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THE SABBATH RECORDER
Plainfield, New Jersey

Vol. 82, No. 24
June 11, 1917

The Sabbath Recorder

HYMNS THAT NEVER GROW OLD

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty,
There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—Frederick W. Faber, 1854.
COMING TO SALEM!

Nestled away in the quiet hills of West Virginia, far from the hum and bustle of the big city, Salem quietly lays to all young people who would like to complete their college education. Come! Salem’s FACULTY is composed of earnest, hard-working, effective teachers who have gathered their students a learning a love for the leading universities of the United States, among them being Yale, Harvard, Michigan, Columbia, Cornell, Alfred, Milford, etc.

Salem FACULTY teaches in every field—man, woman, musical kindergarten, etc. and believes in thorough education and moderation. We encourage and foster the desire of true sportsmanship.

Salem offers courses in every field—man, woman, musical kindergarten, etc. Normal and Academic besides well selected courses in Art, Music, and Commercial work. The Normal Course is designed to meet our State Board requirements. Many of the graduates are considered among the most proficient in the teaching profession. Academic graduates have the opportunity of passing entrance requirements anywhere.

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A new gymnasium was built in 1915. We invite all of you who wish for details and catalogue, President—Charles R. Clark, M. A., P. D., Box "K," Salem, West Virginia.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

President—Charles R. Clark, M. A., P. D., Box "K," Salem, West Virginia.

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Published weekly at the cost of the Sabbath School Board, by the American Sabbath Tract Society, at Plainfield, N. J.

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THE SABBATH VISITOR

President—Charles R. Clark, M. A., P. D., Box "K," Salem, West Virginia.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next session to be held at Plainfield, N. J., August 21-26, 1917.


THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

President—Dr. H. M. Masson, Plainfield, N. J.; Vice-President—Rev. E. W. Babcock, Plainfield, N. J.; Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.; Treasurer—Rev. Samuel T. Babcock, Plainfield, N. J.; Gifts for all Denominational Institutions collected. Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President—Dr. H. M. Masson, Plainfield, N. J.; Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.; Treasurer—S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.

The regulations for the election of Managees are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

DUTY TO THE NATION

The natural tendency to look upon the dark side of things is so great with many of us we frequently find ourselves sighing when it would be far better to sing. I suppose it was hard for doubting Thomas to see and believe in his Master’s love for the doubting Thomas, and of course we are glad the Lyman G. Babcock, Rockville, R. I.; Chairman; E. W. Babcock, Rockville, R. I.; W. J. Babcock, N. J.; Assistant Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.; Treasurer—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.; Regular meetings are held on the first or third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

If We Could Sing

The natural tendency to look upon the dark side of things is so great with many of us we frequently find ourselves sighing when it would be far better to sing. I suppose it was hard for doubting Thomas to see and believe in his Master’s love for the doubting Thomas, and of course we are glad the "Come, let us reason together." By George! I wonder if the "Come, let us reason together." By George! I wonder if the

Confession of Sin

Or No Blessing

The time has come when those who claim to be children of God must make some more tangible demonstration of their faith if they are to receive a blessing from on high that will enable them to go forward. There can be no forward movement with a people who will not put God to the proof for a wider, larger blessing, by enlarged gifts from their hands and by consecrated self-denial for the good of the kingdom of Christ. We have no right to hope that we may enjoy without labor and effort. The church is yet unconsecrated and seeks selfish ends. We will have fewer than things that belong to the higher life. The world will go unsaved so long as the Christians’ gifts are withheld in selfishness and the cause of Christ is left to languish. If we keep the Sabbath as the Lord’s day, if we have another great spiritual awakening, if we would see the cause we love go forward with power, there must be a more general spirit of Christian heroism and a greater willingness to sacrifice for Christ.

"Keeping Watch"

Use of the Debts

A friend who has repaid twice with money for the debts since we began trying to pay them off writes to Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard as follows: "I am keeping watch of the Recorder's accounts, and it gives me, for I feel as though they would never be paid. I will enclose what I can again, and am praying that some one with means will come to the rescue."

We are glad to know that some one is praying over the matter. If there was more praying, there would be more paying. Many have prayed and paid and we feel sure that many more will do so. This is one of the cases where we have to answer our own prayers. When we all get to "watching" with the same interest that is
manifested by this friend, there will be no lack of praying and paying, and soon the debts will be things of the past.

The Near Look If we look at the debts as they stand today and forget what they were on February 12 when the first gifts were reported in the Recorder, the tendency will be to think little has been done. We have not the least evidence, indeed, but by taking a far look we shall see that progress is being made, and as long as there is progress there is hope. Since we began, the two debts have been reduced $1,862.47 to June 4. This means that $914.82 has been paid on the Missionary Board's debt, and $947.65 on the Tract Board's debt, without including the receipts for this week. Our entire membership, resident and non-resident, is reported to be 8,426. There during these four months, please do it be that many more.

The Far Look Are strange if misgivings back a little and why he has not been satisfied with making prohibition speeches, but had been educating the children against alcohol until the young men were not recruiting the ranks of the old men who were dying off. Then he went on to say that science had come to the front and shown the evils of the liquor business until the brainiest men in America were working against the saloon. Having watched the workings of the W. C. T. U., the Good Templars, and all the other anti-saloon people, for nearly thirty years, he had become so sure the liquor business was doomed that he was anxious to sell out before the crash should come.

We War Against War As a people we are unalterably opposed to war and stand firmly by the words of Christ, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." There come times, however, when peace must be made at whatever cost and through the most heroic sacrifice. When war lifts up its demon-like head to subjugate humanity and threatens to destroy every principle of liberty and people for there is nothing else for the Church of Christ to do but stand firmly against it with inflexible heart and with invincible hands.

Our country has not declared war, I believe it never did, but it has had war forced upon it. It is hardly thinkable that a government by the people would be likely to declare war. In our present attitude and with our present purpose the principles of peace and not of war are made prominent. Indeed, we are warring against war, and for peace that shall make future wars impossible. We are enemies only to the common enemy of mankind, "with one another, and the world." There is nothing else for the Church of Christ to do but stand firmly against it with inflexible heart and with invincible hands.

This man declared that his judgment had not been formed from conditions in any one city or community, but that in his extensive travels for a quarter of a century from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico he had carefully noted the inside facts until fully convinced that the liquor business in the United States was doomed. "The anti," he continued, "are no longer in the minority, and just as soon as the church people and temperance workers turn off the anti they must stand together as one man they can easily vote out every saloon and distillery. The church members can start the long before 1910, if they set their hearts on a saloon-less nation. Public sentiment is the irresistible ruling factor in America, and he who is shortsighted indeed who does not see the swiftly coming verdict against liquor."

Better Spare the Trees Not long ago, a great daily paper called the attention of its readers to the size of its Sunday edition. It claimed that 84 acres of forest had been denuded of trees to make the 25 tons of paper used in that one issue, and stated that this paper would make a "runner" 18 inches wide for a path 10,823 miles long — the distance from Bering Strait to Cape Horn. Unless the contents of that Sunday paper were better than is usually the case with the average Sunday newspaper, there was a tremendous waste of trees for a miserably poor purpose. The country would be far better off if the thousands of acres of young Canadian spruce trees were spared to grow into forests instead of being ground into pulp for paper to be used for such literature. It is too bad to turn young trees into pulp in order that the youth of America may become more "pulp," when sound live timber is so much needed, and the manhood and womanhood of this country from the undermining influences of the trashy supplements of our average Sunday newspaper it might be well for every one to take up the cry, "Woodman, spare that tree!"
pleasures he has sought and gained have shriveled his soul and robbed him of capacity to enjoy spiritual things.

Only a kind of life is suited to bring exhaustion and ceasing satisfaction. Every investment, every outlay of hard toil, every expenditure of energy in real service for the good of others—for spiritual upbuilding, for saving men from ruin, for building up God's kingdom on earth—will pay a thousand fold in solid comfort both here and hereafter.

DEBT STATEMENT

Missionary Board's debt, balance due
May 30 $1,854.18
Received since last report 46.00
Still due June 6 $1,808.18
Tract Board's debt, balance due June 1 $2,052.35
Received since last report 47.00
Still due June 7 $2,005.35

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF CONFERENCE

Dear Brother Gardner: Having heard from a number of sources that “there was talk” that possibly we might not have a seminar this year, I have taken pains to find out the feeling in various parts of the denomination.

While it is true that there has been some talk about the wisdom of holding Conference this year, yet so far as I know there is no one who is “advocating” such a plan. The feeling is that it would be very unfortunate not to hold the Conference as usual.

The Plainfield Church is anxious to have the Conference this year. Plans for the program and for the entertainment are well under way.

It is planned to have a delibrative Conference, a Conference where we confer. Time will be found for deliberation. Matters vital to our denominational life will be carefully considered. It is very important that all our interests and churches be represented.

Do not say that you are too far away or too poor. Such churches should unite and send a joint delegate. We will need the help of all. Let us come together in humility and the power of the Holy Spirit to hear the reports of our work and to plan for another year.

Fraternally,

George B. Shaw.

FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF MILTON COLLEGE

A JUBILEE HOME-COMING

REV. LESTER C. RANDOLPH

If you have a bit of pride, O fortunate citizen of Milton, Rock County, Wisconsin, take no aloofness or assumed arrogance or dictation from any one in Rock County. They may not know it, but you certainly must, that Milton College is the greatest institution in the county. Let us brag a bit, too, for the first frame house in Rock County was erected in Milton in 1832. Drive up to Milton, see the little old red house with white trimmings and the date over the door.

