The Sabbath Recorder

May 3, 1915

The Impress of the Years

Not all which we have been
Do we remain,
Nor on the dial-hearts of men
Do the years mark themselves in vain;
But every cloud that in our sky hath passed,
Some gloom or glory hath upon us cast.
And there have fallen from us, as we traveled,
Many a burden of an ancient day;
Yet to us as对我们 each day;
Never to bind our foolish heart again.

Old loves have left us lingeringly slow,
As beats away the distant strain.
Sweet music—waking us from troubled dreams,
Lulling to holier ones—that dies away.

On the deep night, as if by silver beams
Chased to the trembling breast of some charming star.
And we have stood and watched, all wishfully;
While muttering hopes have died out of our lives,
As one who follows with a straining eye
Ach, no more in the sky.
A little rocking speech—now lost, and still he strives
A moment to recover it—in vain; Then slowly turns back to his work again;

But every cloud that in our sky hath passed,
As we pass by us, as we travel,
A patience,a love
Worth more than all earth’s joys to which we climb.

—Edward Burdett Well.

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Death.
The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 78. No. 18

Plainfield, N. J., May 3, 1915

Whole No. 3661

The School of

EVENING BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

Its Corrective Tendencies

We have noted the tendency among the people of all faiths to

Sabbath Schools,

especially their schools of theology. The
denominational papers for some years have
expressed fears lest their foundations be
destroyed and the old-time power and
efficacy of the gospel be entirely lost sight
of in this age of research and criticism.
We have even heard the complaints that, in
matters of spirituality, churches are retro-
grading and schools are sending out skep-
tical ministers to become pastors. There
may be isolated cases of this kind, but so far
as my own observation goes, the young min-
isters among us are fully as efficient and
spiritual as their predecessors, and som-
times I am inclined to think they are more
so than their critics. Men forget that,
in these times of questionings and specula-
tion among leading world-thinkers, there
is an absolute necessity for teaching and
preaching, if ministers are to be prepared to
meet and withstand the theories that
threaten the foundations. Yet we know

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that the great mass of students come out of our schools well equipped for the Master’s work.

Oftentimes those who express fears for the future of Christianity because their schools teach what seem to them to be new and doubtful theories, would find relief by turning their eyes toward the great school of experience—toward actual life among the churches. They would see that, while here and there a church may prefer an easy-going gospel, the vast majority of them will not endure heresy in their pulps. You might also have noticed that the school of experience corrects many a tendency in the young preacher and starts him on the highway to genuine spiritual success as a leader after he leaves the other schools? The school of experience is oftentimes corrective. In it the young minister soon learns that it is unwise to expiate in his pulpit on some things discussed in the schools. He sees that other things are so vital and so essential that it is neither wise nor helpful to put stress upon certain peculiar views he had come to hold; and after a little discipline in the school of experience, he lets them drop out of sight entirely and gives himself to the well-tried and thoroughly proved doctrines and methods that for centuries have built up the kingdom of God by winning men from the darkness of sin to the light of the Cross.

The case mentioned in the preceding editorial is wonderfully illustrative of the corrective influences at work in the school of experience. So long as the great majority of the school insist upon the fundamentals of the old and tried religion, there is little ground to fear that there is going to be a bad. With this corrective tendency fully alive, and with young ministers well fortified in modern school methods and having good questionings, we may hope for a mighty forward movement in religion. The widespread spirit of revival, the wonderful success of the old methods in winning men to Christ, and the failure of those who reject the fundamentals of the old school of religion, goes a great deal to turn the tide in the same direction. And he is a most inapt student of the signs of our times who fails to profit by the wonderful lessons it brings to the pulpits of America.

My Dear Old Bible
Better Than All Others
It is so valuable to me.

I know you can not see half so much in it as I do, but that is because it is not yours. Those of you who have one that has stood by you in time of need as long as this one has by me will understand when I say that mine is worth more to me than all the other Bibles in the world.

This particular book is an old “Teacher’s Bible,” silk-sewed, bound in genuine pebbled leather, and was bought in 1876, at a cost of $1. Early in my first pastorate I got the idea that a Bible would become more and more valuable to me as the years went by, and so I wanted one that would last a lifetime. It was the best I could find at that time, and as soon as I could see my way clear to do so it was purchased. Today it shows the wear of almost forty years. The pebbled leather has worn smooth, the corners of the cover that turned over to protect the leaves are all worn off and gone, the gilt has completely disappeared from the edges, the leaves are soiled with age and worn by handling until some of the margins are gone, and its pages from Genesis to Revelation have been marked and pen for many a Bible-reading, and to show the most comforting and helpful texts. Year after year this Bible went with me to my preaching services, and my Sabbath-school work. In hundreds of teachers’ classes it lay on the table before me with open face to illumine every topic discussed; it rode with me on my carriage seat or was carried, slung to my side on horseback, hundreds of miles in southern New Jersey and over the hills of West Virginia; it furnished the truths for every revival meeting, and offered words of comfort at more than three hundred funerals.

You begin to see now some of the reasons why the old Bible is so precious to me; but you have not seen all. If I desire to study up on any subject treated in its pages, it is better help than the best new one could possibly be. Did you ever realize the difference in the faces of the pages as seen in different Bibles? One’s own Bible is always most familiar. You get acquainted with its pages as you know just where on the page certain familiar texts are found; and as you turn its leaves, looking for some verse, instinctively you keep your eye on the place in each leaf where you have seen it before. So you can find passages in your own Bible more easily than in any other. Then, as the years go by, your markings will become more and more helpful, and the faces of the leaves more and more familiar, until it is better for you than all other Bibles.

If I were asked to advise in regard to the kind of Bible to get, I would say that one of the important requisites is a good binding, one that will wear a lifetime. There are many helps in the study of the Bible that will serve him in old age, and be all the more precious for what it has gained by the careful use of many years. Better pay the price of two, for one that will thus serve you, than to buy a cheap binding and be compelled to change after the old one has grown valuable with use.

My Silent Friends
Turning a moment from my desk after The Fellowship of Books writing about the old Bible, my bookshelves greeted me with inviting rows of friends, who, though silent, had kept my books, my spirit, and my enjoyable company. Next to the Bible come some of these books as to their inspiration and uplift during the years. How familiar their faces? I love to sit in the alcove that holds their cases and commune with these silent friends, always ready to aid when help is needed. They never intrude upon my time, they never annoy me with noise; but at the least hint that help is needed, they open up freely and supply all my needs from their fountains of knowledge. Is it entertainment that is desired? Some of them are experts at that, and one always feels refreshed after calling on these. Is it light on the living questions of our time? If so, there is no lack. What do they know? One becomes so well acquainted with these silent friends that stand right at hand, giving freely the knowledge and the inspiration desired.

One becomes as familiar with the faces of his books as with the faces of his friends. They make him a citizen of the world, and bring to him the best thoughts and the wisest counsels and the purest, sweetest pleasures known to earth’s greatest men. As one looks upon them with their various shades and styles, he seems to commune with Cuyler, and Talmage, and Bovee, and Brooks, and Murray and Gibson, and Swing; with Cook, and Denney, and Rauschenbusch, and Mathews; with Orr, Faunce, Armitage, Smith, and Clay. One can travel in distant lands with Stoddard, and Barton, and Robinson, Thompson, and Stanley. Indeed, there is no end to the blessing and benefit that come to a home by a library of choice books. I pity those who have to live in homes where these silent, helpful friends are unknown. Fill your home with good books, as well as you are able, cultivate the habit of communicating with them in your spare hours, and you have in them one of the greatest sources of blessing and comfort to be found on earth. The outlook for many a family of boys and girls would be wonderfully brightened by a few books of the right sort for their company.

When sufficient copy had been prepared to more than fill this Recorder, we still had enough on hand, some of which had been standing in type these weeks, to more than half fill the next one. Matter that partakes of the nature of home news or that has to do with current events is given right of way, if it reaches us on time; and articles that are as good at one time as another are held back when it is necessary to hold any. Please do not stop writing. Keep the good messages coming, and we will give them place as early as we can. We appreciate the efforts of all our friends who have tried to make the Reconcilia interesting and helpful, and are thankful that for years we have seldom been short of copy.
Jubilee of China Inland Mission

Fifty years ago next June the China Inland Mission was established by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, with whom our own missionaries in China enjoyed a long and pleasant acquaintance. It is highly appropriate that a jubilee conference should be arranged for June 1899, to celebrate the founding of this mission. The plan is to hold this convention in what is known as the Pavilion, at Niagara, on Lake Ontario, where was held the "Believers' Conference." Leading missionaries are to be present as teachers, and testimonies of the grace of God in China will be given. It is expected that many will plan their summer outings so they can attend these meetings. The conference is to be given up to missionary and Bible study, and general invitations to attend are already being issued to friends of missions.

An Open Mind the Right Attitude

President Wilson is uttering some wise counsels regarding our attitude as to the outcome of the European War. He thinks that those who believe that great blind material forces, long held in restraint, have been let loose in Europe, may see strong impulses of great ideals. He thinks men would never endure the horrors of such a conflict if, on both sides, they did not feel that the eternal principle of right is involved, for which they are standing. "No man is wise enough to pronounce judgment, but we can hold our spirits in readiness to accept the truth when it dawns upon us, and to contribute to the net result when the outcome is revealed." The President feels that great spiritual forces are even now waiting to assert themselves, and that these should enlighten our judgment and modify our expressions. Instead of trying to solve the unsolvable problem by clever words, he would have us wait in patience for the light which will surely come.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, has written the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago to cancel all his engagements this summer at the various Bible conferences and conventions in this country, partly on account of his return to his former pastorate of Christ Church, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Len G. Broughton, but chiefly because of the war. Dr. Meyer was one of the foremost of the war would be brought to an end in June of this year, but he now believes that the prospect is darker and that there is little hope of any cessation of the conflict before autumn, and perhaps not until 1916. He thinks that if the war grows more severe, the necessity for ministering to the bereaved and suffering will demand the best service of all in the front rank of the church, while if peace comes, they should all stand together for terms of settlement that shall be Christian as well as strong.

