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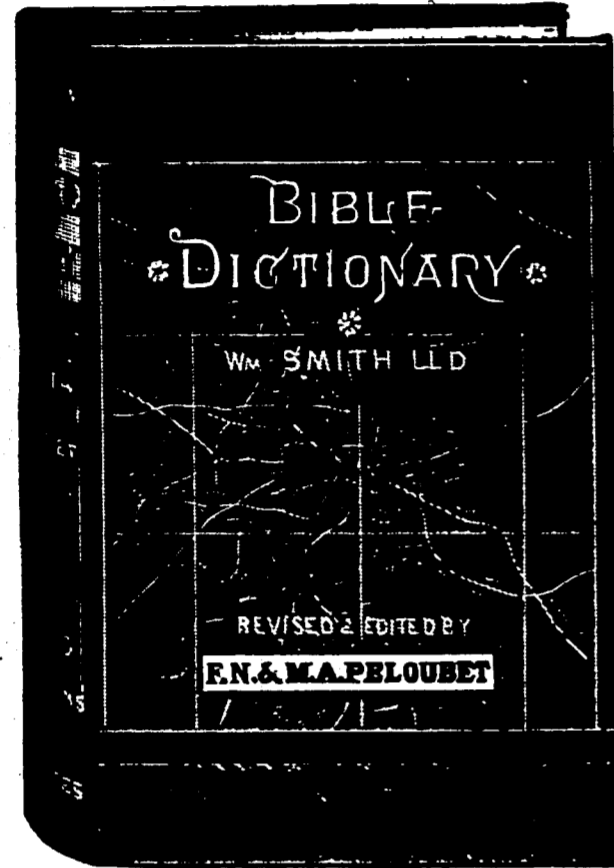
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THE SABBATH RECORDER

Plainfield, New Jersey

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The Sabbath Recorder

"ONE OF YOU"

One shall eat bread with Me; even he
Who was My friend. On him, who walked with Me,
I could rely.

Not so; for after all of this,
He shall betray his Master with a kiss,
"Lord, is it I?"

One shall desert Me, while all around about
My foes press thick and fast, with taunting shout:
"Him crucify!"

Alone, forsaken in my hour of pain,
I look for human friend in vain.
"Lord, is it I?"

One shall be idle, and shall stand
All day within the market place, to My command
Make no reply.

The noonday sun, with beams so bright,
Looks down on harvest fields so white.
"Lord, is it I?"

One shall be thoughtless, and shall take no heed
Of those who faint and starve, their need
To satisfy.

One shall forget that all along the road
Are those bowed down beneath their heavy load.
"Lord, is it I?"

—Anne Porter Johnson.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 83, NO. 2

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JULY 9, 1917

WHOLE NO. 3,775

Serious Matters To Think About The following letter contains some questions and suggestions too vital to our denominational welfare to be allowed to pass unnoticed. We do not know how many loyal Seventh Day Baptists are feeling as this brother does about the matters mentioned in his letter, but we sincerely hope that enough of them are of the same mind, in all the churches, to start a movement for some effective remedy. We do not see how any one loyal to the cause we love can think seriously of the conditions confronting the boards and the efforts, for months, to better them, without sharing in the feelings expressed by this writer:

DEAR EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER: You will find enclosed \$2.25 renewal for RECORDER and *Helping Hand* one year. And now in regard to the Missionary and Tract debt, I tell you frankly I am thoroughly disgusted with the system and methods of our denomination in financial affairs, and unless there is a radical change in our people their doom is sealed. One year ago the Battle Creek Church raised \$135 and this year \$160 to liquidate the debt,—and now the prospect is that our boards are going to Conference with the largest debt in years. What and where is the trouble? (1) A lack of sympathy and co-operation between our boards and the denomination, which ought to be candidly and kindly discussed in every church and society throughout the denomination, that a remedy may be applied. (2) Can our publishing house be made self-supporting? If not, why not? (3) Our young people should be taught that *self-sacrifice* for the Master brings a far greater reward than *selfish indulgence*. And when our people come to realize this and are willing to get busy for the Master and for his cause, and to think more of him and less of the things of this world, then we as a denomination will attain to that higher ground on which it is our privilege to stand.

With kindest regards for you and yours and longing for better and more efficient service in the Master's work, I am

Sincerely your friend,
F. C. MONROE.

31 Hazel Street, Battle Creek, Mich.,
June 23, 1917.

"What and Where?" What and where is the trouble? is a most natural question to ask; and it is far better to ask and then try to answer it, than to be indifferent to the interests involved. Indifference is to be dreaded above all things, and we fear that this is our greatest fault. We are glad when we see signs of life in our churches, and wish there were more persons manifesting deep concern over the want of interest in our denominational work.

The first answer to the question, "What and where is the trouble?" given by our friend in the letter above is: "A lack of sympathy and co-operation between our boards and the denomination." This he thinks is a matter that should be candidly and kindly discussed in every church and society, in order that a remedy may be applied. We, too, think that kind and serious consideration of every phase of the question, in the true spirit of denominational loyalty, might clear up some misconceptions and show how easy it would be to make matters better. Sad will it be if the spirit of indifference predominates and our churches are willing to settle down and do nothing.

Is There a Lack of Sympathy? If there is a lack of sympathy with the boards and their work, then the question as to why people do not co-operate is already answered; for no one can be expected to co-operate very heartily with men or measures where sympathy is wanting. Thus it seems proper and important to be sure, first, "that there is a lack of sympathy."

As to the boards, so far as we know, they have taken the people into their confidence and have published the facts as to their plans; the minutes of all their meetings have been laid before the people; they have tried to find out the wishes of the people by use of the SABBATH RECORDER, by missions to scattered Sabbath-keepers, and by field agents and secretaries working among the churches. They have had repre-

representatives in all annual associations to explain their plans, to tell of their work, and to give the people opportunity to raise questions and discuss methods. The boards have tried to plan wisely and economically for the work year by year, and by the help of the people have established and supported mission work at home and abroad. They have tried to aid feeble churches to support pastors; they have published Sabbath truth and sent gospel messages by the printed page into many lands. They have time and again expressed confidence in the people and urged them to say what they would like to have done. Personal letters to the pastors and to the churches have been sent out to explain measures under consideration, requesting the people to express opinions regarding them.

To these messages too many have responded favorably, and too many have cheerfully lent a helping hand to the work, for us to think that our people lack confidence in the boards. Year after year they have re-elected the boards, approved their plans, and entrusted the work to them. If there is lack of sympathy it must be with the *work itself*. We fear that this, after all, is the real state of affairs. Too many have lost interest in the Master's work, and the real question that confronts us is, How can interest in missions and in Sabbath reform—indeed, in all spiritual things, be awakened? How can the Forward Movement of which we have been talking for two or three years be made a real and practical thing? Will some one try to solve this problem? When this is done the work will not lack helpers. The RECORDER pages are open for "kindly, candid" discussion and warm-hearted suggestions as to the remedy needed.

Can the Publishing House Be Made Self-Supporting?

This question is also asked in the letter from Battle Creek, and has been asked by others. The publishing house, as such, is self-supporting, and is putting \$50 a month into a sinking fund for the "up-keep" of the plant and for improvements in machinery and apparatus. Any surplus remaining is at the disposal of the Tract Society, to be applied as seems best. We should not confuse the SABBATH RECORDER, *Helping Hand*, *Sabbath School Quarterly* and *Sabbath Visitor* with the publishing house. It is

impossible to make the SABBATH RECORDER self-supporting without at least twice as many subscribers as it now has. The same principle holds true in regard to the other publications. None of them can be self-supporting without quite an increase in subscriptions. These publications are essential to our denominational life. This is especially true to the RECORDER; and there is no way to furnish it to two thousand families but to meet the deficits with funds from the Tract Society. This is part of the mission work by publications being done by the board.

Again, the publishing house does all printing for the board and for the denomination at cost; so from all work done in the line of printing tracts, *Year Books*, and other publications of our own, the publishing house receives no profit. If it could have full profits from all these jobs it would make a splendid showing.

A reference to the "Report of the Publishing House" in the last *Year Book*, page 273, will show that all the bookkeeping and clerical work in caring for the subscription lists, in mailing denominational papers, books, and tracts, and looking after the various publications of the Tract Society are never charged to the board to be paid for out of denominational funds, but are carried in the overhead expenses, adding that much to the bills paid by the publishing house.

It should be remembered that the publishing house of the denomination was not established as a money-making institution, but rather as an instrument with which the denomination could do its benevolent and religious work to better advantage. To this end the entire outfit has been purchased with gifts from the people, and with this purchase in view there could be no profits accruing were it not for the commercial work. This was added in the hope that the office might be made self-supporting, and has been pushed as far as could be without interfering with denominational printing. It has been successful in helping out on bills which must otherwise have been paid by the Tract Board.

The society had not been called upon to furnish much in the line of new machinery until the recent purchase of a much-needed up-to-date linotype machine. Such a machine was recommended to Conference and the report was approved (see *Year Book*,

DEBT STATEMENT

Missionary Board's debt, balance due	
June 27	\$1,379 57
Received since last report	No report
<hr/>	
Tract Board's debt, balance due June 28	\$1,791 50
Received since last report	136 09
<hr/>	
Still due July 5	\$1,655 41

NOTES BY THE WAY

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Milton

These notes are written from Exeland, Wis. Beginning this evening and continuing through Sabbath Day and Sunday our church here is to hold services, the same being the sessions of the semi-annual meeting of the churches of Minnesota and northern Wisconsin. At the same time the new building here is to be dedicated, and will be the first church house in or near Exeland. Heretofore all religious services have been held in schoolhouses or in private homes. Concerning these services and the people here I shall write later.

Two days were spent at Milton during the commencement exercises of Milton College. The alumni baseball game was fairly contested, resulting in a score of 5 to 4 in favor of the college. In the evening Shakespeare's "As You Like It" was presented to a gathering that taxed the comfortable seating capacity of the gymnasium, about nine hundred people being present. Patriotic exercises with the raising of the flag on the college campus were held Wednesday forenoon, followed by addresses of welcome and responses which were given in the gymnasium. In the afternoon there was a meeting of the alumni and other students of former years, at which time several addresses were given. At four o'clock on the college campus the four literary societies presented an historical pageant of Milton College, and in the evening the good-fellowship supper was held in the gymnasium. Thursday forenoon the graduation exercises took place and in the afternoon the special celebration of the semi-centennial of the college occurred. Thus is the briefest outline of the events that I had the privilege of attending. I trust that some one

p. 274, near the top). And when it was purchased, the board agreed to pay one half of the expense—or half the difference between the old machine and the new. The publishing house is earning the other half, and in time it will pay it all back, including the amount advanced by the board. How the board came to shoulder the entire linotype debt in order to save a liberal discount offered for cash, and how the board came to ask the people to rally and pay the bill *now* in order to save the payment of interest money by and by, have all been clearly explained in two or three issues of the SABBATH RECORDER.

The Cruz of the Whole Matter Our correspondent hits the nail on the head in his No. 3. When our people come to realize that the spirit of self-sacrifice is far more noble than that of self-indulgence; when they prize spiritual things above the things of the flesh; when they think more of Christ and his Sabbath than they do of worldly pleasure; when they "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and begin once more to live as though they thought the faith of their fathers was really worth while, then indeed may we expect whole-souled, enthusiastic support for the Master's work. There must be something wrong when a people as prosperous as Seventh Day Baptists are can not raise at the rate of \$3.15 a resident member, in a whole year, for all kinds of missions, Sabbath reform, and General Conference work. Had this been done year by year for three or four years back, our debt troubles would have been avoided.

Milton's First Goal Won Two articles in this RECORDER really belonged in the Milton College Number of last week. There were two good reasons for their not appearing: they reached us too late and the paper was full to the back cover. You may call this number Milton College Number completed, if that seems good to you, and rejoice over the success of the campaign for a standard college endowment as set forth in Dr. L. C. Randolph's article, "The First Goal Won."

We know that every friend of the small college will enjoy reading Dean Edwin H. Lewis' address on "Education by Limitation."

has been duly appointed to furnish the SABBATH RECORDER with an account of the exercises of the week. What I shall write must be very brief and altogether incomplete. My stay in Milton was short, and I have only memory to depend upon for places, times and names.

I presume there were few people at Milton that enjoyed and appreciated the pageant in a larger measure than I did. Seven years as a student and eighteen years as a teacher, a total of twenty-five, or just half the period that was being celebrated, have been mine in official relations with the college. And while my heart rejoiced in the successful growth of the college, and while my very soul sympathized with the heroic struggle that is being made, at the same time I felt so lonely and homesick that I could scarce control my feelings.

The birth of Milton College as displayed by the pageant was a fine conception well executed. The colors of the college are brown and blue,—brown the symbol of mother earth, of toil and service; blue the symbol of the sky, the ideal and spiritual. A group of maidens garbed in brown in peasant costumes and armed with spades dug up the soil and planted seeds. And as they labored thus upon the campus another group in blue appeared and disturbed the toil, but caused a different feeling to exist, and so they joined together, the brown and blue, and circled here and there about an arbor green with leaves, and lifting up the boughs they brought to light a stately maiden dressed in brown and blue, Milton College, and then escorted her to a throne prepared for her reception.

The episode of the Civil War was represented by a recruiting scene where the young men came from school and farm and shop and office, and falling in line with fife and drum marched away to battle. Then came the Fiery Trials all dressed in black with faces masked, and they would have torn fair Milton College limb from limb had not Fides, mounted on a charger white, come galloping to her rescue, and having put her enemies to flight he took his place by her side, there to remain forever.

A very touching episode was the mourning for the death of "Elder" Whitford.