The Milton Academy was the pioneer educational institution in the whole southern tier of counties in Wisconsin, and today Milton college is not a county institution so much as it is a state and a national one—a world-wide benefactor.

THE NEW-OLD TOWN

Lots of changes in the old town—every one of them are improvements. Things are growing bigger and better all the time. Miles of cement sidewalks, electric lighted streets, good roads, many new houses and handsome ones too. New buildings on the campus, etc.

It’s a cinch you’ll like the town, like the campus and approve of all you see.

The best auto roads in Wisconsin head for Milton, so if you prefer the automobile to bring you to the old town, you can’t miss coming on good roads. If you come by train, take a few minutes to inspect the spanking new depot. It’s a beauty, a model, and one of the old students had it built fine because he loved the old town and could show it in this way.

PIONEER REMINDERS

The wagon, the old one horse chaise, has fallen to bits, the oxen have gone the pioneer route, and the ox-bow of 1830 that fitted the neck of the oxen that dragged the pioneer prairie schooner into Milton on the beautiful DuLac prairie, will be shown at the alumni headquarters on the campus.

Joseph Goodrich, nephew of Milton, grandson of the pioneer who drove in from Milwaukee where the start was made, officiated in showing it to me. Joe would not be sponsor for the accuracy of all this, but said, “They tell me it was the first team that ever came to Milton, and this was the yoke they wore.” The real mystery is, I can find no one to confirm it. Meanwhile the ox-bow hangs in a conspicuous place so that all can see it. It’s worth the space for that item anyway.

It may be possible to get Deacon Saunders’ cider mill for another exhibit. Maybe it can not be found for it’s possible that the students who stole first the deacon’s cider, and afterwards went back and got the barrel, were clever enough to make way with the evidences of their crime (?) by capturing the mill itself. If any one has the cider mill hidden in his clothes, please return it.

The Alumni Association tent will be pitched on the campus throughout commencement week. It will be a meeting spot—a sort of lost and found place. Look for your old friends. A social register will be kept, sign it, so your friends can find you. If you want information and hesitate about coming, fearing that “they have all forgotten about me” stuff, pay a visit at headquarters and get set right.

Ask Us. Prof. L. H. Stringer has been chosen to manage the affairs at the headquarters and on the campus. Don’t know Stringer? That’s a pity—he will wear a badge with “Ask Us” printed on it. He will distribute many other such badges, one to each of his aids.

That’s right—ask us. The “Ask Us” wearers will be all over the town, so don’t hesitate. Talk to the pretty girl that wears one and the chances are that she can tell you lots of things you don’t know. This is one way we take to help you feel perfectly at home the moment you get to Milton.

Souvenir Badges. We are prepared to give to every one a souvenir badge, with name and date. We want every one on the campus to wear one. Have your name put on it and the year you attended school. It serves for the introduction and information too.

Every registered visitor gets a badge. We want every Milton resident to wear this badge. If a person is not a Milton, every man and woman, should have a real iron cross badge of honor, for the brave effort, the loving sacrifice, the jealous care and the gifts all along the fifty years of college building that have made the school possible.

Welcome Home. Accept this cordial invitation right now,—put in writing and say you will come—address it to R. V. Hurley, Milton, Wis.—yield to your good impulses. The chances are this request for you to come to Milton will find you in a big deep rut. You will find, and make, lots of trivial excuses for not coming—the press of business, expense, etc. Well, what of it? The fact is you are much better off if you take a few minutes to mingle in your home town for what Milton College has done for you. Your neighbors, your business associates, your family, will think a whole lot more of you for taking the opportunity to mingle in an association with old college friends and classmates. Lots of people will probably be glad to get rid of you for a day or two. Don’t come if you have to be pushed. Come because you want to come. My, but what a story you can tell when once back in the harness again! Come cheerfully, bring your individuality, your smiles, your tears too, if you must, and your best stories. Let us all show up and show off the best that is in us.

Help shape this meeting into a happy talk-fest—a reunion, a social. Come and get acquainted all over again, after all these years of living apart from your college chums, teachers, old-time sweet hearts.

Remember, too, seat tickets can not be taken, they probably all would if they could. The live ones have the chance. Where do you want to be considered?

Patriotism

Milton Academy furnished three hundred and twenty-seven soldiers for the Civil War. The boys in blue marched proudly from the campus and each one “did his bit.” It is proposed to have a program at the close of the start of Alumni Day exercises. If the red blood in you boils again during these stirring times, let it find at least partial vent in the soldiers’ rally at Milton College Campus on Wednesday, June 20, 1917, at 10 a. m. Fall in line, shoulder to shoulder, and march while you sing “The Star Spangled Banner,” Milton Fireman’s Band will lead and it will do your soul good to shout it “from the heart out.” Willis F. Clarke, a soldier of the Civil War, will offer the first part of our day’s program.

Picture Day

It’s quite in keeping with the spirit of the times to write the history of a day with a panorama photograph or motion picture of the events.
It is proposed now "to take everything in sight" if the weather permits and preserve it for all future use and pleasure.

Societies are already rounding up their old members so that groups will be large, representative, event making.

Committee committees will arrange, train, pose and photograph their groups to be photographed. Copies will be available to all who may wish for them. Come in your best and have your picture. Be in it on Home Coming Day. You will be proud to be one of such a fine company.

Milton without music would be like a well without water. "All kinds of music," I am told, can be heard. Those having this part of the program in the making, will make due announcement, but tell every one that there will be a chance for old-time songs, and for everybody to sing.

Milton College has a fine reputation as a music school, too, and it's no task or hardship to get in touch with classical music of every kind. If nothing else will persuade you, perhaps the music may.

The College Glee Club, the Octet with chautauqua laurels, the Treble Clef, the Choral Union, the College Orchestra, the Band, etc.,—say, now when you be good and come?

THE PROGRAM

It's a difficult undertaking to provide for all interests in one program and yet that is just what we have undertaken to do, remembering that in, half a century many things serious, important, sad, humorous and frivolous have taken place in this spotless town. Each event is worthy of its share in history, in praise, in remembrance and in laughter.

Prepare us then if we copy the headline of "Continuous Performance from ten 'til ten," as a basis of trying to do it all. Even the movies can not exist without an audience, so, kind friends, help us fill the hall for a gala day performance.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND

Of course we will be expected to help in raising the endowment! Why shouldn't you? What have you been working for all these postgraduate years? Money—of course! Why, it's a necessity—vital and serviceable in extending life.

Are you aware of the groups so different from your own personal ones? Don't you have to purchase fuel, lights and services?

Stop a moment and look squarely at the proposition. Every live school in this country is doubling its endowment. Why not your school?

Now, don't treat your Alma Mater like a stepmother. No, sir—she is your very own and has a lifelong interest in you and a right to your possessions. Bring some of those stocks, bonds or mortgages or the gold itself that you have worked so hard and sometimes foolishly to accumulate, loved so well, handled so often and hoarded so jealously. Stuff your pockets with valuable gifts and put them where they will continue to do a lot of real good. My word for it, you will live a whole lot better, breathe freer, sleep happier and have more to eat and will wear better clothes if you cultivate the habit of giving generously.

Look this question of giving in the eye. It's a vital issue this moment. Put your school out of want and do it now.

PIONEER DAYS

We wonder if Ephraim Goodrich, Hon. Jeremiah R. Davis, Mrs. Polly Goodrich, Robert Trayler, William Morgan, Hon. Joseph Spaulding, Moses Walker, Ambrose Spencer and all the others really quite understood what was to happen as a direct or remote result of the founding of Milton Academy.

Pause for a moment—take off your hat, and say—"All honor to our pioneers!"—If they knew, they were wiser in their generation than we are, salute them, for they may yet know that after fifty years the great throbbing splendid heart of this great educational center honors them, honors their memory, appreciates their donations of time, money, influence and foresight. O glorious friends of other days, if in the great beyond you know all, accept the heart-throb of responsive greetings. Grant us the joy of your knowing all that has been done and that all has been done well. Spirits of the past, renew your covenant with the world and help us to with the glorious work you so wonderfully foretold!!

THE PROGRAM

9.00 a.m., Wednesday, June 20, 1917. All persons not having done so, will please register their names. The Alumni Association elects to serve as host to all visiting friends, graduates and old students, and takes this way to ask you to make your presence known to us as early in the day as possible.

10.00 a.m. to 10.45—This program is given over to Lieutenant W. P. Clarke. It's all his. Patriotic exercises around the flag on the campus, songs, music by the band, and speeches. Among those who are expected to be present and take part are Prof. Nathan C. Twining, captain in the "School Regiment," Hon. L. B. Caswell, U. S. provost marshal, Sam. R. Bond, captain in the "Silver," Lieutenant Henry Curtis and Prof. A. R. Crandall.

10.45 a.m.—Grand march to the auditorium.

Call to order. Invocation by Prof. Albert Whitford. Address of Welcome by President Daland, Response in behalf of the Alumni Association, by Mrs. Lulu Spicer Belknap, Waukesha, Wis., and other addresses. There will be seated on the stage one hundred former students and graduates of the college, any one of whom will talk on the stage.

