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AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW
by Gene Stratton-Porter (Author of "Freckles")

The scene of this charming, idyllic love story is laid in Central India. The setting is entirely rural, and most of the action is out of doors. The story is one of devoted friendship, and tender self-sacrificing love; the friendship that gives freely without return, and the love that seeks first the happiness of the object. The novel is brimful of the most beautiful word painting of nature, and its pathos and tender sentiment will endear it to all.

THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER
by A. M. Chisholm

This is a strong, virile novel with the lumber industry for its central theme and a love story full of interest as a sort of subplot. Among the minor characters are some elemental men, lumber men with the grizzly strength of their kind, and the rough, simple ways. How Joe Kent became the boss of these men, by sheer pluck and a pair of strong arms, the author tells us most effectively. Some of his brachial power was derived from the light of a woman's eyes, but to enter into the details here means to spoil the story.

BEN-HUR: A Tale of the Christ
by General Lew Wallace

This is a famous religious-historical romance with a mighty story, brilliant pageantry, thrilling action and deep religious reverence. It is hardly necessary to give an outline of the story, for every one is familiar with the "Star of Bethlehem and The Three Wise Men," and the wonderful description of the "Chariot Race" and "Christ Healing the Sick on the Mount of Olives."

CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE
by Joseph C. Lincoln

Cape Cod life as pictured by Mr. Lincoln is delightful in its homeliness, its wholesomeness, its quaint simplicity. The plot of this novel revolves around a little girl whom an old bachelor, Cy Whittaker, adopts. Her education is too strenuous a task for the old man to attempt alone, so he calls in two old cronies and they form a "Board of Strategy." A dramatic story of unusual merit then develops, and through it all runs that rich vein of humor which has won for the author his fixed place in the hearts of thousands of readers. Cy Whittaker is the David Harum of Cape Cod.

The SABBATH RECORDER Plainfield, N. J.
American Sabbath Tract Society

Executive Board

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The Sabbath Visitor
Published weekly, under the auspices of the Sabbath School Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society, at Plainfield, N. J.

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The Scramble for the New York for April Water Wagon

The Scramble for the New York for April Water Wagon appears at 13 inches in width, in the god of war, sword in hand, stands bowed over a sitting woman representing Europe tenderly holding her lap as if in form marked "Temperance." There is a look of unutterable surprise upon the war god's face as he studies the picture of woman and child before him, and under the cartoon are the words, "War's Fairest Offering." The reading-matter on the page is crowded with most telling figures and convincing statements of facts against the run curve. These are brought out in the form of an interview with Dr. A. A. Hopkins, editor of the National Temperance Advocate. Clear across the top of the page runs the heading, "World-wide Scramble to Board the Water Wagon," while the subheading reads, "Troops of King Barleycorn Routed on Many Fields Here and Abroad."

This entire page, aside from the story it tells in printer's ink, is one of the most convincing evidences we have ever seen, of the changing sentiment which foretells the overthrow of the saloon and the approaching victory for prohibition. Who would have thought, five years ago, that a great deal like the New York Water Wagon would occur? It would, in five years, give a whole-page in the Sunday issue—most sure to be read—to the most convincing arguments for prohibiting the liquor traffic! Other great
In speaking of his winter work in the nursery, he says: "Trees in the winter show their real character, much more clearly than when covered with foliage." After giving a long list of trees and shrubs that have many attractions in January, he explains that each has a different habit and character by which it is readily recognizable, and asks, "Who shall deny that the joys of sociability may not profitably be extended to include our tree neighbors?"

Our friend says, "Trees in winter time show their real character." So they do; for then they stand stripped and bare, with none of their summer clothing to hide crookedness, deformities, and other imperfections. The best time to choose straight, sound, and clear timber is in winter, and in some respects the winter season is the best in which to decide upon the vigor of a tree as to its future growing qualities. So there are men who never show their real worth until their summer of prosperity has fled, and the frost of adversity has withered the flattering prospects of their early years and left them in the cold winter season of adversity or adversity. Show me a man whose head and heart, while all else departs himself in times of conflict, in days of perplexity, and when life's summer has faded into somber, cloud-filled days of chilly winter, and you need go no farther to reveal the stuff he is made of. Men, too, in life's winters show their real character.

Our friend also intimates that the "joys of sociability" are not necessarily confined to include our tree neighbors. One thing is certain: nature gives us beautiful illustrations of true friendliness. There is no aristocracy in garden and field and forest. The way the maples, beeches, oaks, ashes, hickories, elms, birches, cedars, and pines mingle in friendly congregations on mountain slopes and upland plains is a standing rebuke to exclusiveness. And do the best we can to plant our flowers in separate beds, and to teach them by cultivation to grow apart, nature is constantly striving to bring them together, as the sweet violets and dandelions, and wild roses will overshadow them all, filling the air with a fragrance and the meadow with a beauty that pleases the heart of man. Well may one think that trees and plants and flowers teach lessons of that brotherly love and genuine friendliness which help so much in the establishing of Christ's kingdom on earth.

### Memorial Days
#### Four Old Papers
During memorial days of last week, when men were recalling the momentous closing scenes of the Civil War—the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, the return of the flag to Fort Sumter, and other thrilling events, no day brought such heart-stirring memories as the fifteenth of April. It was on this day, in 1865, fifty years ago, that the entire nation was shocked over the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Who can forget the effect of the first stunning dispatches! Fifty years have come and gone, yet those of you who were living then can see today just where you stood and what you felt when those terrible words were spoken announcing the terrible tragedy. And when the first papers arrived with the awful details, the scene of their reception and the people's emotions, while all were open to hear, was so fixed in memory that you can never forget it. It was on my twenty-first birthday. Quite a company had gathered at the station to receive the president; while all were open to hear, not a word was said. Some of us, even, may have felt the tears of the old papers as they strewed the track where the paces of the cars were.
prepared by Elder Matthew Stillman, filled two pages, thus leaving only two pages for recording the doings of Conference. Aside from the losing loyalty to its teachings, the letter expresses gratitude for the "smile of God upon Bible and missionary societies," although our Missionary Society was not then organized. It was with this General Conference that the General Missionary Society was formed; and the Tract, Education, and Publishing societies were organized still later.

The Alfred Church petitioned Conference to "appoint a committee to visit them, and enquire into the expediency of ordaining Daniel Babcock and Richard Hull as evangelists"; and in compliance with the request, Rev. Eli S. Bailey, Rev. William B. Maxson, and Rev. John Green were appointed to attend the matter. Then came a petition from the Scott Church for Conference to examine Joel Greene for ordination, which was granted. It may be said here that these petitions show that our fathers did believe Conference should have something to say in the ordaining of Seventh Day Baptist ministers.

Steps were taken for securing an appropriate selection of hymns for our churches, and several sermons were preached during the meeting. It was voted to hold the next meeting with the church at Hopkinton, and sixteen churches, beginning with Newport, were listed in the statistics, showing an aggregate of 2,724 members. According to a copy of minutes for 1826, two years later, the Conference met in Berlin, N. Y., and "a Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath School" was proposed. The committee reported appropriations of about $160 for the use of the board. These appropriations came from the missionary societies in the several churches.

Turning to our last Year Book, with its 312 pages, we find a record of no less than twenty missionary in foreign fields, with two foreign ministers and several evangelists and teachers; and a home field record of forty missionaries working all or part of the year, with many churches aided by the boards, and a yearly budget for missions of $12,000 to $14,000. We find Tract Society work calling for a budget of nearly $3,000, an Education Society interested in three good colleges and a seminary, which are supported at an expenditure of nearly $74,000 a year; a Memorial Fund for denominational work amounting to $198,353.34, to say nothing of the support of the General Conference Board, the Young People's Board, and the Sabbath School Board; and we say that if we had ever been guilty of minimizing our denominational work and of longing for the good old days, we should be entirely cured of our folly. It requires only a glance at these records to see that there has been great progress since the days of our fathers. This, however, in no way detracts from the esteem in which we hold the sterling men who appear in the old minutes and who laid so well the foundations of all this good work.

"I am sending the All-Comforting Love words below with a re-lightens Our Burdens quest that they be printed in the Recorder. They were sent to me by a friend."

Jesus' love can take the bitterness out of every grief, and the weight out of every burden.

We do not know the writer, but she is evidently one of God's children and understands something of the comfort of divine love in time of trouble. We believe God's children realize all too inadequately the blessings of a heavenly Father's love as manifested in Christ Jesus his Son. We think ourselves happy if we can forget our sorrows, and rejoice in Christ's love just for a while when now and then, forgetting too often that our Father offers this blessed experience for our abiding comfort.

God's love is like a mother's. She never forgets your child's love, and stops solicitude for that one who is in sorrow or whose burden is heaviest. Her love and help are not measured so much by what the child may ask as by her ability to help. When grief overwhelms the child in its play, it does not seek comfort from its playmates, but thinks only of mother, and, knowing that mother-love never has failed, runs straight to her for comfort. She folds it in her bosom, smooths its locks, wipes away its tears, rocks it to sleep singing a sweet and restful song that causes it to forget all its troubles and rest in perfect peace. God is the mother; and the poor worried, burdened soul is the tired child. The arms of infinite love are wide enough to embrace all earth's children, while the arms of the mother embrace but one. God in Christ Jesus clasps every yearning, sorrowing soul to his compassionate bosom. He is always near. We can not get away from his loving presence. Yet we do often close our eyes, turn away our faces, and, forgetting him, try to bear our griefs alone. Why can we not think of God more as the child thinks of mother? It never for a moment suspect that mother can forget its needs, and it never hesitates to turn to her for help in trouble.

