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The SABBATH VISITOR, PLAINFIELD NEW JERSEY

SOLACE

When I am bowed with grief, let me not say, “Lord, I am cheered in mine adversity
To know that countless thousands in this world Today are bowed with burdens heavier
Than those allotted unto me.” Let not
The selfish thought that hearts of others ache With pangs more poignant than mine own, be made A balm to soothe me to contentedness.
No, rather let me say, “Though I am thrall To sorrow, it is comfort unto me
To know that countless others at this hour Are glad of heart. I thank Thee that my gloom Eclipses not the noontide of their joy.”
O brother, though my heart be desolate, Lonely and dreary, let my solace be To know that in thy house is warmth and love, Dancing and feasting, and the sound of mirth:
Yea, brother, let my worthier comfort be To know thy path is bright though mine is dark.
—Walter Malone, in Scribner’s for June.
The Problem of Mixed Membership

We have been reading with much interest a discussion upon the question of admitting to Baptist churches those who do not believe in Baptism by immersion or who do believe in infant baptism. The discussion beginning in February in the Baptist Standard of Chicago, ran through several weeks and closed with the issue of May 9. The Recorder did not secure some of the earlier writings in the controversy, but there lie upon the desk of the editor no less than thirty-four articles, long and short, including some from well-known Baptist leaders and from the editor of the Standard. While the discussions were pointed and strong, still there was manifested an excellent spirit all through the writings. It seems that both regular Baptists and Free Baptists took part in the discussion.

The principal writer in favor of open membership, by a pleasa was made for admitting to Baptist churches members from Methodist, Presbyterian and all other Christian bodies who might desire to join the Baptists, did not give his real name, but wrote under the signature, "Hereditary Baptist." One other on this side of the question signed himself, "Another Hereditary Baptist," while one on the side opposing the move has signed his name, "A Baptist from Conviction." Most of the writers signed their own names.

With our Baptist friends the important and vital question of the Sabbath did not enter into the matter of debate, but all the arguments centered around some phase of the doctrine of baptism. This to the open membership men does not seem of sufficient importance to warrant the practice of making immersion the door to the church. The writers on that side made as strong a plea as could be made for opening the door of the church to any and all who accept Christ and give evidence of conversion, whether sprinkled in childhood or after reaching the years of understanding. The main writer on this side challenged his opponents to show any New Testament command as to the manner of baptism or as to its being the door to the church. This gave rise to more criticism than any other one point. He also took the ground that his people had placed too much emphasis upon the ceremony itself and not enough upon a real spiritual change. He questioned the matter of regarding what he called "imperative baptism" as having any "saving quality." According to the editor of the Standard the writers on the hostile gave many good reasons for their position, and it was admitted that there might be individual cases where open membership would be the best thing under the circumstances. Under the Baptist policy such churches have freedom to act according to their own consciences, while under the Congregational and Federal Churches the churches are certain to hold the same denominational views and be the same social bodies; but the opinion prevailed that the open membership plan as a general policy would prove disastrous to the denomination.

One writer's objections to mixed membership were, first, that it would produce discord—it has already done so in some places; and second, the advice of the General Conference should be respected, to the end that immersion should be required of candidates for membership.

Another says:

Would they (the open membership writers) have the best view of their special purposes and the Colonel's don't? Does the Congregational Church have the denomination that has stood the test of the earlier writings in the controversy? Does she have the denomination that has stood the test of the circumstances.

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This same writer and one other refer to the statistics, which show that since 1910 the Southern Baptists have made an increase of 188,323 while Northern Baptists show a decrease of 34,098. The conclusion drawn from these figures is, Southern Baptists are positive in their teaching and practice of the distinctive doctrines of the Word of God." One writer in the same issue of the Standard says: "It is time for loyalty to the word rather than to sentimental unionism."

In the next paper one writer claims that while people of other denominations, such as Methodists and Presbyterians, make no sacrifice of principle and no concessions whatever when they practice the unmixed membership plan, the Baptists would be sacrificing two distinctive principles if they should adopt it, and then says, "Surely other denominations would not do this in order to get Baptists into their fellowship. They have too strong convictions of what they believe to do this, and I believe that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand Baptists in the world, outside of England, would not consent to such a surrender of conviction of truth."

Another writer announces that the Baptists have no quarrel with those who do not adhere to Baptist interpretations of the Scripture, but insists that the Baptist Church still has a mission in the world which no other denomination can perform so well; and to retreat from the position that has made it a power among men would be suicidal.

One man, after admitting that there might be here and there a case where mixed membership would be wise, goes on to ask several pertinent questions: "Would not the general practice of open membership impair the efficiency of the church? Would it not hinder ministers from preaching the truth regarding baptism? Would it not seem to be a concession that the Roman Church had a right to change the ordinance? Would it not lead to internal troubles?"

In the same paper a "Michigan Layman" says:

The admission to membership in Baptist churches of those from other denominations who have not been baptized, and who do not believe in our fundamental principle, would constitute a virtual surrender of it and destroy the essential reason for the existence of the Baptist Church as a separate organic body of Christians. . . . Therefore to admit to membership those whose faith and practice are a denial of this fundamental principle of our faith . . . . would be inconsistent with, and a practical renunciation of, what we stand for, and instead of promoting unity, would prove destructive of it."

The final words in the discussion

As we said, the debate was closed in the Standard of May 9. In this issue two prominent educators entered into the discussion, and the editor had a closing word.

The first article referred to is by Edgar Y. Mullins, of Louisville, Ky., who after a clear scriptural exegesis, meeting completely the arguments set forth by the open membership writers, says:

The idea that people care much for membership in bodies when they prescribe their own terms, or where anything is acceptable, is an illusion. What Baptists need in communities where they are "losing out" is indeed not a revival of the pugnacious and intolerant and narrowly sectarian attitude. Baptist ecclesiastics are no better than any other kind. Baptists must base their efficiency on self-respect and self-consistency. A church with door held open to all will enter will be respected. A church with walls down enough left to make people care to enter. Indeed they are already in if the walls are down. It is a much better plan for a Christian to embody their convictions in distinct organizations, love each other and cooperate in all practical ways, than to say our Christianity should become so colorless and our motives so feeble that we would be without vitality enough to differ.

The other educator referred to was Dean Shailer Mathews, of Chicago. After speaking of his interest in the subject, and stating some fundamental Baptist principles, and Baptist views on liberty of conscience, he says:

For my own part I do not favor the English position. I believe a Baptist church loyal to the elements of the position and practice our principles. Would it not hinder ministers from preaching the truth regarding baptism? Would it not seem to be a concession that the Roman Church had a right to change the ordinance? Would it not lead to internal troubles?"

With the views of Edgar Mullins and Shailer Mathews. The editor admits that the local church may, under the policy of church independency, work out the matter to suit itself under local conditions. Among many other good things he says: "Thus far it does not appear that any considerable number of Baptists are in favor of open church membership. We are not yet ready to commit denominational hari-kari. . . . We do not agree at all with the position taken by 'Hereditary Baptist,' but we believe that the Baptist name is great enough to include him as well as such men as Charles Haddon Spurgeon (an open communist), John Clifford and Alexander MacLaren, both of whom favored open membership."

What about Sabbath keeping Baptists?

During the study of this question as found in the Standard, we could not help asking several questions; "How can a people be so loyal to the truths of the Bible and plead so strongly for obedience, with the Baptist always ready to deny the Sabbath to the Christ and the Baptist their Lord kept all his days? How can they guard so well against giving even countenance to the Roman error of infant baptism and at the same time overlook entirely the error of Rome as seen in the substitution of Sunday for the Sabbath of Christ?"

As to our own people, it must seem clear that if our Baptist friends can make a strong plea against open membership on the ground of the form of baptism alone, they can be just as strong against the Sabbath question at stake, must have many times stronger ground against such open membership.

If the Baptist brethren feel that to let down the bars for every one to come in, whether holding their distinctive truth or its inception, would be virtually to surrender their claim to a separate organization and so to let everybody out at the same time,—then Seventh Day Baptists may doubtfully fear that such a step would seal their doom. Certainly we would be doing us all a favor in pronouncing Sabbath truth and, in holding our own young people, if we were to receive into membership those observing Sunday; for by so doing we would virtually say that Sunday-keeping is good enough.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Which Is the Specter?

On May 24, in St. Louis, Congressman Richard Bartholdt, according to reports of the associated press, gave utterance to these words: "The dark specter of Puritanism is beclouding the sun of freedom. It is the lot of the present generation to defend the sovereignty of the individual against the tyranny of the majority." He is one of the chief opponents of prohibition, and the words were used as a preface to the declaration, that, if Carl Schurz, Emil Pottorff and Carl Daemmrich, being today, they would find a new fight for freedom to be waged.

So they would! but not in the sense indicated by the words of this brewers' and distillers' friend. What they would find would be a fight to save the struggling slaves of appetite from the cold-blooded, merciless, avaricious grasp of those who plot to send them to drunkards' graves, all for the money there is in it. They would find a fight for freedom from the overpowering octopus of inhuman greed, which takes advantage of human weaknesses and uses the strong pull of depraved appetites to drag men to ruin in order to fill its coffers with gold; a fight to save the homes of thousands from being compelled to furnish recruits for the army of drunkards and prostitutes out of their own family circles; a fight to prevent designing men from setting traps baited with every tempting thing in order to catch and ruin America's sons and daughters; a fight to save living today from becoming a nation of drunkards, in order that a few brewers and distillers may become millionaires, their families live in luxury, and that a few thousand greedy men may live without honest toil and get rich without rendering an equivalent for the money they receive!

