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The Sabbath Recorder

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Threescore and Ten—Memories.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten." It does not seem possible! We used to think that those who had lived to see their seventieth birthday were very old. The years that must stretch away between life's sunny morning and its gathering shadows of evening time seemed many and long. But how different it seems today! It was only yesterday that we were counted among the boys. Today we look around for the friends of other years and behold they are gone! Memories come crowding in until we are compelled to realize that we stand at the threshold of "borrowed time."

This morning as the day dawned with its beautiful April sunshine making glad the earth, with triumphant songs of birds filling the air with music, something in the surroundings, something in the nearness of a birthday, something within the heart, started memories that would not be crowded back. Really we are glad to welcome the memories, for we sometimes need to "remember the land we passed through," old memories of Sabbath, and the admonition, "remember the land we passed through," old memories of the fathers to encourage and strengthen the believers, and to remind them that they were "compasshed about by so great a cloud of witnesses."

Seventh Day Baptists too have a long list of heroes among whom they should be proud, and whose deeds they should try to emulate. We love to read the story of their faithfulness. But some of us can turn to the book of memory and see vivid pictures of the worthy ones who were carrying the burdens when we were boys. Our hearts burn within us as we recall the old men of fifty years ago who stood at the front among our people; for "there were giants in those days."

There were Leman Andrus, Thomas B. Brown, Nathan Wardner, J. W. Morton, S. S. Griswold, Halsey Baker, Alexander Campbell, William M. Jones, M. B. Kelly Sr., and James Summerville, each one of whom was a convert to the Sabbath. "All these died in the faith," for "they had respect unto the recompense of the reward," and "they obtained a good report through faith." They took up the cross of Christ among a small people, and turning their backs upon the promising opportunities offered by larger and wealthier peoples, they did valiant service for the Lord and his Sabbath. Among these men were found some of the finest men of those times in defense of the Bible Sabbath.

Then there were others, "to the manner born," who molded denominational life and shaped church policies, whose faces are still fresh in memory, and from whom we re-
ceived some of the best impulses of our lives. There were N. V. Hull, pastor of Alfred for a whole generation, father of churches in the Western Association; George B. Utter, editor of the Sabbath Recorder for more than twenty-five years; Lucius Crandall, editor of the Carrol for Sabbath schools, whose words were like arrows shot from a strong bow; Vurnam Hull, whose logic was irresistible; Darwin E. Williams, a profound thinker, and William C. Whorf of Milton College, the warm-hearted friend; Jonathan Allen, of Alfred, the profound thinker, and Thomas R. Williams, the strong theologian. All these men and others like them were men of whom any people might be proud. They commanded respect among others as well as among our own people.

No one could ever be at a loss to know just where these men stood. They were always to be found on the right side of every moral question and in the front rank among reformers. And whatever they did, they never made one feel that they regarded the Sabbath as a matter of small importance. One Sabbath doctrine was the only distinctive truth that made us a separate people, and they were careful to magnify that truth on all occasions. No one could ever get the impression from them that it might be about as well to keep Sunday as the Sabbath, for they always made it clear that, no matter how sincere a man might be in his Sunday-keeping, he was nevertheless in error, and that it never could be as well to live in error as to be true to Bible beliefs at what- ever cost. All our heroes of faith who had once been sincerely in error, and who "verily thought they were doing God's service" by keeping Sunday have confessed, after conversion, that life in the truth is infinitely better and brings a double blessing.

Paul was conscientious and sincere in his supposed loyalty to Jehovah until his eyes明亮ely saw the law and confessed that he had all the time been in rebellion against God and the "chief of sinners." If a man can sin against light with an open Bible in his hand, and with the record of God's word in his soul, and be just as well off in the end as though true to the commands of God, then what is the use of sacrificing to keep up our denominational life? The noble men of fifty years ago left no room for doubt upon this question.

How is it with us all today? We fear that, in these easy-going times, too many are leaving the impression that the Sabbath is not so vital after all! The fathers we love to remember were straight as a die upon the one truth that makes us a separate people. "Out of weakness they were made strong, waxed valiant in fight," and they "obtained a good report" through faith.

Who can forget the eloquent appeals of A. H. Lewis, Courtland Rogers, George E. Tomlinson, Charles M. Lewis, Joshua Clarke, J. M. Todd, J. L. Huffman and A. D. Preminger, whose logic was irresistible; Darwin E. Williams, Alfred, the profound thinker, and Thomas R. Williams, the strong theologian. All these men and others like them were men of whom any people might be proud. They commanded respect among others as well as among our own people.

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men assail its truthfulness as history, the very ground opens to deliver messages from ancient tablets in its behalf. The Bible has a way of keeping still itself, and yet a way of raising up scholars and archologists to defend it and establish its truths. Modern scholarship carefully strips away the husks that medieval fanatics have wrappd around it, and the real truths stand out clearer than ever. Skeptics carelessly pack it in their baggage, but it wins its way, and skeptics become believers, with lives transformed. Fanatics despise and burn it, but the very world of business rushes in to replace it in the hands of men. Scholars atter the people in the awesome acme of scholarship to its defense. Mettime it continues to speak for itself to the hearts and consciences of immortal men, and in spite of all opposition the desert blossoms even more.

Sometimes men fear the Bible may be lost in the church as the scroll was in the temple of old, but it will not. It is speaking for itself as these years go by. Some may fear it is being lost in our pulpits, when in truth it can not be lost for long. It has stood the test of ages, and always gained its cause, and it is now enthroned in too many hearts to be buried out of sight. It will continue to speak for itself in ways of its own while shall last.

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A Thing to be Regretted.

We are sorry to see the temperance forces, that for years have been doing good work against the liquor traffic, spending any or all of their energies in fighting each other.

The Prohibition party in many States has done excellent work in arousing public sentiment against the saloon. The men who have led that movement have been noble patriotic leaders. Such men as St. John, Finch, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk and others have been hardly excelled as noble conscionous workers in the great temperance reform.

The leaders of the Anti-Saloon League, too, stand among the best citizens of the land, but they have the great complaint of marshalling the church in non-partisan work to drive the saloon from the land. Then, all honor is due to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for years of faithful work in educating the masses against the liquor traffic.

Now it seems that all are more or less interested in nation-wide prohibition by a constitutional amendment, and what rapid progress prohibition sentiment is making, due largely to the work of all these organizations. And it is to be regretted that some of them are wasting energy in a bitter fight among themselves.

It is probable that when the constitutional victory comes, as we believe it will, we shall see some readjustment of political forces, by which the liquor men will be arrayed on one side and the temperance people on the other: and the administra­tion that will carry out the will of the people. For the people are the real rulers, and when the people stand true as steel for prohibition it will come. All these organizations against the saloon are hastening the day. It will surely come. As for myself I can never help to elect a man who stands for rum. I want my vote to be read different from the vote of the brewer and the saloon-keeper, and I will see to it that the man chosen is not a political paper, and we would not feel right to discuss that phase of the matter here. It is ours to give spiritual food to readers of all parties; to present all the evidence we can against the liquor curse; to open the eyes of the people to the ravages the saloon is making upon all the best things in life; to offer every inducement by which men and women may be persuaded to use the good things of life and to get rid of the saloon. We would hate to see a thousand readers. and the Tract Board would be some one thousand dollars better off. What do you think about it? Can you help matters any? Why not try?

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Read the Philemon Story.

On another page will be found an exposition of Paul's epistle to Philemon, or the story of a runaway slave, by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, which will have a charm for anyone who will read it. Do not pass it by because it seems a little long; if you do you will miss some good and useful lessons. The letter to Philemon as a basis, Brother Van Horn has made a most interesting story, and if you begin it you will not stop until you have read it through.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
an Exposition of Paul's Letter to Philemon.

Or the Story of a Runaway Slave.

REV. T. J. VAN HORN.

The Epistle of Paul to Philemon is a personal letter to an old friend. The letter taken with the one to the Colossian church supplies the data, and an imagination of no great vividness can supply the details of a narrative of thrilling interest.

It was on Paul's second or third missionary journey in the western province of Asia Minor that he made the acquaintance of a man named Onesimus, of Philemon's household, and of social influence. His native place seems to have been Colossae, a town situated on the banks of the storied Phrygian hills. Picture to yourself a beautiful home, adorned with such attractions as the civilization of a Roman province afforded in the first century A.D.