A young man once wrote to Henry Ward Beecher asking for an easy berth. He was looking for a way to secure a living without hard toil and evidently thought that Mr. Beecher could tell him how to find it. What do you think the great preacher wrote in reply? It was this: "You can not be an editor, do not try the law; do not try to get along alone.

"No ships, no hard toil; and yet they wanted to do nothing hard and yet they were not afraid. William C. Whitford represents the Seventy Day Baptist people on the International Committee, and we notice he was made a member of the Committee on Graded Lessons.

Brewers Turn Reformers

According to the daily papers, New York City is enjoying the unusual spectacle of a reform movement headed by the brewers. It seems that these gentlemen hold in their hands a large percentage of the saloon-keepers of Greater New York. It is claimed that they have chatted mortgages on 85 per cent of the saloons and can absolutely control the great majority of liquor-sellers. From
all indications they have, of late, seen the handwriting on the wall, and read their doom in the uprising of public sentiment and its effect in making city officials more determined to enforce the laws. Then the prospect, a Billy Sunday campaign added to the certainty that open saloons on Sunday will bring the traffic into greater contempt; therefore the brewers, apparently submitting to the inevitable, ordered the saloons to close on Sunday.

We had reached this point in the write-up when the next New York paper came to hand, and the conspicuous heading, on this saloon question, reads, "Saloons Ignore Brewers' Order. Side doors swing freely all day." The first sentence of the article is: "New York was not the driest place in the world yesterday." It looks as though the great evangelist would have to go there after all. No pretensions to reform on the part of the liquor fraternity can be relied upon as genuine. I believe it was Talma who said, "When the fox begins to pray, look out for your chickens."

**Fifteen Men Go to States Prison**

The public has been interested in the efforts to bring conspirators in the election frauds of Terre Haute, Ind., to justice. On Sunday, April 18, Mayor Roberts and fourteen others started from Indianapolis for the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan. The sheriff and a judge were among them, all under guard as they marched to the train in charge of the United States marshal. None of their wives were allowed to go to the station with them. They were lined up in view of eighty-two fellow conspirators now serving jail sentences for their part in the frauds.

**Dr. Montessori Again in America**

Dr. Maria Montessori who interested the American people two years ago lecturing and demonstrating her methods, is again in this country. She arrived one day last week from Naples, Italy, and going to California by invitation of the Board of Education of that State. She is to give instruction to a special class of teachers.

Fully thirty Montessori schools have sprung up in New York City within three years, and on her arrival here the Doctor held her first conference with students of her school in America. The meeting was said to be impressive. The Italian teacher greeted her "disciples" in this country with delight, and expressed her joy that children here have more pleasant schoolrooms and school environments than can be given them in Italy.

She spoke of the rapid progress of her schools in her native land. So far, in this country, it has been difficult to get her system into public schools because the boards do not take it kindly; but permission has just been secured to establish a class in Public School No. 4. The principal in that school is enthusiastic over Dr. Montessori's work.

**Edison's Plant Up Again**

Our readers will be glad to know that the great plant of Thomas A. Edison, destroyed by fire eighteen weeks ago, has been rebuilt and is larger and better than before. Practically the entire force of 7,000 men are again at work, and many new ones have found places in the chemical plant recently built at Silver Lake to supply dyestuffs, and material for the diamond disk phonograph.

It seems that those who circulated the report about the Japanese seizing a station on Turtle Bay, Lower California, were more scared than hurt. It now turns out that instead of a formidable fleet establishing a caon on the island, there were some Japanese vessels at work securing salvage from the Japanese battleship Asama, which sank there last year. The rumors that the Japanese were sowing mines and establishing a naval base in close proximity to the United States have to rest.

It is now reported that the battleship Asama will be floated and saved for further duty.

After nearly a month the salving crew at work on the sunken United States submarine F-4 has succeeded in raising it twelve feet from the ocean floor off Honolulu and towing it toward shore until it rests upon the sloping bottom. As yet nothing is known of the condition of the bodies within the F-4.

David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, has joined the ranks of those in America who are striving to secure equal rights for the Jews abroad. Mr. Jordan writes: "I will consider it an honor and a pleasure to do anything in my power to relieve the distress of the Jewish race, which is being further downtrodden and oppressed by the horrible conditions existing in Europe."

When one of the British submarines in the Dardanelles ran aground and was thereby likely to fall into the hands of the Turks, for the purpose of service, the British destroyed it with their own torpedoes to prevent its being used against them. Its crew were either killed or taken prisoners.

**Sabbath Rally Day, May 22**

Some people have the idea that this is a Rally Day for the Sabbath school. That is not the purpose of the Tract Society in asking the churches to make May 22 a Sabbath Rally Day. The purpose is to stimulate united interest in the Sabbath, by asking all the people to turn a special attention to matters of the Sabbath, to rally 'round the Sabbath" in an earnest, loving, loyal, prayerful celebration.

To help the churches and people in this matter, the Tract Society is having prepared a program for that week. The Sabbath School Board has provided the program for the Sabbath-school hour of that Sabbath Day, and the Young People's Board has provided the program for the Christian Endeavor meeting. Then programs have been made out for the Junior meeting, for the church prayer meeting, for a young people's sociable to be held a week-day evening, a program for the sewing-meeting of the woman's society, and a program for a general meeting of all the evening after the Sabbath.

Now it is too much to hope or expect that very many, if any, of the churches will hold all these meetings. But the Tract Society has a program of its own, and asks that the people take hold of this matter with enthusiasm, and so emphasize the value and importance of the Sabbath, of a better observance of the Sabbath, and the relation of our denomination to the Sabbath, that the week of May 22 will be long remembered by our children to their good and to the uplifting of the work and truth for which we stand.

**A Tribute to Pastor Ashurst**

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" would like to say a few words of loving appreciation of this noble preacher of the gospel. His Christian spirit, his grasp of the great things of God, his deep-rooted and unwavering faith, his unselfish life, were an inspiration to me. When I was holding revival meetings at Walworth during his pastorate there, he was seized with a severe cold which kept him from attending most of the subsequent meetings. But his heart glowed with constant interest and fervent prayer, lifting the rest of us.

One day he told me some kind words of appreciation for my work which had come to his ears. "Now, my brother," he said in that unaffected manner which was so characteristic of him, "I want you to know that there is not a particle of jealousy in my heart. It makes me happy to hear such things said of you. These are something to the work he uses, but I can not put it in the paper." A self-forgetting love which transfigured his face and made feel that I was in holy presence.

I have had from him incidents of his experience, answers to prayer, and copies of sermons on the Holy Spirit, Second Coming of Christ, and related themes. All these I prize highly, and I hope at other times to pass on some of these things to
The Treasurer's report was read and, having been audited, was approved and filed.

The Board voted that a further grant of $25 to each of the following men studying in theological schools be made: A. Clyde Ehret and Iris S. Goff, at Alfred; Herbert L. Polan, at Union Theological Seminary; Paul S. Burdick, at Rochester Theological Seminary, and Peter Taekema, of Rotterdam.

The proper officers were authorized to execute a deed in the sum of $350 for the sale of the Stokse (Ohio) church.

The Finance Committee were directed to foreclose the Henry-Kohn Mortgage on 323 Plainfield Ave, on account of his arrears.

Minutes read and approved. Board adjourned.

William C. Hubbard, Secretary.

Amounts distributed this quarter, as follows:

Alfred University 
Alfred Theological Seminary 
Milton College 
American Baptist School of Theology 
S. D. B. Missionary Society 

$1,133.84

The Federal Council

Churches or individuals desiring to help in the work of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America are requested to send their contributions, as soon as conveniently can attend to this matter, to the treasurer of Conference, William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

"When your joy goes out to others, you may know that your own heart is full."
In a building if s'ome essential portion, requirements which lead then.

I have spoken about the spiritual life. What is my conception of this life? Briefly, it is the life of God in man. Its presence is shown by the thoughts, motives and desires one entertains; by the principles he makes his own and by which he is actuated; by the ideals he follows and the character he forms. What he is reveals the kind of life he is living within.

Among other fundamental truths connected with the divine life in man is the question of the Sabbath and its relation to spiritual living. Is the Sabbath of divine origin — continued with divine permission and purpose? Then it must have special spiritual significance. So the theme compels the question, Does true Sabbath-keeping or Sabbathlessness radically influences the decline of the life from God in man. In a building if some essential portion, however small, be left out, the structure has an evident or hidden weakness which some crisis will reveal. It may stand ordinary strain without causing alarm. But when the test comes, then it is that the defective spot and its consequence weakness appears. We know that it is the height of folly to attempt to build a character while we leave out one or more necessary qualifications. If a single virtue is omitted the stress of worldly influence and temptations will expose it and show it to be weakened by so much. A spiritual character is an aggregate of the right choice in the life of hope, love, obedience, good works, devout worship,—all welded together into a firm symmetrical whole. The Sabbath designed for man's worshipful use and spiritual needs enters into this spiritual make-up. Every part lends strength to its fellow unit. If one part is missing the whole moral and spiritual structure is correspondingly weakened. So with the Sabbath; considering its author and his attitude towards it in balancing it and surrounding it with safeguards, we are compelled to admit that it has more than transient worth; it becomes one of the integral parts of the soul-life. Its origin is a warning to us that we cannot ignore or treat lightly an institution given with such deep spiritual intent without real danger. The attitude of the Sabbath-breaker becomes at once the cause and result of spiritual decline. It is only the logical workmanship of laws that have fallen upon a strange period in which the spirit of the times is at once educational and unspiritual.