Which is the specter—the people of so-called "Puritanism" who are trying to curtail the freedom of men who deliberately plot ruin for their children, or the men whose business sends a hundred thousand Americans to the drunkard's doom every year and fills their homes with misery and shame? Possibly the three German editors referred to by Mr. Bartholdt, who served their adopted country so well in the struggle to save the Union, might, if alive today, take the same stand the Emperor of their Fatherland has taken, and place under ban the products of the still. The spirit of prohibition is in the air, and the real specter that beclouds the sky of America's future sees in this his doom.

A surgeon of the Brazilian army, Dr. José Cajaize, is said to have banded the steamer on the Amazon, upon which Mr. Roosevelt, a very sick man, was being borne toward civilization, and to have taken charge of the case in a most faithful and thorough manner. The physician gave his entire time to Mr. Roosevelt and nursed him through until he was able to sit up and be carried on deck.

Francis Kossuth, son of the great Hungarian patriot, died in Budapest, on May 25, aged 77 years. He was a man of superior gifts and ability as a statesman. When a mere boy, eight years old, he was seized as a hostage by the Austrians, against whom his father was leading his forces in the Magyar war, and kept a prisoner until Louis Kossuth was compelled to flee to Turkey and the Hungarian cause collapsed. Then the boy was released and exiled by Francis Joseph. He soon joined his father at Kutahia and traveled with him to England and the United States. He made his home near by his father until the latter's death twenty years ago. At the earnest request of his countrymen Francis took his father's body back to Hungary for burial, and thereafter made his home there.

In Parliament he soon became leader of the Hungarian party for independence, and served in the Cabinet and House of Commons. He adopted a conciliatory policy toward Austria for which he was severely criticized by many people in Hungary. His course was wise and brave, culminating in a most friendly visit with Francis Joseph who had imprisoned and exiled him, and who once had killed his father.

According to reports published, the United States Senate inserted in the Agricultural Bill a paragraph forbidding the Department of Agriculture to accept any aid, in farm demonstration, from the General Education Board. Since that board has rendered valuable service in a practical way, by which the productivity of products, especially in the South, has been increased, and by which a successful fight with the cotton boll weevil has been made, this action of the Senate has called forth considerable criticism.

A bronze statue of Thomas Jefferson, the work of William Ordway Partridge, is to be unveiled at Columbia University, June 2, during commencement exercises. This monument is the gift of the late Joseph Pulitzer, as provided in his will. Unless affairs of state prevent, President Wilson will take part in the ceremony.

The figure of Jefferson is eight feet six inches high and stands on a pedestal of Indiana limestone, five feet in height. The cost is $28,000, of which Mr. Pulitzer gave $25,000.

Flags flying on the old Brooklyn Bridge one day last week reminded the people that that wonderful structure was celebrating its thirty-first anniversary. Thirty-one years ago it was opened to the public. Today it is supporting a much heavier burden of traffic than it was designed to bear, yet experts say that it was never in better condition. Since it began its burden-bearing three other great bridges have been stretched across the river between the two cities, all of which are crowded with the teeming life of commerce and travel.

On May 25 Premier Asquith announced in the English 'House of Commons, that Great Britain has determined to stand by her decision not to take part in the Panama-Pacific Exposition next year. This is probably final. The Premier stated, however, that the sending of a fleet to participate in the canal opening would sufficiently show the good will of his government toward the exposition and the importance attached to the event. It is understood that a "hard and fast agreement with Germany from which England could not withdraw" is the real cause of refusal.

A bill for $6,000,000 for military purposes growing out of the Mexican trouble is now pending in Congress.
The Triangle of Religion

REV. EDWIN SHAW

What doth the Lord require of thee? 
Micah 6:8.

Those who are servants, and those who do service for others, sometimes have a spirit which prompts them to watch the clock lest they labor a second past the hour of closing. They listen for the whistle in ordinary shops in which, sometimes for an instant the time required by their schedule. They never go beyond the stated task, they do one whit more than the program calls for. Now it is in no such spirit as this that I wish to address your attention to this verse of Scripture, "What doth the Lord require of thee?" for as Jesus taught us, when we have done our best, when we have done all that we are able to do, we can even then but say, "We are unprofitable servants," and we should always have the spirit that sets no limits to our service but the ever-widening, always advancing limits, the requirements of love.

Now this passage of Scripture is very frequently used in this way by pastor and evangelist, and especially so in these later years. There are few preachers who have not made it the theme of a discourse at some time in the last ten or a dozen years. What doth the Lord require of thee? for it is a practical question, and this is a practical age. The discoveries in the science of astronomy, years ago, brought to pass great saying that is stronger and more powerful than ever before. Now our conceptions of God, of what he is, and how he works, may and do change. That is theology. Is it not? Why, it is man's ideas and views about God, what man thinks about God. These do change, are bound to change. This is not saying that God changes. So, too, man's conception, or views, of the Bible change. This is not saying that the Bible changes, not at all, but that our views may and do change. But through all these changes the Bible today holds a stronger and higher place than ever before. It used to be worn shod almost like an idol; now it is loved as a friend divine.

But I have chosen this text to show that while there may be changes in regard to theories and beliefs, yet there are fundamental principles that are essential and are as unchanging as God himself, and that the words of Micah addressed to the people of Israel are just as fittingly spoken to all the ages since his time, and especially so to our land. 

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." These requirements are not a statement of beliefs that must be subscribed to, not a creed, not that. They are not a ritual of ceremonies that must be performed, of sacrifices and offerings that must be made, nor are they, say, an organization, a system that must be established and maintained, a church or institution, not that. They are not a set of rules of conduct detailing what shall not be done and what shall be done in all the circumstances and circumstancies, not that. They simply lay down three general principles, which, when followed, will determine the policy of one's life, will determine one's attitude towards men, and towards God.

And this after all is religion, not a belief, or a form, nor words or conduct, but an attitude of heart, a life policy. Are you a Seventh Day Sabbath-keeper? That depends not so much upon what you say about the matter, or what you do on the Sabbath, as upon what your life policy towards the Sabbath is; and what your life policy is, what your attitude is, will generally be clearly revealed in what you do, in what you say, and what you do. Conduct on the Sabbath is no more our real Sabbath observance, than the mercury in the thermometer is the weather. It only indicates what the temperature is; but as a rule it is a reliable indicator.

I am interested to notice something of the times in which Micah lived, times that brought forth the message to Israel from which our text is taken. Micah's career was in the same time that Israel and Amos were delivering their messages to the people. It was a time of great material prosperity for the people of Judah and Israel, possibly the greatest the nation ever experienced; and if we would understand the messages of these prophets we must bear in mind the condition of the people to whom they spake. Hear this from Isaiah: "Wo unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field until there be no room! What does he mean? Why, he is referring to the accumulation of land by one man, to the monopolizing of land into large estates, till nothing is left for the ordinary man, the man of small property. The poet Horace, writing at the time of the great glory of the empire, soundly scourges this same evil, and tells how land is taken from the poor and industrious farmer, to make fish-ponds and hunting-parks for the wealthy.

Hear this from Amos: "Ye turn aside the needy in the gate from their right, ye take a bribe." The gate means the court of justice, and Amos says that the poor man, who was not strong in his right, he is driven away from his right, that bribes are given and taken, where justice should rule and reign. And in this same chapter, with our text, Micah says, "Are there yet the treasures of wickedness, and are there the stores of iniquity, and the rich man's houses? Shall I count as nothing the treasure of wickedness? Shall I take into my right hand the riches of wickedness, and give a reward to him that treadeth upon the filth of the street?" This is the wealth, and the scant measure that is abominable? Shall I be pure with wicked balances, and with a bag of deceitful weights? The prophet is flaying the unfair, the basely, and the big business, ways by which large masses of wealth are heaped up at the expense of others. Or, as one more example, hear Amos as he says: "Wo unto you that are at ease in Zion! that lie upon beds of ivory, that eat the lambs out of the flock, that sing idle songs to the sound of the viol, that drink wine in bowls, and anoint yourselves with chief ointments, but are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph." These are the words of the prophet Amos. If we do not take thought for the distresses and needs of the unfortunate and afflicted.

It is in the light of such conditions as these, that we are to interpret the words of our text. We are to look into the conditions in what measure these conditions, as described by the prophets of old, are being repeated and exist in America today.

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

I sometimes think of this verse as being the triangle of religion Doing justly, that is one corner here on the left, doing what is fair and square, doing always the right thing. The other side, the honest, this is one corner. Then over here on the right hand is loving mercy. Mercy goes even beyond justice, and to love mercy means an attitude of heart, a life that delights in kindness, a life whose pleasure is found in mercy. This is the second corner. And then above, pointing up toward heaven, is the third corner, completing the triangle, reaching out one way towards justice, and the other way to love mercy. Thus, to walk humbly with thy God; a feeling of companionship with God, that is what walking with God means; a reverent companionship, that is what walking humbly with God means.
SABBATH REFORM

More Testimony From the Other Side

The following article on the Sabbath question, taken from Reddy's Mirror, appeared in the Milwaukee (Wis.) Daily Leader, a socialist paper. It shows that people outside church circles understand very well that the Sunday Sabbath has no biblical authority whatsoever. The wonder is that Christian leaders can be so persistent in efforts to uphold an error that has been so thoroughly exposed as has the error that Sunday is the Sabbath by any divine authority. If the socialists of America are ever brought to the point where they have regard for any sabbath, it will not be through Sunday laws, but by appeals to conscience in behalf of the only day they can regard as having divine authority.

The Sabbath

"Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. This injunction is as old as creation itself. We might suppose from reading Exodus that it is of older origin. Finally it appears in the Decalogue, first written on tablets of stone by the finger of God and given to Moses on Sinai. From the hour the children of Israel were forbidden to gather manna on this holy day, down to the coming of Jesus, the Sabbath had been kept holy unto the Lord. Jesus came, taught and departed without abolishing this day of veneration, sanctity, or instituting another. So, at the time of the crucifixion, all men who believed in the God of the Jews, who observed the ordinances of Moses and the injunctions of the Decalogue held this day holy.

