PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

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The foregoing six books are all by Rev. Abram H. Lewis, D. D., LL. D.

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- Bible Reading on the Sabbath and Sunday
- Christ and the Sabbath
- The Question of Sunday Laws
- How Did Sunday Come into the Christian Church?
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- A Sacred Day: How can we have it?
- Not Under Law, but Under Grace
- The Day of the Sabbath
- And many others

Also a series of four-page gospel tracts, ten in number.

American Sabbath Tract Society
(Seventh Day Baptist)

Plainfield - New Jersey
1915, the largest Milton College has ever enrolled. The students an excellent organization. The paper is sent to the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Sabbath Visitor of the Sabbath Y. M. A. in the city. The school is located near where we left off last year at Salem, N. Y. The regular meetings of the Board of Directors are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July, and October.

Sabbath Recorder
Go to Conference When the next number of the Sabbath Recorder is mailed, the delegates to Conference will be assembling in Salem, W. Va., and the following morning the services will begin. The delegates at Salem have been preparing for a great Conference, and they will be much disappointed if the attendance is not large. Special efforts have been made to secure a most practical and helpful program in the line of our Forward Movement and with the one word "Efficiency" as a key word for the entire Conference.

People who have not seen Salem for eight or ten years will be treated to one of the surprises of their lives. It has grown to be a city with well-paved streets and fine buildings. Salem has also gained a city with well-paved streets and fine buildings. It has grown into a city with well-paved streets in place of the old mud roads. Where once stood the one little building, called "the college," now stands a group of large fine buildings, making one of the best places among our people for a General Conference.

It seems to some of us that this Conference is to be one of special importance to our people. If we can only begin, in matters of interest and consecration, somewhere near where we left off last year at Milton, and carry the work right through Conference week, great good must be the result. Let every church be represented there.

The Lure of the Country As we sit by our open window this sultry August morning, with the rosy street only ten feet away, over which automobiles, great auto-trucks, heavy rock-laden wagons, and express or delivery wagons go by with deafening din, we can not avoid longing for a few days of quiet country life such as we knew in early years. We do not wonder that when August comes, after a year of strenuous business life such as this age demands of men and women, they long to steal away to some quiet nook in the country where they may for a season peacefully rest close to the heart of nature. Let us escape from the dust and rattle and confusion of the city to the shady, silent woods, that are cool, clean, sweet, odorous, musical; where can be found rest for worn nerves, and quickening for flagging spirits. The very breath of heaven seems to linger in the whispering branches of the trees; nature's sweetest music is heard in the running brooks and in the songs of birds. The thought of the old-time forests, with their shady dells and little brooklets filled with fish, is restful in itself, and we can hardly wait for the coming of September, the month set apart for our vacation. Eugene Field has put it just right in his poem entitled "I'd Like to Go."

It seems to me I'd like to go. Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow, Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound, And I'd have stillness all around. Not real stillness, but just the trees' Low whispering, or the hum of bees, Or brooks' faint babbling over stones In strangely, softly tanged tones; Or maybe the cricket or katydid Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid, Or just some such sweet sounds as these To fill a tired heart with ease. If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell, I'd like the city pretty well; But when it comes to being at rest, I like the country lots the best. Sometimes it seems to me I must Just quit the city's din and dust And get out where the sky is blue— And, say, how does it seem to you?

Prohibition Sentence Last year we noted the fact that 520 newspapers had decided to abstain from liquor advertising, and we regarded that as a very good showing for the growth of the prohibition sentiment in this country. But according to data recently published, there are now 840 newspapers in the United States, published in the English language, that decline to accept advertisements for alcoholic liquor. In seven States laws are already in force forbidding liquor advertising, and it is claimed that four more States will soon have such laws.
In Canada, 20,000 men and women recently marched with banners and bands of music to the Parliament buildings in Toronto, bearing a petition signed by 800,000 persons, urging the legislature to make Canada dry.

It is becoming more and more apparent that railroads running dining cars through dry States are exercising great care lest they be caught in the toils of the law. This caution is certainly most appropriate, for it never can seem consistent for roads that prohibit drinking by their employees to go on selling the stuff to passengers on their own trains. It is time every dining coach in America was turned into a water-wagon.

Questionable Methods Degrade the Church
We recently saw an account of certain sensational methods by which it was proposed to "popularize" church services, and draw the crowds to the house of worship (?). The scheme of the sermon was announced as "Skidoo—29." The choir used megaphones. There was a "clapping chorus" and one that whistled. The announcement, "Glad-hand artists always at the door," was given a conspicuous place.

Possibly this effort at sensationalism would be called mild, compared with some, and it may be that many would regard it as a perfectly proper and legitimate method by which to draw crowds into the house dedicated to the worship of God. All such methods seem too much like a cheap appeal for popularity that invariably lowers the tone of the religion of Jesus. Their tendency is to degrade church services to the level of a vaudeville show.

The church that goes into the vaudeville business always suffers from the competition it thus sets up. Young people as amateurs in the show business, even when led by their own minister, can never hold their own with vaudeville artists at the show houses in drawing a crowd. And even if sensational methods of the character described above could fill the church every week, it would still be a serious question whether the bad effect upon the entire church building would not be more than outweigh the good that might come to the crowds thus attracted.

We have known people to excuse the use of certain objectionable methods because they attract those who would not attend the "ordinary" church. We agree with one of our religious papers when it says: "A church has no business to be ordinary. It should be full of fire and zeal and have a divine purpose to save men in the spirit of Jesus."

There can be no drawing power greater than a fervid religious passion for lost men, earnestly manifested by both preacher and people. Nothing can take its place. Institutional church methods, cheerful social life have their value; but back of all, through all, and under all, there must be a deep, serious, genuine religious life, if the church is to be efficient in the great work for which it was instituted.

"Accredited" and "Approved" Ministers
Some discussion over the ministerial benefit fund in one of the denominations has given rise to the question, "Who shall be able to receive benefits from that fund?" One writer thinks the efficiency of the ministry is involved, and calls attention to the fact that every minister his denomination or denomination becomes a possible liability as well as an asset to that denomination, and the ease with which men creep into the ministry in some denominations is stirring up certain church leaders to seek a proper and consistent remedy.

One Baptist uses this story to illustrate his point: "A young man who had been refused admission to the Methodist ministry was promptly received and ordained by the council of a Baptist church; whereupon he wrote to a friend of like spirit with him, saying: 'Try the Baptists, they are easy.' The writer of the story then added: 'We are easy—very! No man who wishes for any reason to become a Baptist minister need have any anxiety about gaining admission to that honorable body. There is always an arm of the church to be a complaisant council to be somewhere found.'

After admitting that, with their present church polity, the Baptists can not deny the right of any one of the churches to ordain whomsoever it pleases for its own pastor, this writer shows clearly that the denomination itself has the right to have some voice as to those to whom denominational standing should be given, and as to who should be entitled to a proper claim upon denominational benefits. He would not make the tests educational alone. It is easy to overstrain this point. He would make the tests practical, and require a man to prove himself, by actual service, to be a workman of whom the churches need not be ashamed, before admitting him to the list of accredited ministers.

We do see how this question may mean a good deal to large denominations. And possibly a careful study of it might not be amiss in a small one.

"Good-by, Religion I'll Be Back"
Some years ago we saw this expression in the sermon of a great preacher who was describing those who go to church and make a good deal of their religion on Sabbath days and then go out into the week's work with an air that says more plainly than words, "Good-by, Religion, I'll be back next Sabbath."

The one whose daily life leaves the impression upon his fellows that he regards his religion as a matter of Sabbath-service, who goes out into the week's business to live just as the world does, becomes thereby one of the greatest hindrances to Christianity. Such a man is certain to find trouble for himself, and always makes trouble for his neighbors.

Not long ago we read a little story, in the Continet, of a pastor who was obliged to enter his church audience room very late one night and grope his way in search of a book he had left there. He was represented as being startled by a tiny voice saying, "Look out! you are stepping on me!" and upon making investigations he discovered that the complaint came from a small bundle, "Johnny Jones' Religion," left there on the Sabbath-day! Before the poor minister got out of that church, he ran upon several similar bundles left there by members of his congregation. The testimonies given by these various bundles was something the minister who left them invariably came to trouble, which would have been avoided had the bundles been taken along and cared for through the week. Without the help of his, Johnny Jones was caught in a lie, was heard to use bad words, and got into trouble with bad company. Sallie Smith left hers, and before the week was out came to disgrace that broke her mother's heart. One poor man had been caught cheating his neighbor because he had left his religion at the church, and a sister who had forgotten hers made herself notorious by slandering her neighbors.

