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THE SABBATH RECORDER
Plainfield, New Jersey

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July 9, 1917

THE Sabbath Recorder

"ONE OF YOU"

One should eat bread with Me; even he who was My friend. On him, who walked with Me, I could rely.

One should not be cast away from the circle of My friends. He shall betray His Master with a kiss, "Lord, is it I?"

One shall not desert Me, while all around about My feet press thick and fast, with haunting shouts: "Him crucify!

One shall be idle, and shall stand all day within the market place, to My command, and shall make no reply.

The noonday sun, with beams so bright, Looks down on harvest fields so white.

One shall be thoughtless, and shall take no heed of those who faint and starve, their need To satisfy.

One shall forget that all along the road Are those bowed down beneath their heavy load.

"Lord, is it I?"

—Anne Porter Johnson.
Serious Matters To Think About

The following letter contains some questions and suggestions too vital to our denominational welfare to be allowed to pass unnoticed. We do not know how many loyal Seventh Day Baptists are feeling as this brother does about the matters mentioned in his letter, but we sincerely hope that enough of them are of the same mind, in all the churches, to start a movement for some effective remedy. Hence, we do not see how any one loyal to the cause we love can think seriously of the conditions confronting the boards and the efforts, with and without, in sharing the feelings expressed by this writer:

DEAR EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER: You will find enclosed $2.25 renewal for Recorder and Helping Hand. I cordially and now in regard to the Missionary and Tract debt, I tell you frankly I am thoroughly disgusted with the system and methods of our denominational work, and unless there is a change in our people their doom is sealed. One year ago the Battle Creek Church raised $35 and this year $60 to liquidate the debt, and now the prospect is that our boards are going to Conference with the largest debt in years. What and where is the trouble? (1) A lack of sympathy and cooperation between our boards and the denomination. The President of the TRACT SOCIETY has kindly and candidly discussed in every church and society throughout the denomination, that a remedy may be applied. (2) Is the denomination a sufficient housing? If not, why not? (3) Our yearly conferences, our people should be taught that self-sacrifice for the Master brings a far greater reward than selfish indulgence. And when our people come to realize this and are willing to pay the price for the Master and for his cause, and to think more of him and less of the things of this world, then there is a possibility of attaining to that higher ground on which it is our privilege to stand.

With kindest regards for you and yours and longing for better and more efficient service in the Master’s work, I am

Sincerely yours, P. C. MONROE

31 Hazel Street, Battle Creek, Mich., June 23, 1917.

The Sabbath Recorder
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What and Where? What and where is the trouble? Is a most natural question to ask; and it is far better to ask and try to answer the question, than to be indifferent to the interests involved. Indifference is to be dreaded above all things and we fear that this is our greatest fault. We are glad when we see signs of life in many of our churches and wish there were more persons manifesting deep concern over the want of interest in our denominational work.

The first answer to the question, What and where is the trouble? given by our friend in the letter above is: “A lack of sympathy and cooperation between our boards and the denomination.” This he thinks is a matter that should be candidly and kindly discussed in every church and society, in order that a remedy may be applied. We, think that kind and serious consideration of every phase of the question, in the true spirit of denominational loyalty, might clear up some misconceptions and show how easy it would be to make matters better. Sad will it be if the spirit of indifference predominates and our churches are willing to settle down and do nothing.

Are there Lack of sympathy? If there is a lack of sympathy will the boards and their work, then the question as to why do people not "operate in the letter" is answered. For one can be expected to co-operate very heartily with men or measures where sympathy is wanting. Thus it seems proper and important to be sure, first, “that there is a lack of sympathy.”

As to the boards, so far as we know, they have taken the people into their confidence and have published the facts as to their plans; the minutes of all their meetings have been laid before the people; they have tried to find out the wishes of the people by use of the Sabbath Recorder, by missions to scattered Sabbath-keepers, and by field agents and secretaries working among the churches. They have had repre-
sentatives in all annual associations to explain their plans, to tell of their work, and to give the people opportunity to raise questions and discuss methods. The boards have tried to plan wisely and economically for the work year by year, and by the help of the people they have accomplished the mission work at home and abroad. They have tried to aid feeble churches to support pastors; they have published Sabbath truth and sent gospel messages by the printed page into many lands. They have time and again expressed confidence in the people and urged them to say what they would like to have done. Personal letters to the pastors and to the churches have been sent out to explain measures under consideration, requesting the people to express opinions regarding them.

