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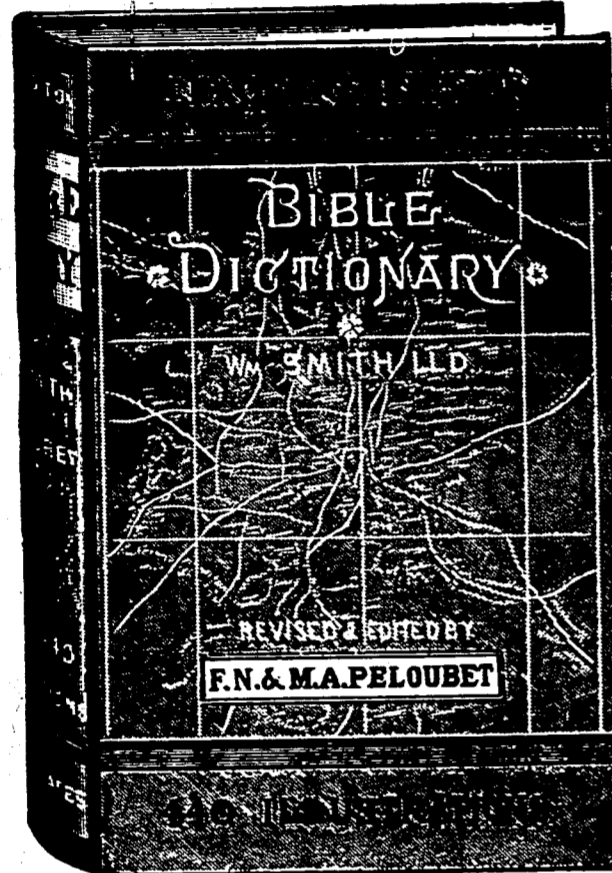
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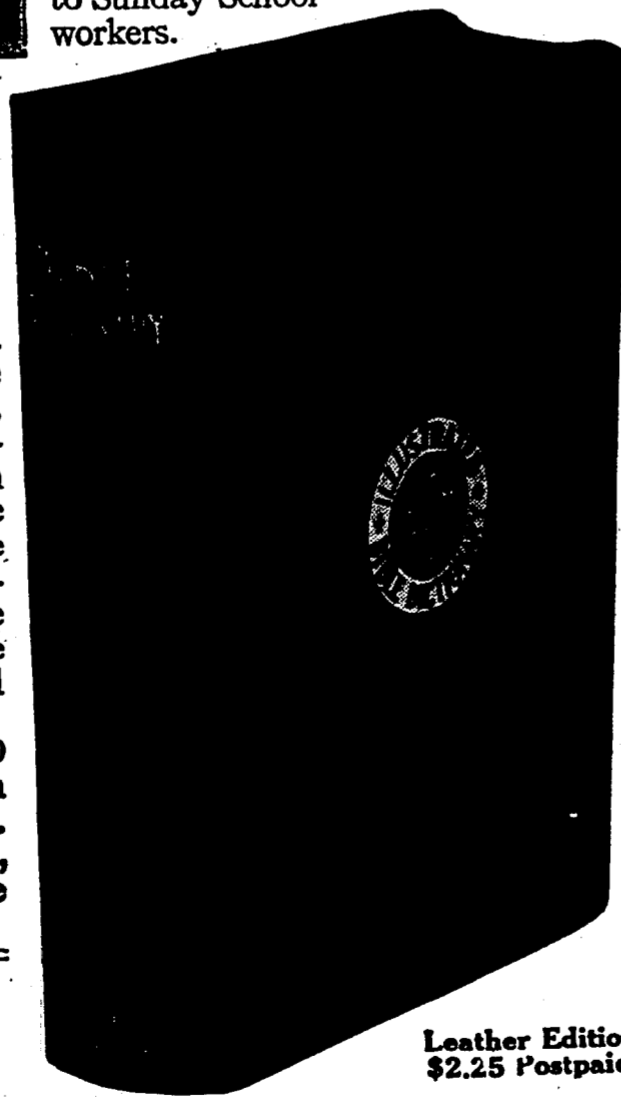
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THE SABBATH RECORDER

Plainfield, New Jersey



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The Sabbath Recorder

HYMNS THAT NEVER GROW OLD

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
—Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 82, NO. 24

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 11, 1917

WHOLE NO. 3,771

If We Could Sing Rather Than Sigh

The natural tendency to look upon the dark side of things is so great with many of us we frequently find ourselves sighing when it would be far better to sing. I suppose it was hard for doubting Thomas to see any light after all his disappointment about the Master, and we are glad the Savior seemed to pity rather than blame him. Very patiently did Christ lead him out of his despondency. It must be that our Master still pities every one who is in doubt and filled with fears and misgivings. If every such one could go as Thomas did and look into the Master's face and listen to his words, many a sigh would be turned into song.

Sometimes the heart-burdens of the pastor or the denominational worker become so great over the backwardness of the people—their indifference, and the difficulty encountered when they are urged to act—that it is almost impossible to see any bright side. It is hard at such times to sing rather than sigh. How can one keep a bright, hopeful face when his heart is crushed with misgivings and the cause languishes? Yet everybody knows that despondency is disastrous, and that the one who can rise above his discouragements, keep bright, and sing as he goes about his work will have the most followers and be most sure to succeed. The leader in the army who sees the dark side, or whose heart is constantly bemoaning the inefficiency of his soldiers can never inspire them to do their best. They can not follow such a leader with confidence and enthusiasm. The soldiers who sing rather than sigh are the ones who make things go.

"Remember, whatever the season may bring,
The world marches farther with soldiers who sing;
And nothing is truer beneath the blue sky
Than the world is a loser for soldiers who sigh.

"The captains of life standing forth in the field
Say the soldiers who sigh are the quickest to yield;
While the soldiers and freemen who sturdily cling
To courage and hope are the soldiers who sing.

"So better leave sighing alone for a while,
And see how much sooner we'll finish a mile;
Hurrah for the fields of the victors that ring
With the shout and the song of the soldiers who sing!"

Consecrated Self-Denial Or No Blessing

The time has come when those who claim to be children of God must make some more tangible demonstration of their faith if they are to receive a blessing from on high that will enable them to go forward. There can be no forward movement with a people who will not put God to the proof for a wider, larger blessing, by enlarged gifts from their hands and by consecrated self-denial for the good of the kingdom of Christ. We have no right to hope that we may enjoy a pentecost while the church is yet unconsecrated and seeks the things of earth more than things that belong to the higher life. The world will go unsaved so long as the Christians' gifts are withheld in selfishness and the cause of Christ is left to languish for want of support. If we would enjoy another great spiritual awakening, if we would see the cause we love go forward with power, there must be a more general spirit of Christian heroism and a greater willingness to sacrifice for Christ.

"Keeping Watch" Of the Debts

A friend who has responded twice with money for the debts since we began trying to pay them off writes to Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard as follows: "I am keeping watch of the RECORDER about the debts, and it grieves me, for I feel as though they would never be paid. I will enclose what I can again, and am praying that some one with means will come to the rescue."

We are glad to know that some one is praying over the matter. If there was more praying, there would be more paying. Many have prayed and paid and we feel sure that many more will do so. This is one of the cases where we have to answer our own prayers. When we all get to "watching" with the same interest that is

manifested by this friend, there will be no lack of praying and paying, and soon the debts will be things of the past.

The Near Look and The Far Look If we look at the debts as they stand today and forget what they were on February 12 when the first gifts were reported in the RECORDER, the tendency will be to think little has been done. We have done little enough, indeed, but by taking a far look we shall see that progress is being made, and as long as there is progress there is hope. Since we began, the two debts have been reduced \$1,862.47 to June 4. This means that \$914.82 has been paid on the Missionary Board's debt, and \$947.65 on the Tract Board's debt, without including the receipts for this week. Our entire membership, resident and non-resident, is reported to be 8,426. Therefore the gifts for the two debts have averaged a little less than 22 cents for each church member since the first week in February. Many have given several dollars apiece, and some churches have averaged one dollar or more for each member during these four months. So it must be that many more have given nothing. Friend, in which class do you stand? Have you done your share? If not, won't you please do it now?

Are You Discouraged? Our friend in the letter mentioned above says of the debts, "I feel as though they would never be paid." Reader, have you any such fears? It would not be strange if misgivings filled the hearts of many who have watched the RECORDER for the weekly reports; but if they will think back a little and recall what our people have done several times under similar conditions, all fears will be removed.

Have you heard some one say of this effort, "I should think the editor would be discouraged"? If so, please turn to the editorial in the RECORDER of January 29, p. 131, and show him these words:

We have great faith in our people and believe that when they come to realize more fully the extent of the burdens resting upon their boards, there will be a general rally to remove them. Time and again have Seventh Day Baptists responded to some such call. Never yet have they failed us in times of financial distress, and we do not believe they will fail us now. Whenever the people have rallied and lifted heavy burdens

together in the Master's work, the Lord has blessed them and they have been made glad in him.

Then again in the RECORDER of February 12, p. 196, the editor said: "We believe that our people will respond liberally if the matter is kept before them; therefore these weekly notices are given, lest we forget."

This, then, is the editor's answer to the question, "Are you not discouraged?" He still has unbounded faith in the people, and is looking every week for their responses to the call now being made.

We War Against War As a people we are unalterably opposed to war and stand firmly by the words of Christ, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." There come times, however, when peace must be made at whatever cost and through the most heroic sacrifice. When war lifts up its demon-like head to subjugate humanity and threatens to destroy every principle of liberty and to override all justice, there is nothing else for the Church of Christ to do but to stand firmly against it with inflexible heart and with invincible hands.

Our country has not declared war,—I believe it never did,—but it has had war forced upon it. It is hardly thinkable that a government by the people would be likely to declare war. In our present attitude and with our present purpose the principles of peace and not of war are made prominent. Indeed, we are warring against war, and for peace that shall make future wars impossible. We are enemies only to the common enemy of mankind, "with malice toward none, but with charity for all." We must not shrink at any sacrifice, but must go forth to war against war and so make peace on earth possible. The supreme crisis of the world is here. The rights of all humanity are in jeopardy. We can not live to ourselves alone. We must do and dare and suffer for others, or we shall go down in ruin together.

One Liquor Dealer Ready to Sell Out One of the best evidences we have seen of the panic in the liquor ranks comes in a conversation, published in an exchange, between two men, one of whom for twenty-eight years had been in the saloon business. This man had

bought property and established numerous saloons, owning as many as fifty at one time with trained saloon-keepers in charge of them. On being questioned as to why he was anxious to get out of a business that had made him "twenty fortunes," using his own words, he responded, "The business is going to ruin."

His questioner intimated that men seemed to be drinking as much as ever, and said that in his city the liquor business seemed more prosperous than any other business. Whereupon the saloon-man explained that for years the "antis" had not been satisfied with making prohibition speeches, but had been educating the children against alcohol until the young men were not recruiting the ranks of the old men who were dying off. Then he went on to say that science had come to the front and shown the evils of the liquor business until the brainiest men in America were working against the saloon. Having watched the workings of the W. C. T. U., the Good Templars, and all the other anti-saloon people for nearly thirty years, he had become so sure the liquor business was doomed that he was anxious to sell out before the crash should come.

This man declared that his judgment had not been formed from conditions in any one city or community, but that in his extensive travels for a quarter of a century from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico he had carefully noted the inside facts until fully convinced that the liquor business in the United States was doomed. "The antis," he continued, "are no longer in the minority, and just as soon as the church people and temperance agitators begin to work together as one man they can easily vote out every saloon and distillery. The church members can oust the saloon long before 1920, if they set their hearts on a saloonless nation. Public sentiment is the irresistible ruling factor in America, and he is shortsighted indeed who does not see the swiftly coming verdict against liquor."

Better Spare the Trees Not long ago, a great daily paper called the attention of its readers to the size of its Sunday edition. It claimed that 84 acres of forest had been denuded of trees to make the 425 tons of paper used in that one issue, and stated that this paper would

make a "runner" 18 inches wide for a path 10,823 miles long—the distance from Bering Strait to Cape Horn. Unless the contents of that Sunday paper were better than is usually the case with the average Sunday newspaper, there was a tremendous waste of trees for a miserably poor purpose. The country would be far better off if the thousands of acres of young Canadian spruce trees were spared to grow into forests instead of being ground into pulp for paper to be used for such literature. It is too bad to turn young trees into pulp in order that the youth of America may become mere "pulp," when sound live timber is so much needed. In order to save the manhood and womanhood of this country from the undermining influences of the trashy supplements of our average Sunday newspaper it might be well for every one to take up the cry, "Woodman, spare that tree!"

A Disappointing World Those who set their hearts upon the world and its allurements are sure of disappointment. The immortal soul was not made to be satisfied with the inferior things of earth. It craves something higher and nobler than riches or worldly honor or pleasure can give, and he makes a sad mistake who lives for worldly things alone and fails to honor God and recognize the higher life.

1. The great majority of worldlings are disappointed as regards success in gaining the world. Most men fail to realize their expectations. They strive hard, toil early and late, and come far short, so that after a life spent in accumulating for the body they find that they have starved the soul and must die miserable and dissatisfied.

2. When a worldling does succeed in getting wealth or honor or pleasure, he finds that they do not bring the satisfaction he has expected. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase."

3. The men of the world find their days so nearly numbered when success does crown their efforts that they are disappointed over the shortness of the time left them in which to enjoy their gains. How few are the years that remain after a man has achieved success in a worldly way! His sands of life soon run out, and he can take none of his riches with him. The very

pleasures he has sought and gained have shriveled his soul and robbed him of capacity to enjoy spiritual things.

Only one kind of life is sure to bring exhaustless and unending satisfaction. Every investment, every outlay of hard toil, every expenditure of energy in real service for the good of others—for spiritual up-building, for saving men from ruin, for building up God's kingdom on earth—will pay a thousand fold in solid comfort both here and hereafter.

