a field where experience and knowledge are honored and not dishonored, where gray hairs are a crown of glory and not a pass to the scrap heap. The servant of the church—a minister—might renew his belief in Christianity by knowing that if he enters any profession other than the ministry his accumulated knowledge will bring a good living and honorable respect.

A. ADAMS.

PENTECOST

T. W. RICHARDSON, LT.-COL.

The day of "Pentecost" is mentioned as such three times in the Bible. The first is in Acts 2: 1, on which occasion "tongues like as of fire . . . sat upon each of them." Was that day a Sunday as is generally supposed? And if it were, did it give Sunday any importance?

Let us go back to Leviticus 23: 10-16, "unto the morrow after the seventh sabbath," for an understanding of Pentecost—"fifty days."

It is customary with the Jews to date this from the Passover. The Passover is shown in verses 5-8. This idea does not allow of Pentecost being a fixed Sunday, but as falling on different days of the week. Only a desire for, and love of, the truth will cause us to challenge that position. Having considerable doubts as to its accuracy, I questioned a learned rabbi. At first he was suspicious and evaded the real point, but, finding I was not on the aggressive, he candidly told me that the Jews were divided in opinion. The common practice was considered incorrect by the more learned and stricter class—I think he said the Pharisees. They hold that it dates from the harvest, and falls on the day after the seventh Sabbath that followed the Sabbath after the first ingathering.

The other party considers that "sabbaths" at the end of v. 15 and "sabbath" in v. 16 should read "week," so that Pentecost could be on a Friday.

Now for my argument. Leviticus 23 gives a number of holy days. Note verses 1, 9, 23, 26, and 33, that they are all alike and clearly divide differing paragraphs. Thus Pentecost (vs. 9-21) has no bearing upon the Passover (vs. 5-8). After finishing with the Passover, verse 9 breaks off into a new subject—"when ye be come into the land . . . and shall reap the harvest thereof." Thus is the time stated, and it is clearly dependent upon the *harvest* and not the Passover.

Abid (also called Nisan) was to be "the beginning of months" (Exod. 12: 2). A reference to the Jewish calendar for 32 years showed that Nisan 14 could be as early as March 24 and as late as April 22, for the Jewish year has to make up about every three years with an extra month. Thus it was frequently a month out in

regard to the season. Now, if "harvest" had to be dependent upon the 15th Nisan it likewise must be just a month early in certain years and a month late in others, quite apart from nature's early or late harvest; a manifest impossibility.

Now note Exodus 23: 17, "Three times in the year all thy males shall appear before the Lord God." This suggests that those "three times" were at a distance apart. The Passover was at "the time appointed," but Pentecost was fifty days after the Sabbath that followed the *harvest*, be it early or late. If there were still any doubt, surely Deuteronomy 16: 9 must finally settle it—"begin to number the seven weeks from such times as thou beginnest to put the sickle to the corn."

It is thus evident that the Sabbath referred to in Leviticus 23: 11 was the weekly Sabbath (the "morrow after" which was a Sunday), and not the any-day-of-the-week Passover Sabbath. Also, that the "morrow after the seventh sabbath" (Pentecost) was an annual Jewish Sunday Sabbath.

As a Christian Sabbath-keeper I raise no objection if any person is disposed to keep that annual Jewish Sunday. The early Christians who were Jews evidently kept it, though not as Sunday but as Pentecost.

Christ kept his last Passover at the regular time—on the 14th Nisan in the evening (commencement of the day), and was betrayed and *staked* (Greek) the same day. The Passover Sabbath (John's "high day"), which was necessarily on the 15th, was the day following the execution of our Savior. When the Sabbath "was past" the women "prepared spices," and after that work-day they "rested the sabbath day according to the commandment." "In the end" of that second Sabbath "three days and three nights" were accomplished and the angel "rolled back the stone" and revealed to the two Marys an empty sepulchre and said, "He is risen." So the resurrection day was not Sunday but Saturday, Nisan 17th.

Evidently Pentecost must be on the day after God's Sabbath and seven weeks after harvest. It was, however, not the Sunday that the apostles were keeping, but the annual Jewish Pentecost. Sunday as such is clearly a work-day and of no importance; it is just the day after the Sabbath.

MISSIONS

MISSION NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

THE following news dispatch was printed in the New York *Tribune*. It contains matter of interest in regard to missionary work. Especially should it interest us, if we have any thought that the war will make any diminution in our effort for missionary enterprises. Rather, as we said in these "notes" recently, we should make our giving and our doing even larger. Let it not be necessary for us to come up to Conference with a report that differs in its general nature regarding forward moving from the report mentioned in this dispatch.

DALLAS, Tex., May 20.—Work of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church has been less handicapped by the European war "than any one would have ventured to believe at the beginning of the gigantic struggle," said the Board of Foreign Missions in its annual report to the Presbyterian General Assembly here today. The report is for the year ended March 31, 1917.

"The actual conflict," said the report, "has not this year touched any of the mission fields of the board, except in Africa, Syria and Persia. Influences of the war at home have promoted the missionary spirit and faith.

"All the missionaries in Africa, Syria and Persia remained at their posts except those who were obliged to return because of their health.

"Persia has been the mission field most seriously harassed during the last year by actual war. The problem of relief has taxed to the uttermost the time and strength of the missionaries in Urumiah and Tabriz. Our West Persia missionaries have disbursed, as representatives of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, approximately \$500,000 within two years; thousands have been fed and clothed and kept from freezing, and ransoms have been paid for the life and release of the Russian Orthodox Bishop and of many girls and young women.

"During the year the blockade of the Syrian coast has become more rigid and only a few letters and postal cards from missionaries have reached this country, and then after long delay. The situation was still more complicated when diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States were severed."

The report said that in the fiscal year just closed 1,353 American missionaries were busy in twenty-seven foreign missions, carrying on the work from 170 principal stations, aided by more than 6,000 native helpers of all kinds, from teachers to ordained preachers.

Receipts of the board for the year were \$2,525,369.

The day is long and the day is hard;
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through, and of work to be done;
Tired of ourselves and of being alone;
Yet all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company.
—Susan Coolidge.

REMINISCENCES OF MEDICAL WORK IN CHINA

IN 1897, I began to do medical work in south China. There was much to learn ere one could handle the people satisfactorily. First of all came a revision of my ideas as to etiology—to fit Chinese ideas! Ordinarily but four causative factors brought on disease, namely, wind, dampness, heat or cold; and to make one's explanation of a case of sickness satisfactory to these people, one or other of these "causes" had to be mentioned. Occasionally the patient would ignore the rule, as when one, who was asked as to his idea of the cause of a pair of corneal ulcers situated exactly over each pupil, replied, "The devil did it." Many an abscess-patient came with the same etiology and diagnosis—"fung" (wind). When the lancet would let the "wind" out, great would be the astonishment of the patient and his friends.

Chinese ideas as to diet had also to be learned. Foods by them were divided into heating and cooling kinds. The physician who directed a heating food, when they thought the reverse indicated, at once lost prestige. Early in my experience I learned

that rice-water was an almost universally used food for the sick, and so, when in doubt as to what diet to prescribe I gravely directed rice-water.

A QUESTION always asked, "Can you cure?" if answered in the negative, frequently was followed by, "Then how many parts can you cure?" If much relief could be given, the answer was, "Eight parts"; if it appeared that a half cure could be effected, the reply was, "Five parts"; if but little help could be given, "Two parts"; if the case looked hopeless, then "*Mo fat*" (No plan) was the reply.

Most of the native physicians based their charges on the results attained. At the first call a bargain was struck; a certain sum for medicines; so much if he cured four parts, so much for five-part cure, and so on until a fat fee was agreed upon for a ten-part cure. Ten is the Chinese number of completion.

Neglected cases of eczema were common and victims would often come to natives who had studied with the foreign doctors. The diagnosis would be leprosy, and fifty dollars would sometimes be collected for a ten-part cure.

A very considerable proportion of our cases were surgical, for the Chinese doctor knew nothing of the art. Everything, from a boil on the head adorned with a tar plaster to an ovarian cyst diagnosed as "wind," would come to our dispensary. Fractures and dislocations were treated without reduction. Plasters were applied and the victim assured that in a short time the pain and swelling would be controlled. If he returned to the native doctor, complaining of deformity or stiffness of the joint, he would be supplied with more plasters. The Chinese can out-alcock Alcock on the plaster business. In some places there was an unwritten law that whosoever was cured by a plaster must take the plaster back to the doctor and paste it on the front of his office. I have seen many a doctor's house adorned with hundreds of dirty rags, which indicated a rushing plaster business or some questionable activity on the doctor's part after honest folk were asleep.

THE confidence which the Chinese had in the foreign physician was to us remarkable. To them it did not seem inconsistent to follow a man with hoots, jeers

and shouts of "Kill the foreign devil," and the next day to allow the same "devil" to put one to sleep to reduce a dislocation which had been treated for three months with plasters.

One secret of their confidence was their faith in the idols. A sufferer would go to a temple and in his prayer ask whether he should go to the foreign doctor. He would then throw the diving blocks, and if the answer was "Yes" he would feel assured that the idol had sent him and no matter what strange method the doctor proposed it would be well.

In an inland city where I resided for several years I once had an unpleasant experience from overconfidence on the part of the people. Two missionaries had been driven from the city and when the populace had quieted, the job of opening the work was assigned to a doctor. In the midst of much abuse and persecution just stopping short of physical violence, a night-messenger came from a rich man beseeching the honor of my presence in his home. The only son was about to become a father, but the mother was dying and the child had not been born. Could the wise foreigner help? An easy forceps operation presented the despairing father with a son and placed the mother out of danger.

The story of that night's work spread through the city; abuse did not cease, but the sick began to call for help. Among the cases was one of advanced tuberculosis and one of an abscess of the liver. I tried to make clear that no human help could avail in either and ventured to predict how long each one could live. The Chinese were angered and reported that treatment was refused, in the hope on my part that a large sum of money would be raised to fee me. While these things were being discussed the poor patients died at about the time predicted.