12.00 p.m. sharp—Adjournment to the college campus. For months the various college organizations have been getting ready for a grand history-making photograph, of every faculty—either by the panorama camera or motion picture camera, or both. Prof. L. H. Stringer and his many aides will arrange every detail. Panorama pictures will be for sale—possibly on Thursday, Commencement Day. To expose this great undertaking everybody will keep smiling while the managers are working and graciously obey orders.

The alumni association is an integral part of the college. To be a member an honor and one has only to mention his college to be received at any educational court.

One of the faults with our association has been that the members have not been assigned duties or asked personally to execute some office. From now on no such excuse should be allowed. The appointment for the coming year will be made at this time.

20.00 p.m. sharp—In the auditorium a grand program of oratory and music. Introducing a lot of old students—big men and women in the world's work—several of whom will be allowed to orate. Introduc-
REQUEST FROM THE BATTLE CREEK CHURCH

It has been found that very frequently people from other churches of our denomination come to Battle Creek to find employment, and are in the city for several weeks without getting in touch with us, and in some cases, they have more than one or two Seventh Day Baptists knowing that they were here.

In view of the fact that Battle Creek is a large manufacturing town, over thirty thousand population, the Sanitarium an institution the largest of its kind in the world, it is all too easy for people to be entirely lost to view to our people, if their work does not happen to bring them in touch with some member of our church. The Sanitarium alone employs between one thousand and two thousand workers, many of whom room and board at the institution.

We feel that Seventh Day Baptists, who come to Battle Creek, either temporarily or permanently, for special education, expect and wish to have the privileges of association with people of like faith and practice. Therefore, in view of the fact that we can not know that such persons are in the community, we are making definite effort to get in touch with us, we earnestly desire that the pastor or some other interested person of the church or community from which they come would notify Mrs. D. Burdett Coon, 124 Ann Ave­ nue, Battle Creek, Mich., of their intention of coming and of when they expect to reach here. This will enable them to be met upon arrival and to receive a cordial welcome.

We would be glad to render assistance to others than Seventh Day Baptists if such assistance were desired.

E. H. CLARKE, Church Clerk.

The cure for heartache is to be found in occupations which take us away from our petty self-regardings or self-pityings, our morbid broodings, and which connect our life with other lives and with other affairs, or merge our individual interest in the larger whole.—Charles G. Ames.

War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings should not play at.—Cowper.
system adopted by our —— friends. Their boards are never harassed or handicapped by debt. Every expense is provided for. Their ministers are regularly and fairly paid, and their work grows by leaps and bounds. It is wonderfully complete in every detail, and based on God’s command, “Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,” and his purpose that it be used for the support of the gospel ministry.

It has been my pleasure to be associated with their church during our stay here (and also formerly on the coast), so I have had ample opportunity to learn something of their work and its results. I am very thankful for the privilege. I can not help but feel that they have a message for this time, and that God is with them, even as he was with Noah, and his prophets of old, and I would that our people and they might be as one. But, Mr. Cottrell, frankly we have much to learn, and yet they teach only said that we would find all good in the Lord’s kingdom. The rich man, more than the poor widow, is likely to be the “slacker,” if like those that Jesus observed (Mark 12: 41-44). And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow has cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all, and she cast in it as the thirtieth part of a denarius.

But feel that they have a message for this time, and that God is with them, even as he was with Noah, and his prophets of old, and I would that our people and they might be as one. But, Mr. Cottrell, frankly we have much to learn, and yet they teach only said that we would find all good in the Lord’s kingdom. The rich man, more than the poor widow, is likely to be the “slacker,” if like those that Jesus observed (Mark 12: 41-44). And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow has cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all, and she cast in it as the thirtieth part of a denarius.

A very good letter. Thanks. I am sure we ought to be willing and glad to recognize and adopt the good wherever we find it. We would find all good in the Scriptures, if we read and applied it aright. But we often overlook it here only to find it exemplified in some of our fellow-beings. I should be thankful if all of our people would adopt the tithing system, and all the other good practices of these friends (or from the Bible). I can even commend for our imitation some of the things observed among the adherents of a modern cult, that doctrinally seems to me the farthest possible from the Scripture standards.

But this letter suggested the headings I have given this article—“Slackers.” Who is it that wants to avoid the heavy taxes of this war? The “slacker.” Who is it that tries to avoid the draft? The “slacker.” Who is it that

WARM WELCOME TO PRESIDENT DALAND

THURSDAY night the entire student body met on the campus in one happy, expectant crowd, and at nine o’clock marched to the station to welcome Prexy home. At the town hall the village band swung into its, and many townspeople joined the ranks before the depot was reached. As the train pulled in the band struck up “Our Colors” and the students took up the tune as Prexy appeared on the platform. A few deafening cheers and another song, Prexy was ushered to the waiting car, which was appropriately decorated in brown and blue. The entire crowd formed a parade and conducted him to his home on the hill. Here, after the crowd had indulged in a few more yells and songs, Prexy expressed his appreciation and bade them all “Good night.”

IT WAS a pleasure to us all to have President Daland in his announced place in chapel on Friday morning. He conducted the entire exercises and read from the sixty-third chapter of Isaiah about the contrast between the tumult of wrath in war and the tender mercies and loving kindness of the Lord.

In greeting the students after the devotional exercises, President Daland spoke of the war as “lamentable,” and of our place in it as of “necessity.” He urged upon his hearers absolute and unswerving loyalty to the government and paid a tribute to the wise policy of President Wilson, particularly of the “selective conscription.” President Daland deplored our attempt to draw men without seeking their own consent, as those who enlist voluntarily and those who are drafted.

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The NO BREAKFAST PLAN

The breakfast-eating habit often creates an abnormal stomachic condition. If one is in perfect health, and arises with a keen appetite for breakfast, there will be no occasion for omitting the meal. There are, however, but few in perfect health, and the omission of breakfast gives the stomach a chance to adjust itself. It has an opportunity to develop a keen appetite for the parting meal, and the nourishment most needed by the body at that time. The no-breakfast plan is a splendid means of properly adjusting one’s appetite, both as to quantity and character of food.—Bernard Macfadden, in June Physical Culture.
WOMAN'S WORK

BY MRS. GEORGE E. CROSBY, MILTON, WIS.

Contributing Editor

YOUR FLAG AND MINE

Your flag is mine! How proudly there it flutters out against the sky; And who, beholding it, shall dare To turn in doubt or let despair Assail his heart? Your flag and mine, and ours to guard-

So it was in bygone days, Still proudly striped and bravely starred, Unsmirched by Shame, by Wrong unmarred. Its might shall thrill, its beauty please.

Your flag and mine! And shall we let Its glory die or splendor fade? Who doubts that Freedom flutters it Yet or dares to heedlessly forget? By selflessness or passion sway'd? Your flag and mine, and ours to hold. In tender reverence, unfeigned, Our faith adorning every fold, In virtue strong, in honor bold, Its grace to all the world displayed.

Your flag and mine! How splendidly it flutters out against the sky. How gloriously it stands! How fair to you, how dear to me- Most proud of all, its flag, that fly! Your flag and mine, and ours to keep. Unsullied, unshamed, and waving high—One of the church's, our charge deep. For those whom, after all, we shall sleep, It shall inspire and glorify.

S. E. Kiser.

DOWN WITH THE LILLIPUTIAN HERESY

Ever since the days of the church fathers heresies have crept into the church. There is a popular heresy of our day, not yet written down in any textbook of theology, but a heresy nevertheless, and one that is regarding our missionary progress.

Some one has called it the Lilliputian Heresy. We women are largely responsible for it. We have halved things of Lilliputian dimensions, and have petted the idea that gifts and service which would seem magnificent in any other realm become most insignificant if they be for missions.

We have cornered the term "little" for missionary usage. Our form of invitation has become "We want you to join us in a little mission meeting," as if it were a "little gift," and for "a little service." We invite speakers to make "a little talk," and we even suggest that "we will now be led in a little prayer."

It is habit, but it is heretical habit. We are almost arriving at the point of assuming that a thing that is big must be bad in missionary circles, while some suspicion attaches to the meetings which offer no rows of empty pews to vindicate their orthodoxy.

I do not despise the day of small things, but do despise most heartily this belittling of the greatest work in the world.

It is quite possible for us to enlarge our missionary circle without losing the piety of the original little group. The gift of a million may carry with it the same measure of love and consecration as the gift of a mite. A prayer big enough to take in the great world circle marked out by Him who said, "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possessions," may be as earnest as the little prayer for our own little circle.

One of the first steps to be taken in the extermination of the Lilliputian Heresy is the enlargement of our working force. Not half of our church members are enlisted in the missionary work, yet we go on planning our meetings for the same circle. Why not enlarge the circle by bringing in others?

A CALL FOR ENLARGEMENT

Getting More People "In It"

During a series of missionary meetings in New Orleans, I was talking with a little tot on the car. Thinking I was giving her a bit of news and an original invitation, I said: "We are going to have some missionary stories and pictures for the children tonight, and I want to give you a special invitation to be there." "Be there?" she replied with much the same tone the President might use upon receiving an invitation to the annual White House reception—"Be there? Why, I'm in it." That night she sat up front and sang lustily in the chorus, to which the lecture and pictures were but incidental. Some of us are so used to being "in it" ourselves that we make little effort to get others "in it." Nine women are "out of it" for every woman who is "in it," when it comes to missionary work.