DEBT STATEMENT

Missionary Board's debt, balance due	
May 30	\$1,585.18
Received since last report	46.00
Still due June 6	\$1,539.18
Tract Board's debt, balance due June 1.	\$2,052.35
Received since last report	47.00
Still due June 7	\$2,005.35

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF CONFERENCE

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER: Having heard from a number of sources that "there was talk" that possibly we might not have a session of Conference this year I have taken pains to find out the feeling in various parts of the denomination.

While it is true that there has been some talk about the wisdom of holding Conference this year, yet so far as I know there is no one who is "advocating" such a plan. The feeling is that it would be very unfortunate not to hold the Conference as usual.

The Plainfield Church is anxious to have the Conference this year. Plans for the program and for the entertainment are well under way.

It is planned to have a *deliberative* Conference, a Conference where we confer. Time will be found for deliberation. Matters vital to our denominational life will be carefully considered. It is very important that all our interests and churches be represented.

Do not say that you are too far away or too poor. Such churches should unite and send a joint delegate. We will need the help of all. Let us come together in humility and the power of the Holy Spirit to hear the reports of our work and to plan for another year.

Fraternally,
GEORGE B. SHAW.

FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF MILTON COLLEGE A JUBILEE HOME-COMING

REV. LESTER C. RANDOLPH

If you have a bit of pride, O fortunate citizen of Milton, Rock County, Wisconsin, take no aloofness or assumed arrogance or dictation from any one in Rock County. They may not know it, but you certainly must, that Milton College is the greatest institution in the county. Let us brag a bit, too, for the first frame house in Rock County was erected in Milton in 1832. Drive up to Milton, see the little old red house with white trimmings and the date over the door.

The Milton Academy was the pioneer educational institution in the whole southern tier of counties in Wisconsin, and today Milton college is not a county institution so much as it is a state and a national one,—a world-wide benefactor.

THE NEW-OLD TOWN

Lots of changes in the old town—every one of them are improvements. Things are growing bigger and better all the time. Miles of cement sidewalks, electric lighted streets, good roads, many new houses and handsome ones too. New buildings on the campus, etc.

It's a cinch you'll like the town, like the campus and approve of all you see.

The best auto roads in Wisconsin head for Milton, so if you prefer the automobile to bring you to the old town, you can't miss coming over good roads. If you come by train, take a few minutes to inspect the spic-span new depot. It's a beauty, a model, and one of the old students had it built fine because he loved the old town and could show it in this way.

PIONEER REMINDERS

The wagon, like the old one horse chaise, has fallen to bits, the oxen have gone the pioneer route, and the ox-bow of 1830 that fitted the neck of the oxen that dragged the pioneer prairie schooner into Milton on the beautiful DuLac prairie, will be shown at the alumni headquarters on the campus. Joseph Goodrich, now of Milton, grandson of the pioneer who drove in from Milwaukee where the start was made, officiated in showing it to me. Joe would not be sponsor for the accuracy of all this, but said, "They tell me it was the first ox team that ever came to Milton, and this was the yoke they

wore." The real mystery is, I can find no one to confirm it. Meanwhile the ox-bow hangs in a conspicuous place so that all can see it. It's worth the space for that item anyway.

It may be possible to get Deacon Saunderson's cider mill for another exhibit. Maybe it can not be found for it's possible that the students who stole first the deacon's cider, and afterwards went back and got the barrel, were clever enough to make way with the evidences of their crime (?) by capturing the mill itself. If any one has the cider mill hidden in his clothes, please return it to us.

The *Alumni Association* tent will be pitched on the campus throughout commencement week. It will be a meeting spot—a sort of lost and found place. Look for your old friends. A social register will be kept,—sign it, so your friends can find you. If you want information and hesitate about coming, fearing that "they have all forgotten about me" stuff, pay a visit at headquarters and get set right.

Ask Us. Prof. L. H. Stringer has been chosen to manage the affairs at the headquarters and on the campus. Don't know Stringer? That's a pity—he will wear a badge with "Ask Us" printed on it. He will distribute many other such badges, one to each of his aids. The "Ask Us" wearers will be all over the town, so don't hesitate. Talk to the pretty girl that wears one and the chances are that she can tell you lots of things you don't know. This is one way we take to help you feel perfectly at home the moment you get to Milton.

Souvenir Badges. We are prepared to give to every one a souvenir badge, with name and date. We want every one on the campus to wear one. Have your name put on it and the year you attended school. It serves for the introduction and information too.

Every registered visitor gets a badge. We want every Milton resident to wear this badge, for all said and done, the people of Milton, every man and woman, should have a real iron cross badge of honor, for the brave effort, the loving sacrifice, the jealous care and the gifts all along the fifty years of college building that have made the school possible.

Welcome Home. Accept this cordial invitation right now,—put in writing and say

you will come—address it to R. V. Hurley, Milton, Wis.,—yield to your good impulses. The chances are this request for you to come to Milton will find you in a big deep rut. You will find, and make, lots of trivial excuses for not coming—the press of business, expense, etc. Well, what of it? The fact is you are a much bigger man or woman in your home town for what Milton College has done for you. Your neighbors, your business associates, your family, will think a whole lot more of you for taking the opportunity to mingle in friendly association with old college friends and classmates. Lots of people will probably be glad to get rid of you for a day or two. Don't come if you have to be pushed. Come because you want to come. My, but what a story you can tell when once back in the harness again! Come cheerfully, bring your individuality, your smiles, your tears too, if you must, and your best stories. Let us all show up and show off the best that is in us.

Help shape this meeting into a happy talk-fest—a reunion, a sociable. Come and get acquainted all over again, after all these years of living apart from your college chums, teachers, old-time sweet hearts.

Remember, too, there are some that can not come, they probably all would if they could. The live ones have the chance. Where do you want to be considered?

PATRIOTISM

Milton Academy furnished three hundred and twenty-seven soldiers for the Civil War. The boys in blue marched proudly from the campus and each one "did his bit." It is proposed to have a military program at the very start of Alumni Day exercises. If the red blood in you boils again during these stirring times, let it find at least partial vent in the soldiers' rally at Milton College Campus on Wednesday, June 20, 1917, at 10 a. m. Fall in line, shoulder to shoulder, and march while you sing "The Star Spangled Banner." Milton Fireman's Band will lead and it will do your soul good to shout it "from the heart out." Willis P. Clarke, a soldier of the Civil War, will offer the first part of our day's program.

PICTURE DAY

It's quite in keeping with the spirit of the times to write the history of a day with a panorama photograph or motion picture of the events.

It is proposed now "to take everything in sight" if the weather permits, and preserve it for all future use and pleasure.

Societies are already rounding up their old members so that groups will be large, representative, event making.

Competent committees will arrange, train, pose and care for the groups to be photographed. Copies will be available to all who may wish for them. Come in your best and have your picture. Be in it on Home Coming Day. You will be proud to be one of such a fine company.

MUSIC

Milton without music would be like a well without water. "All kinds of music," I am told, can be heard. Those having this part of the program in the making, will make due announcement, but tell every one that there will be a chance for old-time songs, and for everybody to sing.

Milton College has a fine reputation as a music school, too, and it's no task or hardship to get in touch with classical music or just a bit of rag. If nothing else will persuade you, perhaps the music may. The College Glee Club, the Octet with chautauqua laurels, the Treble Clef, the Choral Union, the College Orchestra, the Band, etc.,—say, now will you be good and come?

THE PROGRAM

It's a difficult undertaking to provide for all interests in one program and yet that is just what we have undertaken to do, remembering that in half a century many things serious, important, sad, humorous and frivolous have taken place in this spotless town. Each event is worthy of its share in history, in praise, in remembrance and in laughter. Forgive us then if we copy the headline of "Continuous Performance from ten 'til ten," as a basis of trying to do it all. Even the movies can not exist without an audience, so, kind friends, help us fill the hall for a gala day performance.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND

Of course you will be expected to help in raising the endowment! Why shouldn't you? What have you been working for all these postgraduate years? Money—of course! Why, it's a necessity—vital and serviceable in extending life.

Are your school interests so different from your own personal ones? Don't you have to purchase fuel, lights and services?

Stop a moment and look squarely at the proposition. Every live school in this country is doubling its endowment. Why not your school?

Now, don't treat your Alma Mater like a stepmother. No, sir—she is your very own and has a lifelong interest in you and a right to your possessions. Bring some of those stocks, bonds or mortgages or the gold itself that you have worked so hard to accumulate, loved so well, handled so often and hoarded so jealously. Stuff your pockets with valuable gifts and put them where they will continue to do a lot of real good. My word for it, you will live longer, walk more erect and die a more respectable and easier death if you pay back to the Alma Mater a generous portion of your possessions. You will probably enjoy life a whole lot better, breathe freer, sleep happier and have more to eat and will wear better clothes if you cultivate the habit of giving generously.

Look this question of giving in the eye. It's a vital issue this moment. Put your school out of want and do it now.

PIONEER DAYS

We wonder if Hon. Joseph Goodrich, Hon. Jeremiah R. Davis, Mrs. Polly Goodrich, Robert Trayer, William Morgan, Hon. Joseph Spaulding, Moses Walker, Ambrose Spicer and all the others really quite understood what was to happen as a direct or remote result of the founding of Milton Academy!

Pause for a moment—take off your hat, and say—"All honor to our pioneers!" If they knew, they were wiser in their generation than are we. Salute them, for they may yet know that after fifty years the great throbbing splendid heart of this great educational center honors them, honors their memory, appreciates their donations of time, money, influence and foresight. O glorious friends of other days, if in the great beyond you know all, accept the heart throb of responsive greetings. Grant us the joy of your knowing all that has been done and that all has been done well. Spirits of the past, renew your covenant with the world and help us to go on and on with the glorious work you so wonderfully foretold!

THE PROGRAM

9.00 a. m., Wednesday, June 20, 1917. All persons not having done so, will please reg-

ister their names. The Alumni Association elects to act as host to all visiting friends, graduates and old students, and takes this way to ask you to make your presence known to us as early in the day as possible.

10.00 a. m. to 10.45.—This program is given over to Lieutenant W. P. Clarke. It's all his. Patriotic exercises around the flag on the campus, songs, music by the band, and speeches. Among those who are expected to be present and take part are Prof. Nathan C. Twining, captain in the "School Regiment," Hon. L. B. Caswell, U. S. provost marshal, Samuel M. Bond, captain in the "Iron Brigade," Lieutenant Henry Curtis and Prof. A. R. Crandall.

10.45 a. m.—Grand march to the auditorium. Call to order. Invocation by Prof. Albert Whitford. Address of Welcome by President Daland, Response in Behalf of the Alumni Association, by Mrs. Lulu Spicer Belknap, Waukesha, Wis., and other addresses. There will be seated on the stage one hundred former students and graduates of the college, any one of whom will talk if they get the chance.

12.00 p. m. sharp.—Adjournment to the college campus. For months the various college organizations have been getting ready for a grand history-making photograph, of everything and everybody—either by the panorama camera or motion picture camera, or both. Prof. L. H. Stringer and his many aides will arrange every detail. Panorama pictures will be for sale—possibly on Thursday, Commencement Day. To expedite this great undertaking everybody keep smiling while the managers are working and graciously obey orders.

The alumni association is an integral part of the college. To be a member is an honor and one has only to mention his college to be received at any educational court.

One of the faults with our association has been that the members have not been assigned duties or asked personally to execute some commission. From now on no such excuse should be allowed. The appointment for the coming year will be made at this time.

2.00 p. m. sharp.—In the auditorium a great program of addresses and music. Introducing a lot of old students—big men and women in the world's work—several of whom will be allowed to orate. Introduc-

ing the celebrated Milton College Octet of the Summer Chautauqua Circuit of 1916. Introducing the Doctor's Quartet. Various other things are liable to appear without any introduction: new alumni songs, yells, etc. Routine association business. Reports. Elections.

Notice is hereby given in writing, as is required, that the following additions be made to the constitution of the Alumni Association of Milton College—the same to be discussed and vote taken at the next annual meeting.

Resolved, That we approve of an amendment to read as follows: That the graduation of each and every student shall in an automatic manner make the graduate a member of this association; and that to secure the services of each graduate where most needed, each such member is to accept appointment to some service, either on the request of the faculty or the Board of Trustees or of the Alumni Association.

Resolved, That we create a new department of service: to wit, a committee that shall be known as "The Permanent Endowment Committee." Its mission shall be to obtain and distribute information to the end that additions to the endowment fund shall be obtained at any and at all times. It is understood that this committee shall be under the direction of the Board of Trustees.

Resolved, That we approve the appointment of a Committee on the Student Body. The direct object is to disseminate information and to help secure the registration of at least the present number of fifty new students for each year.

This is not the time or place for discussion; but please keep these resolutions in mind, then come and assist to make them effective. The appointments will be made for the coming year, June 20, 1917. An open discussion of college affairs.

4.00 p. m.—Pageant presenting in beautiful symbolism the history of Milton College. Local high school students will assist the four literary societies in producing this. At the proper time the bronze tablet commemorating the semi-centennial of the founding of Milton College will be unveiled by Master William Clark Whitford, son of Milton Whitford and grandson of President William C. Whitford, dearly beloved and affectionately called for many years by every one fortunate enough to know him "The Elder."

Presentation to the audience and faculty and Board of Trustees by E. S. Bailey, M. D., president Alumni Association.

Words of acceptance by F. C. Dunn, president Board of Trustees.

6.30 p. m.—Fellowship supper. Toasts. Songs and stunts. College Glee Club and Treble Clef will sing. As far as time will permit, the Alumni Association can now show on the canvas screen over three hundred faces of graduates, members of the faculty, trustees of the college, old students, groups and scenes of the past, by the projection of lantern slides.

Note.—Copies of the History of Milton Academy, the History of Milton College, and Personal Reminiscences of William C. Whitford, "The Elder," written by Prof. Albert Whitford; the baccalaureate sermons of President Whitford; a copy of the bronze tablet done in half tones, various blanks, can be obtained at the Alumni tent.