To these messages too many have responded favorably, and too many have cheerfully lent a helping hand to the work, for us to think that our people lack confidence in the boards. Year after year they have re-elected the boards, approved their plans, and entrusted the work to them. If there is lack of sympathy it must be with the work itself. We fear that this, after all, is the real state of affairs. Too many have lost interest in the Master's work, and the real question that confronts us is: How is forwarding the movement in Sabbath reform—indeed, in all spiritual things, be awakened? How can the Forward Movement of which we have been talking for two or three years be made a real and practical one, and how can we solve this problem? When this is done the work will not lack helpers. The Recorder pages are open for "kindly," candid, discussion and warm-hearted suggestions as to the remedy needed.

Can the Publishing House Be Made Self-Supporting? This question is also asked in the letter from Battle Creek, and has been asked by others. The publishing house, as such, is self-supporting, and is putting $50 a month into a sinking fund for the "up-keep" of the plant and for improvements in machinery and apparatus. A point remaining is the disposal of the Sabbath Society, to be applied as seems best. We should not con- fuse the Sabbath Recorder, Helping Hand, Sabbath School Quarterly and Sabbath Visitor with the publishing house. It is impossible to make the Sabbath Recorder self-supporting without at least twice as many subscribers as it now has. The same principle holds true in regard to the other publications. None of them can be self-supporting. There is quite an increase in the giving of annual subscriptions sent by the people, and these are essential to our denominational life. This is especially true to the Recorder; and there is no way to furnish it to two thousand families but to meet the deficits with funds from the Sabbath Society. This is part of the mission work by publications being done by the board.

Again, the publishing house does all printing for the board and for the denomination at cost; so that all work done in the line of printing tracts, Year Books, and other publications of our own, the publishing house receives no profit. If it could have full profits from all these jobs it would make a splendid showing.

A reference to the "Report of the Publishing House" in the last Year Book, page 273, will show that all the bookkeeping and clerical work in caring for the subscription lists, and the sending of pamphlets, sermons, books, and tracts, and looking after the various publications of the Sabbath Society are never charged to the board to be paid for out of denominational funds, but are carried in the overhead expenses, adding much to the bills paid by the publishing house.

It should be remembered that the publishing house of the denomination was not established as a money-making institution, but rather as an instrument with which the denomination could do its benevolent and religious work to better advantage. To this end the entire outfit has been purchased with gifts from all parts of the church, and not from any part of the bills paid by the publishing house.

This practice has continued to 1897, and the department has not been called upon to furnish much in the line of new machinery until the recent purchase of a much-needed up-to-date linotype machine. Such a machine was recommended to Conference and the report was approved (see Year Book, p. 274, near the top). And when it was purchased, the board agreed to pay one half of the expense or half the difference between the old machine and the new. The publishing house is earning the other half, and in time it will pay it all back, including the amount advanced by the board. How the board can under the entire linotype debt in order to save a liberal discount offered for cash, and how the board came to ask the people to rally and pay the bill now in order to save the payment of interest money by and by, have all been clearly explained in two or three issues of the Sabbath Recorder.

The Crue of the Whole Matter Our correspondent hits the nail on the head in his No. 3. When our people come to realize that the spirit of self-sacrifice is far more noble than that of self-indulgence; when they prize spiritual things above the things of the flesh; when they think more of Christ and his Sabbath than they do of worldly pleasure; when they seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and begin once more to live as though they thought the faith of their fathers was really worth while, then indeed may we expect whole-souled, enthusiastic support for the Master's work. There must be something wrong when a people as prosperous as Seventh Day Baptists are can not raise at the rate of $15 a resident member, in a whole year, for all kinds of emssions, Sabbath reform, and General Conference. Had this been done year by year, or three years back, our debt troubles would have been avoided.

Milton's First Goal Won Two articles in this Recorder really belonged in the Milton College Number of last week. There were two good reasons for their not appearing: they reached us too late and the paper was full to the back cover. If you may call this number Milton College Number completed, if that seems good to you and rejoice over the success of the campaign for a standard college endowment as set forth in Dr. L. C. Randolph's article, "The First Goal Won."

We know that every friend of the small college will enjoy reading Dean Edwin H. Lewis' address on "Education by Limitation".

THE SABBATH RECORDER

DEBT STATEMENT

Missionary Board's debt, balance due June 27 $1,377.57

Received since last report No report

Tract Board's debt, balance due June 28 $1,701.50

Received since last report 136.09

Still due July 5 $1,565.41

NOTES BY THE WAY

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Milton

These notes are written from Exeland, Wis. Beginning this evening and continuing through Sabbath Day and Sunday our church here is to hold services, the same being the sessions of the semi-annual meeting of the churches of Minnesota and northern Wisconsin. At the same time the new building here is to be dedicated, and will be the first church house in or near Exeland. Heretofore all religious services have been held in schoolhouses or in private homes. Concerning these services and the people here I shall write later.