Some of us pious, overworked martyrs, who gloat over such encomiums as "She did the work of ten women" ought to be ashamed of ourselves. No head can wear ten crowns. No woman should rob nine other women of the joy and blessing of doing their own work and winning and wearing their own crowns. Be satisfied with doing the work of one woman, but be diligent in finding the other nine or ninety and nine and helping them to find their own work and do it. This may be the more difficult task, but this is your work.

It follows that the great missionary leader who opens the church, arranges the chairs, conducts the meeting, plays the organ, leads the singing, and is in the majority in program rendition is chief on the Continued Division of the Lilliputian Heresy. Make the success of your meetings depend on just as many as possible, not on one woman only.

Gifts Differing—Some Hostesses

Not every woman can address a meeting. Hearsers there would be none if all were speakers. One society greatly increased its attendance and added tremendously to its efficiency by what seemed the very simple thing of appointing two hostesses for each meeting. The meetings were held in the parish building, but the hostesses were charged with as much responsibility as if they were to receive their friends at a reception in their own home. Those who attended the missionary meetings soon acquired the air of expectant interest common to reception parties. The long-drawn sigh which had formerly accompanied the reminder, "Oh, dear, this is the day for missionary meeting," was heard no more in the land. The room was transformed by decorations in keeping with the program for each day. Daintily kimoned maidens would come the members to the Japan meeting. Children from many lands, with their bright costumes, gave coloring to another meeting. Each program had its own attractive setting, and two more women, with the host of assistants they enlisted, were "in it" each month.

A Business Woman's Division

Many women there are who simply can not attend meetings. Let us find means to reach them. The long-drawn sigh which had formerly accompanied the reminder, "Oh, dear, this is the day for missionary meeting," was heard no more in the land. The room was transformed by decorations in keeping with the program for each day. Daintily kimoned maidens would come the members to the Japan meeting. Children from many lands, with their bright costumes, gave coloring to another meeting. Each program had its own attractive setting, and two more women, with the host of assistants they enlisted, were "in it" each month.

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tiveness and thanked the leader for giving her the chance. Be sure of your singer and of her song, however. Some selections can kill any meeting. A secretary of the Laymen’s Missionary Meeting came home one Sunday afternoon, with his head bowed in despair. “Every Sunday we have tried to win over the new customers, but the results are nothing,” he said. “In three different churches, I have tried my level best to get our laymen to cooperate in doing something for missionary work. I have met down to mop the perspiration from my brow while the choir arose and softly sang, ‘Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.’ The woman who knows how to make everything count in programs selects suitable music.

Artists “In It,” Too

“Eighty-five per cent of all we know we learn through the eye,” we glibly quote from the psychologists, and straightway plan our missionary work on the bare fifteen per cent possibility. The woman who talks is not the only disseminator of missionary intelligence. How do we know that “it floats”? From what speaker have we acquired the knowledge of “fifty-seven varie­ties”? What lecture course has disseminated the universally accepted fact that “children cry for it”? We have simply seen it posted and printed until we are persuaded of it. Charts, posters, mottoes! Let us have more meetings than we turned away that afternoon after every seat had been taken. It was a big meeting, and it was not a bad one, either.

Missionary Story Hour

Another house was similarly packed when the children of a city were invited for an evening of hero stories. Many children who had never had an interior view of a missionary meeting, and who had an impression that all missionaries do is to be good and die early, listened spellbound to stories of greatest heroism to which they had ever been introduced.

During Missionary Week at the Mont­egue Chautauqua the missionary leaders ar­ranged for the telling of missionary stories at the regular morning story hour which was attended by a large audience of the entire sum­mer colony. If we were keenly alive to the enlargement of our circle, we would get missionary stories into our books and see that they were among stories told at our libraries.

Reaching Every High School Girl and Boy

Robert E. Speer was in Columbus some time ago. He might have come there and gone, having touched only the theological students for whom his lecture course was planned, but a city school teacher had a big idea. She sent away for her idea and passed it on to a city, receive its hospitality for days and give nothing in return. She proposed that a meeting be planned to which the whole city be invited. No church would hold such an audience, so she suggested that the meeting be held in a large theater. “You simply cannot get girls to a missionary meeting,” some one protested. “If we do not make the attempt, how will we ever get our message to outsiders and give them a chance to become ‘insiders’?” urged the woman with the big idea. The meeting was planned. Frequent clever press notices aroused a general interest. The director of music in the city schools was enlisted to train a chorus of children and young people. A young newspaper reporter asked to be assigned the interest. The interest had spread so that his chief answered, “My lit­tle girl has been talking about it so much, I think I’ll go around myself.” Mary Pick­ford never turned away more disappointed persons than were turned away that after­noon after every seat had been taken. It was a big meeting, and it was not a bad one, either.

City-Wide Mission Study Campaign

Our city had been having a little Mission Study for years. Last year we decided to have a Mission Study Campaign big enough to reach every church and all the colleges. A Normal Training Class for Leaders was conducted in the fall. A directory con­taining the names and addresses of pres­i­dents of missionary organizations and of every Bible school teacher in the city was prepared. Invitations to a Sunday after­noon meeting and the invitation of Mission Study were printed. On the preceding Sunday the committee, by two’s, called on the officers and teachers as listed, explaining the purpose of the meeting and placing in the hands of each a sufficient number of in­vitations to be given personally to each member of the different organizations and classes. The University of South Carolina, the colleges, and the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. were interested. A university professor presided at the meeting. A university quartet led the music. Scores of people who came were unable to get in the large theater which was packed to the doors. After brief addresses, enrollment cards were distributed. These cards were signed and afterwards turned over to the churches indicated. Twelve hundred ninety people were enrolled for classes as the result of that campaign.

Inside Secrets of Big Meetings

The managers of one of our summer con­ferences were greatly troubled because they could not get the people of the town to attend their platform meetings. They thought a woman was promising the impossible when she agreed to put standing room at a premium for a missionary lecture. The speaker made no change in her lecture, but planned an exercise and a children’s chorus to accompany it. With mathematical pre­cision she estimated that if fifty children were in a chorus, and an audience of fifty-two was thereby guaranteed—including the lecturer and the pianist. Then, just so as to avoid all risk, she put the meeting well after dark and reckoning on a necessary escort to the chorus, added fifty more to her calculations. Allowing for shrinkage in escorts in the case of two children from the same family, but counting on parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins, she told the superintendents the chairs ready. They were all needed—every one of them, and more.

Keeping Missions Before the Public

Whose fault is it that news of the greatest work in the world is confined to such a lit­tle circle? In the press work for a laymen’s convention in a southern city I was arrang­ing for space with the editor of one of the daily papers. He told me we could have all the space for which we furnished “live stuff the people want.” Then he smiled a peculiar smile and said: “For a year or so I ran several columns of religious copy once a week. One week it was left out through an oversight. Nobody kicked. The next week I left it out on purpose, and wait­ed to see what would happen.” Nothing hap­pened. Then he went on to say that it was not a lesson in the sporting page or society notes, my ‘phone would have rung half of the night. We give the people what they want.

When women are just as much interested in knowing that a missionary meeting is to be held as that “the bride is to wear the dress which was her grandmother’s, and pearls, the gift of the groom,” then editors will give space to missionary news—if we get it to them.

I heard an editor of a great daily say,
"Your mission boards pigeonhole news for months that we newspaper men would wire in as a scoop." We read by the daily press that Mrs. Archibald von Chancellor is soon to visit Mrs. Beverly Randolph Sloan. A few days later we note that Mrs. Archibald von Chancellor is visiting Mrs. Beverly Randolph Sloan. Still later we are informed that Mrs. Archibald von Chancellor, who has been visiting Mrs. Beverly Sloan, has returned to her home. Three runs for Mrs. Archibald von Chancellor's visit, in its future, present and past tenses, yet John G. Paton once spoke twelve miles from me and I did not know it. O that some missionary hostess had been eager for the world to hear of her guest was Mrs. Beverly Randolph Sloan! O that the missionary women had as complete and capable editorial service as have the society women! The Federated Boards could syndicate enough thrilling stories from their missions, that all of the newspapers would recognize as live stuff, to run one every week. An Associated Press of the Federated Boards could furnish a national news service which would reach thousands of interested workers and invite hundreds of thousands yet unreached, if we would only put down the Lilliputian Heresy.