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in the muddy waters of the river to be freed from his leprosy? But until he yielded implicit obedience his loathsome ness remained" (E. M. Dunn). It was a trifling thing that Israel was commanded not to take of the devoted thing. But when Achan took and hid a costly garment and a wedge of gold of small value, an outraged God spoke out in slaughter and defeat until they learned that God can not be mocked with impunity.

It was a small thing for Saul, after the defeat of Amalek, to keep a goodly portion of the choicest parts of the spoil. Surely, God would not be displeased if only the plunder was offered in sacrifice. But only by rejection of his ancestors could God impress upon king and people that there were no degrees in obedience and that to "obey was better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

Obedience is the unfailing test of one's disposition towards the requirements of God. He has always the first claim—and honors our acknowledgment of his claims—to our affection, our obedience and our service. Thus there is a vital connection between the true attitude toward the Sabbath and the divine life in man. True Sabbath-keeping serves a large purpose in fostering this divine life. It must be jealously safeguarded. Favors and blessings of our heavenly Father are contingent upon its right conception and observance. "If then," in the words of another, "Sabbath-keeping is the way of life, let us remember what is so plainly taught throughout the Bible and history, that Sabbath-breaking is the way of death. It is a dismal death, a slow death, but a certain death. Man can not live in defiance of the loving Father's life-giving, life-saving covenant. As we value the life of our dear ones, the integrity of our families, the present and future of our nation and the world, let us write on our hearts and minds in our lives and teachings the loving warning, 'Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

Lay up lasting treasure Of perfect service rendered, duties done In charity, soft speech and stainless days: These riches shall not fade away, Nor any death dispair.
—Sir Edwin Arnold.

**THE SABBATH RECORDER**

**Provisional Program for Yearly Meeting**

Provisional program of the yearly meeting of the New Jersey, New York City, and Berlin, N. Y., churches, to be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at New Market, N. J., June 4. 5. and 6, 1915.

Special music in charge of the choirmaster of the entertaining church.

**Sabbath Eve**

7.45 Prayer and Praise Service—Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins
8.15 Sermon—Rev. E. D. Van Horn Conference of Ministers—Rev. T. L. Gardiner

**Sabbath Morning**

10.30 The usual Sabbath worship
11.00 Sermon—Rev. Erlo E. Sutton

**Sabbath Afternoon**

2.30 Sabbath School; conducted by Jesse G. Burdick, Superintendent of New Market School
4.00 Music
4.45 Address to the Young People—Frank Langworthy

**Evening after the Sabbath**

7.45 Prayer and Praise Service—Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn
8.00 Music
8.05 Address—Edle. F. Randolph
8.30 Music
8.35 Sermon—Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell
9.15 Benediction

**Sunday Morning**

10.30 Prayer and Praise Service—Rev. Edwin Shaw
10.45 Business
11.15 Music
11.30 Sermon—Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins

**Sunday Afternoon**

2.30 Prayer and Praise Service—Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell
2.45 Address—Rev. Erlo E. Sutton
3.10 Music
3.15 Address—Rev. T. L. Gardiner
3.40 Music—Congregation
3.45 Benediction

**Sunday Evening**

7.45 Song Service—New Market Choir
8.15 Sermon—Rev. Edwin Shaw Conference Meeting—Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins

Please look this program over and inform me as soon as possible whether or not you are willing to take the part assigned you. Also send titles of addresses in time for them to be printed in the notice of the program, where some has been chosen, but it is expected that the meeting will be evangelistic in nature.

In behalf of the committee,

**HERBERT L. POLAN,**
Chairman.

"He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor."

**MISSIONS**

** Calls From the Field**

Rev. E. B. Saunders sends us the following interesting extracts taken from his correspondence as field secretary.

Hammond, La. From church clerk:

"It is with sorrow that we as a church write you in regard to another pastor. Our beloved pastor, Mr. Harrell has been called home, and we are lonely sheep. We feel that we must not let our little light go entirely out, so we write you to know if there is any possibility of our getting another pastor here. We must have a pastor, it seems. . . . Would the Missionary Board still be willing to make the usual appropriation of $200 for another pastor, as they did for Elder Ashurst? Our members are still fewer, as dear Mr. and Mrs. Potter have gone to Plainfield, N. J., to spend the remainder of their days.

"There is any one you know of, or the board can suggest, we shall be very glad to know about it. Let us hear from you soon."

Hammond, La. From a personal letter:

"We have quite a few children here. We must for their sakes, as well as for our older folks, hold the fort. . . . It is a good solid man we want, if he is not so young and up to date. Some of the younger, I notice, are a little erratic. We couldn't support a minister who was entirely dependent on us as a church. . . . If we can have a pastor by his being partly self-supporting, seems as if it ought to come our way. . . . We have no idea of giving up. I believe God helps those who help themselves. If we do our part, he surely will do his."

New Auburn, Minn. From the church clerk:

"Our New Auburn Church decided to ask you if there was some one we could get to come here and hold a series of meetings. Would like to have them soon, before spring's work. We have Sabbath school every week, but very seldom have any preaching. Please let me hear from you soon."

New Auburn, Minn. From a personal letter:

"I think our church clerk has already written you. . . . I am glad you favor assisting us. Now there are a few of us here—yet who hold up the ignoble, blessed light of Jesus, but we feel as if we must have help. There are quite a few of our young people here. Some have wandered away and some have never made any confession, but they come to our Sabbath service. We think they ought to be gathered into the fold. We expect the semi-annual meeting will be held here in June and we decided that would be a good time to hold some extra meetings. We wish the board could send Rev. Burdett Coon and the singer who is with him, and to stay as long as the interest would warrant. Some of us are very anxious that something be done, and the quicker the better. We will do all we can and leave the results with the Lord. We do not feel like setting any definite time for his coming. If he could come before June, it would be all right, but we hope we shall hear from you soon."

From a letter written from Gentry:

At the church meeting in Gentry, the clerk was instructed to correspond with reference to securing a pastor, and inquire how much the board would be able to pay. He said they would request help call for help, but where we ought to be self-supporting, but we are not able. . . . We are having various ones occupy the pulpit on the Sabbath, usually our young people. . . . Three of our young people have 'confessed Christ and united with the church.'

The following is from one of our ministers:

"I am glad to see the encouraging reports from Shiloh and Marboro. It is such work as that which gives us courage to go on with our work in the face of discouragements. . . . Such revival work is what we need rather than a prayer book. It seems so strange to me that, so often, when we feel real need of spiritual awakening, on our part, think forms, ceremonies, the shell instead of the genuine thing, is what we need help. We don't need to doctor symptoms, but to get down to the root of the trouble. We need to diagnose the disease, then apply the remedy. . . . God bless Brother D. Burdick, Conard, and L. Burdick."

Exeland field. From Mrs. Abbey:

"I have three meetings a week (two at Windfall Lake, one at Exeland), e and do what personal work I can. Several have
asked for prayers. Three have lately come out for Christ. Christians are more active than when I came, but there are many outside whom we desire to reach. Ours is the only church here, except the German. Special meetings are needed here, I believe, which will draw the crowds.

People support the work loyally, morally, and financially.

From another letter:

"Brother T. J. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, Minn., is here. We commenced the campaign tonight. He gave a tender appeal to message to a good audience. I conducted the after-meeting. There were a good many testimonies. Upon the request for all who desired to get nearer to God to raise the hand, a number did so, including some who are not professors, I think." From another letter:

"We will lose our church property at Berlin if meetings are not held there soon. A First Day man from there visited Grand Marsh while I was there, and said he wished I would come there and hold meetings; that the First Day people felt bad to have the church go down. We all turn out when meetings are held in the Seventh Day church," he said.

Message to Tract Board

From the Field

DEAR BROTHER SHAW:

My last communication was from Marion, Iowa. Reluctantly leaving the pastorless, but faithful people there, I went to Waterloo, to search out some Sabbath-keepers, though I did not know their street and number. The city is large and divided into east and west by the river. I remembered that when I was in the orphan work and came to this city years ago, I had a friend, Carpenter, who kept the Carpenter Hotel. I found my way there and was royally entertained and furnished meals and lodging free. Brother Carpenter still persists that he is a Seventh Day Baptist and does what he can on Sixth Day to prepare for his guests and the Sabbath. We visited until nearly midnight, talking of the things that have to do with social and religious life. The problem of Sabbath-keeping and following certain trades and professions is indeed great. Whatever one may think about doing this and that and professing Sabbath-keeping, almost sure it is that the families of children are lost to us unless they have church, and Sabbath school, and social privileges, among Sabbath-keepers.