Thus the revelations went on until the minister, much distressed over the matter, asked what he could do to make things better. Thereupon Johnny Jones' bundle spoke up for all the bundles, and in substance: "Tell your people from the pulpit that this church is not a storage house for their religion during the week. Tell them to take us along with them when they go out to business and to live in their homes, and really give us a chance to show what we can do. It is lonesome here for us, and you know we can't do much for men in only one hour a week. If they would just take us with them they would be ever so much happier, for we would save them from most of their troubles."

The title of this story was a good one: "Take Your Bundle With You."

Two Churches Receive New Pastors
On the first Sabbath in August, two pastors began work on their new fields. Under Home News our readers will find an account of the installation services of Rev. William M. Simpson, recently installed pastor at Nile, N. Y., now installed as pastor of the church at Verona, N. Y.

Rev. George B. Shaw, as noted in the Record of July 31, preached his first sermon as pastor at Ashaway, R. I., on Sabbath morning, August 5. As yet we have no further data as to the installation services. It is worthy of note that Mr. Shaw is the second pastor who has left North Loun, Neb., to serve the First Hopkinson Church, Rev. George J. Randell being the first.

Mrs. Stephen Babcock Our readers will be sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Henrietta Van Patten Babcock, at Yonkers, N. Y., widow of the late Stephen Babcock, our blind brother. The funeral services were held at her late home in Yonkers, Tuesday, August 8, and her body was laid beside that of her husband in the First Hopkinson Cemetery, near Ashaway, R. I.

Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, her pastor,
The Co-operation of Nation With States Necessary to the Abolition of the Liquor Traffic

HON. MORRIS SHEPPARD
United States Senator from Texas

I regard as almost blasphemous the attempt to invoke the sacred principles of states' rights and local self-government for the protection of the liquor traffic. There ought to be no such thing in the country, state or nation as a right to authorize the liquor traffic. The states' rights againt national prohibition say in effect that they are entirely willing that the liquor traffic should flourish in this country as long as a single state desires it. The liquor interests in this country would go wild with joy if every prohibitionist would take that view. It would mean their perpetuation. It would mean that from their strongholds in one state or a few states they would continue to pour a tide of corruption over all the country, nation and state as a right to authorize the liquor traffic. If the constitutional views of those who urge the states' rights principle in this controversy had prevailed in the past, the states that voted against or failed to ratify the Federal income tax or the direct election of Senators would still be exempt from the levy of the tax within their borders, or would still be elected Senators by the legislatures and not by the people. They seem to be seriously alarmed lest the United States Army might be ordered out to suppress a blind tiger or a "bootlegger" in the event the prohibition amendment should be adopted. The mere statement of such a proposition is its own refutation.

These gentlemen are afraid that if the states get together in a sufficient number, as they have a right to do, and summon the creature, the Federal Government, to join them and co-operate with them in the contest against the liquor traffic that it will mean the death of state governments, the disappearance of state identity. They seem to be afraid that if the states do right in this instance, the shock will be so great that they will immediately agree to disband their respective political organizations and all commit suicide together. Nobody will seriously credit such a contention.

We want the battle to continue in family, precinct, county, state and nation. No unit of government or of society is too small, so small, too small, that no two units together, if not two, third, myself last, lie in the path of the liquor traffic. The speaker's concluding point is especially worthy of favorable comment, as plain forced change to youth and to their parents and teachers.

The father set him (the speaker) and his brother, while yet minors, to build a fence straight up to the top of the hill. The first post was set at the proper place. Then a second and a third were set, noticing only that they were set up the hill above the first in their order; but upon careful inspection they saw that no two of the posts indicated a straight line to the desired point. They then set a stake at that point on the top of the hill, and after correcting their mistakes they proceeded to carefully set each post in the world line in the desired point, and their work when finished was well done.

Thus it is with every human life. If the child is well-born, the parents have made no mistake in starting it on the straight uphill of life. If the goal of life is "the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," then it is the duty of parents and teachers to see that the affections, the passions, the words and deeds of infantile and minor life be carefully guarded and directed toward the end in view. During entire intelligent life, each thought indulged, each word spoken, the object of every deed, has its influence in reaching the chosen end of life.

How careful then ought I to live, With what religious fear, Who such a strict account must give Of my behavior here.

Sabbath Reform

Origin of Our Sunday Laws

WILLIAM M. STILLMAN

In Case & Comment, a legal journal of high standing in this country, lately appeared an article on Sunday Amusements written by L. Arthur Wilder, of the New York bar, which contains a very interesting account of the origin of the Westminster Articles of Faith, written in 1643 by divines assembled at Westminster, by authority of Parliament.

The article is interesting to all Sabbath believers in that it shows how Sunday laws became engraven in the English law, which law was subsequently copied by the different States in America and in New Jersey almost verbatim.

Mr. Wilder states that enforced Sunday observance in the puritanic sense dates from this assembly, gathered by authority of Parliament to deliberate and advise as to the form of church government most agreeable to God's Holy Word, and most apt to procure and preserve the peace of the church at home. Commenting on this Mr. Harris says in his work on Sunday laws: "But it is said that the King refused them his authority. And Milton says that these divines were neither chosen by any rule, or custom ecclesiastical, nor were they eminent for their piety or knowledge, above others left out; only as each member of Parliament in his private fancy thought fit to select, one by one," citing Orme's Life of Baxter, p. 70.

A High Aim in Life

P. F. R. SR.

At the recent commencement of Salem College, J. F. Marsh was the chief speaker of the morning. His theme, "Some Undeveloped Resources," had special reference to West Virginia, his native State, over which he traveled extensively and was familiar with its agricultural and educational resources and needs. Born and raised in a community not far from Salem, he was personally acquainted with a number of its citizens and friends in the college, and he expressed a very high appreciation of the relation existing between the college here and the State Board of Regents. He dwelt especially upon the mental, moral and spiritual aspects of the State. As, in agriculture, lime develops the fertility of certain soils, so the college, such as Salem College, wakes up into activity the latent capabilities of the mind, and stimulates the moral and spiritual forces.

The speaker's concluding point is especially worthy of favorable comment, as plain forced change to youth and to their parents and teachers.

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Tent Work at Grand Marsh, Wis.
REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

The tent meetings that were begun by the male quartet at Grand Marsh on the night of July 7 were concluded on the night of July 30. Meetings were held every night, and two or more services on Sabbath days and Sundays.

On the last day the quartet sang at five meetings, including two preaching services at the tent, a funeral in the country, a baptist service at the lake, and the Christian endeavor meeting.

As is often the case in evangelistic meetings, the good accomplished is not represented by the numerical increase in our church, for there was a marked spirit of seriousness and thoughtfulness on the part of the people. It has been gratifying to see parents taking an increasing interest in their children, and to hear them say that they wished to train them aright.

Several backsliders manifested a purpose to live a Christian life, and several young people declared their intention to become Christians.

The Sabbath question was presented on the last Monday night of the meetings, and a series of Sabbath-keepers was sent about the tent. The tent meetings have made it possible for people to get a better understanding of the Sabbath, and many have received a favorable impression of its conditions of young and old.

Our little church has been encouraged, and it will continue its good work of encouraging and helping Christians, and will cherish the awakened interest in others. Much of the success of the tent meetings is due to the previous work of Sabbath-keepers who longed for the comprehension of the Sabbath, to the work of Brother Fred Babcock in the Religious Day Schools.

Monday forenoon was busily spent in packing and shipping the tent and fixtures back to Milton. At 3:30 that afternoon Professor Inglis, George Thornate, and I went by auto to Coloma to take the train for Exeland. A short stop at Coloma gave us the opportunity to call on Mrs. Humphrey, who is the Sabbath-keeper.

Exeland, Wis.
Aug. 2 1916.

In your patience possess ye your souls.
Luke 21:19

Negro Work in the South
From an address delivered at a recent meeting of the Societies at New York City.

I have known the negro at close range. When I was born in Mississippi, where there are more negroes in the State than whites, I was placed in the tender arms of my devoted black mammy. I must speak of that sweet relationship, about which my ten grown children know nothing. She loved us as she did her own children. My mother died just after the battle of Murfreesboro. The chain pickets of the Federal army ran through my father's farm, and war regulations would not permit my mother's body to be carried to the cemetery. We buried her at the foot of a cedar tree in the orchard, near where the cherry trees were in full bloom. The principal mourners were our ex-slaves. I can not place too high praise upon the watchfulness and care of that Christian black mammy. Offtimes she would place her hand upon my head when I was disposed to be wayward and rebellious and say to me: "Child, if your mother heard those words, and knew what you were doing, she would turn over in her grave." She certainly put restraint upon me. By her prayers and counsels and with that strong black hand placed upon my head, she finally led me to that lonely place where I met my Savior face to face. Less than twenty days ago I went to Tennessee to give some attention to the care of my beloved mother's grave, and I arranged with the contractor to render the same service to the grave of my black lady, who has gone to the heavenly home and whose body waits the resurrection morn.