Milton College on her throne was all alone except for faithful Fides standing near her. She was bowed in grief and sorrow. Then there came forth from Memorial Hall the Muses, with slow and stately step, and bending low upon the earth with faces in their hands, and again with hands high raised up to heaven, they gathered around a memorial tablet that was covered. Then one went forth and summoned Professor Albert Whitford from the gathered company and bade him unveil the tablet. Then, as the Muses, having shown the grief and sorrow deep in which Milton College was submerged, were slowly taking leave, there came fitting from the hill the Spirit of Hope with her maidens bearing flowers bright in baskets; and as they danced about in joy and gladness Hope called President Daland to come forth and with him went to Milton College, and touched her gently, and caused her to lift up her head. And so the new leader took his seat by her side, and thus with Fides on the one hand and Hope upon the other they remained steadfast and secure.

The closing episode was suggested by the present war. Almost a hundred little boys and girls in red and white and blue, in the center of the scene, just in front of the throne, formed an American flag, while a line of Boy Scouts in brown formed the staff. And then on either side gathered all who had taken any part; even the Fiery Trials were seen on the edges in the background. And standing there upon the hillside we all sang "The Star Spangled Banner," on that perfect day in June, and Hope spoke the last word that closed the pageant and dismissed the people.

The text of the pageant, with the directions and diagrams of the marches and dances, constituted the graduating thesis of Miss Adelaide Bartholf. The entire student body of the college was used in the various scenes. Sometime, unless others make a report, I shall have more to write about this commencement of Milton College. Just now I am in the new lands of northern Wisconsin, where people are finding homes in a goodly fertile land. And I can write no more, for the train is at hand from Exeland to New Auburn.

Exeland, Wis.

The day was fair and bright on Friday, June 22, when at half-past five o'clock in the morning I stepped from the limited train, between Chicago and Superior on the "soo" line, to the platform at Exeland, Wis. The clear bracing air of the pine lands was a tonic to the weariness of mind and body. A ride of two or three miles over good country roads brought us to a hospitable home and an appetizing breakfast. Most of the land about Exeland is as yet unsubdued, being covered with brush and small trees and stumps, with here and there a few larger pines left by the lumberman of former years.

The place where I was entertained was on the road from New Auburn, and during the day about twenty people arrived, and stopped or passed on, coming by auto and horse teams thirty to forty miles to attend the semi-annual meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of Minnesota and northern Wisconsin. There was sickness in three of our homes at Exeland, but the other families with the cordial assistance of several people of other denominations bountifully cared for all delegates and visitors, about thirty in number. For Sabbath Day and Sunday our dinners were served at the church, but all went home to suppers, for the cows had to be milked, the pigs and chickens and calves had to be fed, and other farm chores attended to.

The first meeting was on Sabbath eve. The church building is in the village. Heretofore meetings have usually been held at the schoolhouse on the banks of Windfall Lake, two miles away. Here it was that Rev. James H. Hurley, several years before the railroad was built, came from time to time and preached the gospel of Jesus Christ. It seemed wiser, however, when the people decided to build a church, to locate it near the station, thus avoiding the mistake that has been made in other places. Most of our people live nearer the country schoolhouse, but looking ahead they felt that it would be a better situation for the church in the village. The moderator and clerk were both absent on account of illness. So Brother Jesse Babcock of the Exeland Church called the meeting to order. Charles Thorngate, of North Loup, Milton and Exeland, was elected moderator, and Miss

Luella Coon, of New Auburn, was elected secretary. Temporary arrangements had been made for the evening service, the dedication services of the new church had been set for Sabbath morning and were to be in charge of Rev. James H. Hurley at the request of the Exeland people; so the moderator appointed a program committee for the other services of the meetings, consisting of Mrs. Angeline Abbey, of New Auburn, Minn., Mrs. Rachel Davis, of New Auburn, Wis., and Mrs. Ruth Watts, of Exeland. After this preliminary business there was a service of song and prayer, an inspiring sermon by Mrs. Abbey, and a helpful testimony meeting led by Brother Thorngate.

A rainy morning dampened the roads, but not the interest of the people in the dedication services of the new church on Sabbath Day. The sermon was preached by Rev. James H. Hurley, pastor of the Welton (Iowa) Church, who is soon to take the pastorate at DeRuyter, N. Y. Remarks were made by the pastor of the Methodist church at Exeland, the Rev. Mr. Dale. The consecrating prayer was spoken by Rev. Edwin Shaw. Pastor John Babcock, of New Auburn, Wis., Mrs. Abbey and Brother Thorngate took part in Scripture reading and prayers. A choir of young people led the singing and gave one special selection of music, and all joined in the closing dedicatory hymn. These services were followed by the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Thus a new Seventh Day Baptist church building has been added to our houses of worship. It is a neat well-built structure, comfortably seating about one hundred people. To the forty-eight chairs with which it is now equipped we added fifty more from a village hall not far away, and these were all occupied and people were standing when Brother Hurley on Sunday evening preached the closing sermon of the meetings. A well lighted basement when completed will provide most convenient accommodations for the social activities of the people. It is planned to build a vestibule in the front at some time with tower, belfry and spire. At the closing service an announcement was made offering the use of the church for any religious meetings of the community on application to the trustees.

Sabbath afternoon there was a sermon by Pastor John T. Babcock, in the evening a sermon by Rev. Edwin Shaw, and Sunday afternoon a sermon by Brother Charles Thorngate. The session of the Sabbath school was in charge of the superintendent, Mrs. Ruth Clement Watts, and remarks were made by Rev. J. H. Hurley, Rev. Edwin Shaw, Charles Thorngate, and Mrs. Rachel Van Horn Davis. The Young People's meeting was led by Claude Coon. Besides devotional services and special music there were three essays, as follows: "One Sheep Lost," by Mrs. Addie Greene, of Dodge Center, Minn., read by Harley Greene, of New Auburn, Wis.; "Little Things," by Alice Loofboro, of New Auburn, Wis., read by Christina Babcock, also of New Auburn, and "Christian Service," by Sibyl Reed, of Exeland. These essays were requested for publication and will appear in due time.

The secretary was favorably impressed with the entire situation at Exeland. A pastor, or an officially recognized leader, is needed where responsibility shall center and where organized growth shall develop and receive direction. Let the people who are there now faithfully "stay by the stuff", and to that nucleus will gather in a few years a flourishing and self-supporting church. God grant it may be so, and to that end let us give and labor and pray.

Sunday morning was a beautiful day, and the secretary took a walk of eleven miles out across the Chippewa River for a look at the country and to see the home of one of the students of Milton College. As he crossed the river he saw a large otter dive from a high bank into deep water. He passed a farmhouse where he counted fourteen vehicles of various kinds wherein had come the farmers with their families to worship at a Dunkard meeting, all the men, women and children being in the uniform of that religious denomination. His walk and visit took more time than he had anticipated, and so he missed the business session at eleven o'clock; but he returned in time for dinner with a relish that was unfeigned.

The meeting was indebted to Herman Socwell for decorations of ferns and white clover blossoms for the closing service. In

addition to those about the pulpit, organ, and table, he had made a bank of ferns several feet long and three feet high on the platform, smooth and even, and in white clover blossoms stuck into this bank of green ferns, in letters easily read from anywhere in the church, were the words,—"God be with you till we meet again,"—and this song was sung when, just before the close of the service, Mr. and Mrs. Hurley left to get the train for home.

The next session of this semi-annual meeting is to be held at Grand Marsh, Wis.

Dr. Grace Crandall at North Loup

Dr. Grace I. Crandall has arrived safely in the homeland, and is making her first stop at North Loup, Neb. A friend who came on the same steamship with her made a short visit at Milton Junction to see Mrs. Nettie M. West, June 29, being a very dear friend of our missionary, Anna M. West. Her report was that Dr. Crandall was rather weary from the long journey.

THE FIRST GOAL WON

Pledges for Milton College Endowment, \$55,000

One reason why this commencement week will go into the memory of many who were present as the greatest they ever attended was because it was filled with the spirit of achievement. Although it was historical in plan, it had a forward look. The days of old were wonderful, but the best was yet to come.

After the very impressive pageant Wednesday afternoon the fellowship supper fairly bubbled with good fellowship and enthusiasm. The campaign manager announced that he had passed the one third mark toward the special \$105,000 Endowment Fund, and wanted to pass the half way post before the close of the week. As he announced the \$1,000 Endowment Scholarships which had come in by mail during the week or which had been given to him on the campus, the applause rang out, and the college yell shook the decorations. Before the evening was over the amount reached \$48,000. The last came in by telegrams, \$1,000 was added Thursday forenoon and \$3,000 in the afternoon, but at 9.30 in the evening, we were still \$2,330 short of the \$55,000 asked for. Then the amount was

CONFERENCE NOTES

Conference will be held with the Plainfield Church, August 21 to 26 inclusive

All who plan to attend, whether delegates or not, should send their names to the chairman of the Hospitality Committee, Mr. W. C. Hubbard, III West Fifth Street, Plainfield, N. J.

Will those who wish to wait on the table and thus secure dinners without charge, please send their names as soon as possible to Mrs. C. P. Titsworth, 1025 Madison avenue, Plainfield, N. J. As the suppers will be served on the cafeteria plan no waiters will be needed for the evening meal.

The Plainfield church greatly regrets that the price of meals will of necessity be higher than heretofore. More definite information on this subject will be published soon as possible.

To the Boy Scouts of all the Seventh Day Baptist Churches:

We, the Boy Scouts of Troop 13, Plainfield, extend a cordial invitation to all of you, to attend our General Conference, August 21 to 26. Please come in uniform. Those who accept this invitation will find it worth their while.

Come, not only to have a good time, but for a higher motive concerning which you are referred to second point in the Scout Law, "A Scout is loyal."

Hoping to see you all this summer.

Cordially,

TROOP 13, PLAINFIELD.

Harold Whitford, *Scribe.*

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
The tumult and the strife,

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes
blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed,
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no heavy tears to fall,
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve
To vex myself and all who love me? Nay;
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.—*Celia Thaxter.*

closed up with a rush. The last thousand was given by an unknown friend, and the loyal rooters grouped in front of the president's home, tired but happy, assured the "Unknown" that he (or she) was "all right."

We must not stop long, however, for ebullition of spirits. The hardest task is yet to come. Many of the gifts already made are conditional on the whole amount being raised. The time for congratulations has not yet come. Do not sit back in your easy chair and say, "Hurrah! They are going to raise it all right." The only pronoun suitable to the occasion is "we". Everybody must lift to the utmost. You will have to put your gifts on a high plane, friends. It will mean planning and persistent sacrifice.

Most of those who have given Endowment Scholarships are not people of wealth. Some of us will be a good many years paying up. But I do not know of any who are not doing it gladly and cheerfully, being thankful for the privilege of sharing in the work. Let everybody come forward in the same spirit and in similar measure in proportion to ability, and success is assured. Will it not be glorious to celebrate next year the completion of the \$250,000 endowment, with movements on foot which will bring the amount to \$500,000 in a few years?

There are big things in store for the old school, but the bigger things beyond are in large measure conditional on the completion of this task first, and "The victory may depend on you." To those who have so loyally and grandly co-operated I give thanks from the depths of my heart. You are "the salt of the earth"—"and some of the pepper". How close are the ties of affection that join us together.

"In the praise of the Brown and Blue."
—*Lester C. Randolph, in Milton College Review.*

In wandering through your mental pleasure-grounds, whenever you come upon an ugly intruder of a thought which might bloom into some poisonous emotion, anger and the like, there is only one right way to treat it. Pull it up like a weed; drop it upon the rubbish-heap as promptly as if it were a stinging nettle; and let some harmonious thought grow in its place.—*Robt. A. Shauffler.*

MISSIONS

"Prayer is the only element which can quicken information into inspiration, transmit interest into passion, crystalize emotion into consecration and coin enthusiasm into dollars and lives. Let us seek by every means to convince every man that whatever may be his contribution in the way of money or service, he has not exercised his highest influence, performed his full duty, or enjoyed his highest privilege, until he has made definite, believing prayer for missions a part of his daily life."

LETTER FROM JAVA

DEAR FRIENDS:—Oh, how you all will be stirred by the news that the war is declared between America and Germany. I can imagine how you all feel. It makes things very hard and sad for you, especially as there are thousands of Germans in America, maybe dear friends among them. I know how it is here in Java, as I have very dear friends among the German missionaries, and they can not see things as I see them. Oh, how this war is tearing our very heart into pieces. And what will the end be? I so often think of the vision in Revelation 6: 4-8. Is not this the time peace is taken from the earth and the famine following, and Death and Hades celebrating their awful triumph? My poor sister with her husband and children in Russia are suffering from want. Her husband is a missionary on furlough; but all these years of war they have had only 500 rubles given to them by their mission society. One of my brothers here in Java is well-to-do, and he used to send me money for my living; but I have told him to better send it to my sister in Russia; and some of my nephews and nieces also give their contribution for her. I do hope the money will reach her all right. Oh, I feel my heart like bleeding when I hear of all the misery and suffering everywhere. Dear friends, I pray with all my heart the war will not mean loss or want to one of you. If there is no money to be sent to me, don't bother! Our Father in heaven is still the same, and he will pro-

vide. Your prayer of faith will help us all the same. Till now the money sent by Brother Hubbard has not reached me, and also the money sent by your Missionary Society. Postoffice money orders always go via Holland, and now the mails are stopped for fear the German submarines. Some time ago I wrote to Brother Hubbard and Brother Davis that I had found out the "Netherlands Trading Society", which has a branch in Samarang (one of the capitals of Java, not very far from here), is also represented in several towns in America; so it would be easy to send me checks that are payable at the office of this society in Samarang (Java). Bank checks payable at London also are easily paid by that Netherland Trading Society. I hope Brother Hubbard and Brother Davis will notice this, if there is any money to be sent in the future.