In the latter half of the first century, or early in the second, the astrological division of time was introduced at Rome and shortly thereafter into the provinces. Dio Cassius tells us that this calendar came from the astrologers of Egypt who early had devised and long used it. Probably, but not certainly, this system had been worked out by the priests of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis (City of the Sun), the great Egyptian sun sanctuary. The Egyptian sun goddess, when with Moses lived there, and to which, in a later century, Plato journeyed for instruction in astronomy. In this city of the fabled phoenix was a "college garden and a willow hanging over the Fountain of the Sun; and in a dome quadrant was pointed to the heavens." It fell to the堆积 of the Pharaohs, and home of the sun worshiping cults of Egypt. When the Ptolemies built Alexandria, the college and library of Heliopolis were moved thither in the third century, B.C. Soon the magnificent Temple of the Sun was walled, its materials transported and used in building the city of Cairo. As the centuries passed, two of the three beautiful obelisks which the Pharaohs of the twentieth century B.C. had erected, one now stands in a public square in London, the other in Central Park, New York, while the remaining one, still erect and plumb, keeps vigil over the mounds of ruined temples and desecrated tombs.

In the new calendar, to which we have referred, the dies solis (sun day) was placed first in the week of seven days. In A.D. 321 Emperor Constantine made this a practice, and day after day helped the Christian leaders to desecrate the Sabbath of the Lord. He also adopted theLatest of the three beautiful obelisks which the Pharaohs of the twentieth century B.C. had erected, one now stands in a public square in London, the other in Central Park, New York, while the remaining one, still erect and plumb, keeps vigil over the mounds of ruined temples and desecrated tombs.

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Paul, failing in his ministry among his countrymen, conceded to the Greeks the abandonment of the Sabbath of his fathers and adopted the "Lord's day" in lieu of it. This was the day on which Christians believed that Jesus rose from the dead, the first day of the week—the dies solis of pagan origin.

Justin Martyr (A. D. 100-167) is the first of the fathers of writing to the Christian Sunday (1 Apol. C. 57) "But Sunday (dies solis) is the day on which we all hold our common assembly, because it was the first day on which God, having wrought a change in the darkness and matter, made the world (?), and Jesus Christ, our Savior, on the same day rose from the dead. For he was crucified on the day before of Saturn and on the day after that of Saturn, the 32nd dies solis, having appeared to his apostles and disciples, taught them these things which we have submitted you to.

The Christian cannot reconcile his attitude with his profession. He accepts the God of the Jews, the Decalogue, the pro-
Dedication Services at Milton, Wis.

On Sabbath, May 16, this church held a rededication service which drew an audience of more than 400. The occasion was the completion of the new basement rooms. These will be of great service for the regular use of the Sabbath school, which for a long time has been obliged to rent extra rooms outside, as well as for the social uses of the church and community. The improvements include a service room, a kitchen, a choir room and a furnace room with new furnace. The floor space below is nearly as much as it is above. The rooms are finished in white and are all well lighted with windows by day and with electric lights at night. The work cost about $4,500, including labor contributed.

The dedications were under the direction of Pastor L. C. Randolph. Seated with him in the pulpit platform were Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Platts, L. A. Babcock, president of the Men’s Brotherhood, Amos Crandall of Milton Junction, the oldest person living who was a charter member of this church, and Mrs. O. U. Whitford.

Doctor Platts read the prayer at the dedication of the sanctuary as given in 2 Chron. 6: 18-44. Mr. Babcock offered prayer. The usual choir of twenty voices rendered two beautiful anthems, duet and solo parts being given by Miss Alberta Crandall, Allison Burdick and Prof. A. E. Whitford.

Pastor Randolph introducing Mr. Amos Crandall said: “This building has been made, as it were, on the instalment plan. First, in 1852, this main part of the church with entrance in front, under a gallery for the choir, was erected; later, at different times the additions for the choir, the Sabbath school and the primary room or kitchen. Now the basement has been completed in less than five months after the first public action looking toward it, because the people had a mind to work.” Mr. Crandall helped to build the first installment. He is now ninety-one years old.”

Mr. Crandall said: “I feel very much at home in this church and I love these people. My father and mother I hid with them from Rock River for the first building and also helped in the changes; I never expected to get up as high as this.”

Introducing Dr. and Mrs. Platts, the pastor said: “At one time Doctor Platts was choir master and also sits by his side today at a member of the choir they were married fifty years ago. Their work here in recent years when Doctor Platts was pastor of the church is fresh in your memory and it is a dear privilege to us all to have them with us today. They did much to prepare the way for this happy consummation.”

Doctor Platts said: “When I came to Milton, about 1854, the church embraced the whole territory from the Newville location on the north side of the river to the Columbia, seven miles east of here, the Bullock schoolhouse. When the chorister left here to help form the Rock River Church, I took his place. When I went east Sherrill Clarke became chorister. While Rev. W. C. Whitford was pastor, I was chaplain and was released from Elder Whitford’s own labors from house to house. Ezra Goodrich had in his livery stable an old horse named ‘Whiskey.’ They used to say that Elder Whitford took ‘Whiskey’ when he went out to make calls. When he agreed to be principal of the academy until they could find a better man, they took him from the pastorate. They never found a better man.”

In the last year of my pastorate, seventy-four were added to the membership of this church, one half of them by baptisms. I think the strength of the church spiritually has kept pace with the growth of the house.”

Mrs. Platts said: “The first time I saw Milton was during the stirring times of the Civil War. Pliny Norcross was training raw recruits in the park. What a host could say, ‘I too feel very much at home in the old Milton church.’ If we could marshal them all before us today, wouldn’t we shake hands! I was converted in a meeting when Dr. Clarke Stillman said, ‘The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved.’ I arose as soon as he sat down. I was baptized by dear Elder Whitford who was then the same dominant influence that he remained to the end. He was in the forefront of everything. I taught the first infant class in the Sabbath school. Dear Aunt Polly Goodrich sat in the class and upheld my efforts and was responsible for whatever success I had. Those were times of great earnestness, faith and fixedness of purpose. People were not easily diverted after they had made a stand for Christ. My years in Milton were on the whole happy years and I hope they were years of usefulness.”

Mrs. O. U. Whitford, seventy-seven years old, was introduced to represent the ladies of the Circles, the Whittfords, the whole denomination, a pastor’s wife, and finally because she is “Mother Whitford,” who did more than anyone else, except his own mother, to lead the pastor into the ministry.

Mrs. Whitford said: “I am glad I said that encouraging word to Lester Randolph, aren’t you? I believe many more are helped but it is not the most fortunate than by criticism. I have been a Whitford for fifty years, grafted on, and all know who the name stands for in this community. For twelve years my husband was missionary secretary, so the whole denomination was his and therefore mine. We are all one family, these churches make up the denomination. I would have you all loyal to the Missionary Society and to the Tract Society. Every family ought to have the Sabbath Recorder, for to be efficient we need to know what the denomination is doing. The Circles are like a hive of busy bees, working in such harmony for the denomination and for the community. In some respects I think this church is the best organized of any I know. But the work is not all done. Are we doing to the full extent of our ability all the Master expects of us? Let us have a new consecration of hearts and lives today for a closer walk with God.”

Pastor Randolph in closing said: “We will have the text last, Haggai 2: 9. We have had the sermon from many lips. It is said, ‘The best dedication for these rooms is to use them.’ We shall have a social evening in them next Wednesday. There was a fountain with a great central basin and round about it a dozen small basins. These lesser basins could be filled separately but this was not the plan of the designer. He intended them to be filled from the overflow of the central basin. Let our spiritual life be abounding and overflow, filling to the full the social fellowship which our new rooms represent. I think of David E. Titworth as he stood in our City Mission school telling about Christ. ‘Jesus comes knocking, knocking at the door of your heart; not getting tired like a neighbor and going away, but he keeps on knocking.’ And the boys listened.”

“I plead with you each one to give your heart to the service of Christ in this community. We stand on the threshold of a new era in our church-work. In this work let every one have a part. Let there be such a spirit of fellowship here that no one can come within the influence of this church without feeling it and being drawn toward Christ. Let the dedication today be a personal consecration of all our lives to Him.’

The services were closed with the pastor’s dedicatory prayer and deeply impressive prayer anthem by the choir.—Milton Journal-Telephone.

The Mocking Bird

LOIS K. PAY

I love thy song, dear mocking bird,
Thy carols to the sons of men,
In notes more sweet than many a word,
Serenade music of lip or pen.

Thy song rare inspiration brings,
As from a leafy height it rings,
Not tolling for thy daily bread,
But cheering those who thus are fed.

Cheered by thy song men break the sod,
And pulverize each gathering clod;
And with the scythe cultivate the soil,
Thou callest each to hopeful toil.

The children pause, as forth they go,
To hear thy cheery warbles flow;
Thou breathest comfort on the breeze,
Thou dost the grieving heart appease.

Thou makest joy more joyous still;
Thou dost that cavalcade fill.
With gleams of hope and promise rare,
Banishing gloom, relieving care.

With God to bless the well-tilled land,
And friends like thee on every hand,
What joy doth fill the days of spring.
We join the praises thou dost sing.

Princeton, Missouri,
May 17, 1914.
WOMAN’S WORK

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

Green Things Growing
Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing.
The saint sweet smell of the green things
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve.
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.
Oh, the fluttering and the patterning of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing.

In the wondrous white of the weird moonlight,
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.
I love, I love them so, my green things growing.
And I think they love me without false showing.

For by many a tender touch, they comfort me
With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

- Dinah Maria Mulock

Aunty Parsons’ Story

I told Hezekiah—that’s my man.
People mostly call him Deacon Parsons, but
he never gets any deaconing from me.
We were married—“Hezekiah and Amaaria”—
that’s going on forty years ago, and he’s
just Hezekiah to me, and nothin’ more.

