SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 3 p.m. in the Yakeyfellow's Room, third floor of the Y. M. C. A. Building, No. 321 Montgomery Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 606 West 19th St., New York City.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a.m. Preaching service at 11.30 a.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 606 West 19th St., New York City.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 113, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor., State and Randolph Streets, at 3 o'clock a.m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West and Temple and Maple Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon, at Sabbath school at 3 p.m. Preaching at 4 p.m. Everybody welcomed. Rev. Geo. W. Hill, pastor, 504 W. 42d St.

Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services at the home of Mrs. Frank, 1455 Jefferson Ave. Christian Endeavor services at the home of Lester Olson, 115th S. E. cor. 3rd Ave., at 3 p.m. Prayer meetings Sabbath Eve at 7.30 p.m.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each Sabbath. Church services at 10 o'clock, Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Senior Christian Endeavor services at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Franks, 515 Temple St., at 7.30 p.m. Junior Christian Endeavor services at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hensley, 412 Washington St., at 7.30 p.m. Junior Christian Endeavor services at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Headley, 505 Jefferson Ave., at 6.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2 p.m. Preaching from the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hensley, 412 Temple St. Junior Christian Endeavor services at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hensley, 412 Temple St., at 8.30 p.m. Junior Christian Endeavor services at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Headley, 505 Jefferson Ave., at 8.30 p.m. Prayer meetings at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hensley, 412 Temple St., at 7.30 p.m. Junior Christian Endeavor services at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Headley, 505 Jefferson Ave., at 8.30 p.m.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath. Christian Endeavor services at the home of Elder J. W. F. Wood, 440 Fifth Street and Park Avenue, at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcomed. Parsonage, 458 N. Washington Ave.

Sabbath School Lesson XI—June 12, 1915

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FORGIVENESS.—Ps. 32

Golden Text.—"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Ps. 31: 1

DAILY READINGS

First-day, Ps. 32. Blessedness of Forgiveness
Second-day, Ps. 25: 1-11. Prayer for Pardon
Third-day, Ps. 25: 12-22. Pardon
Fourth-day, 1 John 1: 9; 2: 6. Penance and Forgiveness
Sixth-day, Rom. 4: 1-9. Pardon Full and Free
Sabbath Day, Eph. 4: 25-32. Righteous Living

For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand

All life will flash into beauty, and tower into greatness, and be smoothed out to easiness, and the crooked things be made straight and the rough places plain, and the familiar and tribe be invested with "the glory and the freshness of a dream," if in all we are consciously serving the Lord. That is the secret of diligence and of fervency.—Maclaren.

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, Nortonville, Kansas.
Milton College

A college of liberal training for young men and women. All graduates receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Well-balanced, required courses in Freshman and Sophomore years. Many elective courses. Special advantages for the study of the English language and literature. Courses in all sciences.

Hand in Bible School Work.
A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons, conducted by the Sabbath School Board. Price, 25 cents a copy per year; 7 cents a quarter.

For further information address the Rev. W. C. Baland, D. D., President
Milton, Rock County, Wis.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

Vol. 78, No. 23
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Whole No. 3,666

Dedication Sermon

At North Lap, Neb., these editorials give the substance of the sermon by the editor of the Sabbath Recorder at the dedication of the new church at North Lap, Neb., on June 5, 1915.

Introductory

At the close of a meeting of the General Conference, in Alfred, N. Y., Pastor Shaw came to my table with a photograph he had just received, of the smoldering ruins of your dear old church building. For the moment I could not make out what the picture meant, but when he said that it showed all that was left of the North Lap church, my heart sank within me and my thoughts were only picturing the sad scenes which I knew you must have passed through. In imagination I could see your desperate efforts, amid the storm that raged that day, to save what you could after you found yourselves helpless with no way to fight the flames. I could see your foresight, knowing how much the church home had meant to this people, both old and young; knowing something of how the fathers, led by their pioneer pastor, Brother Oscar Babcock, had, in my heart I knew, sacrificed and labored to build it; and realizing how, as this roof in worshipful spirit, to dedicate this house to the great God who has given us these homes and, rendered these fields prosperous and secure.

Scripture Texts With a Promise

Do you begin to wonder if you were born to have a dedicatory sermon without a text? We have several. The first is a question: "What mean ye by these stones?" (Josh. 4:6). The second and third mean to the community in which it stands.

"We have thus far had a beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste" (Isa. 64:11).

"And they builded, and finished it." (Ezra 3:14).

My fourth text is a gracious promise of God: "And I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts." The glory of this house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." (Hag. 2:7, 9).

What Mean Ye? While the answer: "Our holy and once pleasant dwelling place; assembled in the house of God, Let the house be builded, even the house, the place where they have thus far labored and sacrificed, and assembled amid the splendor of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." (Hag. 2:7, 9).

American Sabbath Tract Society

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The Seventh Day Baptist Laymen's Society


The Seventh Day Baptist Pioneers Society


The Seventh Day Baptist Evangelism Society

Only one of Jehovah could. The church seemed like the gateway to heaven. Savior and rejoiced in redeeming love, or the demonstrations of God's baths spent therein, the pleasant reunions erein, this and prayed and rejoiced; the treasures that had come to love; the platform upon salvation; those who brought you messages of a place for instruction in the word of God, We built it for the worship of Jehovah. We should be, not consumed; the cross of Christ was the golden time Jehovah promised to. And built for us, so we build and toil for the earth, darkness fell upon the earth, the gloom of labor and suffering, and the talk of coming generations. This house, if it means the truest things of today are ours because our friends of yesterday. They, through faith, and the evil one can prevail, against it. Of all who see his name to dwell, the truest earthly habitation of the Most High. In the holy place of worship, as of old, light shines upon men from the eternal world, strength is given to win the battle against sin, hearts are melted to contrition, and penitent souls find peace. Here the weary and the heavy laden lay down their burdens, and Christ, the divine Healer, meets his weary, thirsty ones to give them rest, refresh with the waters of life. Here old and young, rich and poor, parents and children meet on common ground, in holy bonds that make him one in love, one in duty, and that goes out, the church must rapidly do something for it are fully realized. Each one must add his little light. For with every light that goes out, the church must suffer loss of power, and the world in darkness will lose something of the reflected Christ.

Ye Are the Light Of the World This house is an expression of the world-wide conviction that men must have the help of sacred time, of a convenient place, of spiritual associations, and of a consecrated altar of worship, if they are to become spiritually strong, and if they are to be the light of the world. Through the influences set on foot here, through the instruction received from this altar, through the combined light of its individual members, you expect this church to be like a beacon, to warn men from danger and to guard safety. If this hope is to be realized, if this church is to do its best, each individual member should be interested and active in the Master's work. Empty pews will detract from its power, coldness and indifference on the part of individuals or of families will dim its light and subtract something from its usefulness. I remember that when as a boy I attended meetings in our old schoolhouse each one had to bring his own light. As darkness fell upon the earth, the gloom in the room was depressing until some one came with his candle, which he lighted and stood on the desk before him. There was cheer in that little flame, even though all the corners of the little room were dim. One light was better than none. But what a change came over the place when one after another had come, each with his little light of one candle-power well trimmed and burning. Through the room, on every desk, candles were shining whose combined light completely drove away the darkness, and out from that place radiated beams that shone,invitingly, far into the night. So must the members of this church be, if for it are fully realized. Each one must add his little light. For with every light that goes out, the church must suffer loss of power, and the world in darkness will lose something of the reflected Christ.

Sabbath School The dear old church is gone. The things you had to come love; the platform upon which stood the family audience room where you enjoyed many a communion season, many a Sabbath school, and prayer meeting, and revival—all the dear old things, even to the bell that called you to worship, went down in the common ruin. You will never forget the precious Sabbath's spent therein, the pleasant reunions, the demonstrations of God's Spirit, the pentecostal seasons when souls found the Savior and rejoice in redeeming love, or the helpful Endeavor meetings when together you studied the Bible until the old church seemed like the gateway to heaven. In the olden time Jehovah promised to fill the new house with glory until the glory of the Lord should be greater than that of the former, and in it he would give peace. We may fairly claim that promise for this new church. For, blessed be God, the spirit of Christian brotherhood was not consumed; the cross of Christ was not burned up; faith, hope, and the spirit of consecration are still left. By this trouble God's people have been brought nearer than they know to his great heart of love, and made to lean on the everlasting arms for help. The spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice has been thickened, and in the unity of the Spirit the members are joined heart and hand in the work, until today we can dedicate to the Lord a better church home, one that shall be more glorious than the old, one better fitted for successful service in the Master's work. Day by day you have watched it rise. It has cost you tears, and money, and labor, and precious in your sight, and teaches you that all things, whether joyous or afflictive, work together for good to those who love God.

Reveals Your Purpose This house, if it means anything, reveals your purpose to do what you can to lift this old world up to God. You have seen that, in all generations, the world has been made better through faith in Christ and by the unselfish toil of one person for another. Our Christianity has come to us in all its blessings from the friends of yesterday. We have faith, have given us our hymns, and prayers, and music. From them have come our taste for the spiritual, our desire to save men from lives of sin, and all the influences that have made us better. The blessings we enjoy from our holy religion have been handed down to us by faith and loving hearts that are now still. The best and truest things of today are ours because our fathers built churches, dedicated them to God, and devoted their lives to his service. Indeed, the church has been behind every upward movement since the day of Christ, and faith has been the impulse of all profound and holy action. And you are saying to the world by this new house, We mean to continue in the footsteps of our fathers; and as they labored and sacrificed and built for us, we build and toil for the good of coming generations. This house represents our faith in God the Father, our faith in the Savior, faith in the life to come, faith in the living gospel of salvation; a faith that is able to lift up this sin-cursed world as though drawn by the arms of God toward his bosom of infinite love.

Still the Holy Place No Distinctions By this house we express our belief that the Christian sanctuary is still the holy place where Jehovah causes his name to dwell, the truest earthly habitation of the Most High. In the holy place of worship, as of old, light shines upon men from the eternal world, strength is given to win the battle against sin, hearts are melted to contrition, and penitent souls find peace. Here the weary and the heavy laden lay down their burdens, and Christ, the divine Healer, meets his weary, thirsty ones to give them rest, refresh with the waters of life. Here old and young, rich and poor, parents and children meet on common ground, in holy bonds that make him one in love, one in duty, and one in the hope of heaven. A family circle is held in sweet unity, not by age, for old and young are there; not by wisdom nor by genius, for one may be brilliant and another dull; but by cords of love that run through all hearts. So should it be when the world comes into the family of God, looks up to Christ, and becomes like him. In a true church, distinctions of wealth, of class, of age, of nationality, and of intellect are obliterated by oneness of spirit in the love of God.