Although a remote place it was doubtless embellished with many a touch of culture and refinement. There was an air of luxury about the place, and we may well assume that men of leisure and culture often resorted thither for comfort and social intercourse. This was the home of Philemon, and over the internal affairs of the household there presided a president who bore the name of Philemon, and who brought to the table the charm and grace which wealth and leisure bring, Mrs. Apphia Philemon. Another member of this household was the bold and dashing youth Archippus, a horse-trainer, perhaps, as the name may indicate.

How large a retinue of slaves there were in this household we may not know, but we are assured that there was one, Onesimus, mentioned here in this letter along with Philemon. Now, however well regulated this household may have been, we cannot think of it as quite happy with that one discordant element of slavery in combination with its life. The slave Onesimus and the son Archippus may not have been congenial companions; Onesimus, restless under the restraints of his servitude; Archippus, indolent and exacting of the services of his slave. That made discontent and wretchedness in the home. Mrs. Philemon and the master, Mr. Philemon, who seems danger of a nervous collapse. What can he do? It is about the time of year for his annual trip to Ephesus. A bright idea strikes him. He will take the slave with him, and thus relieve the tension at home. And so before many days you see him in company with Onesimus joining the great company of merchants and adventurers in the highway traversing the provinces of Asia Minor.

During his stay in the city, he was attracted one day by a great throng of people crowding the street near a Jewish synagogue. Drawing near he is surprised to find that the center of attraction there is a man of small stature and unattractive personal appearance. But with a magnetism that surprised and thrilled him, he feels the power of a great personality. On inquiry he learns that Onesimus is returning to Ephesus a good many days. The city is strangely moved by what this man says and does. His name is on every tongue. It is Paul, the Jew.

One day he sees a great bonfire in an open place of the city. He is astounded to learn that it is made by a great collection of valuable books. Those who had practiced magical arts, being convinced by the powerful preaching of this strange man that what they were practicing was a great wrong in practicing those things, brought their books to be burned! This was a mighty argument as to the power of the doctrine which this man preached. One day he goes to hear Archippus, the son of Philemon. He tells about a stranger who had lived some years before this in the land of Palestine—a man who had lived a holy life, who had wrought marvelous things for his countrymen, had incurred their hatred, was crucified by them, was buried, and raised from the dead, and had ascended to the right hand of God. Hearing him again one day he heard that this man had died for the sins of the whole world. It was God's Son whom he had sent into the world out of great love for men, to tell them the way of salvation. His own heart was deeply moved; his conversion followed.

He and Paul became fast friends. From henceforward, which in his power to do, to show his love for Paul and especially for Jesus whom Paul preached he determined to do. And he returned to his quiet Colossian home with a new joy in his heart, and henceforth others should hear from his own lips the story of Christ and him crucified. Naturally his own household was the first to hear the glad story. The arbor with
which he told the story, the light in his eye, the glow and warmth of his whole being were not long in making their impression on that household, and very soon the wife and mother Apphia, and then the son Archippus gave themselves in glad surrender to the found friend and Savior. But there was the poor slave Onesimus. He had likewise heard Paul preach in Ephesus and he had heard the story repeated from the lips of his master in his household, but it had fallen on dull ears. He saw and was impressed with the man Paul, and he had seen with dull interest the change in his master Philemon, and yet no desire had ever been kindled in his breast.

And so the master and the slave returned home, the one with a glad new joy, the other with a more restless dissatisfaction than he had known before, in his servile condition. It is not right to assume, perhaps, that a brief course of instruction in the principles of the gospel would eradicate the false doctrine that was woven into the fabric of all civilization of that day,—that it was right to own slaves.

Philemon, as he doubt a Roman citizen and would yet hold that this Onesimus was his property just as his horse or his cow, and was to be accorded treatment as considerate as these animals would receive. He was worth a man's price to him as these animals. And it would not be strange if Onesimus was plotting, as the days and months went by, a plan for his escape from this life of servitude. And so one dark night you may imagine him going out from his master's house under cover who goes out into the streets inconspicuously, and is soon sailing great merchantman, and is soon upon the open sea.

One day a poor wreck of a man is discovered among the crowd that are coming and going to see and hear that wonderful man who is preaching Jesus Christ and His salvation. He is recognized by the signs of sin and dissipation. The quick eye of Paul soon singles out this woebegone specimen of humanity. Something about the man moves upon the sym- pathetic preacher of the gospel, and he is stirred to preach, with more than his usual fervor, of temperance and righteousness and a judgment to come. And fixing his attention upon the poor hopeless man before him, he tells of the Good Shepherd who goes out into the mountains to seek and to save the sheep that was lost. He tells of a powerful Savior who is able to save to the uttermost those who come to God through him. And the poor fellow sits there in rapt silence as he hears the marvelous story of a Jesus who was put to death, voluntarily giving up his life to save just such men as he. And as the poor man hears, a deep sense of sin takes hold upon his heart, and at once a great new hope dawns upon his life.

The meeting is dismissed, but he lingers. Paul hastens to his side. Tenderly and truthfully he finds his way to the man's confidence, and imagine him saying to him, "Your poor man, I am glad you came in with us today. I am more than pleased to have you remain after the close of the service. What can I do for you? Your face is familiar. Have I not seen you before? Ah, now I have it. Were you not in Ephesus when I was preaching there about three years ago? "Yes, I saw you there." Onesimus says, "But I did not suppose you saw me." "I was quite sure I was right," Paul answers. "Your name is Onesimus. Your master's name is Philemon. He is a friend of mine. I remember he was converted in that great revival at Ephesus. How is he? How I would like to see him."

And the Paul notices that the man shows back from his gaze fastened so intently upon his face. Then gently he draws from him the story of his leaving his master and taking away the money belonging to him, of the long voyage from Ephesus, of his arrival and of the dissolute life he had since lived, spending the money he had stealthily taken from his master.

"And oh!, he concludes, "I thought I had a hard time serving my master Phile- mon, but just you try how it was serving myself and Satan since coming to this wicked city. I have gone far, and down as low, as I can in wickedness. Do you suppose that Jesus whom you were telling us about a little while ago can save a wretch like me?"

You know what the answer of Paul would be. And in loving words Onesimus hears repeated the message of the Christ to lost men, the way of pardon and salvation through repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." But the gospel of repentance was not a way of roses for this regenerate slave.

"Are you willing to make amends for the sins committed against God and your fellow men?" Paul urges,

"Oh, I am willing to do anything if God will only forgive me," the poor man cries.

"But are you willing to make amends to Philemon?"

"Oh, anything but that; I can never go back to that man and confess."

But Paul insists that faith in Jesus implies the willingness to do anything that he requires. "Is anything too hard, the doing of which will all in you pardon and cleansing and everlasting life?"

And thus by loving insistence the heart of Onesimus is brought to a willing compliance to the will of Christ, and he ex-claims, "God helping me, I will go back to my master, and do what I can to make it right with Philemon. But he will be angry with me, and, moreover, I have no means to pay him back."

"We will try to arrange that," says Paul. "Only do you go back to Philemon, and I will write him a letter asking him to take you back, and I myself will become responsible for your debt."

And so Paul sits down and writes the letter to Philemon. (Read verses 8-21.) And after some months' delay, in which Onesimus apparently devoted his fidelity and genuineness, having made himself but light impression on the Roman officials there, he is at last permitted to leave Rome (vs. 11, 12), he starts on his long journey to the home of his old master, bearing the epistle to Philemon. Tychicus, bearing a letter to the Colossian church, is his traveling companion, and together they make the journey back to the fertile valley of the Meander.

Such is the simple story of Philemon and Onesimus, the details of which our imagination easily fills in. It would be pleasant for us to picture the scene when Paul, after the long narrative of the house of Onesimus, in the table of his old master Philemon. But we must not fail to get one or two of those pictures from that chapter like luminous from this story.

The question intrudes itself, why, since slavery is wrong so radically, should Paul insist upon Onesimus' return to his master? Why should Paul not have encouraged the still farther flight of the fugitive slave as we did in slavery times in our own land? We should remember that the primary cause of Paul's insistence upon the return to his master is that he might make amends for any wrong done to his master or to make good the stolen property.