A message from King George of England to the Duke of Connaught in Canada extends warmest congratulations for the gallant way in which Canadian troops fought for two days in the awful battle near Ypres. Recruiting officers in Canada are overwhelmed with offers from young men to serve in the war. It is said that the gaps in the Canadian lines will be filled at once.

The Episcopal Church is in the midst of a campaign to raise $100,000 for missions. Nearly one fourth of the amount is already in hand. Their missionary society is asking one day's wages or income from 1,000,000 people, to be given over and above their usual gifts for missions. In this way, they hope to close the year without a deficit. Their annual budget for missions is $1,700,000.

Why Compromise?

I have read "Our Attitude Toward the Dance" in the Recorder of April 5. I noticed particularly two sentences, and they lead me to add a word to the subject.

The first sentence was, "I have been unable to understand the spirit of seeming determination to crush Alfred University and our Theological Seminary."

I can not feel that theists exist such a spirit. I think our people love and take pride in these institutions, and because we do love them it grieves us to learn that they practice and teach some things which to us do not seem properly in accord with the high standard we wish to see them uphold. We speak of those practices and teachings and express our regret in regard to them, but this is no spirit to "crush" the institutions but rather a desire to see them ideal and above criticism. The author of the article admits that he is not in complete accord with all that is taught there, for he proceeds to say, "I do not endorse all that is taught in our Seminary." We would not for a moment think he would "crush" the Seminary.

A certain writer of present-day fiction gives many lessons from conditions as he finds them in the church. There are people of my acquaintance who will not read his books because they consider that he is attacking the church. They mistake the point. The writer is an ardent devotee of the church but he regrets her wanderings and the wrongs which she endorses, and to the end that she may become free and pure he points out these errors, hoping that she may profit by his suggestions.

Unless I greatly misapprehend, this is exactly the position of those who are including all those who are opposed to Alfred University and the Theological Seminary might do themselves credit by pursuing a different course in some respects from that now followed. The other sentence was, "Let us make our schools constructive, and not destructive purposes." Exactly! When we say we wish dancing was not allowed at Alfred University, we do not say it because we wish the destruction of Alfred University but because we wish the destruction of Alfred University but because we wish to see Alfred University and the Seminary conduct their business in a dignified manner.

We consider the dance an evil. No matter how light its form, it carries with it a sentiment which tends to weaken the higher sensibilities of morality. It puts a barrier between the dancer and the divine. No one can kneel and ask God's presence to accompany him to a dance. Enough has been said of the evil of the dance. We all agree that it is an evil—why compromise with evil? Are we seeking to crush Alfred University when we say we wish she would take such a position? Why not, if dancing is harmful, say so? Why not establish a standard of right and say, "By this we will live." Not only at Alfred or on the dance question alone should we be uncertain where real principle is at stake. Why waver and tremble and fear to be definite where right is right and wrong is wrong? Why cover it wrong with smooth words rather than grasp real truth and do the right with no further harm. The road of expediency is the road of least resistance is seldom safe. It may require a calculating, weakly effort at present to take the long look, to see the outcome, that which will bring the most lasting good and most satisfactory results to the situation at hand, be it dancing or any other problem, but it is the wisest course to pursue.

What though the rabbles for dancing is deepening and nerve-rupting; so long as we know by study and observation the dangers of the dance and the risk of material and spiritual shipwreck which goes with it, shall we seek to quiet the confusion by yielding to its demands? Shall we not by God's help say "No—for your own good—our schools must stand for better things. Some day we hope that you will thank us for this firm decision."

Aside from the dance, there are other harmful practices which the most of schools freely countenanced but which if they were not, we would not look to our schools should boldly refuse to allow.

Do not fear that they will lack patronage by taking such a worthy and strong position. Many parents are seeking just such schools. If there are Christian parents who see no harm in the dance let them send their children to schools where it is allowed rather than to insist on its being made a menace to those who wish to be free from its influence and who are in our schools for that reason. There will be no lack of such schools though the Seventh Day Baptist schools should say, "As for us, we have great interest in race betterment and we will not be instrumental even so much as giving countenance to a dance, in risking any danger to our race world forward. Two denominations give support to the man who would be glad to conduct a school based on such principles."

A FRIEND OF OUR SCHOOLS.

Where Christ brings his cross he brings his presence; and where he is, none are desolate, and there is no room for despair.

-Mrs. Browning.
The Resurrection and the Sabbath

REV. A. J. C. BOND

The subject which heads this article is a familiar one. It is one that in former years was often discussed in the columns of the Sabbath Recorder. There have been strong advocates of the theory that Jesus was crucified on Wednesday and rose on the Sabbath Day, and they have been able to support their contention by Scripture citations. Our predecessors scholarly have said that if they believed this theory to be the one held by our people in general, for the sake of truth they would feel obliged to refute it. We have now come to the place where we are perfectly willing to let each one satisfy himself as to the day on which Jesus rose, saying, It makes no difference.

But it is not my purpose in this article to discuss the attitude of Seventh Day Baptists toward the resurrection; but rather to call attention to the changing significance of this event in the life of our Lord in the minds of an increasing number of devout Christians of other faith.

During all the Christian centuries the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ has been held to be fundamental in any statement of Christian belief. And out of it have developed theological differences which have given rise to innumerable volumes of polemical writings, and which have been responsible for the calling of councils, the splitting of denominations asunder, and the revising of creeds.

It is not strange that Jesus' own disciples, who could not comprehend the significance of the incarnation, and who because of this failure had almost despaired, should stress the fact of the resurrection. That was a fact, concrete and simple, and in a most heartening way it was the desire of their troubled hearts and doubting minds for a sign. The state of mind of the early church was such that the graphic account of the resurrection was attractive and profoundly impressive. Hence, early Christian theology, as well as the practices of the early Christian Church, were shaped and determined more by the doctrine of the resurrection, than by what we consider today the more fundamental attribute of the incarnation. It seemed a long time in coming, but in the middle of this the second decade of the twentieth century we are experiencing a reaction, such as has never been known among the followers of our Lord. Men are finding that it makes no difference on which day Jesus rose, but that belief in the fact of the resurrection as held by the church is not essential to Christian faith and life. I know there are many who feel that those who so hold are striking at the fundamental of Christianity, that they are agnostics if not atheists. But I am registering a feeling which is more prevalent among men loyal to Jesus than many think. The other day Dr. McGlothin was telling his class that he was recently in the company of a number of Baptist deacons and ministers when a minister, one of the strongest and most devout men among the Southern Baptists, said that the bodily resurrection of Jesus had almost been a stumbling-block to him, and not a help to his faith; and further conversation revealed the fact that he had not understood the feeling of others. And this was among the orthodox Baptists of the conservative South, and you can not appreciate what that means until you are thrown among them for a time. I am not making an argument here. I am calling attention to a state of mind which exists in no small degree among Christians, and which is a new attitude. Upon this fact I wish to base an argument. And I am sure most readers of the Recorder are sufficiently familiar with this temper to make it a point to dwell longer upon the fact that the resurrection does not hold the fundamental place that it once did among professing followers of Jesus. I am sure many are grieved because it is true. But I seem to see the dawning of a better day for the Christian Church in this very situation, which to many looks so discouraging. I believe that many errors in the church today are due to the undue emphasis of the church throughout its entire history upon the date of the resurrection. These errors are far-reaching and are fundamental to the failure of the church, so naturally illustrated in the Great War. The Sunday is a part of it. Just this week I was assigned the task of outlining a tract on prayer by Tertullian, who wrote in the beginning of the third century. One chapter treated of the attitude of the body in prayer. Some were getting away from the custom, but they should kneel on the Sabbath, as on fast days. They should humiliate themselves. But on the "Resurrection day" they should stand with hands uplifted, in the name of joy, and an attitude of humility was entirely unbecoming. This passage was significant to me for several reasons. It shows how the doctrine of the resurrection, held to the exclusion of other fundamental truths, influenced men on the whole day and the church, but also in Christian institutions and forms of worship. A clearer conception of the meaning of the incarnation would have kept the early church from many errors which marred its life, and which persist to the present, much to its detriment. I believe that the most important truth that the church has yet to grasp in its fulness, and to demonstrate in its life, is that Jesus was God incarnate; that he that hath seen Jesus hath seen the Father. Then will people no longer hurry to ask, "What is greater, creation or redemption?" And as readily answer their own query, "Redemption, therefore Sunday should be observed in honor of the resurrection, rather than the Sabbath which commemorates creation." If Jesus was the incarnate God, as he himself declared, and as his whole life proves, then nothing which his Father had done would be; and Jesus could not be honored in that which dishonored his Father. "I and my Father are one." There is a great unsettling of faith in many things long considered self-evident, which is fundamental to Christian life. No doubt many people, as is usually the case under similar circumstances, will swing too far away from the old orthodoxy. Some one has said that for every inch of progress the world has made there have been miles of wavering. But I believe the movement is forward, and to me the outcome of the present uncertainty is not doubtful. I seem to see a finger pointing.—I know not how far it is to go,—pointing the way to a purer faith and a truer life—a life lived in the supremacy of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The world has been the crucified on Wednesday and rose on the Sabbath, and the church is to the resurrection, and the church is to

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK

"Tug with all your strength, great engine. Puff and pull with might and main. You will have to push all your powers if you are to lift us to the brink of that mighty fissure we have heard so much about." Truly, the old engine did tug and puff as if for dear life; but she made poor headway, for the train was heavy and the way steep; therefore our progress was slow.

The change from going to this hard climbing had come at about ten o'clock at night. We had all retired early, as we had made a busy day of it. The morning in looking at Santa Fe, a banquet and automobile ride at Albuquerque at noon, and stops at two Indian villages toward night, had given us quite enough to do. A good rest was what we were after now, for we did not know how much work the morrow might hold for us. A confused idea was in our minds concerning this finest of nature here in Arizona. We had been told that, if we really wished to see the canyon, we need all our strength; for to see it as it ought to be seen was exhausting to even the strongest.