Expresses Your Faith Sacred Memories The dear old church is gone. The things you had to come love; the platform upon which stood the family audience room where you enjoyed many a communion season, many a Sabbath school, and prayer meeting, and revival—all the dear old things, even to the bell that called you to worship, went down in the common ruin. You will never forget the precious Sabbath's spent therein, the pleasant reunions, the demonstrations of God's Spirit, the pentecostal seasons when souls found the Savior and rejoice in redeeming love, or the helpful Endeavor meetings when together you studied the Bible until the old church seemed like the gateway to heaven. In the olden time Jehovah promised to fill the new house with glory until the glory of the Lord should be greater than that of the former, and in it he would give peace. We may fairly claim that promise for this new church. For, blessed be God, the spirit of Christian brotherhood was not consumed; the cross of Christ was not burned up; faith, hope, and the spirit of consecration are still left. By this trouble God's people have been brought nearer than they know to his great heart of love, and made to lean on the everlasting arms for help. The spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice has been thickened, and in the unity of the Spirit the members are joined heart and hand in the work, until today we can dedicate to the Lord a better church home, one that shall be more glorious than the old, one better fitted for successful service in the Master's work. Day by day you have watched it rise. It has cost you tears, and money, and labor, and precious in your sight, and teaches you that all things, whether joyous or afflictive, work together for good to those who love God.
the need of such a dedication? If God is to fill this house with glory, it must come by a revival that fills the hearts of his children, and sends them to work for him with redoubled zeal. There must be another Pentecost here. Fathers, mothers, how is it with you in these days? Is it well with you? Is it well with your children? Have you been growing more spiritual with the flight of years, or has worldliness been getting the better of you? In your desire to get on in worldly things, have you been neglecting the heavenly? Has your family altar broken down? Are there children here who have forgotten how it seems to hear father and mother pray?

I have read of a father who went out one bright morning instead of going to church, and fell asleep under a tree while his little son was playing about him. When he awoke, his boy was gone. He called, but no answer. Finally, rushing to the brink of a near-by precipice, he found that while he was sleeping his boy had wandered to the brink and fallen over. His lifeline was a lay at the foot, bruised and broken.

If any father here has fallen asleep in spiritual things, while his boy's feet wander dangerously near the brink of ruin! Does the dividing line run through any family here? What evidence have you that those who sat with you around the breakfast table this morning will sit with you at the marriage supper of the Lamb in the kingdom of heaven? Is father lost? Is mother lost? Are any of the children out of the ark of safety?

**Linger ing by the River**

I see before me a few of the veterans who came as pioneers to North Loup. Your heads are whitening for the great Reaper. You toiled in this field with the faithful ones of years ago, and God has blessed and preserved you until this day. By what love have you been redeemed! By what mercies have you been surrounded! You have seen this church grow from that first Sabbath, in 1873, when you worshiped by the riverside yonder on the gravel plot, until the present time. For it you have prayed for years, for you have toiled. You have seen pentecostal seasons here when dear ones found the Savior. You have enjoyed many a spiritual feast with loved ones now gone.

And today, as you sit by the bank of another river, over which the boatman will soon come to take you home, I think I know how you feel. You are like the farmer toward the close of a harvest day, who, seeing the sun sinking in the west and signs of approaching storm, says, "Come, men, let us hurry up and gather in a few more sheaves before the day is done." You feel that time is short. It seems but yesterday that you founded a church in this valley; but when you look around for those who helped you do it, they are gone, and you are reminded that the seventies have passed into the eighties, the eighties into the nineties, the nineties into the new century, and fifteen years of that have fled, today you are left almost alone. You would like to see one more revival. Some of your friends and neighbors are yet out of Christ, and you long to see them saved before you are called away.

There are those who are yet in the strength of manhood and womanhood; there are doing people who are not satisfied with what this world gives. There is a hunger of soul for something better. You have builded this house, which today you dedicate to God, but your hearts yearn for a season of refreshing. You feel that the fathers who built will all be gone, and if you are ever to enjoy another revival with them it must come soon. Have you seen how the birds in autumn gather in the groves and make a great chorus of song until all their kind have joined them, when, all together, they fly away to the summer land?

Why would not this dedication day be a good time for father to take mother, and they two to take all the children, and make a new start together for the heavenly home?

If the glory of the Lord is to fill this house until the church becomes a light in this country, we must have here a people who live the gospel among their fellows. It is not abstract theories and principles, defended by the mind and printed on paper, that will save the world; but principles incarnate, looking through human eyes, using human speech, living in homes, keeping the Sabbath, trading in stores, cultivating fields, etc., giving to the poor, ministering to suffering—In short, it is the "Word made flesh" and dwelling among men, the Christ spirit abiding in human hearts, that will fill this house with glory, and bring the peace of God. This is what you mean by these stones. To bring all this about, you have builded this house. To this end you now dedicate it to the Lord of hosts.

**Bible Day**

Sabbath, May 29, was Bible Day in the Plainfield Sabbath School, and proved to be a most interesting occasion. Superintendent William C. Hubbard had given an invitation to all who had Bibles of special interest to the children, such as Hebrew, Greek, or German Bibles or Testaments, or old editions of English, to bring them for inspection. Some of these were very interesting. A large illustrated one with metal clasps and trimmings, brought by Brother Jacob Bakker from Holland, attracted much attention, as did also a copy of the Psalms set to music, brought to him. There was one edition some 300 years old. A large company of young and old lingered around this pile of Bibles after Sabbath school to see them and hear about them.

The opening exercises included responsive reading, specially prepared, upon the value of the Scriptures and the blessings that come from walking in the ways they point out to the children of men. On another page will be found an article prepared and read by Mrs. William C. Hubbard, which will be interesting to many Recorder readers. As Mrs. Hubbard handed me the paper she gave me the following item taken from an old SABBATH RECORDER.

**Under the heading, "Sure Cures,"** it gives a list of prescriptions for spiritual ills that have been well tested and never found wanting. Put it on the flyleaf of your Bible, and don't fail to apply the remedy whenever afflicted with any of the ills mentioned.

- If you are getting lazy, read James.
- If your faith is below par, read Paul.
- If you are impatient, sit down quietly and read Ephesians.
- If you are just a little tonguey, go and see Mark.
- If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.
- If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.
- If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.
- If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arm around you.
- If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation, and get a glimpse of the promised land.

If you are out of sorts, read Hebrews 12.
If you are down with the blues, read Psalm 43.
If people pelt you with hard words, read John 15.
If you feel lonesome and unprotected, read Psalm 91.
If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read 1 Corinthians 13.
If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read Revelation 6:7-9.
If you don't know where to look for the month's rent, read Psalm 127:1-3.
If you are getting discouraged about your work, read Psalm 123:2-7.
If the stove-pipe has fallen down, and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe, wash your hands, and read James 3.

In '43

**MRS. M. E. H. EVERTT**

Written for the Memorial exercises of Odin, (Pa.), Grange, No. 1254.

O hark! what was it that I heard?
The night cry of some mountain bird?
You seemed to call from afar, "O follow me, O follow me!"
Its wild strains floated to the sky
And, fainting, almost seemed to die;
Now with the voice of victory
It shouts again, "O follow me!"

Nay, not from any mountain bird
Was ever a call so forceful heard.
'Tis the sweet sweet words he other tells
Leads brave men up the mountain's wall;
Beneath the great pines' green and gray
To seek the toe path and the throne,
And morrow's earliest dawn shall see
The horrors of their victory.

'Twas thus we watched in '63;
So far our eyes our hearts were to see,
So far through all that bitter year
Our quickened hearts would seem to hear;
For foot to foot and hand to hand
Our Northmen strove to save our land;
They fought their brothers, and we know
They met a brave and worthy foe.

Where Stars and Stripes met the Stars and Bars,—And all of them seemed evil stars,—
The juggling of war crushed down Our bravest ones who seem to fade,
And mourns, fair with a life of years,
Learned well there is a time for tears;
When those whose nearest loved were gone
To come no more at dawn or dusk.

There never yet fell broken gyres
But at the cost of precious lives,
Nor ever Freedom's boon bestowed
Without her blood-red tribute.

Whitewater has flowed,
Then cherish well their memory
Who bought this gift for you and me.
And scatter flowers with stainless hand
O'er those who saved our fatherland.
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Many Congresses and Conferences to be Held

The announcements show that 822 meetings are already listed for the religious and sociological conventions at the Pan­ama-Pacific Exposition. Each convention will hold from one to twelve days, and it is estimated that these meetings will call fully 600,000 people to San Francisco during the time of the exposition. The main effort will be to solve, if possible, many of the problems that trouble communities, states, nations, and the world. Every phase of human thought is expected to be represented in these conventions. Nearly 30 per cent of them are to be held by educational, religious, and social service organizations; 71 are devoted to religion alone, and 167 will deal with problems of human betterment.

Federal Council Building a Tabernacle

It is announced by the Committee of One Hundred, of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, that the committee’s tabernacle for conventions is being built. The tabernacle for conventions is to be the headquarters for the meetings of all denominations. The purpose of the building is to make it possible for conventioneers to find shelter and comfort during the period of their attendance at the meeting. The building will be located at 3033 California Street, San Francisco, and will seat 500 people. It will be equipped with all modern conveniences and will be a welcome addition to the city’s convention facilities.

In its move to prevent waste of food, Berlin has issued strict rules to be followed by all restaurants. Table d’hote meals are abolished entirely, and only special orders can be filled. Vegetables must largely take the place of meat; less roast meat and more boiled meats must be offered; the use of fats must be cut down, and potatoes must be used most sparingly. The police are ordered to see that the government rules are introduced, and to bar from restaurants all neutral newspapers not friendly to Germany.

Every glance at the papers in these days shows something of the intense anxiety of the people over the issue between this country and Germany regarding the destruction of the Lusitania and the sacrifice of Americans by submarine warfare. At this writing, it is evident that Germany’s reply to President Wilson’s note is not likely to be as satisfactory as was hoped. God grant America level-headed leaders, and direct the steps of her citizens to give wise counsel and to possess the estimable quality of patience during these critical times.