Then we must bear in mind that neither Philemon nor Paul had the light on the subject of slavery. Slavery then was an institution woven into the very fiber of Jewish thought, and the iron heel of the Roman conquests and government made slavery all but a necessity. Then, again, we need to consider which of the teachings of Christ was to make its way in the world against all wrong and every evil practice. It was not by opposing them by the force of political organizations or physical violence. There were great moral
principles implanted in the hearts of a few men and women, and the method of their propagation is represented in the teachings of Christ by a grain of mustard seed and a lump of leaven. And the way these forces were to make their way in the world was foretold by the prophet centuries before when he said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." Paul uses the force of this gospel method in reaping the master and slaves. How tactfully he exercises this method in writing to Philemon. He might have used authority as he plainly infers, "Though I have all boldness to enjoin thee that which is convenient for thee, I rather beseech thee, (v. 8, 9). It is Paul's joy to set aside temporal authority and every means upon which men would naturally rely, and let love have its way, and gain the victory. It was not only the love which Paul bore to Philemon, but it was also the love which Philemon had for Paul. On this Paul boldly based his appeal. He delicately refers to the fact that Philemon owes his happy estate as a Christian to which which he belonged, for his sake. 

"Our Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is growing—not so much in membership as in the quality of work. The attendance at the weekly meetings is increasing gradually. Once in two months we have a special meeting of the society, when the pastor preaches a sermon for young people and each officer and each committee is expected to do something special. These meetings are well advertised, and special invitations are given to young people living on our perimeter. There were sixty-five present at our last bi-monthly meeting. In the morning and afternoon of Sabbath Day, March 26, the Christian Endeavor societies of Little Genesees, Richburg, Clarksville, and Nile held a rally at Nile. The success of this rally is largely attributable to the work of Miss Mabel Jordan, who is the county secretary and also serves this church's Baptist western association secretary. The church has granted me a leave of absence on the last Sabbath in April so that I can hear Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch at Alfred. Our Sabbath school will hold a rally that day in place of the regular sermon.

Our next communion service and the annual roll-call of the church will occur on May 2. We are now sending out letters to non-resident members reminding them of this service. If the personal letters fail to reach any, perhaps this letter may reach them. I hope, if possible, to visit some of our non-resident members about Bolivar, Bradford, and Davenport during the Easter vacation at the Seminary."
themselves to the welfare of their families in a hundred ways; children must care for their parents in their declining years. But with the meeting of these demands as far as their own are concerned, the sense of responsibility in many people apparently ceases. Fortunately this is not always true, for there are women in every walk of life who are giving themselves in nobly altruistic service. The condition is, however, very apparent in small communities and among our smaller churches.

In the large centers much of the community work is organized, and the charities, the social service, the educational interests are intrinsically more interesting to a large extent than in smaller churches. But in the small church, the small community, this is not the case and these are the ones that suffer from the malady referred to. It is here where one hears the oft-repeated question, "Why don't they have a choir?" or "Why don't they organize this?" "Why don't they have a good pastor?" "Why do they have more interesting church socials," we go to them. "They ought to have a lecture course this year." Why, my dear friend, do you not say, "Why don't we do this and so?" Do you not belong to the community, to the church? You surely do not hold yourself out as one in the village, but not a part of it, a member of the church, without part in its affairs? You would resent being deprived of a voice in any matter upon which you wished to vote. Why is it not then your duty to have an opinion and to express it upon every question of community or church life, backing this voice by readiness to act,—in a word, to feel that these are your affairs and to have the sense of personal responsibility in regard to your own church?

What a world of difference this would make in community life and in the church.

Interest in the school; interest in social service, providing entertainments for the young people, places of recreation other than objectionable ones for men and boys; interest in the church, its finances, its various activities,—a vital interest in all these, as though they were really one's own work, could result in a quickening which would soon be manifest.

But one says, "I have no time for these things; I must attend to my own work." But are not these things your own work? Is not the church your own? You find time to do extra work when it is necessary; you take time for things you want to do. Why not for church interests? You spend much thought over a spring and summer, and spare no pains in "doing over" the parlor, if you are a woman. Can you not give some time and strength to the Master's work, which is under your hand?

Another says, "I am not capable enough; I cannot lead, and my ideas are not of value." Granting that all can not be captains, there must be soldiers to follow the command and intrust themselves to a good leader. And many, interested, loyal, and willing helpers do more to insure the success of a cause than one who happens to be able to lead. It is good "team work" that counts.

This idea of personal responsibility might be further applied to our denominational activities, missions, education, Woman's work; there is need enough of it. But some one else may take that up. This talk is about the things that are within your own sight to be done, and the conditions that confront you, personally, every day, with a responsibility which can not be delegated. The part every one plays, the whole church organization. Will you allow him to become disheartened, perhaps to fail, because you shirk your part of the work?

Indifference is more deadening in its influence than active opposition. You would proclaim an attitude hostile to the Sabbath school; do not kill it by your indifference. The prayer meeting, the Woman's society, the Christian Endeavor, all need you. Why not make them really alive with your own vital energy, for they are your own. Be loyal to them. Think about them, pray about them, and then stand back of your prayers with action. Do your part.
The Golden State in Line.

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS.

"California Dry in 1914," is the slogan of the temperance forces of the Golden State. The wheels of the great temperance machinery were set in motion at the recent State Temperance Convention held in Los Angeles. It was a meeting of great enthusiasm and probably marked an epoch in the history of the State. The enthusiasm continues to increase instead of diminish, as is the case of most convention enthusiasm. Every temperance element of the State was represented in the convention, and the whole State has come under its influence. It is coming to be thoroughly realized by the temperance people that they have undertaken a mighty task, which must plan a great, hotly contested campaign.

The liquor forces are lining up for a death struggle, and they are strong. Some of the largest wineries in the world are located in California, with large commercial wineries and grape-branchfactories engaged in the manufacture of wine-grapes are cultivated in the State. In some sections they furnish almost the exclusive sustenance of whole generations.

The liquor forces are strong a force that it can take great pains to picture to us the facts of the amendment movement. They have been strong. Some hope that these six States, the amendment, will have been strong enough to make a demand upon the government for national prohibition with a voice that must be heard. It is not so very unpopular now as in the past, to be known as a "dry" voter. This is much encouragement to the "timid and undecided voters."

Fourth. The phenomenal victories so recently won in West Virginia, and in other localities, the wide expanse of the "dry territory" in the South; and the unparalleled prosperity of Kansas, so long dry, all yield a mighty influence to aid us in the arduous duties and strenuous work of trying to bring about the right, for God and Home and Native Land.

"Come into the sunshine for a little while. It is a good world after all. You have had it hand hard blows, but open your ledger and see if the credit doesn't overbalance the debit side."
A Miracle of God's Grace.

DEAR DOCTOR GARDNER:

To me there is nothing in the world so full of thrilling interest as the transformation of a human soul from the darkness and bondage of sin into the light and liberty of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I love to watch the transition, because primarily, it confirms the revelation God has given us in his word of his grace and glory, and power to save to the uttermost all who come unto him by Jesus Christ; and secondarily, for the inexpressible joy of watching a soul turning to its original purity and beauty.

I was once one of a party who watched the simultaneous unfolding of two blossoms on a night-blooming cereus. While the company was merry I noticed a very serious expression upon the face of one of its jolliest members as she looked intently upon the opening flowers. Suddenly she turned around and said quietly, "Don't speak or laugh!" I felt the soul is filled with sacred awe. It seems to me we are standing in the presence of God, witnessing a marvelous manifestation of his power and glory. Let's keep silent before him."

So I watch the unfoldning of the spiritual life in the hearts of those who have been groveling in the dust. I want to write you of the regeneration of Lucky Baldwin—a twentieth century miracle. I heard him speak at Winona and have read a sketch of his life in the American Magazine. To these sources I am indebted for my information.

Lucky Baldwin, the son of an Irish mother and an English father, is in the forty-second year of his life today. He is Christopher J. Balf. He was born on Cherry Hill, under the Manhattan end of Brooklyn Bridge, where he grew up among fighting Irish.

In speaking of this place Lucky said: "It is of no use, friends, for me to try to give you any idea of the neighborhood where I grew up. If there wasn't a murderer committed every month they would kill him and keep him to keep up the reputation of the place."

A gang of young truck thieves made the block in which he lived the scene of their operations, stealing from truck wagons and spiriting their plunder down an alley where they had a "fence." These thieves were the heroes of his boyish dreams, and he looked eagerly forward to the time when he would be large enough to enter the profession. His opportunity came when he was eleven years old and he continued through twenty-five years, committing every crime known to him in the criminal's category. Yet so successful was he in evading the law that while city and county jails sometimes held him for a short period he was never inside prison walls. He was an expert in eluding policemen and often when they attempted to arrest him won his way by a sort of science. This account of him was given the name Lucky Baldwin.