LILLIPUTIAN GIFTS

Bettling Our Cause to Secure the Public's Cash

To the outside public a woman's missionary society is a clever scheme for the extraction of small coin. The outside public has had, in times not yet altogether past, some foundation for its conclusions. The lone oyster swimming in a bowl of soup priced at twenty-five cents, the magnifying glass necessary to find the ice cream on the plate at a missionary supper are become matters of popular jest. We have belittled our cause thinking to enlarge our coffers. We have asked women to eat a plate of ice cream whom, we should have asked to support a mission station or to endow a hospital. We have cajoled and wheedled dimes and quarters from men whom we might have led to giving serious consideration to sending a friend to the Greek. We have doled out pennies and nickels and dimes ourselves, and then ended our reports with, "She hath done what she could." I have never yet heard a treasurer's report at a woman's missionary convention but which reached an average too Lilliputian to merit this as a final quotation, along with an expectant reference to "that welcome plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

At the annual missionary meeting in a rural church, a full-grown person, masculine gender, approximately six feet two in stature, cast into the treasury his annual gift, I was near him and noted that the coin was a brown one. He smiled and said to me, "Well, I guess the Lord always blesses the widow's mite." I think the Lord knew he was not a widow and that He pronounced no encomiums on the mite given by a prosperous landowner, yet we have countenanced that sort of thing for so long that the most counterfeited character in the Bible is the poor widow. We should ask for larger gifts. A board secretary called on a woman and, with some hesitation, asked for a contribution of $75 for a scholarship for one boy in Japan. She gave him $4,000 to erect a new dormitory for many boys. Not long ago a man declined to give a contribution of a single dollar for missions. A few months later he was asking for $500 to make possible the opening of a chapel. He wrote a check for that amount. Our little requests do not arouse a great interest. Our methods have tended to making patrons and patrons instead of training stewards. "We have now come to the most unpleasant part of our program," said a missionary chairman at a finance session. Why should it be unpleasant? Only because we have belittled it and made it so. One of our greatest joys should be in helping people to invest their money in the Kingdom.

Big Drafts on Time and Service

Our demands for service are so little that we seldom go beyond asking for "odd moments" and "spare time." Women have reached wonderful heights in devotion and in service, but only to the causes which have demanded great things of them. A cause which demands "only ten cents a month" and "what time?" is never going to enlist a woman for any sublimity of sacrifice or heroic service. A board secretary was at a college reception. "Who is the girl sitting over there?" he asked of the valedictorian, and the brightest girl in the class. "We need her for China," said the secretary. The president smiled at the improbability of it, but the secretary insisted on meeting the girl. He had learned to ask people for great things for God, and in his first sentence to the valedictorian he proposed that she give her life to China. The girl was surprised, then resentful, then thoughtful. She would not have considered giving a little of her time, but she did consider giving her life, and she is in China today.

The Supreme Test

The greatest givers are those who give their sons and daughters to bear the message glorious. No one can read the story of Horace Tracy Pitkin heroically yielding up his life in China in the Boxer uprising and think of the cause which claimed him as little, yet he elevated it to the supreme heights when he sent to his little boy this message: "Tell little Horace that his father's last wish is that when he is twenty-one he should come out to China." Dr. John Scudder, giving up his practice in New York to go out to India, magnifies the work in our eyes, but there comes to us the realization of the overwhelming greatness of it when we see such a man consecrate to it every one of his gifted sons and daughters, rejoicing as each heard and answered the call.

The time has been when mothers and fathers have felt shame if no son of theirs went forth to war. "The time is coming when Christian mothers and fathers will feel a greater shame if they have given neither son nor daughter "to follow in His train."

Great Strength for a Great Task

Three boys played on a Virginia hillside. A huge boulder come crashing down, pinning one boy to the ground. His two comrades looked helplessly at the great rock. Then they looked at their fellow, and without hesitation they put their shoulders against the boulder. It gave a little. They pushed again and again, until the prisoner was free. The next day two men tried to move the rock and could not. Neither could the boys move it again. With the great demand had come a great purpose and a great strength. In each life there is an dreamed-of power which will not be manifest until some big demand is made on it.

Down with the Lilliputian Heresy! Let us give ourselves and ask others for that which is greatest of all.—Mrs. E. C. Crook, in Missionary Review of the World.

THE PASTOR AND HIS GREEK FRIENDS

Those pastors who have an acquaintance with the Greek New Testament have ordinarily at their disposal an aid to its study that will change the reading of the gospel in Greek from an academic exercise to an occupation as full of human interest as the reading of the daily paper. This aid is, however, largely overlooked. We need only to call the attention of pastors to its existence and to point out some of the results that experience has shown to follow its employment that the present article is written. In the按--in America over 100,000 Greeks. In seven years the number has doubtless largely increased. They are now to be found in many of the smaller towns and villages and in all large cities. Hundreds of them are employed in shops and factories, and many of the thrifter ones have set up for themselves. Certain lines of business are largely taken over by them. They practically monopolize the shoe-shining industry. Often the newsboy or the popcorn man is a Greek. Other favorite lines are fruit stores, restaurants and candy shops. If there is a "Candyland" or a "Palace of Sweets" or a "Sugar Bowl" in your town, the chances are that the proprietors are Greeks.

Now all these men speak Greek—New Testament Greek. Seventy-five percent of the words in the Greek New Testament are current today. Moreover, nearly every Greek reads and writes Greek. In meeting hundreds of Greeks you will rarely find one who is illiterate, while occasionally one meets with graduates of gymnasium or university. Of course the use of the Greek New Testament in the services of the orthodox church familiarizes the worshipers with it and many of the common people know large portions of it by heart. On a recent Sunday afternoon two Greek workingmen were in my study and we all three read from the New Testament together. A Greek workingman went with me recently into that section of the university library devoted to Greek authors. I pulled down a copy of Hermogenes, a rhetorician of the second century, and another of Georgius Monachus, an ecclesiastical author, and this workingman read from each without difficulty.

Greeks are ordinarily very responsive and willing to help any one who shows an in
terest in their language. This is where the pastor meets his opportunity. Go into a Greek shoe-shining parlor when it is not busy and pull from your pocket a Greek New Testament, and in a moment you will have about you a group of dark-eyed boys filled with eager interest in a man who knows and cares something about their native tongue. It is an edifying experience to hear an ordinary bootblack read passages from the New Testament with fluent ease. It is further likely to be a surprise when he produces a little red book with a gilt cross on it, which he calls his evangelion, and which the pastor discovers upon examination is the four gospels, differing only in minor particulars from those in his own Greek New Testament. Lay your Greek New Testament open beside your plate in the restaurant, and if your waiter is a Greek you will see his face light up, and if you will give him a chance you will have an interesting bit of conversation. If there happens to be in your town a Greek coffeehouse—a place that may look like a saloon but is not one—your fortune is made. There the Greeks congregate to drink coffee, and smoke, discuss politics, read the papers, write letters home, talk over business, or kill time. If the pastor will enter there and speak or write a little Greek or show a Greek book, he will soon find no end of opportunities for familiarization with the Greek language and come to think of it not as an ancient fossil but as a living, modern language in which twelve millions of people speak and think. If the reader is pastor in a large city, he will also find a Greek church such as is described in a previous article entitled "In Chicago's Greek Quarter."

To the pastor armed with an acquaintance with the Greek New Testament there is opened also a widely and largely untapped field for service. In my work as denominational representative, directing religious activities among Baptist students at the University of Michigan, I have found this one of the most fascinating sidelines, and on that offers large opportunity for student social service. The problem for the student leaders gives Ann Arbor a Greek population of some 500 men. Various students and pastors have accompanied me on visits among these Greeks. We have several times had Greek visitors at the guild class. As a result of a little personal invitation we had recently eighteen Greek workingmen in the Sunday evening guild meeting. None of these men could understand much of what was said; some had been in America but a few months and could not understand a single sentence. But can any one doubt that even so it was a valuable piece of Christian work to bring lonely men from a foreign land into the fine democracy and warm enthusiasm of a religious meeting of American students? It can not but be a mutual benefit. A few weeks ago our evangelistic band held a week-end campaign at Tecumseh, Mich. There are only three Greeks in that town, but in response to a little interest on our part we had on Sunday evening one-third of the Greek population of Tecumseh in the Baptist church! The others would have been there, too, if they could have left the store!

In many a town where this may be read there will be Greeks working or in business who are only waiting for a chance to become the pastor's friend by reading the Greek New Testament and to be helped by him in turn into touch with the best phases of American life. The pastor finds then in his Greek New Testament not merely an instrument of biblical knowledge, a reminder of seminary courses in exegesis and the delightful microscopics of textual criticism, but a means of entrance in helpful ways into the lives of a hundred thousand immigrants who are ours to assimilate. The pastor with the Greek New Testament in his hand and the democratic ideal in his heart is a man who can do his part toward the right answer to Grose's startling question, "Aliens or Americans?"

—Wakefield Slaten, in the Standard.

No matter how much you have to do, remember you can only do one thing at a time. You can get through it all by doing one thing at a time, and that's the only way you can get through. You are lost if you try any other way.—E. K. Warren.

"He forced him not; he touched him not, only said, 'Cast thyself down': that we may know that whatsoever obeyeth the devil casteth himself down, for the devil may suggest—compel he can not."
bers. Besides the work in Chicago, Rev. Mr. Kovats has preaching stations at Joliet, III., South Bend, Ind., and Gary, Ind. For some reason I received no reply to my inquiry as to what we might do for the Hungarian Mission. The remarks about financial aid for the Italian Mission will apply equally to the Hungarian Mission.

In justice to the Young People's Board, I believe that any special contributions for either of these purposes should be sent through the treasurer of that organization. I have not been asked to say this, but my opinion is that if all the societies would follow such a plan it would be greatly appreciated by the board.

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS

The city dominates the nation in two ways: it sways the scepter of wealth and the scepter of the press, and so creates national opinion.—Josiah Strong.

The immigrant comes here almost unprotected. If we do not take care of them, if we do not try to uplift them, then as sure as fate our children will pay the penalty.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Through house-to-house visits we are brought face to face with the people. During this year I have distributed nearly nine hundred garments, fifty-nine pairs of shoes, thirty-four hats, and many baskets of groceries.—A German Missionary.