Two days were spent at Milton during the commencement exercises of Milton College. The alumni baseball game was fairly contested, resulting in a score of 5 to 4 in favor of the college. In the evening Shakespeare's "As You Like It" was presented to a gathering that taxed the comfortable seating capacity of the gymnasium, about nine hundred people being present. Patriotic exercises with the flag of the U.S. in the college campus were held Wednesday afternoon, followed by addresses of welcome and responses which were given in the gymnasium. In the afternoon there was a meeting of the alumni and other students of former years, at which time several addresses were given. At four o'clock on the college campus the four literary societies presented an historical pageant of Milton College, and in the evening the glee-clubship supper was held in the gymnasium. Thursday afternoon the graduation exercises took place and in the afternoon the special celebration of the semi-centennial of the college occurred. I have the briefest outline of the events that I had the privilege of attending. I trust that some one
THE SABBATH RECORDER

Exeland, Wis.

The day was fair and bright on Friday, June 22, when at half-past five o’clock in the morning I stepped from the limited train, between Chicago and Superior on the “sou” line, to the platform at Exeland, Wis. The clear bracing air of the pine lands was a tonic to the weariness of mind and body. A ride of two or three miles over good country roads brought us to a hospitable home and an appetizing breakfast. Most of the land about Exeland is as yet unsettled. The people are covered with brush and small trees and stumps, with here and there a few larger pines left by the lumberman of former years.

The place where I was entertained was on the road from New Auburn, and during the day about twenty people arrived, and stopped or passed on, coming by auto and horse teams thirty to forty miles to attend the semi-annual meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of Minnesota and northern Wisconsin. There was sickness in three of our homes at Exeland, but the other families with the cordial assistance of several people of other denominations bountifully cared for all delegates and visitors, about three hundred. For Sabbath Day and Sunday our dinners were served at the church, but all went home to suppers, for the cows had to be milked, the pigs and chickens and calves had to be fed, and other farm chores attended to.

The first meeting was on Sabbath eve. The church building is in the village. Herefore the meetings have usually been held at the schoolhouse on the banks of Windfall Lake, two miles away. Here it was that Rev. James H. Hurley, several years before the railroad was built, came from time to time and preached the gospel of Jesus Christ. It seemed wiser, however, when the people decided to build a church, to locate it near the station, thus avoiding the mistake that has been made in other places. Most of our people live nearer the country schoolhouse, but looking ahead they felt that it would be a better situation for the church in the village. The Moderator and clerk were both absent on account of illness. So Brother Jesse Babcock of the Exeland Church called the meeting to order. Charles Thornigate, of North Loup, Milton and Exeland, was elected moderator, and Miss Laeuila Coon, of New Auburn, was elected secretary. Temporary arrangements had been made for the evening service, the dedications of two new churches. One church had been set for Sabbath morning and were to be in charge of Rev. James H. Hurley at the request of the Exeland people; so the moderator appointed a program committee for the other services, of the meetings, consisting of Mrs. Angeline Abbey, of New Auburn, Minn., Mrs. Rachel Davis, of New Auburn, Wis., and Mrs. Ruth Watts, of Exeland. After this preliminary business there was a service of song and prayer, an inspiring sermon by Mrs. Abbey, and a helpful testimony meeting led by Brother Thornigate.

A rainy morning dampened the roads, but not the interest of the people in the dedication services of the new church on Sabbath Day. The sermon was preached by Rev. James H. Hurley, pastor of the Milton (Iowa) Church, who is soon to take the pastorate at DeRuyster, N. Y. Remarks were made by the pastor of the Methodist church at Exeland, Rev. Mr. Dale. The consecrating prayer was spoken by Rev. Edwin Shaw. Pastor John Babcock, of New Auburn, Wis., Mrs. Abbey and Brother Thornigate took part in Scripture reading and prayers. A choir of young people led the singing and gave a special selection of music, and all joined in the closing dedicatory hymn. These services were followed by the celebration of the Lord’s Supper.

Thus a new Seventh Day Baptist church building has been added to our houses of worship. It is a neat well-constructed structure, comfortably seating about one hundred people. To the forty-eight chairs with which it is not equipped we added fifty more from a village hall not far away, and these were all occupied and people were standing when Brother Hurley on Sunday evening preached the closing sermon of the services. A well lighted basement when completed will provide most convenient accommodations for the social activities of the people. It is planned to build a vestibule in the front at some time in the not too distant future and prayer. At the closing service an announcement was made offering the use of the church for any religious meetings of the community on application to the trustees.
Sabbath afternoon there was a sermon by Pastor John T. Babcock, in the evening a sermon by Rev. Edwin Shaw, and Sunday afternoon a sermon by Brother Charles Thorngate. The session of the Sabbath school was in charge of the superintendent, Mrs. Ruth Clement Watts, and remarks were made by Rev. J. H. Hurley, Rev. Edwin Shaw, Charles Thorngate, and Mrs. Rachel Van Horn Davis. The Young People's meeting was led by Claude Coon. Besides devotional services and special music there were three essays, as follows: "One Sleep Lost," by Mrs. Addie Greene, of New Auburn, Wis.; "Little Things," by Alice Loofboro, of New Auburn, Wis., read by Christina Babcock, also of New Auburn, and "Christian Service," by Sibyl Reed, of Exeland. These essays were requested for publication and will appear in due time.