His initial crime was stealing a keg of beer and drinking until he was "dead drunk." For this deed his father punished him severely. Lucky resolved this interference with his "liberty" and ran away from home. At the end of three months he returned, puffed up with pride. He could lie, steal, smoke and drink, and considered himself a man capable of taking care of himself.

At fifteen years of age he was an expert thief—one of a desperate gang of thieves. In his mad career drink played a greater and greater part, sinking him lower and lower in the scale of being. So the years went on, full of heart-sickening interest which we can not note, passed by until at thirty-seven years of age the whisper went around, "Old Father Time is getting the better of Lucky."

Lucky felt this fact keenly. He was failing physically and mentally and was not nearly so successful as he had been. He tried to reason it out. He felt that in some way he had played a game wrongly. He felt that he who was in that crisis, would not be a bone, and took a cup of coffee and as and wondered what new game he could devise that would be more successful. Finally a night came when he saw the last successful act of his old game by robbing a man of thirty-five dollars. In two days' time the money was gone and he was prowling around an alley, almost too weak to walk. It was Thanksgiving evening, 1908. Cold, hunger and that terrible thing for liquor were driving him to desperation. I look how he must have, but he knew not how to get it. At length he spied a man standing with his hand in his pocket. He sprang upon the man like a cat and jerked his hand out of his pocket. As he did so a few small coins fell onto the pavement, but at this moment a policeman came up. Lucky turned the wrong way and was caught. He made no resistance. Instead of arresting him the policeman dealt him two stinging blows with his club saying as he did so, "Now, you keep off my beat. I know what you done the other night, and the next time I find you on my walk I'm going to give you the collar. You ain't a thief any more, you're only a dirty bum. Now beat it." With this he gave Lucky a final clip with his club "that jarer every bone in his body."

Lucky slunk down the alley, feeling that what the policeman said was true. He was no longer a self-respecting thief. The situation was desperate. In addition to the cold, the pangs of hunger, and thirst for drink he was suffering from the effects of the policeman's blows and worst of all his spirit was broken. He had come to the last extremity; he was down and out. At this crisis a man approached and handed him a ticket saying, "If you will present this at the Jerry McAuley Mission they will give you a cup of coffee and a sandwich." Lucky grabbed the ticket as he was starting down and grabbed a bone, and took his way to the mission.

I will spare you a recital of what he said regarding his physical appearance when he entered the mission. I thank God that he did, "what was in that cup of coffee but while I was drinking it the desire came into my heart to be good. After I had eaten my lunch they asked me to come back to a gospel service, and although I had not the slightest idea what it was I went back at the appointed hour." Here he heard for the first time the gospel message, and as he listened some idea of its meaning crept into his bewildered brain. "The speaker that evening," said Lucky, "was dead, and was wearing something on his head that looked to me like a telephone receiver. Suddenly I raised my hand and said, 'Telephone to heaven I'm coming.'" Then he was so stirred that evening, for the message was carried by wireless telegraphy directly to the throne above, where it was received with great demonstrations of joy. Songs of praise resounded through the heavenly courts,

"And the angels echoed it round the throne. Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own to
It was Thanksgiving in heaven. Lucky went to the altar and a Mr. Wayburn who himself had been rescued from strong drink, knelt at his side and told him of the sufferings of the man who died for him. A great lump came up in Lucky's throat as he listened, and the scalding tears rolled down over his cheeks—the first he had shed since his boyhood days. The Christ had won.

They offered Lucky a bed ticket but he would not accept it. He walked the streets all night long, his soul filled with remorse as he contrasted his past life with what he had heard that evening.

Lucky soon found friends among practical Christians. Upon invitation he went 'to dinner for some time with a Wall Street merchant who taught him the use of napkins, knives and forks and himself since all night long, his soul merchant who citations to be put the mission.

...and danced a little—a few seconds, to test the standing of the stovepipe—but quickly decided it was no time to dance. It seemed clearly to say, Thou shalt not, because it can't mean to any more. We shall never cease to be supremely thankful that the stovepipe stood up while we stayed. We had a good attendance. The seating fairly well filled, and our singing and prayers fair. Lucky Charles has some one relatives in that locality, (not responsible for the care of that church building,) whom he had not seen for years. It is my plan to visit them quarterly for a service. The people who own the church building are an encouraging people and welcome our use of the building.

What about my subject? Oh, I'm hitting it some. This is no parable. It is my personal life of the past, present, and future. Like a man who through natural and spiritual friendship, and divine life spiritually. If you will stop to moralize a little, you can see the application. With a little force of mind we may moralize to some advantage. A man becomes converted by a sweeping out and firing up process. It is begun in a deliberate human choice and decision. Our feelings are very generally the result of our decisions. Our feelings must be judged and followed or encouraged only when they are good time for the earth. Even a decision for better life brings a joy which can only be complete as we sweep out the wasteful, poisonous habits and strive to live above reproach. A higher, cleaner standard of Christian living is gradually prevailing. More and more people are saying that no one should be ordained to official Christian service who will not sweep out the root and other bad habits and fire up in loving service for salvation. Give all glory and praise to God for our knowing about the divine process, and let us ever be convinced that in fully following him we may find his process quite available to us personally.

The Process.

M. G. S.

It was "Palm Sunday," with no palms in view on my road. My friend Charles with his farm team took us over the ten miles of hills, rocks, slips and mud-holes with good force and promptness, making the earth seem level. We were out of the local Sunday school was coming out that day and could see its shadow, but will stay in the light for six months according to custom. Much of this world goes according to custom—good or bad.

We arrived before teq, a.m., and found the little church building needing a process. We found a broom and shovel which we gave backing for about an hour, then we made a ladder and set up the rusty, rickety old stovepipe that had tumbled down. We started a quick fire, and danced a little—a few seconds, to test the standing of the stovepipe—but quickly decided it was no time to dance. It seemed clearly to say, Thou shalt not, because it can't mean to any more. We shall never cease to be supremely thankful that the stovepipe stood up while we stayed. We had a good attendance. The seating fairly well filled, and our singing and prayers fair. Lucky Charles has some one relatives in that locality, (not responsible for the care of that church building,) whom he had not seen for years. It is my plan to visit them quarterly for a service. The people who own the church building are an encouraging people and welcome our use of the building.

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At the session of the General Conference last summer the delegates to the meeting of the Federal Council presented a report including a recommendation "that our churches contribute at least fifty dollars a year, through the treasurer of our Conference, toward the expenses of the council.

The Federal Council is doing much in the direction of promoting Christian unity and efficiency of Christian activity, and is therefore certainly a worthy object of our giving.

The treasurer of Conference has as yet received no contributions for the Federal Council this year. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Alfred, N. Y.

WM. C. Whitford.

A Mansion for My Heart.

Son of man, I am hungry and thirsty, I am homeless and friendless, I am foot­ sore and weary, but no mansion has yet opened for me. There is a great place prepared for them—all but my heart. Prepare a mansion for my heart, thou whose name is Love. My unplaced heart is the one miracle of creation, the only thing that pagians of the Minutes. Father Annul the miracle and give me peace. Send me a promised land, whose reality shall not dim the expectant vision of Moses. At the beautiful gate of thy temple I shall hunger no more.—George Mathewson.

The greatness of a man may be determined by how long he harbors a grudge.—Baltimore American.
The Bravest Boy.

At breakfast time we talked about the very bravest boy.

I said I thought 'twas Billy White. While Donald said 'twas Roy.

For Roy could both dive and skate.

And only just this year, he walked three miles the darkest night, Without a bit of fear.

But Billy White is braver still;

He stopped his father's horse,

When it was bound to run away;

He told of it with tears in his eyes.

He says he knows the crossest dog

He has to pass each day,

But he is never scared a bit.

He isn't built that way.

But Mother said she knew a boy,

She saw him just last night,

And all his friends were teasing him.

To do what wasn't right.

They planned to take a brand-new boat

That Mr. Smith had given him.

And hide it in the woods for fun;

They said they weren't afraid.

And then this boy just spoke right up

And said he was afraid.

While all the others laughed at him

And called him 'fraid-cat, so

I guess what he said is true,

He's bravest of the three,

This boy who stands up to do the right.

Do you agree with me?

—Alice Annette Larkin, in Southern Farming.

The Prize Story.