I have taken time to relate this experience because there are hundreds of thousands of men in the South who could relate a like sweet story.

My father was a slave-owner. In my childhood days I lived in Issaquena County, Mississippi, where there were more negroes to the square mile than in any other county in the United States, with the exception of the Southern whites and the colored race. Some good men went South to aid in that important task, but a great many were unscrupulous carpetbaggers, who wrought a world of mischief.

I saw how the war was over, turned out empty-handed, and well nigh
friendless, into the world. Many of them had mistaken ideas as to what freedom and the ballot box meant. Some thought it meant indolence and idleness, and that branch of the family is not extinct to this good day. But I saw the larger part of them light lamps of industry and economy, with faith in God and trust in man, turn their labor and determination to make a place for themselves in the world. I do not hesitate to say that their achievements have been little short of marvelous.

I always found the negro grateful and affable for the least favor shown him. Fifty years ago only 10 per cent of the negro population could read. There were 4,448,830 of them. They at once began to build churches and schools, and in the exuberance of their joy, held worship in their church houses every night in the year. They received aid largely from the frequency.

The richest man in Issaquena County, Mississippi, today is an ex-slave. There are 1,300,000 negroes employed in farm work. Today seventy in every 100 can read and write. There are 40,000 negro children attending the schools in the South, taught by 25,000 colored teachers. With zeal and love-gifts they have erected and control 200 institutions of learning. Nearly 5,000 young men and women have graduated from colleges and won honors in the Northern universities. They have even won the Rhodes scholarship. A half million negroes own homes and farms valued at a billion dollars; 6,000 are authors and have copyrighted books; 1,000 patents have been entered in the Patent Office by colored people; 30,000 negroes are engaged as architects, electricians, photographers, druggists, physicians, owners of department stores, mines, cotton mills, drygoods stores, insurance companies, publishing houses and wholesale houses. They publish 400 newspapers. Wisely the colored man has turned from the overcrowded cities to the open country in the South. Forty per cent of all agricultural laborers in the South are negroes. The negro is a man; a human being. He needs help, not as a ward of the nation, but as a white man needs help. In the overlapping and duplication of our philanthropy and humanitarianism, the negro is largely overlooked. We must cease to work for negroes, and learn to work with them as brothers. They deserve to be treated as responsible members of the community, and nobody's dependents. They need, and should have, the unstrained help of North and South in solving their problems and bearing their burdens. The New Testament lays down all the instructions that we need. It is simply the drama of strength helping weakness. We need heavenly wisdom in applying aid where aid is needed. It is like certain medicine—a little but too much is a sedative. We want to place them on their feet and not on their backs. We want to help them to develop Christian manhood and womanhood, and not contribute to their depinquency. Our welfare depends upon the proper education and improvement of the colored people.—W. D. Powell, D. D., in Watchman-Examiner.

Now for Conference

How many L. S. K.'s shall we see at the Salem Conference, August 22-27? How about 60 from West Virginia? How many of the New Jersey 30? Then Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois are not far away. Surely we ought to have a good showing, and we may expect a good and profitable time. If all the programs are as full as the L. S. K. hour, it will be all you can do. We have to listen and half see Salem and her young giant of a college, and hear of the denomination's advance in the Forward Movement. Let us still plan to go to Conference!

G. M. Cotterell,
General Secretary, L. S. K.'s.
Topeka, Kan., Aug. 6, 1916.

What a host of living things must be destroyed that man may live—incubators that prey upon his harvests, grubs and worms that attack his garden, caterpillars and gophers that overrun his farms! Few will agree as to just where the line is to be drawn between the harmful and the harmless.—Our Dumb Animals.

Observations by the Way

JAY W. CROFOOT

Several things have combined to make our arrival in the U. S. later than we expected. First the departure of the S. S. China was postponed from June 24 to 26 and later to July 2. Incidentally we were kept waiting at the wharf in Shanghai for more than an hour for the American doctor to sign our papers and then when we reached the ship itself at Woosung we found that it would not sail till after nine the next morning. We might have passed a more comfortable night in our own beds in Shanghai, for it was very hot.

After leaving Nagasaki, Japan, we made up a little time by going south of the larger islands of Japan instead of through the Inland Sea, but that was something of a disappointment as we were anxious for our children to see this famous beautiful strait. We were nearly a day at Yokohama, from which place Burdet went to Kamakura while Mr. H. A. Crofoot and I went to Tokio. July 17 we spent at Honolulu. I shall try to induce some of the members of my family to write something about those three places.

Our journey itself was for the most part a pleasant one. Though it was pretty warm and it was not possible to see the town, that was something of a disappointment as we were anxious for our children to see this famous beautiful strait. We were nearly a day at Yokohama, from which place Burdet went to Kamakura while Mr. H. A. Crofoot and I went to Tokio. July 17 we spent at Honolulu. I shall try to induce some of the members of my family to write something about those three places.

Our trip across the continent by the Southern Pacific though hot was not unbearable so. We were interested in the new scenes and especially in Columbus, N. M., "the town that Panche Villa made famous"—in San Francisco, Pa. Tex., soldiers were very much in evidence.

We reached Chicago this morning, warm and tired and very dirty, but not worn out. Oak Park, Ill.


A friend has told us the following: Into a room in an old Missionary's house, we received last month, in which the statement was made that France felt very bitter toward the United States, was slipped a note, by another hand, to the effect that the correspondent evidently did not know the mind of the French people, and asserting that the feeling was very different from that indicated by the letter. This note was signed, "Censor."—Our Dumb Animals.
Memories of John L. Huffman

DEAR EDITOR:

I saw an article in your very valuable paper, the Sabbath Recorder, on “The Weeping Preacher,” which reminded me of Elder John L. Huffman when he was in Rhode Island on his last missionary work. He was an elder at the Seventh Day Baptist church in a small village, and at the close of the meeting he said he wished that all who were interested in saving souls would come the next Monday afternoon to the church and hold a special prayer meeting for the success of the following meetings, that there might be much good done.

When the time came, there were only seven in all. I shall never forget the sermon he preached and the tears he shed for those who were so unconcerned about the unsaved. He said he should preach with the same earnestness that he would the unsaved.

Fancy to yourself sometime what the comfortable parson of a fashionable parish would do in the antipodal atmosphere of a factory. Could he adapt himself to the situation, could he find a point of common contact, could he reduce (it amounts to that) his conception of the gospel to the language of the shop men? Could he, in fact, make the workman understand him and at the same time command that workman’s respect for him?

Sometimes, perhaps—and then sometimes not. Religion is the most democratic thing in the world, but people themselves are not always democratic.

Religion can positively be adapted to any situation in life, but every minister doesn’t know how to do it. Religion belongs to the man in the shop as well as to the man in the office, but not every preacher is able to carry it there.

Religion commands respect from high and low alike, but the workman has his own viewpoint, and he certainly won’t be patronized by a white-collared, professedly philanthropic preacher.

These are some of the rocks on which the hopes of a misguided usefulness have been dashed to the water, with their grandpap and pomp and ceremony—see him rather like the burr of the chestnut that has to be troubled with before one arrives at the real meat of the thing.

Besides, it smells of aristocracy—and that is a noxious odor in the nostrils of most factory workers, as you will observe if you go among them. The average factory man doesn’t want aristocracy to hand him anything; he can think and do for himself.

The shop man doesn’t care a whoop about the frills of religion. He wants it raw—straight—undiluted—right between the eyes. You can tell him most anything about himself without offending him, but you’ve got to talk to him in his own language—and you ought to have a pretty good reason, too, for saying what you do. Approach the shop man from any other direction—and he walks off for a “drag” at his brier and a bit of sunshine.

“I’m afraid the men are all outside now,” said an official one day to two of us who, as a part of a Young Men’s Christian Association convention program, had gone to a Fort Wayne knitting mill to conduct a shop meeting for men and boys. Some of the men were outside the building by this time, sunning themselves, but others we found just issuing from the dining room and still others were in the basement of the canteen quarters, a place with no attempt at moral or religious tone.

“So many people have tried to hold meetings down here,” said the manager of this social welfare club, “but they never could get a crowd; the men always struck for the outside and wouldn’t stay to listen, or else they broke away in the midst of the meeting”.

They were doing that now, but that didn’t discourage the determined Mogge, general secretary of the Young Men’s Christian Association at Evansville, Indiana. Instead of turning away we followed the men and boys to the basement, where, through the clouds of tobacco smoke, one might distinguish two pool tables, a bowling alley and a tremendous lack of interest in any sort of religious meeting or shop talk. The confusion of shouts and jests in the big room gave promise of drowning out every word.