Well, as I was saying, says I, “Hezekiah,
we ain’t right. I am sure of it.”
And he said: “Of course not. We are all poor
sinners, Amy; all poor sinners.”
And I said: “Hezekiah, this ‘poor sinner’ talk
has gone on long enough. I suppose we
are poor sinners, but I don’t see any use
of being mean sinners; and there’s one
thing I think is real mean.”

It was jest after breakfast; and, as he
felt poorly, he hadn’t gone to the shop yet;
and so I had this little talk with him to
sort o’ chink him up. I knew what I
was comin’ to, for we hed had the subject
up before. It was our little church.
He always said: “The poor people, and
what should we ever do?” And I always said:
“We never shall do nothin’ unless we try.”
And so when I brought the matter up in
this way, he jest began to bitin’ his tooth-

there’s any spirit left in us, let us show
some sort of a disposition.”

And Hezekiah had his toothpick in his
teeth, and looked down at his boots and
rubbed his chin, as he always does when
he’s goin’ to say somethin’. “I think
there’s some of us that shows a dis-
position.”

Of course I understood that, but, I
keep’ still. I keep’ right on with my argu-
ment, and I said: “Yes, and a pretty bad
disposition it is. It’s a disposition to let
ourselves be helped when we ought to be
helping ourselves. It’s a disposition to
shed our tears and let somebody carry us.
And we are growing up cripples, only we don’t
grow.”

“Kiah,” says I, “do you hear me?”
Sometimes when I want to talk a little
he jest shuts his eyes, and begins to rock
himself back and forth in the old armchair,
and he was doin’ that now. So I said: “Kiah,
do you hear?” and he said: “Some!” and
then I went on. “I’ve got a proposition,”
says I. And he sort o’ looked up and said:
“Hey, you!” Well, between a dis-
position and a proposition, I guess the
proposition might be better.

He’s awful sarcastic sometimes. But I
wasn’t goin’ to get riled, nor thrown off the
track; so I jest said: “Yes; do you and I
got two shillin’s worth a piece a week, and
out of that blessed little church of ours
do you think?” says I. “Cos, if we do,
I want to give two shillin’s a week to keep
it goin’, and I thought maybe you could
do as much. So he said he guessed he
could stand that, and I said: “That’s my
proposition; and I mean to see if we can’t find
somebody else that’ll do the same. I’ll
show disposition, anyway.”

“Well, I suppose you’ll hev your own
way,” says he; “you must always do.”
And I says: “You must hev a good
way?” Then I brought out my subscrip-
tion paper. I had it all ready. I didn’t
jest know how to shape it, but I knew it
was something about “the sums set opposite
our names,” and so I drew it up, and took
most.o concerning it,” says I, “because you’re the oldest deacon, and I
must go on next, because I am the deacon’s
wife, and then I’ll see some of the rest of
the folks.”

So Kiah shot down, put on his specs, and
took his pen, but did not write. “What’s the
matter?” says I. And he said: I am

sort of ‘shamed to subscribe two shillin’s.
I never signed so little as that for anything.
I used to give that to the circus when I
was nothin’ but a boy, and I ought to do
more than that to support the gospel.
Two shillin’s a week! Why it’s only a shillin’
for a sermon, and all the prayer meetin’s throw’d
in. I can’t go less than fifty cents, I’m sure.”
So down he went for fifty cents, and
then I signed for a quarter, and then
my subscription went onto my head pretty
lively; and says I, there’s some
cold potato in the pantry, and you
know where to find the salt; so, if I am not
back by dinner time, don’t be bashful, help
yourself.

And I started.

I called on the Smith family first.
I felt sure of them. And they were just
happy; Mr. Smith signed; and so did Mrs.
Smith, and Long John, he came in while
we were talkin’, and put his name down;
and then old grandma Smith, she didn’t
want to be left out; so there was four
of ’em. I’ve allers found it a great thing
in any good enterprise to enlist the Smith
family. There’s a good many of ’em.
Next, I called on the Joslins, and next on
the Chapins, and then on the Widdie Chad-
wick, and so I kept on.
I met a little trouble once or twice, but
not much. There was Fussy Furber, and
hein’ trustee he thought I was out of my
sphere, he said; and he wanted it under-
stood that such work belonged to the trus-
tees. “To be sure,” says I, “I’m glad I’ve
found it out. I wish the trustees had dis-
covered that a little sooner.”
Then there was Sister Puffy, that’s the asthma.
She thought we ought to be lookin’ after the
¨spirituosness.” She said we must get
down before the Lord. She didn’t think
churches could be run on money. But I
told her I guessed we should be jest
as spiritual to look into our pocketbooks
as little, and I said it was a shame to be
tamaly beggin’ on the board.

She looked dreadful solemn when I said
that, and I almost felt as I’d been commit-
profane language. But I hope the
Lord will forgive me if I took anything
vain. I did not take my call in vain, I
tell you. Mrs. Puffy is good, only she
allers wanted to talk so pious; and she put
down her two shillin’s, and then hove a
sigh. Then I found the boys at the coop-
shop, and got seven names there at one
lick; and when the list began to grow
people seemed ashamed to say no, and I kep-
goin' till I had just an even hundred, and then I went home.

Well, it was pretty well toward candlelight when I got back, and I was that tired I didn't know much of anything. I've washed, and I've scrubbed, and I've baked, and I've biled soap, and I've moved; and I 'low that all of it was one of them sort of things is a little exhaustin'. But put your bakin' and movin' and bilin' soap altogether, it won't work out as much genuine tired soul and body as one day with a subscription paper to support the gospel. So when I sort '1 dropped into a chair, and Hezekiah said, "Well?" I was past speakin', and I put my check apron up to my face as I hadn't done since I was a young, foolish girl, and cried. I don't know what I felt so bad about; I don't know as I did feel bad. But I felt cry, and I cried. And 'Kiah, seeing how it was, felt kind o' sorry for me, and set some tea a-steepin', and when I had my drink, with weepin', I felt better.

I handed him the subscription paper, and he looked it over as if he didn't better. "Why, don't you know it?" he says. "No," I said, "I ain't quick in figures, and I hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it will make this year three hundred dollars or so."

"Amy," says he, "you're a prodigy—a prodigal! I may say—and you don't know it. A hundred names at two shillin' each gives us twenty-five dollars a Sunday. Some of 'em must o' done it, and there is ten, eleven, thirteen, that sign fifty cents. That'll make up what fails. That paper of yours'll give us thirteen hundred dollars a year!" I jumped up like I was shot. "Yes," he says, "we shan't need anything this year from the board. This church for this year, at any rate, is self-supporting."

We both set down and kep' still a minute, when I said kind o' softly: "Hezekiah," says I, "5 ain't it time for prayers?" I was gettin' a little shaky, as he took down the Bible he said: "I guess we had better sing somethin'" I nodded like, and he just struck in. We often sing at prayers in the morning; but now it seemed like the Scripture that says: "He giveth songs in the night." "Kiah generally likes the solemn tunes, too; and we sing "Show pity, Lord," a great deal; and this mornin' we had sung "Hark from the tombs a joyful sound," cause 'Kiah was not feelin' very well, and we wanted to chirp up a little.

So I just waited to see what meter he'd strike up tonight; and would you believe it? I didn't know that he knew any such tune. But off he started on "Joy to the world," the Lord! I tried to catch on, but he went off, lickert-switch, like a steam engine, and I couldn't keep up. I was partly laughing to see 'Kiah go it, and partly crying again, my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes and jumped over some of the others, and so we safely reached the end.

But, I tell you Hezekiah prayed. He allers prays well, but this was a bran new prayer, exactly suited to the occasion. And when Sunday come, and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said: "It is all the work of one good woman, and done in one day," I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shoook hands with me, after meetin', and said, with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church and done it, and not havin' no nigh gettin' proud. But as Hezekiah says, "we're all poor sinners," and so I choked it back. But I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boarding any more.—Leyman.

Worker's Exchange

Shiloh, N. J.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of Shiloh fills, as it long has filled, an essential and helpful place in the life of our village. Last year a literary program, usually based on suggestions from the leaflets published by the Woman's Board, added greatly to the interest of the annual meeting, Mrs. Eva Bonham, who has faithfully served as president for a number of years, resigned and our pastor's wife, Mrs. Skaggs, was elected to fill the vacancy. It was the unanimous opinion that the program should be continued.

As in the spring feminine thoughts turn toward housecleaning, Mrs. Carrie Davis, the chairman of our Program Committee, suggested Village Improvement as an appropriate topic for our consideration. Excellent papers on the subject were presented by Mrs. Etta Tomlinson and Mrs. Anna Glaspere. These were followed by an animated discussion, in which almost every one present suggested some possible improvement.

Realizing that words are futile unless they lead to action, it was voted that the president call a public meeting to consider the subject. This meeting resulted in the organization of the Shiloh Community Improvement Association.

Under Mrs. Eva Bonham's leadership, the Java Mission was considered at our last meeting. We hope, by our sympathy and prayers, to come into closer touch with our sisters who are preaching the gospel in far-away Java.

Walworth, Wis.

A message from Circle No. 2 of Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Several weeks ago we voted that each member earn a dollar; so on May 3 we met at the home of our president, each member coming with her dollar, and by verse, story or otherwise we told how the money was earned. Much enjoyment was had in listening to all these narratives. One of the members, in placing her dollar in the plate, left a five dollar bill to keep it company. We also had a short program consisting of two duets by Pastor and Mrs. Davis, two readings, a song by the circle, and a chapter read out of the book we are reading, "The Foreign Missionary."

In this way we netted a sum of twenty-one dollars and eighty cents. The Ladies' Aid was invited to be with us at this meeting. Light refreshments were served.