It was just before we reached Williams that we tried to enter the mysterious land of nod; but something from the main line to the branch seemed to require the making of a good deal more of noise and effort than is usual in a change of this kind. Even after starting, our progress was almost a failure. The puffing and blowing that engine did was humorous. It would
walk a ways and then sit down and rest. It would start in and tell what great things it was going to do and then give in with a groan. We could not blame it much. With so much wisdom aboard we wonder it did not refuse to pull at all. From the noise it made, you would think that it was bound of the headway it did make. Finally we concluded that had best divide the job. It would be done by degrees. Part of the coaches would be taken to some siding, and then back it would come, for the rest of us, so that we were kept as near an equality as possible. Morning for us came about, while the engine and three head coaches gone ahead to the canyon.

While we waited there nearly an hour, the most of us alighted to investigate the surrounding country. There was quite a little forest where we were, consisting of cedar and balsam trees, with others that we were not so familiar with. Varieties of flowers were found, the like of which we had not seen in the East. There were some who were occupied by Mexican workmen. They were eating their breakfast while we were there, and of course the ladies had to enquire as to the menu. When they found that it was parched beans, black bread and mud coffee and when they thought it was being served, they thought they might as well wait until we reached our destination before they broke their fast. After while our engine returned to us and from here on we had easy going.

We arrived at the “El Tovar” about eight o’clock and had our breakfast. Those who were to see the canyon by taking the trail down to the river had to hurry, for it is an all-day trip. There were but a few of us that were to make the descent, mostly of the younger portion of it. There were some who were very anxious to go; but our conductor refused to consider it for a moment. He said that he had sent some people back home from here in a wooden box at different times and he wanted no more such experiences. Only those who could show a clean bill of health could get his permission to go. The most of the company thought to prefer the easier way of taking the lookers along the brink, believing that the would get as good an idea of the canyon in this way as could we; but those of us who went down into the depths knew better.

Before we even had our breakfast we all went out on the platform at the front of the hotel and looked across and down into the canyon. Surely it was a wonderful view. The morning sun was filling the gorge with mellow light, and rainbow colors showed through the rising mist. Down deep below us we could see the half-way houses. They are not large; but from our height they looked like tiny tents upon the green of the narrow vale.

After a hurried meal we went to see about our ride. We found that the guides were allowed to take but eight to each party; but as they were waiting for us they had been holding back another crowd and there were enough for three to take charge of. It took only a little while for us to be in readiness. This was done by changing our traveling clothes for overalls consisting of changing our traveling clothes for overalls.

The mules we were to ride on the excursion were a fine-looking lot of animals. They seemed docile and some of them surely were. We were not allowed to select our own mount. The chief guide did that; he chose a large mule for a large man every time. One at a time we were mounted and placed in line to wait until all were ready. The mules assigned to the writer bore the scriptural name of Salome. She was a sober and demure beast, not much given to dancing unless her saddle girth became loosened; then she became a high kicker like the former bearer of the name. Otherwise she required much urging to make her step at all lively. She was slow but sure. She was so sure that she had her own way most of the time. It was only when the guide was behind us with a heavy strap that her progress was really noticeable.

There was much joking at our expense as our line started. The members of our party who were not going with us (had gathered to review the cavelanche. From the effect upon the onlookers and from the words that were thrown at us, we judged that there may have been something rather peculiar in our appearance. We couldn’t get nothing out of the way ourselves; but then, we never can see ourselves as others see us. There was a good deal of lively conversation among us at the first, for the trail was not bad to start with; but we had not gone very far when it began to be rather quiet. Nobody seemed to be in a talkative mood any more. The trail was becoming a little steep. Sitting on a mule that is apparently standing on its head, is not conducive to much interchange of thought, especially on a narrow trail that winds its way back and forth across the face of a precipice 2,000 feet above the valley. More than that the mules were so careless about it. They delighted in walking as briskly as the brink as possible. The only thing they seemed to be afraid of was rubbing their sides against the cliff. There was no guide to them, pull as hard as you pleased. They had a mind of their own and intended to use it. They had been been at trail a thousand times or more and they were not worried about it. It would not hurt anybody, as long as you used it right. When we came to a sharp turn of which there were many, they would march straight up to the very edge before turning; and they liked to hear the gravel and stones fall on the rocks below. We soon found that the way to deal with them was to let them have theirs, for then there was no argument and they would have it their way. Not only was it best because it was the safest. You were inclined to pull in a little though, when you came to those places on the trail where the guides would cry out to “lean in.” We can get used to anything if we practice it long enough, and so, after the novelty of our experience began to wear off, we began to really enjoy ourselves and we were amply repaid for our time and nervousness.

The beauty and grandeur of the canyon could not be told as well as seen. It began to dawn upon us slowly that we were going to have an experience that we never could forget. I believe that if the trail that led down the sides of the giant cliff had been much more dangerous than it was, I would have said it was just as good. In any case, could I have realized what wonders were to greet me. There we were, slowly making our way down the precipice like ants crawling down the sides of a house; and twisting and turning this way and that along the border of the cahnse we began to get some idea of that which we had come so far to see. There was a difference in which shade and light came to us from each new lookout. The conception that we had gained as we had looked down from the hotel platform into the canyon was very inadequate. Here was something new at every turn of the trail. A strata of rock gave back pale or brighter colors as we looked from above or below, because of the different angle of our view. Saffron and pink, gray and brown, one ever-changing shade came to us in the ever-changing lights. The magnificence of it startled one. Lift up your eyes and look. Blue sky and fleecy clouds are over you, and huge and ragged lines of the great cliffs mark the edges of the heavens. Massive promontories of rock protrude their noses over the abyss, as balconated houses overlook the streets of old-time cities. In some places there are rents in the wall branching out from the main canyon like tributaries of a river which, if alone, would of themselves be called great; but compared to that of which they are a part, seem but as tiny likenesses. Way up on some creviced outpost may be seen but of a house; a cactus, and small trees and shrubs find place there to insert the slender fingers of their roots under some protruding boulder, to hang loosely there. More often, the sides show faces smooth and barren, except for pocket and sand feet or a few shrubs on the rocks above the abyss. From the hotel balcony, we could see the end of the Canyon of the Colorado from the “Bright Angel Trail,” as we never could have seen it by looking down from above into its depths.

Two thousand feet down we came to the half-way houses which we had seen, from the platform above. They were occupied by Mexicans and Indians, Gardens of flowers and vegetables surrounded them. A rivulet comes by them, feeling its way among the boulders and falling in sheets over the cliffs, on its way to the river below. Alders grow in profusion here for a ways, drooping their branches down into the waters to be refreshed by their cooling touch. For a half mile or so the path is fairly level, until it comes to that part of the trail known as “The Devil's Cork.
screw." This is the longest of the bad places on the trail for the seven miles. The writer owns the record of the trip, now numbering about thirty, our company having overtaken some who had made an earlier start. When we came to the verge of the steep descent, we paused a moment to view the whole company and the leading guides to see if they could possibly handle the descent from the cliff above where we had to walk to the face of the abyss. We discussed the matter directly below us so that we might easily have dropped a stone upon his head, yet we had to traverse the face of the abyss seven times before reaching the place where we saw him. It looked a little queer to the company who had been on the back and forth below us. This was one of the few places where we had to walk. The place was too steep for riding, there being danger of overbalancing the mules on the narrow steps which were here hewn out of the rock. Our part of the canyon began to narrow, the jaws coming quite close together over us, closing the view for the most part, except the solid walls on each side. The creek we have spoken of comes down the trail here, and for some distance we had a fairly good road to travel. We knew we were nearing the river, for we had heard the call of the waters growing louder and louder for some time. At last the guide called a halt and we set our feet against the rocks and threw the reins over the heads of the mules. These were then lined up along the bank of the creek and left without being fastened while we walked on for our first view of the Colorado. Of a sudden we came upon it. Here, in its channel four thousand feet and more below the brow of the precipice, nearly a mile straight down we found it, a rushing, angry flood of waters. Upon its turbid bosom were patches and sheets of foam, showing how its white sheet of water and perpendicular cliffs came together. There was an eddy in the waters where the river and the creek we had followed came together, and in this some of our party waded bare-footed.

It had been quite a warm morning but pleasant otherwise and we were not looking for any trouble. There had been a few clouds hanging in the sky but nothing to alarm one. We were, therefore, not a little surprised suddenly to hear a sharp report of thunder echoing and re-echoing among the mountains. Up over the jaws of the canyon the sound was loud, and it did not take us long to find out; for we could see only a few rods either way before we would be brought to a stop where water and perpendicular cliffs came together. There was an eddy in the waters where the river and the creek we had followed came together, and in this some of our party waded bare-footed.

The great river rushes ever on, thundering and vaunting itself with the high heavens calling to the deep earth in the voices of the thunder. This followed us hour in and hour out all the way back. For a time it would let up and then it would attack us with new force. There was no chance for sight-seeing on the return trip. We were hiking through and shivering as in mid-winter and, although well wrapped, the ladies could scarce keep the saddle. It was on this homeward journey that Salome showed some of the traits of character which made fame for the one whose name is hallowed above the rest.

We were hurrying along over one of the most level parts of the trail and the writer was trying his best to keep up with the procession when Salome seemed of a sudden to be filled with a desire to stand on her head and throw her heels askew. Now while that might be a dignified position for a-mule to take, it did not add either to the dignity or the tranquility of her rider. He did not know what was the trouble with his mount, for she might have formed that habit in going down into the canyon, for it was the position she had to take most of the time then; or it might be she was taking this way to hurl her defiance at the clouds and to show that she did not mean a whit to be afraid of. She was a huge, strong, full grown mule and Salome could furnish. After we reached the guide, who had gone ahead to give some one, we asked him what he meant by giving us a bucking mule. He denied the charge. I told him that she had performed the real act of a little way back. He said there must be something wrong then, for this Salome had an excellent reputation and by nature was too slow for anything of the sort. Upon examination we found that the rain had caused the saddle girth to stretch and it had slipped and bothered her. When this was remedied she was all right and as slow and demure as ever. I then withdrew all accusations against her and we had no more trouble.