Jane Addams has been friend and adviser to thousands of troubled mothers, the inspirer of a multitude of boys and girls, young men and women. She has revealed to the poor uncultivated foreigners and Americans alike what a cultivated American home is like.—Howard B. Grose.

NEWS NOTES

Dear Readers of the Recorder:

I feel that it is time you should hear from the Endeavor society of Fouke again. We have enjoyed so many rich blessings during the past month, and we wish for you to rejoice with us.

We started out with the goal set for ourselves to make this year one of the best in Christian Endeavor work that Fouke has ever known, and we feel that we have met with great success. The teachers this year have been very efficient workers in Christian Endeavor, but now that school is out and they have gone to their respective homes, it makes us who are left feel lonely and somewhat crippled in our Christian Endeavor work. However we have been greatly blessed in the offer of Rev. S. S. Powell, pastor of our Seventh Day Baptist Church at Hammond, La. He is coming to spend the summer with us, working here in our church without salary, until the time of the association, which is to be held at Fouke this year. We appreciate this kind offer of Rev. Mr. Powell. We are hoping and praying for a great blessing upon our work here, and for an inspiring and uplifting associational rally. We hope that a large delegation from our sister churches will be here.

Our Christian Endeavor society is pressing on, trying to raise its standard of efficiency, and to do more good work for our dear Lord and Savior.

We have had a cold, dry spring and the crops are very backward for this time of year.

We ask the prayers of all Endeavorers, that we may ever strive for a higher, nobler Christian life.

Yours in Christian Endeavor,

J. N. Pierce.

ANXIETY

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings, slip by and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam.

Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust, and who he is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why can we not do the same, as God and his angels do, and then are we, beside, a little more loving and patient?—Christian Advocate.

RACHEL LANDOW, THE HEBREW ORPHAN

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

Chapter XVIII

(Continued)

Harold taught the Professor's class a month and won the highest distinction for thoroughness and the knowledge he displayed. For this he was also paid a small salary, which he had not expected. His father and mother were quite proud of him. In fact they dreamed of a future career for him as a teacher rather than practitioner. But he declared that he would rather practice than teach; believing he could in that way do more good among the people. Thus the year passed and Harold was graduated with honor. Lewis also was graduated, but did not receive honorable mention. However, he declared that would make no difference with his practice and he at once settled in an eastern town of his choosing. He wrote Harold occasionally of his success and later marriage to a bright Episcopalian girl on short acquaintance.

In answer to Harold's question about the girl, he replied that being a good Christian woman doesn't mean she will smoke and was quite an 'old deacon' and good church member. But he would not keep any day and his wedding will be here.

Our Christian Endeavor society is pressing on, trying to raise its standard of efficiency, and to do more good work for our dear Lord and Savior.

We have had a cold, dry spring and the crops are very backward for this time of year.

We ask the prayers of all Endeavorers, that we may ever strive for a higher, nobler Christian life.

Yours in Christian Endeavor,

J. N. Pierce.

Fouke, Ark.,
June 1, 1917.
unworthy to be the father of such a beautiful and pure girl as you are. I am here to confess my great wrong to your mother and to you and to ask your forgiveness both for my past sins and for the latter sin of kid-napping you, though my intentions were good. I have suffered intensely these years and can stand it no longer. I want to know before I die that you have forgiven it all, and to leave to you what I have for you these years accumulated. 'I am not fit to kiss the woman of whom I am father but I ask you, father, the kiss of forgiveness and then you can do with me as you wish. State prison is better than remorse and dodging officers. But the world shall know that, as far as in me lies, I have made right the wrongs committed. Are you the Christian you profess to be? If so, am I forgiven? You need not call me father, but speak.'

"Yes, I must forgive you. I could not be the disciple of my Lord and not, when that age had passed, be forgiven. I could not business. But he was urged to note the fact that age never excuses a man from obedience to God, and business had nothing to do with him. Here is the bridal wreath he had sent to me, and he was ready for it. But friend, you must forgive me. I must forgive you. I could not business. But I have found that it assumes a sanctity for the blessing of the Sabbath which by this time they must know could be none other than the seventh day of the week, sustained by the Scriptures and by history. They were plainly shown now in all the past arguments their pastor had utterly failed to give one single proof of the Sunday Sabbath. These were again shown how many leaders in the Sunday churches frankly admitted all this, though not conforming to the practice of the truth. Mr. Selover, when pressed to answer, had to acknowledge that the Sunday had not been sustained but said that he was too old now to make radical changes in his life and business. But he was urged to note the fact that age never excuses a man from obedience to God, and business had nothing to do with him. Hoping for the best and with much affection Lorna bade adieu to her home and parents again and she and her husband were gone.

Upon Harold's return he was acquainted with her sister's appeal to his parents and was about to put in his argument when suddenly Pastor Dudley made them a call. "Good afternoon, Brother Selover and family. I am late, I see, but I intended to be here before and make your daughter and husband with yourselves a call. I hear that Mr. Ellington has gone to a new pastorate," he said.

"Yes, he had a call from a church quite distant from here, and we feel lonely now with a prospect of Harold going also, though he will not be so far away. But, pastor, why were you not here at the wedding? We sent you an invitation," replied Mrs. Selover.

"I am very sorry, but I went to see a friend at Madison and did not return in time," he replied. "But I have some news for you. I have been studying this Sabbath question and have examined every argument, and have found that it assumes a new phase. I wanted to present it to your family."

"It seems to me you have several 'new phases,'" said Harold, "and none of them as yet have fitted into the Bible phase. But I am sorry Brother Montrose is not here to again knock to slivers this new one whatever it may be."

"Well, if you have something new, or maybe different, I have not had the first inkling of it, until the pastor, I want to hear it," said Mr. Selover. "But, my dear pastor, you have been a great disappointment to me as well as to my wife in this matter. I have been a loyal member of our church and honest in sustaining it and its doctrines. For this I have long, and believe Sunday was a sacred day, but like the great majority of Christians I have never taken time to inform myself so as to carry on any discussion and defend the faith. I supposed the Scriptures were plain and that, you, an educated man and pastor many years here, having studied the Bible as we laymen never do, could readily give us substantial proof texts sustaining what we have called so long the Christian Sabbath. We asked you here to help us out in the struggles of our daughter, and her betrothed later on. You signal failure, fearedly failed, and instead of helping us save as we supposed our daughter, all you said and tried to prove was only added evidence to them, and, I am now frank to say as we review it in memory, evidence to the absolute lack of the faith. The Bible texts are not to be found for any Sunday Sabbath or rest day or as commemorative of the resurrection as you asserted. I can not understand it. You preachers go for a lifetime asserting all this scriptural stuff and we laymen accept it as authoritative, believing that ministers of our faith are capable of proving it. In the matter of baptism your own commentaries you brought forth gave proof that you and we were wrong. Your great authorities, as you called them, when examined, were weak and many of them sustained immersion as the only apostolic baptism. And now after a long, long study of the Bible you have, it seems, come to the conclusion there is now a great discovery of"..." He left off, as if it was going to take the Christian world to find out what God has taught us or commanded of us? I heard you preach once a splendid discourse from the words, 'A wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein.' But the wise seem to fear fearfully. You doctors of divinity take four years in college and three and four years in your theological seminaries and then ten and twenty years in a pastorate with daily Bible study and investigation, and after all this, at every turn in the road, when your arguments do not fit, you suddenly find that all these years you have known the truth and have found it. What chance have we of ever knowing black from white? I am almost inclined to say I'll never listen to another argument on this question, but if you sincerely believe that you have a discovery that can help us doubters out, let's have it at once."

"You are a little hard on me, Brother Selover. In the main my arguments are good and though they may seem at times far-fetched, they hold good from reasonable inference. But though truth is good as the world, yet it takes centuries to fully come into all of it. Modern scholarship makes constantly new discoveries of old things. The Sunday question has taken on several new phases and we find that in the dark ages they did the same. Dr. Akers published and put almost pagan ideas into it. Constance was supposed to be a converted emperor who helped build up the Christian Sabbath, but we find that at the same time he was the leader, or head, of other and pagan religions. We are urged to see Christianity practically. Sunday seems to have been a gradual growth into the Christian Church. I say 'seems to have been.' But now I have been studying the works of the celebrated Dr. Akers, who with carefully prepared charts shows that the first day of the week of Matthew 28: 1 is the same as the seventh day of Genesis 2: 2-3. So we now in keeping Sunday are keeping the originally blessed Seventh Day. I can not here go into an exhaustive refutation of this as Dr. Akers does, but I confess that while I had long known of this theory, I had not accepted it, having had only a superficial view of it. Now I see it quite plainly," said Dr. Dudley.

"Well, Dr. Dudley," said Harold, "may it not be the same as the original Sabbath? Now I have read up that very thing, as it was brought to my attention by one of my teachers in Chicago. But let's set Greek fight Greek. Dr. Akers says that the first day is the first day. Let's apply the astra and astray. He published his book in 1855 and took 411 pages to show that the seventh day is the first day or the first day is the seventh rather.
Another, Dr. Fuller, tried his hand at it. He makes God's Seventh Day to be Adam's first day of the week. Akers did not. A Dr. Mead finds that the seventh day which was appointed for the Sabbath was the day on which God overthrew Pharaoh in the Red Sea. And although God had appointed the Seventh Day a memorial of creation, he now had the Israelites keep the day of deliverance from Pharaoh on the Red Sea day. I mean that it was the seventh day of the Jewish week, which somehow was not the true week. But he does not seem to know to what day of the Jewish week God's Seventh Day corresponded. This discovery by Dr. Mead was somewhere in 1600, as he died in 1638. Dr. Jennings, about a hundred years later, I think, took up this grand idea of having the Sabbath changed from the Paradisaical rest day to that so-called Jewish Sabbath. Then again the next century this famous Akers wanted to settle it, and you have passed by these other 'celebrated men' and made a sudden discovery of Akers.