We are all pretty busy just now, as it is harvest time. I bought the crop on the rice fields some time ago (as the fields do not belong to the colony), and now all hands are busy to bring the rice home and to dry it every day. God is so gracious and sends us sunshine. Even the little ones must work, as they watch the rice that is dried and chase the fowls away.

I hope you have received my letters for the RECORDER. I wrote one last year in October, one in November, one in January this year, and in March I sent a letter with two photos registered. In my last letter I wrote about two little Javanese girls I have had with me in my house for a year now. I mean to train them for the work when they are grown up. Recently there is still another little one, only two years old. The story is very sad. Her mother had been with me many years; she was only a child when she first came, a smart, bright girl, quick in understanding. She married when she was of age; but her husband turned out to be a bad fellow. He stole my money (over a hundred guilders) and ran away, and till now the police has not succeeded in catching him. His wife had to be sent away later on for immoral life; even the head of the village said to me he could not allow her to live in his village. So she went with her little girl two years old, as the head of the village had told me, to her relatives. But later on I found out she lived in a clandestine brothel, which she left again to follow a man who promised to

support her. Her little girl she had left in the brothel. I sent for the child, and had to pay two guilders to get her. And so the dear little one is with me now. Oh, it is such a darling! She is as merry as she can be with us here. Just now I hear her singing at the top of her voice; and at the end she says "Amen." Dear friends, will you help me in praying for this precious little one, that the Lord may use me to bring her into his fold, and that he himself will train her for his service?

With hearty greetings to you all and a heart full of gratitude for all you do for me and my people, praying our dear Lord to be with you all and to make all things work together for your good, I am

Yours in communion with our blessed Lord,
M. JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, Tajoe, p. o., Java,
April 16, 1917.

EDUCATION BY LIMITATION

EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS

Commencement Address, Milton College

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Napoleon told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down on them from the pyramids, but doubtless the average soldier had a very dim idea of what he meant. They tell us that fifty years of history look down on us today, but it may be another hundred before these wonderful fifty are seen in true perspective. Yet there are prophetic voices in the air of what judgment will be passed by the year ending in 2017 on the half-century ending in 1917. I seemed to catch them yesterday in beholding the exquisite and impressive historical pageant here. Still more in the evening were they audible, when in this building came the memorable evidence of your organic wholeness, the evidence of a social co-operation the like of which I never saw before. And at one point the prophetic voice seemed to speak out in accents unmistakable—the voice of the woman who most of all desired this institution to exist—the voice of Nancy Goodrich articulate in the tones of a young physician, her lineal descendant. Dr. George Post, Jr., speaking of thoroughness, said in three minutes all that I should like to say here this morning.

Plato said that literary men are prone to think that they know various trades and industries because they are mentioned in

Homer. Yet how is it possible to say anything about these fifty years without mentioning trades and industries? Trades and industries seem to have had it all their own way. At the close of the Civil War, literary men naively thought that prosperity and the noblest thought would speedily prevail throughout the world. What has actually prevailed is prosperity. The noblest culture has been in abeyance. The high instincts for beauty, reflection, history, and religion have partly been inhibited.

But technology has flourished, because, to put it hopefully, the race is slowly awakening to the fact of its technological unity. Man has only one enemy, and that a kindly one—nature. But nature sternly refuses to surrender until the race unites to compel it. Take for instance the limestone of the Balkan peninsula, the configuration of which has caused a hundred wars. It will never cease to be a cause of war until it is studied co-operatively by the scientific good will of all Europe. Or take the conquest of any disease. Diphtheria was brought under control by the united efforts of a German and a Japanese, working on a basis supplied by a Frenchman, who in turn was indebted to an Englishman and another German; I mean the international circle represented by Behring, Kitasato, Pasteur, Jenner, and Schwann. Toward such co-operation in all good causes the race is slowly making its way.

But in the process there is much excitement. There is much business, extension, and expansion. Men have lengthened their arms till they strike from the sky like thunderbolts, and strike from beneath the sea like the sharp rocks of sunken ledges. They have lengthened their nerves into electric wires till they are nervous with the woes of a world. They have lengthened their voices into the bedlam of steel guns. Agriculture, the basis of human life, has been neglected, and the world has tried to live by expansion or industry and commerce. Business and machinery, which should be the servants of the humanest purposes, have become so impersonal that they have infected nations, making them relentless business competitors.

There are limits to expansion. There are limits to false nationalism. We believe one nation to be guilty far beyond the rest, and against that nation we have taken up arms.

But the real enemy is invisible. It is the unchecked and unreflective instinct of acquisition. It is the willingness to buy and sell that which is too sacred to buy and sell. It is the willingness to pass any boundary for the sake of gain.

The process of settling any limit by force is sometimes unavoidable, but always expensive. A day's cost of the deadly mechanical discussion now proceeding in the world would richly endow two hundred colleges. The cost of it for the last three years would richly endow many millions. But we do not need millions of colleges. What we need is respect for limitations. And so I invite your attention to the value of limitations in education. "Limit" did not originally mean something which cabined, cribbed, and confined. It meant a useful path across cultivated fields. The Anglo-Saxon for the same path was the strong word "balk."

Goethe once remarked that a master first shows himself in limitation. This is true even of the Master of us all. The educational opportunities of Jesus were very limited. There was manual training in woodwork, there was the Old Testament, there were the villagers, the hills and the flowers, the sheep and the shepherds, the sky overhead and the earth under-foot; there was the Aramaic vernacular, and possibly a little Greek caught from the lips of men in Capernaum. That was all. He accepted these limitations, and you have only to read his parables to see that he made use of everything. He took every trivial thing in that tiny village of a remote Roman province, and made it eternally important. But Christ was the self-limitation of divine love, and it is not my purpose to consider the exacting standards of love. Rather I would advise young men to read the published baccalaureate sermon—"Christ, the Student's Model"—of the beloved William Clarke Whitford, to whom Milton owes a debt that can never be paid.

A reasonable limitation should make education intensive, logical, thorough, and organic. But education in crime might be all that. We need another word, and such a word is not far to seek. This college is here by limitation. It is here because people went without things to put it here. But the founders, though men of strong denominational convictions, did not make their charter denominational. They restrained

their feelings on this point, and the right adjective for that restraint is magnanimous.

Instantly I recall certain words which for years have looked down from a certain wall in the Lewis Institute, words which were admirably discussed in the *Atlantic Monthly* two or three years ago by Dean Birge. They are these words of your democratic and heroic namesake, John Milton: "I call a complete and generous education that which enables a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, public and private, both of peace and war."

Magnanimous is a Latin word translating a Greek word, and the Greek word is not found in the New Testament. For the definition of it we must look farther back. Professor Thomas, ever faithful to the neglected wisdom of the Greeks, would quickly find it for us in Aristotle, in the fourth book of the *Nicomachean Ethics*. There it stands, based entirely upon the relative importance of things. The magnanimous man, says Aristotle, does not attempt many things, but few and important. He prizes courage, temperance, justice, generosity, cheerfulness, and logical thinking—in short, the Greek virtues. In comparison with them everything else looks small to him. He is not fascinated by profits, privilege, or praise. He is indifferent to profits, for he prizes what can not be bought or sold. He is indifferent to privilege, for he asks no favors. He is indifferent to praise, for each virtue is its own reward. And he readily forgets injuries, for he does not regard them as important.

In all this, you see, there is no hint that we should love our enemies. But how consonant is the rest of it with the sort of thing that boys admire! How glad they are to be established in such high-mindedness! And how we all admire a youth when we find him, so established, entering upon life! Without truckling, without cynicism, without boasting, without bad habits, without fear, unashamed of his parents, his college, or his religion, honest in word and deed, strong in body and mind, clean, alert, sweet-tempered, speedily effective—the very sight of him makes a lump of pride rise in the throats of those who love him.

He is fit to enter business. He may not be prepared for sales-management, but he is prepared for self-management. He has

a sure sense of the relative importance of things. And to give that sense of relative importance the small college should be, and is, peculiarly effective.

It is so, first, by the limitation of the student's own sense of what he has a right to. In a great technical school the student is so impersonally supported that he does not always feel gratitude. He is tempted to go in merely for skill, and feel that he has a right to all he can get. But life without a sense of gratitude is not worth having. It is quite true that the ramifications of education into the special techniques of skill are so expensive that no private foundation can long support them, and, conversely, it is true that any college should lay a foundation for skill. But the prime object of the small college established by poor folks is not skill: it is the disinterested love of whatsoever things are elevated, and the desire to see things in their relative importance. And no man can see things as they really are without a decrease in his sense of personal rights. If he studies economics without prejudice, he perceives that every dollar he earns was made possible for him by the labors of unknown benefactors. If he studies psychology without prejudice, he perceives that the innermost thoughts of what he is pleased to call his self are mostly a borrowing or a gift. Happy is the self-made man who awakens to his utter dependence, his utterly derivative nature, his manifold and inestimable debt. But happier is the youth so trained that he never has to undergo that awakening. There is small hope for democracy until youth comes to know, not by mere exhortation but by the steps of an irresistible logic, that the only demonstrable human right is the right to serve. You may preach to predatory wealth till the cows come home. Your only hope is to lay the facts before youth and keep them there till youth learns the economic soundness of unselfishness, and the psychological necessity of it. When that lesson is learned and believed and accepted, joy and gratitude begin. And you will find a good deal of that joy and gratitude in the graduate of the small college, for every brick of it proved to him that some folks are magnanimous, some folks wanted to give him a chance.

In the second place a small college makes for magnanimity by the limitation of its numbers. It is the true laboratory of char-

acter, and compels our judgment of each other to be generous, because it compels it to be discriminating. It is the testing-floor of personal relations. It is the best possible preparation for the hard part a man is to play in a democracy. For this purpose it is just the thing. The word "thing" originally meant "assembly." And because personal relations that involve the whole intellect are the realest experience in life, later generations used "thing" to name whatever approaches them in reality. A rock is a thing because it is almost as solid as the understanding of character you get or might get, in college. Bronze is a thing because it is almost as enduring as a man's love for his college.

As a third consideration, how favorable to high-mindedness is the limitation of geographical place! On every hand are the balks of nature. It is not so in a great industrial center! I teach in an institution around which, within the radius of a mile, are no less than thirty saloons which deliberately pander to sexual immorality, with all its degradation, disease, and horror. This is what business enterprise of a certain sort has done to us in Chicago. And how gladly, in our organized fight with it, would we welcome any of these geographical balks—a park, a lake, a cross-country road, even the bars of heavenly light across the sunset—anything that would be a natural support to tempted youth, anything like a natural bulwark of the soul. We who were educated in small colleges sometimes felt that the village was a dead town, but a dead town is better than a deadly one. We may well cry out with Emerson:

How much, preventing God, how much I owe
To the defences thou hast round met set—
Example, custom, fear, occasion slow,
These scorned bondmen were my parapet.

In the fourth place, the very limitations of the curriculum should make for magnanimity. For this purpose the narrowest prescribed course may prove too broad. Do we fancy that magnanimity is an easy thing to teach? Did Jeremiah, Socrates, Seneca, Giordano Bruno, Sir Thomas More, Abraham Lincoln find it easy to teach? Every one of these men taught it at the cost of his own life. But it is easy to trace the growth of magnanimity in those teachers themselves.

Take Lincoln. He was born kind-hearted, but the high-mindedness of his career was

due to education. He was balked of college, but he was thoroughly educated by limitation. By enforced training he was very strong in bodily powers and accurate sense-perception. By the limitations of place he was very strong in knowledge of real men in real situations. And in knowledge of a few books he was very strong. He had no advanced courses and no accomplishments, but he knew six books—not knew them rather more or less, but knew them. These were Euclid, Shakspeare, Bunyan, Burns, Blackstone, and the English Bible. He mastered elementary geometry, and said that Euclid taught him the importance of bounding every subject north, east, south, and west. He mastered Shakspeare, the impartial creator of six hundred individualized characters. He mastered Bunyan, the great analyzer of human nature brought to the test of moral decision. He mastered Burns, who knew for sure that the rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gold for a that. He mastered Blackstone, the record of the English people's long struggle to establish justice by experience rather than by edict. And as far as in him lay he mastered the Bible, the supreme record of eternal values, the final test of what is important.

Is it any wonder that he had vision? Is it wonderful that he reasoned with the South, asking them to construct the argument themselves and see the mathematical inevitableness of it? Is it strange that in weighing the motives of men he divested himself of personal feeling? Can we marvel at his patience, his perfect understanding of the difficulty of southerners, who no more regarded the negro as fit for democracy than the overlords of Africa now so regard him? He took everything into account—which is the peculiar mark of reflective memory as compared with overloaded memory.

The Milton men who responded to his call were likewise men who had been held down to fundamentals. And they had been taught by Albert Whitford—as their sons and daughters have since been taught—to bound a subject in strict Euclidean fashion, north, east, south, and west. Therefore they could see the point Lincoln was making. At first blush it was not so easy to see; the best men of the South were unable to see it—and there were plenty of good men in the

South. But there had been no scatteration in Lincoln's education, and he foresaw the deadly consequences of scatteration in a democracy. Much to the surprise of such men as Horace Greeley, he limited the issue to the Union. Should we be united in a manner magnanimous, intensive, logical, thorough, and organic, or should we become a chaos of conflicting purposes? The boys of Milton Academy saw the point. And what Lowell said at Harvard in 1865 is just as true of Milton:

Many loved truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her...
But there, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her...
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes it awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her, plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes look proud on them in death.

By these four limitations, then, the small college makes for magnanimity. By limitation of the sense of right, limitation of numbers, limitation of place, and limitation of curriculum it tends to establish in the student those qualities of character which we honor in Abraham Lincoln. And it will do so more and more in the future, as the passion for expansion dies away in the earth, and men perceive that their happiness and their power lie in a reasonable limitation.