I am afraid it was a sorry-looking band of sight-seers which rode back to the "El Tovar" that evening at about the supper hour. We were cold and wet and considered it a hard trip; but we did feel as if we had passed through an experience such as we might never meet again. For we had gazed on scenes that, though we might search the world through, we could not hope to duplicate. At eight o'clock that night we were ready to resume our journey.

How did it happen that, out in this wild western country, near the edge of eternity, we should find ourselves a company to view such a wonder as we found here? That is a question not easy to answer. Scientists have disagreed as to the cause of it. Some think that in an age in the far past some mighty upheaval of the land has disturbed the mountains apart and opened the way for the outpouring of the hidden fountains of the waters beneath the surface of the earth. Some think that the river has made its own way, eating into the very heart of the rocks for countless ages until now. Perhaps the earth was made this way in the beginning. Who knows? If scientists can not agree among themselves, how could it be expected that a novice could tell? Then it is the great river in her hidden channel a mile or more below the plain, making her course toward the desert. Here rise tiers on tier the massive battlements of the precipices and here sweep the tides of her murky waters over beds of rock and hidden caverns; here, in the midst of the awful silence, unbroken except for the weak voices of guide and tourist and the muffled roar of the flood, is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all the works of nature in the world. Viewing it, we wonder at the hand which fashioned the deep places of the earth and which left the mountains to their foundations. Surely we can trust that hand to care for its own.

The Union Tent Evangel movement of New York City will inaugurate its thirty-sixth summer campaign in June, by pitching a tent at 124th Street near Morning-Side Avenue, that will accommodate 4,000 persons. Some resident evangelists will carry on the work, and it is expected that at least 300,000 people will hear the old gospel during the season.
**MISSIONS**

**Quarterly Report**

Report of Rev. E. B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, for the quarter ending March 31, 1915.

The present quarter has been spent principally with office and other work about home. The previous quarter was occupied entirely with work on the field; consequently there was a large accumulation of work in the office, which was taken up, together with preparation for the board meeting, January 20, 1915. My correspondence was done without assistance from my clerk, as she was at the hospital in Chicago. A number of important matters came before this session of the board; among them, the request from the Shanghai Missionary Association to reinforce the China Mission. Another perplexing question was the deficit of the new dwelling-house, which, question another, was the deficit of the China Mission. The Quarterly reports show that we have spent thirty thousand dollars on land, and the deficit was paid by the sale of property in New York City.

The Hammond (La.) Church drops out of our list just at the close of the quarter, by the sudden death of our highly esteemed brother, Rev. A. F. Ashurst.

The Welton (Io.) Church has asked for no appropriation for 1915, while the church of West Edmonston, N. Y., was added to the list at the opening of the quarter.

The Evangelistic Committee employed Professor H. P. Schmidt to assist Brother D. B. Coon, as singing evangelist. He began work March 1.

Number of weeks of labor, 2,606; number of sermons preached, 478, to congregations ranging from 20 to 200 people; prayer meetings, 224; calls made, 1,024; number of converts, 79; added to the churches, 38: by baptism, 34; by letter, 4; Sabbath conferences, 6; reports distributed, 9,012; papers and books, 6,897.

Your secretary has visited seven of our churches and mission stations; has spoken in all 30 times: on missions, 4 times; written and sent out 300 communications; received 270; traveled 950 miles.

Respectfully submitted,

E. B. SAUNDERS.

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**Letter From Africa**

Rev. E. B. Saunders,

DEAR SIR: The situation here remains, on the whole, unchanged. You spoke of intervals in your last letter and I have decided to write something about them since I have had a look around here. First, I must mention that the Seventh Day Baptist people had an industrial mission in this country. A coffee plantation was purchased, with twenty-four tons of coffee in the. The product was worth something like $50 a ton at that time. What was done with the money I do not know, but I suppose it was mostly paid to natives in that and the following year on the South African scale of wages, which would ruin any industry in this country. One thing is certain, Mr. Booth paid his boys big wages. The following years Mr. Booth claims that the coffee bleight ruined the crops, and this accounts for his failure. I understand that there is a worm that goes into the trees, which is the worm season, which is the worm season. Even the Indians from Asia complain of the heat, and horses can not live here. Machinery, plows, etc., have been tried without success. All work is done by the hand of the natives with their rude hoe. It seems impossible to teach these natives anything new, as they are very conservative and habit is strong upon them.

The Zambesi Industrial Mission does not make some money out of wheat, but it supplies the local market and has to irrigate to raise the grains, which is a tremendous burden. Then this gives small returns considering the amount of land the mission has (125,000 acres) and the value of the land at the price one would have to pay for it if he bought any. It is a big company with much capital and if it loses $500 this makes little difference. It lost $500 last year leaving money to Indian traders.

The Blantyre Mission (Company) has some large industries, too, but these concerns receive heavy support from England and Scotland. In fact, they are endowed, by that country.

There must be two men in an industrial mission, one to be the scapegoat and make the boys work, and the other to teach the good things. Then there would always be the competition between planters and mission in getting boys, and one would almost have to adopt the planters' methods with boys, which are repulsive to a missionary. There probably is money in cattle, but I see no one getting rich at it. Then any native knows how to raise cattle and there is very little work to it, so it would not make an industry. One thing that is wanted in this country is a good tailor and he might be able to be the boys' trade; but I can see little money in it, as duty on cloth is high, freight is high, and the people here are generally too poor to buy the goods. Of course planting would appeal to me most, but I can see that one must have much experience in planting in this peculiar country to make a success alone. Some kinds of dried fruit might pay. Ngoni land is out of the question yet, as
Prayer was offered by Rev. H. C. Van Horn.

Minutes of last meeting were approved. The quarterly reports of the Corresponding Secretary and the Treasurer were approved and ordered recorded.

The following resolutions, presented by the Corresponding Secretary, were unanimously adopted.

[Since these resolutions appear elsewhere in this department, we omit them here.]

Reports of the progress of our work in China were received from our missionaries in Shanghai and Lieu-oo.

Brother Spencer reports several baptisms at Georgetown, South America. We are informed of the recent death of Brother Spencer's only sister at Barbados, and a message of sympathy was communicated from the Board.

E. B. Saunders, Ira B. Crandall and John H. Austin were made a committee to consider the matter of the meeting needs of a part of the Southwestern field, with authority.

Ira B. Crandall, Robert L. Coon and John H. Austin were appointed a committee to prepare a program for Missionary Day at General Conference, 1915.

The Evangelistic Committee presented a report which was approved.

Your committee would respectfully report for the quarter ending March 31 the following:

One meeting has been held, that of April 14. The committee directed the work of Brother W. D. Burdick until February 10, when it was thought best to give him a four months' furlough to engage in Sabbath Reform work under the direction of the Trust Board. Brother D. B. Coon was engaged in work in New Jersey until March 10, when he came to Waterford, Conn. His work closed in that vicinity, since which time he has been in Rhode Island.

The committee has employed, as Brother Coon's assistant, Prof. Paul H. Schmidt, of New York City, as singing evangelist at a salary of $60 a month and traveling expenses. He began his services March 1.

Calls have come for work in the Northwestern Association and it seems best for them to commence work at either New Auburn, Minn., or Excelsior, Wis.

The Lord has wonderfully answered our prayers in enabling us to able and consecrate a man as Brother Schmidt.

Respectfully submitted,

Ira B. Crandall, President.

Frank Hill, Recording Secretary.

Rev. H. C. Van Horn was appointed a member of the Evangelistic Committee, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. P. M. Barbour.


Adjourned.

WM. L. CLARKE, President.

A. S. BARBOCk, Recording Secretary.
a farm near Roosevelt. This picnic trip, and a second trip to Hobart were made possible to us by the kindness of Mr. Pearl Mesmer, brother-in-law of Ellery Burdick, who took us in his automobile.

The roads in this part of Oklahoma are well worked. The county owns eight pairs of large mules that are in constant use by the "bootleggers," who are working out their fines. This company, under proper supervision, is sent into different parts of the county to work the roads. This plan of repairing the roads appealed to me as being superior to that of licensing the saloon in order to get money for street work. I heartily recommend it as a punishment for bootlegging.

My visits with Brother and Sister Burdick, and with their children, Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Burdick and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Benedict, were indeed pleasant. These people long for the social and religious privileges that are present in Sabbath-keeping societies, and I hope that the way may soon open so that they can return to Nortomville or some other place where they can attend Sabbath services.

My next stop was at Aridmore, where I spent a day and night with Mr. D. R. Edwards and his daughter and family. Recorder readers will remember that Elder Socwell baptized Brother Edwards at Aridmore last year, and that, upon his recommendation, Mr. Edwards became a member of our church at Little Genese, N. Y., where he lived in early life. There, under the ministry of Eld. T. B. Brown, he was converted; but as he believed that Sabbath-keeping was necessary should he live a Christian life, he chose business rather than the Sabbath. But God would not forsake him, and after more than forty years of wandering Brother Edwards yielded and accepted baptism and Sabbath-keeping. It is needless for me to write that the past year has been happily spent by him in this pleasant relationship with God. He has received much encouragement through letters received from members of the Little Genese Church.

Brother Edwards went with me to the State Confederate Home; a cotton compress, and the points of interest; and in other ways showed himself a royal entertainer.

The last place that I visited in Oklahoma was not far from Rattan, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Jackson, and their son and his wife and five children. The ride from Antlers to the Belzonia post-office, a distance of twelve miles, was made with the mail carrier over a road too sandy, stumpy, and stony for an automobile to travel.