In finding two other Seventh Day Baptists in the city, I had to do a great deal of walking, phoning and inquiring; but was at last rewarded with heart to heart talks. No RECORDERS are taken in Waterloo that I could find. I heard of another family but failed entirely in finding them. I leave two or three tracts at each place and a copy of The Recorder when not taken, with plea to not keep house without it. At Dysart, Iowa, I found "our L. S. K.", that was on my list, to be far in the country, had never kept the Sabbath, was not a Christian, and came from Albion, Ill. None of his family ever kept the day. How the name was sent to me as that of an L. S. K. I can not understand; and "there are others." I "ran up" to Toledo where is a sister in this classification. I united her in marriage to her husband fifteen years ago. Her two boys are well up in the grades in school for the years, but the family is not again. What of the religious education? It makes the heart ache to see so many of these bright boys and girls led away from truth and right, and into the whirlpool of commercialism and extreme worldliness. Why must it be? Is there no thought of all this at the marriage altar, or when the family chooses a location?

At Tama City I failed to find the L. S. K., and leaving a letter at the office, it was in four days returned "unclaimed." I am sorry to miss any, but there will be some we will not hear from or be able to locate. Several towns that were to be visited will be passed by, as letters inform me of removals or long summer visits out of the State.

Not having any place to stay or do good for Sabbath, April 30, and being so near Garwin, I ran up there to look for a pastor. I preached for them, giving a message in the line of our work and on the great dangers of "scatteration." I was able to visit many families, some sick ones, and especially our dear brother C. L. Lipincott, who daily faces death as it is coming slowly but surely to all human appearances. This does not worry him in the least. He has settled all that with the dear

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Redeemer, but he is still deeply interested in the spiritual interest and movements of our people at large.

Garwin is alive and active. The Christian Endeavor and choir have a fine new orchestra, and the people are awaiting the coming in of Pastor E. L. Harley, one of their "own boys," who knows the needs of the field, and is alive to all its best interests.

Everywhere I go thus far, the dangers of moving away from church and society are being more and more reviewed and lamented. God hasten the time when all families will face this evil and remedy it even at a great sacrifice of lands or wealth or position.

At this time of the year and among Iowa's scattered ones there is very little opportunity or wish for any meetings to be held in schoolhouses or elsewhere by a visiting preacher. It must be personal work and slow work. Conditions are vastly different in these older States, and to travel over hills or prairies, inviting people to come to a schoolhouse, when they all live so near old churches of different faiths, is more than quietism. Iowa is not Texas or Oklahoma. What the Dakotas are, remains to be seen later on.

I am sincerely,

H. D. CLARKE.

April 12, 1915.

Letter From Java to Friends in America

DEAR FRIENDS:

I think I am a very happy creature, as I get so much love and sympathy, not only from my own relatives, but also from people I have never met in all my life.

In my letter to Brother Yehtusuyn, translated in English by him, and printed in the Recorder of December 21, is mentioned about "my kind sister in America," who always sends me all sorts of good things to eat; this is a funny mistake. It ought to be, "My sister in Salatiga." That is a town in Java, I can reach in ten hours by train. She is a real mother to me, the eldest of all the ten children my parents had; she is twelve years older than I.

Really I feel very thankful for all the kind letters you all send me. I wish I could answer them one by one, as I ought to; but I know you will forgive me, when I only answer by postcard. And now in the Recorder I am going to write more fully. First, I got that beautiful picture of the Niagara Falls, sent by Miss Minnie Godfrey and taken by herself. I do appreciate it, Father; please accept my hearty thanks. I hope you have received my packet all right, and you can use the little things for your mission exhibition.

And then I got such lovely Christmas cards from the family, Christian Endeavor society, Plainfield. I presume it was little children who sent them to me. Through Mrs. Edwin Shaw I have written a few words to thank them, dear little ones. Oh, they have gladdened my heart! And lately I received such a cheering letter from Mrs. Allie E. Curtis with such a beautiful book-mark. Oh, may our Lord bless you all and reward you a hundred fold for your love and kindness. And most of all I value your prayers. God will answer them. I like to sing Philip Phillips' song:

"In some way or other The Lord will provide; It may be by sea, it may not be by land. It may not be thy way, And yet, in his own way, 'The Lord will provide.'"

"At some time or other The Lord will provide; It may not be my time, It may not be thy time, 'The Lord will provide.'"

But you must never think I have such a great faith, as Mrs. Curtis wrote to me. Oh, that makes me really ashamed. How very, very often the Lord has to rebuke me, "O thou of little faith!" But he is teaching me, and leading me, and training me with such a tender love and patience. Oh, what a wonderful Savior we have! Bless his holy name!

Mrs. E. W. Ramsay, of Botna, also wrote me such a kind letter, assuring me of her sympathy. You want to know how I live, dear sister, so I will tell you in this Recorder. Perhaps there are others who also want to know. I live in a bamboo cottage; I think you would call the floor a "mud floor." The roof is covered with the leaves of a palm tree. It does not leak, at least very seldom; and it can easily be repaired. So I am thankful
for such a good shelter, as the rains are very heavy in the rainy season. It is the rainy season just now, and we really got our share of rain and storms, this year. But thus far the storms have not done very much damage. I had all the buildings (all made of bamboo) repaired before the rains came. I live mostly on rice with vegetables and a sweet potato, also eggs and milk, and for breakfast biscuits and porridge. So you see that is very good. I have planted a lot of fruit trees near my house, and some of them bear fruit already. I had to make a good fence around them, or else I would have lost them. Every night thieves are going round to steal maize and tapioca roots. And even my own Javanese people take away the fruit they see. Thievishness is one of the vices of these people; and only a few of these Javanese are converted.

Sometimes it is very hard to know whether they are converted or not. Often they confess to being converted; they can pray so beautifully, and behave well, and at once all their evil is gone, and I don’t know what to do with them. The woman I wrote about in my last letter always seemed to be good; but now she is so unrighteous as she can be. Her husband, who is a rich Christian, is so selfish about her. There are quite a few who want to be baptized; I have tried them about two years, and they seem really earnest. But I am not yet strong enough to go to the river with them. I feel much better than I did two months ago, after my sickness; but still I am not yet able to go to school. I have to leave that work to the native teacher. In the morning I work in the medicine room, where the sick people get their medicines, and where their sores are dressed. Sometimes I visit one or two sick people in their homes. At midday we have a short prayer meeting for those who long to be baptized with the Holy Spirit. And at six o’clock in the evening, when I am well, I hold a short meeting for all the people. The rest of the day I am writing or sewing, or cutting clothes for my people, and I make the girls I used to go and look at the work in the field, but I am not strong enough now; so I leave that entirely to my Javanese overseer. He is a good Christian, very diligent and faithful. He, his wife and his sonny little boy, two and a half years old, are such a comfort to me. Still a European man is urgently needed in this work. Although the overseer (Kerta is his name) is so good and true, the people often will not obey him; sometimes he is very discouraged. Then he wants to lay down his work; and oh, if I should not know what to do without him. If a European man had the oversight of it all, it would be so much the better. Then we could cultivate more land and make the work supply for itself.

Last month a European man offered himself to take my place; he wanted to come and work here with his sister, as he had heard from my nephew I was weak and suffering. I was so glad he would believe me, so I could have time to look after the school and to write some simple Javanese books these poor people could understand. But when I asked him what he thought about keeping the Sabbath, he answered, he had no objection to keeping the Seventh Day, all as days of the week were just alike, only he was very much against the doctrines of the “Sabbatarians.” You understand, I could not accept him for this work. God’s Holy Sabbath is too precious to me, to see its very principles neglected; and I could not allow some one to teach these poor, ignorant Javanese that all days are just alike, and that everybody could choose one day out of the seven, just which suited him best.

So I am toiling on again as best I can. I only have to arrange for those who need more care than I can give them now. For instance, there is a sick man, a poor thing, who gets fits every night; others are a little bit silly; some are too weak to do the rice-stamping, and I am not able to look after them to make them do some light work; others are nearly always sick and want proper treating. Now these poor things are very much neglected. So I am corresponding with a friend of mine, who has a similar colony for poor Javanese, to arrange for about three of these weak and suffering ones that they can go to her colony. Only she keeps Sunday; so that is a great pity. But it can not be helped; and those people I want to go to her are not converted. It is very sad to send them away, especially the children, but I can not see them neglected as they are now. Oh, if only I could get a good help before long! There will still be a lot of work left, as there will remain about 150 people. Now, I think this letter is long enough. I wish you all good news from my friends there.

I hope it will not go astray. I am afraid not all my letters reach you, and not all your letters reach me. For instance, I did not get the Recorder of September 14. (Could I perhaps get another copy instead, please?)

I don’t know if I have written to you before, that I got good news from my loved ones in Russia. Oh, I do thank God for prayers. One of my nieces wrote in her last letter: “The Russians are not so bad as you think, auntie; we are still in our old home and go to school as usual.” My old aunt has been able to leave Belgium; she is in Holland now, and my cousin, who is an orphan, will come and live with her. May our heavenly Father bless you all abundantly!

Yours to do his blessed will,

M. JANSZ.

Pangengosen, Tajoe P. O., Java,
February 26, 1915.
Ho! L. S. K. Secretaries

Time is flying, and while we have been talking, or writing, of everything else, I hope you have not been idle. Are you ready with your reports? Copy out your report cards promptly? Have the L. S. K.'s all filled them in and returned the same? I fear not, or I should be getting more of your reports. Some that I have received are not as complete as could be wished. My own State here is no good example for the rest, only two of the cards sent out being returned. In some States our heaviest contributors are as yet unreported. Well, I guess we will have to try again. Some of them have doubtless forgotten, or mislaid their card. Please hurry out a follow-up call, and then if they fail, perhaps the general secretary will send them another reminder. In the meantime better gather up the data you have, and send to me, and forward the rest when you get it. And I hope the scattered L. S. K.'s will take the hint, and without further waiting send in their reports, if they have thus far failed to do so. Remember, you may be a secretary yourself next year. Put yourself in his place. With best wishes for the work and the workers.