The United States cruiser North Carolina is aground in the outer harbor of Alexandria, Egypt. She is reported to be uninjured, but dredging will be necessary to release her. The cruiser Des Moines will take her place in the Mediterranean waters, and, as soon as she is released, the North Carolina will return to this country.

Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts, has signed the bill to make the amendment for woman suffrage a state-wide issue for the voters to settle.

Nearly 3,000 converts are reported in the great revival just closed at Clarksburg, W. Va. The work there under the leadership of Rev. Dr. Hamilton continued seven weeks. It has been the greatest meeting Clarksburg ever knew.

A plot to ship contraband goods to Germany was discovered by the use of X-rays, and $50,000 worth of rubber was held up in New York, and the importers were arrested. Three hundred barrels of resin contained large quantities of rubber in the center of each barrel. Cotton bales are said to have hidden as much as 250 pounds of rubber in a bale. It is officially reported that the head of the rubber firm is a German reservist, a lieutenant, who had come to America on a furlough for the purpose of organizing the rubber conspiracy. Aside from violating the neutrality laws, the perpetrators are also guilty of violating United States custom laws.

When this Recorder reaches its readers, the editor hopes to be in North Loup, Neb., where he goes to assist in the dedication of the new church, and to join for two or three days exercises connected therewith. On the return he is to visit the two mission stations in Wisconsin, taking in the exercises of the Milton College commencement week.

How We Got Our Bible

MRS. WILLIAM C. HUBBARD

Read on Bible Day in Plainfield Sabbath School

When you turn the leaves of your Bible to find some text, you will notice tiny figures or words in the margin, and some of you may wonder why they are there. Perhaps it is the word “Sept.,” or it may be “Heb.” or again, it is “Syr.” These abbreviations stand for the languages from which our English Bible was translated.

When the Jews migrated to Egypt, they soon adopted the Greek tongue. To make the Scriptures accessible to them, it became necessary in time for them to have a Greek translation. This was done with the Old Testament, between the years 285 and 130 B. C., by seventy men, and that version is therefore called the “Septuagint.” This text was used by the Greek-speaking Jews for four hundred years; and it was the choice of the Jews of Alexandria in Egypt. She is aground before the harbor entrance and is aground in the outer harbor of Alexandria, Egypt.

In the second century B. C., a group of Syrians made a translation: thus we have the “Septuagint Version, in addition to which, from time to time, there have been others of lesser importance, all offshoots of the three important versions mentioned.

Not until the Anglo-Saxons had settled England was there an attempt to make an English Bible (669 A. D.), and it would be a most difficult matter for us now to read that version, first prepared by Caedmon. So far as we know, all the six subsequent translations were fragmentary, in no case including all the Bible, and it was not until six hundred years later, that John Wycliffe (1320-1384) translated the entire Bible into the language of his day, and as far as possible, he revised the Bible aroses suspicion and this attempt was no exception; so in spite of the fact that the work was done by hand, and the demand of the people for the Scriptures was keen, it was proscribed by the Councils, and as far as possible, the entire edition was collected and burned.

Within the next hundred years the printing press was invented, and a momentous flood of sacred and classical literature...
spread over England. William Tyndall (1484) brought to the task of extending the knowledge of the Book a trained mind and a courageous spirit. It was a very real need of a Bible for the people; but met with so great an opposition that he was obliged to flee to Germany, where he translated, printed and shipped back to England for distribution free three thousand copies of the New Testament. The rest was brought up by the church authorities and burned as far as possible; so successfully, in fact, that out of eighteen thousand copies issued within three years, there exist today only two copies, one complete and one very imperfect one. He kept on translating and printing, but in time King Charles I had him apprehended, tied to a stake and burned. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

But the thirst for knowledge could not be quenched, and although Tyndall was dead, the Bible was not. In 1535, Myles Coverdale issued the first complete edition of the English Bible, receiving royal, ministerial and financial support. This was called "The Great Bible" and was the work of the best Greek and Hebrew scholars of that day.

When Mary Tudor ascended the throne in 1553, the Protestants and their religion were once more the targets of abuse. Archbishop Cranmer, John Rogers and scores of others were burned at the stake at Smithfield, some of our early Seventh Day Baptists being among the persecuted. When Mary Tudor ascended the throne, she seized the opportunity to further the study of the Bible, both because he loved it, and because he realized its practical worth to England. They appointed fifty-four men, churchmen, laymen and Puritans, to translate the Scriptures into the language of the day. For six years they worked individually and collectively, in six groups—two at Cambridge, two at Oxford, and two at Westminster, till, in 1561, they met together for nine months in London, and the result of their labors was the so-called King James, or Authorized Version, which we have known and loved so well. Several editions appeared within the next few years, with minor corrections, but for three hundred years this has been the accepted book, and its simple English, its spiritual and reverential tone has made it dear to every Christian's heart.

In 1580, the Convocation of Canterbury in response to the demand for a new revision which would make use of the modern aids to a better understanding of the text, appointed the British Revision Committee of fifty-four members, and an American Committee of thirty, composed of Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Unitarians, to undertake the work. These two committees, working together for fifteen years brought out the Revised Version of the Bible, in 1885.

The American Committee were not wholly satisfied with the work, believing that some obsolete terms and phrases which have quite different meanings today from the King James Version, should be changed or eliminated; therefore at the end of fourteen years (having agreed not to issue an American edition till after that period) the American Committee, which had remained intact, published the American Revised Version—without a peer as a translation of the Bible, and best adapted to the language and idioms for American use. American workers and students are increasingly adopting it as the best expression in English of the riches of the Greek and Hebrew writings, and of priceless value to those who are seeking to learn and to do a Christian's work in this time of unrest and anxiety.

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows; brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins; but only one mother in all the wide world.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

In making a translation from one language into another there are two principles which can not be ignored. A good translation must be based upon the idioms of the one language and expressed in the idioms of the other. A good translation must be based on the grammatical usages of the one language and expressed according to the grammatical usages of the other. It is important to remember that no language is the exact equivalent of any other language, and that in their ways of using single words and combinations of words the people of one race differ materially from people of another race. Each language has been formed and is not transplanted into another language without, to say the least, doing violence to smoothness. It often happens also that when an attempt is made to transfer the particularities of one language into another there is a complete obscuration of the meaning in the translation.

The translator who undertakes to make a good rendering by being slavishly accurate in regard to each particular word not only mars the general effect of his work, but finds also that he can not possibly adhere closely to his principle; for a word-for-word translation is sure to be inaccurate in some particular in the course of every page. The translator must have some knowledge of the idioms and forms of expression of the two languages which he is using. For the man who is undertaking to translate New Testament Greek into English it is necessary also to have some knowledge of Hebrew methods of expression; because the men who wrote the Greek were acquainted with the Hebrew Old Testament and its Greek translation, and had for their mother tongue the Aramaic, a language closely related to the Hebrew. It seems probable also that much that we have in the Greek New Testament was originally written or spoken in Aramaic in the first place, a translation must be grammatically accurate. To assert that we might take several Greek words and translate them separately, and combine them to bring out the desired sense in English without regard to the agreements in form in Greek for gender and person and number, and thus obtain a good translation is simply beyond reason. A very good illustration of the violation of one of the two principles mentioned above is found in the writings of certain modern theologians who wish to impose a meaning to suit their purpose upon a phrase that occurs in Matthew 28: 1, and seven other times in the New Testament with minor differences in the wording of the original...
reject all of these suggested substitutes for the common rendering, “the first day of the week.”

It may be granted that the words of the phrases in Matthew 28: 1 taken separately could be translated one and of Sabbaths, and in general of the preceding passages we have the definite article with both of these words; but the word one is in the feminine gender, and can not possibly refer to one of the Sabbaths, for the word Sabbath is neuter gender. It is clear that the word “day” must be understood with which the context in John 20: 1, where the word day is expressed in the Greek. But with the word “day” expressed or understood all the other translations suggested as substitutes remain just as impossible as the first; for they all involve the agreement in gender of the feminine noun the “day” and in such a connection that the al- lusion to a single day is excluded. Luke 18: 12. The Pharisee praying in the temple, and remarking how much he did beyond what was required, “I fast twice in the week.” The last word in this clause in the Greek is Sabbath, but there is no one who would require that we should make the Pharisee utter the incomprehensible statement, “I fast twice on the Sabbath.”

The passage just cited serves to illustrate another general principle which must not be neglected by students of Greek and Hebrew in the same word in a foreign language need not be translated by the same English word in every instance, but due regard must be given to the varying usages and the connection in which the word occurs. Mr. McCrossan in supporting the pecu- lial translation quoted above goes on to argue that if in Matthew 28: 1 we take the liberty of supplying the word “day” as understood, and then hold to the usual rendering “first day of the week,” then we ought, to be consistent, to use the word week for the word Sabbath in Acts 13: 14, and to transform “upon the day of the Sabbath” into “upon the day of the week.” It is the type of thought that to this sug- gestion to remind ourselves that a good translation must always have a concern with the context, and even if the phrase were precisely the same as in Matthew 28: 1 we would not necessarily translate by the same English words. But it is not the case that Acts 13: 14 have no numeral to point out the day. The ex- pression is also practically the same as that by which the Sabbath is named in the fourth commandment and elsewhere.

In conclusion it is plain that those who are forcing any other meaning upon the phrase ordinarily translated “the first day of the week” are doing so in the interest of the theory that the Sabbath has been chang- ed from the seventh day of the week to Sunday. But they fairly overreach them- selves in this attempt to support their theory; for as soon as they discard the plain reference to the first day of the week and insist that the reference is to one of the Sab- baths, or the first or chiefest Sabbath, or even the first day Sabbath (the most impos- sible of all their renderings) they have left for themselves no allusion to the week and no the Sabbath. If we hold that this day upon which the word Sabbath found the tomb empty was a Sabbath of some kind, and then remember that the day after our Lord’s burial was a Sabbath, we have to admit that one or the other of these Sab- baths was a feast Sabbath and not the weekly Sabbath, and we do not know which was which.

It is rather better therefore even for those who would observe Sunday on the ground that it is the resurrection day to hold to that translation of Matthew 28: 1 which has been accredited by the almost unanimous consent of Greek and Hebrew scholars ever since the New Testament was first translated into English.

But that any sabbatical character has ever passed to the first day of the week still remains to be proved. We do not know indeed that our Savior arose from the dead on the morning that the tomb was found empty. It is just as plausible to suppose indeed that he arose the night be- fore. Even if he did arise a few minutes before the women came to the tomb, he never in any way suggested that disciples should leave the Sabbath which he had kept with them, and turn to another day.