Chinese public opinion promptly changed. That the foreign doctor knew how long a man would live became the town talk. Of this I was ignorant, but noticed that when I would give an unfavorable prognosis medicine would be refused and no subsequent call would be sent me. After a time I made inquiry and found that when the doctor said a man's case was hopeless food was withdrawn; for, argued the frugal Chinaman, what is the use in giving a man

food who can not recover? Thus it came about, strangely enough, that with the growth of my mortality list my reputation increased.

DURING the height of an epidemic of bubonic plague a Chinaman informed me that at last a remedy had been found for the disease. I was eager to be informed, since my mortality was running about sixty per cent. This was it: Take of *cham* wood shavings a handful and boil in a quart of water. Moisten a cloth in the water. Expose the patient's breast and rub up and down with the moist cloth. In a short time little black worms will be seen to come out of the skin. These are the cause of the fever, and if one can get them all out the patient will recover. When it is known that the average Chinaman bathes his body with soap not at all, it is clear whence came the "black worms."

Writing of worms, reminds me of a real worm story. Examining a tooth one day, the pained possessor of it asked, "Healer of life, is there a worm in it?" He was assured that there was not, and in a moment more the tooth lay in his hand for his own examination. However, my assistant assured me that worms did grow in teeth—he had seen them! An investigation was in order, and this is what developed.

A certain worm found on the roots of an aquatic plant, when dried, shrinks to the size of a mustard seed, but when immersed in fluid it quickly takes on its former shape and form. A "wise" practitioner examines a decayed tooth and declares that there "is a worm in it." He bargains to remove it. The gums are manipulated until they bleed and the cavity fills with blood and saliva. Then a probe carrying in a cavity on its tip one of the dried worms is placed in the tooth. More manipulation is in order while the worm is swelling. At last, with a small forceps, the worm is extracted and triumphantly held before the astonished gaze of the victim. Of course the ache ceases. If it returns, the dentist is ready to find and extract another worm for a satisfactory price.

MY most trying professional experience was an epidemic of Asiatic cholera. The infection was most virulent. Few lived more than twenty-four hours, many

died in three hours. My patients all died. When I read a textbook treatment for this disease, I must wonder whether the authors ever saw a case of the intense type of the disease.

Another sadly interesting side of medical work in China was the large number of attempted suicide cases in which we were called to save. In a land so over-crowded, where hope was dead to so many, where domestic and social injustice was the rule, and where the belief prevailed that one certain way to even up with an enemy was to die in his home where one's spirit would ever torment the object of his hate, under such conditions suicide was common and the efforts to save the victim were dictated by frantic fear of his ghost.

Most of our patients chose the opium-route. The vigorous use of permanganate of potassium, atropine, and the stomach-tube saved an encouraging number. One woman elected to end her sad life with a rope. She succeeded. Another woman chose lye. She died on the third day. One Christmas eve a young man quarreled with his father and elected to use a razor to put himself in a position to plague the old gentleman. He laid open his larynx. A chicken was killed, its body split open and laid on the wound. I found him with this strange dressing in place. The outcome was a small scar and a peculiar squeak in the voice.

While I was caring for this poor fellow, an interesting conversation was reported. Neighbors of the man were talking.

"Ah Tsan is better."

"Yes."

"The foreign doctor comes a long way every day to see him."

"Yes."

"He has no money, why does the doctor come?"

"There is no explanation."

"The doctor is crazy."

The noble physicians who are carrying to the sufferers in uncivilized lands the benefits and blessings of medical and surgical skill are not mad but have a part in the greatest work in the world. "And the greatest of these is love."—*H. K. Shumaker, M. D., in Journal of Clinical Medicine.*

"We want no drawn battles in the whiskey war. Give us decisive victories."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

SONG OF SOWING

The furrow lies brown in the wake of the plow
And the overturned sod is sweet,
And the sower sings as the seed he flings,
And his strain keeps time as his right arm swings
To and fro in a rhythmic beat.

His song is a prayer that the wind and the rain
And their kinsman, the kindly sun,
Keep a balance fine betwixt shade and shine
In the mystic sequence of growth divine,
With the work of his hands begun!

His song is a dream of the season to be,
From the blade to the waving June,
Till the fields unfold into autumn gold
That shall crown his toil with a wealth untold,
In the height of the harvest moon!

—Edith Hope Kinney.

Now that our country has entered the war, the question often arises: What can the women do to relieve the great suffering of the people in France, to help in the physical, mental and moral training of our own troops and to help keep things going at home?

There are many ways in which women are able to help in the present crisis, but the problem is to find what each one is best fitted to do. For those women who have fitted themselves for some special work, as doctors, nurses, dietitians, teachers, and those trained in clerical work, the problem may not be great. But the great majority of women, who are not skilled in any one line of work, want to "do their bit," too. For these there is first, the Red Cross Society, which one may join by paying one dollar, annual membership dues. If one wishes the *Red Cross Magazine* (issued monthly) one may receive that by adding another dollar to the membership fee. There are other sums that may be given, making one a contributing, a sustaining, or a life member. One hundred dollars will make one a patron of the society. Just now a great effort is being made to increase the membership of this society. The money received from these fees helps the work in many ways. Some

money is intended for the use of the people left destitute in the war zone.

Aside from the good the money from the Red Cross members will do, there is work for nimble fingers—and all fingers become nimble after some practice. There are garments to be made for the soldier and sailor boys; there are bandages to be furnished; towels, wash cloths, napkins, and tray cloths to be made. These are but a few of the many things that are needed. We have assurance from the office of Mr. O'Connor, of Chicago, who is in charge of the Red Cross work for several of the Middle Western States, that everything can be, and will be used. Of course these articles must be made according to the directions sent out by the Red Cross Society, and bulletins giving full directions for this work may be obtained upon application. If you are not already affiliated with this organization and wish to learn about its work with a view to joining, write to the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., and you will in a short time receive the information for which you ask. This organization takes both men and women members.

The National Council for Defense is also made up of men and women. It is hoped that each State will have a branch of this organization. Under the State Council of Defense, there are the County councils for men, and similar councils for women. This organization has taken up the problems connected with the work of farm and shop in each State.

We are all hoping and praying, and trying to believe, that the war will not last much longer, but preparations are being made so that if the conditions become worse, the health and strength of our people will be conserved, and we will have something to give to our allies. This week it was my privilege to attend a mass meeting of the women of my own county, where we organized to do whatever we can to help our country. We were addressed by a woman who is a member of the State Council, and were told of the definite outline of work that has been planned for the women of the State. Mrs. Morgan said: "We must choose our tasks with discretion; we must recognize that only with co-operation and a centralization of control can we arrive at any degree of effici-

ency. True patriotism does not rush headlong into some task which is liable to throw a worker out of a job, or which will be accomplished at best in but a mediocre way; on the other hand the women of the State can be apportioned to the lines of work that have become essential." To the various societies of the State various duties have been assigned; as, for instance, to the Daughters of the American Revolution and to the Woman's Relief Corps has been assigned the work of caring for the dependent families of the soldiers and sailors—this work to be done under the direction of the Red Cross, that there be no duplication of duties.

There is soon to be made a registration of the women of the State to find what can be done by the women individually. If a woman is willing to give a certain amount of her time to help in the kitchen on the farm, or in the shop that the farm girl in the shop may go home to help on the farm, this will be indicated, and the council will have some one in charge to direct, both concerning the work and the pay. If all the plans are carried out, there are busy times ahead for us all. As our speaker said, "There will be no vacation for Wisconsin women this summer, but we must recognize our duties and assume them uncomplainingly, as our sons and husbands are sacrificing to enlist."

There are many ways to help. At the same meeting was a call to organize the girls from ten to eighteen years old into competitive clubs under competent instructors to teach them canning by the new methods. While these clubs are essentially for service, the social side must be recognized and the club spirit must be appealed to. Prizes must be given and interest kept up. The motto for the girls is, "Get into the game, stay in the game and finish the job."

Other States, I dare say, are far ahead of Wisconsin in this work, but it may be that these notes will give some one a view from a different angle and open a way for further service. The country is wide, the field is large; if some one is helping along other lines we shall be glad to hear about it. What are you doing in your Red Cross Chapter? While we are doing this, let us not neglect our own denominational interests. You know the Bible says some-

thing about neglecting those of our household of faith—who can tell what it is and where it is found? It is a good text to remember anyway.

RACHEL LANDOW, THE HEBREW ORPHAN

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XVI

(Continued)

Taking a steamer from the city to New London and then by rail to Boston, they planned a brief stop-off at Newport, R. I., to see some of the famous relics of the Revolution and to please Rachel and Harold, who wanted to see the first Seventh Day Baptist meeting house in America. This was a great privilege and inspiration. Here at Newport was organized the second Baptist church in America, the first being at Providence, organized by Roger Williams. This second was under the leadership of one John Clarke. Here, in 1664, came one Stephen Mumford from London, England, and his observance of the Sabbath of the fourth commandment and of the Christ seemed to attract the attention of others, some of whom adopted his views. In 1671 they organized as a separate church from the regular Baptists and became the first Seventh Day Baptist church in America. This little two-story building was their house of worship and was built in 1729 under the direction of a committee consisting of Henry Collins and Jonathan Sabin. Here was Pastor Hiscox, who preached for the church thirty-three years; for the early Seventh Day Baptists believed and prospered in long pastorates. Here was the clerk of the church, Joseph Clarke, and his son, Joseph Jr., many years recording the proceedings of the church. And now this ancient building belongs to a historical society for the keeping of certain relics highly prized by the city of Newport and State of Rhode Island.