Miss Ivy Green, Ely, Minn., sends $5 for the Ministerial Relief Fund.

Sincerely,

G. M. COTTRELL,
General Secretary L. S. K.'s.
Topeka, Kan.

From the moment of His self-dedication, when He threw His cares away, and went forth not knowing where to lay His head, the whole energy which others spend on interests of their own was poured into His human and divine affections, and filled His life with an enthusiasm resolute and unique. However quiet His words, it is impossible not to feel the tender depths from which they come. —James Martineau.

In this world it is not what we take up but what we give up that makes us rich.
—Beecher.

O brothers! are ye asking how the bills of happiness to find? Then know they lie beyond the vow—God helping me, I will be kind.
—Winston Waterman.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Pity, God, O Give Us Peace!

The world's a-tremble with the tread Of millions of her fighting men. The bodies of the shriveled dead Pass into common clay again.

And at their doors the women stand With starving babes at shrunklen breast, And watch their mourning band That perished in the war god's quest.

O God, thy people cry to thee, Whom know'at all the fruits of war, Wilt thou not hear? Wilt thou not see? Or is there punishment in store?

Lord God, thy splendor shines again Magnificent with earth's sucession—Grant mercy on thy children, then, And pity, God, O give us peace!—Charles J. M'Gurk, in Chicago Tribune.

America is sending a delegation of noble women to the international congress of women which assembles at The Hague on April 20.

As a farewell to the Chicago delegates, of whom Miss Jane Addams is the head, a company of actors, under the auspices of the Woman's Peace Party of Chicago, presented the famous old tragedy of Euripides' "Trojan Woman." It is said that seldom has a Chicago audience been so moved as upon this occasion, when the theater was crowded to its capacity by a distinguished audience.

The play was written at the time of Athens' greatest prosperity, and portrayed to the victorious Athenians the author's view of victory; this was a new picture to them, as it showed the condition of the vanquished, the sorrow and degradation of the vanquished, the broken homes, the killing of the children, and the wretchedness and desolation everywhere.

This group of actors will travel about the country for twenty weeks, presenting this tragedy in various cities, striving to help the agitation for peace. Just before the curtain was raised Miss Addams spoke to the audience, stating the position of the women, as follows:

The women of the peace party hope to be able to present the cause of peace more graphically ever in a more beautiful form than ever before. They want to present peace more as an appeal. In the present tragedy Euripides showed the action of war upon women and children.

The Trojan women have no consciousness of the sympathy of other women. Now thousands of women of neutral countries are one in sympathy of the sisters of the war-ridden countries. Never before have women been so well armed.

It seems fitting to state the position of women upon war, to state women's reaction, not only in the belligerent countries but also to the neutral nations. We do not think that we can settle the war. We do not think that by raising hands the armies will cease slaughter. We do think that it is valuable to state a new point of view. We do think that it is fitting that women should meet and take counsel to see what may be done.

It was Ladies' Night in the Twilight Club in a city not far from Milton. There were five of us Seventh Day Baptists who tried to K's at the same table. But it is not of that I intend to speak. I want to tell you of the things contained in the address of the evening. The speaker was Mr. Wheeler, a war correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, who had returned from the war zone. The address was a waking attack upon warfare, and a plea for the people of America to exert every possible effort to revive a respect and veneration for the teaching of the Ten Commandments. I was the more impressed by this address because it was delivered before a club of business men, and I was pleased to see that it held for two hours the closest attention of the three hundred people present.

Mr. Wheeler said that in this war the women and children are the real sufferers; this is true of all the countries engaged in the struggle. Many women, unused to suffering, are losing their minds. In south Belgium now there are ten thousand women and children without food. Among the fugitives from Antwerp and other Belgian cities many women in delicate health; eight hundred babies were born along the roadside in straw huts or hovels. He told of the children, the poor starving children, with their pinched faces and wasted bodies, who came and threw their arms about his knees and begged him to give them something to eat before they died. No reporter, said Mr. Wheeler, with
any heart at all could go through such experiences without being converted to Christianity. He himself was not a Christian when he went; "But they converted me," he said with great earnestness.

Religion has appeared apparently, and hate has taken its place. Children are taught to hate. In Germany a little girl struck him several times before her mother could stop her because she heard him speaking English. Many—good, pious women—are going about saying, "There is no God." Others are saying, "To hell with God." What the effect will be upon future generations, no one, can say. "Passion and lust for blood is enthroned over there," said Mr. Wheeler. "In England, the high prelates of the church, after praying for peace, qualify their prayers by asking God on high to give peace, only with the victory of the English arms. In Germany there are the same petitions to the Almighty in the interests of the Fatherland. And, in the meanwhile, the Ten Commandments and the holy teachings are being violated and disregarded as they never were before in the history of the civilized world.

And what of the future, my fellow countrymen? Men and women will there be in England when the youths start to join Kitchener's army are encouraged and urged to marry some woman capable of bearing a child, the night before they leave for the front. And the government pays those mothers ten shillings a week. Many women, good, pious, but Mr. Wheeler thinks that for
every monument erected to a soldier, another should be erected—one for a lesson to future generations and for the sake of civilization. And upon it let us portray, as best we may, the story of ten million youths slaughtered, of five million widows and of twenty million orphans; and let us picture the disease, starvation and suffering, the destruction, the devastation and ruin.

Enough money has already been spent in this war to have wiped out every tenement district in the United States. If all the money could have been used to prevent the spread of disease, all preventable diseases might have been stopped. In conclusion he made a strong appeal for us to stand by the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, saying that it is time to start getting busy with the old-fashioned dogma of religion that our mothers taught us, and remember that God is a God of love.

Descon Paul M. Barber

Paul Maxson Barber was born in Westerly, R. I., October 16, 1861, and died in his home in Ashaway, with hardening of the arteries, April 5, 1915, at the ripe age of 80 years, 6 months, and 18 days. He was the son of Jared and Elizba Stanton Barber.

He early improved the educational advantages offered by the public schools of Westerly, and, later, was a thorough and capable student in DeRuyter Institute, DeRuyter, N. Y., where he began public-school teaching which he subsequently followed for some time. For nearly forty years he was the superintendent of the public schools of Hopkinton, which office he filled honorably and proficently, with which he resigned two years ago on account of failing health. No small man can fill such an office for such a length of time. But to this work, as to all other that he undertook, Mr. Barber brought his best skill, wide knowledge, broad foundations in the principles of education, and all his faculties of observation and deduction, together with a deep sympathy for teacher and pupil that made for his long years of successful leadership.

In his earlier years he served his apprenticeship in ship-building, a training that manifested itself in his character in qualities of accuracy and exactitude. His love for mechanical pursuits was never lost, and for many years he was called upon from all over the town for work of this kind. He always seemed to know exactly what to do, just how to do it, and lost no time in putting it into practice.

While he was still a young man the Civil War broke out, and at the call of duty he responded to the call of President Lincoln and enlisted. He was at the front, and participated in the battle of Bull Run. He was mustered out at the close of three months' honorable service. He was a member of the John A. Logan Post, G. A. R., of Ashaway.

For four years he represented the town of Hopkinton in the State Assembly, and in the latter part of his term held other town and public offices of honor and trust.

August 1, 1857, he was married to Clarissa Angelina Kenyon, who survives him. For exactly fifty-eight years these two lived their life happily together, making a most exemplary home, furnishing an ideal of home life that might indeed be well and profitably applied to all. The secret of this quiet, happy life is found in Jesus Christ, whom he accepted as a Savior and personal friend, early in his life. He was baptized, and joined the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1848, of which he ever remained a faithful, efficient and active member. He made of his religion a personal thing, a vital factor in all his thinking and activity. To him it was not a garment to be donned on a Sunday morning and hung up in the closet at the close of the day for the week to come; it was more than a garment—it was a spirit, a life to be lived, and with St. Paul, the apostle, he could say, "Not I, but Christ in me, the hope of glory." Such a life can not die! its influence is from everlasting to everlasting. For many years Mr. Barber served the church as deacon, superintendent and teacher in the Bible school, and as a trustee and in other capacities. He felt the seriousness of a sacred calling, and entered upon each as a sacred opportunity. Indeed, every walk of life was sacred to him, and whatever he did, he did it as "unto the Lord." For many years he was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, and an interested and trustworthy member of its Board of Managers. Rarely did he miss one of its regular meetings, and his quiet but wise counsel was ever worthy of attention and heed.

His loved ones left to mourn their loss are the widow, frail and broken in health after months of anxious watching and waiting, but rich and strong in a sense of a heavenly Father's love and care; the only son, Howard M., and his family, of Westerly; two brothers, Henry S., of Ashaway, and Thomas A., of Westerly, with many other relatives, and a host of neighbors and friends.

A good man, and true, has gone. He will be missed everywhere among us, by old and young. His quiet humor, gentle love of good work and experience, and broad sympathy made him a delightful companion. One seldom left his presence without feeling that life was more worth while than he had thought it to be, and that he should make the best of the time that was given him.