Walks and Ways in Weimar
PAUL EMERSON TITSWORTH, PH. D.

"Weimar!" There was a grinding of brakes and the train came to a full stop punctuated by a jerk. An unimposing, not to say grimy, station with the ordinary German pile of signs, a multiplication of signs, soldiers, old peasant women with seamed countenances and with baskets on heads, trim dandies with canes and blond moustaches, the rattle of baggage trucks, the cries of employees, and through it all the boy with beer and sandwiches weaving his way securely in and out, formed an un-forgettable picture. And this was Weimar, the city of Goethe and Schiller and of the diminutive court of Duke Carl August! Weimar had been to me a city of dreams, of quaint beings in eighteenth century powder and crinoline whose movements were a mere of a glean usual way of towering figures whose faces reflected light from diviner spheres, of incomparable songs of yearning, delight, and despair—Titania and her fairy court dance- dancing in moonlit glades had been a bit more real—all this, untaught by the least of accu- tuality, Weimar had meant to me. This evidence, so suddenly presented, of its ma- terial and, in spots, unvarnished existence gave me a start.

It was a June evening that I first caught a glimpse of the little city itself, with its array of red roofs, steeples and towers backed and flanked by gently sloping hill- sides that stretched away to wooded tops and which bore on their broad backs cloaks of soft colors woven in geometrical de- signs. Ripening, golden grain, luxuriant grass, patches of snowy white as of buck- wheat in blossom, 

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walking into the neighboring park which Goethe himself had laid out along the mysterious and sombre Ilm. Shady and innumerable paths enticed me ever on, stretches of dew-gemmed greenwood, scene of many an hour's silent thought. Now, with no more than a glance at the cloudless blue sky, I perceived the golden rule of proportion. The exterior of Weimar's shrines can be viewed in a two-hours' walk, but it is like stuffy with overflow food: deliberateness is essential to adequate digestion. When I had strolled for an hour along a Parisian boulevard intent upon seeing Notre Dame, my mental appetite had been duly whetted by anticipation so that by the time my eyes did finally fall upon the truncated towers of the venerable cathedral, I was quite ready to relish the view. Quite otherwise was it in Weimar. Walking along an angular street, I suddenly came face to face with a fellow-countrymen of the time who liked to shot themselves up in stuffy rooms, Goethe revelled in the out-of-doors in all kinds of weather. Often would he roll himself in his long coat and sleep in the open unmindful of cold and wet. This intimacy with nature in all its moods made him one of its most sympathetic poet-inhabitants. And now, for the first time in his life, he was to express as I was writing it down, he uttered in producing it, "Marvelous! Through the love of this rarest of friends I gained in the very moment when I was becoming homeless the real and long-desired home for my art which I had sought in vain elsewhere. And now, after all, it was indefensible to attribute his lifelong study of science, in particular of botany, with no curtains, carpet, or sofa and the one thing to whom Weimar and Germany owes its introduction to Richard Wagner. Nor will the initiated visitor neglect to follow the line of his footsteps. The parks and gardens of Weimar are the scene of no object art or curios but no curtains, carpet, or sofa and only-stuff, uninviting chairs, a few reference works in the bookcase, some maps and charts on the walls, and the ordinary, old-fashioned gardens. Goethe would have nothing about him as he worked that might turn his attention from
the business at hand. Save for the cheery morning sun that crept in through the two small windows and the genial memories the room would have seemed cold and forbidding. In a trice my mind jumped the eighty odd years since the passing of the master and I seemed to see the stately form by a clod in its long redingote and white neck-cloth, the hands clasped behind the back, pacing up and down the room as Goethe was wont to do while dictating to his amanuenses. Even the customiers seemed to feel the tension in the air as they went about with noiseless tread and spoke only in low-tones.

In 1839, when Goethe's grandsons went away to school and their mother, Otilie von Goethe, went to Vienna to live, the old house was closed and left to dust and spiders and the lingering fragrance of faded memories. It seemed as if the place and its furnishings wished to sleep and to dream until a worthier time should need them for its life. Only for a few weeks did it later witness the last glimmer of the olden days when Frau Otilie and her sons, Walter and Wolfgang, returned for a brief period to pass their last days. In 1888 the Goethe family became extinct with the death of Walter, but whose will the property was put into the hands of Grand Duchess Sophie to be administered for the state. At once structural repairs were undertaken and the venerable house was restored as nearly as possible to the condition of Goethe's lifetime and thrown open to the public.

In greatest contrast to the Goethe museum with its abundance of relics is the house where lived that other great poet, Schiller. His apartments, while restored and preserved with equal reverence, are pathetic in their poverty. They are, however, significant of the career of a man who, throughout his days, was perforce in arms against poverty and disease, but they are in striking antithesis to the richness of his inner life. Out of these threadbare surroundings suggested the dignity and decay came such dramas as "The Maid of Orleans," "Maria Stuart," and "Wilhelm Tell," works overflowing with the sap of eternal youth.

As I walked through Weimar's quaint and beautiful cemetery I felt especially near to men and women whose names are household words in Germany. Here, under the leaning crosses and the sod, beneath a tangle of vines and the creeping willows, and amidst the perfume of roses they lay. Here rests Johann Peter Eckermann, Goethe's friend and secretary, whose life lost its reason for continuance with the passing of his master; there, in a well-tended grave, lies Steinhoff, who exercised the master-influence on the impressionable young Goethe and inspired some of his best work; yonder is the burial place of the Stiching family, the descendants of a philosopher and court preacher and Goethe's one-time mentor, Johann Gottfried Herder; a step brings one to the graves of Goethe's grandsons whose futile struggle against disease and disappointment trying to bear worthwhile the burden of a great name is a pathetic story by itself; and still a bit farther on in the ducal mausoleum, in their wreath-covered cof­fins of oak, in company with members of the princely house, rest two princes among poets—Goethe and Schiller.

Even a graveyard may not be devoid of humor. Alongside the great reposes the near-great, whose presence and titles are naively announced by words cut as deep into eternal stone as those of royal tombs. Beneath one mound lay no less a person than the court saddler or under another the ducal watchmaker. The German love for titles and honors and hating to be known and envied of men persists even to the grave.

In Goethe's time Weimar's population was about 8,000 souls; today it numbers 34,000. With no manufacturing and no trade to speak of, the city has grown delightfully because of its associations and because its grand dukes have striven to keep it a center of the developing culture of Germany. They have accomplished their purpose by encouraging its theater, its schools for painting, architecture, and music, and by attracting to its court men of international fame. Weimar is the capital of the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, a territory somewhat larger than Rhode Island and a bit more than two-thirds the size of Delaware. Formerly it was an independent state but being decidedly Prussian in its sympathies, upon the formation of the German Empire in 1871, it sacrificed its autonomy and hastened to throw in its lot with other German states in order to strengthen the hands of the new central government under the leadership of the House of Hohenzollern.

Though territorially one of the lesser states in the German federation, it is, nevertheless, connected with some of the foremost royal families of Europe. Duke Ernst August Constantin, who died in 1758, married the beautiful Charlotte, a niece of Frederick the Great of Prussia; his grandson, Grand Duke Carl Friedrich, who died in 1853, married Maria Paulowna, daughter of Czar Paul I of Russia; Carl Frederick's son and successor, Carl Alexander, married Sophia, a princess of the house of Orange, the Dutch royal family; and his daughter, Augusta, married the then Prince Wilhelm of Prussia and later became the first empress of modern Germany and the grandmother of the present Kaiser.

Not only by royal blood but still more by royal deeds is this ducale family distinguished. It is descended by a side-line from the elector of Saxon, Frederick the Wise, who was Luther's protector and supporter. With the Reformation, the Reformation would scarcely have been possible. In 1617, by the founding of the "Palm Order," Weimar placed itself at the head of an awakening patriotic movement to arrest the invasion of the German vocabulary by a bad French, and to protect the Fugger's. Carving down to the eighteenth century, a time when too many of the German princes and princelets were fast livers and all too prodigal with the lives and property of their subjects, the rulers of Weimar were notable for their benevolent liberalism. Grand Duke Carl August, who died in 1828, was the first German prince to grant his subjects the right to rule themselves under a constitution. Freedom of speech and of the press were also enjoyed here at a time when public men elsewhere were trying to force these privileges from reactionary ministers. The chronicle of the ruling house of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, since the coming of Anna Amalia particularly, is the record of progress, governmental policies, the promotion of the arts—music, painting, and the theater, the institution and development of education—technical and liberal, and the working out of efficient systems for the care of the diseased and otherwise unfortunate. Indeed, so thoroughgoing was the oversight exercised over her adopted subjects during the first third of the nineteenth century by the Grand Duchess, Maria Paulowna, that the saying became current that no one in Weimar could even get himself a coat for which the good duchess did not at least furnish a button. Here reforms were not forced on a reluctant public by a people chafing under restraint—the way in which Anglo-Saxons expect relief from abuses—but in practically all the progressive policies the ducale family were the initiators, the forerunners of public opinion.

The man who, as a public official and poet, gave the greatest impulse to the ideals of service of this princely house was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. In 1775, when twenty-six years old, he went to Wiemar to spend a fortnight at the court. The young duke, Carl August, was so delighted with his guest that he kept him as his comrade and minister and the visit became a residence of fifty-seven years lasting until Goethe's death. Even before the advent of Goethe, however, the court at Weimar under the inspiration of Duchess Anna Amalia had attracted enlightened spirits to itself, chief among them the poet Wieland. It was the presence of Goethe, however, and later of Schiller, who has immortalized Weimar and the Steig by the design and name of it beside Periclean Athens and Elizabethan London, Goethe's prestige as a dramatist, poet, and significant personality soon raised the microscopic Thuringian city to the leading place, not only in the awakening intellec­tual life of Germany but also in the thought life of all Europe. Under the pens of Goethe and Schiller, the knitting of whose souls is one of the finest examples of mutual regard and stimulating, re­fucishing influence that the world has seen, Ger­man literature reached its finest flower, its classic age.