"In the college library I saw some magazines bound, called the *Seventh Day Baptist Memorial*, in which were pictures and sketches of this church," said Harold. "I must better inform myself of these histories, as indeed all young people of our faith ought to do. What is the study of mythology and health stuff in college com-

pared with a study of the early denominational activities of our people? There ought to be established a chair of history and of faith and doctrine in each of our colleges and an endowment giving free tuition and rooms to all who will make a thorough study of our history and faith and be well established in the Scriptures on these questions. When I get rich I am going to establish such a department."

"I'd like to be the librarian in such a college as well as the president's stenographer," said Rachel.

Boston came next, originally on a peninsula one-thirtieth the area of the present city. Its three hills caused the early settlers to call it "Trimountaine," and Tremont Street is a relic of that name.

"Father, you are our historian. Now tell us about Boston. Who first settled it and how named, etc.," said Harold.

"John Winthrop and a party of colonists settled this town in 1630. They came from Salem—not Salem, W. Va. Four years later they named it after the English Boston in Lincolnshire. It quickly became the leading town where town meetings were held; trial by jury, safeguards of life and property, and religious liberty were established; and at once also educational activities commenced. It was here in 1704, the first American newspaper was founded, the *Boston News Letter*. Such was the independent spirit of the whole of Boston that England met her first and greatest opposition here; and after the Stamp Act, in 1765, and the Massacre, in 1770, when English soldiers killed some of the citizens, defiance blazed up and, in 1773, some men disguised as Indians boarded three British ships and had their famous 'tea party,' throwing overboard much of the cargo. This is probably one of the most picturesque incidents in American history. You said at home once—or was it Montrose?—well, somebody in our house said when we were discussing Jewish prominence, that but for a Jew, Bunker Hill Monument would not have been built. We will go and see it for Rachel's sake and pride. Here in Boston began, by William Lloyd Garrison through his paper, the *Liberator*, the great antislavery movement. The first city subway was built here in 1895. On account of its art, science, education and commerce, it is often called the Athens of

America. It is the third seaport of this country in size, and in imports is exceeded by New York only. Its museums and libraries are immense. Harvard, established in 1636, is the greatest university in America, and has more than five thousand students. From the steeple of the Old North Church was displayed Paul Revere's signal lantern, April 18, 1775. It will cost us twenty-five cents each to go up in the tower. Then here is Faneuil Hall, 'Cradle of Liberty,' and here also stands the Old South Church, where Benjamin Franklin was baptized on the day of his birth," said Mr. Selover.

"Not baptized, father; baptized is immersion. He was sprinkled, you mean. But go on with your description and pardon this interruption," remarked Harold.

"We could visit Concord and Lexington, of fame, and take many side trips if we had the time," continued Mr. Selover.

It is needless to detail all the visits made to many of these historical places. On the return trip they made from Boston straight for the Adirondacks for two days, then south and to Saratoga Springs a day.

"The man who made such a hubbub about this town was Sir William Johnson, an English pioneer," said Mr. Selover. "He was the first white man to see one of the springs and he was seeking relief where the Great Spirit of the Mohawk Indians had shown himself to them by 'stirring the waters.' Here you have anything from rotten eggs to rusty iron in taste. Have a drink, Rachel?"

"I'll take some iron, please, no eggs this time."

"I do not think I am in need of a health resort just now," said Harold, "let's go on to Niagara."

This place was reached the next day. Descriptions of it are too numerous for us to give our time to it here.

"Say, father, just one more stop off, at Battle Creek. That will finish my sight-seeing," said Harold.

"Seems to me you are rather peculiar in your tastes," said his father. "As for me, I don't care to become a vegetarian or a faddest on foods."

"Not necessarily a vegetarian by being in Battle Creek, father, but there are attractions there in which I am interested and I think Rachel is. We'll show you, as

well as a Missourian, and you'll be interested."

Reaching Battle Creek, they put up at the famous Post Tavern first, and visited the food factories and sampled each kind. They took a ride to Gouguac Lake and then to the Verona wells that supply the city water. Taking a car up Washington Street they came to the famous sanitarium.

"I want to meet Professor Lark, if possible, whom I saw at commencement at Milton. He is a graduate of Milton and he will give us some pointers here," said Harold. "We will go to the laboratory and find him."

Mr. Lark was glad to take the party about the grounds and explain much of interest to them.

"If Miss Landow is fond of tennis, I will get a Miss Lansing to match us with you—Harold, shall I call you? We have over a half-dozen grounds which are well used every day."

"That would just delight me," said Rachel. "I am not much of a player but it will please me very much to try it."

The Professor was given Miss Landow for a partner, and Harold with Miss Lansing opposed them. The writer knows nothing about tennis but judges it was a spirited game with the Professor and Miss Landow as winners.

"I think you better play for the world's championship," remarked Mr. Selover, much excited in watching the game.

"I do not see much about it to go wild over," remarked Mrs. Selover. "There seems to be a lot of 'love' about it, whatever that means. Guess it is a lover's game."

"Oh, old people go wild here over it," said Mr. Lark, "and the sanitarium guests and patients get health on these grounds. Now we will visit my laboratories, and then I will take you over to the main building. These buildings are estimated as worth, or costing, over three millions of dollars and this is the largest sanitarium in the world. People sick and well come from all over the world. Famous statesmen spend weeks here, and musicians and lecturers, who give us entertainment almost every week. This laboratory and other rooms were once the college of the Seventh Day Adventists. After some division among them the property came to the sanitarium

corporation. Those buildings you see yonder are the halls for nurses. There is a large class of nurses graduated every year and they get a reputation all over the United States. Up yonder is the great annex costing about \$250,000. It was built as a sort of opposition, but the manager killed himself and now the sanitarium is in possession of it. It is filled every season. All these are filled and many have to go to cottages and some to down-town hotels for rooms. There are at least twelve hundred guests and patients and it takes some eleven hundred helpers of all kinds to care for them. "On these grounds," said the Professor, as they passed up the entrance to the main building, "are held receptions and concerts almost weekly, and the patients use them for lounging about and reading. All is kept quiet and no smoking is allowed on these grounds. There is an officer or caretaker for every little department. Here is the main office and there is the palm garden. In this gymnasium is held inconceivable varieties of entertainments. I'll show you the bathrooms and swimming pools. Twice a day an attendant takes visitors over the buildings explaining things. Now we will go to the pretty chapel. Here is held a morning service after Sabbath school, for the benefit of patients and any one who wishes to attend. In the afternoon on each Sabbath are held the services of the Seventh Day Baptist Church. This is a growing and live missionary church." And thus he took the party about explaining much in which they were interested.

"We are greatly obliged to you, Professor Lark, for this kindness. It has been very interesting and also profitable. It exceeds all my dreams," said Harold. "I do not know but I'd like to come here as one of the physicians when I am graduated. And Miss Rachel would like to have charge of the tennis grounds, though I fear it might interfere with your laboratory work."

"Need not fear that, Harold, I would rather be a nurse or the stenographer; possibly I might be a woman doctor, as they are in demand," said Rachel.

"That being the case, you'd soon want to go to a foreign land as a missionary after attending one of the great missionary conferences held here," said the Professor.

"Many medical missionaries first get their inspiration and call here."

Thanking the Professor for all his kindness they bade him good-by and started on the last day's journey homeward.

"Again I say, 'There's no place like home,' and I am glad to be here," said Mrs. Selover, weary but younger and happier for the vacation.

Alone one evening with Rachel, Harold said, "We missed one place on our trip that I wanted to visit. But I did not want to bore father and mother with too much 'Sabbatarian' side show, as he called it. That is Watch Hill, R. I."

"Yes, I have heard so much about it that I really wanted to see it. Maybe we can sometime."

"We? do you mean just you and I?" asked Harold. "Maybe it will be on our honeymoon trip."

"What are you thinking about?" said Rachel blushing. "Maybe we will go with Lorna and her husband as delegates to some association, and then we can make up this little loss."

"Say, Rachel, don't turn me off now with what is foreign to the subject. I have waited a long time to say what you know I want to say. You are a woman now, I am a man. We have had our jokes and pleasantries, and we have discussed business in many ways. But the greatest business in all life is love. It is the sunshine of life. No one person can enjoy himself, or anything, unless he shares it with another. You have been alone in joy but you know that you stored up enjoyment in hoping that hereafter you could share it with another. God made us that way. It is not good that man be alone. David's love for Jonathan was said to surpass that of woman. But there are few, if any, other cases like that. No man can be his best without a woman's love. I doubt if a woman can be her best without man's. Love is the 'music of life.' Love is bravery. Cities have been taken because of it. But I am not going to talk like Phaedrus, nor ask you to be like Alcestis, the daughter of Pelias, who was 'a monument to all Hellas.' I am not sentimental enough to talk about 'love at first sight,' though life without sentiment is too dull. But, indeed, I have always cared for you

more than as a sister and you have grown into my life these few years in our home. I know that I have no rivals now. Unconsciously, perhaps, you have given me encouragement and shown me special attention. Have I been deceived? I do not believe it. Probably deepest affection is of slow growth and faithful devotion wins warmest love. I have now known you sufficiently to talk like this, and to know you, Rachel, is, as Lady Elizabeth Hastings says, 'a liberal education.' But I need not say more. You know me, my plans for the future, my disposition and my prospects. And you know my love. It has not been hidden, though you have not given me a chance to tell it until now. I have another year in the study of medicine, and then both of us will be of sufficient age for a reasonable marriage. Tell me now, if I may at the proper time marry you and give you or rather make with you a home."

Rachel was not foolish enough to say, "This is so unexpected." She knew that she had expected it. And she well knew that she had been waiting for it. And she also knew that she would have been greatly disappointed if these words had never been said. And she frankly answered him and as he wished.

Scott says of love,

"It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind."

They both knew their love, for when each came near the other, as Trench says:

"At once it seems that something new or strange
Has passed upon the flowers, the trees, the
ground;

Some slight but unintelligible change
On everything around."

(To be continued)

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

The semi-annual meeting of the Minnesota and northern Wisconsin Seventh Day Baptist churches will be held with the Windfall Lake Church at Exeland, Wis., June 22-24. The Windfall church building will be dedicated on June 24.