But it did not take this quick-eyed enthusiast long to find a side room that could be shut off from the din of the bowling alleys. In this room, however, he found comfort and a serene two groups of boys, ranging from twelve to thirty years of age, playing poker and seven-up in the haze of thick and stale cigarette smoke. Even that fact did not deter this shop talker. He simply asked the boys if a little talk he was going to make to the men of the factory would disturb them. And the boys replied quite as airily: “Certainly not; go ahead.”

Mogge went ahead, and so did the boys—carried on by the security and all the rest, while sixty factory men, filtered in through the door from the adjoining room and from upstairs. Word of a public speaker being in the basement of the building had gained quick circulation; many of the men attended the meeting purely from curiosity.

While the thawk of card upon card could be heard from one corner of the poorly lighted room, the voice of the earnest, powerful, dramatic Mogge could be heard from the other, telling an audience of smear-faced men of the power and love of Jesus Christ. It was an incongruous sight to witness the gospel being driven home like sledgehammer blows right there in the midst of clouds of tobacco smoke, card playing and a total indifference on the part of boys grown old and weazeden in their minor years.

The message that came to these men was not a discourse on higher criticism nor an intangible, abstruse theme of theological import. It was a plain, unvarnished, dramatic, forceful presentation of the power of Jesus Christ to save men from the sin of their own lives—a subject that is vital to the consciousness of every thinking man.

The owner of a factory, just like this one, had been warned to provide fire escapes for his building. But he instead had installed only wire-enforced plate. His wife and daughter called to see him one day when he happened to be away from the office. While they were still in the factory a cry of “Fire!” broke in upon them. There was no escape. The windows were shut tight and locked. The owner heard the engine bells on his way to the factory. But the fire engine could not save the wife and child because there was not way of getting the hose up to the window; no fire escapes had been provided. The factory owner himself could do nothing—except see his loved ones perish, victims of his horrible delay!

This, in effect, was the Mogge story to those shop men. A vivid example of incidents perfectly familiar to every man in the shop and told in the language of the shop, just as if he had been one of them.
It was a tremendous appeal, thrilling with excitement. One could tell by the faces of that audience that many an inner consciousness had been awakened to a new realization of the importance of quick action in the matter of his soul's salvation. For a moment the card players lagged in their game to listen to the story, but resumed in an instant, for the sake of their former bravado.

And the after-effect? Electric. It proved, as it almost always does, the best influence for the promotion of democracy and the Young Men's Christian Association that could have been spread among the industrial workers of the city. The spectacle of a religious enthusiast preaching in the midst of such surroundings appealed to the men themselves and they talked about it for days afterward. Men and boys alike joined in a resolve to boost for the "Y" whenever a movement should be inaugurated for a building. The association had met them on their own ground—something the churches had not found easy to do there—and, as a consequence, it had a new meaning for them.

Besides, if it had had no effect whatever on the Young Men's Christian Association, it was worth the effort for several reasons. Those same reasons apply with equal force to every church:

It was the most democratic kind of missionary work. Charles Doxon, an Onondago, employed in Syracuse. Born in abject reservation poverty, early orphaned, he was taught by a grandparent the value of the white man and his ways, especially to watch out for the devil secreted between the covers of a printed book. The hardships suffered and difficulties overcome by this young man, Solomon Carpenter, and economic independence fell nothing short of the heroism. At eighteen he could not speak, read, or write English. Yet he worked his way through Hampton, and became an expert engineer and machinist. Later he taught other Indians the work habit, to know with him the joy that comes to the man who knows how. Mr. Doxon is not only an assembler of motors, but of his people. He is a friction eliminator, a harmonizer. He believes in "Get Together Clubs," and is thoroughly respected and loved. A constructive sociologist, he sees in industrial education the key to the freedom of his race, and the need of industrial schools on each reservation, not only training the young but co-operating with the people.—The Christian Herald.

A son of Erin once described his first day's shooting in the following way: "The first bird I ever shot was a mallard, and the first time I hit him I missed him altogether, and the next time I hit him in the same place. After that I took a stone and dropped him from the tree, and he fell into the water and was drowned, and that was the first bird I ever shot!"
might have lost his life. Mr. Carpenter rented a house in Shanghai and on July 18 the other missionaries left Hongkong and joined him there. Two years later a Chinese house was rented and fitted up for a chapel and dedicated. Two years later they were enabled to—at least, to consider the possibility of—returning to their homes and obliged to come to America the last of May. Mr. Wardner's health failing, they sailed for home in September 21, 1874, in the 'Son of Man', which arrived at Plymouth, and Dr. and Mrs. F. Swinney was bidden Godspeed before leaving Shanghai. There she arrived December 7, 1883. Her earnest zeal and efforts to maintain the work of the medical mission gave a solid foundation for that work.

The second element which enters into the future success of the China Mission is the unparalleled opportunity of the present day. In the first place, the republic of China has established Christian liberty for the first time. Christians in China are now free to teach their faith, and to build and own church property. In the second place there is a changed attitude on the part of Chinese officials and dignitaries toward Christianity. The greatest need in China today, is the Christian school. China has now in all her government and Christian schools combined fewer than two million pupils. If she had one tenth of her population in schools, it did very thorough good work. She spoke of the beautiful unity existing among all denominations concerning their work in China. She said that the Union Theological Seminary was the great university for the training of women workers of all denominations were sent there to receive religious training.

There is a great need of more trained women evangelists and Bible women and also for women who can bring the gospel to China is one of the greatest tasks confronting the Christian Church of today, for China represents one fourth of the human race.

The last and most important element which enters into the success of the future of the China Mission and the part which the women are to take in this great work is—a determined mind on the part of the women to do the will of God. We cannot love Jesus, and not serve his cause. For love we can do it.

Jesus said the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister. Whittier tells us the story of the day of the reaper, in the hour of great darkness came over the land, and all men believed that the dreaded day of judgment had come at last. The legislature of Con-
This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
Be it so or not, I only know
My present duty and the Lord's command
To occupy till he come.
So at the post where he hath set me in his provi-
I choose for one to meet him face to face.
Let God do his work. We will see to ours.

The Harvest in Sabbath Keeping
LOIS R. FAY

There are countless ways in which the wise sentence, “Whosoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,” proves true. When we reap some of the undesirable fruits of Sabbath-breaking, do we realize that those fruits are the results of seed some one—perhaps we ourselves—have sown?

A demonstration of cause and effect in this may be Sabbath observance came to notice recently with a young Jewish woman employed in Boston at the trade of millinery. Inquiry into the Sabbath situation led the young Jewess to repeat the popular—but nevertheless weak—conclusion: “I work Sabbath.”

This is what a great many people think, but it is a delusion of the destroyer.

If one is a part of a huge system of public opinion, of fashion, of money-getting, the temple can easily eclipse moral courage with an inflated “We have to.” And the quicker one becomes persuaded he has to do as others do, the stronger grows that fashion, that custom, that public opinion, which banish the law of God as far away as they can.

That seemingly unimportant excuse, “We have to,” should be avoided at the start, if one is seeking to overcome evil. As a tiny seed a thing that will become a pernicious weed, this motive of conduct must be eliminated.

For years bright young Jews and Jewesses have been sowing “We have to” seeds in the business life of this free country, and the bitter fruits of a godless commercialism and atheistic society are endangering their lives.

This is a free country. The young lawyer, real-estate dealer, or other man of business is as free to exempt himself from office duty on Sabbath, as he is to weakly open his place of business because he fears to lose a few dollars, or has not moral courage to do differently from his neighbors. In time these will become employers, and compel other young people to become Sabbath-breakers, when they are free to courageously advertise for and encourage those who keep the Sabbath. The moral courage gained by a determination on the part of workers to get work where they can keep the Sabbath, is of more value to them than the dollars they get by not resting; and employers who give employment to those who “remember the sabbath day” are worth far more to their Maker, their neighbor and themselves, than they would be thinking they “had to” conduct business and keep help at work on the Sab-

There are many Jews managing stores and departments in stores today in Boston, who are hindering the spiritual growth of their people greatly by forsaking their Sab-

bath, because they dare not face that public opinion they have helped form. They continue to be menced by accepting work on the Sabbath and now are compelling the rising genera-

I mention this occasion to encourage Sabbath-keepers to sow seeds of Sabbath-

keeping. It is not so difficult as appears, to “except Saturdays” on one’s advertise-

ments, especially when the business is one of the people’s, dependable kinds that God blesses with the respect and patronage of fellow-man. The fruit of such exercise of discretion is much more satisfying than the fruits of weakly doing wrong because “We have to.”