I spent several days in this community visiting the Sabbath-keepers and others, and in preaching four times in the old schoolhouse not far from Belzonia. As Elder Socwell has written for the Recorder, this is a needy field, and promising for Seventh Day Baptists to work. If a series of meetings could be held here at a time of year when the people are not as busy as they now are, the meetings would be well attended and much good would be accomplished. There has been a considerable interest in the Sabbath question in that vicinity during the past year. I spent Sunday night at the home of one of the leading young men in the community, and we talked on religious subjects from 10 o'clock till after midnight, introducing the conversation by declaring his belief that the Seventh Day is the Bible Sabbath. He also told me of his conversation with other Sunday keeping people with whom he maintained this opinion.

Not only does this community need a thorough revival, but it needs to realize the importance of obeying the commandments of God. Much also depends upon the influence and example of Sabbath-keepers in encouraging others to accept the Sabbath and "keep it holy."

It was a pleasure to find the Recorder and the Helping Hand in this home, and to hear Sister Jackson read the Sabbath-school lesson from the Helping Hand on Sabbath Day. I have often thought of the little girl Minnie who was sick with malaria most of the time that I was in this home. I hope that she has fully recovered.

Since leaving Rattan I have written to two persons who are interested in the Sabbath question, but who are living in other parts of Oklahoma. Doubtless there are many others in the State who are studying the question if we could find out about them.

My next stop is at Fouke, Ark.

Mayview, Ark.
April 22, 1915.
it is well for us to learn lessons of patience, hope, and trust; to sacrifice, if need be, of our own personal interests, time, and pleasure for the good of our common cause; to learn faith and confidence in one another, and to know that God directs our ways. If we will confide in him, we believe that the "things that endure" shall, in a measure, be won for us, and an increasing power of influence be exercised for the women of our denomination who shall take up the work after us.

The following resolution, adopted by our women at Conference, is still our purpose, and for it we pray.

WHEREAS, As women of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination we desire to do our humble part in the evangelization of the world—and the promotion of the Bible Sabbath,

Resolved, That we as representative women of our denomination will endeavor to fit ourselves in every way to do more efficient labor in the missionary and evangelistic work of our own denomination, and that we join with the Federation of Women's Boards in prayer and work for the salvation of the world.

Worker's Exchange
Farina, Ill.

Tuesday, April 19, marked the close of our dinners, which have been served by the Ladies' Aid Society each alternate week through the winter. They have been a source of sociability for the church besides bringing several dollars into our treasury. This money is used for church purposes.

Our membership is often increased. Recently two names were added to our roll. These women were honored and joined our church, being converts to the Sabbath. The society voted to give a church social on April 14, that being the forty-ninth anniversary. This proved a great success. The church and school are rejoicing over the many additions and spiritual uplift which have come to us through our heavenly Father, the faithful service of our pastor, Rev. L. O. Greene, and the church members.

LETIE C. FERRILL,
Secretary.

If you have gracious words to say
O give them to our hearts today,
But if your words will cause us sorrow
Pray keep them till the last tomorrow.

Among Lone Sabbath Keepers in Iowa

DEAR BROTHER SHAW:

Concerning "the work," I wrote you last as I was leaving Garvin. My next three attempts to see L. S. K.'s were failures. I could not find the Tama party, and the brother at Mitchellan, out so far away he did not wish to meet me at the station. I understand he is an elderly man, and faithful, though working out. My next stop was at Grinnell, Iowa, to find a Sister Eva Deeds. I found a woman by that name in the city, but she said she was not the one I was looking for. There had been another by the same name, and their educational records would get mixed, but she said that that one went away three or five years ago, she knew not where. However, I learned from a business man that this Mrs. Deeds' brother-in-law had a wife with the same name and lived out R. F. D. I phoned out and was told that Mrs. Deeds died last January. I then wrote to Mr. Deeds, asking if his wife was the Seventh Day Baptist I was looking for and received this reply. "She belonged to nothing of the kind the past 22 years. Furniture and told them I can not answer." Whether that meant that she once kept the Sabbath, but had not for the past 22 years, I do not know. If any church clerk or pastor has the name of Lulu Fay, or Eva (Effie) Deeds, please let me know.

But I did not have to go to a hotel at Grinnell. Mrs. Mark DaShiel of that city was for years a ward of mine, an orphan girl from New York City, and I was her legal guardian, educating her at Des Moines in high school and business college, and for a year she was stenographer and typist for the Spalding Motor Company of Grinnell, and married last November. It was a happy meeting with my ward, who so greatly appreciates the care and education she received.

At Zearing I was warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Holcomb. I found Mrs. Holcomb a daughter of the late E. D. Stillman, of Independence, N. Y., whom I baptized when he was past seventy years of age and for whose wife I officiated at her funeral services. Mrs. Holcomb's sister, Mrs. Clara Austin, of Whitesville, N. Y., was organist of the church when I first went to the Independence pastorate and I visited her in January, 1914. Mr. Holcomb took me about the town, introducing me to the business men. Mrs. Holcomb is a subscriber to the Recorder, reading it with interest, and is loyal to the Sabbath, but is not a member of any of our churches. They are raising a sweet girl, a granddaughter, now of twelve years. I wanted to spend the Sabbath there and if possible to talk in one of the churches, but it was going to prolong the visit too much and the railway connections were not good, so Mrs. Holcomb took me to McCallusburg, five miles distant, to take a train on Friday for Nevada, where I spent the Sabbath attending the Seventh Day Adventist church. Here the Adventists have a congregation of about two hundred and fifty, an academy, and a church school for children, also the Iowa Sanitarium. I called on a number, leaving them the booklet, "Seventh Day Baptists and the Sabbath," as they would say, "I do not know much about your people." One said that it was supposed the Seventh Day Baptists were now extinct! It was my happy privilege to inform them that the Lord was still preserving the church and very much, encouraged, I left them the Recorder and some tracts. One of those I met had a mother who once lived at Milton and was a Baptist. They were interested to hear about us and wrote us a letter. The name was Ogden. I stayed at a Mr. Ayar's, whose relatives in New York State had been intimately associated with Seventh Day Baptists.

In Nevada I was taken out for an auto ride (to look up a friend) by Doctor Held. Mrs. Held has a sister in Battle Creek, the wife of Dr. Eggleston, whom I knew when I was at the Haskell Home. I have also several times preached in their home church (S. D. A.) at Osceola, Iowa.

In the directory names Sabbath-keepers in Des Moines, but I am unable to find them. My next stop was Adel, where I found Sister Miranda Holmes, a member of the Welton Church. She is alone with a son, but greatly longing for association with her church. Her husband, who died a few years ago, was a soldier in the Civil War. None of her five children observe the Sabbath, which to her is a source of much sorrow. Sister Holmes is a niece of the late Rev. J. M. Todd, of Britskirk, X., who was a prince in Israel, blessed is the far-reaching influence of such a man reaching out these years in so many far-away places.

Being within ten miles of Redfield, Iowa, I went there to see the widow of the late Mr. Maxson. Mr. Maxson was a nephew of Rev. Darwin B. Maxson, and for a long time after his death, the Recorder was taken in the home. None of the family observe the Sabbath, though they think kindly of their father's people.

There now remain about eight more towns in Iowa to visit.

H. D. CLARKE.

Redfield, Iowa,
April 22, 1915.

Sabbath Rally Day, May 22

So many requests are coming in for programs for Sabbath Rally Day that the Advisory Committee is encouraged, and feels that this effort will be of much good to us as a people. It is hoped that every church and every community and every lone Sabbath-keeper will in some way celebrate this day and emphasize the value and importance of the Sabbath.

The programs are being printed and will be sent out in a few days, even if no requests have come in. Samples will be sent to superintendents of Junior societies, to secretaries of women's societies, and to presidents of Christian Endeavor societies, but the bundles will be sent to the pastors and Sabbath-school superintendents. Lone Sabbath-keepers will have to send for copies.

On behalf of the Board,

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

To give a book is to enrich the receiver
permanently; to put into his or her possession something which leaves a residuum of pleasure long after the particular date on which it was received has been forgotten.

-Hamilton W. Mabie.
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK
REV. ROYAL B. THORNDALE, VERONA, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

The Things for Which Christian Endeavor Stands
"Definite standards of service, and
definite commitment to those standards.
"Open confession of Christ, and
speaking for him according to ability
and opportunity.
"The cultivation of the devotional life
by regular prayer and Bible-study.
"Training in Christian service by a
variety of committee work.
"Loyalty to the church, and a regular
attendance upon the church services.
"Generous giving to Christian work.
"Christian citizenship.
"Interdenominational fellowship, and
the promotion of peace and good will
among the nations of the world."

Belief in Christian Endeavor
REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN
Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath
Day, May 15, 1915

Daily Readings
Sunday—Its covenant (Heb. 8: 8-13)
Monday—Its Christ-ideal (2 Cor. 5: 14-21)
Tuesday—Its Bible-reading (Ps. 119: 33-40)
Wednesday—Its service (1 Cor. 15: 1-58)
Thursday—Its fellowship (Heb. 10: 25)
Friday—Its fellowship (Eph. 4: 1-6)
Sabbath Day—Why I believe in Christian En­
deavor (2 Tim. 1: 1-14)

A few verses of our lesson today should
appear very strongly to us as Christian En­
deavorers. Paul declares (vs. 1) that he
is Christ's apostle, that he is, he sent out
as a messenger of Jesus “by the will of
God.” In his loneliness he would fall
back upon the consciousness that he is an
apostle, not by his own choice or by his
own appointment, but by the will of God.
So in our hour of peril and perplexity we,
too, may find comfort in our one security,
the rock of God's will. Herein is the
assurance and great watchtower of Christian Endeavor strength and permanency,—
"Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for
strength."