Clarence Ashby looked first at his paper and then at the camera on Miss Millet's desk. Yes, it was a good one, there was no doubt about that; how he was going to win it. Probably it cost at least ten dollars, for it would take a postcard-size picture, and the camera had to be a good one for that kind of work. The more he thought about it, the more he wanted it. And there was not a pupil in Room Six of the Winterville Graded School who didn't feel the same way.

A few days before, Miss Millet had made a very unusual announcement. A friend of the school, fearing that the pupils were not doing as well as they might in composition work, and being deeply interested in them, had offered a camera as a prize to the one who should write the best story from a picture, which could be chosen by the pupil himself. For nine days the camera had been on display on Miss Millet's desk, and several stories had been written and handed in. There remained only one day before the prize was to be awarded.

The four o'clock bell rang and Clarence Ashby hurried from the room. He wanted to get home as soon as possible and write that story first thing he did. He wished he hadn't put it off so long. Eagerly he hunted through the pictures in the magazines, looked over the snap shots and photographs in the desk, and even hunted up his mother's old scrap-book. None of these, he couldn't seem to find it.

"Why don't you take that picture of your club at the beach?" his mother asked, when at length he appealed to her for help. "I'm sure I could write an interesting story about that." "Well, maybe you could, but I can't, something more exciting than that. Where are those war pictures father bought?" "Why, they must be on the top shelf of the bookcase, Clarence, but I wouldn't advise you to bother with them." Clarence was already half-way up the stairs there was nothing to do but step from the top, where some one had dropped it, was an old farm paper, and on the open page was a large picture with "The Prize Story" printed above it. Of course Clarence was interested, and he immediately sat down on the top stair and began to read.

"The very thing," he exclaimed, as he read. "I'll write about that picture. It's an old paper, nearly two years back, and it can do any harm, anyway." So he read it through once more. By this time the story was well fixed in his mind, and a few minutes later, when he began to write, he found that he could think of nothing else.

"What harm would it do if I did write the same thing?" he asked himself for the second time. "Nobody'll ever know it if I change the title. I can call it 'A Hero," instead of 'Under Difficulties.' Of course I wouldn't copy it, but just put down what I can remember. Nobody around here takes that paper, anyway, and I do want that camera."

The next hour almost flew, but the end of it found the story written and hidden away with his school-books. Clarence didn't feel right about it, and the more he thought about it, the more uneasy he grew. Somehow it didn't just like an honest effort, but what else could he do?

Every one at the supper table seemed to be interested in the prize contest. Donald, the older brother, asked how things were coming along. Clarence replied that the story was written at last.

"Good for you!" Mr. Ashby said, as he suddenly looked at his second son. He had been afraid that Clarence wouldn't try to write anything, he had put it off so long. "I think we're all road together," he said and told him he had decided to write on the beach picture; he couldn't seem to find anything that suited him as well as that.

"There, now," Clarence said, turning to his mother. "I'm glad I didn't choose the beach one. Dick'll write something great about it; he always does, for there's nothing that ever bothers him."

"Did you write your story, Clarence?" Mr. Ashby asked, when the camera had been described for the third time that day.

"Wh-why, I'd-rather not show it, father just yet," he managed to stammer in there was a quarrel on the third.

"Oh, never mind, then! I merely asked."

"Mr. Ashby wondered, but made no further remarks. His children were usually very ready to show him their work. Or at least to ask to be excused from the table. What was there about the thoughts of that picture that should make him so uneasy? He took it upstairs with him and read it through; then he began to wish that he had never seen the farm paper, and he decided to change it before he went to school in the morning, and went to sleep wondering how he could do it.

But his father called him very early and sent him on an errand that took every minute till school time. Then he had to get his books and run.

The camera was still occupying a prominent place on Miss Millet's desk, and several admiring boys stood around it.

"Is your story finished?" Miss Millet asked, as Clarence went in. "I must have them all right away, for they are to be examined this morning."

Clarence hurriedly looked through his pile of books, but the story wasn't there; it must have dropped out on the way to school. Miss Millet gave him ten minutes in which to search for it. Back he went the way he had come, and looking on both sides of the road, but the story was nowhere to be seen. Half-way home he met Dick Carson; in his hand he held the missing papers.

"Lost something, Clarence?" he asked, holding out the picture from the farm paper.

"Bet you, I have! Where-did you find 'em, Dick? Give 'em here, quick, for I've only five minutes left to get back to school in." But Dick still held the papers, and he looked straight at his friend, as he said, "You wouldn't do it, would you, Clarence?"

Clarence Ashby saw the expression on his face and demanded, "Do what? Come, hurry up, or I'll throw away that chance. Think you'll have more show, don't you, if I don't get in on time? You're a good one.

Dick Carson's eyes snapped, but he held out the papers. Then he turned and walked off. He was taking the longer way to school.

Clarence started to run, then he slowed down to a walk. Finally he sat down cross-legged on the side of the road. For a long time he studied the little pile of papers and the farm picture. "Dick must a 'read it," he said, thoughtfully; now he's probably gone in to report me. I'm going to have a good time.

And with quick fingers he tore the offending papers into small bits and threw them on the ground at his feet.

It was time for the morning recess when he returned to school. He had fought it all out with himself, and he had no more shame.

"Dick, he asked, touching his friend on the shoulder, "did you read that story?"

"Not by a long shot, L didn't, but I couldn't help seeing the first lines and the picture. Your mother lent that paper to grandfather, and I just took it back for him yesterday."

"You told Miss Millet—" "Clarence Ashby, what do you take me for, an old fool? No, I didn't; I told her I didn't believe you'd find any story to hand in this time."

"Dick Carson, you're a brick! Thanks! I'll tell you more some other time. Hope you win the camera; you ought to."
Letter From Pastor D. Burdett Coon.

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

Upon the call of the Evangelistic Committee of the Western Association, and by consent of the Battle Creek Church and the Missionary Board, I spent the months of February and March in evangelistic work in Alfred Station and Little Genesee. Severe weather and much sickness prevailed in both places nearly all the time of the special meetings. I preached fifteen to seventeen times, gave some addresses, conducted many prayer meetings, and made two hundred and thirty-nine visits and calls. Except for a few days when I was sick with a cold my health was excellent. I came out of the campaign in the best of health. It was a great delight to me to work with these churches and with Pastors Cottrell and Sutton. It had been my privilege to engage in evangelistic work with the churches and Alfred Station in previous years, and to serve the church at Little Genesee as pastor for five years at one time. These previous experiences with these churches made the work of these two months the more precious to me. So far as I remember, the names of no churches, pastors, and evangelist during the meetings was in harmony with the effort being made. I am very sorry not to have been in leading many more to Christ. For good that was done I would give glory to the Master. The churches were awakened to new and more diligent service, backsliders took a new start, and sinners were converted. More than thirty people expressed belief in, and desire for, the Christian life. Baptism took place in both churches, and more were waiting baptism when I left.

Mrs. Coon joined me during the last three weeks of my work. I am sure beyond measure the kindness and hospitality extended to us by the Old Genesee Church. Our thanks are due to both the churches and their pastors for their true and loyal support. As is usual it was the faithful few who did the work.

A very complete and happy surprise awaited Mrs. Coon and myself upon the first night after our return home. A greater number of our Battle Creek Church poured in upon us at the parsonage, and gave us an old-fashioned "pound party" that will long be remembered as an evidence of their kindly thought. Pastor Willard D. Burdick, of Farina, Ill., came the same night and was with us over the Sabbath. He was sent here by the Tract Society. He preached an able sermon at our service on Sabbath afternoon, dealing with the Sabbath and other questions vital to our denominational life. At five o'clock that afternoon he conducted a parlor meeting in the parsonage, where Sabbath tracts and other denominational literature, and methods for distributing the same were freely discussed.

Of matters that happened in Battle Creek during my absence others may write. Suffice it to say here that the week before my return the Milton College Glee Club of Decatur, III., came to visit them selves and the Milton College with great glory in Battle Creek. We praise God for these young men consecrated to his service.

April 13, 1914.

This Girl Is a Wonder.

You can make dollars and dollars selling Pure Fruit Candy; so if you have any money that you ever possessed, send forty-eight two-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing seventy-seven Pure Fruit Candy cards in a set of assorted bon-bon molds. I will help you to start in business. I am glad to help others, who, like myself, need money. People say "the candy is the best they ever tasted"—thence lies the beauty of the business. You don't have to do right from your own home. I made $1200 the first day; so can you. Isabelle Inez, Block 149th, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Quarterly Meeting.