Early readers of Our Dumb Animals frequently came upon words like these: “Mr. Angell, why are you devoting your time and energies to the care and protection of animals when there are so many human beings in need of help?” “Because out of a hundred who are seeking the welfare of unfortunate men, women and children, I find but one who thinks of relieving the sufferings of helpless animals or protecting them from cruelty.”—Our Dumb Animals.

When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Ps. 27: 10.
Followers of the Christ message, and they have not yet been published.

Alfred Station, N. Y.: Mida Palminter, Fred Palmer, Fern Chamolin, Altona Clair, Milford E. Brache, Nina E. Palminter, Grayden E. Monroe, Archie Dodge, Mary Burdick, Paul God, Elwin Emerson, Leon L. Lewis, Ruby Clary, Mary Gavit, Arthur Ormsby, Edna Pierce, Elden Woodruff, Rowland Ormsby, Mary Potter, Merl Clarke.


Salem, W. Va.: Miss Edna Lowther, Miss Eva Greene, Robert West.

Carroll B. West, Superintendent Tenth Legion. Milford Junction, Wis.

If

1. If every church member in the United States paid a tenth of his income for missions, it is estimated the annual amount would be over $200,000,000.3

2. If the members of this church would agree to adopt a tenable plan, that not the trustees would not have to discuss the question of church finances except to plan the best ways to use the money.

3. If every one would only begin to love people instead of hate them, war would cease and countless loss, anguish, suffering and trouble would stop.

4. If the principles of Jesus were actually lived out in every-day life, even by his disciples alone, it would revolutionize history.

5. If the church did not have to spend so much time over its finances it could spend more time over the business of salvation.

6. If we always keep the main things in view, the unimportant things will only be the dust raised by our progress.

7. If it is good for other people to go to church regularly, how about me? — From Dr. Charles M. Sheldon’s Church Calendar.

The Call of the Life Work Recruit
J. Norman Whitney

Paper read at Young People’s Hour, Western Association

We are hearing a great deal about recruits these days—recruits of various kinds and times. These recruits of whom we read so much are men who are going out to kill and destroy, and it may be to die. Their enlistment is for that which none of us call best or even good; it is for war. It is not enlistment for life, though it may be for death. But it is for recruits of a different kind that I wish to speak and it is to an enlistment of a different nature that I wish to call your attention. I am going to talk of recruits whose enlistment is for life, and for the highest and best in life, I speak of the call of the life work recruit.

What is a life work recruit? He is one who has given his life to the Master, through the Christian ministry, the mission field, or some other definite Christian service. The life work recruit is one who has heard the great call of the Master for workers, and who answers gladly, “Here am I: send me.” The call comes in different ways and to different people. We hear a great deal now about “the service of common tasks and common lives”—and a beautiful and needful service it is. We repeat it in connection with a man who resists not to be a preacher to do Christian work. This also is true and needs emphasis. But I am afraid, not that we sometimes overemphasize the opportunities for service in the common paths of life, but that we fail to emphasize God’s need, and the great need of the whole lives given to the task of definite service for Christ; and that many young people are saying, “I will serve God in the school, in the home, in the store or on the farm, when they ought to be giving the whole and the best of their life’s effort to the great work. I believe that the call comes to many who are not answering in the right way; to many who are putting their work aside, and the man I have outlined; and may God help us all to see clearly the supreme duty.

Let us consider the call of the life work recruit, first as the call to the ministry. Men avoid even the mention of the call to the ministry. They are slow to admit that God’s order is for men and women to respond. And why? It is God’s highest call to man to service with him—to be a coworker with him in the great task of redeeming the world from its sin and sorrow and shame to the world’s joy and peace of the salvation of the Lord.

We avoid it first of all, I think, because of an overwhelming sense of our own unworthiness. It is such a wonderful thing to be so closely allied to God in our work that we are afraid we shall fail. We are too humble. We look up to our pastors as men of a different make than we—but they are only different because of the refining and ennobling of their lives through their service, and this enrichment may be our own. We are never sure of the way we honestly and teach it reverently? Is your heart big enough and rich enough in human sympathy to draw near and comfort the sorrowful and sore afflicted and respond with joy to the gladness of those who are happy in faith and strong and sure to point the way for the doubting? Is your vision of Christ’s kingdom and the church’s work great enough so that you can lay big plans and realize them? Is your life in its aspirations pure, and in its ideals like unto Christ’s? Then you are worthy of the Christian ministry.

Men hesitate to hear the call to the Christian ministry because of the multitude of creeds, denominations and religious practices. They may object to it, but can not say what to believe or do. But because of this diversity of opinion the church needs strong men of faith and vision who can lead the questioning people through the mazes of criticism into a truer knowledge of God and into peace, who can lead the church through the denominations from disunity and waste and despair, until they shall be one as Christ and the Father are one.

And again men hesitate to enter the Christian ministry because there is no other profession requiring anything like an equal amount of preparation and labor whose material returns are so small. But fewer and fewer young people are making this a deciding factor in determining where they shall enlist for their life work. Our ideals are becoming higher; and even if the material returns are small, no other profession on earth is so rich in those things of the spirit which make a life of full and complete living. No other man has such an opportunity to minister to the experiences and responsibilities are terrible but their opportunities are unrivaled. Christ said to Peter: “Lovest thou me? then feed my sheep.” This is the test.
In the second place let us think for a moment of the call of the life work recruit as the call to the mission field. Much has been said of the call to the ministry applies here, but men do not stand quite so much in awe of this call, and the need is very great for we go into all the world, and preach the gospel. This is Christ's command. "Come over and help us." This is still the call of the great world outside the light of the gospel. You have only to consider a few moments what your life, your home, your community would be without Christianity, to realize far more where the church—school—church—mission fields are. Missions require money, but money is nothing without men. Boundless opportunity is waiting for him who feels that he is called to do Bible-service than either the ministry or the souls to Christ. The need is imperative. The need is surely a great enough task to fire any one's imagination and enthusiasm. And for this the crying need is for men and women, trained and consecrated for the work. Missions require money, but money is nothing without men.

Another wide field of usefulness that is growing day by day is that of the Christian Associations among students. Young men and young women are reached through these associations at a critical period of their lives. The religious life and education of students is of supreme importance, for they are to be the leaders in the days to come. This is a splendid opportunity and there are many others open to the life work recruit.

It is a great call—the call to enlist for life in Christ's cause, but it is not an easy one. It means denial of self, the giving up of many of the seeming pleasures and benefits of life; it means patience, the love that suffereth long and is kind, the faith that endureth to the end. It means self-sacrifice in its highest sense; but it is, perhaps, wider, in one sense, than is the call to the ministry. Missions require money, but money is nothing without men. The hardships of the missionary's life may be surpassed sufficiently to test even the most saintly of God's children.

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The children had undertaken to weed out the onion bed, and they were to get 10 cents a row.

"Oh, I can beat you all to pieces! Just watch me dirty! Why don't you do the way I do?"

"Because it doesn't get the roots out clean," replied Ruth conscientiously. "It doesn't do any good if you don't get out the sprout roots, you know," she added.

"But it isn't cheating. He never said we were to get out every last one of the roots, and anyhow, I'm not to blame if they break off. You won't get done today at that rate."

"It's cheating when you make things look better than they really are, and I don't care if I don't ever get done, I'll do them well as far as I go."

"Well, you'll get to cents apiece for my rows just the same as you do," taunted Robert.

Anxious to prove his dexterity he soon passed his sister and was working at the other end of the field when Ruth had progressed sufficiently to see why Robert had been so anxious for her to take the first three rows. They were considerably longer than any others in the field, and as Robert had passed through on his way from the nurseries, of course he knew about it and had taken an unfair advantage.

But there was one thing he had not seen—he had not gone over the entire field and did not know that the last three rows, which, counting by three, would naturally fall to him, had not been worked with the rest of the field, and being nearest the fence row, were unusually full of grass and weeds, and that the ground was hard and full of roots, against which even so dexterous a worker as Robert could make small headway.

He was of a sociable nature and soon tired of working ahead of Ruth, and fell behind so they could talk.

"You see how easy it would be to beat you if I wanted to," he boasted grandly. "It would make my arms ache to work as slowly as you do."

"Well, they don't need to ache on my account," said Ruth hotly. She did not accuse him of cheating in regard to the long rows, but she could not help showing her indignation. She met all his friendly advances with cool contempt.

"What's the matter, Robert Reynolds?" he questioned boldly, flicking her hand with a thorny weed. "Mad?"

"No, I'm not mad, Robert Reynolds! I'm disgusted," she said with dignity, not lifting her head.

"Before I'd stoop to anything so small—"

"Small? How'd you s'pose I knew those three rows were longer than the rest?"

Robert tried to defend himself.

"Why, you saw them, of course," Ruth remarked dryly; then she refused to talk more.