He was ever a true friend to his pastor and his church. No one outside his immediate family and his lifelong friends is likely to miss him more than the pastor. He was a sympathetic counselor and friend. He made it his duty to be at the house of God in prayer meeting and Sabbath worship. He was there, too, to pray and to witness to God's mercy and love. The last service of the church he was permitted to attend, he was present, though ill, to assist in serving the Lord's Supper, a form of service he greatly enjoyed and delighted in.

And the long service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. H. C. Van Horn, assisted by a former pastor, Rev. C. A. Burdick; burial in Oak Grove Cemetery.

H. C. V. H.

If evils come not, then our fears are vain. And if they do, then fear but augments the pain.

—Thomas Moore.
In Which List is Your Society?

Attention has already been called to the tardiness of our Christian Endeavor societies, and of the churches, in responding to the need of the Young People's Board for the payment of the apportionment made by the last General Conference. The Young People's Board has been both hindered and discouraged because of the lack of money this year. Out of some seventy societies and churches, only eleven have paid their apportionment in full, only sixteen have paid in part, and forty-three have not been heard from at all. Following is a list of the societies, according to their relative standing. In which list is your society? If you have forgotten the amount of your society's apportionment, please refer to the SABBATH RECORDER of March 22, page 370. If your society is in the first list, good; if it is in the second list, encouraging; if it is in the last list, help at once to boost it into the first list.

PAID IN FULL

These societies (only ten of them) have paid their apportionment in full: First Westerly, Second Westerly, New York City, Little Genesee, Walworth, Welton, Farnam, Battle Creek, Salem, Fortake, Long Beach.

PAID IN PART

These societies (only sixteen of them) have paid in part: Plainfield, Adams, First Alfred, Second Alfred, Leonardsville, Hartsdale, Milton, Jackson Center, Nortonville, Garvin, Farina, North Loop, Milton Junction, Bouder, Gentry, Piscataway.

NOT HEARD FROM

The following societies (more than forty of them) have not been heard from this year: First Hopkinton, Second Hopkinton, Shiloh, Berlin, N. Y., Waterford, Marlboro, Rockville, Pawcatuck, Cumberland, Second Brookfield, DeRuiter, Scott, First Verona, Syracuse, Friend, Independence, Richburg, First Hebron, Scio, Prestonville, Andover, Hornell, Albion, Berlin, Wis., Southampton, Dodge Center, New Auburn, Stone Fort, Cartwright, Chicago, Rock House Prairie, Lost Creek, Middle Island, Ritchie, Greenbrier, Roanoke, Salemville, Delaware, Little Prairie, Hammond, Attalla, Riverside, Los Angeles.

Proud of My Denomination

REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN


DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Its history (1 Cor. 10: 1-12)
Monday—Its heroes (Heb. 11: 1-14)
Tuesday—Its perils (Ps. 2: 9-12)
Wednesday—Its missions (Ps. 2: 1-12)
Thursday—Its doctrines (1 Tim. 1: 9-20)
Friday—Its charity (2 Tim. 3: 5-7)
Sabbath Day—Why I am proud of my denomination (Rev. 3: 7-13). (Led by the pastor.)

We should understand, to begin with, what we mean by "pride." There is a legitimate pride, noble and exalting; and there is a false pride, ignoble and debasing. We have many reasons to be proud, and those very reasons should not make us haughty or boastful. Pride is the spirit of independence, the power of genius, the pride of parents, the moral law, the law of right, the effort of man to noble and exalting; and to have a near-Pharisee and hypocrite. But there is a false pride, ignoble and debasing. If there is the sort of pride that is the sort of pride that we should indulge in, our denominations and our study and consideration.

ITS HISTORY

We should be proud of our past. We are proud of our denomination's history. John the Baptist was a Sabbath-keeper. Jesus our Savior was a baptized Sabbath-keeper; so were Peter, James, and John, and Paul, and all the other apostles and early Christians. There has been no age of the Christian era without its baptized, Sabbath-keeping followers of the Christ; the Waldenses and Petrobrusians were representatives of this class during the Middle Ages.

What Seventh Day Baptists are not stirred with the history of the Sabbath-keeping Baptists in England of the seventeenth century, their injustices, dangers, martyrs—-for the sake of Christ and his Sabbath? Well might any people be proud of a Peter Chamberlen, physician to Queen Elizabeth; of a Nathanael Bailey, learned lexicographer; of the Stenretts, whose hymns are found in nearly every collection of devotional music, and are sung by nearly every denomination.

The history of the denomination in America is one at which none need hang his head. But our space is too limited to touch upon it in this connection.

ITS WORK

I am proud of the record of Seventh Day Baptists in the life of community and State wherever they have lived. They have made an impress in the social, religious, and civic life of Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska, and many other States, that can never be effaced. They have ever been "pioneers—'blazers of the trail'-its frontier and in every good word and work. They have stood in the front ranks of reform, education, missions, evangelism, social service, philanthropy. Where men of power, genius, ability and moral fiber have been needed, Seventh Day Baptists have not been found wanting.

We are proud of our schools, for the most part; and of our churches, and missions; of our splendid men and women, and young people. Let us not get so proud that Seventh Day Baptists are better than any one else. Whenever we get to look in upon ourselves with any such unwholesome placency, we are more to be pitied than anything else. When we get to think that we are the best that has ever been seen or dreamed of, we are in danger of dry rot. There are others just as good and better, who are more loyal to the truth as they have seen it, and are more zealous and self-sacrificing, and produce more fruits of the spirit. Loyalty to our convictions ought to make us better; loyalty and obedience to God's truth will make us better, or we are not so good.

If we are not living up to our fullest opportunity and privilege, we are not doing as well as our fathers, who accomplished what they did with so many
God hath chosen us to stand among other denominations much as the children of Israel stood among other nations, and here we shall stand. Great honor and dignity hath God placed upon us in calling us to stand for such spiritual ends. Our strength for the conflict that must come lies not in our learning, not in our wealth, not in our numbers. We look in vain to things for victory. “Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith Jehovah of Hosts.” We shall win by our willingness to be filled with the love of God. We shall win by following the track that our forefathers trod, the track of toil and sacrifice for the sake of Christ and his truth; by willingness to obey his word, even at the cost of business or life itself.—D. B. Coon.

A Pleasant Christian Endeavor Occasion

An audience of two hundred was present at the quarterly meeting of the local society of Christian Endeavor held in the Congregational church last evening, beginning at 7:45 o’clock. The program as previously announced was carried out to the letter, followed by an enjoyable social hour. All the societies were well represented and they entered into the spirit of the evening with their songs.

Rev. Frederick A. MacDonald, pastor of the Congregational church, gave an address on “Christian Endeavor Efficiency.” It was announced that forty members of the union were entered in the efficiency contest, Two vocal solos were rendered by Prof. Paul H. Schmidt of New York City, “Come Unto Me” and “He Will Hold Me Fast.” The accompaniment was played by Leland A. Coon, of Leonardville, N. Y., who is a student at the New England Conservatory of Music.

The president of the union, Rev. H. C. Van Horn, introduced Rev. F. S. Kinley, who has recently assumed the pastorate of the First Baptist church. Rev. Frederick A. MacDonald, on behalf of the members of the union, presented to President Van Horn a handsome jeweled gold C. E. pin.

Mr. Van Horn was completely by surprise, but recovered in time to express his hearty thanks to the union.

At the conclusion of the program the members entered the parlors of the church, where a social hour was enjoyed and refreshments were served. Music was furnished by Mr. Coon, who played a piano solo, “Scherzo, B Flat Minor,” by Chopin, and Professor Schmidt, who rendered three vocal selections.—Westerly (R. I.) Sun.

FOR THE JUNIORS

Jesus and a Little Girl

F. E. D. B.


Lesson Text: Luke 8: 49-56

Dear Juniors: If you found all the Bible texts I gave you in the lesson about John’s disciples, you have recently read about this little girl; read verses 41 and 42 of this chapter to get the first part of the story. Read also the same story in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew and the fifth chapter of Mark.

This little girl’s father, Jairus, was one of the elders who had charge of the services of the synagogue in Capernaum, where Jesus went to worship on Sabbath Day, and sometimes talked to the people. There was great trouble in Jairus’ home, for his only daughter, about twelve years old, was dangerously ill. All that the loving parents and kind friends had done to help her was of no use; she was surely dying.

Then Jairus, who doubted less than most men did about the power of Christ, started out to find Jesus. He took Jesus’ feet, Jairus urged Jesus to go home with him, saying, “Come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed, and she shall live.”

Jesus and his disciples started at once, and many people crowded around to follow. Among them was a sick woman from home such great faith that she was healed by touching Jesus’ garments.

When Jesus stopped to talk with her, I think Jairus must have felt discouraged by the delay, but Jesus knew that Jairus’ faith would be made stronger by this miracle. Just then this message came from home: “Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.” Without waiting for a word from the sorrowing father, Jesus quickly said, “Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.”

Jesus wants us to trust him wholly, no matter what happens, and he will do what is best for us and our loved ones. Then Jesus took three of his disciples, Peter, James, and John, and went on to the house. There he found great tumult and noise of people weeping and wailing.

It is a custom in that country to have hired mourners who come as soon as any one dies, and with noisy weeping make signs of great grief in the home until the burial, also in the funeral procession and at the grave.