"Fuller makes the first six days of creation, even after the sun had been created and set in motion, all in 'eternity' and commerce. At the Exodus he gives us a week with two Sabbaths in it. At the resurrection he again gives us two Sabbaths coming together, Saturday and Sunday. Now Dr. Akers makes eternity come up to Monday, and then time begins and Monday is the first day of the week. This at Creation. At the Exodus he gives us a week with only six days in it, and makes a new week with Sunday (which was his seventh day) as the first day of that week. In this way of his, this matter gives us twelve days without a Sabbath. Think of that, Doctor! Now why not adopt Jennings instead of Akers? Don't you think it a little wicked for learned doctors to treat God's records like that? Is the Bible so complicated that we must have all this jumble about it? When God commanded the Hebrews, in a law that was established before a Hebrew was born, to keep holy the Seventh Day he designated it as that day on which he had rested from his work which he had created and made. Thus the Hebrews kept the same day as was sanctified at creation, and thus the week was the same. And when Jesus lived on earth, there was no trouble about the days. The women 'rested' the Sabbath day according to the commandments, (Luke 23: 56), and the next day was the first day of the week. Paul had no trouble as to the days, for he commanded some of the brethren to lay aside fasting for the poor on the first day of the week, a day for casting accounts and doing other lawful business.

How inexcusable are the actions of those religious who try by misty and unscriptural assertions to get rid of the true Sabbath of Jehovah! Doesn't it remind you, Doctor, of the words of Ezekiel (13: 6).

'They have seen vanity and lying divination, saying, The Lord saith; and the Lord hath not sent them; and they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word? These men have made some to hope that they would 'confirm the word' but they have spoken 'vanity and lying divination.' I declare that the day is coming when the words of this lie will be broken down and swept away.'

"Well, my son, I did not know you had studied on such matters as these. I see plainly that you are more logical than the learned divines. I verily believe that a child can confound logic. I mean when they throw such much dust in our eyes, declaring, 'Thus saith the Lord'; when the 'Lord hath not spoken it.' Pastor, I guess your new discovery will not stand daylight. We will let it drop. Come in and have some supper with us. It is ready, isn't it, Harold?"

"I must thank you and decline as Mrs. Dudley has company to tea she wanted me to be with. I am sorry that you are so loth to look into these matters. Doubtless you, too, will be kept from the church and your business go to pieces, while your family chases after every new doctrine. And the pastor withdrew.

"Chasing about after every new doctrine!" said Harold. "If he is not an example of it, I don't know. Guess I am from Missouri!"

"I guess you are from your Bible studies," said Rachel who had kept silent all this time. "When the Hebrew nation accepts their already risen Messiah, they will confound the nations in error with the truth of the Bible, for they will know it as more have known it yet. I feel sorry for the Doctor, floundering about to keep his dear Sunday from sinning, and whistling to keep up his courage. God's blessed and sanctified day will never be overthrown by all these witnesses against it any more than Jesus was by the false witnesses against him. It has been crucified through lies but resurrection is coming and truth will be victorious. Praise the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.'"

"Father, mother, you are very d'jar, and Rachel and I owe so much to you and to your love and shelter. Retire from business and come live with us. Or if you can't leave the old home, and mother is to be so lonely without us, send for auntie at Marshalltown to come and stay with you now that uncle is dead. She is lonesome, I know, and will be happy with you. You are well able to keep her and have her with you," said Harold.

That was rather new thought. Mr. Selover said that he was still able to carry on his business but that he would send for his wife's sister, Mrs. Menlo.

Harold and Rachel departed for their home, happy, and were soon establishing a fairly good practice with promise of gradual distinction as he had experienced before, for he was a young man of excellent judgment and fixed principles of right, and that wins.

(To be continued)
May had found the motto, and they both thought it beautiful. For had they not proved it? So they hid "The Book" in Gladys' bureau drawer, under the skirts of her best doll, which was a place no pursu- ing "twin" would ever think of looking in. Every afternoon after school they stole up to the room and wrote together the history of their lives.

After seven days they could say, "We've never missed it once." But on the fatal eighth, as they came skipping home from school, Gladys suddenly stopped and stared. Across the way from her house a family was "moving in." Among the furniture May spied a dainty little white bedroom set. Gladys cried, "There must be a girl!" And both at once said, "Let's run home and change our dresses quick and come back and watch!"

A girl it was, and she came about supper-time. The twins found out next morning, by careful comparison, that they had remembered "The Book" the very same minute, as they tumbled into bed. That is one of the proofs of being twins, you know— to think of the same things at the same instant.

That day they felt it their duty to call upon the new girl. They met her un- packing her books and dolls, and in the excitement of helping her some regular duties were forgotten. "The Book" lay neglected another day.

Of course they asked Eleanor to return their call; and, of course, she had come the very next afternoon. They entertained her as best they could, telling her all about their twinnship and their birthday party— everything they could think of except what lay in the bureau drawer. Then the conversation ran to dolls, and Gladys, forget- ting what lay underneath, opened that very drawer and took out her best beloved Dorothy Louise.

"Oh, what's that?" asked Eleanor, spying a yellow something lying there. It was an awkward position for Gladys. Quite reluctantly the secret came out. When Elea- nor had gone home the book was laid away with two long sighs.

"I'm sure we had enough reason to feel bad," said Mary; "but I can't see what made Eleanor look as if she wanted to cry."

"Maybe she envies us," suggested Gladys. And all the while Eleanor was feeling most terribly "outside." Any one who has tried knows what a most unpleasant feeling of loneliness is; so that Eleanor could scarcely be blamed for standing afar for a whole week, saying to herself as she went about school and play: "Two's a company; three's a crowd." Somehow, the "twin" book had just seemed like the last straw. As every one at school was strange, the new life was far from a merry one.

The twins sat together one rainy day, with pens delicately poised, waiting for an inspiration that came not. Something seemed to have blocked up the limpid streams of their thought.

"Gladys," said Mary, "I wish Eleanor hadn't seen 'The Book.'"

"So do I. But she did. Now the only thing we can do is to take her in."

"O Gladys! And the very worst of it is that beautiful lettering you did. We can't change it."

"I thought of a way last night. I was afraid you wouldn't like to—to have anyone else—I wouldn't either, only Eleanor's such fun."

"I don't want her! It will spoil everything. But I think it's our duty. Do it quick."

There was one little surprised girl on Labor day this year. And that was Eleanor. For "the twins" had called and urgently insisted upon an immediate visit. They led her, blindfolded up the stairs. They seated her in the best rocker. When she opened her eyes it was to gaze upon the cover of the beautiful yellow book, from whose inscrip- tion the words "twins" and "twin" had been carefully scratched out and "triplet" carefully squeezed in, a bit uphill, it must be confessed, but in the eyes of the girls far more beautiful; for they soon found that the good times were not spoiled a bit, but multiplied.

"Happiness," May declared, "is just like a candy-pull—the more the merrier." You may well believe Eleanor thought so, too! And Gladys, too.—*The Comrade.*

**GOOD NIGHT**

*Some things go to sleep in such a funny way:*

Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads away.

Chickens do the same, standing on their perch; Little mice lie soft and still if they were in church;

Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;

Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still in the stall.

Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;

Cows lie down upon their sides when they would go to sleep.

But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds, Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for their heads.

Bird and beast and babe—I wonder which of all Dream the dearest dreams that down from dreamland fall!—Child Lore.

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**THE MIRACLE MEASURE**

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

A chapter from *Potential Russia* (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York), one of the most illuminating volumes on the Russian of today and tomorrow.

**THE WAR**

Russia has tried an experiment in nationwide prohibition; the impression it has made upon her society and economic structure is deep and permanent enough to make it impossible to say that of all the lessons of the war, from whatever corner of the conflict, any has a greater significance to the future of civilization.

Upon the theory that the function of government is only to adjust the rights and ob- ligations between man and man, and not to adjust the obligations of an individual to himself, and upon the theory that no re- strictive measure is wise until a people are not only willing to legislate it but also subsequently to live it, I went to Russia an opponent of any national prohibition. I promised myself to be an impartial ob- server, but I was filled with the expectation and the hope that I might take away support for my beliefs.

I was routed.

**THE FACTS OVERTHEWELL ME**

I can not see how a national liquor dealers' and manufacturers' league could go to Russia and bring back an adverse report on na- tional prohibition. Russia has been an example of what alcohol can do to gag the voice of progress, and make the colors run in the fabric of social organism—her na- tional prohibition is an example of how the abolition of alcohol will set the tide of life...
running toward regeneration—over night!  

In America, on my return, I found sincere seekers of the truth who had succeeded in obtaining from Russia bits of evidence that the prohibition was being avoided, that the most significant effect was evasion of the law, that the law had made it impossible for those who voted for it to depend upon alcohol to obtain it and hence many who had died from deprivation or had tossed off cans of varnish or other stimulating poison in agony, and that the government itself was slyly breaking its own ukase.