"Fore I'd be mad about a little thing like three rows of onions," Robert taunted in a state of humiliation.

"See here! I'll bet you haven't got an onion in your row as big as that."

"Maybe not," Ruth retorted, but I soon will have if you don't do a better job weeding."

"Oh, well, I'll get to cents apiece for my rows just the same as you do," taunted Robert.

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends. Job 42: 10.
he tries to cheat somebody else," remarked Ruth with the superior air of one who has been justified in rightdoing. "If you'd been willing to share the long rows at the other end I might have shared the hard ones at this end with you, but as it is I guess I'll just go in and see if the ice cream isn't thawed out of the freezer yet.

"Oh, don't starve and leave me, sis," he begged. "Anyway, stay and keep me company. I say, I'll give you half on each of these rows if you'll help me out."

But Ruth shook her head grandly. "No, I've worked hard enough for one day; besides, I'd hate to get more than my share of the money. You'd be sorry when it came pay day."

"No, I wouldn't. Honest Injun!" Robert protested. "I was just fouling at the other end, Ruth."

"But I'm not fouling at this end," Ruth declared firmly. Just then the children's father came through the field sizing up the rows with an experienced eye.

"Who did the three long rows at the farther end?" he asked quizzically. "Uh huh! I see! Working by threes, are you? Drew a lemon at this end, didn't you, son?"

"No, father. I thought it was everyone's chance. We'll just go out of any single row you have."

"There are other things which we can not see besides the wind. We can not see ourselves—I mean our real selves. Our bodies are only the houses in which we live for a while. Our real selves can love, and think, and choose.

Robert hung his head, for he sees himself through his consent to cheat and steal.

Jesus once preached a very fine sermon about the wind. A man named Nico­
demus came to Jesus by night and desired knowledge about eternal life. Jesus said, "You must be born from above." Nico­
demus asked what that meant. "You hear the wind blowing?" said Jesus. "You can not tell where it came from or where it is going. That is the way with eternal life. It is spiritual." You can not see it; but you can feel its power teaching you to love other people, and to be kind, and to look out widely for others.

We can not see God. A verse in the Bible says, "No man hath seen God at any time." (John 4: 12). Another verse says, "God is Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth" (John 4: 24). Although we can not see God we can be sure that he loves us; for he has made the many beautiful things in the world; and he sends each day just the blessings we need.

The Wind

The wind blows. We can hear it whisper, when it blows gently; and when it blows hard it whistle and howl. But we can not see it.

The wind is very powerful. Near the place where I sit as I write, the wind once blew an apple tree down. The wind can drive carriages and ships, fly kites, and do many wonderful things.

The wind is a very potent force. It is the wind that brings in the harvest, and when it blows the farmers know that it is time to reap. But when the wind blows, it also brings in storms and storms bring in rain.

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The Wind: A Sermon to Boys and Girls

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

"Who has seen the wind?" Neither I nor you.

"But when the leaves hang trembling, the wind is passing through."

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you.

"But when the trees bow down their heads, the wind is passing by."

—Christine G. Rossetti

We can not see the wind. But we can see trees, flowers, and grass move when the wind blows. We can feel the wind press against our faces. We can hear it whisper, when it blows gently; and when it blows hard it whistle and howl. But we can not see it.

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attention, and the editor believed a new "find" had been made in the Hoosier State, so prolific of literary genius despite the incredulity of the highbrows who always fancy that no good thing can come out of Nazareth. When three or four of these poems had been received and printed, Miss Anna Nicholas, one of the editorial writers, thought she detected their authorship, and she showed them to Mr. Riley, who admitted that he was Farmer Johnson. The Old Swimm'n Hole and 'Even More Poems was the first published volume of Riley's poetry. It was printed by George C. Hitt, business manager of the Journal, one of Mr. Riley's closest friends.

WHERE HIS POEMS WERE FIRST HEARD

Many of Riley's best known poems were first read in the rooms of the Indianapolis Literary Club, a rather exclusive association of gentlemen of that city. Mr. Riley, of course, was elected to membership, and remained one of the bright, particular stars. I recall "Good-bye Jim, Take keer o' Yourself," and the emotion with which the men listened to it as the poet read the quaint stanzas in his own peculiar manner. So also, "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "Little Orphant Annie" were first heard in the privacy of the club, afterward appearing in the Journal.

AT WORK AND AT PLAY

If ever there was a real "Sunny-Jim" Mr. Riley was. He was generally in a rip­ple of fun. Though never married, nor having a home of his own, he was full of the deepest sentiment of love and of family. The note in his love verses is The first visit was as the guest of the Saint of Indiana observed the day as a holiday, and as we went into the room; and members of the club listened to his voice now, as he went through our rooms shouting, "Halford wants a hair poem!" His method of composition was characteristic. He would go into the open field or woods, lie down now and then in the grass under the sun, out of which "Knee-Deep in June" was born—until his ideas took on bodily form; and then with painstaking care write out the verses in his now familiar round-hand, each letter distinctly and individually traced, a reminiscence of his sign-painting days. Scarcely ever was there a change or scratch in the orderly manuscript. He was a frequent visitor at our home, where, taking the little daughter on his lap, he would improvise to her—as did he to other children in other homes that cherished his presence—those edifying lines as a batman's mind seemed exhaustlessly charged. He was the children's friend as well as the children's poet. The last time I saw him was on a recent visit to Indianapolis, when he called at the residence of President Fairbanks and, with Fred B. Fisher, the four of us took a ride through the streets and suburbs of the old home. Everywhere groups of children recognized him, and several times the little folks crowded his auto-steps to exchange glad smiles and loving words. At the end of the ride he dropped Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Fisher, at the Fairbanks home, saying, "I'll take the old man with me to look over some of the memories of the dead but not forgotten days. He was in better health than I had seen him for some time: and I spoke of the fact that the tides of life were running full the promise of many more years seemed bright. He was in the best of humor, as he might well be; for he had reached the place in life where "honor, love, obedience and troops of friends" attend him.

His Visit to Longfellow

It was after Riley's second visit to Boston that he really came into his kingdom. The first visit was as the guest of the Saint of the Boston Club, and while successful, it was not until the second visit that full capitulation was made. He paid a visit to Longfellow at his home in Cambridge. The elder poet had quite early expressed favorable opinion of Riley's writings, which greatly heartened the younger man; but on this occasion Longfellow was so generous and so fatherly as to give a touch of sacredness to what passed between them. Riley would never repeat what Longfellow said to him and of him, although many forts were made to have him break the seal of self-imposed confidence. Whatever it was, it sufficed to stir the younger writer to renewed effort, and its influence was ever after quick with him. On his return from this visit the citizens of Indianapolis tendered Riley the complimentary reception that set him on the seat of affectionate honor in his own city, to which he fondly remained almost a demigure in the esteem of those who knew him best. What that was may be judged from the fact that on a recent birthday anniversary, by proclamation of Governor Ralston, the people of Indiana elected one of those edifying lines as a batman's mind seemed exhaustlessly charged. He was the children's friend as well as the children's poet. The last time I saw him was on a recent visit to Indianapolis, when he called at the residence of President Fairbanks and, with Fred B. Fisher, the four of us took a ride through the streets and suburbs of the old home. Everywhere groups of children recognized him, and several times the little folks crowded his auto-steps to exchange glad smiles and loving words. At the end of the ride he dropped Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Fisher, at the Fairbanks home, saying, "I'll take the old man with me to look over some of the memories of the dead but not forgotten days. He was in better health than I had seen him for some time: and I spoke of the fact that the tides of life were running full the promise of many more years seemed bright. He was in the best of humor, as he might well be; for he had reached the place in life where "honor, love, obedience and troops of friends" attend him.

Riley Recites in the Whitehouse

Riley visited his friend and club associate President Harrison at the White House. By dint of hard persuasion Riley agreed to give a recital to an invited company. It was held in the East Room, and the guests included members of the diplomatic corps, Supreme Court Judges, and members of Congress. The occasion greatly disturbed Riley; and as we went into the room, well filled with the best audience Washington could yield, his knees smote together, and he whispered to me, "I am dead scared! It is my private privilege to introduce the poet, and to interlard the program with such sentences as might assist the audience, especially the foreigners present, to get into the atmosphere of the meeting. The recital was brilliantly successful, of course, and at the close Mr. Riley was surrounded and fairly overwhelmed with the warmth of the compliments paid him. But he escaped as soon as possible, thanking him to his room to regain some degree of composure to meet a select group who gathered in the privacy of "up-stairs" for a more informal meeting with him. Lord—then Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote were among the guests, and I recall how they tried hard to enter into Riley's humor, but rankly said, "Mr. Secretary, it was very, very good, but a bit difficult, don't you know, for an Englishman!"