"Behold the waving harvest field Abundant with a golden yield; And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, 'Go reap for me today.'"

SECRETARY.

It is easy for us to forget the benefits we receive from God. We see no divine hand giving us the good things we need, and we forget that there is such a hand. Our common blessings come to us by what we call natural ways, and we fail to remember that every good gift is from above. Life would be wonderfully changed for us if we could keep ourselves always aware that it is God who gives us everything we receive. It would give a new sacredness to all our blessings.—Selected.

Among the Scattered Sabbath Keepers of the Southwest

REV. E. H. SOCHELL

Thirty-one miles southwest of Lyford, Tex., and but six miles from the Rio Grande River, is Mercedes, the city of palm trees and pomegranates, said to be the most beautiful city in all this southwestern country. This is the home of Mrs. L. W. Reid, a faithful lone Seventh Day Baptist who has the distinction of living at a point farther south than any other Seventh Day Baptist in the United States, since Mercedes is in latitude 26° south of that of Palm Beach, Fla., and almost that of Key West. Mrs. Reid is indeed a Lone Seventh Day Baptist and a faithful, trustful Christian. It was a source of great pleasure and of spiritual strength to sit in the presence of this faithful one and to listen to her simple story of the trials and adversities that have fallen across her spiritual pathway, and of her victory over them.

Her daughter, Virginia, is now in school at Fouke, Ark., her son is married and from home, and her husband is dead; thus she is left alone, yet not alone. She has the RECORDER; she reads it and prizes it. Fourteen long years have rolled my since she last saw a person of like precious faith, and during this time she has endured innumerable trials and oppositions but her faith and devotion and trust have brought her through all of them. She has lived to see her children grow to maturity, maintaining their Christian integrity and true to God's Sabbath, and is then comforted to the declining years of her life.

She was grateful for the visit made her and we, in turn, are grateful for the privilege of visiting this faithful one and by, gathering fresh cheer and inspiration for the arduous days that are before us. While in that country we spent an interesting day in Brownsville, located on the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, Mexico, visiting the United States troops which we were privileged to press our feet upon the soil of Mexico, but we were advised
to the contrary; therefore we contented
ourselves with wandering along the banks
of the river and viewing Mexico from the
safe side.

The country around Mercedes and Ly-
ford, where our Seventh Day Baptists are
located, is a new country and only a small
part of it under cultivation; but it yields
an abundance of corn, cotton, sugar-cane
and other crops. The fruits produced are
oranges, lemons, grapefruit, figs and
bananas.

Eagle Lake, Tex., is situated sixty-two
miles west of Houston, in a prairie coun-
try, where the chief crops are corn, cotton,
sugar-cane and rice. Six miles west of
Eagle Lake and near the Colorado River
is the home of W. C. Lammes, to which
home we were welcomed. Two weeks were
spent in this pleasant home and in visit­
ing people near by.

On the first Sunday spent here, we
preached in the schoolhouse at Ramsey,
three miles north, to an appreciative audi­
cence. On the following Sunday we preach­
ed in the same house, and after the serv­
cice the congregation repaired to a near-by
grove of live-oak trees, where a picnic din­
er was enjoyed by all present. After a
social time at the grove, seats were im­
provised and the school was con­
ducted beneath the tall spreading trees.
This was followed by preaching service
before a much larger audience than had
greeted us at the morning service. It was
a pleasure to greet these new-found friends
amid these unique and pleasant surround­
ings and try to point them to the way of
salvation and peace.

On the previous day we had the pleasure
of visiting the baptismal waters, and bap­
tizing the two children of Mr. and Mrs.
Lammes and by the request of Brother
Randolph and the Fouke Church, receiving
them into the fellowship of that church.
It was an impressive and gladsome service,
and will long be remembered by those who
witnessed it.

We have at this point two loyal ones,
Mrs. Estella Lammes, and Mr. John
Glasier, whom we found to be faithful and
true. It has been nine years since this
place was visited by any of our ministers,
and eighteen years since a Seventh Day
Baptist service has been preached in this
region. While Mr. Lammes is not a mem­
ber of our churches, yet he is a
Seventh Day Baptist in belief, was pleased to
have his children baptized, and did all
that was possible to make our stay in his
home a time of pleasure that will frequent­
ly be recalled in the oncoming years.

Our work at this place is done and we
are all ready to journey on to untried fields
and unknown friends; but we are glad
that we came to Eagle Lake and formed the
acquaintance of our own Seventh Day Bap­
tist people and so many other people. We
are glad we had the privilege of preaching
to the people, of baptizing the children,
and of enjoying the warm hospitality in the
home of Mr. and Mrs. Lammes. And we
also are glad to believe that good was
accomplished where poor leadership, many
years ago, worked detriment to the cause
of God's Sabbath.

We carry with us a happy remembrance
of our visit at Eagle Lake and pray that
God's rich blessing may ever abide with
those whom we learned to love.

Eagle Lake, Tex.
May 20, 1914.

A Reminder

Inasmuch as the personal worth of the
writer of the letter published in the Rec­
der on page 632; his official positions;
and fact of its publication in our de­
nominal paper, will combine to give
weight to its contents, possibly a kind of
'semi-official' influence, it seems but fair
that Mr. Kimball himself, and readers of
the Recorder in and outside the denomi­
nation, should be reminded that there are
many Seventh Day Baptists whose views
are not in harmony with the letter.

A. E. MAIN.

Alfred, N. Y.

Paul stated a far-reaching doctrine and
rule of conduct when he said that "your
body is a temple of the Holy Spirit." To
surrender that body to sinful and depraved
practices, to permit it to be corrupted, pol­
luted, its powers prostituted, is abhorrent
to the normal Christian who recognizes,
even in a partial sense, that he has been
"bought with a price." Such debasement
is incompatible with his relationship, fel­
lowship, dignity, calling, service.—The
Continental.
SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

Those who wish to be fairly paid should work fairly. There is as much underworking as overworking.

Suspicion, toward employer or employee, is a great breeder of causes for suspicion.

The willingness to do one's share of work makes it possible for one to be successful, for the willingness occasionally to pay for more work than is done.

There is no rule for the employer which is not corresponding to its use by the employer.

The Lighthouse Keeper

On one stormy Sunday, seven years ago, a young lighthouse keeper, along the New England shore, was to become a member of the church on the mainland. The light was one of the most isolated kind, rising sheer out of the sea like a pillar, not an inch of land about it, and no entrance until halfway up its granite tower, upon account of the breaking surf which at times ran very high. Nearly all the reduction of hours tends to awaken desires for life on a higher level. Long hours in the factory or under wearing, exhausting conditions drive men to seek stimulant and excess. Short hours in industrial labor, in the home, the garden, and the library.

Professor Clarke of Columbia College says: "If you want a man to work for you one day, and one day only, and secure the greatest possible amount of work that he is capable of performing, you must make him work for twenty-four hours. If you would have him work a week, it will be necessary to reduce the time to twenty hours a day; if you want him to work for a month, a still further reduction to eighteen hours a day. For the year, fifteen hours a day will do; for several years, ten hours; but if you want to get the most out of a man for a working lifetime, you will have to reduce his hours of labor to eight each day."

Such a story has been worked out in several States and found to be the most satisfactory both to the employer and the employee. There comes to exist a fellowship, a brotherhood between them which can not be attained when the workman feels that he is driven to the limit and that the other fellow is getting all the profit and pleasure out of it.

He received a letter from the keeper saying that it seemed impossible for such a one as himself to undertake a service, and that he had started to say he would not do it. But, the letter went on: "If you think that I can handle the job, I shall try and do my part with God's help. I have always wanted to do something for the Master, but never thought I had the decision or the courage. But perhaps in this out-of-the-way place I may be able to do something for the employer."

Sure enough, the next letter that came brought the news: "We started the Bible school and the evening service. We had sixteen children and seven adults to Bible school and five more adults came to the service. I have a Bible class in the school, and it's about two hours of talk and sing and pray for me, and for one that is not used to it, it comes hard."

There were other difficulties, too, in the way. The church was so out of repair that the schoolhouse had to be used. "We thought we could get the organ from the church to use in the schoolhouse," he wrote, "but it was out of repair, and I must have the chalk dust to plaster the walls, and I must have the chalk dust to plaster the walls to get the service going, so that we practiced the service."

WANTED—Sabbath-keeper with a small amount of capital to take exclusive manufacturing and selling rights in eastern territory of patented household article of unusual merit. Sells really, good profit. Manufacturing experience not necessary. This is a good opportunity for a hustler to make money. Particulars on application.

N. O. Locke, 2056 Howard Avenue, Riverside, Cal.
Philip's Vacation

Philip Carey was walking very erect, very manly, as he passed through the gate and along the walk toward his home, after three years at college; champion at athletics and head of his class. It was a part of him, this dignified bearing.

His little mother was in a flutter of excitement as he stooped down to kiss her. It seemed to her that this tall youth was her little Philip.

"And father! mother, dear, where is father? I expected him at Dorchester," Philip was saying.

"Father isn't well," the little mother was trying to say cheerfully. "He has been ill a little while. He wouldn't let me write bit."

"What is it about the wheat? I know it needs harvesting, and I guess we would better get some hands and go to work at it."

Mike had hung the towel up, and settled himself down in the door. He took some very brown tobacco from his pocket and bit off a chew. "We'll have to telegraph to the planet Mars, if we get any hands," he observed. "Ain't none to be had in this country. I've been riding for a week, hunting hands."

Philip began to understand what his mother and Doctor Moulton had meant, when they said that his father would worry over farm work.

A large white rooster began to crow near the door, and Mike waved his hat to frighten it away. "I used to think," Mike went on in a philosophic way, "that big landowners were to be envied. But the day has come when we can be land-poor as well as land-rich. The little farm from this on, with its thrifty husbandman, will be the farm that pays. The day has passed when the big land-grabbers will grow rich from their farms. The taxes will eat them up."