The secretary was favorably impressed with the essay on Exeland pastor, or an officially recognized leader, is needed where responsibility shall center and where organized growth shall develop and receive direction. Let the people who are there now make a joyful way for the new. In the pulpit, as well as in the pew, there is room for all.

The next session of this semi-annual meeting is to be held at Grand Marsh, Wis.

**THE FIRST GOAL WON**

Pledges for Milton College Endowment, $85,000

One reason why this commencement week will go into the memory of many who were present as the greatest that ever attended was because it was filled with the spirit of achievement. Although it was historical in plan, it had a forward look. The days of old were wonderful, but the best was yet to come.

After the very impressive pageant Wednesday afternoon the fellowship supper fairly bubbled with good fellowship and enthusiasm. The campaign manager announced that he had passed the one third mark toward the special $105,000 Endowment Fund, and wanted to pass the half way post before the close of the week. As he announced the $1,000 Endowment Scholarships which had come in by mail during the week or which had been given to him on the campus, the applause rang out, and the college yell shook the decorations. Before the evening was over the amount reached $48,000. The last came in by telegrams, $1,000 was added Thursday forenoon and $3,000 in the afternoon, but at 9.30 in the evening, we were still $2,330 short of the $55,000 asked for. Then the amount was closed up with a rush. The last thousand was given by an unknown friend, and the large group present in front of the president's home, tired but happy, assured the "Unknown" that he (or she) was "all right."

We must not stop long, however, for ebullition of spirits. The hardest task is yet to come. Many of the gifts already made are conditional on the whole amount being raised. The time for congratulations has not yet come. Do not sit back in your easy chair and say, "Hurr! They are going to raise it all right." The only pronoun suitable to the occasion is "we." Everyone should put his best self forward. You will have to put your gifts on a high plane. It means planning and persistent sacrifice.

Most of those who have given Endowment Scholarships are not people of wealth. Some of us will be a good many years paying up. But I do not know of any who are not doing it gladly and cheerfully, being thankful for the privilege of sharing in the work. It is everybody coming in the same spirit and in some measure in proportion to ability, and success is assured. Will it not be glorious to celebrate next year the completion of the $250,000 endowment, and movements on foot which will bring the amount to $500,000 in a few years?

There are big things in store for the old school, but the bigger things beyond are in large measure conditional on the completion of this task first, and "the victory may depend on you." To those who so loyally and grandly co-operated I give thanks from the depths of my heart. You are the salt of the earth "and some of the pepper." How close are the ties of affection that join us together.

"In the praise of the Brown and Blue."

—Lester C. Randolph, in Milton College Review.

In wandering through your mental pleasure-grounds, whenever you come upon a ugly intruder of a thought which might bloom in the poisonous emotion, anger and the like, there is one right way to treat it. Pull it up like a weed; drop it upon the rubbish-heap as promptly as if it were a stinging nettle; and let some harmonious thought grow in its place.—Robt. A. Shafter.
Prayer is the only element which can quicken information in inspiration, transmit interest into passion, crystallize emotion into coherency and create enthusiasm into dollars and lives. Let us seek by every means to convince every man that whatever may be his contribution to a war of money or service, he has not exercised his highest influence, performed his full duty, or enjoyed his highest privilege, until he has made definite, believing prayer for missions a part of his daily life.

Dear Friends,—Oh, how you all will be stirred by the news that the war is declared between America and Germany. I can imagine how you all feel. It makes things very hard and sad for you, especially as there are thousands of Germans in America, maybe dear friends among them. I know how it is here in Java, as I have very dear friends among the Germans, and still can see things as I see them. Oh, how this war is tearing our very heart into pieces. And what will the end be? I so often think of the vision in Revelation 6:4—8. Is not this the time peace is taken from the earth and the famine following, and Death and Hades celebrating their awful triumph? My poor sister with her husband and children in Russia are suffering from war hunger and are missionary on furlough; all these years of war they have had only 50 rubles given to them by their mission society. One of my brothers here in Java is well-to-do, and he used to send me money for my living; but I have told him to better send it to my sister in Russia; and some of my nephews and nieces also give their contribution for her. Do I hope the money will reach her all right? Oh, I feel my heart like bleeding when I hear of all the misery and suffering everywhere. Dear friends, I pray with all my heart the war will not mean loss or want to one of you. If there is no money to be sent to me, don’t bother. Our Father in heaven is still the same, and he will provide. Your prayer of faith will help us all the same. Till now the money sent by Brother Hubbard has not reached me, and also the money sent by your Missionary Society. Postoffice money orders always go via Holland, and the mails are stopped for fear the German submarines. Some time ago I wrote to Brother Hubbard and Brother Davis that I had found out the Netherlands Trading Society, which has a branch in Samarkand (one of the capitals of Java, not very far from here), is also represented in several towns in America; so it would be easy to send me checks that are payable at the office of this society in Samarkand (Java). Gifts can also be easily paid at London also are easily paid by that Netherlands Trading Society. I hope Brother Hubbard and Brother Davis will notice this, if there is any money to be sent in the future.