Next in importance I would put intensive.

The beginnings of science were at once too vast and too practical. They all had the earmarks of the desire to get rich quick. When a Kassite cattle-thief conquered agricultural Babylonia and built an empire on slave-labor, we may fairly call him practical in the worst sense of the word. And when he fell sick, he saw no reason why, as lord of the earth, he should not cash in everything to get well again. So his medicine men set to work to cash in the majestic roof of heaven, fretted with golden fire. They thought they could manage it. They marked out the sky into temples of influence, and marked the whole of the royal body into corresponding temples, and regulated their treatment by reference to these areas. They were not much on diagnosis, but they were great on

prognosis. And on the outside of any almanac you can still see a diagram of that ambitious system of medicine.

There may indeed be relations between our bodies and the farthest fixed stars, but after millennia of guesswork, educated men have given up trying to discover them. They are more concerned to study the medicinal effect of what we call sunshine, that one delicate pencil of light which is caught by our trivial planet from out the total radiation of one small star. Furthermore, men have at last begun to study the human body. To their immense surprise they perceive that it consists of cells invisible to the naked eye. Each cell is a complete system, responding to sunlight, to chemicals, and to other stimuli. Thus the focus of medicine has gradually shifted from the visible and infinite heavens to an invisible and infinitesimal part of the body.

Chemistry began with a similar desire to get rich quick. Even as late as Shakspeare's time there were plenty of chemists trying to turn lead into gold. Not till 1803 did the science settle down to the fruitful study of the atom, a unit so small that no man ever saw one, and certain skeptics still regard it as a mental construct. But mental construct or not, the atom was the rallying point after Dalton's pronouncement of 1803, and then the revelations began. The rest of the hour would not suffice to enumerate the mere names of the resulting discoveries which fashion our daily living. Yet the American chemist lags behind, because his studies have not been sufficiently intensive, and every drug store in America is suffering for it.

The seeming acme of intensive study has come in the recent work on electrons. Not content to weigh the atom and so work the miracles of practical chemistry, the physicist now studies the interior of the atom, and finds it a system not unlike the planet Saturn—a central core with satellites. It is a region so abstract that classical mechanics break down in trying to analyze that core, and leave you in the metaphysical dilemma, confronting motion without mass. But by the use of electronic devices the human voice has now been made sharply audible at a distance of five thousands miles! This is worth while, provided the human voice has something magnanimous to say at that distance.

All these advances in humility have had

their reward. Limitation has produced not one fruitful science, but a thousand. A university is supposed to be a place where all sciences are studied, but there is no university of which this is true. The secrets of our environment are barely touched, and yet the sum collective of our knowledge is a virtual infinity. When an ardent youth faces it, his impulse is either to specialize instantly, or to throw himself upon the whole feast.

If he specializes instantly, he instantly finds his level. He is specialized to a process or a machine, until flesh and blood can not endure it. The thing is all about you in any city. It is the secret of temporary efficiency, and the root of all labor troubles, and one root of the present war. It is the hardest single problem in a democracy. It is slavery returning under the guise of freedom. And from the ranks of these precocious specialists thousands return annually to the evening schools in the hope of saving their maimed and mutilated intellects. College is meant to prevent that sort of limitation, which is illiberal and inhuman, and which sooner or later plunges nations into blood.

But what of the other temptation of the ardent youth—the temptation to take all knowledge for his province?

Six years before our Civil War, and long before Harvard established election, Cardinal Newman said to the students of Dublin: "I will tell you, gentlemen, what has been the practical error of the past twenty years—not to load the memory of the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects. All things are to be learned at once; not one well, but many badly." He said this in 1854, when the population of these United States was about twenty-four millions.

What would he say now, of conditions in these United States? Our population has quadrupled, but the expansion of science has been even more sudden and voluminous. Knowledge has risen like a network of flooded rivers, flowing over all the land. It is deep enough in spots to drown a strong swimmer, but in general it is pretty shallow, just enough to make walking muddy, and the white floors of our minds are all tracked up. I will not entertain you with pic-

turesque evidence that this is so. I will not say that the student's carrying memory is now set like a clock for twenty-four hours and no more, whereas every day it should make something important a permanent possession. I will not say that half the graduates of the high schools can not read a single page of English prose and give the substance of it without slandering the author. I will not say with President Eliot that, after all our years of alleged manual training, the students now entering college can neither draw nor sing, and have no other skill of eye, ear, or hand. I will not say these things, for I can not prove them. But I will say that there is honor awaiting the college that shall dare to limit extension and increase intension. If we tolerate pretence of acquaintance where there is no acquaintance, the logical outcome is defeat of the scientific method itself, isn't it?

This brings us to the word logical. Of logic as the special science of thought I have nothing to say. I raise no question of logic pure or instrumental, epistemological or symbolic. I simply mean logical, able to draw sound conclusions from observed facts. I mean being able to see facts and see a meaning in them—all the facts contained in a limited field of attention, and all the meaning that reflective traffic in them will bear. Every student of A. R. Crandall, that logical old pupil of Louis Agassiz, will understand. It is logic in this practical sense which has opened the eyes of such men to the miracle of the universe.

Any subject can be so taught as to increase the power of observation and inference, but to increase it requires large allowance of time, for observation and inference are the slowest business in the world. If you survey history, you keep wondering that it took so amazingly long for science to get started. Parrots ruled it. Custom lay upon it with a weight heavy as frost. All the secrets now discovered lay in plain sight for thousands of years; always the lightning illumined the night, but not till yesterday did it illumine our dwellings. In July, 1880, that good friend of Milton, the late George H. Babcock, took my father to see Mr. Edison at work on the first incandescent bulbs, and asked the boy to go along. The boy will never forget it. There, in the roughest of laboratories, stood the patient blue-eyed incarnation of practical logic, imitating sunlight. A parrot can imitate

intelligence, but it can not imitate sunlight.

Every day of life in college ought to mean first-hand observation and independent inference. The opportunity is enormous, for once caught in the routine of industry the student will find small chance for anything but repetition without inference. The opportunity is enormous, for behind every great discovery must lie the achievements of a thousand workers whose inferences were so just that they did not have to be done over, but could be built on. To my boyish eyes Mr. Edison seemed as magical as Prospero in "The Tempest," because I knew nothing of the scores of men to whom he was indebted. To mention only one out of many, I suppose that a large share of Edison's work would have been impossible but for the exact electrical measurements achieved by Lord Kelvin between 1844 and 1867, the three and twenty years of Milton's first period.

And speaking of Kelvin, how exact a limitation of terms and how cautious a limitation of inference are implied in this practical logic! In the presence of a situation that he has had no time to analyze, the trained man refuses to conclude, and no pressure from friend or foe can make him do it. But when he has analyzed, he will conclude, and if he has been able to take all the facts into account, you may trust your life to that conclusion. I have read that it was Kelvin who first figured out that currents of extremely high frequency would not injure the body, and that he proved it to his students at Glasgow by taking such a current himself. They tried to prevent him, but he looked at them quietly and said, "Didn't I figure it out myself?" I don't know whether this story is true, but the principle is clear enough, and such confidence is the ideal. In every science life constantly depends upon such accuracy and such care. And it is probable that no school in the world realizes the full importance of making such allowances of time as will enable the students to approach that ideal.

To say intensive and logical is to say thorough, and it recalls our best teachers, from the mother who sent us back to wash behind our ears to the mathematician who sent us back to study arithmetic. Let us illustrate thoroughness by appealing to literature.

The greatness or thoroughness of John Milton is that he interpreted the spiritual

history of man in the most beautiful terms possible to Puritan thought. But among his papers was found a list of more than ninety subjects on which he thought himself fitted to write tragedies. Had he attempted to do so, we never should have had the perfect music of Paradise Lost. The greatness or thoroughness of Dante is that he voiced the inner spiritual life of the middle ages. Yet but for the exile which forced him out of political life we should never have had that cathedral of eternity, the Divinia Commedia. The greatness or thoroughness of Shakspeare is that he knew men, and sounded every stop of character from king to beggar. His capacity was as nearly unlimited as any man's, yet he never invented a plot. He limited himself to thoroughly drawn character and thoroughly expressive English, and is supreme by just that limitation. The literature of these men is the perfect embodiment of their thought, because that thought had limits; it is the sweet breath of all their knowledge, because that knowledge was thoroughly digested.

Is it not better to know one good thing than to have read and forgotten a dozen? Is it not really better—not better in theory but better in fact? If you can quote the fourteenth of John, men will take note that you have been with Jesus, not disputing about him behind his back. If you have the better part of one of the greater-plays of Shakspeare lying in your mind, still fresh and luminous in all its varied wisdom, you know Shakspeare, though you should read no other of the thirty-seven plays. It is not the number of masterpieces that counts, but the love and reflection spent upon them. There is but one Parthenon; there can never be another; and in its massive and exquisite plan you can read all the glory and all the limitations of Greek religion. But does Cook's tourist get the Parthenon? No. It remains there, the best gem upon earth's zone, while he goes panting after a lot of other buildings. Sometimes the university professor of literature is like a man from Cook's, dragging the unwilling through acres of texts and wildernesses of comment. Things should be otherwise in the small college. Here is a chance for a genuine thoroughness—not thoroughness enforced and military, but the thoroughness which comes with affection. When that is accomplished, history thrills with modernness, and literature becomes a power which

keeps men young throughout life. Milton has a superior reputation for thoroughness. If Montesquieu was right in making the prime motive of study the desire to render an intelligent being even more intelligent, perhaps it will be the function of Milton to render thoroughness even more thorough.

In the fifth place, limitation should make education organic. What is an organism? It is clearly something whose power exists by limitation. Take a flower from this handful.

It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, as Keats would say. It is beauty that is its own excuse for being, as Emerson would say. It is something that God might have made without color or fragrance, but didn't. It has given names to the dawn, to the color of dreams, to the fingers of babies and the cheeks of girls. When we hear the poet singing, "My love's like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June," we see it expressing those sublimations of instinct which elevate the passion of love, test it by suffering, and dignify it. It is a symbol of the spirituality of life, for there is a secret here beyond botany. When Dante wanted a pattern in which to assemble the blessed in heaven, he arranged them in the form of a rose—petal on petal of perfect and organic life forever young before the face of God.

But consider it in the beaten track and limited way of science. It has parts, tension between parts, exchange of substance between parts, stimuli between parts, planes of symmetry about an axis, and adaptation to soil and light. Every one of these organic relations should exist in a college education; "every part should be good for every other part." I see the seniors smiling among themselves, for that is Kant's definition of an organism, and they have not forgotten Kant or the president's lecture on ethics.

A wholesome tension means that chemistry ought to act as a check on ethics, and vice versa. A chemist without ethics is as bad as an ethicist without chemistry, for the one will fancy his fellow-man a chemical machine, and the other will fancy him a cluster of ideals floating in a vacuum. But to be fitted for your environment in this world you must know and relate both machinery and ideals.

Exchange of substances means that it is no crime to remember in one class-room

what you learned in another. It means that if you open a mind like Lord Kelvin's, you will find it like this flower, neither divided into watertight compartments nor drowned in its own sap, but full of various sciences smoothly interplaying. In Kelvin's mind mathematics, physics, chemistry, mechanics, thermodynamics, and telegraphy were not separate and discrete disciplines, but living tissue with constant interchange of substances. It is true that there are few minds like Kelvin's, but that is no reason why a lesser mind should get started wrong.

Stimulus applied to the root of this flower will register in every petal. That means that even subjects apparently far asunder should help each other. You can not appreciate "In Memoriam" if you know no biology and no geology—you can not sense the poet's heroic work when he relates his theology to scarpèd cliff and quarried stone. Nor can you appreciate your own language if you know no other. Nor can you understand the French revolution unless you know the preceding English philosophers. You can not fully taste literature without some knowledge of psychology, and conversely the psychologist who neglects literature neglects the chief records of his own science. I am not mapping out a graduate curriculum for the small college. The bearing of fundamentals on each other is just as important as the bearing of specialties on each other, and it is this bearing which too often gets neglected.

As for planes of symmetry about an axis, every student has some special interest from the start. That central interest should build him up into symmetrical manhood, as this flower's central interest in light has built it up into perfection.

A liberal education could be had from this single specimen, if it would stay fresh long enough. The histologist and the cytologist would consider it as cells, the chemist as atoms, the physicist as electrons, the morphologist as a pattern, the engineer as a system of tubes, the paleobotanist as a survival, the physiologist as a close parallel to every other form of life down to the minutest mitosis.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Every millimeter of this lovely thing is full of unsolved problems. Who knows but that some descendant of it, in the hands of some Milton student, will reveal a secret that will run like a breath of life through all the sciences? For that is what a single discovery has power to do. That is what happened in the case of a plant within the memory of men now sitting here.

Two years before Milton Academy opened, there stole into the École Normale of Paris a shy young man of twenty-two, the son of a poor tanner. He had worked his way through college, and wanted now to specialize in chemistry. Hardly had he begun to do this when he was brought up short. What balked him was a German paragraph to this effect: "In two substances of similar crystalline form, the atoms are the same in number, distance, and arrangement. Yet in the case of two tartaric acids apparently just alike, one will rotate the plane of polarized light and the other will not."

This puzzled him. He wanted very much to know why that second tartaric solution would not turn the ray of an Iceland spar either to the right or to the left. They would not give him time to study it, and so he reluctantly spread himself on various subjects and graduated with his class. But then he got a job as a laboratory assistant, and began to study crystals. And just when Milton Academy was completing its first year, the stubborn youth found out why that second tartaric was inactive. It had two kinds of crystals, and the crystals had faces. The faces of one kind turned to the right, and those of the other to the left, and thus they neutralized each other. Biot, the greatest living authority on crystals, for he had studied nothing else for thirty years, could not believe it till the young man performed the experiment in his presence.