MRS. WALTER BOND,
Corresponding Secretary.

"He who practices sound doctrine need not worry about how it will sound."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

SINS OF THE MIND

REV. ROLLA J. SEVERANCE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 9, 1917

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Carnal mind (Rom. 1: 28-30)
Monday—Cause of sin (Eph. 4: 17-19)
Tuesday—Unclean minds (Titus 1: 10-16)
Wednesday—Religious sins (Col. 2: 18-23)
Thursday—Sins to put off (Col. 3: 5-15)
Friday—The cleansing bath (Titus 3: 1-9)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Sins of the mind (Rom. 8: 1-11)

Our topic for today has to do with the sins of the mind. Are there any other kinds? Some people say not. They claim that wrong committed through ignorance or inadvertently is not sin. What do you think about it? As far as I know, Jesus did not tell us anything about the origin of sin, neither did he discuss its specific nature. On the contrary he referred to sin as a fact of common observation and experience, and disclosed its nature by noting its manifestations.

Jesus, on one occasion, told his disciples in very plain language that many sins did have their conception in the human heart. He says: "That which proceedeth out of the man, that defileth the man. For from within, out of the heart of men, evil thoughts proceed, fornications, thefts, murders, adulteries, coveting, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, railing, pride, foolishness: all these evil things proceed from within, and defile the man." (Mark 7: 20-23). This certainly should be sufficient to convince us that the mind is the seat of the majority of the sins which beset us, at least. If you wish to know what Paul thinks about the sins of the mind read again the Scripture for the first day. As you do so make the application to life here and now. Consider the condition of people who refuse the knowledge of the one and only true God.

But just what is this intellectual faculty which causes so much trouble? The mind is that part of man which receives, thinks,

feels, desires, chooses and wills. It has to do, therefore, with one's whole life and being. And Paul says that this "mind of the flesh is enmity against God." This is the conclusion that was reached back in the early history of the human race when it was discovered that "the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually" (Gen. 6: 5).

If the mind of man is so diseased by sin there must be a cure. If so, what is it? But there is no cure. It is like some afflictions of the body; the only cure is death. And yet there are people who say that all men need is to "think good thoughts." There is a remedy for sins of the mind but not a cure. The remedy is death, the crucifixion of self that Christ may live in us. The mind of the flesh is selfish, seeking its own ease and pleasures and enjoyments. When the Spirit of Christ is enthroned in the life all will be different; then, one will live, not after the flesh but after the spirit. Any "New Thought" doctrine that does not begin with regeneration is a fraud and a fake. If it does not begin with a "new birth" there is nothing "new" about it, for it is as sin itself. There is but one way to think good thoughts, and that is to let God think for us. And he will, he has promised. "I will put my laws into their mind, and on their heart also will I write them" (Heb. 8: 10).

TO THINK ABOUT

How can we prevent sin from lodging in the mind?

How can we train the mind to holiness?

How can we get the mind filled with the Spirit?—*Daily Companion*.

QUOTATIONS

Our passions (anger) are like convulsion fits that make us stronger for a time, but leave us weaker ever after.—*Dean Swift*.

Pride is the master sin of the devil.—*E. H. Chapin*.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with error, it is, like the devil, only cast out with great difficulty.—*Bishop Butler*.

Be thyself blameless of what thou rebukest. He that cleanses a blot with blotting fingers makes a greater blot.—*Anon*.

KNOWING CHRIST IN PUBLIC SERVICE

GEORGE GREENMAN

(Paper read at Young People's Hour, Quarterly Meeting, Milton Junction, Wis., April 28, 1917)

Public service is a phrase which embodies many of the principles on which our government is founded. Perhaps the greatest public service which we all perform, sometimes without knowing it, is in the friendly sentiment which we show for those around us. In this service Christ is deeply embodied. We are apt to think that the friendly sentiment which exists among people is due in many cases to their descent from a common stock; but this is not altogether true, for the friendly relations which exist among us and between emigrants of different countries reflects its origin back to Christ, its founder.

The difference between government by kings and nobles and government under democracy is, that the former rests upon power to compel obedience while the latter rests essentially upon the sacrifice of the individual for the community, based upon ideals of right and justice. This freedom gives each one the ideal chance to put Christ into public service. The people in this country, through severe trials and conflicts, have expelled from their civil policy all distinctions of creed and caste, in line with the great declaration of the men of '76 that all men are created equal. And they have done this in the face of governments and the customs of the civilized world, at a time when under all forms of policy the relation which men bore to one another rested upon distinctions of birth and privileges established by law. In these broad and human principles Christ has had a great part, and by reason thereof the American people have built up a nation otherwise impossible. The spirit that has guided the work of the founders of our government was in Christ; it recognizes the value of every creed but rises above them all.

The opportunity to bring Christ into public service is one which a Christian can not neglect. There are working classes who need intellectual and moral enlightenment; there are children, little children, ruining body, mind and soul by excessive toil and dangerous companionship at a tender age; there is intemperance, the curse of liquor, to be fought; there is work on every hand for Christian men and women.

Some of the greatest questions the world has ever known are being solved today. We are called to bear arms in defence of our country and its flag, that the people may continue in the same freedom that is liberty for all. Is not the cause worthy of our consideration and attention? Ought we not to go forward in the service of our country, which is a public service, to guard the principles for which we stand? The principles of international law have been expanded in the interests of greed, and neutral obligations have been cramped and distorted. Is it not a public service in which Christ can be placed to restore world peace? The true end of every great and free people should be self-respecting peace. Probably no other nation of the world is more anxious for peace than we are: and when once peace is restored, behind the world's diplomacy will stand ever open the doors of the Hague Tribunal, whose permanent mission—the peaceful adjustment of differences, which is Christ's plan—can not fail of having an ever increasing voice among world powers and of elevating the international morality of the civilized world.

"TALKING WITH JESUS"

HENRY W. ADAMS

In every great city there are scholarly, eloquent, popular preachers, who draw big crowds, but are almost totally unacquainted with Jesus Christ. If I had a son or brother, or other dear friend, thoughtful on personal religion, but undecided, about the last place I would take him to would be to hear such a preacher. Such a man counts as trivial the awful themes of heaven and hell, and hardens the heart of every soul that listens to his voice.

In Acts 4: 13 we find the secret of how a handful of ignorant fishermen turned the world upside down. "When they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled; and they took knowledge of them, that

"THEY HAD BEEN WITH JESUS"

I used often to go down into the slums of Water Street, New York, to hear that mighty trophy of Christ's redeeming grace, Jerry McAuley. Hundreds and hundreds were saved through the simple but thrilling

MINUTES OF MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, SOUTHEASTERN ASSOCIATION

The Executive Committee of the Southeastern Association met May 12, 1917, at 8 p. m., in the Salem College Administration Building.

The meeting was called to order by Moderator Courtland V. Davis.

Dr. Charles B. Clark was chosen delegate to the Central and Western Associations, with Professor Victor Davis as alternate.

It was voted that the churches be levied at the rate of 6 cents per resident member for associational expenses.

The following Program Committee was chosen: chairman, Courtland V. Davis, Rev. M. G. Stillman, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Draxie Meathrell.

Meeting adjourned.

DRAXIE MEATHRELL,
Corresponding Secretary.

MEMORIAL DAY

1917

M. E. H. EVERETT

Bring no sweet flowers for freedom's sons
Long since passed on to their reward;
Mourning and tears befit not those
In glad reunion with the Lord.

But seek today with eager hands
The gifts of all earth's fairest bowers
And on the blind and halt and lame,
Bestow the sweetness of your flowers.

These sons of freedom sacrificed
Far more than mortal life can be,
In years of anguish and distress,
To make the world at peace and free.

THE PASTOR'S WISH

"That we may all be good and do good; that we may be self-forgetful while thinking of others, and that we may be hopeful; that we may be content in the care of God, and always confident of the stars in spite of the thickest cloud; that we may know Jesus Christ; and that, in the event of wrongdoing, we may have the grace to confess our faults, in order that we may be sweet in spirit and holy in purpose, thus that we may know the joy of forgiveness: in short that we may catch the thought of our high calling, and realize our truest fellowship with each other and with God. This is the pastor's wish."—A. C. H. Morse.

testimony, given every night of the year by Jerry, and the others congregated there. Well did they argue that if Jesus could save Jerry there was no man or woman too far gone for his grace.

The *Sunday School Times* has the confession of a minister (not at the time serving as pastor) who bravely tells of his lapsing into coldness, and how he was restored to companionship with Jesus through the ministry of his seven-year-old daughter. We condense it for these columns.

"After prayers Sunday morning the little girl asked, 'Are you a preacher, father?' and I answered, I was a sort of preacher, though not now pastor of a congregation.

"You're no really-true preacher; you don't talk Jesus', she said.

"How it cut home! I had read story after story from the Bible to her, and taught her prayers, and had prayed with her and for her. Oh, it cut deep!

"Then she said, 'Mr. M—, our church pastor, does not talk Jesus either!' I ventured to ask, 'What does Mr. M— talk about?'

"Oh, about lots of other people!' Then, with exaltation, she answered: 'But grandpa talks Jesus.'

"She had spent the summer with her grandparents. He was one of the old-style preachers. He had the Bible at heart from Genesis to Revelation, and had it marked whenever it speaks of a sinful soul needing divine pardon and finding it. He wasn't popular in the big stylish churches, but had done splendid service for a score of years, on a very moderate salary. His six children, during these years, had taken their college degrees, and from his parishes more young men and women have entered the ministry in home and foreign fields than from any such field that I know of. The secret lies where the little child found it.

'GRANDPA TALKS JESUS CHRIST'

"That my benign, but greatly grieved heavenly Father had spoken these words of rebuke through the lips of my little prattling girl I was confident.

"I thank God for the warning of this little child, and I pray that by his grace there will be no more wandering out of the way. 'Grandpa is the really-true preacher; he talks Jesus'. Henceforth I too will talk Jesus."