MILTON'S HOSPITALITY

This is a personal invitation to you to be our guest at the commencement season. The entertainment will be on the Harvard plan. You will be provided with home and breakfast each day. The other two meals can be secured at reasonable rates. Form your dinner and supper parties as you like. Send your name to Principal R. V. Hurlley, and tell him when you will arrive. If you are thinking of coming, and can not be sure, write anyway. If you can not come, send a Hello greeting and give an account of yourself.

A PRESENT TO YOU

If you have not subscribed for the *Review*, do not be afraid to take the paper out of the office. It is a love offering to you from Milton College.

The college hopes you will like it so well that you will become a regular subscriber. The paper is *yours*. Do you not feel a bit of pride in it, its able editorial staff and the institution back of it? I understand that the number of subscribers has increased about 25 per cent the past year. Your dollar will be very welcome, if you send it.

In any event, you are welcome to these numbers you are receiving. The college wants you to know what she is doing and planning to do. She wants you to come back home at commencement time. She wants your good words and your young people. She wants you to help her make the future more glorious than the past. Your Benign Mother still broods in watchful care over your life, and she craves your love and your prayers.—*Milton College Review*.

REQUEST FROM THE BATTLE CREEK CHURCH

It has been found that very frequently people from other churches of our denomination come to Battle Creek to find employment, and are in the city for several weeks without getting in touch with us, and in some cases have even been known to sojourn here for a time and leave the city without more than one or two Seventh Day Baptists knowing that they were here.

In view of the act that Battle Creek is a large manufacturing town, over thirty thousand population, and the Sanitarium an institution the largest of its kind in the world, it is all too easy for people to be entirely lost to view to our people, if their work does not happen to bring them in touch with some member of our church. The Sanitarium alone employs between one thousand and two thousand workers, many of whom room and board at the institution.

We feel that Seventh Day Baptists, who come to Battle Creek, either temporarily or permanently, for employment or special education, expect and wish to have the privileges of association with people of like faith and practice. Therefore, in view of the fact that we can not know that such persons are in the city unless they make some definite effort to get in touch with us, we earnestly desire that the pastor or some other interested person of the church or community from which they come would notify Mrs. D. Burdett Coon, 124 Ann Avenue, Battle Creek, Mich., of their intention of coming and of when they expect to reach here. This will enable them to be met upon arrival and to receive a cordial welcome.

We would be glad to render assistance to others than Seventh Day Baptists if such assistance were desired.

E. H. CLARKE,
Church Clerk.

The cure for heartache is to be found in occupations which take us away from our petty self-regardings or self-pityings, our morbid broodings, and which connect our life with other lives and with other affairs, or merge our individual interest in the larger whole.—*Charles G. Ames.*

War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings should not play at.—*Cowper.*

MISSIONS

FROM SHEPHERDSVILLE, KY.

Rev. Edwin Shaw,
Corresponding Secretary.

DEAR BROTHER SHAW: Doubtless you are wondering how the work is moving on in Shepherdsville. It is too early in the campaign to be able to report many things. Hard rains have interfered with some of the meetings. There seems to be some opposition to our work on the part of a few of the religious leaders in the community. On the whole we are warmly received to the hearts and homes of the people. Attendance at the meetings has been fairly good, usually ranging from about 80 to 120. We have sometimes had more than 120; sometimes less than 80. The spiritual atmosphere seems to be warming up some. The people are responding better in the after meetings. We are encouraged.

Early in the campaign Brother Van Horn started some of the people studying the gospel of John. They were to read it through and count the number of times they found the word "believe" or its derivatives, and also find the verse telling why the gospel was written. Those giving correct answers by last Tuesday night were to receive a gift from Brother Van Horn of a copy of the New Testament. Others reading the gospel through but not getting correct answers were to receive a gift of a copy of a gospel. More than thirty reported last Tuesday night. More than twenty of these won a New Testament. Some read the gospel through three times or more in making their count. Now they are reading it through again to find how many times the words "light" and "love" occur. We believe they are finding many precious things in the book besides the particular words they are looking for.

Brother Van Horn has preached several times, and Brother Hutchins once. The people greatly enjoy the leadership of Brother Hutchins in the song service. His cornet and guitar are very useful in his hands in the musical part of the service. His solos, and the duets by himself and Van Horn are much appreciated. Many people inquire very kindly about Brother

Willard D. Burdick who was with me here last fall. The people are giving most excellent attention to all parts of the services. On invitations we have many opportunities for singing and praying in their homes.

The tent is put up next to the schoolhouse. There is no school there now. When school is in session they have more than 80 pupils in this country district for this one small schoolroom, and one teacher. There is a host of young people and children here. Most of them are members of the Missionary Baptist church of the community.

The three of us are living in the living tent and in the schoolhouse, getting our breakfasts, and usually our suppers, there. We frequently accept invitations out for dinners and suppers. When not invited elsewhere we get our dinners at the home of Brother and Sister Wise. They are the very salt of the earth, the only Sabbath-keepers in the community. Their consistent Christian Sabbath-keeping lives here for more than thirty years have told great things for those who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

We are greatly burdened for the work here. We need the earnest prayers of all our people. Without the leading of the Spirit of God, and a genuine passion for souls we labor in vain.

Sincerely yours,

D. BURDETT COON.

Shepherdsville, Ky.,

June 1, 1917.

"SLACKERS"

One L. S. K. Letter

MR. COTTRELL: I am enclosing you check for \$43.00, our contribution to the L. S. K. fund at this time; \$30.00 to go to the support of the gospel in foreign fields, and \$13.00 for home. We move about so much, it is hard to keep check on us or our account; but I believe this credit should go to ———. I am leaving next week for ———, for a short visit, enroute to ———, our new station (see address below).

I am indeed glad to note your advocacy of tithing. I do believe that is God's own plan for supporting his work as so clearly outlined all through the Bible. But I am going a step further, and say that I believe we might profit much by a study of the

system adopted by our — friends. Their boards are never harassed or handicapped by debt. Every expense is provided for. Their ministers are regularly and fairly paid, and their work grows by leaps and bounds. It is wonderfully complete in every detail, and based on God's command, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse," and his purpose that it be used for the support of the gospel ministry.

It has been my pleasure to be associated with their church during our stay here (and also formerly on the coast), so I have had ample opportunity to learn something of their work and its results, and I am thankful for the privilege. I can not help but feel that they have a message for this time, and that God is with them, even as he was with Noah, and his prophets of old, and I would that our people and they might be as one. But, Mr. Cottrell, frankly we have much to learn, and yet they teach only the Bible. We must either advance or go backward—they are going forward. Where are we? There is a reason somewhere. I would that we were big enough and brave enough to face it and root it out.

Pardon my writing so at length; but somehow it seemed to weigh on my heart. I hate to see some conditions existing in our denomination, all the more keenly sensed by contrast, and it seems to me we are on dangerous ground sometimes.

Here is to the most successful year of all in the L. S. K. work, I hope.

Sincerely,

A very good letter. Thanks. I am sure we ought to be willing and glad to recognize and adopt the good wherever we find it. We would find all good in the Scriptures, if we read and applied them aright. But we often overlook it here only to find it exemplified in some of our fellow-beings. I should be thankful if *all* of our people would adopt the tithing system, and all the other good practices of these friends (or from the Bible). I can even commend for our imitation some of the things observed among the adherents of a modern cult, that *doctrinally* seems to me the farthest possible from the Scripture standards.

But this letter suggested the headings I have given this article—"Slackers." Who is it that wants to avoid the heavy taxes of this war? The "slacker." Who is it that

tries to avoid the draft? The "slacker." Who is it that begrudges doing his *bit* or *sharing* in these trying days through which we are passing? The "slacker." Who is it that exhorts his personal views or feelings in opposition to the public order and good, even to the extent of becoming a menace to the government in its effort to raise an army. The "slacker."

So likewise it will be the "slacker" who will oppose the tithe. It will not be those who are praying and longing for the coming of the Kingdom. The rich man, more than the poor widow, is likely to be the slacker, if like those that Jesus observed (Mark 12: 41-44), "And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow has cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." Indeed, isn't the Old Testament tithe a meager enough measure of our duty, and isn't the widow's "all" more Christlike, since he gave himself for us?

Not only in giving, but in many other ways, we show whether we are "slackers," or loyal, faithful, approved members of the Kingdom. Who wants to be known as a "slacker?" Who would not rather be honored with the cross (not the iron cross) for his fealty to his divine Lord? Several of our Topeka citizens are under arrest for opposing the Government. May none of us be thus caught arrayed against the government of heaven; and in the day of accounts may the great Ruler not be able to say of us, "Yet ye have robbed me, in tithes and offerings."

GEORGE M. COTTRELL.

"Grocery butter is so unsatisfactory, dear," said Mrs. Youngbride, "I decided today that we would make our own."

"Oh, did you?" said her husband.

"Yes; I bought a churn and ordered buttermilk to be left here regularly. Won't it be nice to have really fresh butter?"—*Boston Transcript*.

WARM WELCOME TO PRESIDENT DALAND

THURSDAY night the entire student body met on the campus in one happy, expectant crowd, and at nine o'clock marched to the station to welcome Prexy home. At the town hall the village band swung into line and many townspeople joined the ranks before the depot was reached. As the train pulled in the band struck up "Our Colors" and the students took up the tune as Prexy appeared on the platform. Then, after a few deafening cheers and another song, Prexy was ushered to the waiting car, which was appropriately decorated in brown and blue. The entire crowd formed a parade and conducted him to his home on the hill. Here, after the crowd had indulged in a few more yells and songs, Prexy expressed his appreciation and bade them all "Good night."

IT WAS a pleasure to us all to have President Daland in his accustomed place in chapel on Friday morning. He conducted the entire exercises and read from the sixty-third chapter of Isaiah about the contrast between the tumult of wrath in war and the tender mercies and loving kindnesses of the Lord.

In greeting the students after the devotional exercises, President Daland spoke of the war as "lamentable," and of our place in it as of "necessity." He urged upon his hearers absolute and unswerving loyalty to the government and paid a tribute to the wise policy of President Wilson, particularly of the "selective conscription." President Daland deplored our attempt to draw an unfavorable comparison between those who enlist voluntarily and those who wait for the draft. He told of the need that institutions of learning maintain their courses and that students remain in college so far as possible. He said that this was the advice also of the military authorities. Men will be needed later on, and in officer's training camps men will be chosen for their rank in college. A service may be rendered to the country just as truly by continuing in college and securing good grades as by marching now under the flag. In conclusion he expressed his belief that every student in Milton College would be ready when the nation demanded him for any service that might be required. Furthermore he thinks

it requires as much patriotic devotion to be willing to do the service asked by the government, when it is not to one's taste, as to volunteer for service one might select.—*Milton College Review*.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION FOR LOYAL SERVICE

IT IS fitting that, amid the jubilation over the return of President Daland, we pause to think of one who was very instrumental in securing his needed rest and in the good results thereof,—Professor Alfred E. Whitford. Have we realized what it means to a busy man, the head of one of the most important departments in the school, to add the responsibility of administration to his already overfull schedule?

Yet Professor Whitford has done just that thing, and what is more to the point; he has done it well. For four months he has guided the good ship Milton College, through what shoals he alone can tell. The *Review* wishes to recall to its readers the keynote of Professor Whitford's régime—"squareness." It is certainly no small task to take over the management of nearly two hundred restless, energetic young people and do so without making a single enemy or having any suspicion of unpleasantness. Therefore to you, Professor Whitford, we offer our congratulations; you have been kind, you have been fair, you have been sympathetic, you have helped the school, you have helped our president, you have been a man.—*Students' Testimony in Milton College Review*.

THE NO BREAKFAST PLAN

The breakfast-eating habit often creates an abnormal stomachic condition. If one is in perfect health, and arises with a keen appetite for breakfast, there will be no occasion for omitting the meal. There are, however, but few in perfect health, and the omission of breakfast gives the stomach a chance to adjust itself. It has an opportunity to develop a keen appetite for the particular character of nourishment most needed by the body at that time. The no-breakfast plan is a splendid means of properly adjusting one's appetite, both as to quantity and character of food.—*Bernard Macfadden, in June Physical Culture*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

YOUR FLAG AND MINE

Your flag and mine! How proudly there
It flutters in the morning breeze;
And who, beholding it, shall dare
To turn in doubt or let despair
Assail his nobler ecstasies?
Your flag and mine, and ours to guard
So that in future centuries,
Still proudly striped and bravely starred,
Unsmirched by Shame, by Wrong unmarred,
Its might shall thrill, its beauty please.

Your flag and mine! And shall we let
Its glory die or splendor fade?
Who doubts that Freedom flaunts it yet
Or dares to heedlessly forget
By selfishness or passion swayed?
Your flag and mine, and ours to hold
In tender reverence, unafraid,
Our faith adorning every fold,
In virtue strong, in honor bold,
Its grace to all the world displayed.

Your flag and mine! How splendidly
It flutters out against the sky;
How glorious it is to see,
How fair to you, how dear to me—
Most proud of all the flags that fly!
Your flag and mine, and ours to keep
Unsoiled, unshamed, and waving high—
Our trust unfeigned, our courage deep—
For those whom, after we shall sleep,
It shall inspire and glorify.

—S. E. Kiser.

DOWN WITH THE LILLIPUTIAN HERESY

Ever since the days of the church fathers heresies have crept into the church. There is a popular heresy of our day, not yet written down in any textbook of theology, but a heresy nevertheless, and one that is retarding our missionary progress.

Some one has called it the Lilliputian Heresy. We women are largely responsible for it. We have haloed things of Lilliputian dimensions, and have petted the idea that gifts and service which would seem niggardly in any other realm become most magnanimous if they be for missions. We have cornered the term "little" for missionary usage. Our form of invitation has become "We want you to join us in a little missionary meeting." We ask for "a little gift," and for "a little service." We invite speakers to make "a little talk," and we even

suggest that "we will now be led in a little prayer."