But what was the use of such a discovery? Well, as Benjamin Franklin once remarked, "What is the use of a newborn child?" Perhaps the first effect on a parent is to set the mind wondering and wandering. Such was the first effect on this discoverer. He saw parallels to his crystals everywhere, and his studies in molecular dissymmetry later gave birth to a new science, stereo-chemistry, or the chemistry of space. But as he found himself plunging into space young Louis Pasteur drew back, as if he heard the poet whispering—

"Flower in the crannied wall". And Pasteur took his tartaric acid and applied it to the meanest flower that blows—pencilium glaucum, the little blue mould that gathers on bread.

All that the world knows that result—he opened a new world. He penetrated the secret of fermentation. Then he proved that the air is full of micro-organisms, and that putrefaction may be prevented by the exclusion of air. Forthwith everything on earth that could be eaten got itself into airtight cans and stayed fresh until it was needed. But the work did not stop here. Pasteur vaccine cured rabies, and pasteurized milk cured babies. Of the contribution to diphtheria antitoxin I have already spoken. Then Lister applied the central principle to antiseptics, and it revolutionized surgery. Not hundreds but millions of lives have been saved because young Louis Pasteur was balked, accepted the balk, and transmuted it into power. He would not dissipate or squander his attention. He focused it on a handful of white crystals, a bit of Iceland spar, and a despised patch of blue fungus. In the whole history of science there is no better example of self-education which is magnanimous, intensive, logical, thorough, and organic.

But now I am myself balked. I am brought up short by the reflection that there are others with just claims on your attention. It is really the most comforting thing in life—the thought that there are others. As we get old, we reflect that our work is going on, and that it is going to be done far more magnanimously, intensively, logically, thoroughly, and organically than we have been able to do it. All that we have to do is to make a beginning, and be sure that it is a noble one.

Noble! Why not take that for our closing word? It is from the same root as our word know, and once meant known. But how should any man in a democracy much hope or care to be known? It is time to change the reference of this word. What is most truly noble is known, but not to the world, not to the community, not even to one's self, but only to God.

This is the final balk and ultimate limitation with which the soul contends. At first blush it seems nice to be known. It is nice to be appreciated. It is nice to have a flower to hold in your hand before it lies white and still across your best dress; and

as for flowers in the buttonhole, it is now or never. It is nice to be valedictorian or class-president, and still nicer to help choose one magnanimously. It is nice to be singled out of the alumni as a live wire. It is nice to be respectfully indicated by the finger—*digito monstrari*—as one of the founders, or one of his descendants. Nor do I know any reason on God's June earth why we should not give such marks of appreciation.

But when all has been said and given, I fancy that no tribute can take the place of the inward peace of knowing that you did what you could for education. Charles Lamb thought that the pleasantest event was to do a noble thing by stealth and have it come out by accident. But that won't do, for the noblest act never gets reported, and would only lose its flavor if it did. I fancy that Polly Goodrich's peace would only be disturbed if anybody gave her away. But speaking of her, and of this inward peace—somehow I think of it as especially the right of women. The women of Milton—from Nancy Goodrich down—know what education by limitation means. A woman who can sweep a room as for God's laws, and cook some article of food so often that she can't be beat on it, and raise a family, and go to church, and keep up an interest in civic affairs, and perhaps write a paper now and then for the missionary society, and go without servants, vacations, drives, and dresses that the college may live—if she isn't educated, who is?

You men and women of Milton who are content to be known as benefactors in the lump, have you not your reward? As you stand under these musical elms, or look out into the glowing west, or glance up at the loftiest stars of unascended heaven, or follow to the graveyard some old magnanimous friend, have you not your reward? As year after year you see unformed boys and girls come here, and later go away transformed into fine men and women, have you not your reward? I make no distinction between town and gown, for you are one organic whole, from President Daland to Uncle Paul Green.

The earth is small, and the track of it among the stars is known only to God. The earth is large, and no man is far known or long known. The sorrows of earth are great, the most of its graves are unknown. The age of the earth is immemorial, and we who live are but the line of spray along the

ocean of the dead. Whether from Hebrew psalmist or from Latin poet we hear that there is no abiding of riches or beauty. There is really nothing to tie to but nobility, but that limitation once accomplished, it is perfectly easy to be merry in God.

I will dare to say to your face that your efforts for these fifty years have been magnanimous, intensive, logical, thorough, organic, and noble. But life is immense, and its powers of distraction and dissipation were never so great as at this moment. Can we abandon youth in the midst of its "selva selvaggia", its tangled and pathless forest? On the contrary, we are just beginning to see our way through. We are just beginning to see the possibilities of the small college.

But God sees them, for to him we are known. To him our strivings and decisions have more meaning than they can have to us. To him one dim ideal is more important than the infinite forces he has lavished in the making of man. To him the atomic and anatomic machinery which finds a homely expression in the human hand, but which baffles us with its intellectuality, is less important than a single noble act of that hand. To him these graduates, though dear to parental hearts as the miracle of love itself, are yet more dear. No vision of democracy can approach the estimate that he places on these young souls, or the dignity he assigns to ordinary men and women and their children. It is easy to doubt him. It is hard to rise to his standards. It is easy to think that he has vanished in his own cosmic machinery or the clouds of tragic chance. But not to lose sight of him is the privilege of minds organically trained. Therefore the small college should be his college. It should be invigorated by a vital religion, an intellectual and manly religion, for this is a meeting place of immortal souls, and here are infinite riches in a little room. These limitations do but presage a more exceeding weight of glory, for his yoke is easy, and his burden is light. Such, I take it, is the ultimate meaning of the faith, the Fides Miltonensis, which crowns your shield and scutcheon, and is stamped on these diplomas.

Members of the graduating class, I am about to yield to one whom you love, one with whom I had the honor to be a classmate thirty years ago. For your guidance in the next thirty years you will hear from

him nothing but what is like himself. To the class of 1904 he said: "All human learning is but mint, anise, and cummin compared with justice, mercy and truth." That sums up Magnanimous, doesn't it? To the class of 1906 he said: "Do close, accurate, critical work, whatever you have to do." That sums up Intensive. To the class of 1913 he said: "Open your eyes to the miracle of the universe." That sums up Logical. To the class of 1907 he said: "Dictate no terms to Providence; give your very selves to service." That sums up Thorough. To the class of 1914 he said: "Whomsoever you teach, do not treat the specific branches as separate and discrete, but relate them to your students as human beings." That sums up Organic. To last year's class he said, "Make your work so good that compensation is impossible, and endure to the end." That sums up Noble. These things have been said, and meant, and exemplified by William Clifton Daland.

What remains to clinch the argument? Only this, that the initials of these six words—magnanimous, intensive, logical, thorough, organic, noble—give you the beloved name, Milton.

REV. SAMUEL G. ZERFASS HONORED

Rev. Samuel G. Zerfass, pastor of the German Seventh Day Baptist Church at Ephrata, who has served as the chaplain of the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania, during the recent session of the legislature of that State, was the recipient of a purse of gold to a handsome amount, from his appreciative friends among the legislators whom he served, at the close of his duties.

C. F. R.

To come out of the ugly into the beautiful, out of the mean and selfish into the noble and loving, out of the false into the true, out of the commonplace into the glorious—in a word, out of evil into good—is not this a resurrection indeed, . . . the resurrection of life?—*George Matdonald.*

Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen and chariots.—*W. M. Paxton.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

WHEN THE DINNER'S IN THE COOKER

When the dinner's in the cooker, and the baby's fast asleep,
And she's finished with the churning, and no dust remains to sweep;
When the glasses have been polished, and the skillets put away,
And the morning jobs are over ere the starting of the day:—
Oh, then's the time the housewife is really, truly blest!
When she settles down delighted, for an hour of needed rest.
Why she even gets a paper and enjoys a little peep!—
When the dinner's in the cooker, and the baby's fast asleep.

There is something kinder city-like about the country home,
Since the water's more convenient and the fireless cooker's come.
Why, the housewife's not bedraggled and the home is neat and clean
And a fragrant little posy can on every hand be seen.
There are sofa tushions handy and the hammock's restful look
Would entice the most industrious to begin the "latest book,"
For the housewife has the moments now in which the home to keep—
When the dinner's in the cooker and the baby's fast asleep.

Yet the rattle and the clatter of the dishes in the sink
Is the greatest of her burdens and she often stops to think
Why somebody doesn't solve for her this problem with the rest—
And become at once immortal, and forever after blessed—
Still there is no fuss and sweating o'er the hot old kitchen stove
And no begging for the stovewood now from those who claimed to love,
So she ought to be contented to wash dishes and to sweep—
When the dinner's in the cooker, and the baby's fast asleep.—*Lucie T. Webb.*

WASTE IN THE HOUSEHOLD

A great state and national movement has been launched to meet our present crisis to increase the production of food stuffs; to see to it that they are marketed without

loss, and that they are used without waste. Every woman can without delay take part in this movement. Our first duty is to do all that we can to prevent waste. This is a most important service. Increased production is slow, but preventing waste can start now and show immediate results.

We women are accused of wasting on an enormous scale. The experts of the Department of Agriculture say that \$700,000,000 a year is the bill for annual wasting in the kitchens of our country. Much of this is due to extravagance or ignorance and is preventable. Most women need to be taught what the body needs and how most simply to satisfy this requirement. Then we must learn how to put every ounce to its proper use and waste nothing. We need to learn in this time of food shortage and high prices, how to make a dollar in money buy a full dollar's worth, or more, of food value.

Food waste in the household results in large measure from bad preparation and bad cooking, from improper care and handling, from failure to save and utilize the food not consumed, and, in well-to-do families, from serving an undue number of courses and an over-abundant supply of food.

When we eat more food than our bodies need, the food is not only wasted, but it also means a loss in physical and mental efficiency. When too much food is prepared for a meal, unused portions are apt to be thrown away or allowed to spoil. Many persons regard the saving of small amounts of left-over food as unimportant.

Not even one spoonful of good food should be permitted to find its way into the garbage pail. Every bit of fat trimmed from meat before cooking, or tried out in boiling, roasting or broiling is useful. If a roast is boned at the market have this bone delivered with the roast, and use as foundation for soup stock. In preparing potatoes, or other vegetables and fruits such as apples, remove the least possible amount of edible material with the skin, or better still, cook with the skins on, and thus save all, including the valuable mineral salts.

Large amounts of foods are made inedible because of careless handling and storing in the home. All perishable foods especially milk, should be kept cool, clean and covered. If fruits and vegetables are produced in the home garden, the surplus

should be canned for use at a less abundant season, when these are scarce and high in price.

Housewives interested in economy who wish to be certain that their families are getting proper food and not too much, should ask the United States Department of Agriculture to send Farmers' Bulletin 808, "How to Select Foods—What the Body Needs."

In the words of President Wilson, "Every housewife who practices strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the Nation."—*Edna L. Skinner, in Y. W. C. A. Bulletin.*

AT THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION, ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

ON Friday afternoon at 3.45 the interests of the Woman's Board were presented by the associational secretary, Miss Agnes Babcock, a notice of which has already been given in the RECORDER. At this time the secretary appointed a meeting of all the ladies of the association to meet in the dining room at 6.30 to discuss, informally, our methods of work, both financially and socially. Helpful suggestions were given from Verona, Brookfield, Leonardville, De Ruyter, and Adams Center. We found that this exchange of thoughts and methods will aid us in our work the coming year. One of the societies reported day socials during the winter months, inviting all, both men and women, to attend, having a picnic dinner. A good attendance was the result, also a good sum of money added to the treasury. We have learned that the social part of the church life is very helpful in aiding other branches of Christian work. One society has a Mission Study as a department of the Ladies' Aid Society. Miss Babcock told us of a society having notebooks in which were pasted clippings from the RECORDER and other helpful magazines. The books were then sold, the proceeds being placed in the Ladies' Aid treasury.

OUR Ladies' Aid Society of Adams Center recently held its annual meeting at the home of Mrs. L. J. Walsworth. Reports were given of the year's work, 1916-1917. Our church and community have greatly enjoyed day and thimble socials which have been held by our society. We have raised our funds by quilting, tying com-

fortables, and serving teas. Collections are taken at our social functions. Many of the ladies contribute a dollar each a year. This year Red Cross work has been done. We have also made waists for children in the orphanage. We have furnished one Victor record for the Circulating Library Records which has been placed in the Flower Memorial Library of Watertown, N. Y. We have raised \$222.56 during the year. "Our Mission Study Circle," which is a department of the Ladies' Aid Society, is federated with the northern New York federation in which King's Daughters and several hundred W. C. T. U. members are also federated. We were represented at the mid-winter meeting and at the annual convention in May by our director and delegates. Our year books have been sought for, and placed in the exhibits with a large collection of year books at the conventions. These books are kept for reference, helping other clubs in planning their work from year to year. We have been very glad to be consulted in regard to our study, thus helping others and also telling people of this north country that Seventh Day Baptist ladies are in existence and progressive.

A MEMBER.

MINUTES OF SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

JUNE 22, 1917, on Friday evening, the semi-annual meeting of the Minnesota and northern Wisconsin Seventh Day Baptist churches met in session with the Exeland Church, which was formerly called the Windfall Lake Church. Pastor Babcock called the meeting to order, and Secretary Edwin Shaw offered prayer. In the absence of the moderator, Mr. Charles Thorngate, was elected to act as moderator of these meetings. Luella Coon was chosen secretary pro tem. In the absence of the Program Committee, one consisting of Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Rachel Davis, and Mrs. Abbey was appointed.