The quarterly meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of southern Wisconsin and Chicago will convene with the church at Milton Junction, April 23-26. Besides the usual good features of the meeting, there will be two sessions of a Sabbath-school institute which will be held on Sunday afternoon and night. The following program will be presented. General theme: The Everpresent Christ.

SABBATH EVE
7:30 Praise and Prayer, led by Milton Male Quartet
8:00 Sermon, "The Mind of Christ"—Pastor H. Eugene Davis Conference Meeting
SABBATH MORNING
10:30 Public Worship: "Christ and the Great Commission"—Pastor L. C. Randolph
SABBATH AFTERNOON
2:30 Sermon, "Christ and the Victorious Life"—Mr. Loyal Hurst
3:30 Young People, Milton School of Christ (devotional), led by Miss Minnie Godfrey Jeunors will be led by Mrs. John Cunningham
SABBATH NIGHT
7:30 Praise and Prayer, led by Milton Male Quartet
8:00 Sermon, "Christ and the Child"—Dr. C. H. Davis
10:00 Business
10:45 Sermon, "Christ and the Daily Life"—Pastor C. S. Sayre
SABBATH SCHOOL INSTITUTE
SUNDAY AFTERNOON
2:30 Address, "Responsibility of the Sabbath School for Development of the Child"—Mrs. A. M. Mabel Davis
Address, "The Ideal Sabbath School"—Prof. D. N. Inglis
Round Table, conducted by E. M. Holstein
SUNDAY NIGHT
7:30 Address, "The Sabbath School, the Church's Opportunity"—Mr. G. M. Ellis
Address, "The Teacher's Reward—A Christian Child"—Dr. W. C. Daland
The offering on Sabbath morning will be devoted to the work of the quartets in this association. It is hoped that those who attend will come prepared to make a generous offering, for a large sum is needed to meet the necessary expenses of the two quartets.

H. N. J.
Graded Bible School Lessons.

Graded Bible School Lessons have come to stay in a large number of the Bible schools of our land. In order to understand the situation, it is necessary to take a brief retrospect of the past history of Bible-school teaching.

Up to 1872 Bible schools in the United States were making the of various kinds of lessons issued by denominational or undenominational publishing houses. Quite a variety of lesson courses were then presented to the Bible-school public. For some years before 1872 there had been agitation for the preparation and adoption of a Uniform Bible School Lesson Course, the same passage of Scripture to be studied by all classes on the same day. At the International Sunday School Convention at Indianapolis in that year the principle of a uniform lesson was enthusiastically adopted and an Interdenominational Lesson Committee appointed to prepare a cycle of lessons on the basis of uniformity in every department of the Bible school. From that time on for many years the International Uniform Lesson system steadily won favor and was adopted by a great majority of the denominational and un denominational publishing houses in the United States. For many years there was great enthusiasm over the results achieved in Bible-school work, because of the adoption of the Uniform Course. The denominations also were more closely drawn together by the mere fact that all were studying the same Scripture passage on the same date.

As years passed, however, dissatisfaction arose and criticisms were aimed at the Uniform Lesson idea. Teachers of Primary classes urged, and with a good deal of reason, that many of the lessons were not adapted to scholars under nine years of age. After prolonged agitation, the Lesson Committee prepared an optional series of Lessons for Beginners, which was completed in April, 1872. This was a two years' course for scholars under six years of age. It was heartily welcomed by many teachers, and it worked well.

It was urged, however, that the idea of gradation in lesson material be carried further, and that the Primaries, ages six to nine have a series of lessons prepared, specifically to meet the needs of scholars of that age. It was still further claimed that graduation should go beyond this and should include the rest of the denominations have been very slow in adopting the Graded Lesson system in any of their schools. One reason for this is, that in this system extra biblical topics have been adopted, such as "Nature Study" lessons, "Missionary Hero" study, etc. This has raised much protest on the part of powerful denominations, who have insisted that all the lessons should be based directly on the Word of God. To meet this demand, the Lesson Committee issued parallel lessons to supplement those on "Nature Study" or on "Missionary Hero" study, thus making a Graded system entirely biblical in its lesson material.

It is now some years since this Graded Lesson system has been before the public. It has met with marked approval on the part of many is beyond question. At the same time criticisms have arisen, due to the minute grading in the different departments. It is necessary, for example, in the Beginners' Department to have two classes each studying a different lesson; in the Primary Department, three classes each studying a different lesson, and so on. Many teachers in these departments have found it difficult to meet the requirements of the new system, and a demand has arisen and seems to be steadily increasing in volume and in intensity, calling for Departmental Gradation. By Departmental Gradation we mean the study of the same lesson by every class in the same department on the same day. While we speak subject to correction, we incline to believe that this will be the ultimate result of the experiment that has been in course of trial since the Graded Lessons were introduced. There seems to be no reason why a scholar six years of age should not study the same lesson adapted to the scholar eight years of age, nor do we see why in the Adolescent period (which all admit to be the crucial period), a scholar thirteen years of age should not be able to study, with profit, the same lesson as the scholar fifteen years of age. Surely in handling these ages, a teacher who is at all capable can adapt the same material to the wants of the scholars three or four years apart in their development. Such a readjustment of the Graded Lesson system we believe will eventually win the day. Should this prove true, it would restore to each department the possibility of teachers' meetings which the minutely Graded Lesson system has made impossible. It would also restore in each department the review of the lesson for that week, which review has been made impossible because of the different portions of Scripture studied by classes in each department. These important features, which have been lost, will then be largely regained by the Bible schools that adopt a Graded system. At the same time, let it be borne in mind that the Uniform International Lesson is still called for by a great majority of denominations, and that in our judgment, the day is far distant when this Uniform system can be treated as an old garment to be folded up and laid aside.—Rev. A. F. Schaufler, D. D., in Sunday School World.

No woman can be what she ought to be in the kitchen if she spend some time in the kitchen.—Christian Herald.

WANTED—A position by a middle-aged woman, in a Seventh Day family, to be a companion to an invalid lady or to do housework. For full particulars, address Box 991, Brookfield, N. Y.
There is a Difference Between Them.

The case of the United States Express Company, which has announced that it is about to liquidate and go out of business because of the competition of the parcel post, offers a good case in point for comparison with the position of the liquor business in its competition with the Temperance effort. Here is a great company, having enormous investments, carrying on a legitimate and useful business, without injury to any and with valuable service to millions, that finds its field invaded and prospectively wiped out by the competition of the parcel post, offers a company, which has announced that it is going out of business. There is the difference in the marks of difference between honest business and legalized robbery.—The Village.

American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasurer's Report.

January 1, 1914, to March 31, 1914.

F. J. Humphard, Treasurer.

To balance cash on hand January 1, 1914, $4,496.97.

To funds received since January 1, 1914, $1,00,97.

To contributions as follows:

1914:

January $281.56
February 68.73
March 319.08

1915:

January 503.11
February 500.00
March 2,678.62

Total contributions $4,915.85


deduction in account with the American Sabbath Tract Society, Dr.

By balance on hand March 31, 1915, $10,551.06.

By balance on hand March 31, 1915, $7,569.04.

Ex.: E. O. E.,

F. J. Humphard,

Treasurer.

Plainfield, N. J.

April 11, 1915.

Examined, compared with books and vouchers and found correct.

E. A. Randolph,

T. G. Davis,

Auditors.

"At the battle of Cedar Creek," said the veteran captain of a company in one of Virginia's bravest regiments, "my company, which generally wasn't afraid of the arch fiend himself, drew demoralized and panic-stricken. Despite all my efforts, they broke and started pell-mell for the rear.

As one fellow, who I knew was as fearless as a lion, dashed by me, I drew my revolver and cried:

"'Halt, and return to your place! If you don't, I will shoot!'" he replied, never slackening his pace. "What's one bullet to a basketful?"—The Youth's Companion.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

SECOND HOPKINTON, R. I.—A very interesting installation service was held in the Second Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist church on Monday afternoon, April 22, for Elder Witter who was installed as pastor. An organ voluntary was played by Mrs. Charles N. Kenyon, who held charge of the music. Scripture was read and prayer offered by Rev. E. P. Mathewson, followed by a hymn by the congregation.

The charge to the church by Rev. H. C. Van Horn of Ashaway was made, and then the charge to the incoming pastor by Rev. A. G. Crofoot of Rockville. A solo was sung by Lloyd R. Candall of Ashaway. An address of welcome to Mr. Witter was given by Rev. E. P. Mathewson, which was followed by suitable responses. A hymn sung by the congregation concluded the service.—Westerly Sun.