I think these seekers of the truth succeed no better and no worse than will botanists who, wishing to prove that trefoil plants have no existence, go forth to bring back four-leaf clovers. The evasions of the law are so insignificant that they bear the same relation to the observations of the law that the illegal entry of Orientals into our own country by the way of Portland, Maine, bears to the law excluding Chinese from the United States. The price of alcoholic beverages will always be the measure of the relation of demand and supply; when twenty-six rubles is the current price of a pint of vodka, prohibition may be considered a success.

True it is that, as I found, the abolition of alcohol in Russia has caused many deaths. If the prohibition were not moral and the law, that the law had made it impossible first of a point of vodka, and that man sometimes of the law

Said a bureaucrat to me, "Evaporation? Oh, yes, we have evasions of the law. Sometimes the evasion is of the law against alcohol, sometimes of the law against murder."

As for the government, incompetent as it may be, floundering about with little cooperation between departments and with a bureaucratic system which cause each human unit to be a professional officerholder who is always tempted to hold his place first and think of Russia afterwards, none the less it is the Russian which of all governments involved in the war has taken the bravest and the boldest step, and no one can come in contact with the Russian people without realizing that in administrative efficiency nothing can surpass the enforcement of an immediate and continuing prohibition over a vast territory and millions of people.

Today, looking back upon the closing of the government vodka monopoly, after one has wandered in and out of Moscow, Petrograd and the Russian villages, and has taken the testimony of peasants, factory owners, and bankers, the complete enforcement of prohibition presents an inspiring retrospect.

ONE fact may never be driven into the intelligence of America: the Emperor planned the step long before the cloud of war had appeared; he said: "It is intolerable that the revenues of the temple should be raised at the expense of the economic and moral welfare of the people."

The actual beginning of prohibition during the army mobilization period was an order prohibiting all sale of intoxicants; it is still in force now. I have been unable to find a single respectable individual who wants to return to the sale of alcoholic beverages. In seven weeks among people and soldiers I saw only one pinter of vodka. The people of Russia remember the disgraceful scenes which attended the drunken mobilization in the Russian-Japanese War; and today they all express astonishment at the effect upon soldier and citizen alike of abstination.

The old peasant woman, bereft of husband, and giving her son at the front her property, her house, her land, from the country to undertake housework in the city. To the little hut in which lived Peter the Great when Petrograd was building, she had gone with other long lines of those who would light candles before the magic shrine. But she is cunny. Her old eyes twinkled at the interpreter's question.

"Ah, good, good, good!" I said she. "All the old toppers are dead now. They could not get their holiday drunkenness. Alexis, the one-armed, tried to drink varnish. It killed him, and so much the better. They tell me all the hopeless drunkards are dead. The young people: they are likely to go in the old either. They have been taught too much, and they are proud and wild as young horses. It is well that they should have no vodka. No drop of vodka should come back: no drop! All say it—young and old say it—except those who must have it or die, and these last have been buried already."

Across the River Neva, on the Ostrov, a factory manager said: "The Russian is not a steady drinker. He has been a holiday drinker. But when he drinks—oblivion! And in Russia we have an almost endless succession of holidays—holidays of state, holidays of church, and all 'legal,' as you call them. So it was that the average workman was on hand perhaps only four days a week. Now all is changed. Our men are here for the machinery runs. In so short a time have I seen wiped out waste and misery."

Said a banker: "I thought the measure would have too grave consequences in its effect upon the finances of the empire. Do you know that the gross revenue from the government's monopoly was nearly thirty per cent of the empire's ordinary revenues? Do you realize what it has meant to our war finances? But the step has resulted in the prosperity of the people. At the worst the money can be taken back by the government in taxes, and event then the people themselves will be left in better health and with new productive ability."

The measure has been reflected with astonishment clearly already, not only in the productive efficiency of the people but also in their savings. The state savings bank in its statement of monthly deposits shows that the average monthly deposits during 1913 were a little over three million rubles; in the first seven months of 1914 the averages were larger than the deposits. The deposits began then in the last five months of 1914 the average monthly deposits were over two-thousand-million rubles and in the first seven months of 1915 the average was over fifty million rubles.—The Christian Advocate.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

WHAT CHRIST WANTS

Is there nothing that Christ, as your friend, your Lord, your Savior, wants you to do that you are leaving undone today?

Do you doubt one instant that it is his will that you should honor and help and bless all the men about you who are your brethren? Are you doing anything like that? Do you doubt one instant that his will is that you should make life serious and lofty? Do you doubt one instant that he wants you to be pure bred in deed and word and thought? And are you pure? Do you doubt one instant that his command is for you openly to own him, and declare that you are his servant before all the world? And have you done it?

These are questions which make the whole matter clear. Not in quiet lanes nor in bright temple courts, as once he spoke, and not from blazing heavens, as men sometimes seem to expect—not so does Christ speak to us. And yet he speaks. I know that he—thee, me, and you—wants me to do today, and I know that I am not mistaken in my knowledge. It is no guess of mine. It is his voice that tells me.–Phillips Brooks.

OUR TRUST IN GOD

What a vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones. Present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their taking faith in us? We, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and he, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why can not we, slipping our hand in his each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, through our school or place of work, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home.—Phillips Brooks.
DEATHS

BILLINS.—William M. Billins was born in Massachusetts, September 3, 1847, and died in Grand Rapids, W. Va., May 12, 1917, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Mr. Billins was a resident of Grand Rapids, but for several years had resided in Denver, Colo. About three months ago he was stricken with paralysis, and he and his wife returned to their old home in Grand Rapids. The end came suddenly and was a great shock to his family and friends.

In 1874, Mr. Billins married Addie S. Witter, a sister of the late Jere D. Witter, and the couple went at once to North Loup, Nebr., where Mr. Billins held the office of postmaster and conducted a general store. In 1880, they removed to Grand Rapids and for a number of years Mr. Billins conducted the City Cash Store in the Gardner block and later was engaged in the furniture business, also in the Gardner block, in partnership at one time with Mr. Nels Johnson and again with J. D. Witter. The family left, in 1886, for Colorado, where they resided until their recent return to Grand Rapids.

The funeral was held from the house on Love Street on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. R. J. Locke officiating. Interment was made in Forest Hill Cemetery.

DAVIS.—Orn James Davis, son of James B. and Emily V. Davis, was born in New Milton, W. Va., April 15, 1857, and was married to Miss Emma M. White, of Battle Creek, Mich., May 3, 1877, aged 55 years, 15 months and 6 days.

Brother Davis was a member of a large family, of which three brothers and three sisters are still living. Of these, Mrs. George Trainer and A. Granthum Davis, of Salem, W. Va., Mr. Anderson Davis, of Jackson Center, Ohio, and Mrs. E. W. Kinney, of Battle Creek, were present at the funeral service.

When about ten years of age the deceased made a profession of religion under the preaching of Elder C. M. Lewis, at Middle Island, V. A., and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church. He has since been a member of the churches of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Battle Creek, Mich., April 17th, 1917, Mr. Edward F. Boehm, of Detroit, and Miss Bess Adelle Stillman, of Battle Creek, are still living in Salem.

WRIGHT-STEIG.—At the home of brothers parents, 411 Livingston Street, Elizabeth, N. J., June 5, 1917, at half past eight o'clock in the evening, Rev. Edmund Shaw, George Wilfred Wright and Marguerite Steig, both of Elizabeth, N. J., both Sabbath-keepers.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

SABBATH SCHOOL

Lesson XIII.—June 23, 1917

The Fourth Commandment

Golden Text.—Isaiah 50: 13, 14.

DAILY READINGS

June 17.—Gen. 1: 1-22
June 18.—Gen. 1: 22-2: 3
June 19.—Exo. 20: 1-17
June 20.—Deut. 5: 6-21
June 21.—Isa. 58: 1-14
June 22.—Amos 8: 1-12
June 23.—Mark 22: 23-3: 6

HOME NEWS

MILTON, Ws.—Rev. S. H. Babcock who underwent an operation at the Janesville hospital three weeks ago, so far recovered as to be taken to the home of his son, L. A. Babcock, the fore part of the week.

Professor Albert Whitford celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday Sunday morning, May 27, with a family gathering at his home.—Journal-Telephone.

WANTED.—By a Seventh Day young man, to buy, rent or take on shares, a farm located in the Seventh Day community for the year 1918. Can furnish references. Address C. B. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.
Sabbath Recorder

The First Day Baptist Church of Albany, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in room 903, Masonic Temple, at 10.30 a.m. and 2 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor, at 5 p.m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7 p.m. Cottage prayer meetings are held Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsons' Home, 158 W. Second St., is always ready to receive them.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Bridgeport, Conn., holds regular Sabbath services at the church. The church building is located at 155 Mill St. Services are held at 9 a.m. and 2 o'clock on Sabbath afternoon. A special Sabbath morning service is held at 10 a.m. The church is always ready to receive visitors.

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AN OLD HYMN

Art thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
He at rest?"

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his hands and feet are wound-prints,
And his side:"

Is there thine, as Monarch, Tast his brow adorn?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

If I find him, if I follow,
What is his garb here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

—Stephen of Sabas (725-794)