Mike looked toward the house; the doctor was coming out; then he turned his eyes toward the lawn where the white rooster had gone, still crowing his best.

"I'm not saying a word against your pa," he continued. "He inherited what land he has here, except the small tract he bought from Tom Brown; and he took that to accommodate him, because he was going away."

"I believe you are right, Mike," Philip agreed, "but we must save the wheat, or we may not be able to pay the taxes. And, perhaps our next wisest step will be to persuade father to break it up into small tracts, each with its cottage, and sell or rent to good honest people, who will make it blossom as the rose."

"The day has pretty near come when that is all that's going to pay. It may be a judgment on these big fellows that want to grab it all."

"We must think over this thing. Mike. You're not able, and I couldn't do much alone. But, listen! I have it now! Our college ball team will be here tomorrow. We had planned a trip to the mountains. You understand I did not know that you would fill in that I would be needed at home. They were coming to spend a day with me, and we were going together on our outing. Now I have a different plan. We will keep the boys here if they will work—and I believe they will, for they are game every inch. We will pay them well. And we will put in two or three binders, and you can boss and see that the work is done right."

Mike turned his quid of tobacco about in his mouth and smiled.

"Now this must be kept secret," Philip continued. "We will not hint it to any one, until we see how we come out. We can keep 'back' over in the house where Sweeney lived, and work from that side, so we will not be in sight of the house here till the last day."

Philip smiled again, perhaps a little incredulously.

"Why don't you all come on to dinner?" Martha was calling from the kitchen-door yard. "I have rung the bell three times."

"Hello! Conley, there the boys are!" Philip had sprung from the trunk and was peering through the window. "They have walked from Dorchester." He sprang out of the shack and was dashing across the lawn.

Martha had gone back into the kitchen and did not see. After waiting a moment she came bounding down the steps again, into the kitchen-door yard. It was evident that her patience was exhausted.

"Do you wish any dinner, Mr. Conley?" she called.

"Mike arose, bowling suavely, as he replied. "Mr. Conley; you'll have some hands for your dinner presently; better put down eight or ten more plates."

Martha had seen the boys, and she ducked back into the kitchen with a wheegeone face, and began to mend up the fire in the kitchen range.

"Now, don't stay here and help me on this wild lark of mine for a single minute, just for the sake of helping me," Philip was urging, next day, as the gang were deep in the plantation, looking at the wheatfields; the proposition must appeal to you, for you're a farmer by trade."

"Boys," Clarke was gushing, "let's stop here under these shade-trees and settle the question."

They had reached a spot where a brook ran, transparent as crystal, between mossy banks; and the banks were tall and the shrubs were green, and wild flowers and ferns grew rank. The boys were tired from tramping through orchards and sunny fields. They dropped down and threw their hats on the grass. Clarke had settled himself upon a log.

"Now, boys, it's like this," he began: "Carey came home thinking that he would enjoy himself with the folks awhile, and then we would all rush off to the mountains and have a great time. But you see how it is! His father ill, and nobody to do this work. He'd be a craven to sneak off. He wouldn't be worthy the honor we've always accorded him if he could leave his post of duty. For my part, I believe we would have the time of our lives, camping in that Sweeney lodge and reaping the fields of wheat. It would teach us something, and it will be profitable to us in more ways than one to have money in our pockets that we have earned. And, as for precedent, we may take the leading nations of the earth at the time of their greatest glory, and agriculture was their foundation stone—the rock on which their preeminence rested. In the days of Rome's prowess, when she sat mistress of the world, a Roman, next to the honors of war, prided himself on his skill in agriculture. And mankind of our own time and men have been, at some time in life agriculturalists. And if we elect to play the game for a fortnight, we will, perhaps, feel that, like Cesar and Washington and Lincoln, there may be a place for us at the top of the ladder."

Clarke had risen, and was standing on the log, making an oration, which he had not intended to do. And the boys listened and smiled, and now they cheered lustily. "It will be a real lark," all agreed.

"The trip to the mountains doesn't appear to come."

"There'll be nothing in the way of a trip to the mountains after our little house party is over," Keats interposed.
The Sabbath Recorder

Or—field-party," chuckled Timmie Grant.

"Open-air party," maintained grim Rupert Simms.

"Possibly, with more adaptability, we might call it a sunshine-party," suggested Clarke.

Some two or three voices had urged: "Let's get up and look at the camp again."

And, with common consent, almost a score of feet were clattering pell-mell through the underbrush to the ford, on the way to the Sweeney cottage.

It was a four-room affair, with a tiny porch in front, and steps at the back, and a well and smokehouse in the rear, somewhat back of the door-yard.

The boys were stamping around, trying to decide how to arrange for the most comfort. "It's like this, boys," Philip explained; "it must be kept secret, so as to play a joke on father. He's worrying himself he wished to find his horses."

"Let's settle for the mountains until we might find back of the door-yard."

"What back of the door-yard?"

"Possibly, with some companion remarks had been exchanged. "I passed by your fields some days ago. That wheat of yours is fine. But it needs harvesting. I see it is beginning to fall down. A few more days, and maybe a rainstorm will kill it."

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"Adam Clinton promised to come next week," Mr. Carey rejoined. "But I am getting pretty anxious about it. I don't like to wait a day, let alone a week, when my grain is in that condition."

"Adam Clinton got word yesterday that his father was dead, and he's gone to Simpson County."

"We'll remember it, Jack," admitted Philip, genially. "And you will have some help, too."

"I'll help bring in water," agreed Timmie. "I don't want to be tied down in a treadmill; and that is what farming is. I want to work in the grain-field."

"I'll milk," cried Tom Grayson. Everybody laughed, as there was not likely to be a cow to milk.

"Well, I will tell you what we will do, Tom," agreed Philip. "We will have Mike to hike us a cow or two over; and we will have fresh milk. Mike will have to haul feed anyway for the horses. And the barn is all ready; we will not have to build that."

Everybody laughed again. Clarke hoisted a window and was sitting in it, swinging his feet.

"I make a move that this honorable convention adjourn," suggested Philip. "We'll go now and take dinner with mother, and this afternoon Mike can take us to town in the wagon, and we'll get some working-suits, and return here to the lodge, and go to work to help you housekeeping, and getting ready for the harvesting."

The boys fought obstacles and overcame them, and sang and shouted and worked, and relished Jack's cooking, and drank new milk, and slept on the floor, and declared they never had had such a jolly time, and never would again.

Mrs. Carey had been in close attendance in the sick-room. She had forgotten how many days it had been since that happy group of boys had come and gone away. She was trying to think how long it had been; and how happy they had made the old homestead. A cabin was singing in an apple-tree closet to the window. Mr. Carey's eyes were closed, and she hoped that he was taking a nap. But just now some one was rapping at the door and she arose and went out. It was Mr. Abe Pettigrew, who had called to see his friend, John Carey. She tiptoed back to see if Mr. Carey was asleep, while Mr. Pettigrew waited in the hall.

Mr. Carey had opened his eyes, and she returned and brought Mr. Pettigrew in.

"Hard to get any work done," Mr. Pettigrew was saying, after some companion remarks had been exchanged. "I passed by your fields some days ago. That wheat of yours is fine. But it needs harvesting. I see it is beginning to fall down. A few more days, and maybe a rainstorm will kill it."

"He is worth more than we can do, John. The old hands. I can't afford to lose him."

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Mr. Carey had come up and was looking in at the back door.

Finally it was decided that everybody who chanced along was to be sworn to secrecy. Tim and Jack were to cook, and Mike and Clarke and Philip were to run the binders. Martha was to be sworn in for use in getting out quilts and mattresses and dishes and grub and chairs. Mike and the boys were to haul the things after night, together with a discarded range and cooking utensils, buckets, two old tables, etc., etc.

"I'm not coming to cook," complained Timmie. "If I can't have as big a job as anybody, I won't work at all."

"Well, I won't back down," Jack chuckled. "I'll cook by myself, and I know how, too. And when I'm through, I'll go to the field and help shake grain."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to shake grain, if you cook for nine hungry boys," laughed Clarke.

"You're a real hero, Jack, for you have taken the toughest job," commented Keats, as he slapped Jack approvingly on the back.

"We'll remember it, Jack," admitted Philip, genially. "And you will have some help, too."

"I'll help bring in water," agreed Timmie. "I don't want to be tied down in a treadmill; and that is what farming is. I want to work in the grain-field."

Timmie felt that he was in disgrace, and he wished to reproach himself as far as he might.

"I'll milk," cried Tom Grayson. Everybody laughed, as there was not likely to be a cow to milk.

"Well, I will tell you what we will do, Tom," agreed Philip. "We will have Mike to hike us a cow or two over; and we will have fresh milk. Mike will have to haul feed anyway for the horses. And the barn is all ready; we will not have to build that."

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The boys fought obstacles and overcame them, and sang and shouted and worked, and relished Jack's cooking, and drank new milk, and slept on the floor, and declared they never had had such a jolly time, and never would again.

Mrs. Carey was happy at the thought that Philip was gaining strength in the mountains, after his hard college work; and Mr. Carey was glad that, at least, he had been able to make things pleasant for their only child. But he had been suffering more, and the doctor came every day.
Mr. Pettigrew, come back! Mr. Carey—was all he heard Martha say. He stopped and turned about. Mr. Pettigrew never acted on impulse. He weighed the matter a moment, and then he got down.

"Carey! Has he been taken again—and all so sudden? A few more of these attacks and he won't last six months."

Martha said she did not know. Must be something bad, from the way Mrs. Carey ran.

She opened the gate; and he led the sorrel through.