"Weimar" and "classical period," however, are immensely more than technical phrases that have slight interest for the everyday man. Never has it been more strikingly and more sensitively represented that the best art is for the service of all men than in the growth and flowering of human genius in this period and in its stimulation of German life down to the present time. As truly as did Columbus and Galileo discover the world to be a thousand times larger than the view of theirs imagined, so truly did Kant and Schiller and Goethe add to the extent
of man's domain. In eighteenth century Germany men were slowly awaking to the fact of a world within them as real as the world without. Obvious as this fact is now, it appeared to them as a dazzling, brand-new truth. Under this new conception, this inner world, shaped variously in each person, this thing which we call personality, came to be held the most precious thing on earth, something to be guarded zealously and developed assiduously. In the man who should try to enslave it in the straight-jacket of convention. It was a great idea and in Goethe and Schiller it found great exponents. The fundamental doctrine and the conscience of every one, of this classic period, the conception of the world within which these two Olympians lived and wrought—as old as the teachings of Christ at least but new for eighteenth century Germany was a belief in the supreme value of the human personality. Upon this belief rests the desire for liberalism in government and all measures aimed to give the individual a better chance. And it is to the eternal fame of Weimar and Carl August that the two prophets, dying in the wilderness of artificiality and void—so many ideals came clear and powerful at the diminutive Thuringian court. German classic literature was the harmonious and forceful expression of the thoughts, longings, and ideals of inarticulate minds; but more than that it was the evocation of absolutely new melodies in the human soul.

The Germans have cherished and amplified this idea, and put it to work to shape the course of their history, social and political. Its energizing effect on the course of political events of the nineteenth century has been plainly manifest. At the end of the eighteenth century the German people, hopelessly huddled into larger or smaller governmental bits, were awakening to self-consciousness as was the individual. They were becoming dream of liberty of their history, social and of a united fatherland. The flourishing of a great literature comprehensible to all using the German tongue aroused this long dormant people to the fact of a large body of common interests and they became fused spiritually into one nation. For the first time in the history of the world a literature created a national consciousness and was not simply the expression of national greatness and power already present.

The ferment for a free and united fatherland, although alternately kept down by the scheming of cynical ministries or extinguished by over-enthusiastic, ineffectual revolutions, finally came to its full growth in the formation of the Empire in 1871. Thus a direct line of powerful influence proceeds from Goethe and Schiller to the crowning of King William of Prussia as the German emperor, from Weimar to Ver­ sailes.

So great is Weimar's past! What of its present?

In 1837—five years after Goethe's death—Carl Immermann, the novelist, wrote these significant words: "While today most individuals are carefully shutting themselves off from outside spiritual influences and are taking infinite but futile pains to be independent, quite the opposite is true here in Weimar: all its finer souls are seeking joy and honor where they can alone find it, namely in a boundless love and veneration for Goethe's personality. Albeit their light, their life has been taken from them, they have not therefore sunk into a coma; and in this respect do these Weimar disciples differ from the book-fed Goethean scholars of other places, those bespectacled young pedants and dedicated lecturers on literature who close the history of Germany.

For all that, I discovered that at the Weimar of today most of the things that have interested people in Weimar for the past three centuries are not so very different from their activities in Weimar for the past three centuries. Thus a direct line of powerful influence proceeds from Goethe and Schiller to the crowning of King William of Prussia as the German emperor, from Weimar to Versailles.

During the latter years of the century Weimar was the home of personalities like the brilliant poet-philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, the patriotic dramatist and short-story writer, Ernst von Wildenbruch—beloved of American high school lads for some symbology, and the German boys as "Das Edle Blut."—the poet-scholar, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Helene Böhli, child of Weimar and best known perhaps for her reproduction in the world of the folk songs during its golden age, and Erich Schmidt, Goethe's great rival and university professor. Early in the century Alexander von Humboldt remarked that he had come to Weimar only a short time to meet all the celebrities of Europe. This was true indeed. Hans Christian Anderson was an intimate friend of Carl Alexander, William Makepeace Thackeray knew the town at first hand and saw Goethe face to face, George H. Lewes, George Eliot's husband and Goethe's English biographer, was a frequent visitor, Saint-Saens, the French composer and director, and Ramenzy, the Hungarian violinist, have both performed there. And in addition to these names I should have to mention the famous German author of note—all these have fared to Weimar as to a well of living water.

The debt of Weimar to its idealistic Grand Duke, Carl Alexander and his consort, the good-natured Carl Immermann, was as the Grand Duke was in the ideals of Weimar's period of splendor, his liveliest concern always was to foster within his realm the highest goods of mankind—perhaps a true art. In 1858, looking back over the century of Weimar's history and in the consciousness of its continuing significance, Carl Alexander summed up its importance in an address delivered before the German Shakespeare and Goethe societies that had just effected a union under his protectorship: "Your union under his protectorship is to me a valuable proof that Weimar is now at the end of the nineteenth century as at its beginning a central point in the life of the German people and that it is still worthy of the great tradition of an incomparable time." In this same year the Grand Duchess died and two years later, in January,
The Seventh Day Baptist Pulpit

The publication of the Seventh Day Baptist Pulpit will be resumed the first of July, 1915. This is a monthly magazine containing a sermon for each Sabbath. The sermons are by Seventh Day Baptist clergymen. The magazine was first started largely through the interest and effort of Dr. H. A. Place at the time of the General Conference at Ashaway in 1902, and the first number was issued in February, 1903. At the end of the eighth volume, January, 1911, it was discontinued, owing to a lack of funds to support it. The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, which had charge of the magazine, has now given permission to the Committee on the Revision of Tracts of the American Sabbath Tract Society to resume its publication. It will be conducted on the same lines and for the same purpose as before. It is designed to supply helpful interesting reading, and especially for those who can not attend church. In particular it is intended for pastorless churches, and little groups of Sabbath-keepers that meet for Bible study far away from church privileges, where some one will read the sermon for the week to the others. Then volume by volume it makes a valuable collection of choice sermons by our own clergymen.

For a time at least the magazine will be illustrated with pictures of the writers of the sermons, and with now and then pictures of the churches where they are serving.

The subscription price will remain the same as in the past, fifty cents a year. But it will require more than a thousand subscribers to support the magazine. Unless that many can be secured we shall have to rely upon the gifts of people who are interested in the matter.

Sample copies of the first number will be sent out the last part of June, and it is hoped that these will so appeal to the people that we shall soon get our desired list of one thousand paying subscribers.

The compiling editor is Rev. Clayton A. Burbick, of Westerly, R. I. Address all business communications to the publishers, American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

Woman's Suffrage in Illinois

The Illinois Institution Quarterly has made an effort to get as exact figures as are possible on the vote of the saloon issue of last April. The returns from 194 townships, villages or cities indicate that 105,687 men and 53,737 women voted for saloons, a grand total of 159,424; 75,679 men and 94,195 women voted against the saloons, making a total of 169,874, or a majority against saloons of 10,450.

Among the men there was a majority of 3,088 in favor of saloons, and among the women there was a majority of 40,458 against saloons. The above indicates the results on the first trial of women's suffrage in Illinois.—The Madison County (Ill.) Doctor.
now solemnly and urgently solicited for others.

"Rise not from the grave and often perplexing deliberations which claim your legislation till you have added to acts bearing merely on the political condition of your State this work of peremptory obligation to humanity. Retire not from these halls, in which honor, integrity and justice should rule, till you have rendered this noble service to your fellow-citizens; a service the holy recollections of which will smooth your path through the dark valley, and which the Recording Angel shall inscribe in the Book of Life. For the memory of righteous acts shall never perish, neither in this world nor in that which is to come."

We do not speak in that tone nowadays to or of our lawmakers. Possibly it was better if we did. At least it was effective. Its result was the creation, at that session, of the Jacksonville hospital, the beginning of this State’s charities. Nor was the work of Dorothea Dix confined to her native land. She successfully attacked the inhumanity and cruelty of the Poor Laws of Scotland; she set in motion sweeping reforms in Holland, Norway, Italy, Greece and Russia. Before her death in 1887 she saw the treatment of insane people altered in all civilized lands.

It may be noted that no “league” or “society,” such as seems to be indispensable nowadays, backed her mission. Without wealth, without high station or official position, just a school-teacher who saw a deed right, she proceeded. She had no aircraft; she flew down on this one and got ready for her landing.

I will begin by writing down a terrible act committed on a young girl while she was doing her work in the home. It might have been in any home in the country. In 1887 she saw the treatment of insane people altered in all civilized lands.

July 4, 1915.—What a wonderful family reunion we had here today. Nell and I were photographing holding a dozen or so of our grand-children on our knees, while 5,000 more of them were crowded around us. Ah, how I dote on my dear grandchildren. I made them a little speech that they all liked very much.

I told them that while they were children and had a right to play they must think of the more serious business of life, too, because ere long they will be out in the world with families of their own. I warned them of the treacherous, sticky fly paper that thoughtless human beings place on the tables and in chairs to entrap the innocent children. "Children," I said, earnestly, "be wary of fly paper. Your Aunt Emma would never have been so careless as to let me romp around on the fly paper and one day when she was doing banter with your Uncle Jimmy he took her sunbonnet and tossed it right into the middle of some fly paper and dared her to go after it, and she did and was drowned." And then I read them a long list of their other uncles and aunts who had been lost on the treacherous fly paper. It was a long list; it took me two hours to read all these names. "Children," I said, "keep away from fly paper. If you get on it, it notifies all the humans that see it of its nature, but if you will only keep away from it the telltale will not notice that it is fly paper and they will sit on it and then you can all have a fine laugh as they try to pull it off." I also told them to look out for swatters, and then I showed them how to slide on butter and play tag on jelly.

Aug. 24, 1915.—What is so lovely as a peaceful old age! I am now an old man, over eighty days old. This morning I went out into the yard and sat on the back fence of the alley and watched my children and my grandchildren’s children and my children’s children’s children as they went flying past me in review.

There were not as many of my descendants as I expected; the deadly fly paper and the fiendish swatter have cut great holes in my family, and I don’t suppose my descendants all told number over fifty or sixty thousand. Suze, my two hundred and sixty-first wife, sat near as my descendants crowded around to give three rousing cheers for grandpa.

Then we all went together over to the city dump, where we had a picnic dinner, returning late at night, tired but happy, to the fashionable homes on the avenue where we dwell. Ah, truly, as the poet has so beautifully said, "This is the life!"—Richard Henry Little.