We are all pretty busy just now, as it is harvest time. I bought the crop on the rice fields some time ago (as the fields do not belong to the colony), and now all hands are busy to bring the rice dry it every day. God is so gracious and sends us sunshine. Even the little ones must work, as they watch the rice that is dried and chase the fowls away.

I hope you all received my letters for the Recorder. I wrote one last year in October, one in November, one in January this year, and in March I sent a letter with two photos registered. In my last letter I wrote about two little Javanese girls I have had with me in my house for a year now. I mean to train them for the work when they are grown up. Recently there is still another little one, only two years old. I have known this girl for years. Her mother had been with me many years; she was only a child when she first came, a smart, bright girl, quick in understanding. She married when she was of age; but her husband turned out to be a bad fellow. I told him any money (over a hundred guilders) would run away, and till now the police has not succeeded in catching him. His wife had to be sent away later on for immoral life; even the head of the village said to me he could not allow her to live in the village. So she went with her little girl two years old, as the head of the village had told me to her relatives. But later on I found out she lived in a clandestine brothel, which she left again to follow a man who promised to support her. Her little girl she had left in the brothel. I sent for the child, and had to pay two guilders to get her. And so the little one is with me now. Oh, it is such a darling! She is as merry as she can be with us here. Just now I hear her singing at the top of her voice; and at the end she says “Amen.” Dear friends, will you pray in this precious little one, that the Lord may use me to bring her into his fold, and that he himself will train her for his service.

With hearty greetings to you all and a heart full of gratitude for all you do for me and my brothers, and our dear Lord to be with you all and to make all things work together for your good, I am Yours in communion with your blessed Lord.

Pangongsen, Tajoe, p. 0., Java, April 16, 1917.

EDUCATION BY LIMITATION

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Napoleon told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down on them from the pyramids, but doubtless the average soldier had a very dim idea of another.

When I read in the paper that there are 1,500,000 children in the United States under the age of 13, who ought to be in school, it made me think of the vision in Revelation two and three. It was the last thing I expected to hear, or see, about education in this country.

We used to think of the Egyptians and the Babylonians, the Chinese and the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans, but how many of us think of the American Indians?

We are all very much interested in the future of the United States, and in the educational institutions; but we have to think over a very serious question, which is this: How is it possible to say anything about these fifty years without mentioning trades and industries? Trades and industries seem to have had an all their own way. At the close of the Civil War, literate men naively thought that prosperity and the noblest culture would speedily prevail throughout the world. What has actually prevailed is precisely the opposite. The noblest culture has been in abeyance. The high instincts for beauty, reflection, history, and religion have partly been inhibited.

But technology has flourished, because to put it hopefully, the race is slowly awakening to the fact of its technological unity. Man has only one enemy, and that a kindly one—nature. Nature sternly refuses to surrender until the race unites to compel it. Take for instance the limestones of the Balkan peninsula, the configuration of which has caused a hundred wars. It will never cease to be a cause of war until it is studied co-operatively by the scientific good will of all of Europe. To take the conquest of any disease. Diphtheria was brought under control by the united efforts of a German and a Japanese, working on a basis supplied by a Frenchman; and a turn was indebted to an Englishman and another German; I mean the international circle represented by Behring, Kitasato, Pasteur, Jenner, and Schwann. Toward such co-operation in all good causes the race is slowly making its way.

But in the process there is much excitation.

There is much business, extension, and expansion. Males have lengthened their arms till they strike the sky like thunderbolts, and strike from beyond the sea like the sharp rocks of sunken ledges. They have lengthened their nerves into electric wires till they are nervous with the voices of a world. They have lengthened their voices into the bedlam of steel guns. Agriculture, the basis of human life, has been neglected, and the world has tried to live by expansion or industry and commerce. Business and industry, which should be the servants of the human purposes, have become so impersonal that they have infected nations, making them relentless business competitors.