Jesus said, “Weep not; she is not dead but sleep.” They all were so surprised that they were greatly comforted. Jesus usually spoke of death as if the body was asleep, for he had power to call the spirit back to the body just as we call people to awaken them from sleep.

Then Jesus sent the people away, and took the three disciples and the father and mother into the room where the child was lying. All was quiet in the house now, and tenderly taking the little girl felt towards Jesus, who come straightway.” With perfect health and strength she arose and walked and was able to eat food, proving that she was surely alive again. What a sudden and wonderful change! Do you wonder that her parents were “astonished”? I think they were so happy that they felt like going out and telling the joyful news all over town that “Jesus, the Great Physician,” had come to give them the help that was needed.  For we are not well by nature, but by my Spirit, saith Jehovah of Hosts.”

Jesus remembers all our needs, both of body and soul. How do you think the little girl felt towards Jesus? Jesus wants the children to love him, for he said, “Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Matthew 19: 14.

LESSON TEACHINGS

Jesus is the “Great Physician.” We can take Jesus in prayer when we are in trouble.

Jesus can always help us in some way. “We must believe, if we would receive.” Memory verse: “Be not afraid, only believe.” Mark 5: 36.

Key-word: “Believe.”

Song: “The Great Physician Now is Near.”

ILLUSTRATION

A little Junior girl was very ill, and was greatly missed from the meeting by her anxious teacher and classmates. They decided to have special prayer, asking for her recovery if it was the heavenly Father’s will; and if her earthly work was done, that they all might be willing for her to go and be with Jesus in heaven.

Not long afterwards that little Junior band had another season of prayer, but this time it was of thanksgiving, for their little friend was again with them at the meeting.

Several years have passed, and the child has become a Christian young woman, and is now the Junior superintendent in one of our Seventh Day Baptist churches.

From Lost Creek, W. Va.

REV. M. G. STILLMAN

The editor is making some calls for copy. The safest way to write for the Recorder is to be imaginative, even poetical, only leaving out their feet. Just imagine that you are at the Conference sunrise meeting where you are not beholding yourself as a wise critic, or fearing lest we shall go to the gentiles. It is well to keep in mind that our officials are also subject to the powers that be, and that we might not do better. I wrote a piece of poetry (?) and it was printed.

It must have swelled me some for I tried it again and it was rejected. I don’t forget everything. It is helping me get over that turn down to learn recently that a certain powerful man up in America, N. Y., sent an article to the Recorder and the cautious editor, fearing it would sicken the dove of peace, tactfully got it withdrawn. Ha! ha! Who owns this Recorder? Sure enough, according to a long standing ancient and modern custom, the Conference at Milton will probably be told, “It is your paper and your business!” All right, so let it be, but it has to have a guardian. The editor is it, and a good one. He prefers to keep that dove living. Long may the dove soar.

lost Creek is growing some now. We have had a little rain. I hope to call again.

April 12, 1915.

Denominational News

Prof. W. C. Whitford, D. D., of the Alfred Theological Seminary, delivered the devotional exercises in chapel Friday morning and talked to the students concerning the importance of Bible study. He said that the study of the Bible is just as necessary for a person who wishes to live right as the study of Shakespeare is for those who are interested in writing or speaking correctly. He not only talked about a minute and sat down, but he talked about some things that are of enough value to be thought of for many minutes.

Professor Whitford came from New York to attend a meeting of the International Bible Study Committee which organizes the international lessons for Sunday schools. He himself edits the Helping Hand, a quarterly for Sabbath schools, and is a professor of biblical language and literature in Alfred University. President Daland introduced him as a pupil of his, and Professor Whitford said that President Daland had given him his start—Milton Journal-Telephone.

Good Home For Sale in Hammond

On another page will be found an advertisement of a home for sale in Hammond, La. It is the cozy cottage of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Riley Potter, who, on account of Mr. Potter’s health, have been obliged to give up house-keeping and have come north to live. Those who have seen this home know it to be a desirable one for any Seventh Day Baptist family wishing to retire from toil and secure a home in the South. The Hammond Church feels very keenly the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Potter; and would rejoice to see some loyal Seventh Day Baptist family coming to take their places in church and to live in their old home. We really hope some of our people may find here just what they want.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter are now in Plainfield, N. J., with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Titsworth. Mr. Titsworth is Mrs. Potter’s brother.

“Tas he lives on hope will die fasting.”

CHILDREN’S PAGE

Five Little Brothers

Five little brothers set out together.

To journey the livelong day;

In a curious carriage all made of leather

They hurried away, away!

One big brother grew quite small,

And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark, and none too roomy,

And they could not move about;

The little one grew quite gloomy,

And the wee one began to plout.

Till the biggest one whispered: “What do you want?”

Let’s leave the carriage and run away!”

So out they scampered, the five together,

And off and away they sped.

When somebody found the carriage of leather,

Oh, how she shook her head!

Twas her little boy’s shoe, as every one knew,

And the five little brothers were five little toes.

—Home and Fireside.

“An Eagle”

Rev. William J. Long, in his new book on animal stories, called “Wilderness Ways,” relates an incident which most beautifully interprets and explains the above scriptural quotation.

A mother eagle had tried in vain to tempt her little one to leave the nest on a high cliff.

With food in her talons, she came to the edge of the nest, hovered over it a moment, so as to give the hungry eaglet a sight and smell of food, then went slowly down to the valley, taking the food with her, and telling the little one to come, and she should have it. He called after her loudly, and spread his wings a dozen times to follow. But the plunge was too awful; he was afraid, and settled back into the nest.

What followed, Mr. Long describes thus:

In a little while, she came back again this time without food, and hovered over the nest, trying every way to induce the little one to leave it. She succeeded at last, when, with a desperate effort, he sprang upward and flapped to the ledge above. Then, after surveying the world gravely from his new place, he flapped back to the nest, and turned a deaf ear to all his mother’s assurances that he could fly just as easily to the tree tops below, if he only would.

Suddenly, as if discouraged, she rose well above him. I held my breath, for I knew what was coming. The little fellow stood on the edge of the nest, looking down at the plunge which he dared not take. There was a sharp cry from behind, which made him alert, tense as a watchdog. The next instant the mother-eagle had swooped, striking the nest at his feet, sending him support and twigs and himself with them out into the air together.

He was afoot now, aloft on the blue air, in spite of himself, and flapping lustily for life. Over him, under him, beside him, hovered the mother on tireless wings, calling softly that she was there. But the awful fear of the depths and the lance tops of the spruces was upon the little one; his flapping grew more wild; he fell faster and faster. Suddenly—more in fright, it seemed to me, than because he had spent his strength—he lost his balance, and tumbled downward in the air. It was all over now. It seemed as if he folded his wings to be dashed to pieces.

Then, like a flash, the old mother-eagle shot under him; his despairing feet touched her broad shoulders, between her wings. He righted himself in an instant, found his head; then she dropped like a shot from under him, leaving him to come down on his own wings. It was all the work of an instant to row him up among the trees far below.

And when I found them again with my glass, the eaglet was in the top of a great pine, and the mother was feeding him.

And then, standing there alone in the great wilderness, it flashed upon me for the first time just what the wise old prophet meant; though he wrote long ago, in a distant land, and another than Cloud Wings had taught her little ones, all unconscious of the kindly eyes that watched. “As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings so the Lord.”—The Watchman.

Each day, each week, each month, each year, is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unseparable gift which each new-day offers to you.—Canon Farrar.
SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. L. C. RANDOLPH, D. D.
MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

For Children's Day

The following exercise is from a Children's Day annual prepared by Rev. H. D. Clarke. Other material will be furnished in the weeks following, so keep your eye on this page. These exercises are furnished by Mrs. Mabel C. Sayre, Albion, Wis.

Dialogue

M. E. B. EYRETT

(For two children, each holding a Bible in the hand)

First child—
What is it you read in your beautiful book?
Is it somewhere written there
That the Lord will watch over a lonely child, Heeding a mother's prayer?

Second child—
I read, in an ark on the water blue,
Lay a little Hebrew child;
When the Pharaoh's daughter looked on him
God's chosen leader smiled.

First child—
But a little child is weak and small,
And it surely can not be
That little child should be called a king.

Second child—
I read, by a fierce and furious lion
A little child shall stand,
And the strong lion be led in peace
By the weak and tender hand.

First child—
Great is the Lord, and merciful;
How can it ever be
That his ears bow down to hear a prayer
From such like you and me?

Second child—
It is written, The lips of babes shall praise,
For, in that heavenly place,
Do the angels of these little ones
Look on their Father's face.

The Element of Worship in the Sabbath School

REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS

The simple definition of worship is, the expression of reverence of God. But when we use the term in relation to church or Sabbath-school services we think of it more as an exercise in which the school as a whole takes part. As such it represents the attitude of the whole congregation in expressing in some proper form its reverence for Him in whose name the congregation has met.

If we were to trace the history of worship back to its beginning we should find that from the earliest times men have met together to show honor to the Deity. This later developed into the synagogue worship of the Jews where we find the reading of the Bible, or certain portions of it, was the manner in which worship was expressed. In the Christian Church a similar form was followed in which the Bible always had the prominent place. It is found that there is within the book that which expresses every feeling of the human soul and it readily adapts itself to every form of worship which is desired to be expressed. This is the manner in which it has been used in the church services.