What do you say, dear ministerial and lay readers, of these God-given words?

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE TALE OF TOBIAS

Suppose you were a fat, rolypoly little puppy and lived with your brothers in a big box, in a nice large stable, would you want to be picked up and carried off by a big man whom you had never seen before? That is what happened to Tobias, and he didn't like it a bit, and he didn't mind if every one knew just how he felt about it, for he yapped and barked until he was all tired out. But yapping didn't make any difference, for he had to go just the same. He was a parting present from Dolly, his chubby little mistress, to big Uncle Lieutenant Ben. Dolly had held Tobias and Mathias in her arms, for Uncle Ben to choose which he would take, and he chose Tobias because he had prettier markings. This was the only time, ever, that Tobias was sorry that he was so pretty.

Uncle Ben took him to live with him on a big warship and while Tobias was lonesome at first, with no other puppies to play with, he soon grew to be a pet with all the officers of the ship and with many of the men, who took delight in teaching him all sorts of tricks.

They taught him to sit up and beg, to give a paw for a shake, to sneeze for something to eat and the funniest trick of all, to pick up anything which was dropped and carry it to the railing, along the side of the ship, and drop it overboard, by putting out his head between the rails.

This was very amusing to watch when they dropped articles on purpose for him to throw away, but very often things were missed, which were dropped by accident, but which, true to his teaching, he had faithfully taken to the side of the vessel and thrown away. He was Lieutenant Ben's shadow, and when shut up in his stateroom, at times when he really must not be tagging at his master's heels, he always found something of his beloved master's to "guard" (which meant lying on it) and if nothing was left around, he nosed about until he found something, however small, and growled fiercely if any one

passed the door, while, with nose on paws, he watched over either a necktie or a stocking.

But Tobias was not meant to live and die just an ordinary little dog. The very trick which the men had taught him of dropping things overboard, brought him glory.

It was during target practice down in Massachusetts Bay, when all the fleet were there to show what they could do at firing their guns, that Tobias stepped into the front line for honors.

There was on Lieutenant Ben's ship a visitor, a friend of the captain's, a man who didn't know anything about navy rules and who was very fond of smoking, and when he grew very interested in anything he didn't look to see where he threw his cigar stubs.

Tobias was on deck because he dearly loved a fight even a play one, and he loved to hear the big guns roar and feel them shake the deck when the explosion came. Lieutenant Ben had shut him in his stateroom, but one of the orderlies, hearing him whimpering, had let him out, and he bolted for the deck, where he kept out of the way of the swiftly stepping feet, but yet seeing all the fun.

All at once Tobias saw the visitor throw away a cigar butt. That would never do, so he trotted across the deck, picked it up, trotted to the railing and tossed it overboard.

Three times did he do this and the fourth time the smoking stub went next to a package of gunpowder left there by a careless orderly. The brisk breeze blew the smoking stub into a small blaze, but faithful little Tobias went for it just the same, and nipping it up as carefully as he could, he ran to the edge of the vessel and then sat down with a tiny whimper to lick his burned chops. But one of the officers saw this last act of Tobias and picking him up in his arms carried that small hero below decks, to the ship's doctor, to have his burned mouth dressed, while the visitor was asked to quit smoking or put his cigar butts in his pocket.

And now Tobias is a proud little dog, for he wears a collar with a gold plate (a gift from the men of the warship), and from it hangs a gold medal engraved: "For courage in face of danger."—*The Child's Hour.*

THE LITTLE "UPSIDE DOWN BAT"

A bat is a queer little animal. He is no relation to the birds, belonging as he does to the mammals. Mammals are animals, like the horse, cow and sheep. Neither are his wings like those of a bird. Instead of feathery wings the little upside down bat has what are called flying membranes or skins. His arms are long, ending in claws, like thumbs; his legs are short. Between the arms and legs are stretched the wings.

When he is hanging by his feet, with his head down, the little bat folds his wings like an umbrella. He sleeps in this position all day. When night comes and he wishes to fly, open goes his umbrella, and away flies little bat.

Bats sleep all winter. They hang by their feet from the beginning of cold weather until the coming of spring. Then their wings, or flying membranes, wrapped snugly around their wee bodies, serve as blankets to keep in the heat and to keep out the cold.

If a bat falls to the ground he is nearly helpless. All he can do is to push himself along by his feet until he reaches a fence or tree. Then he climbs and climbs by his thumb claws and feet until he gets a chance to turn himself upside down. Poor little bat can't fly until he is hanging by his feet with his head down. Then he can stretch his wings and feel perfectly at home.

The owl is his enemy, but so is the cat, and it may be the little bat is glad that cats can not fly.

If little Red Riding Hood ever saw a bat, probably the first thing she said was: "O Friend Bat, what a big, big mouth you have!" The bat has a big mouth because he catches his food when he is flying through the night air. He opens his mouth wide and in goes his dinner. Bats eat all kinds of insects for dinner—moths, beetles, flies and gnats. That is why they have sharp teeth, like needles.

Little upside down bat has wonderful ears; he can hear flies walk and hear the tiniest soft-winged moth flying. His eyesight is poor, but he doesn't need to see well, because not only are his ears remarkable, but little bat has a way of feeling what is happening near. When a moth flies his wings cause a movement of the air. You can not feel that the air is mov-

ing, neither can I, but little upside down bat knows from feeling exactly where the air was set in motion and the next thing he is eating the moth for dinner. A bird couldn't do that; birds must see the insects upon which they hope to dine.

We think that the bat himself makes no noise, but that is our mistake, as the bat has a voice so fine and high pitched only a few human beings with sharp ears ever hear what he has to say.—*The Churchman.*

WHAT TOBACCO DOES TO THE BOY

It is generally admitted that in the immature the moderate use of tobacco stunts the normal growth of the body and mind, and causes various nervous disturbances, especially of the heart—disturbances which it causes in later life only when smoking has become excessive. That is to say, though a boy's stomach grows tolerant of nicotine to the extent of taking it without protest, the rest of the body keeps on protesting.

Furthermore, all business men will tell you that tobacco damages a boy's usefulness in his work. This is necessarily so, since anything which lowers vitality creates some kind of incompetence. For the same reason the boy who smokes excessively not only is unable to work vigorously, but he does not wish to work at all. This result, apparent during growth, is only less apparent after growth, when other causes may step in to neutralize it.

Tobacco, in bringing about a depreciation of the nerve cells, brings, together with physical results like insomnia, lowered vitality, and restlessness, their moral counterparts, like irritability, lack of concentration, desire to avoid responsibility, and to travel the road of least resistance.

If there were some instrument to determine it, in my opinion, there would be seen a difference of fifteen per cent in the general efficiency of smokers and non-smokers. The time is already at hand when smokers will be barred out of positions which demand quick thought and action. Already tobacco is forbidden during working hours in the United States Steel Corporation.—*The Century.*

"A genius is a man who knows without study, and teaches the world what he has not learned."

CHRIST'S CONCEPTION OF GREATNESS

AND JESUS, perceiving the thought of their heart, took a little child and set him by him." The disciples were thinking about big things; the Master placed in their midst a little thing. They were eagerly thinking of proud office, of exalted station, of large and imposing ministries, of glittering commands; the Master fixed their eyes upon a little child.

I want to feel vividly the temperatures of this contrast. These men were ambitious for governmental positions. They were covetous of the expected material prizes of the coming kingdom. They were hungering for the spoils of office. They were morally akin to the men of our own time who, after an election, can be found jostling one another in certain stairs and corridors in Washington and London. They wanted place. They wanted influence. And while they were still hot with the covetousness of these big material things, the Lord took a little child and set him by him.

That little humble presence was the symbol of all lowly and unobtrusive ministries. It was a token of all that is simple and natural and unconscious—all that is non-stagey and undramatic. It was an exquisite emblem of all the humble and homelike services in human life. The disciples were craving for something grand and spectacular; here was a noble commonplace. Amid life's apparent littlenesses is the true realm of greatness; there are the greatest souls. "Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me; and whosoever receiveth me receiveth him that sent me; for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great."

I WANT reverently to follow this teaching of the Master, so that I may know the men and the women who are regarded as being of noble stature in the holy judgment of God. Well, then, in the first place, I am taught by the Master that the first content in all true greatness is symbolized in the reception of a little child in his name. "Whosoever shall receive this little child in my name."

The symbol itself is very beautiful. You give your name to another in order that it may secure for him a ready and gracious reception from some one whose counsel and assistance he seeks. And the Master says

that a little child comes to us bearing his name, and with all that his name implies—his love and his good will, and the favor of his light and grace. In his immortal ode Wordsworth says of our infancy that we come "trailing clouds of glory from God who is our home." And surely here is a trailing cloud of glory, for the Lord Jesus proclaims that every little child comes in his name, bearing the seal of his holy love, wearing the halo of heaven's recognition and regard.

What a hallowing of motherhood is here, and how unutterably sacred is the appearing of a little child! And what a hallowing, too, of childhood is here, and how unutterably sacred is its very helplessness, seeing that it carries the holy name of the Lord. Such a little child the Master puts by his side, in order to teach ambitious people that the first element in all true greatness is to see the sacredness of little things, and to receive them in the very name of the holy and glorified Lord.

I WANT again to feel the contrast in all this, and to realize clearly how the Savior leads the thought of the disciples to the very antipodes of their previous judgment. In their ambitious foresight they had seen themselves seated in lofty sovereignties, directing great affairs, ordering armies about, controlling the taxes of kingdoms, shifting peoples like the pieces on the chessboard. And now the Lord leads their thoughts to an apparently smaller world, to the kingdoms of infancy, and to the services which are necessary in the care and guardianship of a little child. And he tells them that the beginning of all real greatness is the willingness to move in small worlds and to render humble offices in the sacred name of the Lord.