There are limits to expansion. There are limits to false nationalism. We believe one nation to be guilty far beyond the rest, and against that nation we have taken up arms.
But the real enemy is invisible. It is the uncheck'd and unreflective instinct of acquisition. It is the willingness to buy and sell that which is too sacred to buy and sell. It is the willingness to pass any boundary for the sake of gain.

The process of settling any limit by force is sometimes unavoidable, but always expensive. A day's cost of the deadly mechanical discussion now proceeding in the world would richly endow two hundred colleges. The cost of it for the last three years would richly endow many millions. But we do not need millions of colleges. What we need is respect for limitations. And so I invite your attention to the value of limitations in education. "Limit" did not originally mean something which caged, cribbed, and confined; it meant a useful path across cultivated fields. The Anglo-Saxon for the same path was the strong word "balk."

Goethe once remarked that a master first shows himself in limitation. Professor Thomas, ever faithful to the neglected wisdom of the Greeks, would quickly find it for us in Aristotle, in the fourth book of the Nichomachean Ethics. There it stands, based entirely upon the relative importance of things. The magnanimous man is indifferent to little things, but few and important. He prizes courage, temperance, justice, generosity, cheerfulness, and logical thinking—in short, the Greek virtues. In comparison with them, everything else is small to him. He is not fascinated by profits, privilege, or praise. He is indifferent to profits, for he prizes what can not be bought or sold. He is indifferent to privilege, for he asks nothing of life except that for each virtue its own reward. And he readily forgets injuries, for he does not regard them as important.

In all this, you see, there is no hint that we should love our enemies. But how consonant is the rest of it with the sort of thing that boys admire! How glad they are to be established in such high-mindedness! And how we all admire a youth when we find him, so established, entering upon life! Without truckling, without cynicism, without boasting, without bad habits, without fear, unashamed of his parents, his college, or his religion, honest in his heart and body, clean, alert, sweet-tempered, speedily effective—the very sight of him makes a lump of pride rise in the throats of those who love him.

Our sons, it is fit to enter business. He may not be prepared for sales-management, but he is prepared for self-management. He has a sure sense of the relative importance of things. And to give that sense of relative importance the small college should be, and is, peculiarly effective.

But the real enemy is the student's own soul. So we have to go in mentally for skill, and feel that he has a right to all he can get. But life without a sense of gratitude is not worth having. It is quite true that the ramifications of education into the special techniques of skill are so expensive that no private foundation can long continue them. It is quite true that any college should lay a foundation for skill. But the prime object of the small college established by poor folks is not skill, but the disinterested love of whatsoever things are elevated, and the desire to see things in their relative importance. And no man can see things as they really are without a decrease in his sense of personal rights. If he studies economics without principle, he will find that every profit he earns was made possible for him by the labors of unknown benefactors. If he studies psychology without prejudice, he will perceive that the innermost thoughts of what he likes are these: Everyone is self-absolute, if a borrowing or a gift. Happy is the self-made man who awakens to his utter dependence, his utterly derivative nature, his magnanimity, and inestimable debt. But happier is the man who has undergone that awakening. There is small hope for democracy until youth comes to know, not by mere exhortation but by the steps of an irresistible logic, that the only foundation his right is the right to serve. You may preach to predatory wealth till the cows come home. Your only hope is to lay the facts before youth and keep them there till youth learns the economic soundness of unselfishness, and the psychological necessity of it. When that lesson is learned and believed and accepted, joy and gratitude begin. And you will find a good deal of that joy and gratitude in the graduate of the small college, for every brick of it proved to him that some folks are magnanimous, some folks wanted to give him a chance.

In the second place a small college makes for magnanimity by the limitation of its numbers. It is the true laboratory of character, and compels our judgment of each other to be generous, because it compels it to be discriminating. It is the testing-floor of personal relations. It is the best possible preparation for the hard part a man is to play in a democracy. For this purpose it is just the thing. The word "thing" originally meant "assembly." And because personal relations that involve the whole intellect are the realest experience in life, later generations used "thing" to name whatever approaches them in reality. A rock is a thing because it is almost as solid as the understanding of character you get or might get, in college. Bronze is a thing because it is almost as enduring as a man's love for his college.