But in regard to the Sabbath school, there sometimes arises the question whether or not there is a place for worship, or whether the whole time should be given to a study of the Sabbath-school lesson. In connection with this we might also ask the question whether the study of the Bible in itself be a proper place of worship. If we should go back to the time of the Reformation under Luther we should find him defining worship as that which exists primarily in order that the Bible may be read or taught. To accept such a definition would be to eliminate the elements of praise and prayer which have a proper place in public worship.

Then again the question arises, whether, as long as the whole of the church service has been of the nature of worship, there is the necessity of spending any time of the Sabbath-school hour in this way. My position is, that no matter what the other services of the church have been there is always the place for worship in the Sabbath school. We meet together to study the word of God in order that we may find the way of eternal life. We are not prepared to get the most out of the lesson until we have approached it in the most reverential manner. But do not mistake me to mean that the Bible itself is to be handled as a fetish, or as something which, by the mere opening of its pages, will cause a spiritual ecstasy to come over the soul, which in spite of all conduct of life will lead the reader into a holy atmosphere. Such a state of feeling will pass as soon as the book is closed. The Bible is not an end but a means. That means is the application of the truths to the individual heart and life. We seek eternal truths and we can not expect to find them unless we approach the book in a proper manner.

This light, then, no matter how reverential the other services of the church have been, there should be no light treatment of the Sabbath-school hour as a time for worship. Dignity should characterize the services as well as any other service of the church. One of the first things that we should expect, then, in regard to worship should be:

BEING ON TIME

There should be a proper time for the opening of the Sabbath school, which may vary in most cases according to the morning service. But at the proper time everyone should strive to be in place and in a frame of mind which shall be responsive to every wish of the one who conducts. This depends to a great extent on the one who leads the opening service. He should be in his place with a definite program in mind so arranged that it will assist in the whole plan of worship. Apart from the one who conducts, every member should feel a personal responsibility in regard to this part of the service, especially the older ones. If the older ones lead, it will not take the children long to get in order. Closely following this, if indeed not a part of the former, is:

ORDER

By this I do not mean that system of display which is obtained as a military officer obtains his discipline—by commanding the attention of the soldiers, knowing that a government is behind him. I do not mean that process of quietness which is to be attained by the clanging of bells, the stamping of the leader, the vociferous announcing of the hymn, or, in general, that process of bodily contortion which Mr. Tullar at the New Jersey State Convention designated as the "mouth and hoof disease." But this is so often just the very thing that takes place in our schools. Before the school can be quieted down it is necessary for the leader to clang the bell and for the chorister to shout at the top of his voice the number of the hymn several times, and even then there is a scrambling for books and a hunting for the page, and in the time of one or two verses before the place can be found and the school ready to sing. By that time the end of the piece is reached and no sense of the message of the song has been felt by the school.

But isn't that just what singing is or ever? I hear some one ask. What would you think if your pastor came before you on Sabbath morning and read in a disrespectful manner:

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

You would be disgusted, and rightly so. Then why should we be in an unreverential attitude, with our eyes roaming around the room, with our minds on anything but the spirit of the song as we sing:

"He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught; Whatever I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

"But all songs do not have the dignified bearing of this one," I hear some-one say. If that is true, then the song should never be sung in a church service. Songs which are of a lighter vein or which have more of an entertainment tendency should be sung just as reverentially as a Psalm. If it can not be, then it should never be sung in such a service. But so often the song during the Sabbath-school hour is looked upon as an order of the program which, like the preacher, is a necessary evil, and must be endured while it is hurried through without and disposed of as quickly as possible. Or it sometimes serves as an opportunity for taking up the collection or passing out the attendance cards, etc. All these things have their rightful places in the service, but one should not be used to rob the other of its sacredness. Song has a much greater place in Sabbath-school worship than most people think, and perhaps so because they are not aware of the possibilities. Give me not pains should be taken in the choice of hymns and in the manner in which they are sung. The meaning of the words should be sought as they are set to appropriate music, for often a wrong idea is gained by careless singing of words which may have the greatest sacredness.

After all is said, there can not be real uplifting worship unless there is
TRUE REVERENCE

in the heart. We can not expect this to exist in all hearts in the same degree; some must be brought up to it. The children who come into the service can not be expected to be worshipful when the parents and older ones are visiting, and inattentive to what is going on. A great part of all this rests upon the superintendent and his staff of officers. If a suitable and attractive program is placed before the school, something that is wanted, it will be like a good meal of victuals. You housewives do not have to coax your husbands and children to come to the dinner table when they are expecting something good and appetizing. The souls in the school are seeking for something splendid, and if we do not supply the essentials, we can not expect a reverential attitude.

I remember hearing one of my brothers tell that, while he was "bathing" on a claim in Colorado, one day made a pan of bread and they gave them to the yard and left them. We've often shown my brothers, when they were so hungry and don't have to coax them around the house for several days. What it is, but for what it would mean to us. We should find our own condition, and should learn that "the Bible is a book of human experience as the soul of man comes near God and shares the divine life. We find ourselves living, and in the Bible body we lived. And as we listen to their words we take them up and repeat them as the true expression of our own experience."

Lesson VI.—May 8, 1915

FRIENDSHIP OF DAVID AND JONATHAN.—I Sam. 20: 1-42

Golden Text.—"A friend loveth at all times." Prov. 17: 17

DAILY READINGS

First-day, 1 Sam. 20: 33-42. Second-day, 1 Sam. 18: 1-16. Third-day, 1 Sam. 20: 11-14. Fourth-day, 1 Sam. 20: 12-23. Fifth-day, 1 Sam. 20: 24-31. Sixth-day, 2 Sam. 9: 1-13. Seventh-day, 2 Sam. 2: 17-27.

Expression of Friendship

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)

"This foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance."
DEATHS

Barber.—Paul Maxson Barber was born in Westerly, R. I., October 16, 1834, and died in Ashaway, R. I., April 5, 1915, aged 80 years, 6 months, and 18 days. Full obituary on another page.

Bone.—Joshua S. Bond was born November 6, 1855, near Berea, Ritchie County. He was converted to Christianity at the age of twenty-one in a meeting held by the late Rev. Samuel D. Davis, and joined the Ritchie Seventh Day Baptist Church. He served his church as deacon more than twenty years. September 26, 1879, he married Mary E. Davis, who died May 2, 1904. He was a resident of Greenwood. He died at the age of fifty-nine years. A wife, a small son and five daughters survive him, together with two brothers and five sisters. Feeling the end was near, he expressed his willingness to die. His only regret was that he was obliged to leave the ones he loved so well.

Funeral services were conducted at Duckworth Summit, March 28, by Rev. Mr. Riddle, assisted by Rev. A. J. Bond, of Salem. Appropriate hymns were sung by a male quartet from Salem. The church was crowded by friends of Mr. Bond.

A. J. C. B.

FOR SALE

The Home of Mr. Wm. R. Potter in Hammond, La.

Lot 75 ft. front, by 150 ft. deep, five room house, pleasantly located near the Seventh Day Baptist Church. $1250.

Enquire Wm. R. Potter, Babcock Building, Plainfield, N. J.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COLONY IN FLORIDA

Lone Sabbath Keepers, especially, are invited to investigate the opportunities offered for building up a good home among Sabbath Keepers in this land of health and prosperity. Correspondence solicited.

U. P. Davis,
Ft. McCoy, Florida.

T. C. Davis,
Nortonville, Kansas.
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Send the Recorder to your friends who do not have it, and add these books to your library. A book may be selected from former list published, if preferred.

AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW
by Gene Stratton-Porter (Author of "Freckles")

The scene of this charming, idyllic love story is laid in Central India. The setting is entirely rural, and most of the action is out of doors. The story is one of devoted friendship, and tender self-sacrificing love; the friendship that gives freely without return, and the love that seeks first the happiness of the object. The novel is brimful of the most beautiful word-painting of nature, and its pathos and tender sentiment will endear it to all.

BEN-HUR: THE STORY
for every one is familiar with the thrilling action and deep religious reverence.

THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER
by A. M. Chisholm

This is a strong, virile novel with the lumber industry for its central theme and a love story full of interest as a sort of subplot. Among the minor characters are some elemental men, lumber men with the grizzly strength of their kind, and the rough, simple ways. How Joe Kent became the boss of these men, by sheer pluck and a pair of strong arms, the author tells us most effectively. Some of his brachial power was derived from the light of a woman's eyes, but to enter into the details here means to spoil the story.

BEN-HUR: A Tale of the Christ
by General Lew Wallace

This is a famous religious-historical romance with a mighty story, brilliant pageantry, thrilling action and deep religious reverence. It is hardly necessary to give an outline of the story, for every one is familiar with the "Star of Bethlehem and The Three Wise Men," and the wonderful description of the "Chariot Race" and "Christ Healing the Sick on the Mount of Olives."

CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE
by Joseph C. Lincoln

Cape Cod life as pictured by Mr. Lincoln is delightful in its homesomeness, its quiescent simplicity. The plot of this novel revolves around a little girl whom an old bachelor, Cy Whittaker, adopts. Her education is too stupendous a task for the old man to attempt alone; so he calls in two old cronies and they form a "Board of Strategy." A dramatic story of unusual merit then develops; and through it all runs that rich vein of humor which has won for the author a fixed place in the hearts of thousands of readers. Cy Whittaker is the David Harum of Cape Cod.

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