True greatness must accept lowly duties as sacred, Christlike trusts. We are only beginning to be truly great when we discern Christ's name and seal upon the commonplace. It is one thing to see God's name in lightning; it is a far finer thing to see his name in the sunlight. It is one thing to see his blazing seal in the volcano; it is a far finer thing to discern it in the household fire. It is one thing to see his awful signature in the earthquake; it is a far finer thing to see that name in the trembling ear of corn. It is one thing to see the name of

the Lord in the convulsions and revolutions of kingdoms; it is a greater thing to read it in the simple life and movements of a little child. It is one thing to see the Almighty in the stupendous; it is a greater thing to see him in the commonplace.

Now, life is crowded with commonplaces. Look at the commonplace gifts which fill our days—bread and sleep, and reason and friendship, and love and home. Look at the commonplace duties which meet us day by day; they wear no gay or courtly dress; they are garbed in the grayest homespun; they do not parade on the stage; they dwell in the quiet side streets; they have no spectators; they walk alone. These little commonplace duties, a vast undistinguished crowd of little "oughts" and "musts," fill most of our days. And only occasionally, does any duty come to us by the main street, with band and waving banners, and with lines of onlookers watching our exalted service.

No, life is thronged with commonplaces, and the Master teaches me that commonplaces are the raw material of greatness. Commonplaces are the first steps of sovereignty—nay, better than that, in our commonplaces we may find our thrones. To receive a little child in his name, to welcome the humdrum duty as a sacred mission, to regard a lowly office as a holy trust, to make a commonplace uncommonly noble and beautiful, this is the beginning of greatness. "He took a little child and set him by him."

NOW, let me lead to a second step in the Master's message. "Whosoever shall receive this little child in my name receiveth me, and whosoever shall receive me receiveth him that sent me." That is to say: To receive lowly duties and services as sacred Christlike trusts is to receive and entertain the Divine. "Receiveth me!" "Receiveth him that sent me!" Yes, that is the teaching. When we receive a little thing as a holy trust, we receive the Lord. Do not let us cut and trim the word; do not let us in any way lessen or impair it. Let us take it just as it is given to us in all its simple directness, in all its grace and mystery.

When we accept a lowly service in the name of the Lord, we receive the Lord in the very acceptance of the service. He enters and dwells in my life as surely as

in the days of his flesh he entered and dwelt in the home of Bethany. That is the Master's teaching and I for one will not have its grace and comfort filched away. A humble service knocks at my door, a service simple and obscure as a little child. If I lift the latch, and let it in in the name of the Lord, the Lord himself will enter. "I will come in and sup with him and he with me."

You have been troubled and bewildered about this or that article of the creeds; and your mind has been clouded and obscured; you have had no intimate sense of heavenly fellowships; and all your goings have been chilled and depressed. Well, here is the way which is prescribed by the Lord himself. He says he will enter the soul through little services which are reverently accepted in his name as a sacred trust. Let me counsel you to try that way. It has the extreme merit of being very practical, and you need not waste one hour in putting it into practice.

Take the first commonplace duty that comes along and receive it and treat it as if it were the Lord himself; and in the reception of the duty you shall come to know that you are entertaining the Lord. And further, it may be that you will find the very lamp you have been looking for in the heart of some reverently accepted commonplace. Perhaps you have been helplessly and hopelessly grappling with big theological problems and forgetting the little child that waits at your door! Perhaps you have been endeavoring to understand the secrets of the Lord without sharing in his sacrificial service. And I am urging you to change the emphasis.

"Whosoever shall receive this little child receiveth me." Thus we can make sacraments of commonplaces. We need no phenomenal experiences, no garish and swelling events which blaze through their little day with spectacular grandeur.

"And a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice." That still small voice! The voice of the obscure commonplace, the whisper of some quiet and lowly service!

AND the last step in the Master's message is this: To receive the Lord, and to entertain him in the home of the soul is to achieve the only greatness worthy of the name. "The same shall be great." That is to say, the God-possessed are the only truly eminent, as they are the only truly great. To receive the Lord is the one supreme distinction.

Yes, the God-possessed are the only great. It is the only greatness which is not exposed to the fickleness of popular whim and caprice. Popular whim may en-throne you in the morning, and throw you upon the dust heap before night. When a man holds his greatness at the bidding of popular applause he has a most precarious tenure. But the greatness of the God-possessed knows of no peril of whim, no swift change of fickle and in-constant mood. He is great with the greatness of God, "with whom is no vari-ability, neither shadow that is cast by turning." "Verily, the same shall be great."—*J. H. Jowett, from the Contin-ent, by permission.*

SALEM COLLEGE HAPPENINGS

JUNIORS AS IMPERSONATORS

The college Junior Class conducted chapel last Tuesday morning. They entertained the remainder of the student-body by impersonating various members of the faculty and the student-body. In most cases the character sketch was so good that it was unnecessary to flash the sign, Miss West, Miss Bond, Mr. Smith, Professor Bond, Lynne Malone, or Professor Karickhoff, etc.

SWAT THE FLY

Professor O. Earle Karickhoff gave a very interesting and instructive lecture in the Methods Room last evening on the "Fly."

PRESIDENT CLARK AT WASHINGTON

President Clark left Salem last Thurs- day evening for Washington to meet in ses- sion with the educators of the country who are assembling to discuss the war and its relation to education, particularly higher education.

W. & J. GAME

Quite a good many students motored to Clarksburg last Thursday afternoon to see Salem play the strong W. & J. nine. It was the best exhibition of baseball seen in this section for quite a long time. The game lasted 16 innings. Salem lost 5-4.

TENNIS

The skin tennis court has been finished for a week or more and is in constant use.

NO SENIOR CLASS DAY

The college Senior Class being busier than usual they will have no Class Day program this year, but will substitute in- stead a recital to be given by the Boys' Glee Club.

A. F. G.

WEAVING IN SHADOW

In one of the famous lace shops of Brussels there are certain retired rooms de- voted to the weaving of the finest and most delicate lace patterns. These rooms are altogether darkened, save for the light from one small window falling directly upon the pattern. There is only one lace-maker in the room, and she sits where the narrow stream of light falls upon the thread she is weaving. "Thus," you are told by your guide, "do we secure our choicest products. Lace is always more delicately and beau- tifully woven when the worker is in the dark and only her pattern is in the light."

Does not the same beautiful and mysteri- ous result appear in work of any kind, when surrounding shadows compel the toil- er to fix his attention solely upon the task in hand—the task upon which falls the concentrated light of life? When a soul finds itself shut in by disappointments, trials, bereavements, disciplines or physi- cal limitations to its divinely appointed task, the one thing it is best fitted to do or teach in this world, how marvelously the pattern is wrought! What new power and beauty appear in both work and character! That one small window through which falls the light of heaven full upon our task is, how often, the essential condition of high- est achievement!—*The Continent, by per- mission.*

"The spirit of inquiry is the thermometer of progress."

A GOOD SAMARITAN

"Whenever I hear anything nowadays about 'man's inhumanity to man,'" said a Providence citizen the other day, "I am reminded of a little incident that came un- der my observation not long ago. I was coming back from Boston with a friend on the midnight train and getting on board at the Back Bay station we found a seat near the rear end of the car.

"Soon after the train pulled out I hap- pened to look around and saw the conduc- tor apparently expostulating with a rather shabby looking specimen of humanity, who was sitting in the last seat. At first I thought the man was drunk, but as I watched I saw he was a foreigner, who couldn't understand English. He was hold- ing out a crumpled one dollar bill to the conductor and saying 'New York,' over and over again.

"Finally the conductor shook his head, said something I couldn't catch, and went on. The foreigner, a rather decent look- ing young fellow, gazed at him despair- ingly, then buried his face in his hands and began to cry. With the usual callous in- difference of the traveling public to the troubles of any one else, I paid no more attention to the man, and prepared to take a nap.

"I was just beginning to doze when I became aware that a man was standing be- side me in the aisle, speaking to me. I sat up and looked at him. He was a rough appearing man, far from prepossessing, clean shaven, with a sort of bulldog face.

"Say, gents," he began, "I want to know if you wouldn't like to help a feller out."

"I stiffened instinctively, determined to refuse to let him make a 'touch.'

"There's a poor young foreigner back there," he went on with a jerk of his thumb toward the alien, still sitting with bowed head, 'and he's up against it for fair. He can't speak a word of English and he wants to go to New York, where he has friends. He got the idea somehow he could do it for a dollar, all he's got, but, of course, he can't and they're going to put him off the train when we get to Providence. It's mighty hard on a feller like him, and there ain't any telling what'll happen to him get- ting put off in a strange city at one o'clock in the morning. I thought maybe you'd be willing to give a little to help him along.'

"He stopped, looked us straight in the eye and smiled sheepishly as if he were ashamed of what he was doing. We gave him a dollar and he went on through the car and there were few of the passengers who didn't respond to the appeal. He came back counting the money and as he got to our seat I heard him say:

"There's a dollar more needed—I'll make it up myself!" and he pulled out a couple of 50-cent pieces and added them to the amount.

"The conductor and the brakeman were standing at the door of the car near the foreigner's seat.

"Here," said the man who had collected the money to the alien, 'give me your dol- lar.'

Dumbly, but trustingly, the young fellow handed it over, and giving it to the con- ductor with the rest the bulldog man said gruffly:

"There's his fare."

"It slowly dawned on the alien what had been done for him, and as the conductor punched the rebate check and handed it to him the gratitude in his face was indes- cribable. He couldn't speak, but he took his cap off and bowed again and again to the official, but the latter pointed to the passenger who was sitting in his seat across the aisle, and told the youth that he was the one to thank.

"The foreigner crossed the aisle till he stood squarely in front of his benefactor, took off his cap, and, with tears of grate- tude in his eyes, bowed again and again. It was evident enough that the benefactor was embarrassed by this unexpected out- burst. At first he waved his hand around the car to indicate that everybody had had a hand in it. But he couldn't make the foreigner understand. The latter kept on bowing, whereupon the uncomfortable in- dividual in the seat grunted and turned to look out of the window.