ADAMS CENTER—Thursday morning, March 19, at the Seventh Day Baptist church, a reception was given Mrs. E. Adelbert Witter. A committee from this church was appointed to prepare a banquet for the entertainment of the evening. Committees were appointed from the First Baptist, the State Road and the Adventist churches, and invited to assist in receiving and welcoming all in attendance. The Grange and the Study Club, of both of which Elder Witter is a member, were also invited to be present. Although it was a stormy night, and roads were in bad condition, over two hundred gathered at the church to meet and greet the pastor and his wife for the last time.

A short program had been prepared and was given, consisting of a chorus by the young people, and duets and solos by members of the different churches, while an orchestra furnished other music for the occasion.

After the program, remarks were made by Rev. R. F. Stolz, to which Rev. E. A. Witter, with much feeling and in a very able manner, responded.

After dinner, all repaired below, where they were served with ice-cream and cake. A pleasant social hour was enjoyed by all, but many hearts were saddened by the thought that their pastor was so soon to leave them for another field of labor.

"After nearly all had taken their departure, a purse of $43 was quietly presented to Elder Witter on behalf of the church and society, together with the papers containing all the names of those who had helped to make up this offering, which had been quietly gathered from his people to show him their esteem, and appreciation of his labors among them.

Sometime during the following week, the members of the Grange, desiring of showing him their interest in his welfare and their appreciation of his helpful service while a member, also presented him with a purse of money.

On March 28 Elder Witter preached his farewell sermon to the church. The theme was, "A Better Way." Texts 1 Cor. 12:31; Ex. 3:16, 17. In the evening of the same day he conducted his last prayer meeting service of the church. There were about sixty present, and as we passed the hand of farewell, there were but few dry eyes among the people. May the Lord go with him to his new home and abundantly bless him and his labors; and when his end and life's work is over, may he receive the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Monday night, March 30, he started with his carload of goods for Rhode Island, and arrived in Ashaway sometime Thursday, April 2. On Monday, April 6, his family c0me over for Hopkinton, arriving there Tuesday morning, April 7. We felt sorry to have them leave us, but may success attend their efforts and prosperity be theirs.

E. A. Richardson.

April 8, 1914.

Men and women make their own beauty or ugliness. Bulver speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be," and if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse. The life which has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work.

—Alexander Smith.
Requests for Prayers.

Dear Editor,

I have been earnestly requested to give to the press some information about the progress of our daily noonday prayer meetings which started January 10. Those who are interested in prayer will I am sure be glad to know that we have received some very encouraging answers. I give a few of them:

Mr. — of Mississippi was shot—intestines pierced eight times—doctors said there was no interest in hospital telephoned for prayer. To the astonishment of a large number of people, the patient commenced improving. He is now at home getting along fine.

A mother from Granite, Okla., wrote: “My son is somewhere in the slums of your city—gone down on account of drink; his home is broken up and I have spent all my money on him. Pray for him; please to God that this request was presented that a member of this church was, at one time, his companion in drink. He brought him in touch with the prayer meeting and he has been gloriously saved, has quit his drinking entirely and is prospering at his business as barber here in Memphis.

A man came requesting prayer for his mother who was very sick with pneumonia in Mississippi. He was converted. His mother commenced getting better right away and we were mightily impressed when he informed us recently that when he came to make the request he had not been in a church in forty years. Now he comes almost every day.

Request was made by a pastor of this city for a man in another State, fifty years old, who was unsaved—a drunkard and a dope fiend. About three weeks ago the good news came that he had been saved and quit drinking and dope. He testifies that he is now trusting not in his own resolution but in the grace of God.

These are just a few of the many answers we have received. We are desirous that praying people everywhere who read this shall join in prayer daily between 12:30 and 1:30 p.m. for the following requests:

From a woman in Memphis—“I have been living the wrong kind of life and ask for your prayers that I may turn to God.

I want to live differently and I need divine help. Pray for me.”

From Humboldt, Tenn.—Prayer requested for a husband who left home on March 12, 1912—has not been heard from since.

From Blue Mountain, Miss.—A son who has not been heard from since February 20, 1912.

From Texas—A wife whose home has been broken up on account of her own sin. She is deeply penitent.

From a widow 75 years old, whose home has been burned in Montana, that a customer be sent to buy the property.

From a mother—“Please pray for my daughter and myself. We are alone in the world and no means of support, only our efforts. Pray that my daughter may not yield to temptation.”

From Mrs. —, Helena, Ark. “I have been afflicted with rheumatism for 12 years; at times my pain is more than I can bear.”

From a husband for a wife in Huntington, Ind., who has been an invalid for years, and for help in solving financial problems.

From many with different kinds of sickness; from mothers whose sons have gone, and are going, down on account of drink.

Respectfully,

Benjamin Cox, Pastor.

Central Baptist Church,
Memphis, Tenn.,
April 11, 1914.

Operation to Promote Devotion.

W. H. Morse.

In a Berkshire town there lived, for many years, a family whose name was not Colt, but it may so stand for the present purpose. They were always spoken of as “the little-eared Coltons,” gaining the name from the fact that they had small ears, deficient in lobes. They were farmers, thrifty, hard-working, Christian people. On Sundays they drove five miles to church, and rarely missed a service. Thirty years ago there were in the family only a man and wife and one son. The latter, having reached the age of twenty-two went west and brought home a wife, who (as everybody remarked) was also small-eared.

One August afternoon I was driving with my preceptor in Hinsdale, when we met Doctor Dresser of that village.

“If it would not be out of your way,” he said, “I wish you would stop a few minutes with me at the little-eared Coltons. I am on my way over there, and I’d like to have you at a little operation.”

Without further explanation, he drove on and we followed. Reaching the farm, we soon learned the nature of the operation. The baby’s ears had to be trimmed! I can never forget the perplexed look on my preceptor’s face, or the stern accent when he said to the young father, “What kind of people are you?”

The grandfather gave the answer. Looking first at me, he said, “There is nothing for you to laugh at, boy! Baby has too long ears in order that he grow up right and honorable, they must be clipped.” I did not find the tendency to laugh altogether controllable.

“Yet; and why?” asked my preceptor.

“Doctor,” he said, in order that the baby grow big and good, the ears must be done! Unless it is done, he might, and probably would, turn out bad.” He drew a long breath, and continued: “We allus remark this. My brother Eli had big ears, as father neglected it, and he—well, he was a county-jumper, and was shot for it. There has been others.”

The operation was completed. Not long after I took pains to inquire as to the subject. He is still living, the last of his family, a bachelor, highly respected, devout, and upright.

“No,” he said, “I haven’t married, for I can’t hear of any little-eared woman.”

I asked him about the family superstition.

“It is not superstition,” he said. “Way back in Cromwell’s time, my ancestor was a rogue till he had his ears cropped, when he became a Christian soldier. Ever since, if one is born with large lobes to the ears, they have to be cut, so as to make him or her devout.”

When I was secretary of the Union County Bible Society, New Jersey, Rev. Dr. W. R. Richards, pastor of the Crescent Avenue Church, Princeton, New Jersey, church at Plainfield, was a member of the executive committee, and took a live interest in the work. One day he came to me to tell me of an Italian who had been brought to his attention by Rev. Dr. A. H. Lewis. Doctor Lewis had “discovered” him, and found that he was a Protestant. He had been attending one of the Crescent Avenue chapels, and also had attended the First Church of Christ, Disciples, with Davy Blow, a colored exhorter. He wanted to return to Italy, and to take with him a supply of Italian Scriptures for colportage, where the Latin church had prohibited their circulation.

I saw him with Doctor Richards, and found a pleasant, intelligent man, eager to carry the gospel to his old neighbors.

“I do not know what they will say at first,” he said, “for I was, at home, a maker and dealer in wax arms, legs and ears.

Seeing that this was incomprehensible, he continued: “It is an old and regular trade. We have wax models of limbs, ears, heads, and breasts, and these are offered on the altar of a proper saint when the part is ailing. A wax leg, thus offered, cures rheumatism in a leg! A wax hand cures palsy! A wax ear not only cures a headache, but helps to make one devotional! This is what superstitious Catholics believe.”

I asked particularly about the ear.