It is habit, but it is heretical habit. We are almost arriving at the point of assuming that a thing that is big must be bad in missionary circles, while some suspicion attaches to the meetings which offer no rows of empty pews to vindicate their orthodoxy.

I do not despise the day of small things, but do despise most heartily this belittling of the greatest work in the world.

It is quite possible for us to enlarge our missionary circle without destroying the piety of the original little group. The gift of a million may carry with it the same measure of love and consecration as the gift of a mite. A prayer big enough to take in the great world circumference marked out by Him who said, "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possessions," may be as earnest as the little prayer for our own little circle.

One of the first steps to be taken in the extermination of the Lilliputian Heresy is the enlargement of our working force. Not half of our church members are enlisted in the missionary work, yet we go on planning our meetings for the same little circle. Why not enlarge the circle by bringing in others?

A CALL FOR ENLARGEMENT

Getting More People "In It"

During a series of missionary meetings in New Orleans, I was talking with a little tot on the car. Thinking I was giving her a bit of news and an original invitation, I said: "We are going to have some missionary stories and pictures for the children tonight, and I want to give you a special invitation to be there." "Be there?" she replied with much the same tone the President might use upon receiving an invitation to the annual White House reception—"Be there? Why, I'm in it." That night she sat up front and sang lustily in the chorus, to which the lecture and pictures were but incidentals. Some of us are so used to being "in it" ourselves that we make little effort to get others "in it." Nine women are "out of it" for every woman who is "in it," when it comes to missionary work. Some of us pious, overworked martyrs, who gloat over such encomiums as "She did the work of ten women" ought to be ashamed of

ourselves. No head can wear ten crowns. No woman should rob nine other women of the joy and blessing of doing their own work and winning and wearing their own crowns. Be satisfied with doing the work of one woman, but be diligent in finding the other nine or ninety and nine and helping them to find their own work and do it. This may be the more difficult task, but this is your work. The martyr missionary leader who opens the church, arranges the chairs, conducts the meeting, plays the organ, leads the singing, and is in the majority in program rendition is chief on the Continuation Committee of the Lilliputian Heresy. Make the success of your meetings depend on just as many as possible, not on one woman only.

Gifts Differing—Some Hostesses

Not every woman can address a meeting. Hearers there would be none if all were speakers. One society greatly increased its attendance and added tremendously to its efficiency by what seemed the very simple thing of appointing two hostesses for each meeting. The meetings were held in the parish building, but the hostesses were charged with as much responsibility as if they were to receive their friends at a reception in their own home. Those who attended the missionary meetings soon acquired the air of expectant interest common to reception guests. The long-drawn sigh which had formerly accompanied the reminder, "Oh, dear, this is the day for missionary meeting," was heard no more in the land. The room was transformed by decorations in keeping with the program for each day. Daintily kimonoed maidens welcome the members to the Japan meeting. Children from many lands, with their bright costumes, gave coloring to another meeting. Each program had its own attractive setting, and two more women, with the host of assistants they enlisted, were "in it" each month.

A Business Woman's Division

Many women there are who simply can not attend a meeting at the time-honored, customary hour of 3:30 p. m. Our circle would not be so little if we had a thought for them and arranged a meeting at 6:30 with a lunch, or at eight without a lunch. What an impetus would be given the King's business if we really enlisted our business women instead of appointing all our meet-

ings at impossible hours for them and then berating them for not attending!

"Here Comes the Bride"

Everybody welcomes the bride—everybody except the missionary society. Parties and receptions there are on every hand, at every hour, and she gets into everything—everything except the missionary society. When the bride comes, why should she not come into the missionary society? Try a monthly or a quarterly or whenever necessary reception to the brides. Get your society to present a year's subscription to your missionary magazine to every bride.

Under-Twenty and Over-Sixty Meetings

Sometimes the meetings are a bit old and tiresome for the girls who attend or who should attend. Try an Under-Twenty Meeting, with no one over twenty on the program. Let the girls do everything. Very frequently our older women are so efficient, the young ones never get a chance to learn how. I can not make cake. I think I might have learned this delectable art, but my mother made such perfect cake and my older sister never failed, so no one thought of wasting any eggs and butter on me. It would be better for us to waste a meeting or two rather than not have our girls and young women take hold of the work. We would likely find, however, that the meetings would be far from wasted and that new life would be imparted to them. One of the most far-reaching additions which could be made to the national campaign of the Laymen's Missionary Movement would be meetings for boys under twenty. Then have an Over-Sixty Meeting. The change in the choir and other program features would be refreshing and some of the older women might be brought in or kept from slipping out.

Giving the Musicians a Chance

Who can ever think of the Northfield Conferences without thinking of that wonderful choir of girls? They have helped to make the conference and the conference has helped to make them. We wonder why we did not think of it sooner. Why not think now of having a smaller choir of girls for smaller meetings? Why not a children's choir? Give the musicians a chance to be "in it." Not long ago a prominent soloist was asked to sing at a missionary meeting. She did it with wonderful effec-

tiveness and thanked the leader for giving her the chance. Be sure of your singer and of her song, however. Some selections can kill any meeting. A secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Meeting came home some time ago with his head bowed in despair. "For three successive Sundays," he said, "in three different churches, I have tried my level best to get our laymen stirred up to do something in mission work. I have sat me down to mop the perspiration from my brow while the choir arose and softly sang, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you Rest.'" The woman who knows how to make everything count in programs selects suitable music.

Artists "In It," Too

"Eighty-five per cent of all we know we learn through the eye," we glibly quote from the psychologists, and straightway plan our missionary work on the bare fifteen per cent possibility. The woman who talks is not the only disseminator of missionary intelligence. How do we know that "it floats?" From what speaker have we acquired the knowledge of "fifty-seven varieties?" What lecture course has disseminated the universally accepted fact that "children cry for it?" We have simply seen it posted and printed until we are persuaded of it. Charts, posters, mottoes! Let us have more of them on our walls. Present to the women who long to address audiences, but can not speak, the opportunity of systematic education afforded by the bare walls of the Bible school and missionary society.

Neglected Area Survey

Conduct one freely to determine what kinds and classes of women and what individuals we are not providing for in our enlistment campaigns. Make sure that our successors, the children, are not in the neglected area. "Every woman a member of the missionary society" will not be realized until we begin with "every child in missionary training."

Reaching Outsiders

One of the greatest results of the Jubilee meetings was the bringing in of women who had formerly seen the missionary circle only from the outside. We had gotten into the habit of planning our meetings year after year for those who were "in it." The

Jubilee meetings came along with their big program and their wide sweep and enlisted some of the best workers the cause has ever had. Some time ago a convention was being planned for a southern city. The usual addresses and discussions were planned to reach the usual attendants. A member of the program committee raised the question as to whether we had a right to go into a city, receive its hospitality for days and give nothing in return. She proposed that a meeting be planned to which the whole city be invited. No church would hold such an audience, so she suggested that the meeting be held in a large theatre. "You simply can not get outsiders to a missionary meeting," some one protested. "If we do not make the attempt, how will we ever get our message to outsiders and give them a chance to become 'insiders?'" urged the woman with the big idea. The meeting was planned. Frequent clever press notices aroused a general interest. The director of music in the city schools was enlisted to train a chorus of children and young people. A young newspaper reporter asked to be assigned that meeting, but the interest had spread so that his chief answered, "My little girl has been talking about it so much, I think I'll go around myself." Mary Pickford never turned away more disappointed throngs than were turned away that afternoon after every seat had been taken. It was a big meeting, and it was not a bad one, either.

Missionary Story Hour

Another house was similarly packed when the children of a city were invited for an hour of hero stories. Many children who had never had an interior view of a missionary meeting, and who had an impression that all missionaries do is to be good and die early, listened spellbound to stories of the finest heroism to which they had ever been introduced.

During Missionary Week at the Mont-eagle Chautauqua the missionary leaders arranged for the telling of missionary stories at the regular morning story hour which was attended by children of the entire summer colony. If we were keenly alive to the enlargement of our circle, we would get missionary stories into our books and see that they were among stories told at our libraries.

Reaching Every High School Girl and Boy

Robert E. Speer was in Columbia some time ago. He might have come there and gone, having touched only the theological students for whom his lecture course was planned, but a city school teacher had a big idea. She kept hammering away at her idea until it took shape and the superintendent of city schools marched every boy and girl of high school age into an auditorium, where they sat most willingly for an hour, held by the matchless story of Ion Keith Falconer, with the tremendous missionary appeal made in its telling.

Getting Missions in the Federation of Women's Clubs

Addresses on every phase of women's activity at our State Federation—except the greatest of these, missions. Why not have a compelling address by the best missionary speaker obtainable? Many of our gifted women have never heard the appeal of the greatest work in the world. Study clubs and lecture courses on books ancient, medieval and modern! Why not get our women's clubs interested in Mission Study?

A City-Wide Mission Study Campaign

Our city had been having a little Mission Study for years. Last year we decided to have a Mission Study Campaign big enough to reach every church and all the colleges. A Normal Training Class for Leaders was conducted in the fall. A directory containing the names and addresses of presidents of missionary organizations and of every Bible school teacher in the city was prepared. Invitations to a Sunday afternoon meeting in the interest of Mission Study were printed. On the preceding Sunday the committee, by twos, called on the officers and teachers as listed, explaining the purpose of the meeting and placing in the hands of each a sufficient number of invitations to be given personally to each member of the different organizations and classes. The University of South Carolina, the colleges, and the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. were interested. A university professor presided and a university quartet led the music. Scores of people who came were unable to get in the large theater which was packed to the doors. After brief addresses, enrolment cards were distributed. These cards were signed and afterwards turned over to the churches indicated. Twelve

hundred ninety people were enrolled for classes as the result of that campaign.

Inside Secrets of Big Meetings

The managers of one of our summer conferences were greatly troubled because they could not get the people of the town to attend their platform meetings. They thought a woman was promising the impossible when she agreed to put standing room at a premium for a missionary lecture. The speaker made no change in her lecture, but planned an exercise and a children's chorus to accompany it. With mathematical precision she estimated that if fifty children were in a chorus, an attendance of fifty-two was thereby guaranteed—including the lecturer and the pianist. Then, just so as to avoid all risk, she put the meeting well after dark and reckoning on a necessary escort to the chorus, added fifty more to her calculations. Allowing for shrinkage in escorts in the case of two children from the same family, but counting on parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins, she told the janitor to have chairs ready. They were all needed—every one of them, and more.

Keeping Missions Before the Public

Whose fault is it that news of the greatest work in the world is confined to such a little circle? In the press work for a laymen's convention in a southern city I was arranging for space with the editor of one of the dailies. He told me we could have all the space for which we furnished "live stuff the people want." Then he smiled a peculiar smile and said: "For a year or so I ran several columns of religious copy once a week. One week it was left out through an oversight. Nobody kicked. The next week I left it out on purpose, and waited to see what would happen. Nothing happened. That's why I have never run it since. If it had been market quotations or the sporting page or society notes, my 'phone would have rung half of the night. We give the people what they want."

When women are just as much interested in knowing that a missionary meeting is to be held as that "the bride is to wear real lace which was her grandmother's, and pearls, the gift of the groom," then editors will give space to missionary news—if we get it to them.

I heard an editor of a great daily say,

"Your mission boards pigeonhole news for months that we newspaper men would wire in as a scoop." We note by the daily press that Mrs. Archibald von Chancellor is soon to visit Mrs. Beverly Randolph Sloan. A few days later we note that Mrs. Archibald von Chancellor is visiting Mrs. Beverly Randolph Sloan. Still later we are informed that Mrs. Archibald von Chancellor, who has been visiting Mrs. Beverly Sloan, has returned to her home. Three runs for Mrs. Archibald von Chancellor's visit, in its future, present and past tenses, yet John G. Paton once spoke twelve miles from me and I did not know it. O that some missionary hostess had been as eager for the world to hear of her guest as was Mrs. Beverly Randolph Sloan! O that the missionary women had as complete and capable editorial service as have the society women! The Federated Boards could syndicate enough thrilling stories from their missions, that all of the newspapers would recognize as live stuff, to run one every week. An Associated Press of the Federated Boards could furnish a national news service which would reach thousands of interested workers and interest hundreds of thousands yet unreached, if we could only put down the Lilliputian Heresy.

LILLIPUTIAN GIFTS

Belittling Our Cause to Secure the Public's Cash

To the outside public a woman's missionary society is a clever scheme for the extraction of small coin. The outside public has had, in times not yet altogether past, some foundation for its conclusions. The lone oyster swimming in a bowl of soup priced at twenty-five cents, the magnifying glass necessary to find the ice cream on the plate at a missionary supper are become matters of popular jest. We have belittled our cause thinking to enlarge our coffers. We have asked women to eat a plate of ice cream whom we should have asked to support a mission station or to endow a hospital. We have cajoled and wheedled dimes and quarters from men whom we might have led to giving serious consideration to sending out a missionary. We have doled out pennies and nickels and dimes ourselves, and then ended our reports with, "She hath done what she could." I have never yet heard a treasurer's report at a woman's missionary convention but which

reached an average too Lilliputian to merit this as a final quotation, along with an expectant reference to "that welcome plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

At the annual missionary meeting in a rural church, a full-grown person, masculine gender, approaching six feet in stature, cast into the treasury his annual gift. I was near him and noted that the coin was a brown one. He smiled and said to me, "Well, I guess the Lord always blesses the widow's mite." I think the Lord knew he was not a widow and that He pronounced no encomiums on the mite given by a prosperous landowner, yet we have countenanced that sort of thing for so long that the most counterfeited character in the Bible is the poor widow. We should ask for larger gifts. A board secretary called on a woman and, with some hesitation, asked for a contribution of \$75 for a scholarship for one boy in Japan. She gave him \$4,000 to erect a new dormitory for many boys. Not long ago a man declined to give a contribution of a single dollar for missions. A few months later he was asked for \$500 to make possible the opening of a chapel. He wrote a check for that amount. Our little requests do not arouse a great interest. Our methods have tended to making patrons and patronesses instead of training stewards. "We have now come to the most unpleasant part of our program," said a missionary chairman at a finance session. Why should it be unpleasant? Only because we have belittled it and made it so. One of our greatest joys should be in helping people to invest their money in the Kingdom.