Ten Commandments
Endorsed by Civic Committees Every-where
1. Thou shalt know thy city and keep its laws.
2. Remember thy cleaning day and keep it wholly.
3. Thou shalt love and cherish thy children and provide for them decent homes and playgrounds.
4. Thou shalt not keep thy windows closed day or night.
5. Thou shalt not kill thy children’s bodies with poisonous air, nor their souls with bad companions.
6. Thou shalt keep in order thy alleys, thy back yard, thy hall and stairway.
7. Thou shalt not let the wicked fly live.
8. Thou shalt not steal thy children’s right to happiness from them.
9. Thou shalt bear witness against thy neighbor’s robbery heap.
10. Thou shalt covet all the air and sunlight thou canst obtain.

The Memoirs of Mr. A. Fly
May 24, 1915—I am 21 days old today and big enough to keep a diary. I think I will begin by writing down a terrible accident that almost happened this morning. If it had happened I wouldn’t be writing in this diary. I was lying around the dining-room in the house when my mother was tending and saw a big, shining yellow ball of butter.

I am exceedingly fond of butter, and so I flew down on this one and got ready for breakfast when suddenly something struck a great force right by my side. I flew away, looking back to see what I had thought was butter was nothing of the kind. It was the thought-dome of a man who lives in this house, and he is so bald that my mistake was really quite natural.

Sooner after I had another narrow escape. I was playing around on the window sill when I spied a woman sneaking upon me with one of those gauche contrivances on the end of a stick. She was just about to swat me when I sidestepped nimbly and flew away. The woman swatted but she didn’t swat anything but the window sill. Heigh-ho, I am terribly lonely. I believe I will go over and see Nellie Fly and if she is willing we’ll get married today.

P. S.—We’re married.

Old Seventh Day Baptist Graves in Burlington Being Removed

The growth of a Connecticut municipal-ity and its work to establish a more adequate water supply has caused an inquiry into the history of an old Connecticut town, and the consequent investigation has showed that Westerly played an important part in early days.

The town of Burlington, the westernmost community in Hartford County, where the New Britain Water Board is building a large new reservoir and the records show that among the earliest settlers were Seventh Day Baptists, and the land which makes up the town was bought by the Tunis Indians. This territory, in 1774, with what is now Bristol, was separated from the town of Farmington by the general court, Bristol being known as New Cambridge and Burlington as West Britain. In 1806, west Britain was separated from New Cambridge and incorporated as the town of Burlington at the general court held June 16, 1806, with Abraham Pettibone as moderator.

A Seventh Day Baptist church was the first church in Burlington. The first services were held in it September 18, 1780. This church was founded by twenty families from Westfield, who left this town under the leadership of Rev. Jonathan Bur-lick. The original church had nineteen members. Deacon Elisha Stillman, Deacon Elisha Covey and Deacon Jared Covey were among the most earnest supporters of the minister in his successful effort to establish a Seventh Day Baptist church in the wilds of Connecticut.

The church, which was of a generous proportions, was of the old Puritan style, with large pillars in front, low steeple and painted white. Over the minister’s head was fastened a wooden sounding-board. The pews were the “fox pews” with little doors. The church was situated about an eighth of a mile north of the old Seventh Day Baptist cemetery, in the triangular plot opposite the church, which was used for the baptisms. Probably the only person now living who remembers the old church is Miss Adahui A. Bunnell, who lives in Burlington. It was torn down years ago, and no Seventh Day Baptists live in Burlington now.

Members of this early church and their.
immediate descendants were well-to-do, as the term was understood in those old days. They had large, comfortable homes, some of which still stand. Others are being torn down by the New Britain Water Board in preparation for its reservoir, which will flood many acres, including the old cemetery where members of the Seventh Day Baptist church were buried. All the old graves in the cemetery will be opened, and whatever remains of the dust of these early settlers will be buried outside the limits of the watershed.

October 10, 1780. It stands second back of the red sandstone erected to the memory of Rev. John Davis. The Davis stone has this inscription:

"Here lies Rev. Mr. John Davis, the first pastor of ye Sabbatarian Church in Bristol, who departed this life in peace August ye 29th, A. D. 1792, in the 66th year of his age."

"Remember all both great and small Whose souls have been my care All wealth receive, all terror leave And thus for Death prepare."

Another stone near there has this inscription: "Elisha Covey. Oct. A.D. 1789."

At the side of the house is an apple tree which still has good fruit, and was planted by Mr. Covey. This house is near the cemetery which is to be removed by the New Britain Water Board. The oldest stone in the cemetery, a low, grey one, as far as one is able to decipher, is that erected to the memory of John Davis, who died from the wall above the fire-place when the chimney was built over by Mr. Merrell, bearing this inscription:

"Elisha Covey. Oct. A.D. 1789."

Among these homes of the original Seventh Day Baptist families of Burlington are the Warren Bunnell place, the first of the houses to be bought by the New Britain Water Board; the Bull place, the Elisha Covey place, the Captain Upson place, the Weird place and the Crandall place.

The Elisha Covey place, which is now occupied by George W. Merrell and family, and the Warren Bunnell place are two of the finest houses in this locality, the Covey house being built by Elisha Covey in 1789. In the house is a rectangular stone which was removed from the wall above the fireplace in 1804, A. D. 1792, in the 66th year of his age."

"Remember all both great and small Whose souls have been my care All wealth receive, all terror leave And thus for Death prepare."

Another stone near there has this inscription: "Elisha Covey, who died Feb. ye 21, A. 1804, A. D. 50."

"Come Brethren dear, whose union hive Has been my favorite prayer, Hold fast the truth, instruct the youth, And thus for death prepare. And all who read these lines take heed, While you have life and health, Seek Christ the way, His calls obey, And so prepare for death. Stop look at me as you pass by, As you are now so once was I, As I am now so you must be, Prepare for death and follow me."

Among others of the oldest stones, many of which still stand, are those erected to the memory of Abigail Crandall, 1787; Mrs. Hope Covey, July 16, 1787; Elizabeth Palmeter, April 12, 1800; Elias Wilcox, 1800; Deacon Amos Burdick, 1803; Deacon Hezekiah West, 1805; Elizabeth Newton, 1810; Deacon and Mrs. Samuel Meacham, 1810; and Deacon Elmer Stillman, 1818. The finest and most modern family plot is at the top of the little hill in the cemetery and is the William Palmefer plot, not shown in the photograph. The last burial was in 1887.

Surveyors representing the New Britain Water Board are now at work developing the plans for the new Burlington water supply. The new reservoir basin, it is estimated, will cover 150 acres and the dam will probably cost $300,000. Most of the places mentioned will come within the reservoir basin; within the high-water mark the Bunnell, Covey, Crandall, and the Walters place, now occupied by a Hartford family, and the old cemetery.—West­ erly Sun, May 24, 1915.

"An Ingathering"

My last communication advised you that the Dodge Center Church had made provisions for the payment of the troublesome debt. Some are always troubled with skepticism in regard to such matters, since it is a comparatively easy matter to "scribe" a certain amount, as one pessimistic friend wrote me, and quite another to redeem the pledge. We of Dodge Center may justly claim some credit for answering our skeptical friends with a substantial argument. The argument is that exactly five weeks from the time of the provision above referred to for the payment of the debt, the pledges were redeemed and the debt was paid. It was an exhilarating experience.
We are glad to accord to our Ladies' Benevolent Society credit for the final arrangement by which the money subscribed was paid in. By the way, it is nothing new for the Dodge Center ladies to earn credit for the final accomplishment of worthy ends. The idea originated with this society to hold an “ingathering” social for the purpose of collecting the money pledged. This appealed to every one as a most practicable plan, especially to the committee appointed to collect the money, since they were busy farmers and were not expected to leave their work for this purpose.

Accordingly a notice was read at the Sabbath morning service, May 8, that there was to be held on Sunday night, May 16, an "ingathering" social at the parsonage, when subscribers to the debt fund would be expected to bring the amount of their pledge. Impressiveness and dignity were given grani ment out by our Tract Society. Since several of our subscribers to the debt fund would be expected to be present, the whole affair was planned with unusual care. The thought was expressed that such an occasion should be a notable event in the religious life of the church.

At 7:30 o'clock the people began to arrive. Before the tract, receiving the offerings, was predicted a passage from Exodus 35:

But Mary had chosen the better part.

In this Bethany home where Jesus was always a welcome and honored guest, lived Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha and Mary. Mary, the elder, upon whom rested the care and responsibility of the home-keeping, was a careful and hard-working hostess. Like many another since, she loved her Lord, but was too busy to enjoy his presence, and to draw strength and comfort from companionship with him. Her sin was not that she was careful and solicitous in serving but that she let her service so absorb her attention that all enjoyment was forestalled and care and worry filled her thought and robbed her of the blessing of Christ's presence. She was not putting "first things first," but in her anxiety over the temporal she stood in danger of losing the most important of all.

But Mary had chosen the better part. Jesus in no way even scolded her. What woman in all the world, upon hearing the call of Christ, would have chosen the inferior part? On the contrary, Jesus said to her, "Martha, Martha, you are troubled and distracted with many cares. Few things are necessary and truly helpful wherever she may be.

To be filled with anxious care in the duties lying around us is natural, and the easiest habit in the world to fall into. To be filled with Christ's spirit, by sitting at his feet to listen and learn, means greater efficiency in the service that follows and a true enjoyment in rendering it. Let us permit no care or worry or busy day to come between us and real fellowship with Jesus.

It must be remembered that Jesus loved both Mary and Martha, and though his words to the latter seem to be a sharp rebuke, they are spoken with great loving sympathy and tenderness that extract all the sting.

These women represent two types of attitude today—that of worship and that of service; neither, alone, is complete. They must go hand in hand. If I cannot choose; I should have liked so much to set a Jesus' feet—to feel the touch of his kind, gentle hand upon my head. While drinking in the gracious words he said. And yet to serve him!—Oh, divine employ—to minister and give the Master joy. To bathe in coolest springs his weary feet, and wait upon him while he sat at meat! Worship or service,—which? All, that is best To which he calls us, be it toil or rest,—To labor and to serve. While drinking in the gracious words he said. And yet to serve him!—Oh, divine employ—to minister and give the Master joy. To bathe in coolest springs his weary feet, and wait upon him while he sat at meat! Worship or service,—which? All, that is best To which he calls us, be it toil or rest,—To labor and to serve.

—Macon, in Haught's G. T. B.

HINTS TO THE LEADER

It is suggested that three young women head this meeting. Read "Hints to the Leader," in last week's Recorder.