"What seems to be the matter now?" he asked, when he had got his tall, commanding form back into the room and found John Carey standing by the window in dressing-gown and slippers, and such a smile on his face as, perhaps, he had scarcely worn since in their youth these two had played cricket at old Westfield Academy.

"Just come to the window, Abe; I couldn't let you go yet. I wanted you to see the boys—Philip's class had started on a pleasure trip to the mountains. I thought they had gone. I told him to go; but, instead of going, there he is still sitting in the hall team in that grain-field. There'll be worse if you tax him any more."

And Doctor Moulton withdrew to the rear with Philip. Pressing his hand again, he said: "My dear boy, do you know you have saved your father? I will not deceive you. He is suffering from serious malady. But with care and freedom from anxiety, he may live many years. And this morning he seemed five years younger than he did three days ago."

—Mrs. T. C. Alford, in Christian Standard.

The body of John L. Griffiths, American Consul-General in London, England, who died suddenly, of heart trouble, was brought home on the steamship Carmania, lying in state one day in the town hall at Liverpool.

The State Department at Washington paid tribute to Mr. Griffiths in the following statement: "He exerted in addition to his efficient service as an officer of the government a far-reaching influence for good will and friendliness throughout a large section of English society and the business world. His loss here is keenly felt."

The department has placed the American Embassy in London at Mrs. Griffith's service during her bereavement. Secretary Bryan also cabled his sympathies and regrets to Ambassador Page over the death of Mr. Griffiths.

Children's Page

On Grandpa's Farm

Oh, don't you know the fun on grandpa's farm? For grandpa's farm isn't hard work. An' Cousin Bob leads us and cries, "Here goes!" An' mamma—she just says: "Such clothes!"

We've Cruise's Island an' a robber's cave
An' a Tower of London; an' don't you know,
When one of us wants to let on he's brave,
He crawls under the sawmill, scared and slow!

Oh, you don't know half the fun out there!
For grandpa—he never tells us, "Take care!"
An' Cousin Bob laughs and says to "crowse,"
An' mamma, you see, is off in the house.

We fish in the brooks and play in the sands,
An' they all catch out of the streams.
We hide in the bushes like Injun bands,
An' fight with the hornets and get their stings.

Oh, there's plenty of fun on grandpa's place.
For grandpa—he says, "Now scoot on a race!"
An' Cousin Bob he smiles an' says, "There she blows!"
An' mamma—she only just says: "Such clothes!"

—Our Little Folks' Magazine.

Some Home-made Toys

For a little birthday remembrance nothing is nicer than something you have made yourself; and often on a stormy day, when only indoor play is possible, you grow tired of books and games and welcome any change of amusement. For an inexpensive gift or for your own pleasure you will find help in the construction of games and toys from such simple home materials as boxes, pasteboard, spools, corks, old magazine pictures and so on.

From hat boxes beautiful toy houses and shops may be constructed; the furniture made of smaller boxes or of corks and pins, with cord wound in and out of a row of pins for the backs of chairs. Small, round hairpin or pill-boxes will furnish the kitchen with all conveniences. They provide pans and pails (with hairpin handles) or a churn, much dasher formed of a meat-skewer and round pieces of pasteboard.

The boxes used for safety matches are easily changed into many things. Six boxes in their covers, fastened two wide and three high to a cardboard back, make a bureau. The handles of the drawers are brass paper—fasteners or buttons and the mirror is tin-foil pasted on the cardboard back, which extends above the bureau top.

A cradle is made from a match box or a small candy box, by fastening on cardboard rockers; by using the same sort of box, with meat-skewers or matches for axles and wooden button molds for wheels, a cart or baby's carriage is provided. Crepe paper will add a dainty touch to these bits of furniture.

Instead of houses and furniture made of boxes you can make "picture houses," as I call them. Use an oblong paper seven by ten or twelve inches for the foundation. On this paste paper half way down and cover the rest with a plain color or pictures of rugs or carpet. Now your room is ready to furnish with pictures cut from magazines. Paste the furniture on, so that it will look as though standing on the floor, and add pictures of doors, windows and framed pictures in their proper places on the wall. Be sure to ask some one of a set if you may have the magazine before you cut it up.

Another way to use magazine pictures is in a "cut-out town," made from pictures of automobiles, wagons, animals, trees, houses and people, each one standing up, braced by an empty shell of pastebord, and all arranged to represent the street of a town. Of course only one side of the picture can show, just as in a stage scene. Very absurd looking geometric animals can be made from cardboard, the different parts of the body formed of squares and oblongs fastened together with brass paper fasteners. The rectangles may have the corners cut off, if this better suggests a particular animal. The size of the different parts of the body must be made in right proportion, so far as possible.—The Churchman.

My Neighbor

Across the way he calls and calls—
I can not read or think:
Although he dwells in lovely halls,
He seems half crazed.
He sings and marries, yet keeps the fence,
Then seems to rise and sink;
And while I wait in some suspense,
He twists and turns, and with a wink
Almost photos over;
It is the merry bobolink,
Up from his bed of clover.
—Elis Barber.
Our New Church by "The Western Sea"

REV. GEORGE. W. HILLS

I have a bit of choice news for Recorder readers that I am sure they will greatly enjoy. It is this: Yesterday was the birthday of our youngest seven members. We are now in the happy position of having seventeen live members. May 9 will be long remembered at Long Beach, that "beautiful city by the Western Sea."

As our little congregation assembled for its morning service in the beautiful home of Frank Muncy and family, its accustomed meeting-place, the invigorating southern California sunshine and the delicious air from the Pacific were refreshing. But the faces of those who were so long to form the new church bore evidences that "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" had come to their hearts, which had been fully surrendered to the Master.

It was an epoch-making event in their lives as they journeyed on the way to "the city that has no builder and maker is God." They covenanted with one another and with God to walk together in "The commandments of God and the faith of Jesus," and faithfully trust and serve "him, whom not having seen we love," and to follow "his steps" as "seeing him who is invisible."

The articles of faith and practice adopted are very similar to those found in our denominational Handbook. The brevity and simplicity of the statements show that we believe that Christianity consists in life and character, rather than in a creed, although we recognize the fact that what we believe is a determining factor in building character and shaping life.

I have been in such services before, but never when conditions were so strikingly impressive. The influences of the Holy Spirit's presence were very marked indeed, but there was added power I never before experienced. I think you will catch my meaning when I tell you how very near every member of the new church seems to me. My brother-in-law, F. C. Wells, and family, only a few weeks from Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. Lucy Sweet and her daughter, Lillian, whom I met at Dodge Center, Minn., years ago. My first church membership was there, and that vicinity was my home for twenty years; Mr. and Mrs. Scott F. Randolph were among my West Virginia friends; the Frank Muncy family, only a few years from Nortonville, Kan., where I was pastor for twelve years; Mrs. Carry Muncy Carson, whom I baptized at Nortonville, whose letter was from Boulder, Colo., A. A. Hurley and wife, Matie Muncy Hurley, were among my friends there; and so, too, were those of you who have joined this church of our own making.

I married them twenty-one years ago and came to Long Beach, that vicinity was one of my girls while I was pastor at Milton Junction, my first pastorate. I married them twenty-one years ago last Sunday. Mrs. Osborn and her sister, Miss Eva Brown, who also joined the new church, are daughters of our good old Dea. Erastus Brown of the Milton Junction Church, and one of my stalwart workers while pastor there. He passed from the land of service to the home of rewards.

Now, I think you see, without much exercise of imagination, that yesterday was to me, much more than a "red-letter day."

One of the mothers of the membership was originally a Presbyterian. She and her two daughters joined the little company. All the others have been members of Seventh Day Baptist churches in other localities.

Prayer meetings and Sabbath school had been held at Long Beach before I came to the coast. For several months there had been a Christian Endeavor society. All the people, old and young, are good Christian workers—not a drone among them. There are a goodly number of bright children in our families. These are a valuable asset in the work of the Lord, and increase the brightness of our hopes for the future.

I have felt this blessing of being able to respond to new friendships very strongly lately, for I have lost many old and valued connections during this trying spring. I thank God far more earnestly for such blessings than for my daily bread, for friendship is the bread of the heart.—Mary Russell Milford.
Council, now having, or that in the future may have, a Lesson Committee.
2. It shall be the duty of the International Lesson Committee to select the lessons to be submitted to the various denominations, subject to such revision and modification as each denomination may make in order to adapt the courses to its own denominational needs.
3. No course shall be promulgated or discontinued by the Lesson Committee unless the action is approved by a majority of the members of the three sections of the committee.
4. The Lesson Committee shall be created not later than July 1, 1914, and the lesson courses constructed by it shall take effect at the close of the present cycle of Uniform Lessons.
5. Beginning July 1, 1914, the members of the sections of the International Lesson Committee, representing the International Association and the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations, shall be:
(a) One-half for a period of three years, and one-half for a period of six years, and thereafter for periods of six years.
(b) The representatives of the denominations shall be elected for a period of three years.
6. The foregoing agreement may be changed only by mutual consent of the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations.
This action will be submitted for final adoption to the Triennial Convention of the International Sunday School Association at Chicago, June 23-30, 1914.
It will be seen that, if the plans here outlined go into effect, the International Lesson Committee will be made up in a different way from heretofore, and there will be closer cooperation between the denominational boards and the International Sunday School Association in the preparing of lesson courses. Paragraph No. 3 is of great significance, as providing that no action can be taken by the Lesson Committee except as it is approved by a majority of the members of each of the three sections of the committee.
May Bible-school workers and all interested in the enrichment of the Bible study of the Bible schools of the world be much in the grace of God's Spirit, that the grace shall prevail at the Chicago Convention, and shall direct in the selection, meantime, of members of the Lesson Committee; and for the guidance of that committee, if finally constituted as here proposed in the selection of lesson courses.—Sunday School Times.