"I have never seen," concluded the man who was telling the story, "a kindlier—if I were a girl I should say a sweeter—act of charity in my life. Sitting across the aisle this hard-faced man had heard the story of the foreigner, helpless, alone and frightened, and out of pure goodness of heart, without any necessity for doing it, he had taken upon himself the ungrateful task of soliciting money from the rest of the people in the car to help out a man

he'd never seen before and would probably never see again. Next time you hear anything about 'man's inhumanity to man' tell them that story. To my mind it's hard to beat."—*Providence Journal*.

LET THE CHILDREN ENJOY THEIR CHILDHOOD

A LITTLE while ago, says a writer in *Success*, I was a guest in the home of a large family where the mother was a nervous, fretful, trouble-borrowing kind of woman, who neither enjoys herself, nor will let others enjoy themselves. There were scarcely five minutes during my stay that she was not correcting, repressing, scolding or nagging one of the children. It did not seem to make any difference what they were doing, she would tell them not to do it. If a child stood in an open doorway, or near an open window, she was sure he would "get his death of cold." He must not eat this, he must not make a noise, he must not play, he must not do this, and he must not do that.

She kept on repressing her children in this manner throughout the evening until they were very nervous and fretful. The result of this constant repression is that there is not a really normal child in the family. There is a sort of hungry, unsatisfied look in the face of every one of them. They give one the impression that they long to get away from their mother, and to let themselves out in laughter and play to their heart's content.

It is worse than cruel—it is a crime to crush the childhood out of any life, to suppress the fun-loving instinct, for no wealth or luxuries in later life can compensate for the loss of one's childhood.

We have all seen children who have had no childhood. The fun-loving element has been crushed out of them. They have been repressed and forbidden to do this and that so long that they have lost the faculty of having a good time.

Children should be kept children just as long as possible. What has responsibility, seriousness or sadness to do with childhood? We always feel indignant when we see care or anxiety in a child's face.

The little ones should be kept strangers to anxious care, reflective thoughts and subjective moods. Their lives should be kept

light, bright, bouyant, cheerful, full of sunshine, joy and gladness. They should be encouraged to laugh and to play and to romp to their hearts' content. The serious side of life will come only too quickly, do what we may to prolong childhood.

One of the most unfortunate things I know of is the home which is not illuminated by at least one cheerful, bright, sunny young face, which does not ring with the persistent laughter and merry voice of a child.

No man or woman is perfectly normal who is distressed or vexed by the playing of children. There is something wrong in your bringing up if it annoys you to see children romping, playing, and having a good time.

If there is a pitiable sight in the world it is that of parents always suppressing their children, telling them not to laugh, or not to do this or that, until the little things actually lose the power of natural expression. Joy will go out of the life when continually suppressed.

The first duty we owe a child is to teach it to express itself; to fling out its inborn gladness and joy with as much freedom as the bobolink when it makes the whole meadow glad with its song. Laughter, absolute abandon, freedom and happiness are essential to its health and success.

Suppression of the fun-loving nature of a child means the suppression of its mental faculties. The mind will not develop normally under abnormal conditions. There is every evidence in a child's nature that play is as necessary to its normal, complete development as food; and if the fun-loving faculties are suppressed, the whole nature will be strangled, its expression stifled. Play is as necessary to the perfect development of a child as sunshine is to the perfect development of a plant. The childhood which has no budding and flowering, or only a partial unfolding of its petals, will have nothing but gnarled and pinched fruitage.

MAKING NEW YORK SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

In the gray of the morning of Thursday last the citadel of the liquor power of the Empire State capitulated. The Hill-Wheeler bill, extending to the people of the cities the right to vote on the licensing

of the sale of alcoholic beverages, was passed, and sent to the Governor for his ready signature.

Under the new law, by petition of one fourth of the voters in any city except New York,* these four propositions may be submitted at a special election:

(1) Shall any person be authorized to traffic in liquors to be drunk on the premises where sold?

(2) Shall any person be authorized to traffic in liquors not to be drunk on the premises where sold?

(3) Shall any person be authorized to traffic in liquors as pharmacists on a physician's prescription?

(4) Shall any person be authorized to traffic in liquors only in connection with the business of keeping a hotel.

Thus the principle of popular control of the liquor traffic—long denied in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—has now been established in the largest State of all. The courage and determination of Governor Whitman, the conscience and steadiness of Senator Hill, Assemblyman Wheeler, Speaker Sweet and their legislative allies, the wisdom and audacity of Superintendent William H. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League, and above all, the ground swell that beat upon the Legislature from the aroused Christian public—"the churches in action against the saloon"—all these, with strong praying and a well furnished war-chest, brought the thing to pass.

Next April ought to see the battle joined in twenty-five of the smaller cities, such as Binghamton, Elmira, Auburn, Jamestown, Gloversville, Glens Falls, Ithaca, New Rochelle, White Plains, Geneva, Johnstown, Plattsburgh and Canandaigua. There is every prospect of success in most of these places, and more than a fighting chance in the larger cities like Syracuse and Rochester. For twenty-five years the city dwellers—four fifths of the whole population—have been disfranchised on this vital question. Now that the ballot is in their hands we expect to see them use the weapon to kill.—*Christian Advocate*.

*New York City does not come under the law, unless it is accepted by special referendum.

Do not think that you can approach a man's heart by treading on his toes.—*The Youth's Companion*.

EDWARD MAYO'S CONVERSION

From Reminiscences of Dr. William E. Hatcher

Edward Mayo was quite an elderly man. He was the proprietor of a hotel in Richmond for a number of years, but his taste for cards and for convivial companionship forced him in time to retire to his farm in the country. He was a genial humorist, and withal an attractive man. He loved his wife to the verge of adoration, but he laid down one law to her to the effect that if she ever became a Christian he would separate from her. By a process of half amiable brow-beating he kept her out of the church for a long time. When they went to a service at all it was to the Fine Creek church, in Powhatan County, Virginia. In the summer of 1859 I went to that church to hold a revival meeting, in the absence of the pastor. I had been out of college but one year, bore many signs of rusticity, and in one case at least made an exceedingly poor impression. That was in the case of Mr. Mayo. It chanced that he met me before the meeting commenced, galloped over to his house and excitedly called his wife to come to the door.

"Turn out your chickens," he said, without an explanation.

"What chickens are you talking about?" inquired his somewhat bewildered spouse.

"Why, the chickens that you are fattening for the revival," he said, in boisterous glee. "I have seen the preacher, and you won't need many chickens for that meeting."

The joke served him many moments of merriment with his neighbors, for wherever he went he told the joke about turning out the chickens at the expense of the somewhat raw and awkward preacher.

It so happened that I was fortunate in securing Rev. P. S. Henson, then living in Virginia, to aid me in the services during the first week. Of course, he drew a crowd, and we had services of unusual interest. At the end of the week, however, Henson left, and it was determined to continue the meeting for another week. It ran with halting step for a day or two, but one afternoon there was a service so electric and overmastering in its power that there were many conversions. Among them were the three grown-up children of my unadmiring friend, Mr. Mayo. They went home that night, told what had occurred to their mother, but dared not tell it to the father.

Up to that time the parents had not come to the meeting, he because he did not wish to come, and she because he urged her not to come.

The news about the children sent an arrow into Mrs. Mayo's soul, but she said nothing. The next morning her husband went to the farm immediately after dinner. When he disappeared Mrs. Mayo had her riding horse saddled and rode over alone to the church just about the time the afternoon service was opening. There were songs and prayers, and in the midst of them, without an invitation, this woman with the troubled soul came forward and declared her faith in the Lord. That evening she told her husband what she had done. It almost turned him into a maniac. He raved with passion and swore before heaven that she must repudiate her own action. She preserved her serenity, however, wonderfully. Indeed, she was a woman of rare force of character and an ideal wife in her devotion and helpfulness to her husband. But she never budged a hair's breadth under all his tempestuous demonstrations. She did not reprove him, did not exhort him, and did not leave him. The storm went on until bedtime and grew worse as it went. Far in the night he had become so nervous that she sought, not without some success, to soothe him, and it seemed as if he was about to go to sleep. Up he sprang again, and more fiercely than ever he broke out in a tirade against the church, the preachers and the meeting. Finally she said to him that he ought really to fall upon his knees, confess to God his wickedness and ask for mercy.

This only added fuel to the flame. He grew so desperate that before the breaking of day he rushed out, blew the plantation horn, and by light had the breakfast of the servants over and everybody gone to the fields for work. It was reported afterward that he was the terror of the servants that morning. His hurry, his complaints, his oaths and his threats amazed the negroes until finally he disappeared.

The sequel of the story, perhaps, might well be told in his own language:

"That thing that Mary said to me about getting down on my knees nearly killed me. It stuck in me like an arrow, and try as I would to get rid of it, it went deeper and deeper into me. After fretting the

servants during the morning, and feeling many a time that I wished that I were dead, I found that Mary's voice was ringing in my soul urging me to get down on my knees and ask the Lord for mercy. I swore ever so many times that I would not do it, but I became so miserable that finally I determined to go into a neighboring wood and try the thing anyway. I am sure that I walked a long way into the forest and until I felt that nobody would see me. I picked out a place where I thought I could kneel down, and instantly I almost fancied that I could see some folks peeping at me from behind the trees. It so startled me that I put back to the fields. By the time I reached the verge of the forest I found myself afraid to go where the negroes were at work for fear they would see that there was something the matter with me. So I sat down out in the woods. Then Mary took me up again. Her voice rang louder than ever through me, and stirred up in me such a fearful sense of my meanness, my cruelty to her, my unreasonableness to my servants, and my uncommon badness before God, that I determined that I would take to the woods again and try the virtue of Mary's counsel. This time I knelt down, but I didn't pray. As soon as my eyes were shut the visions of the gambling tables, the cards, the decanters, the comrades I had known, and the pleasures I had enjoyed made me forget everything, and away I went again determined that there should be no more of it.