Big Drafts on Time and Service

Our demands for service are so little that we seldom get beyond asking for "odd moments" and "spare time." Women have reached wonderful heights in devotion and in service, but only to the causes which have demanded great things of them. A cause which demands "only ten cents a month" and "what time you can spare" is never going to enlist a woman for any sublime self-sacrifice or heroic service. A board secretary was at a college reception. "Who is the girl sitting over there?" he asked of the president. "Our valedictorian, and the brightest girl in the class." "We need her for China," said the secretary. The president smiled at the improbability of it, but the secretary insisted on meeting the girl.

He had learned to ask people for great things for God, and in his first sentence to the valedictorian he proposed that she give her life to China. The girl was surprised, then resentful, then thoughtful. She would not have considered giving a little of her time, but she did consider giving her life, and she is in China today.

The Supreme Test

The greatest givers are those who give their sons and daughters to bear the message glorious. No one can read the story of Horace Tracy Pitkin heroically yielding up his life in China in the Boxer uprising and think of the cause which claimed him as little, yet he elevated it to the supremest heights when he sent to his little boy this message: "Tell little Horace that his father's last wish is that when he is twenty-one he should come out to China." Dr. John Scudder, giving up his practice in New York to go out to India, magnifies the work in our eyes, but there comes to us the realization of the overwhelming greatness of it when we see such a man consecrate to it every one of his gifted sons and daughters, rejoicing as each heard and answered the call.

The time has been when mothers and fathers have felt shame if no son of theirs went forth to war. The time is coming when Christian mothers and fathers will feel a greater shame if they have given neither son nor daughter "to follow in His train."

Great Strength for a Great Task

Three boys played on a Virginia hillside. A huge boulder came crashing down, pinning one boy to the ground. His two comrades looked helplessly at the great rock. Then they looked at their fellow, and without a question they put their shoulders against the boulder. It gave a little. They pushed again and again, until the prisoner was free. The next day two men tried to move the rock and could not. Neither could the boys move it again. With the great demand had come a great purpose and a great strength. In each life there is undreamed-of power which will never be manifest until some big demand is made on it.

Down with the Lilliputian Heresy! Let us give ourselves and ask others for that which is greatest of all.—Mrs. E. C. Cronk, in *Missionary Review of the World*.

THE PASTOR AND HIS GREEK FRIENDS

Those pastors who have an acquaintance with the Greek New Testament have ordinarily at their disposal an aid to its study that will change the reading of the gospel in Greek from an academic exercise to an occupation as full of human interest as the reading of the daily paper. This aid is, however, largely overlooked, and it is to call the attention of pastors to its existence and to point out some of the results that experience has shown to follow its employment that the present article is written.

In 1910 there were in America over 100,000 Greeks. In seven years their number has doubtless largely increased. They are now to be found in many of the smaller towns and villages and in all large cities. Hundreds of them are employed in shops and factories, while many of the thriftier ones have set up for themselves. Certain lines of business are largely taken over by them. They practically monopolize the shoe-shining industry. Often the newsboy or the popcorn man is a Greek. Other favorite lines are fruit stores, restaurants and candy shops. If there is a "Candyland" or a "Palace of Sweets" or a "Sugar Bowl" in your town, the chances are that the proprietors are Greeks.

Now all these men speak Greek—New Testament Greek. Seventy-five percent of the words in the Greek New Testament are current today. Moreover, nearly every Greek reads and writes Greek. In meeting with hundreds of Greeks you will rarely find one who is illiterate, while occasionally one meets with graduates of gymnasium or university. Of course the use of the Greek New Testament in the services of the orthodox church familiarizes the worshipers with it and many of the common people know large portions of it by heart. On a recent Sunday afternoon two Greek workmen were with me in my study and we all three read from the New Testament together. A Greek workingman went with me recently into that section of the university library devoted to Greek authors. I pulled down a copy of Hermogenes, a rhetorician of the second century, and another of Georgius Monachus, an ecclesiastical author, and this workingman read from each without difficulty.

Greeks are ordinarily very responsive and willing to help any one who shows an in-

terest in their language. This is where the pastor meets his opportunity. Go into a Greek shoe-shining parlor when it is not busy and pull from your pocket a Greek New Testament, and in a moment you will have about you a group of dark-eyed boys filled with eager interest in a man who knows and cares something about their native tongue. It is an edifying experience to hear an ordinary bootblack read passages from the Greek New Testament with fluent ease. It is further likely to be a surprise when he produces a little red book with a gilt cross on it, which he calls his *evangelion*, and which the pastor discovers upon examination is the four gospels, differing only in minor particulars from those in his own Greek New Testament. Lay your Greek New Testament open beside your plate in the restaurant, and if your waiter is a Greek you will see his face light up, and if you will give him a chance you will have an interesting bit of conversation. If there happens to be in your town a Greek coffee-house—a place that may look like a saloon but is not one—your fortune is made. There the Greeks congregate to drink coffee, and smoke, discuss politics, read the papers, write letters home, talk over business, or kill time. If the pastor will enter there and speak or write a little Greek or show a Greek book, he will soon find no end of opportunities for familiarization with the Greek language and come to think of it not as an ancient fossil but as a living, modern language in which twelve millions of people speak and think. If the reader is pastor in a large city he will find also a Greek church such as is described in a previous article entitled "In Chicago's Greek Quarter."

To the pastor armed with an acquaintance with the Greek New Testament there is opened also a wide and largely untilled field for service. In my work as denominational representative, directing religious activities among Baptist students at the University of Michigan, I have found this a most fascinating sideline, and one that offers large opportunity for student social service. The presence of certain industries gives Ann Arbor a Greek population of some 500 men. Various students and pastors have accompanied me on visits among these Greeks. We have several times had Greek

visitors at the guild class. As a result of a little personal invitation we had recently eighteen Greek workmen in the Sunday evening guild meeting. None of these men could understand much of what was said; some had been in America but a few months and could not understand a single sentence. But can any one doubt that even so it is a valuable piece of Christian work to bring lonely men from a foreign land into the fine democracy and warm enthusiasm of a religious meeting of American students? It can not but be a mutual benefit. A few weeks ago our evangelistic band held a week-end campaign at Tecumseh, Mich. There are only three Greeks in that town, but in response to a little interest on our part we had on Sunday evening one-third of the Greek population of Tecumseh in the Baptist church! The others would have been there, too, if they could have left the store!

In many a town where this may be read there will be Greeks working or in business who are only waiting for a chance to become the pastor's friends—to help him in the reading of his Greek New Testament and to be helped by him in turn into touch with the best phases of American life. The pastor finds then in his Greek New Testament not merely an instrument of biblical science, a reminder of seminary courses in exegesis and the delightful microscopics of textual criticism, but a means of entrance in helpful ways into the lives of a hundred thousand immigrants who are ours to assimilate. The pastor with the Greek New Testament in his hand and the democratic ideal in his heart is a man who can do his part toward the right answer to Grose's startling question, "Aliens or Americans?"—*Wakefield Slaten, in the Standard.*

No matter how much you have to do, remember you can only do one thing at a time. You can get through it all by doing one thing at a time, and that's the only way you can get through. You are lost if you try any other way.—*E. K. Warren.*

"He forced him not; he touched him not; only said, 'Cast thyself down': that we may know that whosoever obeyeth the devil casteth himself down, for the devil may suggest—compel he can not."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

CITY MISSIONS

REV. ROLLA J. SEVERANCE

Christian Endeavor Topic for June 23, 1917

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Passion for a city (Rom. 1: 8-15)
Monday—Prayer for a city (Gen. 18: 23-33)
Tuesday—A superstitious city (Acts 17: 22-34)
Wednesday—A godless city (Ezek. 9: 1-11)
Thursday—Cleansing the city (Isa. 1: 1-20)
Friday—Street preaching (Jonah 3: 1-10)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Mission work in our cities
(Ps. 87: 1-7)

Seventh Day Baptists have never entered very largely into the work of city missions. There are several reasons for this which perhaps justify us for not making a specialty of this line of religious activity. For the sake of the information and for the broadening influence upon our spiritual lives, we should, however, know what is being done in our cities for the physical and moral and spiritual uplift of humanity, especially for that part which is looked upon as being in the lower classes of society.

There are people who think we need to distinguish between the so-called "settlement house" work and that which is primarily religious in its character. To brand the one as really philanthropic and the other only as missionary is to misrepresent both. The spirit of jealousy and rivalry which is sometimes manifest among the workers is entirely out of place. Both institutions are founded upon the principle of Christlike brotherhood; and while the emphasis of the one may be centered upon the physical and moral side of life and the other upon the spiritual, the object in both cases is the same—ministry to the needy.

Mission work is more or less organized in every large city in the United States. I think it would be an excellent plan for each Christian Endeavor society to make a study of the missions in some particular city, perhaps the one nearest to you. It will give you a broader knowledge of conditions and needs, enlarge your sympathies and suggest ways in which you might help in the Lord's work of redeeming lost humanity.

There are opportunities, also, even for Seventh Day Baptists who are fitted for city mission work, to engage in that line of religious activity without compromising their Sabbath principles in any way. At least I know of one Seventh Day Baptist, Rev. T. A. Gill, of Los Angeles, who has been ordained by the United Evangelistic Mission Association, and that with the full knowledge that he was a Sabbath-keeper. Mr. and Mrs. Gill, in their labors in jail and mission work, have discovered several independent Sabbath-keepers, some of whom have been observing the Sabbath for years.

I can not but feel that the city mission offers a fruitful field for us as a people. Not that we should open a mission and undertake to equip and finance it ourselves. But as individuals, consecrated laymen, there are opportunities for doing valiant service for our Master in the rapidly increasing centers of civilization.

OUR CITY MISSIONS

We must not overlook our Seventh Day Baptist city missions which are doing such excellent work among the foreigners in their respective communities.

The Italian Mission, in charge of Rev. A. Savarese, has its headquarters at New Era, a small Italian colony near New Market, N. J. They have a church building, and services are held every Sabbath afternoon, workers from the New Market Church assisting in the Sabbath school. Brother Savarese also works among the Italians in New York City, there being five localities where Sabbath meetings are held in homes, about once a month in each place. I wrote to Mr. Savarese asking what definite aid the Christian Endeavorers might render in furthering the work among the Italians and the only thing he mentioned in his reply was financial assistance. Additional money can always be used to good advantage in a missionary undertaking of any kind. This is particularly true where part of the work is done through the printed page, as is the case with the Italian Mission. A four-page paper is printed in the Italian language carrying the gospel message and the Sabbath truth. More funds would enable the leader to print larger numbers for distribution and thus the good seed could be sown over a larger area.

There is also a mission for the Hungar-

ians conducted by Rev. J. J. Kovats, of Chicago. He operates a printing plant and distributes large numbers of tracts and papers. Besides the work in Chicago, Rev. Mr. Kovats has preaching stations at Joliet, Ill., South Bend, Ind., and Gary, Ind. For some reason I received no reply to my inquiry as to what we might do for the Hungarian Mission. The remarks about financial aid for the Italian Mission will apply equally to the Hungarian Mission.

In justice to the Young People's Board, I believe that any special contributions for either of these purposes should be sent through the treasurer of that organization. I have not been asked to say this, but my opinion is that if all the societies would follow such a plan it would be greatly appreciated by the board.

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS

The city dominates the nation in two ways: it sways the scepter of wealth and the scepter of the press, and so creates national opinion.—*Josiah Strong.*

The immigrant comes here almost unprotected. If we do not take care of them, if we do not try to uplift them, then as sure as fate our children will pay the penalty.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Through house-to-house visits we are brought face to face with the people. During this year I have distributed nearly nine hundred garments, fifty-nine pairs of shoes, thirty-four hats, and many baskets of groceries.—*A German Missionary.*

Jane Addams has been friend and adviser to thousands of troubled mothers, the inspirer of a multitude of boys and girls, young men and women. She has revealed to the poor uncultured foreigners and Americans alike what a cultivated American home is like.—*Howard B. Grose.*

NEWS NOTES

DEAR READERS OF THE RECORDER:

I feel that it is time you should hear from the Endeavor society of Fouke again. We have enjoyed so many rich blessings during the past month, and we wish for you to rejoice with us.

We started out with the goal set for ourselves to make this year one of the best in Christian Endeavor work that Fouke has ever known, and we feel that we have met with great success. The teachers this year

have been very *efficient* workers in Christian Endeavor, but now that school is out and they have gone to their respective homes, it makes us who are left feel lonely and somewhat crippled in our Christian Endeavor work. However we have been greatly blessed in the offer of Rev. S. S. Powell, pastor of our Seventh Day Baptist Church at Hammond, La. He is coming to spend the summer with us, working here in our church without salary, until the time of the association, which is to be held at Fouke this year. We appreciate this kind offer of Rev. Mr. Powell. We are hoping and praying for a great blessing upon our work here, and for an inspiring and uplifting associational rally. We hope that a large delegation from our sister churches will be here.

Our Christian Endeavor society is pressing on, trying to raise its standard of efficiency, and to do more good work for our dear Lord and Savior.

We have had a cold, dry spring and the crops are very backward for this time of year.

We ask the prayers of all Endeavorers, that we may ever strive for a higher, nobler Christian life.

Yours in Christian Endeavor,

J. N. PIERCE.

Fouke, Ark.,
June 1, 1917.

ANXIETY

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings, slip by and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam.

Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust, and he who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why can not we, slipping our hand in his each day, walk trustingly over the day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?—*Christian Advocate.*

RACHEL LANDOW, THE HEBREW ORPHAN

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XVIII

(Continued)

Harold taught the Professor's class a month and won quite a little distinction for thoroughness and the knowledge he displayed. For this he was also paid a small salary, which he had not expected. His father and mother were quite proud of him. In fact they dreamed of a future career for him as a teacher rather than practitioner. But he declared that he would rather practice than teach, believing he could in that way do more good among the people.

Thus the year passed and Harold was graduated with honor. Lewis also was graduated, but did not receive honorable mention. However, he declared that would make no difference with his practice and he at once settled in an eastern town of his choosing. He wrote Harold occasionally of his success and later marriage to a bright Episcopalian girl on short acquaintance. In answer to Harold's question about the Sabbath, he replied that being a doctor he could not keep any day and his wife would not keep it with him if he tried. But he wrote that he had left off smoking and was quite an old deacon! Soon he ceased writing and Harold, a few years after, on inquiry of one who had been there, found that Lewis' practice had not increased, that he seemed to lack energy and ambition, and was unable to keep up appearances. Another physician had settled in the same town and was a hustler—a man of excellent habits and an honor to his profession.

"I felt sure that he would fizzle out like that," said Harold to his father, when he learned of this. "There is no sure road to success and influence when principles are sacrificed for pleasure and ease."

We return to the year of Harold's completion of his medical course. He spent a few weeks in rest and correspondence with retiring physicians who wanted him to come and take their practice. Montrose and Lorna had changed their pastorates, and were a great way from home, which was a grief to the mother.

"I wish you might have an office here in

Plattville, Harold, and be with us in our declining years," said Mrs. Selover.

"I would be pleased to do that but this city is overstocked with doctors, and though 'there is room at the top,' yet it does not seem wise to settle here," he said. "I think I have an opening at Harvard and that is not far away; besides we can there be near one of our churches. Rachel wants to have such privileges if possible, though she will gladly go where duty calls. Lorna and Montrose will be here at our wedding and we will talk it over then."

His brother-in-law was to perform the ceremony and the wedding was to be a simple affair. A few friends from Milton were to be present. Rachel had no relatives or college mates to invite, but she was happy all the same. To Mrs. Selover it seemed more of a funeral than a wedding, for it meant loneliness to her in days to come.

The time for the wedding came. The pretty home of the Selovers was tastefully decorated and Rachel was dressed in a modest but handsome bridal gown with classic drapery, and wore a bridal wreath of white wax orange blossoms which had been sent to her from an unknown friend, later to be made known. Lorna was playing an appropriate selection as the bride and groom followed Rev. Mr. Ellington to the room for the ceremony, when suddenly a stranger entered the house. He was well dressed, but pale and haggard, and was unmistakably a Jew. Rachel caught sight of him as she was passing through the door to the place where they were to stand for the ceremony. She instantly turned pale and nearly fainted. Quickly she regained her self-possession but under the circumstances could not speak or act in any way to send the intruder away, and no one knew of his entrance save a few invited guests who thought he might be a belated guest. He stood with the rest during the ceremony but in the rear and was greatly agitated. The ceremony was ended and congratulations nearly through when he approached the wedded pair, and standing a little to one side of Rachel so as to face both her and the guests, he raised a hand to command attention and spoke: "Rachel, and your beloved husband, I give you my blessing. Do not fear nor be agitated though I am. I am your own father though

unworthy to be the father of such a beautiful and pure girl as you are. I am here to confess my great wrong to your mother and to you and to ask your forgiveness both for my first great sin and the later one of kidnapping you, though my intentions were good. I have suffered intensely these years and can stand it no longer. I want to know before I die that you have forgiven it all, and to leave to you what I have for you these years accumulated. I am not fit to kiss the woman of whom I am father but I ask one almost dying favor, that you give me, your father, the kiss of forgiveness and then you can do with me as you wish. State prison is better than remorse and dodging officers. But the world shall know that, as far as in me lies, I have made right the wrongs committed. Are you the Christian you profess to be? If so, am I forgiven? You need not call me father, but speak."

"Yes, I must forgive you. I could not be the disciple of my Lord and not, when asked to forgive. Nor under such circumstances shall the courts of justice now place you on trial. Stay awhile and we will talk it over. Here is the token of my forgiveness." And she stepped forward and planted a kiss on his cheek. He then drew from his pocket and handed her his wedding present, three thousand dollars in lawful money. The bridal wreath he had sent to her by express. Then all were seated at the table for the dinner and the excitement subsided.

John Wexler had been disguised everywhere and had often seen his daughter when she was wholly unaware of it. He had labored and saved to give to her a good wedding gift, as he well knew what would some day happen. He had heard of this approaching wedding and made up his mind to be in attendance and make this confession which had been broken off at the office in New York, as the placing agent had told her. He thought that he might be apprehended and he was ready for it. But Rachel and her friends stood by him and he was no more hunted for his crime, the authorities being asked not to do so as he had made restitution and confession. But he returned to his place of business to occasionally write Rachel and begged to be permitted to send her little gifts.

Harold and Rachel made a very short

bridal trip but not to Watch Hill as they had suggested before the engagement. Lorna and her husband returned to their new home and pastorate, but not before they had had a heart to heart talk with Lorna's father and mother, in the spirit of humility yet faithfulness, as to their duty and privilege to accept the blessed Sabbath of the Christ which by this time they must know could be none other than the seventh day of the week, sustained by the Scriptures and by history. They were plainly shown how in all the past arguments their pastor had utterly failed to give one single proof of sanctity for the Sunday. They were again shown how many leaders in the Sunday churches frankly admitted all this, though not conforming to the practice of the truth. Mr. Selover, when pressed to answer, had to acknowledge that the Sunday had not been sustained but said that he was too old now to make radical changes in his life and business. But he was urged to note the fact that age never excuses a man from obedience to God, and business had nothing to do with it. Hoping for the best and with much affection Lorna bade adieu to her home and parents again and she and her husband were gone.

Upon Harold's return he was acquainted with his sister's appeal to his parents and was about to put in his argument when suddenly Pastor Dudley made them a call.

"Good afternoon, Brother Selover and family. I am late, I see, but I intended to be here before and make your daughter and husband with yourselves a call. I hear that Mr. Ellington has gone to a new pastorate," he said.

"Yes, he had a call from a church quite distant from here, and we feel lonely now with a prospect of Harold going also, though he will not be so far away. But, pastor, why were you not here at the wedding? We sent you an invitation," replied Mrs. Selover.

"I am very sorry, but I went to see a friend at Madison and did not return in time," he replied. "But I have some news for you. I have been studying this Sabbath question that has led your children astray and caused you so much anxiety, and have found that it assumes a new phase. I wanted to present it to your family."

"It seems to me you have several 'new phases,'" said Harold, "and none of them as

yet have fitted into the Bible phase. But I am sorry Brother Montrose is not here to again knock to slivers this new one whatever it may be."

"Well, if you have something new, or newly discovered, for truth is as old as the world, I want to hear it," said Mr. Selover. "But, my dear pastor, you have been a great disappointment to me as well as to my wife in this matter. I have been a loyal member of our church and honest in sustaining it and its doctrines. I firmly believed the Sunday was a sacred day, but like the great majority of Christians I have never taken time to inform myself so as to carry on any discussion and defend the faith. I supposed the Scriptures were plain and that you, an educated man and pastor many years here, having studied the Bible as we laymen never do, could readily give us substantial proof texts sustaining what we have called so long the Christian Sabbath. We asked you here to help us out in the struggles of our daughter, and her betrothed later on. You signally failed, fearfully failed, and instead of helping us save as we supposed our daughter, all you said and tried to prove was only added evidence to them, and, I am now frank to say as we review it in memory, evidence to us that you and we are wrong somehow. The Bible texts are not to be found for any Sunday Sabbath or rest day or as commemorative of the resurrection as you asserted. I can not understand it. You preachers go for a lifetime asserting all this unscriptural stuff and we laymen accept it as authoritative, believing that ministers of our faith are capable of proving it. In the matter of baptism your own commentaries you brought forth gave proof that you and we were wrong. Your great 'authorities,' as you called them, when examined, were weak and many of them sustained immersion as the only apostolic baptism. And now after a long, long study of the Bible you have, it seems, come to the conclusion there is now a great discovery of truth. My! how long is it going to take the Christian world to find out what God has taught us or commanded of us? I heard you preach once a splendid discourse from the words, 'A wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein.' But the wise seem to fearfully err. You doctors of divinity take four years in college and three and four years in your theological semi-

naries and then ten and twenty years in a pastorate with daily Bible study and investigation, and after all this, at every turn in the road, when your arguments do not fit, you suddenly find that all these years you did not exactly know the truth and have now found it. What chance have we laymen of ever knowing black from white? I am almost inclined to say I'll never listen to another argument on this question, but if you sincerely believe that you have a discovery that can help us doubters out, let's have it at once."

"You are a little hard on me, Brother Selover. In the main my arguments are good and though they may seem at times far-fetched, they hold good from reasonable inference. But though truth is as old as the world, yet it takes centuries to fully come into all of it. Modern scholarship makes constantly new discoveries of old things. The Sunday question has taken on several new phases and we find that in the dark ages they *did* twist matters somewhat and put almost pagan ideas into it. Constantine was supposed to be a converted emperor who helped build up the Christian Sabbath, but we find that at the same time he was the leader, or head, of other and pagan religions, and that he knew little of Christianity practically. Sunday seems to have been a gradual growth into the Christian Church. I say 'seems to have been.' But now I have been studying the works of the celebrated Dr. Akers, who with carefully prepared charts shows that the first day of the week of Matthew 28: 1 is the same as the seventh day of Genesis 2: 2-3. So we now in keeping Sunday are keeping the originally blessed Seventh Day. I can not here go into an exhaustive statement of this as Dr. Akers does, but I confess that while I had long known of this theory, I had not accepted it, having had only a superficial view of it. Now I see it quite plainly," said Dr. Dudley.

"Well, Dr. Dudley," said Harold, "may it not be that this too is superficial? Now I have read up that very thing, as it was brought to my attention by one of my teachers in Chicago. But let's let Greek fight Greek. Dr. Akers says that the first day is the seventh day. Dr. Akers published his book in 1855 and took 411 pages to show that the seventh day is the first day or the first day is the seventh rather.

Another, Dr. Fuller, tried his hand at it. He makes time begin at the completion of creation, not at the beginning. Fuller modifies Akers just a bit. He makes God's Seventh Day to be Adam's *first day of the week*. Akers did not. A Dr. Mead finds that the seventh day which was appointed for the Sabbath was the day on which God overthrew Pharaoh in the Red Sea. And although God had appointed the Seventh Day a memorial of creation, he now had the Israelites keep the day of deliverance from Pharaoh on the Red Sea day. I mean that it was the seventh day of the Jewish week, which somehow was not the true week. But he does not seem to know to what day of the Jewish week God's Seventh Day corresponded. This discovery by Dr. Mead was somewhere in 1600, as he died in 1638. Then, too, a celebrated Dr. Jennings, about a hundred years later, I think, took up this grand idea of having the Sabbath changed from the Paradisaical rest day to that so-called Jewish Sabbath. Then again the next century this famous Akers wanted to settle it, and you have passed by these other 'celebrated men' and made a sudden discovery of Akers.

"Fuller makes the first six days of creation, even after the sun had been created and set in motion, all in 'eternity' and commences 'time' on Sunday. But at the Exodus he gives us a week with two Sabbaths in it. At the resurrection he again gives us two Sabbaths coming together, Saturday and Sunday. Now Dr. Akers makes eternity come up to Monday and then time begins and Monday is the first day of the week. This at Creation. At the Exodus he gives us a week with only six days in it, and makes a new week with Sunday (which was his seventh day) as the first day of that week. Dr. Jennings in his study of this matter gives us *twelve days without a Sabbath*. Think of that, Doctor! Now why not adopt Jennings instead of Akers? Don't you think it a little wicked for learned doctors to treat God's records like that? Is the Bible so complicated that we must have all this jumble about it? When God commanded the Hebrews, in a law that was established before a Hebrew was born, to keep holy the Seventh Day he designated it as that day on which he had rested from his work which he had created and made. Thus the Hebrews kept the same day as

was sanctified at creation, and thus the week was the same. And when Jesus lived on earth, there was no trouble about the days. The women 'rested the Sabbath day according to the commandments, (Luke 23: 56), and the next day was the first day of the week. Paul had no trouble as to the days, for he commanded some of the brethren to lay by at home their offerings for the poor on the first day of the week, a day for casting accounts and doing other lawful business.

"How inexcusable are the actions of those theologians who try by misty and unscriptural assertions to get rid of the true Sabbath of Jehovah! Doesn't it remind you, Doctor, of the words of Ezekiel (13: 6), 'They have seen vanity and lying divination, saying, The Lord saith; and the Lord hath not sent them; and they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word?' These men have made some to hope that they would 'confirm the word' but they have spoken 'vanity and lying divination.' I declare that the day is coming when this hedge of lies will be broken down and swept away."

"Well, my son, I did not know you had studied on such matters as these. I see plainly that you are more logical than the learned divines. I verily believe that a child can confound learned men who throw so much dust in our eyes, declaring, 'Thus saith the Lord'; when the 'Lord hath not spoken it.' Pastor, I guess your new discovery will not stand daylight. We will let it drop. Come in and have some supper with us. It is ready, is it not, Sarah?"

"I must thank you and decline as Mrs. Dudley has company to tea she wanted me to be with. I am sorry that you are so loth to look into these matters. Doubtless you, too, will be led away from your church, and your business go to pieces, while your family chases about after every new doctrine." And the pastor withdrew.

"Chasing about after every new doctrine!" said Harold. "If he is not an example of it, then I don't know. Guess I am from Missouri!"