One of Paul's reasons for thankfulness
to God was that of Timothy's "unfeigned
faith." I sat last night in a meeting of
the State Executive Committee of Chris­
tian Endeavor in the city of Providence. I
remember the bright earnest faces of the
people there; their enthusiasm and loyalty
to our Lord Jesus, and to his work as rep­
resented by them in the State. Back of it
all, what? An unfeigned faith; and this
is true of Christian Endeavor, the world
over, I believe. For this, and for her
loyal stand for Christ and his church, I
thoroughly believe in Christian Endeavor.

Paul speaks also (vs. 7) of God's gifts
to Timothy of power and love and of sound
mind, rendered in Revised Version "dis­
cipline." This also illustrates, fittingly,
the spirit and purpose of Christian En­
deavor. The Endeavorer puts his trust
in Him only, who can give power and
awake love and encourage discipline,
and sound mind. One who will look over
the catalogue of publications put out by
the United Society, or study thoroughly
some of its books, will come to realize something
of what Christian Endeavor is doing
and something of the power and discipline fos­
tered by the movement. It is said by
Paul, "Christian Endeavor is dead." or "a
thing sadly in decline." I have been guilty,
I fear, of some such remark myself. But
it was at a time when I was wholly out
of touch with the work. Doubtless that
accounts for many a like statement.
The fact is, there never was a time when
Christian Endeavor was doing so much, or was
so much and thoroughly alive as it is to­
day. It is still very much a young people's
movement, comments and criticisms to the
contrary notwithstanding. For its life
and enthusiasm and consecration and train­
ing, I believe heartily in Christian En­
deavor.

"Be not ashamed of the testimony of
our Lord" (vs. 8), urges the apostle. That
is, he be not ashamed of the gospel, for as
Paul says on another occasion, "It is the
good pleasure of God unto salvation of
all that believe them" (Rom. 1: 16). What
charges such passages give to young people
to testify, and personal testimony is one of
the cardinal principles of the pledge.

I know whom I have believed (vs.
12). What power and longsuffering and
patience and love belong to him who can
say this with the apostle. And because
Christian Endeavor has kept tens of
thousands of men and women during the past
thirty-four years to just such an exper­
imental knowledge, I believe in it.

Here is the one greatly important thing
of the whole of life, that we should know
Jesus Christ. Dr. Gordon tells, in his
"Quiet Talks on Service," of a saintly old
woman who had known her Bible by heart,
but who as her years advanced failed in
memory until the only Scripture she could
remember was this, "I know whom I have
believed . . ." That gradually slipped from
her till in her dying hour it had all gone
but one word—"Him" and those who bent
closely over her could hear her repeat
"Him, Him, Him," just one word, but it was
enough.

HINTS TO THE LEADER
Aim to get the honorary members and
former members into this meeting, and
urge them to tell why they believe in
Christian Endeavor. This should encourage
your younger members and stimulate them
to more faithful activities.

This may be a good place to point out
the need—absolute necessity—of prepara­
tion, days before that of the meeting. The
meeting not prepared for until the "last
hour" merits only failure, and it usually
gets what it deserves. Meetings thus treat­
ed are lacking in interest and attractive
features.

The leaders should be appointed six
months ahead—and if your Prayer Meet­
ing Committee has failed in this or in post­ing
up its schedule, do you stir up your
president, pastor, and Lookout Commit­
tee besides the Prayer Meeting Committee.
As soon as one knows he is to lead a cer­
tain meeting, his day of preparation should
begin. Study topic, reference, and daily
readings; meditate and pray; study and
plan.

If your pastor is not interested in Chris­
tian Endeavor, hand him a copy of "The
Story of Christian Endeavor, 1914," or a
copy of "Expert Endeavor" and ask him to
read it.

Invite your pastor to take not more than
five minutes to tell why he believes in
Christian Endeavor.

HINTS FOR THE TEACHER
Dare to stand today and offer a one-
sentence prayer.

Answer the question, What has Chris­
tian Endeavor done for me?
"Dare to break down for Christ; he will
build you up."

Quote from memory Romans 1: 16, and
make personal application to your life and
testimony.

FOR ALL TO THINK ABOUT
Am I putting my best into Christian En­
deavor?

Is the pledge a drap or a help to spop­
taneous Christian activity?

Have I read any book on Christian En­
deavor work this year?—Ever?

Why not I become an Expert Endeavor­
er before next Conference?

Ask your president how you may be
become an Expert Endeavorer.

Who can help believing in an organiza­
tion or movement with principles such as
the following;

Definite standards of service, and defi­
nite commitment to those standards. Open
confession of Christ, and speaking for him
according to ability and opportunity.

The cultivation of the devotional life by
regular prayer and Bible-study. Training in
Christian service by a variety of committee
work. Loyalty to the church, and a regular
attendance upon the church services.

Generous giving to Christian work.

Christian citizenship.

Interdenominational fellowship, and
the promotion of peace and good will
among the nations of the world.
Tithing and Self-Denial Week

The week, May 16-22, has been set apart by the Young People's Board as "Tithing and Self-Denial Week," for the young people of our denomination. The money thus raised is to be given to the missionary fund of the board; the first fifteen dollars to be used to finish paying our pledge of one hundred dollars to the Lien-oo Hospital Fund; and whatever more is raised over and above this, to be used for the other missionary objects to which the board has pledged money.

Each member of a Christian Endeavor society is asked to set aside his or her tithe-money, and all they can save by self-denial during this week, for the purpose. The plan was suggested by the Riverside society, and the board acted on this suggestion, thinking perhaps the much-needed funds could be raised without making other causes suffer. Since Sabbath, May 22, has been designated as Sabbath-Rally Day, and will, undoubtedly, be observed as such by many of our churches, the Young People's Board feels that this particular Sabbath would be a fitting date for the culmination of this special week of tithing and self-denial for missionary purposes.

Of how much are you willing to deny yourself for the sake of the Master? Have you ever thought how many are the little luxuries with which you are really indulging yourself until you have come to think of them as necessities? In the tithing week of practical, efficient service in the way they are grounded in practical social, religious, and spiritual truths and duties; and prepared for of them as actual necessities? The week was a "Sabbath-Rally." It is a great week; and whatever more is raised over and above this, to be used for the other missionary objects to which the board has pledged money.

Why I Believe in Christian Endeavor

Why I Believe in Christian Endeavor

F. E. D. B.


Dear Juniors: Do you like to go visiting? Perhaps your society will hold this meeting with the Senior Christian Endeavor society.

Of course you will be very attentive, and learn all you can by listening while the older ones talk about the lesson from Paul's words to Timothy and how they apply to Christian Endeavor work.

As visitors in our homes always do some of the talking, so the Juniors will be expected to furnish a part of the program of the union meeting.

Your superintendent will arrange for this with the other society, and tell you before the meeting what part you are to take.

Perhaps you will be asked to name the books of the Bible in their order, if you have been learning them.

Perhaps you will recite one of your familiar psalms, for I expect you know several of them.

You might each give one or two initial Bible verses; by this I mean verses that you especially like, beginning with the same letters as the words of your own name.

Or you may be given a few minutes to say all the Bible verses you can think of readily.
In doing these things you would prove that the training you had received in the Christian Endeavor society had been a great benefit to you in the line of Bible study.

I hope, too, that your daily life in words and actions also prove that the weekly meetings of the Junior society are helpful.

You know that being a Christian Endeavorer means that we are endeavoring to be Christlike, and trying at all times to do as Jesus Christ would have us do.

Be sure and study this beautiful lesson which is from a letter written by Paul to Timothy, whom Paul calls his dearly beloved son.

Paul says he prays for Timothy every night and day, and greatly desires to see him. Paul remembers the faith of Timothy, and not be ashamed of, was a lesson he had received, and that the weekly meetings of the Junior society are helpful.

And I believe in prayer (1 Cor. 15: 58; Heb. 6: 10).

Why I believe in Endeavor (Josh. 22: 5; Mic. 6: 8).

Ordination of Deacons at Boulder, Colo.

Since the death of Deacon Swan, which occurred September 28, 1913, the Boulder Church has had only one deacon, A. L. Clarke. Deacon Clarke having recently removed from Boulder, it seemed best to call one or more deacons.

Accordingly, by vote of the church, E. M. Irish and D. M. Andrews were elected, and the first Sabbath in April was selected as the time for their ordination.

As is the usual custom, the clerk sent notice to the churches of the Northwestern Association, inviting them to send delegates to the ordination.

The Tract Board sent Rev. George B. Shaw as a delegate, who also represented the North Loup Church and the Milton Junction Church.

Mr. Shaw arrived in Boulder Friday, April 2, and that evening a service was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke for the examination of the candidates. After the examination, Brother Shaw preached a most inspiring sermon on Isaiah's Vision of Holiness.

Sabbath morning, April 3, the ordination service was held.

The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. George B. Shaw, and Pastor Davis made the consecrating prayer.

The two ex-pastors, Rev. S. R. Wheeler and Dr. F. O. Burdick, gave very practical and helpful addresses, after which Dea. A. L. Clarke gave the address of welcome to the deacons.

After the ordination service, the Lord's Supper was celebrated, at which the newly ordained deacons assisted Deacon Clarke.

The service closed by the church and congregation giving the hand of welcome and Godspeed to the deacons and their wives.

A good friend is too severely won to be lightly set aside. We should hold him and cherish him, willing to receive his criticism as well as his praise, and eager to turn both to our profit.—Boston Budget.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Matter of Personality

"You look like a garden of sweet peas," Miss Staunton said, and smiled at Hilda, who stood in the doorway prettily dressed in white and violet.

The quick color flashed into Hilda's face. Miss Staunton,—"your famous Miss Staunton,—as Geraldine Gates called her—was her ideal.

"Oh, would you care to see my room?" she asked eagerly. "It's just a girl's room, you know, but it's in violet, too—if it wouldn't bother you."

"I'd love to," said Miss Staunton. "Now?"

"I can if you can," Hilda said happily.