Dear old Riley! Of honorable birth and name! He bore the name of one of Indiana's best known governors, but James Whitcomb is doubly distinguished by being linked with Riley, being one of those few of whom have written of him since his death, have rather churlishly challenged his title to poet because he has left nothing of epic in his writings. The words written of Burns, lovingly called "the poet of mankind," are properly applied to Riley:

Give lettered pomp to tooth of time, chicken, larks and sparrows sing, Perish the epic's stately rhyme, But spare his "Highland Mary."

There is a truer poetry than that of the mind: the poetry of the heart. It was that poetry which Riley sang, interpreting to and for the common people their deepest instincts.—Christian Advocate.

Losses Through Lack of Birds

Scientists have determined by careful computation, study and investigation that the farmers and fruit growers over this country are losing over $1,000,000,000 a year by reason of the reckless and senseless destruction of birds during the past thirty years, says Colonel G. O. Shields.

The cotton growers of the South are suffering a loss of $100,000,000 a year by reason of the ravages of the boll weevil, an insect that bores into the cotton stalk and kills it. Why? Because the quails, prairie chickens, bobwhite, and doves, which were formerly there in millions, have been swept away by thoughtless, reckless men and boys.

The grain growers are losing over $200,000,000 a year on account of the work of the chinch bug. They are losing another $200,000,000 a year on account of the Hessian fly. Both of these are very small insects, almost microscopic in size. It takes 24,000 chinch bugs to weigh on ounce, and nearly 50,000 Hessian flies to weigh an ounce.

Scientific men announce that there is no way on earth by which these insects can be destroyed except for the people to stop destroying the birds, absolutely and at all times, and let them come back and take care of the insects.—Our Dumb Animals.

That spirit which counts no cost too great if only the life of the feeblest may be saved—that is the very spirit of the cross. The cross is a scene of boundless prodigality; of a love that demanded no sacrifice too great. The cross is God's gift of all that was most dear to him that you and I might be empowered to live.—G. H. Morrison.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

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HOME NEWS

VERONA, N. Y.—We were without a pastor from the middle of May until the first of October by reason of the Sabbath services being maintained regularly. On several Sabbaths sermons were read from the Pulse. One Sabbath, Mr. T. Stuart Smith, the superintendent of our Sabbath school, gave a report of the State Sunday School Convention which he attended at Albany. At another Sabbath morning service Miss Artheda Hyde gave a report of the State Christian Endeavor Convention which she attended at Syracuse. On July 22 Rev. A. Clyde Eberet, of Adams Center, preached for us.

The quarterly convention of the Town of Verona Sunday School Association was held July 10 with the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School of New London, Mr. T. Stuart Smith, our superintendent, present, in charge of the association, which includes six schools.

Sabbath morning, August 5, were held installation services for our new pastor, Rev. William M. Simpson. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Baker, of the New London Methodist Episcopal Church. At a call to the church, and Superintendent T. Stuart Smith, for the Sabbath school. Rev. Dr. Hasskari, pastor of the Lutheran church, spoke on the relation between the pastor and the church.

Mr. Simpson, in his response, said that he had been made to believe that it was a real welcome that had been extended to him, and that he hoped in some degree to merit it.

On the evening of August 5 the Young People's Social Club met with Mr. and Mrs. Marion Dillman. A literary and musical program was given, ice cream and cake were served, and a social time was enjoyed. Miss May Simpson became a member of the club. This club was organized during the pastorate of Rev. Alva L. Davis.

The union picnic of the Bible schools of the town of Verona is to be held today (August 8) near Verona Station. We expect to see there a former pastor, Rev. Royal R. Thorngate.

MILTON, WIS.—A very enjoyable social was held at the Seventh Day Baptist church Monday evening under the auspices of Circle No. 2. The program consisted of a vocal duet by Misses Ann Post and Rachel Coon, instrumental music by Miss Cox, solo by Miss Coon, Ill., marches, charades, and refreshments. Those who attended report a delightful time.

Mrs. Herbert Polan and daughter, Muriel, who were called here by the illness of Mrs. Polan's mother, Mrs. Shaw, departed Sunday for their home at New Market, N. J.

SALEM, W. VA.—The marriage of Mr. Edwin Beed Clark, of Salem, W. Va., and Miss Dorothy May Moore, of Brooklyn, N. Y., at the home of President C. B. Clark, was a very pleasant affair. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are both well known in Salem, especially with those who are connected with the college. Mr. Clark came to Salem from Alfred, N. Y., eight years ago, and with the exception of a few months of teaching at Industrial last year, has been a first year student of the college, receiving his A. B. degree in June, 1916. Mrs. Clark has been a student of the college for two years with the exception of a few month's teaching at Sedalia. She was graduated from the college normal course in June, 1915.

Mr. Clark will enter the College of the City of New York for postgraduate work.

Cortland Davis, who has been taking some special line of work at Morgantown University during the summer term, returned home last Friday.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond preached in the First Baptist church of Clarksburg Sunday morning and addressed the Doddridge County Sunday School Convention Wednesday at Harbin.

The Boy Scouts have been in camp for ten days on the river near West Milford. They invited Pastor Bond to come over last Sabbath and hold preaching service. The result was, the parents of the boys and friends of the boys report, the most excellent service of the camp, and about forty-five persons went over to the camp. Some people came down from Lost Creek making an audience of about seventy-five people. The male quartet held their song practice there, which was followed by religious services which several took part, and Pastor Bond gave an instructive talk. All the visitors returned in the evening feeling that it was time well spent. The Boy Scouts have had their outing under the leadership of Oras Sturter, scout master, and Warren Davis, assistant.

—Salem Express.

FARNAM, NEB.—The readers of the Recorder will perhaps be interested to hear again from the church at Farnam. While many have moved away and our numbers are small we still hold Sabbath services every week.

By request of the church, Elder A. L. Davis, of Boulder, made a short visit and on Sabbath Day, July 29, we had the pleasure of having two of our children baptized and unite with the church.

Elder Davis preached us three sermons. The one he gave us Friday night brought forcibly to our minds the great love of Christ, while in his Sabbath morning sermon he pointed out to us the three necessary things to make a successful journey on this sea of life, showing how we should have an exponent to take Christ as our pilot, and the Bible as our chart. The Boy Scout service we listened to Sabbath evening was full of encouragement. He took for his text those beautiful inspiring promises given in Revelation to all who overcome.

Elder Davis' visit was short but his words of admonition and encouragement will remain with us.

A. L. V. H.

Rev. J. W. Crofoot and family landed in San Francisco two weeks ago from Shanghai, China, and are probably now in Chicago. After a visit to their fathers in the East, they expect to make Alfred their home during the coming year and enter their young people in school.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles. Ps. 34: 3, 4, 6.

The Need of the Gospel

We have been hearing much during the last fifty years of forces which than the Christian gospel which were to elevate and redeem mankind. Indeed, some have gone so far as to tell us that the gospel was outgrown and that these other forces were to supplant it: character, the development of the higher qualities of being, the banishment of ignorance, strife, crime, social sin, the establishment of brotherhood as the rule of life—all these were to be secured by these new panaceas—these new gospels suited for an age that had outgrown Christiananity.

First came the prophets of science. From Mr. Huxley's "Lay Sermons" of 1870 to Professor Haeckel's last fulmination we have been hearing that science was to be the saving force, the Messiah, the elimina
tor of all evil, poverty, disease, crime and sin and the harbinger of good will amongst all peoples. "Let us teach the children science instead of the old wornout fables of the Bible."

Then came the prophets of education and from Herbert Spencer's famous essay on this subject down to the last commencement address we have been told that education was the panacea of all ills. Educate the young people as much as you will, and they will flee all evil. Educate the people as to what is best and they will choose the best. Show the world how much more useful virtue is than vice, unselfishness than selfishness, co-operation than competition, brotherhood than strife and they will choose the good.

Then came the prophets of culture. We have been hearing the world a good deal lately. For the last twenty-five years it has been on everybody's lips. We have been hearing that all that was necessary to bring in the millennium was the diffusion of art, literature, music, philosophy. The mastery of the world by science, instead: the establishment of the higher qualities of man, the saving force, the stuff of which human progress is made. Indeed, the Lord of the University during the last fifty years of forces which were to elevate and redeem mankind. Indeed, some have gone so far as to tell us that the gospel was outgrown and that these other forces were to supplant it: character, the development of the higher qualities of being, the banishment of ignorance, strife, crime, social sin, the establishment of brotherhood as the rule of life—all these were to be secured by these new panaceas—these new gospels suited for an age that had outgrown Christiananity.

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solved, we would be over the threshold of the millennium, the redemption of mankind into the kingdom of God would be at hand and religion as ordinarily conceived from the point of the Church would be outgrown and superfluous.