"I guess you are from your Bible studies," said Rachel who had kept silent all this time. "When the Hebrew nation accepts their already risen Messiah, they will confound the nations in error with the truth of the Bible, for they will know it as none

have known it yet. I feel sorry for the Doctor, floundering about to keep his dear Sunday from sinking, and whistling to keep up his courage. God's blessed and sanctified day will never be overthrown by all these witnesses against it any more than Jesus was by the false witnesses against him. It has been crucified between thieves but resurrection is coming and truth will be victorious. Praise the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

"Father, mother, you are very dear, and Rachel and I owe so much to you and to your love and shelter. Retire from business and come live with us. Or if you can't leave this dear old home, and mother is to be so lonely without us, send for auntie at Marshalltown to come and stay with you now that uncle is dead. She is lonesome, I know, and will be happy with you. You are well able to keep her and have her with you," said Harold.

That was rather new thought. Mr. Selover said that he was still able to carry on his business but that he would send for his wife's sister, Mrs. Menlo.

Harold and Rachel departed for their new home at Harvard, and were soon establishing a fairly good practice with promise of gradual distinction as he had experience, for he was a young man of excellent judgment and fixed principles of right, and that wins.

(To be continued)

ONLY 11 ACRES OF LAND TO FEED EACH PERSON

"The earth has a trifle less than 197,000,000 square miles of total surface. A little over a fourth of this surface is land, 55,000,000 square miles of it. And of this 28,000,000 square miles, or a scant fraction over one half, is soil that can be used for food production. The rest is desert, mountain range, and polar regions. A little of this might possibly be reclaimed, but not very much.

"So here we have two vital facts in the practical geography of today: There are 1,600,000,000 people on the earth to feed, and 28,000,000 square miles of tillable land with which to do it. Or, reduced to figures in which we are more accustomed to think, this means that one person must live off the production of every 11 acres, on an average, the world over. Don't say, 'It can't be

done,' for it must be done or somebody will starve. In Belgium today, as for the last two years, helpless mothers watch their babies slowly starve to death before their eyes. Poland is in almost as pitiable a plight, judging from the fragmentary reports that have filtered through, and all Europe is suffering to some extent, the poor especially."

"Wheat is the chief thing the American allies in Europe want. But they want corn also, and they want meat. And they aren't as particular about variety as they used to be. One effect of this war is likely to be to open up a much greater market for American corn. The Italians are beginning to use a great deal of corn meal, in the form of mush and bread, already. Other nations have held aloof from corn, but they are being converted to it. This recalls that when the American Red Cross workers in Poland a year or so ago wanted to help the starving Poles they brought in large supplies of corn from Roumania. The Poles had heard that some dread disease lurked in corn, and wouldn't use it. But things are changing. An expert of the British commission informed the writer that largely increasing demand for corn and its products might be expected from the United Kingdom."

"For the first two years of the war, and until a few months ago, there was little curtailment of foodstuffs in the average English family. The English are heavy eaters. The climate calls for plenty of food. And the average English family hasn't had a meager diet even with war raging. An illustration of this is the fact that German prisoners in England have three liberal meals a day, and even then some of the British have insisted their prisoners ought to be better fed. Like ourselves, the English have been prodigal of their food and haven't until lately seen the need of strictly conserving the supply. In addition to this disposition to wastefulness, the English have had to divert large supplies of foodstuffs to France and Italy, as well as to help out Belgium.

"The French and Italians live much more sparingly in normal times than the British. But they have been hampered by the enormous drafts of men for the army and consequent interference with agriculture." —*Farm and Fireside.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE STORY OF A DANDELION

A dandelion grew in a garden plat
In the shade of an old, stone wall;
Her slender leaves made an emerald mat,
Where the stem grew straight and tall.

In the cool spring days she had worn a hood
That was small and tight and green;
She wore it as long as she possible could,
Till many a hole was seen.

Then she sent down word through her stem and
mat
To the storehouse under her feet,
That she needed at once a bright new hat,
With trimmings and all complete.

It was fine as silk and yellow as gold,
Like a star that had fallen down;
With brightest trimmings, fold on fold,
The gayest hat in town.

And next she wanted a summer hat,
Adorned with small white plumes;
So they sent her one, in place of that
They had sent with yellow blooms.

For many a day she waved and danced
And bowed to the birds and bees;
For many a day the sunbeams glanced
Through leaves of the friendly trees.

But a brisk little wind swept by, one day.
"Please give me your hat," he cried;
He carried the little white plumes away,
And scattered them far and wide.

—*Eliot A. Curtis, in Kindergarten Review.*

THE TWINS' DIARY

Gladys was eleven and May was three days younger when the bosom friendship began. May was twelve and a day and Gladys was three days older when they celebrated with a joint party and solemnly, very privately, adopted each other as "twin."

There came to May on this occasion the brilliant idea of "The Book," and the two girls bought it together next day with the sum of their birthday money; a fat yellow book, across which Gladys printed in beautiful brown letters:

THE TWINS: THEIR BOOK.

The story of their lives
From their birthday, 1916,
To.....

Who joy would win must share it;
Happiness was born a twin.

May had found the motto, and they both thought it beautiful. For had they not proved it? So they hid "The Book" in Gladys' bureau drawer, under the skirts of her best doll, which was a place no pursuing brother would ever think of looking in. Every afternoon after school they stole up to the room and wrote together the history of their lives.

After seven days they could say, "We've never missed it once." But on the fatal eighth, as they came skipping home from school, Gladys suddenly stopped and stared. Across the way from her house a family was "moving in." Among the furniture May spied a dainty little white bedroom set. Gladys cried, "There must be a girl!" And both at once said, "Let's run home and change our dresses quick and come back and watch."

A girl it was, and she came about supper-time. The twins found out next morning, by careful comparison, that they had remembered "The Book" the very same minute, as they tumbled into bed. That is one of the proofs of being twins, you know—to think of the same things at the same instant.

That day they felt it their duty to call upon the new girl. They found her unpacking her books and dolls, and in the excitement of helping her some regular duties were forgotten. "The Book" lay neglected another day.

Of course they asked Eleanor to return their call; and, of course, she had to come the very next afternoon. They entertained her as best they could, telling her all about their twinship and their birthday party—everything they could think of except what lay in the bureau drawer. Then the conversation ran to dolls, and Gladys, forgetting what lay underneath, opened that very drawer and took out her best beloved Dorothy Louise.

"Oh, what's that?" asked Eleanor, spying a yellow something lying there.

It was an awkward moment. Quite reluctantly the secret came out. When Eleanor had gone home the book was laid away with two long sighs.

"I'm sure we had enough reason to feel bad," said Mary; "but I can't see what made Eleanor look as if she wanted to cry."

"Maybe she envies us," suggested Gladys. And all the while Eleanor was feeling

most terribly "outside." Any one who has tried knows what a most unpleasant feeling outsidersness is; so that Eleanor could scarcely be blamed for standing afar for a whole week, saying to herself as she went about school and play: "Two's company; three's a crowd." Somehow, the "twin" book had just seemed like the last straw. As every one at school was strange, the new life was far from a merry one.

The twins sat together one rainy day, with pens delicately poised, waiting for an inspiration that came not. Something seemed to have blocked up the limpid streams of their thought.

"Gladys," said Mary, "I wish Eleanor hadn't seen 'The Book.'"

"So do I. But she did. Now the only thing we can do is to take her in."

"O Gladys! And the very worst of it is that beautiful lettering you did. We can't change it."

"I thought of a way last night. I was afraid you wouldn't like to—to have any one else—I wouldn't either, only Eleanor's such fun."

"I don't want her! It will spoil everything. But I think it's our duty. Do it quick."

There was one little surprised girl on Lane Street next day, and that was Eleanor. For "the twins" had called and urgently insisted upon an immediate visit. They led her, blindfolded up the stairs. They seated her in the best rocker. When she opened her eyes it was to gaze upon the cover of the beautiful yellow book, from whose inscription the words "twins" and "twin" had been carefully scratched out and "triplet" carefully squeezed in, a bit uphill, it must be confessed, but in the eyes of the girls far more beautiful; for they soon found that the good times were not spoiled a bit, but multiplied.

"Happiness," May declared, "is just like a candy-pull—the more the merrier." You may well believe Eleanor thought so, too! And Gladys, too.—*The Comrade.*

GOOD NIGHT

Some things go to sleep in such a funny way:
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads
away;
Chickens do the same, standing on their perch;
Little mice lie soft and still as if they were in
church;
Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;

Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still
in the stall;
Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;
Cows lie down upon their sides when they would
go to sleep.
But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds,
Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for
their heads.
Bird and beast and babe—I wonder which of all
Dream the dearest dreams that down from
dreamland fall!—*Child Lore.*

THE MIRACLE MEASURE

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

A chapter from Potential Russia (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York). One of the most illuminating volumes on the Russia of today and tomorrow

THE war has brought to Russia one change so beneficent, so extraordinary in effect, from which the results in a short space of time have been so marked and so cumulative, that not to observe and mention it apart would be to give it less emphasis than it deserves.

Russia has tried an experiment in nationwide prohibition; the impression it has made upon her social and economic structure is deep and permanent enough to make it impossible to say that of all the lessons of the war, from whatever corner of the conflict, any has a greater significance to the future of civilization.

Upon the theory that the function of government is only to adjust the rights and obligations between man and man, and not to adjust the obligations of an individual to himself, and upon the theory that no restrictive measure is wise until a people are not only willing to legislate it but also subsequently to live it, I went to Russia an opponent of any national prohibition. I promised myself to be an impartial observer, but I was filled with the expectation and perhaps the hope that I might take away support for my beliefs.

I was routed.

THE facts overwhelmed me; I can not see how a national liquor dealers' and manufacturers' league could go to Russia and bring back an adverse report on national prohibition. Russia has been an example of what alcohol can do to gag the voice of progress and make the colors run in the fabric of social organism—her national prohibition is an example of how the abolition of alcohol will set the tide of life

running toward regeneration—over night!

In America, on my return, I found sincere seekers of the truth who had succeeded in obtaining from Russia bits of evidence that the prohibition was being avoided, that the most significant effect was evasion of the law, that the law had made it impossible for those who had learned to depend upon alcohol to obtain it and hence many had died from deprivation or had tossed off cans of varnish or other stimulating poison in agony, and that the government itself was slyly breaking its own ukase.

I think these seekers of the truth succeed no better and no worse than will botanists who, wishing to prove that trefoil plants have no existence, go forth to bring back four-leaf clovers. The evasions of the law are so insignificant that they bear about the same relation to the observations of the law that the illegal entry of Orientals into our own country by the way of Portland, Maine, bears to the law excluding Chinese from the United States. The price of alcoholic beverages will always be the measure of the relation of demand and supply; when twenty-six rubles is the current price of a pint of vodka, prohibition may be considered effective.

True it is that, as I found, the abolition of alcohol in Russia has caused many deaths. If the prohibition were not effective, it is hard to see why these deaths have been so many, but waiving that consideration, the fact is that these deaths are not regarded from the same point of view in Russia as among the champions of freedom in our own country.

TO THE present time, prohibition against alcohol has been effective. Twenty-four hours spent anywhere in Russia would convince any child of ten or twelve of the fact, just as an equal time would convince any intelligent person that the results of the measures were miraculous and were making a new weave of the social and economic fabric.

"I am against prohibition," said an American correspondent to me. "But you will not catch me denying the efficiency of it here—not while I remain sober!"

Said a bureaucrat to me, "Evasion? Oh, yes, we have evasions of the law. Sometimes the evasion is of the law against alcohol, sometimes of the law against murder."

As for the government, incompetent as it may be, floundering about with little co-operation between departments and with a bureaucratic system which cause each human unit to be a professional officerholder who is always tempted to hold his place first and think of Russia afterwards, none the less it is the Russian which of all governments involved in the war has taken the bravest and the boldest step, and no one can come in contact with the Russian people without realizing that in administrative efficiency nothing can surpass the enforcement of an immediate and continuing prohibition over a vast territory and millions of people.

Today, looking back upon the closing of the government vodka monopoly, after one has wandered in and out of Moscow, Petrograd and the Russian villages, and has taken the testimony of peasants, factory owners, and bankers, the complete enforcement of prohibition presents an inspiring retrospect.

ONE fact may never be driven into the intelligence of America: the Emperor planned the step long before the cloud of war had appeared; he said: "It is intolerable that the revenues of the empire should be raised at the expense of the economic and moral welfare of the people."

The actual beginning of prohibition during the army mobilization period was an order prohibiting all sale of intoxicants; it is still in force now. I have been unable to find a single respectable individual who wants to return to the sale of alcoholic beverages. In seven weeks among people and soldiers I saw only one pint of vodka. The people of Russia remember the disgraceful scenes which attended the drunken mobilization in the Russian-Japanese War; and today they all express astonishment at the effect upon soldier and citizen alike of abstinence.

The old peasant woman, bereft of husband, and giving her son at the front her prayers, has come in from the country to undertake housework in the city. To the little hut in which lived Peter the Great when Petrograd was building, she had gone with other long lines of those who would light candles before the magic shrine. But she is canny. Her old eyes twinkled at the interpreter's question.

"Ah, good, good, good!" said she. "All the old toppers are dead now. They could not get their holiday drunkenness. Alexis, the one-armed, tried to drink varnish. It killed him, and so much the better. They tell me all the hopeless drunkards are dead. The young people: they are not like the old either. They have been taught too much, and they are proud and wild as young horses. It is well that they should have no vodka. No drop of vodka should come back: no drop! All say it—young and old say it—except those who must have it or die, and these last have been buried already."

Across the River Neva, on the Ostrov, a factory manager said: "The Russian is not a steady drinker. He has been a holiday drinker. But when he drinks—oblivion! And in Russia we have an almost endless succession of holidays—holidays of state, holidays of church, and all 'legal,' as you call them. So it was that the average workman was on hand perhaps only four days a week. Now all is changed. Our men are here for all hours that the machinery runs. In so short a time have I seen wiped out waste and misery."