"But I couldn't get rid of Mary. She opened on me again, and I never heard her voice when it was so tender and so sweet. It beat into my soul until I felt that unless I could find relief I should die, and I knew that if I died Mary and I would never be together in the other world.

"I thought about everything. Horrid thoughts shot through me, but solemn feelings about God and about myself and about mercy drove these thoughts away. When I got on my knees again I feared nothing except that God whom I had so long dishonored might forget me. But I never came to my feet again until I felt that the mercy of God was able to save even me.

"I had to tell it, of course. I struck for the house that I might tell Mary, but in some way it got away and spread. The servants knew it. It ran the paths to other

houses, and, of course, in the great meeting the next day everybody knew it."

Not long after Mr. Mayo took a farm a little way out of Manchester, and he and his wife were among the most devoted members in all the friendly years. I never have had two more attached, appreciative and helpful friends than they were. Only rarely did I rally him on "turning the chickens out," but that was an event beyond the flood, the memory of which was too serious to make him relish the jest.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

A HANDBOOK FOR THE CHURCHES IN TIME OF WAR

The publishing department of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has in press a valuable and significant handbook for pastors, teachers, church workers, theological schools and colleges, entitled "The Church in Time of War."

It includes addresses on the following subjects:

"The Call of the Hour"—Rev. Frank Mason North.

"The Spirit of our Intercession"—Rev. James I. Vance.

"The Church's Responsibility and Opportunity"—President Henry Churchill King.

"The Church in the New Democracy"—Raymond Robins.

"The New World Situation"—John R. Mott.

"The War and the Nation's Larger Call to World Evangelism"—Robert E. Speer.

"Supplementing the Sufferings of Christ"—Rev. John Henry Jowett.

These were delivered at the recent historic meeting of the Council in Washington.

It also sets forth in full the reports of the following committees:

The Committee on the Message to the Churches.

The Committee on Works of Mercy.

The Committee on the Moral and Religious Welfare of the Army and Navy.

The Committee on Christian Duties in Conserving the Social, Moral and Spiritual Forces of the Nation.

The volume may be obtained of the Council, 105 East 22d Street, at 50 cents postpaid, including a separate report of the proceedings of the Council.

It will serve as a guide to the churches in their work at this critical hour in the life of the nation.

RELIGIOUS PUBLICITY SERVICE.

DEATHS

BEE.—Perdillea Bland Bee was born February 15, 1830, and died May 19, 1917, aged 87 years, 3 months, and 4 days.

She was joined in marriage to J. N. Bee on April 26, 1849. To this union were born five children; Eusebius L., Cintha J. Bee Collins, Lloyd A., Charles T., and Mary E. Bee Kelley, all of whom are still living.

Sister Bee was baptized by Marcus E. Martin on January 14, 1876, and joined the Old Pine Grove Church, of which she remained a faithful member as long as the church existed.

The community will mourn the loss of this loving, helpful friend and neighbor who was always ready to give assistance in time of need and who never turned away any who sought her aid. How truly can Christ's words, spoken of Mary, be said of her: "She hath done what she could."

G. H. F-R.

GREEN.—Elma Irene, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wardner Green, died at its parents' home in North Loup, Neb., April 19, 1917, being only five weeks old.

The little babe was never well, and though it lived to bless its parents but a few brief weeks it lived not in vain. Earth and heaven are both the richer because a little baby came—and has gone home.

Farewell services were held at the home, Friday afternoon, April 20, 1917, conducted by Rev. A. L. Davis.

A. L. D.

CRANDALL.—Porter W. Crandall, son of William and Anne Crandall, was born at Persia, Cataugaus Co., N. Y., August 3, 1843, and died at North Loup, Neb., April 24, 1917, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

When but a small boy he moved with his parents to Wisconsin, where he grew to manhood, and from this State he enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War.

After the war he went to Missouri, where, on April 14, 1869, he was married to Rachael Harris, at St. Catharine, Linn Co., Mo., by Elder A. Knapp. Later they moved to Kansas, where he has since resided.

He is survived by his wife and two sons, Alfred and Devillo Lee, of North Loup; also by two sisters, Mrs. Arlie Thorngate, of North Loup, and Mrs. Angelie Mosier, of Grand Island, Neb.

Funeral services were held from his late home, near North Loup, Neb., April 25, 1917, conducted by Rev. A. L. Davis.

A. L. D.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might;
Oh, give us, more than strength or skill,
The calmness born of sense of right,
The steadfast heart, the quiet will.

—S. Weir Mitchell.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A prayer with more feeling than rhetoric is sure to go nearer the throne than one with more rhetoric than feeling."

The Sabbath Recorder

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
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SABBATH SCHOOL

Lesson XI.—June 9, 1917

JESUS CRUCIFIED.—John 19: 16-30.

Golden Text.—"Christ died for our sins." I Cor. 15: 3.

DAILY READINGS

June 3—Jno. 19: 17-30. Jesus Crucified
June 4—Jno. 19: 31-42. Jesus Buried
June 5—Matt. 27: 27-44. King of the Jews
June 6—Matt. 27: 45-56. Death Agony
June 7—Luke 23: 26-43. Consideration for Others
June 8—Luke 23: 44-56. Triumphant Death
June 9—Matt. 27: 57-66. The Sealed Tomb

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

An attorney for the New York Anti-Saloon League has compiled data on which he bases the startling assertion that in New York State every day 186 boys take their first drinks of liquor. And every day in the State 110 boys are committed to prison—in jails, workhouses and penitentiaries.—*The Continent*.

THE VIOLIN

He played for us in the firelight glow,
High, fearless themes as a man can play.
But at height of the music's rushing flow,
The thin string snapped 'neath the quivering bow,
And the swift cadenza ceased, midway.
Then a simple song that a child might sing,
He played on a lower string.

If the high, clear notes should fail for me,
Could I wake from the spell of the wonder-dream

And finish my song in another key?
So sad the break in the melody—
So rude the crash of the soaring theme.
But rich are the low, sad notes, and strong;
And sweetest the aftersong.

—Francis Lester Warner.

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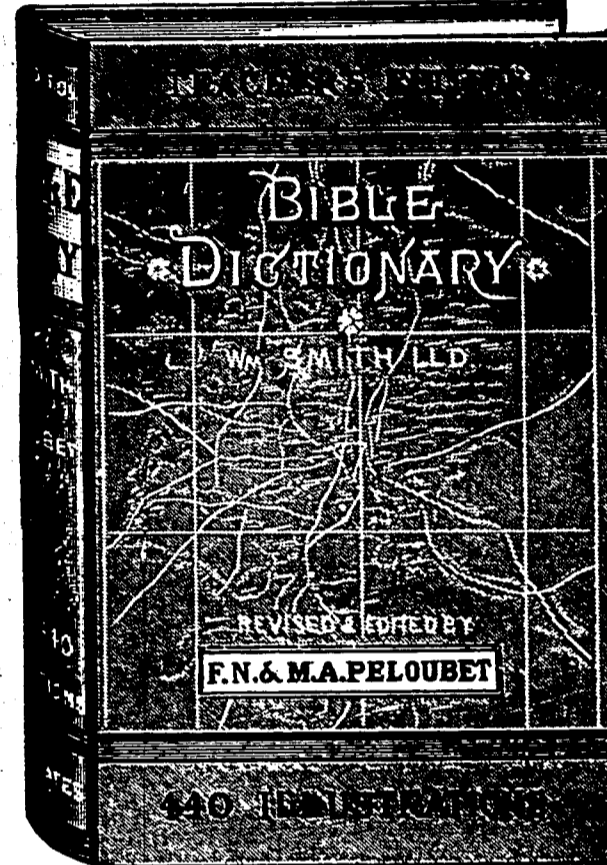
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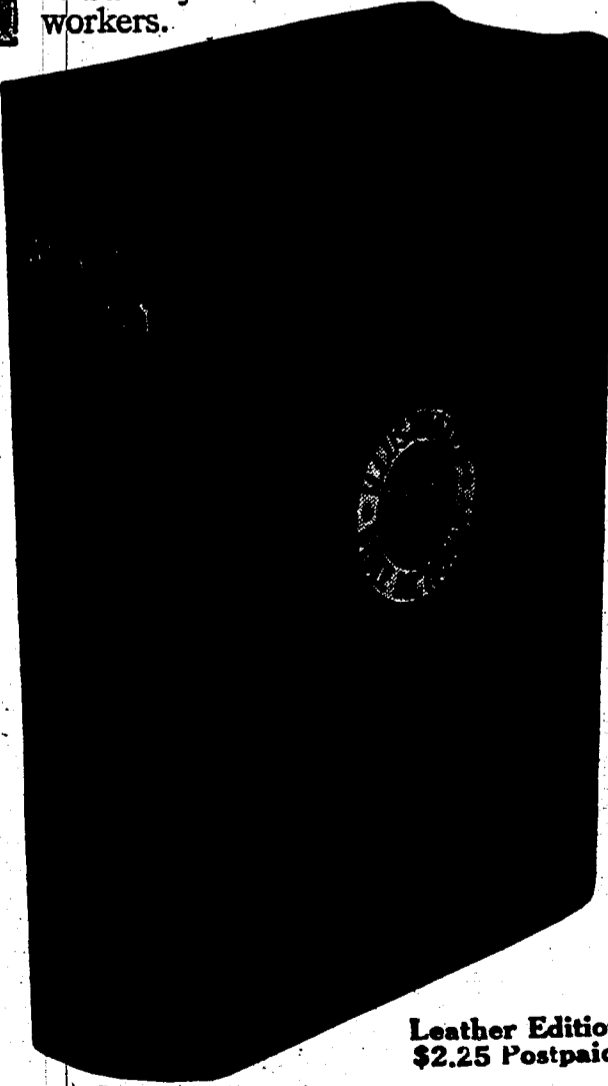
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DO IT TODAY

O my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you can not quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the streets, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead tomorrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do.—Philip Brooks.

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