The introductory sermon was then given by Mrs. Abbey, of the New Auburn (Minn.) Church. Thoughts were given from the text "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." An enthusiastic testimony meeting was conducted by Mr. Thorngate.

ON Sabbath morning, after Scripture reading, an anthem by the New Auburn choir, and prayer by Pastor Babcock,

Rev. J. H. Hurley preached the dedicational sermon, using as his text First Kings 8: 10-11. His message was filled with cheer and encouragement; and words of advice that the church be revered; that no strife or dissension be allowed ever to enter within; that its doors be opened to all churches and people of God for worship; that God's blessing rest ever upon this church and people.

Remarks were given by Rev. Mr. Dale, of the Methodist church of Exeland. Secretary Shaw offered the dedicational prayer. We were dismissed by Mrs. Abbey after singing the following hymn. Tune, Faith of Our Fathers.

"Within these walls today we meet,
To praise our God for blessings given,
For grace that saves from sin and death,
That makes our days as days of heaven.
O Lord, this place shall be thine own,
Bless thou the seed that here is sown.

"The Church for which our Savior died
From spot and wrinkle to set free,
Thy power alone can sanctify,
Enabling us to holy be,
That we by life and voice may show
Thy saving grace to all below.

"Forever may this house be held
As sacred to our God and King,
Salvation from all sin be preached,
Thy praise alone, thy people sing.
O grant to us our heart's desire,
Baptize with Holy Ghost and fire."

After partaking of the Lord's Supper, we sang "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

SABBATH afternoon a song service was led by Mrs. Davis, and prayer was offered by Mr. Thorngate. Mrs. Abbey rendered a solo, "God is Love." A strong sermon was given by Pastor Babcock on "Fellowship and the Brotherhood."

Sabbath school was called to order by the superintendent, Mrs. Watts. The Exeland Sabbath School repeated certain psalms. Mrs. Abbey offered prayer and all repeated the Ten Commandments.

Secretary Shaw gave a talk on Sabbath-school work, emphasizing these points: Begin early; in earnest; blackboard use; lessons studied; examinations expected. He gave the following reasons for his being a Seventh Day Baptist: He was brought up as a Seventh Day Baptist; Jesus loved, honored, kept, and explained the Sabbath; the church and the world need a Sabbath.

Mr. Thorngate gave a brief talk in which

he said the Sabbath school is the thermometer of the church. Teachers should be active church members. (The one thing is the study of God's word.

Mrs. Davis gave a talk on work in the Intermediate class. We were dismissed by Mrs. Persons, of the Methodist church.

Mr. Claude Coon led a praise service Sabbath evening and Mrs. Abbey read the Scripture. Prayers were offered by Rev. Mr. Hurley, Mrs. Watts, and Mr. Jesse Babcock. Secretary Shaw preached, forcibly impressing upon our minds the thought of courage to go forward.

ON Sunday morning Mrs. Jesse Freeborn led a song service. The business session was called to order by the moderator, Mr. Charles Thorngate. The minutes of the last session were read.

Mrs. Abbey gave the following report of the New Auburn (Minn.) Church. The church is in good spiritual condition. The people are faithful. New Auburn is an inland village, nine miles from Glencoe. The town is growing smaller, the school is growing smaller, and there is not much hope of the church growing as so many are moving away. The young people go out to get employment. There is a good working community Christian Endeavor society, small but efficient. Most of the members are high-school and college young people. We are doing the best we can under discouraging conditions.

Pastor Babcock said of the Cartwright Church: We can not report any great progress, but we feel that we are holding our own. We know that one should not only hold his own when rowing against the current, but also row upstream. There have been no special meetings during the year, but our spiritual life remains good. Prayer meetings are held from house to house, helping to keep our pulse good. We need your prayers on our behalf that we may go on to victory.

Mrs. Nellie Freeborn spoke for the Exeland Church. Services are well attended, and all stay to Sabbath school. All are making an effort to put at least twenty minutes of study on the lesson. We have no prayer meeting as yet, but many attend the young people's meeting, held the evening after the Sabbath. We are making an effort to live the Christ life. Our church, which was dedicated yesterday, is paid for.

We voted some time ago to change the name of the society from Windfall Lake, to Exeland Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Moved and carried that the next semi-annual meeting be held with the Grand Marsh Church. Voted that Pastor Babcock preach the introductory sermon there.

Mr. Tickner was chosen as moderator of this meeting, and Mrs. Elizabeth Greene was chosen as clerk.

Rev. H. C. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, with Pastor Babcock as alternate, was chosen as delegate to the next Iowa yearly meeting.

The minutes were read and accepted.

Moved that after the meeting in the evening, we stand adjourned to meet with the Grand Marsh Church in November.

WE were brought together Sunday afternoon by a song service led by Mrs. Jesse Freeborn. Rev. Mr. Hurley read a portion of Scripture. A sermon by Mr. Thorngate on the theme, "Faith," was listened to with interest. A mixed quartet sang, "Jesus, My Best Friend."

Young People's Hour was opened by an anthem and Scripture reading by Claude Coon.

A talk was given by Rev. Mr. Hurley on "Young People's Work," bringing out the fact that young people may be of great help to a pastor; if we give young people work to do, they'll do it.

An essay, "One Sheep," by Mrs. Addie Greene, of Dodge Center, was read by Harley Greene.

Mrs. Jesse Freeborn told briefly of the Windfall Lake Christian Endeavor. It has an active membership of twenty-six.

Miss Sybil Reid, of Exeland, read her essay on "Christian Service." She emphasized service as an essential of character.

Mrs. Whaley spoke about the work of the Exeland Christian Endeavor.

Pastor Babcock spoke of the part young people may play in the warfare against sin.

An essay by Miss Alice Loofboro, on "Little Things," was read by Christine Babcock.

Voted to send essays for publication in the RECORDER.

A short talk was given by Mr. George Ethers, president of the Windfall Lake Christian Endeavor. He said the young people need the help and Christian example of the older people.

SUNDAY evening a praise service led by Mrs. Coon, prayer by Rev. Mr. Dale, and Scripture reading by Mr. Thorngate paved the way for the sermon by Rev. J. H. Hurley. The text was, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." We rejoiced when two took a stand to live the Christian life.

Mrs. Dale sang, "Will You Be Saved Tonight?"

A vote of thanks was extended to the Exeland Church and people for their hospitality and kindness shown to delegates. Twenty-three delegates were in attendance.

The meetings were well attended, the house being filled on Sunday evening to its utmost. We were grateful for the uplifting influences and spiritual blessings received.

LUELLA COON, *Secretary.*

THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN

Now you will understand why it is that I so often say that a good woman—poor, obscure, devoted to her home, daily laying down her life for her children, the great world thundering by as if no such being was in existence—now you understand why I tell you that the secret of the Lord is with her more than with all the philosophers, more than with all the theologians, more than with all the scientists, more than with all the commentators, more than with all mere geniuses, for she carries in her spirit that love which opens the heavens and causes the very face of God to shine forth to lighten her way through life. Nothing is like holy love; nothing is measurable or comparable with it; it infallibly brings God to all open and penitent hearts.—*John Rhey Thompson.*

TRUTH

The sword-like splendor of His truth,
He veils to suit our weak, imperfect sight,
Lest we should blinded be or stricken dumb,
And thus we walk within its tempered light,
And to its perfect, full-orbed sun we come
As yet, perchance, by way of stars at night.
—*Ever M. Holmes.*

To be pure and true is to succeed in life, and whatever we get short of that will burn up like stubble, though the whole world try to save it.—*Robert Collyer.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

APPLYING THE GOLDEN RULE TO LIFE

GELSEMINA M. BROWN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
July 21, 1917

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Good for evil (Matt. 5: 43-48)
Monday—David's generosity (1 Sam. 24: 1-19)
Tuesday—Feed the enemy (2 Kings 6: 15-23)
Wednesday—Put yourself in his place (Jas. 2: 8)
Thursday—Open house (Heb. 13: 1-3)
Friday—A golden motto (Heb. 13: 1-18)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Applying the Golden Rule to life (Matt. 7: 7-12)

What is a rule? In one sense it is that which is used in measuring a commodity. We are familiar with the foot rule. In order to be honest this rule must be true, it must be exactly twelve inches long. A rule is given us in mathematics to solve various problems. In this sense it is a law, it gives directions for proceeding in order to obtain the correct solution of the problem. We may apply either of these ideas of a rule to the Golden Rule of life.

In the first sense of the term it is then something with which we measure. In order for us to come up to the standard we must have something by which we can measure ourselves. Here is a rule, not just an ordinary rule which is apt to be a little too long or too short but one exactly right. "As ye would"! Do you stand the test? "Oh, well," you say, "that can't be taken literally"! Are you sure? If not, why not? It reads plainly enough and has the sound of sincerity. Why not try it literally for awhile and see how it works?

Now, let us see how it works in the second sense? Has life any problems to work? No? Then surely you need no rule to solve them by. To most of us life is one continuous problem. New phases come up each day for adjustment, and if we truly live we must solve these problems daily. Easier said than done. Oh, yes, I see how you can apply this Golden Rule to your problems, and you see how I can apply it to my problem, but do you see how you can apply it to *your* own and do I see how I can

apply it to *my* own, that's the great question.

Where is your daily life lived? At home, in the field, at the desk, in the office, in the schoolroom or where? "I'd like to apply it," you say, "but the circumstances under which I work are so peculiar". Nonsense! Try the rule and see whether some of the problems can not be solved by it. If we can only learn to apply this rule to our every day lives how much better we will live!

QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

Are there exceptions to this rule?
What relation has this rule to the law?
Why do we not habitually practice this rule?
Is this rule practical?
What would happen if no one followed the Golden Rule?
What would happen if every one followed the Golden Rule?

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS

Only the Golden Rule can bring the Golden Age.—*Frances Willard.*

Tolerance is absolutely the best fruit of all the struggles, labors, and sorrows of the civilized nations during the last four centuries.—*Dr. Charles W. Eliot.*

The rule of the mob and mob murder can never be the Golden Rule.—*Anon.*

Transgressions of the law of love register themselves instantly in the character of the aggressor. They darken his judgment; they inflame his passions; they mar his relations with those from whom he has withdrawn the good will which is their due.—*Washington Gladden.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING AT WESTERN ASSOCIATION

M. E. J.

THE Young People's devotional service on Sabbath afternoon was conducted by Mark Sanford, of Little Genesee. Following a praise service, led by Jesse Burdick, the Scripture lesson for the Christian Endeavor topic was read by Mr. Sanford; then all bowed in silent prayer, after which one verse of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was softly sung.

Rev. Alva L. Davis, of North Loup, Neb., spoke on "Reverence for God." This address was very helpful. He said that we

should have more reverence for God and for the church. We should teach the children that the church is God's house and that they should treat it as such. In closing he quoted a part of the fifth verse of the third chapter of Exodus,—“Put off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

Rev. Ira S. Goff, of Alfred Station, had for his subject, “Reverence for Humanity.” “Nothing else in the world is of so much value as man. Christ would not have come to earth and suffered and died for anything else. It was to save humanity. We must have confidence in our fellow-men and we must trust them.”

After the singing of one verse of “His Eye is on the Sparrow,” Paul Burdick spoke on “Reverence for Nature.” It does not show reverence to nature to put up signboards in fields, advertising various kinds of patent medicines and intoxicating liquors. Neither does it show reverence to go through the fields and woods with a dog and a gun hunting the birds and wild animals. We should look for the beauty in nature and not mar and destroy God's out-of-doors.

Miss Ruth Philips sang a solo, after which Mr. Sanford read a poem that fitted well with the subject of Reverence, and the session closed by all repeating the Mizpah benediction.

THE Junior meeting led by Miss Mabel Jordan was held at the schoolhouse at the same hour. This meeting was opened with a song service, after which all repeated the Twenty-third Psalm.

A recitation, “Our Junior Endeavor Pledge,” was given by Bernice Spargler.

Rev. Jay Crofoot spoke to the boys and girls about China and the boys and girls of China. He had several curios which interested the Juniors very much. Miss Anna Crofoot sang one verse of “Jesus Loves Me,” in Chinese.

A duet by Mary Wells and Christine Clarke was given.

Following this Rev. Edwin Shaw gave a very instructive blackboard talk. His subject was “A Cluster of Carnations.”

After singing by the Juniors the meeting was dismissed by Rev. Mr. Shaw.

THE evening after the Sabbath was given over entirely to the work of Christian Endeavor. The program was ar-

ranged by the field secretary of the Western Association.

The praise service was conducted by Jesse Burdick. This was followed by Scripture reading and prayer by John Randolph.

After a solo, “Open the Gates of the Temple,” by Paul Burdick, reports were given from five Young People's, two Intermediate and five Junior societies. These reports were very interesting and told of good work done during the past year. Our Young People's society brought their efficiency chart with them. They have a rating of 102. The Intermediate society in the same church is soon to graduate an Expert Endeavor class of ten members.

While the offering for the Young People's Board was being taken the Misses Fairbanks, of Little Genesee, sang “One Sweetly Solemn Thought.”

The address of the evening was given by Rev. W. L. Burdick, of Alfred, on the Christian Endeavor motto, “For Christ and the Church.”

He said, in part, that we should give our all to Christ. We should make the most of ourselves. We should enter the world's work and enter now. The call to us is to do it today. Each should be a brother to men. Help those who are down to get their feet on the solid rock. We are brothers to all with whom we come in contact and we ought to serve the entire community in every way possible, even though others turn against us. Stand by your principles and ideals until the last one in the community is saved.

The congregation sang, “Blest be the Tie,” and the meeting was dismissed by Rev. Mr. Burdick.

“Noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And, conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.”

“Find thy reward in the thing
Which thou hast been blessed to do;
Let the joy of others cause joy to spring
Upon thy bosom too.
And if the love of a grateful heart
As a rich reward be given,
Lift thou the love of your grateful heart
To the God of Love in heaven!”