LESSON X—JUNE 6, 1914
THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM
Golden Text—"Lo, the kingdom of God is within you." Luke xxii. 21.

DAILY READINGS
First-day, Gen. vii. 1-14.
Second-day, Gen. viii, 12-28.
Third-day, Acts i. 1-14.
Fourth-day, Matt. xxiv. 1-14.
Fifth-day, Matt. xxiv. 15-31.
Sixth-day, Matt. xxiv. 32-51.
Sabbath day, Matt. xxviii. 19-20.

(Milton in Sight of the Goal)

Sixteen hundred dollars more in cash and pledges will bring Milton to the place where she can claim. Andrew Carnegie's $3,500, clear the obligations from the Auditorium-Gymnasium, and prepare the way for new forward movement. We also hope that the joy of receiving into the church a few students who had been looking into the matter for some time and was baptized a few months since. She has come into this experience through trial and difficulty, and we believe will prove faithful.

ALFRED, N. Y.—Seven were baptized last Saturday, sixty-one since the closing week of our evangelistic campaign, sixty-eight during this Conference year, and others are awaiting baptism this week. Not all these have joined the church yet, but over sixty have joined by baptism or letter since the beginning of the meetings and about eighty since the Conference year opened. There are quite a number who have commenced the Christian life but are putting off baptism. The time to be baptized is now. The Forward Movement is bearing fruit. The college has won new laurels this year in debate and athletics, in concert and contest, in scholarship and life. The best is yet to come.

More new students are in prospect for next year than President Daland has ever known before at this station. The present students are loyal and enthusiastic. The "Forward Movement" is bearing fruit.

We want to celebrate a great Anniversary Day, June 18, with thanksgiving for the past and optimism for the future.

Only Spirit can make plans made! The timbers are in place. The joints are shaped. Now for the raising! Everything is ready.

LESTER C. RANDOLPH, '88.

The "efficiency experts" in a factory study every moment of each employe to see that nothing unnecessary is done. How immensely we could add to our own efficiency if we wasted no energy in sighing over the past and in envying our neighbors—Baptist Commonwealth.
cases of pneumonia. We try again May 23 and 24. There is a good prospect for fruit, crops, and mast.

J. L. HULL.

_Nady, Ark._

May 19, 1914.

**Denominational News**

Dean Main and his son George of Florida spent last Sabbath in Shiloh, N. J. Dean Main spoke twice at Shiloh and once at Marlboro.

Last Sunday afternoon Dean Main spoke in the Memorial Baptist church of Philadelphia, in an experiment this afternoon meeting, following the Bible school, is substituted for the usual Sunday evening service. Dean Main’s cousin, the Rev. W. H. Main, D. D., is pastor of this church, and boys and girls receive much attention at his hands. A group of sixty or seventy sit in the front pews every Sunday morning, taking part in the worship and listening to a short discourse prepared especially for them.—_Alfred Sun._

President Daland gave a talk before the Janesville High School Wednesday on music. He gave a more extended lecture on the same subject at Battle Creek Friday evening in the Sanitarium gymnasium. Sabbath morning he conducted services in the chapel, and he spoke at the Seventh Day Baptist Church service in the afternoon, returning Monday to meet his classes.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the college last Wednesday evening Mr. J. N. Daland was elected to the chair of Latin Language and Literature. Mr. Daland is to take up his duties as Professor Daland next fall. Mr. Daland, while in Milton College, won high honors for his scholarship, especially in Latin, his major study. Since his graduation he has been studying at the University of Wisconsin, and he will receive his master’s degree in June. His work at Madison has been in the line of his profession and has received flattering attention from the professors.—_Milton (Wis.) Journal-Telephone._

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others can not keep it to themselves.

—_J. M. Barrie._

**Love and Service**

A spirit of loving service should fill the heart of every Christian. Trying to whom we give kindness and love will return the same with fidelity and service rendered in like spirit. We are usually paid in returns of our own gifts. Love invites its own response; service inspires to service; and the memory of a kindness done may prove to us a welcome shelter and defense in time of need. It may be thou dost not love thy neighbor; it may be thou thinkest only how to get from him, how to gain by him. How lonely, then, must thou be! how shut up in thy poverty-stricken room, with the bare walls of thy selfishness and the hardouch of thy unsatisfaction!—_George Macdonald._

“A woman eighty years of age was asked how she kept so youthful in looks and heart. “I know how to forget disagreeable things,” she replied. Some girls of sixteen are old in spirit and in countenance because they refuse to forget the disagreeables of life, but brood upon them constantly.”

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**THE WELKOM WARMER**

Endorsed by the medical profession and hospital authorities as the only modern and sensible substitute for the hot-water bottle.

No Water Heat No Rubber to Rot

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**THE WELKOM WARMER OUTFIT**

It is made of metal and is heated within one minute by the lighting and insertion of tube containing a spirit and alcohol fuel, generating a heat of uniform temperature which lasts two hours, at a cost of less than one cent.

As a pain-killer the WELKOM WARMER has no equal as it can be put into instant action, thus avoiding heating water and waiting for the kettle to boil.

Complete outfit, including WARMER, bag, belt, box and tubes of fuel, $1.00.

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**THE SABBATH RECORDER**

**MARRIAGES**

GEUER-case.—At the home of Mrs. Emily C. Wells, where the bride made her home, Sunday evening, May 17, 1914, by Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, Mr. John H. Geuwer of Olean, N. Y. and Mrs. Ida Brown Case of Little Genesee, N. Y.

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**DEATHS**

GREENE.—Mrs. Rhoda Tift Whitford, daughter of David G. and Aurilla Burdick Whitford, was born in Stehentown, N. Y., August 24, 1840, and died at Berlin, N. Y., May 10, 1914. When she was a young girl, her parents moved from Stehentown, N. Y., to Berlin, N. Y., where she lived until her death. On December 20, 1860, she was baptized by Rev. L. C. Rogers and joined the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Church. She was married to Mr. William D. Greene, October 18, 1882. Her husband died January 12, 1911.

For several years she has been in very poor health and unable to care for her home. In former years she was always faithful in her attendance at all the meetings of the church, and until her death was interested in the welfare of the church and denomination. For the past few months she has been failing very rapidly, and the sorrow that it came, released her from her pain and suffering and ushered her into an upper and better kingdom. During her sickness she gave evidence that she was leaning for help and strength upon the loving arms of her heavenly Father and waiting patiently for his summons, “Come up higher.”

The funeral, conducted by her pastor, Rev. H. L. Cottrell, was held at her late residence, Wednesday afternoon, May 13, 1914. Interment was made in the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery.

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**SPRING AND AUTUMN**

In golden woods and starry saxifrage
And vales all with azure mists o’erhung.
But as the lily’s topmost petal falls,
The dying autumn gives its crown to fall.

The dews that every hour enrich and store
The field; and for the coming winter’s store
The wintry show of snow and ice and frost;
Nor winter’s task is ended with its birth.

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**Judas**

REV. M. B. KELLY

“Dear Master, I love thee
Much dearer, I’m sure,
To give all else beside thee;
My love shall endure.
I love to sit by thee
And lean on thy breast;
I’m sure of all things
I love thee the best.”

With this declaration,
In feigned sweetest bliss,
The speaker stepped forward
And gave him a kiss.
But Judas had bargained,
With Satan and the Jews,
To sacrifice Jesus,
To them for abuse.
Oh, life so perverted!
Oh, heart so untrue!
To vow deep devotion
While treachery grew;
To claim with such an union
That love daily grows,
While secretly selling
Your Lord to his foes.
Oh, heartless disciple!
Why sharpen his pain
By leaving him to die?
Of love that were vain?
Why sacrifice Jesus
To save the mass?
Why deepen his wounds?
For earth’s paltry pelt?
To sacrifice Jesus
Whose love is so true,
Who set him on the Judas.
Thy false life would do:
For through this bad bargain
To reach his goal;
But in the transaction
Thou lost thine own soul.

For the comfort of some who write for our paper we quote the following description of Robert Louis Stevenson: “No writer, ever displayed a fuller knowledge of the meaning of words or strung them together more musically; yet, says his biographer, in every language he learned, the grammar remained unknown to him, however correctly he might use its idioms, and the spelling of his own tongue was dark to him to the very last. It was one of the tasks of Sir Sidney Colvin, to whom Mr. Stevenson forwarded many of his manuscripts, to make the author’s eccentric orthography conform to conventional standards before appearing in print.”—_Watchman-Examiner._
The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Ave., South Side School, between 5:45 a.m. and 11:45 a.m. Preaching service at 11:15 a.m. A co-ed Van Horn, 660 West 191st St., New York City.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in their house of worship near the corner of West 56th Ave. and Monroe St. All Sabbaths and meetings.

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 56th Ave. and Monroe St. All Sabbaths and meetings.

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Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Leavelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
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FUTURE CHURCHES AND MISCELLANEOUS:
The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p.m., at Mornington, England. The church is cordially invited to attend. Seventh Day Baptist Church, 23rd Street, New York City.

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When Jesus Christ says that he has overcome the world, he means that his conquest is the pledge of ours. If he had failed, we could not have succeeded. It is because he has succeeded that we can not fail. These are Christian promises: these are Christian delights; these are the joys of the sanctuary.—Joseph Parker.
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SERVICE

Untouched by grief, how should I walk these ways.
These common ways of earth, wherein each man
Is set apart, as by some unknown plan,
To work his problems out, for blame or praise?
So eager the desire for happier days
The wish to crowd with joy life's narrow span,
All nobler thoughts might end where they began,
Nor guide my footsteps through this tangled maze.

But, taught by sorrow, lessoned by defeat,
I feel at last the strange electric thrill
That binds true hearts together, and I greet
All men as brothers, seeking, serving still.
I own my human heritage complete,
To love and suffer with undaunted will.

—Emma Endicott Mason.

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