Get them to read a three to five-minute paper on Some of the Great Women of the Old Testament, Another, on Three Great Women of the New Testament. Have several ready to tell how they are looking on Christ's call to them. Others, ready to speak on How Will We Know it, when the Call of Jesus Comes? Aim to make your members present feel that they are today sitting at the feet of Jesus; they will go forth inspired and encouraged.

HINTS TO THE TIMID

What was the "better part" chosen by Mary? Think this over and you will doubtless find a message to bring to the meeting. What is Christ's most important call to me?

If I could do exactly what I wanted to do, what would it be? What woman in Europe first heard the call of Christ? Acts 16:14-15. How did she serve the Lord?
Lessons From Grass and Flowers

F. E. D. B.

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, June 19, 1915


Dear Juniors: In the Sabbath-school lessons this spring you have learned much about David, king over Israel. He chose his son Solomon to be the next king. When David was about to die, he talked very earnestly to Solomon, telling him to walk in God's ways, and keep his commandments, and God would help him. Solomon believed this, and asked God for wisdom to guide the people rightly. God made him very wise. Solomon gave him great riches, honor, and power. Solomon was a great king (1 Kings 10: 23-24). Solomon built the temple in Jerusalem, a very beautiful house for himself, and other buildings.

Solomon had a large family of servants to do his work. There was much rich food for all his household. Dishes were made of gold, and they drank from golden cups. His clothing and that of his attendants was fine, costly, and beautiful. He had chariots and horses by the hundreds, and ships to bring valuables from other countries.

King Solomon was wiser than all men. He spoke three thousand proverbs, and his songs numbered over a thousand. He knew all about trees, flowers, beasts, birds, fishes and creeping things. Kings of other nations heard of his wisdom and came to talk with him. Perhaps you remember the visit of the Queen of Sheba.

Now what did Jesus say in our lesson today? "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not: and yet I say unto you, That in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

The glory and beauty of Solomon's kingdom came by the earnest thought and hard labor of hundreds of people. His beautiful garments were made by human hands. The flowers, through the powers of nature, the soil, sunshine, dew and rain, heat and cold, are clothed in beauty by God. There are many kinds of lilies. The most beautiful and showy ones grow in the fields of many countries, and the dry stalks are used for fuel. Jesus refers to their bright colors by comparing them to the gorgeous robes of Solomon.

Since God clothes the frail flowers of the earth with such wonderful beauty, he surely will provide ways for his children to be clothed, for Jesus said, "Your Father knoweth ye have need of these things." The apostle Paul said, "But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ" (Philippians 4: 19). "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for his service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth." (Psalm 104: 14).

LESSON TEACHINGS

Be thankful for plain clothing.

Wear costly clothing with modesty, not pride.

"It is beauty of character and not fine clothes that counts with God.

Some of the plainest flowers have the sweetest perfume.

Lesson prayer: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalm 90: 12).

Key-word, "Wisdom."

A despondent young man, wearied with repeated failure in his life, flung himself on a lawn near a fountain. As its jet of spray leaped into the air, flashed in the sunlight, and fell again into the basin, he said to himself, "That is like my life. I make good resolutions, rise for awhile from sin, and then fall back." Then he looked at a small, fleecy, white cloud, and thought, "That was once, perhaps, dirty water, but was drawn up by the sun. O for a power to draw me up!" Jesus is that power. He can draw men and women out of their oft-repeated sin and failure into the sunlight of his purity. —James D. Lawson.

Going Shares

"O mamma, Nannie Evans has invited me to go drivin' with her this afternoon in a lovely, long ride in the country. May I go?" Effie's face was radiant and softly colored, like the early fruit blossoms.

Her mother smiled. "Why, yes, dear; and it was very kind of her to ask you."

Sometimes the little girl cried, "Nannie can do lots of kind things—she has so much money."

Mamma looked a little grave and would have spoken to Effie, but the little maid had danced away to get ready. And when presently Nannie Evans and her big sister called for Effie, she was in such a fluster of excitement that she could scarcely keep still.

"O mamma, darling, please hurry. Does it matter to fasten all the buttons, and isn't my hair smooth enough? Good-by. I wish you were coming." Mamma smiled and waved her hand as the stately footman helped her little daughter into the victoria. And Effie waved back delightedly as the handsome bays started.

It was almost dark when she burst into the room, bringing the odor of fragrant blossoms with her. Her arms were full of roses, lilies, and carnations.

"It was the loveliest ride, mamma! And look at my flowers! Did you ever see such beauties? We went to a florist's, and Miss Katie—Nannie's sister, you know—bought such a lot of flowers. She gave me these for my own self." Effie was quite out of breath.

"Yes, they are indeed lovely," said her mamma, lifting the masses of exquisite bloom.

"And so many!" cried Effie. "We'll have some in every room." And she ran to get vases and water. "Nannie's sister Katie sent a whole lot to the hospital," continued Effie, "and she started a moment, and then continued wistfully: "It must be so easy to be good and do kind things when one has a lot of money, like Nannie."

Mamma smiled. "Do you think so, dear?"

"Why, yes," said Effie slowly. "If I had lovely things, I know I'd go shares."

"Are you quite sure you would, Effie?"

Something in mamma's voice made Effie look up, puzzled. Mamma was looking at the great bowl of crimson roses on the table. She turned and looked at the lilies and carnations in the tall vases. A flush crept over Effie's face. She understood. "I know what you're thinking, mamma—that I could share my flowers. Oh, but I do hate to part with them!"

"It isn't easy always to go shares, you see," said mamma, gently.

Effie was silent for a moment, then she began to sort out the roses. "I'm going to carry these beauties to old Mrs. Lane. She loves flowers so dearly, and never has any. I'll leave a bowl for you, sweetest mamma, and take the rest." And Effie hurried off with her arms full. When she came back her little face was very grave. "O mamma! she cried when she saw them. She used to live in the country, and it made her cry; but she was so glad to get them."

It was a day or two later that Effie rushed into the room, countryman, ladies. "What do you think, mamma? Miss Katie Evans knows Mrs. Lane. She took her some fine washing to do, and saw our flowers; and then Mrs. Lane told her about them and how she loved the country, and Miss Katie is going to take her to drive every single week, and I'm going, too. Isn't that lovely?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma, kissing her.

—Boys and Girls.

Bray's Enemy

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

The small boy—for he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat, and held it behind him. "I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."

"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?"

asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

"Nobody sent me," the boy answered. "I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep for free days. He's got to be killed."

"Where did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joynes.
"My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gave me 15 cents a week for watching 'em."

"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been running them?"

"No, sir, I told you."

"Ah, that's well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you 15 cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep; how would that do?"

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head, he scornfully rejected it. 'That'd only be paying me for a lie,' he said, indignantly.

When he said this Mr. Joynes took off his own hat and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he. "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he's afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages I shall offer you twice 15 cents and take you into my service. Meanwhile Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning, countryman." —English Magazine.

Thoughts From the Field

Dear Editor:

Nothing has been said recently about that minimum salary of $1,000 for our active ministers nor the pension of $25 a month for the aged ministers now past usefulness. How long will we continue to pay starvation wages during the active period of our ministers and compel them when superannuated to enter the charitable institutions of the country? What answer can we give to the pastor's child when he asks that he be given the same opportunities to secure an education and get a start in life that the lay member's child has?

We not only pay the minister inadequately but we expect him to do about all the work in the church and save our souls for us without requiring forth much effort on our own account. We are making our churches religious hospitals where we require the constant attendance of a physician (the pastor). We are willing that he should do all the work and get all the reward in the next world. We take the medicine if it does not require too much effort, get as much benefit on this earth as we can and hope for the best in the next world. If we would do more of the work ourselves it would be of great benefit to us individually and would give the minister a chance to help more of those who have no hope of eternal life. Our strongest ministers and best Christian workers for the most part have come from the small and often pastricuous churches, because in absence of a pastor the lay members have been obliged to do the religious work for themselves. Would it not be well for all our ministers to spend nine months of the year among the non-religious people of the community and three months with the church? Such a course, it seems to me, would make us much stronger Christians, for we would carry on the work of the pastor in his absence, would build up our churches, and give the gospel to many who are now not being reached. We all manifestly desire to help the lost ones to a saving knowledge of Christ, but is this being accomplished best by our sitting quietly in church and listening to a fine sermon and a beautiful choir of singers each Sabbath? Would we not reach a very much higher degree of work in the church if we would make all of our members work in the church? Would we not have a beautiful choir of singers each Sabbath, and perhaps, a much stronger and larger church? Our church is not on the looking glass; it is here and now. This is the time to make our church large and invincible. We must do this by saving our youth from the seductive ways of the world and by getting the dark and unknown Cornish into the light and the light of the church.

We are spending thousands of dollars to support our missionaries in foreign lands but are doing very little toward the Christianizing of the foreigners who come to us by the thousands each year. Is it possible that we as Seventh Day Baptists are supporting a missionary who has proved himself a wise counselor and efficient, but that what a man is in the sight of God, that, and only that, and nothing else, he really is. Now riches are unquestionably a great hindrance in the way of seeing ourselves as God sees us. —W. R. Huntington.

Deacon Charles Greely Wheeler

Charles Greely Wheeler was the only son of Joshua and Mariah Reynolds Wheeler. When he was three years old his parents moved from Farmington, Ill., the place of his birth, to the Kansas prairie, three miles north of the present city of Nortonville. That was in the year 1857. Since that time that prairie homestead has been his home.

In his boyhood he was faithful in his attendance at the public school, and later was a student at the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan. He was a good student. The preparation of those early days bore fruit throughout his life in the home, upon the farm, in the community and in the church.

When he was about fifteen years of age he confessed Christ as his Savior and became a member of the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church. His life has been consistently Christian. The community has been saddened and has felt loss in his death. Some have said: "I have known him intimately and have found no fault in him."

In March, 1902, he was chosen and ordained to the office of deacon. He had a keen sense of the responsibility that rested upon him in that official position. He had proved himself a wise counselor and an efficient servant of God and his people. For many years he has been one of the leading teachers in the Sabbath school. He has been generous in his financial support of the church and denomination.

He was united in marriage on September 14, 1881, to Miss Augusta Rose Stillman, who survives him. Three sons and three daughters were born to them. Those now living are Vernetta, now Mrs. Shirley Van Horn; Edwin L., who is married and lives near the old home; Helen, of Boulder, Colo.; and Ernest, now at home with his mother. Those also in bereavement are Charles' mother, now in her ninety-third year; and his only sister, Adeline, the wife of Leslie F. Randolph.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon, May 10, at the church, conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs. Burial was made in the Nortonville Cemetery.