As a third consideration, how favorable to high-mindedness is the limitation of geographical place! On every hand are the balks of nature. It is not so in a great industrial center! I teach in an institution around which, within the radius of a mile, are no less than thirty saloons which deliberately pander to sexual immorality, with all its degradation, disease, and horror. This is what business has done to us in Chicago. And how gladly, in our organized fight with it, would we welcome any of these geographical balks—a park, a lake, a cross-country road, even the bars of heavy light across the sunset—anything that would give a natural support to tempted youth, anything like a natural bulwark of the soul. We who were educated in small colleges sometimes felt that the village was a dead town, but a dead town is better than dead.
due to education. He was balked of college, but he was thoroughly educated by limitation. By enforced training he was very strong in powers and accurate sense-perception. By the limitations of place he was very strong in knowledge of real men in real situations. And in knowledge of a few books he was very strong, and had read advanced courses and no accomplishments, but he knew six books—not knew them rather more or less, but knew them. These were Euclid, Shaksper, Bunyan, Burns, Blackstone, and the English Bible. He mastered elementary geometry, and said that Euclid taught him the importance of binding every subject north, east, south, and west. He mastered Shaksper, the impetuous creator of six hundred individualized characters. He mastered Bunyan, the great analyzer of human nature brought to the test of moral decision. He mastered Burns, who knew for sure that the rank is but the guinea stamp the man's the gold for a' That. He mastered Blackstone, the record of the English people's long struggle to establish justice by experience rather than by edict. And as far as in him lay he mastered the Bible, the supreme record of eternal values. The final test of what is important.

Is it any wonder that he had vision? Is it wonderful that he reasoned with the South, asking them to construct the argument themselves and not the philosophical inevitability of it? Is it strange that in weighing the motives of men he divested himself of personal feeling? Can we marvel at his patience, his perfect understanding of the people, who no more regarded the negro as fit for democracy than the overlords of Africa now so regard him? He took everything into account—which is the peculiar mark of reflective memory as compared with overloaded memory.

The Milton men who responded to his call were likewise men who had been held down to fundamentals. And they had been taught by their parents and their sons and daughters have since been taught—to bound a subject in strict Euclidean fashion, north, east, south, and west. Therefore they could see the point Lincoln was making. At first he had been taunted by the mobs and the men of the South who could not see it—and there were plenty of good men in the South. But there had been no scat tering in Lincoln's education, and he foresaw the deadly consequences of scattering in a democracy. Much to the surprise of such men as Horace Greeley, he limited the issue to the Union. Should we be united in a manner magnificent, intensive, logical, thorough, and organic, or should we become a chaos of conflicting purposes? The boys of Milton Academy knew the point. And what Lowell said at Harvard in 1865 is just as true of Milton:

Many loved truth, and labored life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guidance of their soul,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her...
But there, our bosom, fought for her,
Art-life's dear peril wronged not her,
So loved her that they died for her...
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes it awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her, plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unyielded,
And all-repaying eyes look proud on them in

By these four limitations, then, the small college makes for magnanimity. By limitation of the sense of right, limitation of numbers, limitation of place, and limitation of curriculum it tends to establish in the student those traits which we honor in Abraham Lincoln. And it will do so more and more in the future, as the passion for expansion dies away in the earth, and men perceive that their happiness and their power lie in a reasonable limitation.

Next in importance I would put intensive.

The beginnings of science were at once too vast and too recent. Each sells her for the sake of the other. The desire to get rich quick. When a Kassite cattle-chief conquered agricultural Babylonia and built an empire on slave-labor, we may fairly call him the first in the most sense of the word. And when he fell sick, he saw no reason why, as lord of the earth, he should not cash in everything to get well again. So his medicine man set to work to get the cash in the matter of health, fretted with golden fire. They thought they could manage it. They marked out the sky into temples of influence, and marked the whole of the royal body into corresponding temples and the human body by reference to these areas. They were not much on diagnosis, but they were great on

prognosis. And on the outside of any almanac you can still see a diagram of that ambitious system of medicine.

There may indeed be relations between organized life and the farthest fixed stars, but after millennia of cross-eyed men, educated men have given up trying to discover them. They are more concerned to study the medical effect of what we call sunshine, that delicate pencil of light which is caught by our parietal plant from the out the total radiation of one small star. Furthermore, men have at last begun to study the human body. To their immense surprise they perceive that it consists of cells invisible to the naked eye that constitute a complete system, expressing itself to sunlight, to chemicals, and to other stimuli. Thus the focus of medicine has gradually shifted from the visible and infinite heavens to an invisible and infinitesimal part of the body.

Chemistry began with a similar desire to get rich quick. Even as late as Shaksper's time there were plenty of chemists trying to turn lead into gold. Not till 1803 did the science of the atom, a unit so small that no man ever saw one, and certain skeptics still regard it as a mental construct. But mental construct or not, the atom was the rallying point of Dalton's pronouncement of 1803, and then the revelations began. The rest of the hour would not suffice to enumerate the mere names of the resulting discoveries which fashion our daily living. Yet the American people lagged behind, because his studies have not been sufficiently intensive, and every drug store in America is suffering for it.