They went upstairs together. Joan's room, sunny, homely, full of used and shabby things, faced them first. Miss Staunton had been there the night before. Hilda threw open the opposite door, and then stood waiting, while the color came and went in her face. She did not have to wait long.

"It's exquisite," Miss Staunton cried.

"Did you plan it all yourself?"

"Every bit," Hilda replied, and "I worked it out, too. I did the stenciling for the curtains and all the embroidery. I thought a little of having a violet on my linen, but I liked the white monogram. I designed it. I put it on my shirtwaists, too, sometimes in white, and sometimes in lavender and white; I have it on my stationery—and look in here." She opened her upper drawer. Inside were handkerchief and glove and ribbon cases of cash, all embroidered with the pretty monogram.

"I thought I'd make them all of silk at first," Hilda explained, "you can get such lovely silks; but after they're soiled that's matter in monograms, sometimes, too, some- deficits. The churches should remember that the apportionment to every cause before June 30 there will be deficits. The churches should remember that the apportionments were made only of budgets approved by the last Conference and should be met promptly by them.

The Theological Seminary is already feeling the need of funds. Perhaps other causes, too, are suffering because the apportionment to some church has not been fully met. Dear pastor, won't you lay this matter promptly and seriously before your churches? Dear treasurer, won't you at once collect, if need be, the rest of your apportionments and promptly send them in to the proper treasurers? The Seminary at least should have our immediate attention.

An Appeal From the Board of Finance

The Conference year is rapidly drawing to a close. On June 30 the treasurer's books of the various boards and societies will be closed for the year. Unless every church pays in full its apportionment to every cause before June 30 there will be deficits. The churches should remember that the apportionments were made only of budgets approved by the last Conference and should be met promptly by them.
Music is an expression of, and an inspiration to, religious life. Great theme! Its importance is often underestimated. Many a man came under the influence of Moody's preaching who was drawn by the attraction of Sankey's singing. One of the most impressive features of the tabernacle meeting in Philadelphia was the joining of twenty thousand voices together in gospel song. The heart of every listener was turned to the message of the evangelist before he began. The current use of religious influence in the everyday life of a city consists partly in the revivals songs that are being hummed and whistled and sung everywhere—unconsciously—until the songs and their message get into the city's blood.

Our own student evangelistic work has made a large use of song. The quartet movement has caught the imagination of our denomination and of large numbers of people who have heard the boys sing. Singing disarms prejudice, appeals to the emotions of sentiment, and prepares the way for the spiritual message which touches the deepest chords of the human heart.

There is a splendid field for music in the Bible school. The director of the music should study the situation, find the most effective songs and the most effective way in which to sing them. He should utilize his resources, searching out talent and developing it. A school orchestra is a great help. It not only enriches the music, but it quickens the esprit de corps of the school. The more people you can get to work, the better. I believe that the older people should be an enthusiastic part of the Bible school, but let them keep the spirit of youth the prevailing tone. The older teacher may personally like to sing "From every stony wind that blows," with tones long drawn out, his eyes closed in religious fervor. If he should open the windows of his observation, he might find that the boys of the school were joining in, but I have my doubts. Boys like stirring songs, martial music, choruses with a lift and a swing. Older men do too. Watch the veterans unconsciously beating time. Lead the school out in spirited songs of actions. Let the young life and energy find expression. Then they are ready for a hymn of reverence. This is the effect for the whole Sabbath-school cabinet to discuss together. The musical director will be much helped by suggestions made and by the unification and co-operation which should result.

One of our Bible-school workers, Mrs. Ella I. Lewis, of Jackson Center, has recently published a couple of songs, "Jesus the Friend of the World," and "Come, Singer, Come." Her brother, Henry A. Smith, seventy years old, the oldest of the family, wrote the words to the first song, and she, the youngest of the family, wrote the music. She wrote both music and words of the second. She has other songs which she would like to print, but a poor preacher's wife does not have the money to spend on getting music published very often. The two songs are put out to get support. The Lord's people will be happy to help her. Mrs. Lewis does not know that this item is to appear here. We believe, however, in encouraging home talent, so we put in this little word, gratis.

N. B.—Whenever the phrase "poor preacher" is used in this column it is to be understood that the adjective "poor" has a purely financial signification.

Where, O where, are the people whose duty and privilege it is to write for this column? Sit down and indite those items now. Not a long article. News items, suggestions, thoughts, reports of good things. You remember the boy who was reading aloud in class, and came to the word "barque." He stopped, uncertain. "Bark," prompted the teacher. Still the little fellow hesitated. "Bark," said the teacher impatiently. "Bowl! wow!" responded the boy. Well, he did his best to perform what he thought was expected of him. I admire him for that. Come on, now, say something. If it isn't more than "bow-wow," it will at least indicate that you are alive.

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Here We Meet
EXCURSIONS ON A SABBATH NIGHT
Here we meet you in God's temple,
Sabbath-school teachers dear;
Here we join with you in singing,
Praise to Him, whose name we fear.

We meet with happy faces,
On this day of joy and light;
Day for children, day of gladness,
Day most beautiful and bright.

If we are, as you have told us,
Such as in Christ's kingdom be,
Then we'll love, and praise, and adore Him,
King above, eternally.

We'll remember our Creator
In the gladsome days of youth;
While our hearts are young and tender
And susceptible of truth.

For this welcome we are grateful,
Now we clasped our hands in love;
Teachers, friends, with you we journey
Toward our Father's home above.

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Lesson VII.—May 15, 1915
D. A. SPARKS SAUL—1 Sam. 26: 1-25 Golden Text.—"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." Luke 6: 27

DAILY READINGS
First-day, 1 Sam. 26: 5-16. David Spares Saul Second-day, 1 Sam. 26: 17-25. The Power of Kindness
Third-day, 1 Sam. 24: 1-8. Good for Evil Fourth-day, 1 Sam. 24: 9-22. Appeal for Fairness

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)

All usefulness and all comfort may be prevented by an unkind, sour, crabbed temper of mind that can bear with no difference of opinion or temperament. A spirit of faultfinding; an unsatisfied temper; a constant irritability; a brow cloudy and dissatisfied—your home folks can not tell why—will more than neutralize all the good you can do, and render life anything but a blessing.—Albert Barnes.

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The Wreck
'Twas only a mast pierced the eddying tide,
With its red sails lighting the sea's craft to guide,
And warn from the fate of the ship sunken there
'Cause it knew of no rock where the sea's face was fair.

Other ships glided by, to the left and the right,
And the passengers sighed at the sunken ship's plight
And, with grateful remembrance recalled days before
When the wrecked ship had borne them from shore unto shore.

She had carried them safely when winds blew a gale;
Had defied leaping billows, and never known fall;
But alas! had gone down when the sea's face was fair,
Because of no thought of a rock hiding there.

Friends said, "It is awful to think the ship lost!"
Some said, "'Twill warn others to count well the cost.
Of carelessly sailing o'er fair or rough seas;
Let the wreck hold its own signal light in the breeze."

But those who best knew of the ship's real worth,
Put hawser and chains deep in sea round her girth,
And from pinnacles and barges—though others might mock—
They lifted the wreck, and marked well the hig rock.

Let no one mistake when a soul sinks down
'Neath the billows of guilt, that he merits your frown—
That his wrecked life should glare as a signal to men;
Lift the wreck and "restore," but signal the sin.

He may have borne many o'er troubles' rough seas,
Or carried their burdens, or set their souls free;
In pity don't leave him submerged in his sin;
God's grace can make stronger than ever he's been.

Down deep in his ocean of sorrow and woe,
Put round him, dear friends, guidance of confidence, so
That through you the Master may speak as before:
"I do not condemn thee; go, child, sin no more."
HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—During the month the work of the Milton Junction Church, Sabbath school, and the two Christian Endeavor societies progressed well. Services were well attended and the interest good. The first Sabbath in March was given over to the Y. M. C. A. speakers of the Rock County Y. M. C. A. Conference, which was held at Milton and Milton Junction on Sabbath and Sunday. Paul Runyan gave an interesting talk concerning mission work in India, where he has been national Y. M. C. A. secretary. Mahlon Ogden told of the good work of the Y. M. C. A. at Edgerton and the influence on his own life and the lives of other boys there. The service closed by a talk by R. C. McKenzie, of the Janesville "Y." Nearly all the boys stayed for Sabbath school. On the last Sabbath of last quarter, some member of each class in the Sabbath school reported on a lesson in the Good. The society is beginning a study class on "The Bible Basis for our Denominational Beliefs," taking the Exposé of our Faith and Practice as an outline. A large red and white banner bearing in bold letters, "Seventh Day Baptist C. E., Milton Junction, Wis., has recently been made, and a committee is now planning a Christian Endeavor bulletin board, covered with glass, in which to post notices of meetings, committee meetings, and other items of interest. A good time social (not to make money) was held at the parsonage not long ago, and it more than lived up to its name.

The Junior Christian Endeavor work is just as encouraging as that of the Seniors. Since they studied and learned the pledge, many have signed it. The six boys who recently joined the church, and who have taken the motto, "Christ First," in Sabbath school, are "running" the Junior society themselves, and are very interested in making a good society. At their suggestion a testimony meeting is held after the classes, so that they can live up to the "taking part" clause in their pledge, and the Juniors are not slow in making good along this line. Besides this the older ones lead in prayer and show great sincerity in their work. Nearly all the boys are Quiet Hour Comrades and tithers and also signed the decision for attendance at church prayer meetings, besides being church members, but nevertheless they are live, normal, active boys just the same, who like athletics and a good time. Nothing has been any more encouraging than the way they "run" the Junior. They seem to like responsibility, and although young they can take a great deal and handle it O.K.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master; If you think—and not make thoughts your guide; If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster And treat those two impostors just the same: If you can be led by the truth you've spoken, Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools, Or watch the things you give your life to, And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools. If you can make one heap of all your winnings And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss: And lose, and start again at your beginnings And never breathe a word about your loss: If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew To serve your turn long after they are gone, And so hold on when there is nothing in you Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!" If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch; If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, If all men count with you, but none too much: If you can fill the unforgiving minute With sixty seconds' worth of distance run, Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, Which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!—Rudyard Kipling, from "Rewards and Fairies."