Thus, during the last twenty-five years we have witnessed science as sufficient religion, a substitute for Christianity, a panacea for all evils, a potency requiring no supernatural sanction, but sufficient to redeem the world. And what a failure it has all proven in the light of the past year and a half! There was no more science in all previous centuries put together as in the last half century. Every school child grew up on it, his primers being fairy tales of science. It has driven the classics out of our colleges and has bid them to schools and everybody who has been used for throwing bombs on playgrounds and is now a politician.

Education has never reached such a height as in the last century. Everybody goes to school, and everybody who wants to goes to college. Education has been the chief concern of government in Germany, next to the army. In America the educator is the prophet. The president of a college stands next to the President of the nation. We are even turning to the colleges for our nation's rulers. And, yet somehow it does not seem to have had much power to stop this awful collapse of civilization we are witnessing. The men who did most to bring it on had been trained in the greatest universities in the world. Our own cheap politicians, grafters, crooks, and uneducated men. Yes, education seems to have belied its promise. When they were running some plays in New York to show young men the horrible physical consequences of vice, a wise physician remarked to us: Knowledge does not keep people from sin.

As for culture, it has become universal. Every town has a library. All the women belong to literary clubs and study everything from Confucius to John Masefield. Every other home has its hundred-best-books library, and institutions similar to our nation-wide Chautauqua system prevails in every country. Everybody goes to lectures as regularly as to meals. Every home has reproductions of the great masters, and the best live to see the cities. Germany has boasted of her culture, and we are proud of ours. But somehow culture has failed to civilize us, and it seems to have done little more than veneer the barbarism in us.

As for economic reform, social betterment, the latest all-sufficient gospel, how absolutely it has failed. All its high sounding talk has proved but vanity. Those millions of German, French and English Socialists who had banished war—in their speeches and at banquets—they were the first to rush at one another's throats. Never had social reform gone so far. In Germany everybody had been brought under an excellent system of insurance. England has a system for the laborer, and an old age pension system. Wages had gone up everywhere. The people had shorter hours, better homes, more luxuries. But somehow it did not save them, and there has come over Europe a pretty bad and persecuted citizen's moral agency. "Be happy and you will be good" is not the great slogan of redemption after all.

We think that if there is any one thing the great war is teaching us, it is the utter insufficiency of these things to hold men's passions in leash, or to establish that brotherhood for which the weary world waits. They not only lack power to establish that kingdom of righteousness, justice, and beauty which Jesus longed for, but they have failed even to make the world a decent or safe place in which to live. There is only one thing big enough to work these miracles and transform the world, and that is the gospel of Jesus Christ. It was indeed a gospel of the real, and not of the human. These other things having failed let us now give this gospel a trial. But it must be a larger gospel than we have hitherto preached.

The world will be a new world after this war is over and we must give it a new gospel. Men will need the gospel they have always heard, the fatherhood of God. Christ's revelation of that fatherhood, the grace of God for every soul, the forgiveness of sin through Christ, and Christ the way of approach of the soul for God. But with all this there must be more.

There must be emphasis now on the teachings of Jesus. Christ must not only be believed in, but we must believe him. Not only must we trust in him for individual deliverance, but the nation must live to see the Christ as he lived. Germany has boasted of her culture, and we are proud of ours. But somehow culture has failed to civilize us, and it seems to have done little more than veneer the barbarism in us.

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Finally, the gospel must be so widened as to include nations as well as individuals. This has been our weakness. We have preached, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not hate," "Thou shalt not settle thy disputes by brutal force," "Thou shalt not live by rights, but by duties," "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." "He is greatest among you who serves others" for the law of the Christian. We have never preached it as the law of the nation. Hereafter it should be preached from every pulpit with the same emphasis that the gospel for individual relationship recedes.

The world needs the gospel if it is to be saved—this new, enlarged gospel. Happy that young man who, having caught the prophetic vision, is called upon to be its preacher.—Rev. Frederick Lynch in Christian Work.

God Save Our Boys

Solomon said, "My son, if sinners enticing thee, consent thou not." He spoke out of a bitter experience. His early life was one of intercourse with sin, by the cunning of the devil, by the solicitation of evil companions, and by the luxury of wealth he had been led into terrible excesses of sin and shame. He had repented bitterly and with deep anguish of soul. He pleaded with the young men of all generations not to follow in his footsteps. His warning ought to be heeded. Youth is the strategic period of life. It is the seedtime of life. The boy is father to the man.

Upon every hand the boy is solicited, enticed to evil. No place in which he can dwell, no circumstance by which he may be surrounded, no training to which he may be subjected can keep these solicitations from evading him. He is always face to face with temptation. He must resist and overcome it, and in overcoming temptation his innocence becomes righteousness. The tempter proceeds adroitly, indirectly, flattering. Among the enticements are such as these: "Come, what is a man worth who does not know the world?" "Come, have your fling while you are young," "Come, do not be a baby
The Preacher and Current Questions

May we not draw the most important lessons from the manner in which our Savior treated the current features of his own times? This period was pre-eminently one of religious controversy, and his enemies tried all sorts of ways to lure him into hot disputations. But he avoided these as much as possible. He replied to every kind of query in the shortest and most direct way. He would not descend to the level of their controversy; but either waived it altogether, or used it as far as it could be turned to account for the forcible statement of higher truths than those involved in the subtle and treacherous arguments of some men. He never participated in the discussion of subjects in his sermons which simply concerned questions of that philosophy or of those sciences which were rife in his day, but which did not directly bear upon the salvation work of his mission.

—Thomas Armitage, D. D.

The French Huguenot churches, being in severe straits on account of the general devastation of the war, appealed to the American churches for help. Their delegates, Pastor Roussel, recently took home a gift of nearly $25,000, which will be conveyed to the French churches as an expression of the affection of Christians in America. The Federal Council is endeavoring to secure about $150,000 for the help of their brethren in France.

Such incidents as this are, at least, incidents of life in a situation which sometimes seems hopeless.

Lesson IX.—August 26, 1916

JOURNEYING TO JERUSALEM—Acts 20: 16-38

Golden Text.—"I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace." Acts 20: 32.

DAILY READINGS

August 20—Acts 20: 1-6
August 21—Acts 20: 7-15
August 22—Acts 20: 16-27
August 23—Acts 20: 28-38
August 24—Eph. 3: 14-21
August 25—Eph. 4: 17-32
August 26—2 Tim. 4: 6-8, 14-18

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)

For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth. Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth. Ps. 71: 5, 9.

DEATHS

TOOP.—Eleanor Louise Toop, widow of James Bell Toop, R. E., of Southampton, England, and a native of Manchester, August 23, 1858, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harry W. Frentice, Lincoln Park, Yonkers, N. Y., April 30, 1916. From her daughter, an only child, she had never been separated. During the five years her husband was director of music at Alfred University, Mrs. Toop lived there with him, and endeared herself to many of the students of her loving council and motherly care. Since her daughter's marriage to Dr. Harry W. Frentice, she has made her home with them, and has been a valued companion of Dr. and Mrs. Frentice. Funeral services were held at her late home, conducted by Dr. T. L. Gardiner, of Plainfield. Interment was made in the beautiful cemetery of Kensico, New York, on Sunday afternoon, July 23.

STILLMAN.—In West Edmeston, N. Y., July 31, 1916, Mrs. Minnie D. Burdick Stillman, aged 70 years, 3 months and 21 days.

Mrs. Stillman was born in Truxton, Cortland Co., N. Y., April 10, 1846, the daughter of Joseph L. and Sarah E. Spencer Burdick. She was educated in the district school and DeRuyter Institute. She taught for thirteen terms, eleven of them in the district and DeRuyter Institute and was successful and loved by her pupils. January 25, 1875, she married William B. Stillman of Saggaweg, Mich.,* in which city they lived until 1894, when they returned to West Edmeston, buying the home where they spent the remainder of their days.

Mrs. Stillman was converted and joined the DeRuyter Seventh Day Baptist Church when Rev. George Tomlinson was pastor. For many years she was a faithful and beloved member of the West Edmeston Church. For about twenty years she has been an invalid, confined to her cot and bed for much of the time. She did not complain, but was cheerful and a blessing and inspiration to all who called on her. She was a bright, intelligent woman, interested in the affairs of the nation, and of her denomination. She loved her Lord and his people. She has left three sisters, Mrs. Emma Coon of Leominster, N. Y.; Mrs. W. D. Crandall, of West Edmeston; and Miss Ettie S. Burdick, who has cared for her faithfily for many years.

Funeral services were held in her late home by her pastor, A. G. Crofoot, assisted by a former pastor, Mr. Davie, of Leominster, N. Y. Burial beside her husband in the West Edmeston Cemetery.

A. G. C.

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