RACHEL LANDOW, THE HEBREW ORPHAN

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XXI

(Continued)

“NOVEMBER 26TH.

“Mr. Harold Selover, M. D.,

“Harvard.

“DEAR BROTHER:—Since the General Conference, the Missionary Board has held two meetings: the first to elect officers for the Conference year and to transact some other business; the second, held yesterday, to consider your offer, to go with your wife to some foreign field, we to designate the field. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to which country most needs our missionary efforts. Some thought that China should be reinforced at once; others talked of Java; others said we should establish a mission in Japan; one thought South America, and several India. All these are inviting fields and should be occupied by our people and would be if we had the funds. Our treasury is not very full at this time, and plans of this sort, mean that we shall have to guarantee at least ten years' service of the missionaries before a return home for a vacation. The two most inviting and needy fields at present seem to be India and Java. The board, in view of that, would be willing to let you decide it, as either one will suit our wishes. You are therefore extended this call to enter the employment of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Board as missionary on a foreign field, and you and Sister Selover to select one of the last two mentioned above, and to be ready to start at your earliest convenience. Awaiting your acceptance and choice of fields and praying God's great blessing to be upon you and yours, and the leading of his Spirit in your choosing.

“I am, in behalf of the board,

“CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.”

“Rachel, this lays a great responsibility upon us. Let us pray over it at once,” said Harold.

They poured out their souls, as it were, in thanksgiving and praise for past leadings and blessings; for the blessed light that had come to them; for blessings to come to the board and the people that sustained it; for wisdom in deciding this great question; for health and strength to go wherever they might be led.

“And now how shall we be able to decide this?” asked Rachel.

“We have no missionaries in India, and Java has one or two devoted women, practically independent of the board but helped a little by special contributions from the people interested in that mission. I am not just sure,” said Harold, “what the exact work of those in Java is. It may be that that their pleadings for help ought to appeal to us, but somehow I am impressed that India ought to have a Seventh Day Baptist mission. There seems never to have been the least attempt to establish one there. It is an immense territory, and there is plenty of room without our going anywhere near other missionaries.

“It is a vast country and divided into what is called Hither India and Farther India, the first having about 1,300,000 square miles. The latter is considered under the names of Siam, Burma, Cochin-China, etc. The climate is of great variety, from that of the torrid zone to the cold of the lofty mountain ranges. There are lowland plains, elevated plateaux, and alpine regions. It has three well-marked seasons—cool, hot, and rainy. Three races, widely distinguished from each other, inhabit India: the Mongols of the northeast; Dravidians; and the Aryans in the northwest. The cultivated peoples professing the Hindu religion differ among themselves in language, customs and dress. But the Mohammedan population in all parts of India wear the same dress, affect the same customs, and speak one language. The hill tribes of the Dravidian race seem to be in a very low stage of savagery. The Bheels formerly lived by plunder and would burst out of the jungles like tigers, committing frightful excesses. To subdue them the British tempted them into military service which seemed to greatly improve them. Striking peculiarities of the social condition are the institution of caste, and the *village-system*. The village system is like a township in this country and not a mere collection of houses. Each village is under the administration of native functionaries.

“Hinduism or Brahmanism is the religion of the great majority and Mohammedanism comes next. While India was one of the very first fields for the Christian missionary, there has never been a Seventh Day mission there. Jesuit missionaries from the first seem to have been most successful. The

fullest toleration in matters of faith seems to be enjoyed, or at least was a few years ago. If there has been any change I have not read of it. All this appeals to me and yet I somehow have a great longing to see Java helped."

"Was it not a Baptist mission that seemed to be so successful years ago? I have forgotten, if I ever knew the facts," said Rachel.

"Adoniram Judson was the most noted missionary to India. He was in the Andover Theological Seminary in 1810, and being greatly inspired with missionary zeal while reading Buchanan's 'Star in the East,' he addressed a letter in behalf of himself and five other students to the Congregational General Association of Massachusetts, concerning labor among the heathen. He was sent to the London society to ask aid. On the voyage he was captured by a French privateer and thrown into prison at Bayonne, but was released and prosecuted his errand. Returning home he was appointed by the American Board as missionary to India or Burma. In 1812, with his wife, he sailed for Calcutta and upon arriving there they were ordered by the East India Government to return home in the vessel in which they had come. Here Mr. and Mrs. Judson changed their views about baptism and were immersed by a Dr. Ward of Calcutta.

"This with other matters caused the Baptists of America to awake out of sleep and form a missionary society or union. The Judsons then went to France, then to Madras, and there meeting opposition in some way sailed for Rangoon. Here without assured means of support they commenced the study of the language. In a few years they gathered a church of eighteen members, and many natives were deeply impressed by the helpful kindness of the missionaries and their Christian instructions. A Dr. Price joined the mission but the king sent for him to come to the capital and Dr. Judson went as interpreter. War was breaking out between the East India Company and Burma, and foreign residents were in much danger. Dr. Judson was arrested, thrown into the death prison and subjected to cruel barbarities. By entreaties and presents his wife was permitted to minister to him or he would have died of hunger and thirst. He was released in two years on the demand of General

Campbell. Again he started a mission and again was called to be an interpreter. While he was absent his wife died from exposures. He continued his missionary efforts until, in 1850, his health became so poor that he went to sea for relief and died on board ship and his body was committed to the sea. He gave thirty-seven years of service, training many natives for service, making translations of the Bible, a dictionary and other valuable books. Those were perilous times; now it is different. But God, I believe, has something still better for that people. They know only a part of the gospel. The part they do not know Seventh Day Baptists must give them. Who shall go? Must it be us, Rachel?"

"But what is it about Java?" asked Rachel.

"Java is the 'Queen of the Eastern Archipelago,' has something over 50,000 square miles, is hilly, with deep gorges and rushing streams. The mountains, from 4,000 to 10,000 feet high, are clothed with luxuriant foliage to their very summits. There are many active volcanoes. The population is made up of Europeans, Chinese, Arabians, Hindus, etc. The Javanese belong to the Malay race and are mostly Mohammedans, the remainder being very superstitious and degraded. The Dutch Protestants and Roman Catholics were at one time and perhaps are now,—I do not know,—paid by the government. I mean the clergymen. Proselyting was strictly prohibited and they labored mostly among the Europeans, half-castes, and intermediate races at the ports. The climate is very healthful and pleasant. Two languages, possessing many words in common but differing in essentials, are spoken, and from the earliest time there has been a written language. It is an inviting field though it contains also some unpleasant features and obstacles for missionaries. But God is able to overcome all these."

(To be continued)

"WANTED—As much common sense in solving church financial problems, as is usually put into our personal and business affairs."

"When one thinks he doesn't sin, it is time to look up into the tree and count the apples."

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION PUBLICITY

Pastor M. G. Stillman, the man who knows how to get the General Conference into a genial humor the first morning by his witty remarks, has been stirring up interest in the coming county convention in his district. The Creek may be Lost, but nothing else is around this live pastor. We will allow his little paper to speak for itself.

THE LOYAL CITIZEN

"A WISE MAN WILL HEAR AND INCREASE LEARNING"
MOTTO:—Wake up, get up, stay up for the Word and Salvation!
EDITED AND PUBLISHED AT THE S. D. B. PARSONAGE, LOST CREEK, W. VA.

THE S. S. CONVENTION of Grant District Harrison County, W. Va.

Will meet, Thursday, June 28, 1917, at the Brick Church, near to the thriving village of Lost Creek.

You will surely have the corn planted, and you may remember that Scripture, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," and as many more sacred and divine words as you may need to arrange your home affairs so that you can give the glorious cause a good lift by your attendance.

COME AND HELP THE CAUSE

An instructive and entertaining program will be provided with some interesting variation from the usual forms. It may not stop the war at once, but the aim should be to get many more to follow the Prince of Peace.

COME BEFORE TEN O'CLOCK

If you had your speech to make for the beginning would you like to have an audience? Another divine rule should apply,—the Golden Rule.

Lesson IV.—July 21, 1917

SENNACHERIB'S INVASION OF JUDAH. 2 Kings 18:
13—19: 37

Golden Text.—God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble. Ps. 46: 1.

DAILY READINGS

July 15—2 Kings 18: 13-25. Sennacherib's Invasion of Judah

July 16—2 Kings 18: 26-37. Defying Jehovah

July 17—2 Kings 19: 1-7. Divine Help Promised

July 18—2 Kings 19: 8-19. Prayer for Deliverance

July 19—2 Kings 19: 20-28. The Prayer Answered

July 20—2 Kings 19: 29-37. Deliverance

July 21—Ps. 46. The Presence of God

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

"The command to love one another is just as important as any other. When Christians are right with God, they do not have time to magnify the faults of others."

A SPECIAL FEATURE

The superintendents of our eight schools are cordially and urgently invited to hand a copy of this paper to each teacher and kindly encourage the interest in this all-important work, for how can we advance without the noble and encouraging help of this active class whose intelligence and heart life make it possible to have Bible schools.

A WORD ABOUT THE MUSIC

The plan of inviting the delegations to come with a song was helpful last year and we look for its help in this year.

Another study which may also become a beautiful and a practical kind of a hobby is the study of the flowers. To simply like to look at them is but very small and cheap interest. Why not ask all school-teachers to have good working knowledge of field botany? It has a very fine possibility of discipline and practical knowledge. But the teacher should be quite in love with the subject. This is of course a general principle in all our work of education, and surely, we must love the dear children more.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

Text: "What shall we do?" Luke 3: 14.

This question is asked three times in close succession by as many different classes of people. Many times in the Bible do we find it where individuals, or leaders, or the people at large are seeking directions as to their duty. To the people, to the publicans, and to the soldiers, John the Baptist gives different answers according to the condition and viewpoint of the questioners. In each case the question is asked by some class recognized as standing by itself, and therefore having special work regarded by all as belonging to it. It is well for any class of people to seek divine direction as to what it should do. All denominations in these days seem to be making special study of the requirements resting upon them. "What shall we do to become more efficient?" is the prevailing question.

What should Seventh Day Baptists do? ought to be the all-absorbing question in every one of our churches today. For some years we have been seeking better organization, perfecting our machinery, in order that free and independent churches may act together in one body for the advancement of truth and the salvation of the world. Much progress in this line has been made, and today we have the agencies and equipments that should enable us as a people to do a great work. Never in our history have demands been more imperative for aggressive work in missions, in Sabbath reform, and in moral and social betterment; and no question can be more pertinent than the one asked above. What ought such a people to do?

The years spent in perfecting machinery have not been wasted years by any means, and we rejoice over the excellent work already being accomplished—a work, indeed, far exceeding the work of Seventh Day Baptists forty years ago. Under our new budget system we have met with commendable promptness the demands upon our boards, which thirty years ago it would have been impossible to meet. When debts have accumulated, we have responded to appeals and paid them off. Our young

people and our women have come to the front in ways utterly unthought of a generation ago. We have a record for loyalty to truth under adverse circumstances that has called forth the admiration of other peoples, and of which our own may well be proud.

But we can not live on past achievements. We should do much better in the coming days than we have done in the days gone by. For instance, not merely should we be able to arouse and pay our debts when earnestly besought to do so after they have become intolerable burdens; but we should possess such constant and living interest in all our lines of work that no debt can accumulate, and no boards be handicapped by financial burdens.

In matters of finance for God's work, we should understand that something more is needed than the cold, sharp business principles of the business world. Planning for the Master's work and providing for its support call for something more than mere intellectual sharpness, something more than smartness in driving bargains and the ability to figure profit and loss. They require devout and consecrated heart-work, the spirit of sacrifice and love that gives where no visible return is expected, and where nothing is sought but the uplifting of humanity. We must learn to consecrate our gold to the Master, rather than to spend it on luxury and for selfish gain. And we can not expect always to see results from our investments for the Lord's work as quickly as we do from business investments. The results are with the Lord, and he will bring them in his own way and time. Money consecrated to his service in the true spirit should invariably bring rich blessings to the giver, whether results from its use are seen or whether they are not. Our cash gifts are never lost, though no man can say how great the returns shall be or which of our gifts shall prosper most.

Our strength as a people depends largely on the ability of our pastors. We must have strong, consecrated young men for the ministry. But with the business world offering salaries many times the size of those offered by the churches, and for men with only half the education required for the ministry, we can hardly hope to see many of our boys giving themselves to the

churches for life-work. Within twenty years business men have quadrupled their salaries, but they have left the salaries of the ministers just where they were; and that, too, when the cost of living has doubled! Hard indeed are the struggles of ministers in these days who are trying to support families on from \$400 to \$600 a year. They can not buy the books needed to fit themselves for their work; they can not care for their children as they should; they can not pay debts made in securing their education; and while under the handicap of constant financial worry, they can not do good work for the churches. Men worth tens of thousands ask missionaries to work for \$600; and they expect their pastors to forego every opportunity to get wealth and to consecrate all their possessions and all their powers to the work of the church for the good of others! The selfishness of wealth in America is something deplorable! The self-sacrificing spirit of consecrated ministers stands in marked contrast with the worldly spirit of hundreds who live in luxury and appear unmoved over the hard lot of their fellows.

As a people we are fairly well-to-do, and the one thing we should do for our ministers is to pay them salaries commensurate with their needs, and nearer the remuneration offered them by the business world.

CULTIVATE THE SPIRIT OF UNITY

It is imperative that a small people, so widely scattered and under such constant pressure from without, with varied local interests to absorb attention and with great general interests which we hold in common, should cultivate the spirit of unity, and loyally stand together in the Master's work. We should try to see things from the standpoint of each separate community, and from that of the great body as a whole, and learn to work in harmony for the causes we love. Each separate church should strive, not merely to do its own work well, but to keep in close touch with all the other churches, in throbbing sympathy for the work at large. Our pastors must be in constant and loving touch with each other. We must avoid friction; and where one feels that issue should be taken with his brethren, great care is needed to maintain the right spirit and to use kindly words instead of harsh condemnation.