Brother Wheeler has gone, but the rich qualities of his mind and heart will ever continue an inspiration to higher and better living.

James L. Skaggs.

Christ's Compassion and Ours

I have long since ceased to pray, "Lord Jesus, have compassion upon a lost world." I remember the day and hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say, "I have had compassion on a lost world, and now it is time for you to have compassion. I have given my heart; now give your hearts." —A. J. Gordon, D. D.

Riches deceive men by making them think themselves other than they are. It was a favorite saying of Francis of Assisi that what a man is in the sight of God, that, and only that, and nothing else, he really is. Now riches are unquestionably a great hindrance in the way of seeing ourselves as God sees us." —W. R. Hunting-ton.
SABBATH SCHOOL

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

Jackson Center "greatly enjoyed carrying out the Sabbath Rally program as provided by the Tract Society. Several expressed the desire for more rallies on different denominational topics."

One of the needs of our Bible schools is that of teachers who can draw around them groups of young men, taking such an interest in each member of the class personally that the whole group is bound together by strong ties. Young fellows have plenty of problems. They have a hunger for fellowship—not the forms, but the reality. There are many influences that are bidding for their interest. They are likely to swing away from good things by simply drifting with the tide while neglecting any particular wayward interest. For teachers that can make themselves the center of human interests and their homes the center of good fellowship!

* * *

It was my pleasure to be a guest at dinner when four of the old gang were having a reunion. Vigorous, wide-awake chaps they were, and all making good. It was pleasant to be among them. I looked across at the quiet little woman who was mother to two of the boys and close friend of the others. I saw the pride in her eyes. That woman had done great work—the highest on earth. We admire the person who can paint a great picture or build a fine house, or construct a complicated machine. But the greatest art is the building of noble character. That lasts when material things have gone to dust and rust.

Lesson XII.—June 17, 1915

A Prayer for the Tempted.—Ps. 141

Golden Text.—"Keep me from the snare which they have laid for me." Ps. 141:9

DAILY READINGS

First-day, Ps. 141. A Prayer for the Tempted Second-day, Ps. 10. Overthrow of the Wicked Third-day, Prov. 1: 7-19. Warning Against the Tempter


Sabbath Day, 2 Cor. 6: 11-18. Separation Enjoined

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)

Home News

SALEM, W. VA.—The Seventh Day Baptist Church members resorted to their church last Sunday night and enjoyed a pleasant supper and sociable under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society. The program of the evening consisted of a debate on the "Sabbath Question," a number by the male quartet, a talk by L. D. Lowther, games, and the presenting of a birthday tribute to the pastor, A. J. C. Bond.

The college authorities announce that admission to the training-school this summer will be free. Those desiring to attend should make application to Dr. Clark or to Miss West. The college also announces that, if there are a sufficient number who wish to attend, a teacher will be hired to instruct those making up back work. For this course tuition will be charged.—Salem Express

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—All are invited to attend the dedication exercises one week from tomorrow, Sabbath Day, June 5, at 10.30.

Every one is urged to attend the reception at the church Sabbath night, June 5. Come and have a social time, look the building over, meet your friends, enjoy the refreshments—free—and listen to a short program.

The Brotherhood will serve a banquet in the church dining-room the evening of Monday, June 7. Any man may secure a ticket of C. L. Hill by paying 50 cents. The number of tickets is limited you will have to hurry if you get one. Dr. Gardiner and Bayard Paine will be the principal speakers.

No appeal will be made for money at dedication next week, but a regular offering will be received and all money not otherwise designated will go into the building fund. So do not stay away because of fear you will be asked to contribute, but you can place in the contribution box your offering if you have one.—The Loyaltist

MARRIAGES

TALBOT-LARKIN.—At the residence of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Larkin, at North Loup, Neb., on May 21, 1915, by their pastor, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Frank A. Talbot and Fanny Larkin.

DEATHS

BARR.—James Lorenzo Barber, eldest son of Alonso D. and Sarah Cottrell Barber, born in Almond, N. Y., October 10, 1838, died at the Willard Hospital, May 28, 1915.

Mr. Barber and Miss Luella A. Tefft were married in 1876. In 1884 both joined the Second Seventh Day Baptist church of Alfred, N. Y. In 1890 they made the village of Alfred their home. The widow; one daughter, Cora E., of Friendship, N. Y.; and a son, W. Allen, of Cleveland, Ohio, survive the husband and father.

"Behold, I make all things new." A. E. M.

WHEELER.—Charles Greely, son of Joshua and Mariah Reynolds Wheeler, was born March 18, 1852, at Milton, Ill. He died May 3, 1915, near Nortonville, Kan. See other columns for biographical sketch.

STILLMAN.—Henry Nelson, son of A. B. and Clarine Coon Stillman, was born September 17, 1863, at Nortonville, Kan. He died in the same town on May 20, 1915.

At the age of sixteen years Henry confessed Christ as his Savior and became a member of the Nortonville (Kan.) Seventh Day Baptist Church. His interest in the work of the church and Sunday School activities of the people's society was ever manifest. He was president of the Christian Endeavor society in 1914, and for some months prior he served as assistant superintendent of the Junior work.

Henry was of a sunny disposition. He was cheerful and ready ever to do right. He was fond of the baseball diamond, and there he was known as a clean young man.

He was graduated from the Nortonville High School in 1912. Since that time he has been a successful teacher in public schools. He had made plans to enter Milton College the coming autumn with the purpose of completing a college course that he might be better prepared for a life of Christian service.

He was injured by a horse on Wednesday morning and in about thirty-two hours the end came. The interest and sympathy of the community and of the localities where Henry had taught school were attested by the beautiful flowers and large attendance at the funeral.

The funeral service was conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs at the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist church, May 28, 1915. Burial was made in the Nortonville Cemetery.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COLONY IN FLORIDA

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

U. P. DAVIS, Ft. McCoy, Florida.
T. C. Davis, Nortonville, Kansas.

Does God Care? But does God really care? Is there anywhere an ear that hears the world's cries of pain and gives attention to them? Is there anywhere a heart that is touched, by the world's sorrows, that feels with those who suffer, and that desires to give help and comfort? The veriest stranger when he is passing along the street and sees one suffering, in pain or distress, cares, pities him. A tender-hearted man feels even with a beast or a bird that has been hurt. Some great calamity occurs—the destruction of a city by an earthquake, a volcanic eruption pouring its lava streams over homes and villages, an explosion in a colliery, burying hundreds of miners—and a wave of pain sweeps over the world. Human hearts are sensitive to every shade of experience and interest in others. When we see crape on a door, telling us that there is death within, that a family is mourning, though they be utter strangers to us, our hearts are touched, we walk softly, laughter is hushed, loud speech is restrained, we speak more quietly. We care. Is God less compassionate than men are?—I. R. Miller.

A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word, an annoyance, a wrong received and endured as in his presence, is worth more than a long prayer; and we do not lose time if we bear its loss with patience and sympathy, provided the loss was inevitable, and was not caused by our own fault.—Penelon.

When you hear an evil report about any one, half it and quarter it, and then say nothing about the rest.—Spurgeon.
LIVE while you are alive. In other words, enjoy this life as it comes to you. Listen to the birds and the voices of the children. Linger to watch the sunset or the opening of a flower. Take into your life the goodness, the pleasure and the brightness of every day, for, "we shall pass this way but once," and then when you reach the last day that is given you here you will be content and say, "I have lived."—Exchange.

"The only way to be sure we shall not hurt other people is to try continually to help them. The careless individual, while perhaps not meaning any harm, is always giving pain. 'Unless you are deliberately kind to every creature, says Ruskin wisely, 'you will often be cruel to many.'"

A big dog once taught me a forcible lesson. A friend and I walked through the country, and this dog jumped easily over a deep gully on the way. Taking the same walk a few days later, this dog ran a quarter of a mile to a path that led down and up across the gully. There was a little dog with us this time, and the big one knew if he jumped across, the little one would try it, and fail in. This is Paul's teaching—Professor Duger.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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**Theo. L. Gardner, D. D., Editor**

**L. A. Warden, Business Manager**

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**NOTICES**

**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 o'clock in the Y. M. C. A. Building, No. 330 Montgomery Street. All are invited. Rev. R. C. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York city holds services each Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock. Dr. W. H. Van Horn, pastor, 1153 Mulberry Place. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 1153 Mulberry Place.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in rooms 935 and 936 Masonic Temple, 220 E. Grand St., and Kedzie Streets, at 2 o'clock p.m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 2nd Street and Monica Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. Preaching at 1. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hiltz, pastor, 124 West 2nd St.

Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services at the home of Mrs. Frank B. Crothers, 604 S. Spaulding Ave., to the services at the home of Lester Georger, 913 E. Grant St., at 3 p.m. Prayer meetings Sabbath Eve at 7.30.

Everside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Millard School. Services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, following by Bible school. Earl B. Hennessey, pastor.

Persons visiting the Sabbath are cordially invited to the home of Mrs. Frank B. Crothers, 504 S. Spaulding Ave., and to the services at the home of Pastor George W. Hiltz, 504 S. Spaulding Ave., at 7.30 p.m. Prayer service each Sabbath morning and evening.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Michigan, holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Battle Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church, at 10 o'clock A.M. Christian Endeavor services at the home of Lester Georger, 913 E. Grant St., at 7.30 p.m. Prayer meeting and Christian Endeavor prayer meeting in the College Building opposite the College, every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonsage, 180 N. Washington Ave.

Services are held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Saunders, 10 South Street, Denver, Colo., Sabbath afternoon, at 4 o'clock. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 11 o'clock, A.M. on Sabbath morning, at Morning Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August. All are invited to attend the services at the home of the pastor, 112 Tolland Park, N. Strangers and the brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Sabbath Day School planning to spend the winter in Florida and will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath School services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

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SABBATH RECORDER
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THE SOUL OF LIFE

To live for common ends is to be common. The highest faith makes still the highest man; for we grow like the things our souls believe, and rise or sink as we aim high or low. No mirror shows such likeness of the face as faith we live by of the heart and mind. We are in very truth what we love; and love, like noblest deeds, is born of faith. The lover and the hero reason not, but they believe in what they love and do. All else is accident,—this is the soul of life, and lifts the whole man to itself, like a keynote, which, running through all sounds, upbears them all in perfect harmony.

—Bishop Spaulding.