SAID a banker: "I thought the measure would have too grave consequences in its effect upon the finances of the empire. Do you know that the gross revenue from the government's monopoly was nearly thirty per cent of the empire's ordinary revenues? Do you realize what it has meant to our war finances? But the step has resulted in the prosperity of the people. At the worst the money can be taken back by the government in taxes, and even then the people themselves will be left in better health and with new productive ability."

The measure has been reflected with astonishing clearness already, not only in the productive efficiency of the people but also in their savings. The state savings bank in its statement of monthly deposits shows that the average monthly deposits during 1913 were a little over three million rubles; in the first seven months of 1914 the withdrawals were larger than the deposits. The prohibition measures came; then in the last five months of 1914 the average monthly deposits were over twenty-three million rubles and in the first seven months of 1915 the average was over fifty million rubles.—*The Christian Advocate.*

WHAT CHRIST WANTS

Is there nothing that Christ, as your friend, your Lord, your Savior, wants you to do that you are leaving undone today?

Do you doubt one instant that it is his will that you should honor and help and bless all the men about you who are his brethren? Are you doing anything like that? Do you doubt one instant that his will is that you should make life serious and lofty? Do you doubt one instant that he wants you to be pure bred in deed and word and thought? And are you pure? Do you doubt one instant that his command is for you openly to own him, and declare that you are his servant before all the world? And have you done it?

These are questions which make the whole matter clear.

Not in quiet lanes nor in bright temple courts, as once he spoke, and not from blazing heavens, as men sometimes seem to expect—not so does Christ speak to us. And yet he speaks. I know that he—there in all his glory, he here in my heart—wants me to do today, and I know that I am not mistaken in my knowledge. It is no guess of mine. It is his voice that tells me.—*Phillips Brooks.*

OUR TRUST IN GOD

What a vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones. Present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and he, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why can not we, slipping our hand in his each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?—*Phillips Brooks.*

FOR SALE.—House and lot, consisting of ½ acre, located in village of Shiloh, N. J., Seventh Day Baptist community. Pleasant location, high elevation, large chicken houses, lot of fruit trees, electric lighted street, good well of water in house. Correspondence solicited. J. L. Creamer, Shiloh, N. J.

MARRIAGES

BOEHM-STILLMAN.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Stillman, of 41 North Washington Avenue, Battle Creek, Mich., April 17th, 1917, Mr. Edward F. Boehm, of Detroit, and Miss Bess Adelle Stillman. Marriage solemnized by Pastor M. B. Kelly.

DOUGLASS-STROTHER.—At the home of the bride's mother, in Salem, W. Va., May 11, 1917, by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, Mr. Fowles P. Douglas and Miss Mina Strother. They will live in Salem.

WRIGHT-STEEG.—At the home of bride's parents, 411 Livingston Street, Elizabeth, N. J., June 5, 1917, at half past eight o'clock in the evening, by Rev. Edwin Shaw, George Wilfred Wright and Marguerite Steeg, both of Elizabeth, N. J., both Sabbath-keepers.

DEATHS

BILLINS.—William M. Billins was born in Massachusetts, September 5, 1847, and died in Grand Rapids, Wis., May 12, 1917, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Mr. Billins was a pioneer resident of Grand Rapids, but for several years had resided in Denver, Colo. About three months ago he was stricken with paralysis, and he and his wife returned to their old home in Grand Rapids. The end came suddenly and was a great shock to his family and friends.

In 1874, Mr. Billins married Addie S. Witter, a sister of the late Jere D. Witter, and the couple went at once to North Loup, Neb., where Mr. Billins held the office of postmaster and conducted a general store. In 1880, they returned to Grand Rapids and for a number of years Mr. Billins conducted the City Cash Store in the Gardner block and later was engaged in the furniture business, also in the Gardner block, in partnership at one time with Mr. Nels Johnson and again with J. D. Witter. The family left, in 1886, for Colorado, where they resided until their recent return to Grand Rapids.

The funeral was held from the house on Love Street on Monday morning at 10.30 o'clock, Rev. R. J. Locke officiating. Interment was made in Forest Hill Cemetery.

DAVIS.—Ora James Davis, son of James B. and Emily V. Davis, was born in New Milton, W. Va., August 27, 1861, and died in Battle Creek, Mich., May 3, 1917, aged 55 years, 10 months, and 6 days.

Brother Davis was a member of a large family, of which three brothers and three sisters are still living. Of these, Mrs. George Trainer

and A. Granthum Davis, of Salem, W. Va., Mr. Anderson Davis, of Jackson Center, Ohio, and Mrs. B. W. Kinney, of Battle Creek, were present at the funeral service.

When about ten years of age the deceased made a profession of religion under the preaching of Elder C. M. Lewis, at Middle Island, W. Va., and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church of that place. He has since been a member of the churches of the same faith at Salem, W. Va., Alfred and Verona, N. Y., and Battle Creek, Mich., and for the last two years has been an honored deacon of the latter church.

Brother Davis was educated at Alfred University, with the exception of the last year which was completed at Salem College, W. Va. This was necessary on account of the feebleness of his parents, who lived in Salem. While pursuing his course at Alfred, he met, loved, and won Miss Anna Cordelia Conger, a member of his class, and on the day of her graduation, he having graduated a few days before at Salem, they were married by President Jonathan Allen.

Brother Davis was a successful farmer in New York State for a number of years, till his health became so impaired that he came to Battle Creek where he could take special treatment. His health became so much improved that he entered into business here where he continued till the time of his death.

Brother and Sister Davis have been blessed with seven children, three of whom have died in infancy. Those surviving, Cecil M., Merle C. and J. Allen, are at home, while Cerena M. is pursuing a course in Salem College, returning home, of course, to attend her father's funeral.

The trouble which finally necessitated an operation had been a serious affliction for years, but through it all he maintained a cheerful disposition. He was a man of strongly religious mind and always deeply interested in the work of the church and the promulgation of the truths of the gospel. He had a strong faith in God and was ready to go. He told his pastor only a few hours before his death that in either case, as to living or dying, it was all right, as the heavenly Father had promised to take care of those who trusted him.

We greatly miss him. His death is mourned not only by his family and church, but also by a host of admiring friends.

His funeral service was conducted by his pastor, assisted by Pastor Tenney and Evangelist Coon, in the tabernacle which was kindly tendered to his bereaved family by the Seventh Day Adventist brethren, after which the body was accompanied by the companion and two sons to Verona, N. Y., where it was interred in the family burying ground.

M. B. K.

LANGWORTHY.—Abby Langworthy, daughter of Thier J. and Lucy Nye Crandall, was born January 5, 1820, and died at the home of her son, with whom she had made her home for nearly thirty years, March 7, 1917, aged 97 years, 2 months and 2 days.

Of a family of nine children she had been the only one living for several years. She lived nearly all her life in Westerly, R. I. On January 6, 1839, she was married to Albert B. Lang-

worthy by Rev. Daniel Coon. February 13, 1858, she with her husband took letters from the First Hopkinton church and united with the First Westerly Church at Dunn's Corner, of which she was an interested and helpful member all her life. The last chapter of Proverbs describes her character fully. Surely she "looked well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness." She not only worked for herself, but was always ready to lend a helping hand to others.

Besides the son, Albert Langworthy, with whom she lived, she leaves two daughters, Mrs. Lucy E. Crandall and Mrs. William F. Saunders, both of Westerly.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, and she was laid to rest by the side of her husband, Dean Albert B. Langworthy, in Oak Grove Cemetery, Ashaway, R. I.

M. A. L.

GREENE.—Mrs. William Edgar Greene, daughter of Henry and Mary Sagar Clements, was born August 14, 1855, and died at Berlin, N. Y., May 24, 1917, aged 61 years, 9 months and 10 days.

Mrs. Greene was born at Fair Haven, Vt. Her parents later moved to Castleton, Vt., where she spent her girlhood. When she was eighteen years old she came to Berlin where she lived until her death. On March 30, 1878, she was married to William Edgar Greene, of Berlin, and to them were born three children: Mrs. Ed Cushine, of Poestenkill, N. Y., Mrs. John Millard and Miss Matie Greene, of Berlin, N. Y.

She was a woman who possessed a most patient, lovable and strong Christian character. She was baptized and united with the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Church, October 20, 1876, during the pastorate of Rev. B. F. Rogers, after a series of revival meetings conducted by Rev. John L. Huffman. Although she had been unable for a long time to attend church regularly, she continually showed her love for Christ and the church by doing gladly and faithfully whatever she could for the advancement of the church and God's kingdom. She was a mother, as well as a dear, loyal and unchanging friend to many. Her interest in others was unflinching and sincere; her counsels were wise and loving, tempered by a long Christian experience and the Golden Rule. In the midst of physical infirmities that would have daunted a less brave soul, she never complained. Her life was saying in strongest accents, "Not my will, but thine be done." She was always the same patient, loving, forgiving, cheerful, sweet-tempered soul, encouraging us onward and upward over life's rough way. Her fellowship with Jesus might be expressed in the following poem:

"The road is too rough," I said; "it is up hill all the way;
No flowers, but thorns instead: and the skies overhead are gray.
But One took my hand at the entrance dim, and sweet is the road that I walk with him.

"The cross is too great," I cried,—"more than the back can bear,

So rough, and heavy, and wide, and nobody by to care.
But One stooped softly and touched my hand: 'I know, I care and I understand.'

"Then why do we fret and sigh? Cross-bearers all we go;
But the road ends by and by in the dearest place we know.
And every step of the journey we may take in the Lord's own company."

Beside her husband, William Edgar Greene, and her three daughters, already mentioned, two brothers, Mr. Clifford Clements, of Pittsfield, Mass., and William Clements, of Hartford, Conn., and one sister, Mrs. B. H. Wood, of Pasadena, Cal., together with many friends remain to mourn her loss.

Though she departed from her loved ones through the close-hanging draperies of earth's night, they may all be reunited in the Better Land, "when the morning breaks and the shadows flee away."

The funeral services, which were conducted by her pastor, Rev. H. L. Cottrell, were held from her late home, Sunday morning, May 27, 1917, and the burial was made in the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery.

H. L. C.

SABBATH SCHOOL

Lesson XIII.—June 23, 1917

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

Golden Text.—Isaiah 50: 13, 14.

DAILY READINGS

June 17—Gen. 1: 1-19
June 18—Gen. 1: 20—2: 3
June 19—Exo. 20: 1-17
June 20—Deut. 5: 6-21
June 21—Isa. 58: 1-14
June 22—Amos 8: 1-12
June 23—Mark 2: 23—3: 6

HOME NEWS

MILTON, WIS.—Rev. S. H. Babcock who underwent an operation at the Janesville hospital three weeks ago, so far recovered as to be taken to the home of his son, L. A. Babcock, the fore part of the week.

Professor Albert Whitford celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary Sunday, May 27, with a family gathering at his home.—*Journal-Telephone.*

WANTED.—By a Seventh Day young man, to buy, rent or take on shares, a farm located in a Seventh Day community for the year 1918. Can furnish references. Address C. B., Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

"Long sermons are too short if they fail to reach the man."

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.

"It is a fairly good rule for us all to observe, never to speak until we have something to say."

The Sabbath Recorder

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager
Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription
Per year\$2.00
Per copy05

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

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THE WAY TO BLESSING

A Christian woman tells of her experience in making a fuller consecration to Christ. "Did you ever have a person in your home," she asks, "who acted as a perpetual rasp on the feelings of your household? I had. One day when I had nearly lost my faith and was sinking in the black waters of despair, I called on Christ to help me, or I would perish. And what do you think He asked me to do? To love this woman. This was the only ladder He offered me out of the black depths. Then I grew uglier than ever, and almost hated my Savior. The struggle continued until I could stand it no longer. In agony I rushed to my closet and besought Jesus to help me. It seemed then as though in a most tender, loving voice He asked, 'Can't you love her for my sake?' I said, 'Yes, Lord, I will.' At once peace filled my heart. My feelings toward her changed entirely. I had yielded my will to Christ." She had heard the Master's voice, and was following Him. That to which He had called her was not easy—it had on it the print of the nails—but it was the way to blessing and joy.—J. R. Miller.

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,
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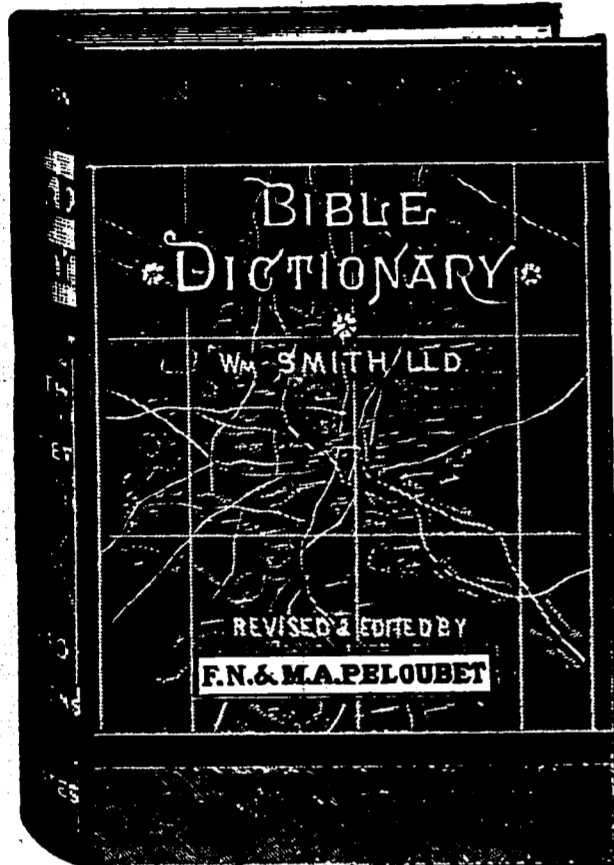
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AN OLD HYMN

Art thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his hands and feet are wound-prints,
And his side!"

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

—Stephen of Sabas (725-794)

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