“Oh,” they believe it very sure,” he said. “The ear is touched with the wax model, and it is fashioned as for an ear piercing, and they say it makes one sainthy Oh, dear, it is sad,” he continued. “But when I get to Palermo, I shall say, ‘Chi ha orecchie da udire, oda!’ (He hath ears to hear let him hear!) And into those superstitious ears I shall pour the gospel.”

 Hartford, Conn.

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes that have been pierced as if for an ear ring, and they say it makes one sainthy Oh, dear, it is sad,” he continued. “But when I get to Palermo, I shall say, ‘Chi ha orecchie da udire, oda!’ (He hath ears to hear let him hear!) And into those superstitious ears I shall pour the gospel.”

“Don’t mourn because someone who started in life with fewer advantages than you had has done so much better. Think of those you have left behind in the race. Yours must be a hopeless case if you are last in line.”
DEATHS

CLARK.—Edison D. Clark, son of Jeremiah and Kestrel Clark, of Sharon, Conn., Aug. 9, 1852, and died of bronchial pneumonia, at his home near the village of Andover, March 2, 1914, after a long illness.

On November 30, 1881, he was united in marriage to Frances Langworthy, whose death occurred at Sharon, Conn., March 19, 1904. He was united to Miss Betsey Odell of Alfred Station, March 19, 1904. He was the father of four children and leaves three children and one brother.

Funeral services were held at his home in Railroad Valley, and his body was laid to rest in the Alfred Cemetery.

A. C. E.

Pierce.—Mrs. Mary Brown (Hawks) Pierce was born in West Almond, N. Y., February 18, 1854, and died at her home in the town of Alfred, N. Y., March 27, 1914.

She was married to John L. Pierce, October 12, 1871. Most of their married life was spent in Alfred, twenty-four of their last years in her home near Alfred Station. She was baptized by the last remaining members and united with the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred with her husband and several of her children, about twenty years ago.

Sister Pierce was a queen of good cheer and hospitality. She was good courage to believe she would get well and was always there with a chance to hope, and when she saw she must leave this world, she said to her doctor, with strong faith, that she was going to die, and she died.

She left a number of uncles and aunts who will have many sad memories of her visit. She leaves one brother, two sisters and one sister-in-law.

Funeral services were held at her home in Railroad Valley, and her body was laid to rest in the Alfred Cemetery.

A. C. E.

Babcock.—Near Alfred, N. Y., April 3, 1914, Miss Minina Babcock, in the twenty-fifth year of her age.

Miss Babcock was the daughter of A. D. and Isadora (Babcock) Babcock, and was born in Jackson Center, Ohio. Since about her twelfth year her home was at Alfred Station, N. Y. She was very richly endowed by nature and had survived her life to serve others. For ten years she had been a loyal member of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred, N. Y. Though in poor health for a number of years, yet few knew her better. Her death was really only one, however, for her illness in bed, was a shock and sadness to all the community.

Her mother had preceded her in the spirit land only sixteen months, since which time she had taken the mother's place in the home. She leaves to mourn her departure, a father, Mr. A. D. Babcock of Alfred; four brothers,—Charles, Andrew, and George Babcock of Battle Creek, Mich., and Elverstone of Riverside, Cal.; three sisters,—Mrs. A. L. Sloan of Ludlow, Ill., and Al­fred Station, N. Y., and Mrs. E. Stevens, of Washington, D. C.; and many friends.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held Monday morning, April 5, and burial took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

W. M. B.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

DEATHS

Maxson.—Prentiss Con Maxson, second son of Mathew R. and Mary E. Maxson, was born September 9, 1837, and died at his home, 3471 Farnsworth Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., April 3, 1914.

He was born in the township of Sharon, Potter County, Pa., his parents being pioneers of that county. His father died in 1845, leaving a widow and six children, the eldest being less than ten years of age. He spent the remainder of his life in full of toil and hardships, but when nineteen years of age he spent a year in school at Richmond Academy, N. Y., and later at the Alfred Academy. He entered the university in 1860, but his health failed, and he returned to the farm, where he labored for a number of years. He was united in marriage to Caroline Lucretia T. L. Kane, with whom he had two daughters and one brother, T. L. Kane, with many others went to Harrisburg, making their way on foot, by lumber camp and farm, a most pleasant life. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and spent his whole life in the Christian faith, and was always faithful to the teachings of the denomination; but his life was passed among other societies, and he never joined any church, though he was a Christian in practice and belief.

Funeral services were held at Wecock, N. Y., at Lakewood Chapel, conducted by Rev. E. E. Stevens, with Grand Army Ritual service by Capt. J. W. Bennett, First Gruege Post. The services were attended by a large concourse of friends and relatives. The active bearers were from the lodge of Odd Fellows of New Rich­mond, Wis., of which he was a member. The honorary bearers were old soldiers, most of whom he had known.

Very truly yours,
J. W. BURDICK.

Drexelv, Ore.,
April 5, 1914.

Resolutions of Sympathy

Whereas our heavenly Father has seen fit to remove suddenly from our midst our sister, Mrs. Lois N. Newey, who for many years has been the president of our Ladies' Benevolent Society, therefore,

Resolved, That the great loss which has befallen our society is shared by all those whose lives have been touched by her kind influence; and

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, and pray that a last, and greatest, comfort may be theirs in theirs in their great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and also a copy be published in the SABBATH RECORDER.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose Not wholly what he has given; This, in his thought and deed, As truly as in his heaven."

IRA THAYER, MARY WILLIAMS, ZILLA SHAWDY Committee.

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND

"Are you in a weary land?" Listen to him who bids you come to him for rest. Sit beneath his shadow with great delight. Fling yourself down at the feet of the Man who is a high priest touched with the feeling of sorrow, acquainted with grief, strong to save, and capable of bearing any burden, or endur­ing any sorrow; and he will come to you and make you sure of victory and peace in the midst of trial and suffering. I. L. C.

The Shadow of a Great Rock is a Weary Land

Are you in a weary land? Listen to him who bids you come to him for rest. Sit beneath his shadow with great delight. Fling yourself down at the feet of the Man who is a high priest touched with the feeling of sorrow, acquainted with grief, strong to save, and capable of bearing any burden, or enduring any sorrow; and he will come to you and make you sure of victory and peace in the midst of trial and suffering. F. B. MEYER.
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The Woman's Executive Board of the Woman's Work and Sabbath School, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Sabbath Recorder

A fly had fallen into the ink-well of a certain author who writes a very bad and very inky hand. The writer's little boy rescued the unhappy insect, and dropped him on a piece of paper. After watching him intently for a while he called to his mother, "Here's a fly, mamma, that writes just like papa."

Patience is one of the most useful of the Christian graces. Scarcely an hour in the day passes without there is a call for its exercise. Growth in grace is always marked by growth in patience. We should be so filled with humble love that we can bear provocation without being provoked. We should have patience with our own blundering, as well as with the mistakes and perversities of others.—B. T. Roberts.

THE SABBATH RECORDR.

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Illustrated by John Casel. A very beautiful woman, married to a drunken rascal, has an experience in an affair of the heart that carries her through joy, misery, the censure of friends and the reproach of her little world. Through it all Joyce remains the strong, noble aspiring soul that one finds among those who live midst primitive civilization.

MARY MIDTHORNE
by George Barr McCutcheon
Illustrated by Martin Justice. Into the narrow and bleak life of an old New England town come Mary Midthorne and her brother Eric, just from Georgia, headstrong, wistfully heart-ed, passionate, human and altogether lovable. Thereupon begins a story of adventure and love-making, of rare tragedy and comedy, of a cousin who is a real villain and gets just that punishment that all real villains ought to get: of two brave, able girls that all heroes deserve to marry; of a cold financier who finally becomes a real man; and much more. Hot-blooded Eric and winsome Mary Midthorne are flesh-and-blood people whose adventures hold you with bated breath.

THE MISTRESS of SHENSTONE
by Florence L. Barclay
In this delightful love story, a worthy successor to THE ROSARY, we follow the fortunes of the young and lovely Lady Ingleby, recently widowed by the masterly manner. A most absorbing and unusual story.

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This is a famous religious-historical romance with a mighty story, brilliant pageantry, thrilling action and deep religious reverence. It is hardly necessary to give an outline of the story, for every one is familiar with the "Star of Bethlehem and The Three Wise Men," and the wonderful description of the "Chariot Race" and "Christ Healing the Sick on the Mount of Olives." In the thirty years since "Ben Hur" first attracted the attention of readers, no work of fiction has appeared which has had so great and so enduring a popularity.

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