Choose for us, Lord, thy wisdom is unerring. And we are fools and blind.—W. H. Burleigh.

There are no gains without pains.
MARRIAGES

LAWTON-STEWART.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stewart, Al­ bend, Wis., February 15, 1915, Mr. Clarence Lawton to Miss Hazel Stewart, Pastor C. S. Sayre officiating.

SIMMONS-PENNER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Penner, at Ed­ meston, N. Y., March 24, 1915, by Rev. W. O. Davis, Lauren J. St. Simonson and Avis J. Penner, all of Edmeston, N. Y.

BAROCC-COON.—On April 8, 1915, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. H. Coon, 59 Hanover St., Battle Creek, Mich., by Pastor M. B. Erikson, of Battle Creek, and Miss Minnie A. Coon, both of Battle Creek.

DAVIS-POTTER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Potter, 24th and University Ave., Boulder, Colo., April 11, by Dr. E. O. Burdick, assisted by Rev. A. L. Davis, Mr. Lewis Clarke LeRoy Davis, of Scholl, Colo., and Miss Minnie Mae Pot­ ter, of Boulder.

DEATHS

SHOLTZ.—Infant son of Joseph M. and Effie Davis Sholtz was born near Nortonville, Kan., March 26, 1915, and died April 4, 1915. A brief funeral service was conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs at the family home and the body was laid to rest on April 4, 1915, death being due to dropsy and heart trouble.

She had lived all her life in the community where she was born, near the old Second Verona church. On September 15, 1872, she was married to E. J. Frey, a farmer and young man who had made his home with her father's people. Early in life, she was converted and united with the First Verona church, in which she remained a faithful Sabbath-keeper, had read her Bible regularly, and had lived a Christian life according as she had been permitted to see in her blessed memory, and remained loyal to their obligations until they were called to the church triumphant.

The funeral was held at the home on Tuesday, at 2 p. m., April 6, Pastor W. L. Davis officiat­ ing, and the body was placed in a vault in the Interred Valley Cemetery.

WOLFE.—Melissa Elizabeth Satterlee, daughter of William C. and Mary Burdick Satterlee, was born in the town of Verona, N. Y., near the village of Durhamville, March 2, 1846, and died in the West Cemetery, on March 13, 1875, by Pastor Thorngate, who spoke from the words of Second Samuel 14: 14. Owing to the severity of the weather the body was placed in vault, to be interred later in the Rathburnville Cemetery at Verona Mills, N. Y.

(Abridged delayed on account of lack of data.)

PETIT.—Joseph C. Petit was born in Alle­ sbury, Conn., October 16, 1859, and died in Alliance, Ohio, October 24, 1915. Mr. Petit was a member of Company D, Pennsylvania Volunteers Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War. On the Second V. T. C., he was some twenty years, owing to a severe illness, she had lived under a cloud, but during all those years she remained a faithful Sabbath-keeper, had read her Bible regularly, and had lived a Christian life according as she had been permitted to see in her blessed memory, and remained loyal to their obligations until they were called to the church triumphant.

The funeral was held at the home on Tuesday, at 2 p. m., April 6, Pastor W. L. Davis officiat­ ing, and the body was placed in a vault in the West Cemetery.

STETTIN.—Mrs. Jennie Burdick Stettin, daughter of Dennis and Elizabeth Burdick, and wife of Chester B. Stettin, was born in Westfield, R. I., September 28, 1860, and died at their home near Verona, N. Y., April 10, 1915, the seventy-fifth birthday of her hus­ band.

She was a member of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred; and until the illness of recent years was a woman of action, industry, and public spirit—married to life.

Her husband; two daughters, Mrs. Hannah Gamble, of Alfred, and Mrs. Edward Kendrick of New York City; and two grandchildren, sur­ vive her.

BEENE.—In Brookfield, N. Y., April 3, 1915, Mrs. Hannah Beene died, aged 79 years and 9 months, lacking one day.

Mrs. Beene was the daughter of George W. and Martha Beene, both of this village, and was born in Chambersburg, Pa., April 4, 1844, where her early years of life were spent. In the home of her parents she lived the first ten years, and she and Mr. De­ loss E. Beene were united in holy wedlock.

Mediately after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Beene made their home durable, N. Y., which was their home until they were united to their higher home.

To Mr. and Mrs. Beene were born three chil­ dren: Mrs. Alice V. Beebe Whiten, of Brook­ field, N. Y.; Miss Annie M. Beebe, who passed away at twenty-two, Aug., age July 22, 1886, and Clarence V. Beebe, of Brookfield, N. Y., who passed away February 22, 1885. Besides these two children Mrs. Beene is survived by two brothers and one sister—Mr. R. P. McIn­ tyre, Mrs. William McIntyre, and Mrs. Clara McPherson Tipton, all of Altoona, Pa.

On March 13, 1875, Mr. and Mrs. Beene were baptized and received into the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Brookfield by Elder J. M. Todd, of blessed memory, and remained loyal to their obligations until they were called to the church triumphant.

The funeral was held at the home on Tuesday, at 2 p. m., April 6, Pastor W. L. Davis officiat­ ing, and the body was placed in a vault in the West Cemetery.

W. L. D.

MARRYATT.—On April 18, 1915, Mary Luella Barnes, the older of the two children of Richard and Ella Peck Barnes, born at New­ ville, November 28, 1866.

Her people moved to Milton Junction when she was sixteen years of age. She was married to Frank Marryatt in June, 1888. They lived for some time at Milton Junction and at Utica. Thirteen years ago last February they moved to the farm which has since been her home. Since childhood she had been troubled by a gorilla. If medical skill had been as advanced when she was a girl as it is today, perhaps she might have been cured. A good deal of money has been spent on her, but she still suffers, and she became worn out in the struggle and yielded to a complication of diseases.

In young womanhood she, together with her mother, was baptized by Elder Nathan Wardner and joined the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church and had been a member. In recent years she has been a fre­ quent attendant at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church. She has always known what good health was; she has lived a brave, hardy life. She has accomplished more than have many people in good health. She spent the rest of her life to be her special mission in life to furnish a home for homesick children. Fifteen young people have called her mother, besides many more who have temporarily been taken into her home and heart, but has always been tender toward these as though they had been her own children. She was as much loved by them in return. The feeling was expressed in the words of a little girl who was mothered by her and who went back to Chicago. When Mrs. Marryatt went to visit her she said, "O mamma, I'd love to go home with you." These were the last words she spoke present at her funeral to pay the tribute of sin­ cerity that others might echo.

Services were conducted at her late home and at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church by Pastor Randolph, assisted by Pastor Jordan. The text was Mark 16: 9 and "She hath done what she could."
SPECIAL NOTICES

The address of all Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 3:30 p.m., first and third Sunday of the month. The M. C. A. Building, No. 310 Montgomery Street. All are cordially invited.

Rev. R. C. Davis, pastor, 112 Antwerp Place.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 9:30 a.m., Sunday School at 10:30 a.m., and regular Sabbath services in room upstairs, 7 p.m. Visitors are most cordially welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services every Saturday, between 5 and 6 p.m., in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mortro, 1635 Pine Avenue, every Saturday, at 3 p.m. Advertising rates furnished on request.

The Church in Los Angeles, Calif., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Menlo Avenue, every Sunday, 5 p.m. Visitors are cordially invited.


Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services of the church at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Robinson, 311 1st Street, Long Beach. Senior Christian Endeavor at 3 p.m., Junior Christian Endeavor at the home of Lester Orsborn, 711 10th Street, at 3 p.m. Prayer meetings Sabbath Eve at 7:30.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 a.m., Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school, junior Christian Endeavor at 9 a.m., senior Christian Endeavor, evening service, on Sabbath, 7:30 p.m. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Pacific Avenue. Rev. E. J. Severance, pastor, 1135 Mulberry St.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular Sabbath services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 4:45 p.m. Christian Endeavor Society meets in the Battle Creek College Building (corner of Bagley and Sanilac), 2nd floor, every Friday evening at 8 p.m. Visitors are welcome. Parsonage, 218 W. Washington Ave.

Services are held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Saunders, 302 7th Avenue, Denver, Colo., Sabbath afternoon, 1 o'clock. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds regular Sabbath service at 1 p.m., at Mornington Hall, Caunherry Lane, Ilfracombe, N. A morning service at 10 a.m. is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 114 Tolmington Park, N. Stoughton in London, England. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

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.


T. C. Davis, Nortontville, Kansas.

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

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THE SABBATH RECORDER is published monthly by the Woman's Executive Board of the General Conference of Seventh Day Baptists, and is devoted to the interests of its female members. It is the official organ of the Woman's Department of the Church. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW
by Gene Stratton-Porter (Author of "Freckles")

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 "Charriot 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 quaint simplicity. The plot of this novel revolves around a little girl whom an old bachelor, Cy Whittaker, adopts. Her education is too splendid 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.

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

This is a thrilling pageant with the lumber industry as 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 story, in its simplicity, is delightful in its homeliness, its whole sense of God. The Lord is good. Sometimes we forget this. Sometimes we feel it. Always we know it. Very few people are really skeptical as to the goodness, the lovingkindness of the great God who is at the heart of things, who is at the heart of the whole universe as its Author and Upholder. We pity the man who has lost all faith in goodness and in God. The Lord is good. Let us fix this thought more firmly in our minds than ever before. And because he is good we owe him gratitude. We receive his blessings, therefore we ought to thank him. As some one has well said, "Thankfulness is politeness toward God." Thanksgiving ought to be a habit. It ought to be annual, not in the sense of occurring once in November, but annual in the sense of extending the whole year through. Paul says, "In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—New York Observer.

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