The expression, "like precious faith," means much more to such people than it does to the great denominations. Too much individualism may weaken us as a people, and seriously handicap us in our work. Indeed, this spirit carried to extremes would surely ruin us. The ability to think for ourselves and to stand alone, exercised within proper limits, gives individual strength. This we have undoubtedly secured; and now this quality, consecrated to the service of the general body, in the true spirit of love and unity, can but make us strong as a denomination.

Probably no one line of work among us has done more to draw all sections together and to develop the spirit of unity and of mutual understanding than the various associations. These should not be abandoned. We should rally to their support, and cherish their influence as among the very best that tend to make us one. The better acquainted we can be with each other, and the more we, of widely separated sections, can unite in loving, sympathetic services for the good of men, the better it will be for us. No one can express in words the value of our associational gatherings in this respect.

TAKE HOPEFUL VIEWS

Get your Bibles and read again the story of Caleb and Joshua, who brought back hopeful reports from the land they had been sent to see, and by cheerful views and faith in God urged the people forward. Had the entire host been like those two men, that long wilderness journey with its terrible experiences might have been avoided. But alas for them! the people sided with the spies who looked on the dark side, who failed to see God's hand in the work, and therefore judged from a merely human point of view. Caleb and Joshua had faith in God. They trusted him to stand by them and give them victory according to his promises, no matter how strong the enemy appeared or how much superior in numbers. They felt that great numbers in opposition to God's truth should make no difference with regard to their own duty to obey. What a conquering host the Israelites might have been, right then and there, if they had all been like Caleb and Joshua. The very fact that they overlooked Jehovah's mighty hand in the struggle, and be-

came discouraged because they seemed like a mere handful when compared with their opposers, ensured their defeat.

Seventh Day Baptists need more consecrated and loyal Calebs and Joshuas! They need more men like David, who saw God in the fight against the giant, and who was therefore eager to put himself into it for all he was worth, and with just the weapon God had placed in his hand. He knew that the battle was the Lord's, and yet went into it just as though it all depended on him. He was hopeful when others were disheartened, and not even a great army of Philistines could phase him. Though he stood alone in Israel he would be optimistic and go forward in God's name.

I suppose you have caught my thought ere this. He who sees God's hand in the battle between truth and error and goes loyally forward in unwavering trust is still the hope of Israel, even when the day seems dark. He gets most out of life who complains the least and who never magnifies his burdens or overestimates the obstacles in his way. And he is most sure to win who cheerfully accepts life's duties with a hand made strong by faith and hope.

One of our weakest points is the tendency to despair of our success as a people because we are so small and the opposition so great. We forget that God is the greatest factor in our real work, and viewing the field from a human standpoint alone, we are prone to think that Sabbath truth has little chance to win. Our viewpoint is not complete and, therefore, the impression is not entirely true. Let us not measure our prospects of success by human standards alone. God is never in a hurry. He has always taken time, to perfect his plans and has chosen his own time for victory. He sees the end from the beginning, things that appal us are as nothing to him, and he knows that his truth shall triumph.

It may be our duty, as a people, only to keep it alive through our generation, and pass it on to the next, so it shall not be buried entirely out of sight. Had it not been for loyal Seventh Day Baptists in generations gone by, the Sabbath truth would long ago have been forgotten by the Christian world. If our plans are in accordance with the purposes of God as clearly revealed

in his word, we may not for one moment doubt their ultimate triumph. Things that tax our faith and our strength and sometimes cause us to hesitate are nothing to divine greatness, and we should take new hold of the hand that has led us for generations. The longer we hesitate, the weaker we grow. The more we lose faith, the more we shall suffer decadence. Our only hope is to rise to the emergencies of the hour and in the name of God go forward.

FAITHFUL IN WORKS OF REFORM

As a people we have always stood at the front in all moral reforms. This is well. We should still lend a hand as we may be able in all works for social betterment. We should be false to our principles and to our record if we did not do this. But let me emphasize the truth, that no new gospel is needed either in reform or mission work. No new theories as to methods or doctrines have ever been found to succeed like the old, old story of the Cross. Let us take new hold on the fundamental facts that the Decalog and the Sermon on the Mount are the two everlasting foundations of all true reform. This gospel is applicable for the man in the slums and the king on the throne. Would you see men brought to God and his truth? Then surround them with the truths found in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. Would you see the world redeemed? Then with your own soul filled with the Spirit make the world full with these truths, and your work is done.

Would you see true Sabbath reform? Then cling to the Bible as the only foundation upon which true Sabbathism can ever stand. In this, too, the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are our strong pillars, upon which we must depend.

HOW SHALL WE OBTAIN STRENGTH TO DO?

The greatest question that should concern us today is, How shall we become thoroughly fitted for all these lines of work? We should seek the power from on high, as the disciples did when they started out to win the world to Christ. This is the motive power, without which we shall do nothing. What is the best machinery in the world without motive power? What

would a trolley system amount to without its dynamo?

Again, the power must be adequate to the capacity of the machinery. What man would think of running a forty-horsepower mill with a five-horsepower dynamo? Even a twenty-horsepower would come far short of making that mill do its full work.

If our excellent denominational machinery, which has been receiving so much attention of late, is ever to produce adequate and satisfactory results, we *must have the dynamos*. If we do not have these, our equipments and organizations will only stand as monuments of our folly. Does any one here feel that the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination is working up to its full capacity? Are we as a people doing all we are able to do—all we are really

intended to do—for the cause we love? What a mighty people we might be if, through another Pentecost, every member of our churches should become a spirit-filled dynamo of divine power behind church and denominational organizations, each one anxious to help the work forward. All effective power for good comes from the deep, holy feelings and thoughts that fill men when in close communion with God. We can reach others only as we have this inward fire. It is this that makes a people strong. Intellectual power is of little worth without spirit-filled souls to wield it. O that we might here and now receive a new baptism of the Holy Ghost! O that in all our churches the people might once again feel the movings of the Spirit of God! Then most of our problems would be solved, and our difficulties would disappear.

T. L. G.

HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church in New York City for the past eight years, has accepted the pastorate of the Milton Junction Church and he hopes to take up the work here some time in September if not earlier. Mr. Van Horn is a graduate of Milton College and is well known here. It is needless to say the Seventh Day Baptist people of this community will be pleased to have Edgar back among them again.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond and ~~little~~ daughter Wilna arrived in Milton Thursday afternoon where he spoke at the college commencement. He occupied the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist pulpit Sabbath morning. After greeting friends here over the week-end they departed Monday for their home.

A large number of the parishoners and many others of the village gathered at the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist church Wednesday evening to give Pastor Henry N. Jordan and his family a formal farewell before they leave next Sunday for their new fields of labor at Battle Creek, Mich.

In a short program words of appreciation were given by representatives of the different auxiliaries of the church for the faithful and untiring labors of Pastor and Mrs. Jordan during their four years in Milton Junction. Rev. Thomas Sharpe spoke in behalf of the other interests of the town.

FARINA, ILL.—Amid wars and rumors of wars the Farina Church is striving to do its bit toward the conservation of human rights and the elimination of Satan's influence from this sin-cursed world.

Blessings spiritual and material come to us mingled with disappointments and sorrow in fighting the good fight of faith in God.

One of the things we are praying for is that the denominational debt may soon be liquidated.

The strawberry season has passed, which, as usual, contributed very much to the prosperity of the community. During the last week in May and the first half of June this town is perhaps the heaviest shipping point of this berry to the Chicago market. This season the torrential rains reduced the yield perhaps one half but prices were good and the growers are generally well pleased with the outcome. While the berry-shipping season is on, there are no "slackers" among us, everybody works, even "father!" Our good pastor's hammer went "whack whack" the livelong day as he nailed the covers on the crimson beauties while our "school-marms", Alfred and Milton graduates, side by side, trimmed the boxes and passed out the tickets to the army of pickers.

It will doubtless please the readers of the RECORDER to learn that our good brother,

Rev. L. D. Seager, led all other growers in the volume of his shipments and for the present is dubbed the "Strawberry King" of Farina. His record for this season is 1,800 cases or 1,350 bushels. Z.

WALWORTH, WIS.—Our Sabbath school has observed the special days outlined by the Sabbath School Board—Rally Day, Children's Day, and Patriotic Day. Children's Day program was given in place of the usual church service, the pastor giving a few minutes' talk. We have but few children in our church and society, but they did credit to themselves and the committee.

Patriotic Day was observed at the Sabbath-school hour with a patriotic program, changed from the RECORDER program to suit our school. After a statement of the Red Cross work by the pastor, a collection was taken for that work. Sixteen members of the school have joined the Red Cross chapter here, which has over four hundred members.

The Christian Endeavor society is to have an alphabet social on July 2.

Our Ladies' Aid society meets regularly for quilting, tying comforts, etc. Circle No. 2 has its regular meetings, with an occasional 10-cent tea.

The Y. M. C. A. boys of the village recently spent ten days in camp at Phantom Lake.

Secretary Shaw is expected here this week for a day.

The war situation causes many anxious thoughts here as elsewhere and we can only hope that God in his wisdom and love will keep our boys in his care and soon bring about the peace for which the whole world is longing and praying.

REPORTER.

DEATH

SHAW.—Mrs. Alzina Coon Shaw, daughter of Daniel and Martha Potter Coon, was born at West Edmeston, N. Y., May 15, 1835, and died at her home at Alfred Station, June 12, 1917, aged eighty-two years.

She was the third in a family of six children, three girls and three boys. Her home until she was nineteen years of age was at West Edmeston. She then came to the town of Alfred to enter school, and some five years later was united in marriage to Milo Shaw. This was a happy union for more than forty years, until nine years ago her husband was called home. During these nine years her life, though lonely,

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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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has been full of helpfulness, looking forward to that reunion in the Father's house.

She confessed Christ and joined the West Edmeston Seventh Day Baptist Church when about fourteen years old and when coming to Alfred she brought her membership with her, and has ever been an honored and useful member of the Second Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church. Mrs. Shaw was a Christian woman of rare grace and beauty, winning the esteem and friendship of all who knew her. She leaves to mourn their loss, one brother, Leroy M. Coon, of Utica; and one sister, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Stillman, of Leonardsville, with many other relatives and friends.

Funeral services were held in her late home at Alfred Station at 3 o'clock Thursday, June 14, by her pastor, Rev. Ira S. Goff, and burial was made in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

I. S. G.

Resolutions of Respect

WHEREAS, Death has once again summoned a faithful sister and coworker, Mrs. Alzina C. Shaw, to the home beyond, where, having completed her ministering to the wants of others, she has received as her reward the plaudit, "Well done";

Resolved, That we as a society bow in humble submission to the will of him who doth all things well; and that our sister will be greatly missed in our society and church, as she was always ready and willing to help, even in her failing health.

Resolved, That we, the members of the Union Industrial Society of the Second Alfred Church, tender to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy, especially to the sister and niece who faithfully cared for her during her last illness.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, one to the SABBATH RECORDER, and that they be spread on the minutes of the society.

MRS. F. S. CHAMPLIN,
MRS. POLLY GREEN,
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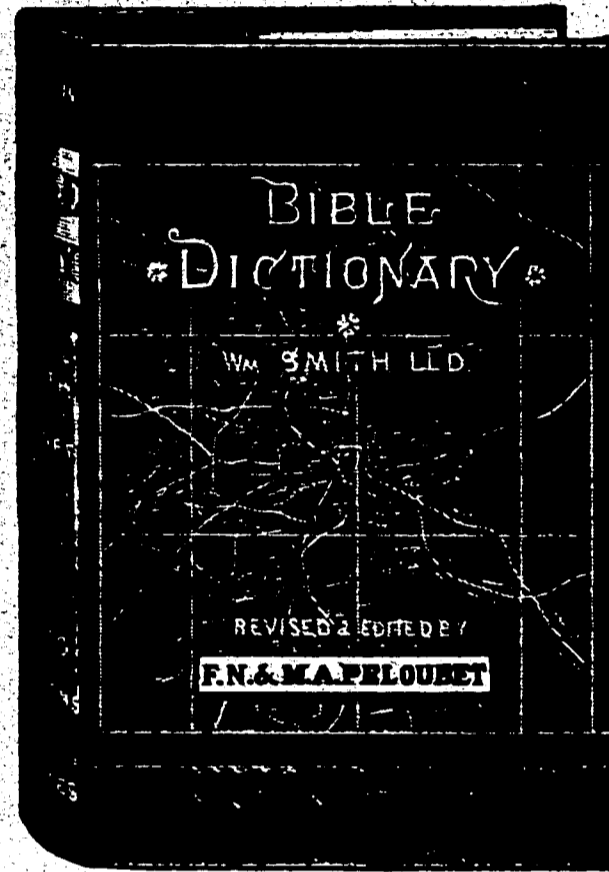
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THE FATHER'S HOUSE

"Thine eyes shall see the King." Soon, soon the veil
That hides the glorious Throne shall be withdrawn,
No cloud shall hang athwart the radiant dawn
Of heaven's glad morning. Yet no eye shall fail for all
the brightness,

Perfect light will bring a perfect vision,
Heavenly rapture fall on hearts attuned to comprehend
it all.

The songs will not seem strange that angels sing;
New, but not strange. The joy will be most sweet,
Because most natural. To see him there,
To know and love him, and his image bear
Will make it homelike. Though the golden streets
Were more than golden, yet it still would be
The "Father's House" and nothing else to thee.

—Lucy A. Bennett

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