The seeming acme of intensive study has come in the recent work on electrons. Not content to weigh the atom and so work the miracles of practical chemistry, the physicist now studies the interior of the atom, and finds it a system not unlike the planet Saturn—a central core with satellites. It is a region so abstract that classical mechanics break down in trying to analyze that core, and leave you in the metaphysical dilemma, confronting motion without mass. But by the use of electronic devices the human voice has been made sharply audible at a distance of five thousand miles! This is worth while, provided the human voice has something magnanimous to say at that distance.

All these advances in humility have had

their reward. Limitation has produced not one fruitful science, but a thousand. A university is supposed to be a place where all sciences are studied, and a university of which this is true. The secrets of our environment are barely touched, and yet the sum collective of our knowledge is a virtual infant. The stillborn thing faces it, his impulse is either to specialize instantly, or to throw himself upon the whole feast.

If he specializes instantly, he instantly finds his level. He is specialized to a process or a machine, until flesh and blood can not endure it. The thing is all about you, in any city. It is the secret of temporary efficiency, and the root of all labor troubles, and one root of the present war. It is the hardest single problem in democracy. It is slavery returning under the guise of freedom. And from the ranks of these precocious specialists thousands return annually to the evening schools in the hope of saving their marinated and mutilated intellects. College is meant to prevent that sort of limitation, which is illogical and inhuman, and which sooner or later plunges nations into blood.

But what of the other temptation of the ardent youth—the temptation to take all knowledge for his province? Six years before our Civil War, and long before Harvard established election, Cardinal Newman said to the students of Dublin:

"I will tell you, gentlemen, what has been the practical error of the past twenty years—not to load the memory of the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him the use of electronic devices the Knowledge has risen 'like a network of influence over the human mass.' But thus far has been the practical error of the student. Knowledge has risen like a network of flooded rivers, flowing over all the land. It is discerned in spots to drown a strong swimmer, but in general volume and depth just enough to make walking muddy, and the white floors of our minds are all tracked up. I will not entertain you with pic-
tusquesque evidence that this is so. I will not say that the student's carrying memory is now set like a clock for twenty-four hours and no more, whereas every day it should make something important a permanent possession; I will not say that half the graduates of that college cannot read a single page of English prose and give the substance of it without slandering the author. I will not say with President Eliot that, after all our years of alleged man-training, the student now entering college can neither draw nor sing, and have no other skill of eye, ear, or hand. I will not say these things, for I cannot prove them. But I will say that there is honor awaiting the coquette who dare to read, and that extensiveness of interest and increase of intensity. If we tolerate presence of acquaintance where there is no acquaintance, the logical outcome is defeat of the scientific method itself, isn't it?

This brings us to the word logical. Of logic as the special science of thought I have nothing to say. I raise no question of logic pure or instrumental, epistemological or symbolic. I simply mean logical, able to see a fact and a meaning in them—all the facts contained in a limited field of attention, and all the meaning that reflective traffic in them will bring. And I say that R. D. Carlisle will understand. It is logic in this practical sense which has opened the eyes of such men to the miracle of the universe.

Any man, to increase the power of observation and inference, but to increase it requires large allowance of time, for observation and inference are the slowest business in the world. If you survive this, you keep wondering that it took so amazingly long for science to get started. Parrots ruled it. Custom lay upon it with a weight heavy as frost. All the secrets now discovered lay in plain sight for thousands of years. Yet lightning illumined the night, but not till yesterday did it illumine our dwellings. In July, 1880, that good friend of Milton, the late George H. Babcock, took my father to see Mr. Edison's invention of incandescent bulbs, and asked the boy to go along. The boy will never forget it. There, in the roughest of laboratories, stood the patient blue-eyed incarnation of practical logic, illuminating sunlight. A parrot can imitate intelligence, but it can not imitate sunlight.

Every day of life in college ought to mean first-hand observation and independent inference. The opportunity is enormous, for once caught in the routine of industry the student will find small chance for anything but repetition without inference. The opportunity is enormous, for behind every great discovery must lie the achievements of a thousand workers whose names were so just that they did not have to be done over, but could be built on. To my boyish eyes Mr. Edison seemed as magical as Prospero in "The Tempest," because I knew nothing of the scores of men to whom he was indebted. To mention only one outcome of one of a large share of Edison's work would have been impossible but for the exact electrical measurements achieved by Lord Kelvin between 1844 and 1869, the three and twenty years of Milton's first period.

And speaking of Kelvin, how exact a limitation of terms and how cautious a limitation of inference are implied in this practical logic! In the presence of a situation that he had some time to analyze, the trained man refuses to conclude, and no pressure from friend or foe can make him do it. But when he has analyzed, he will conclude, and if he has been able to take in all the facts of science, his life will thank him at the end of his life to that conclusion. I have read that it was Kelvin who first figured out that currents of extremely high frequency would not injure the body, and that he proved it to his students at Glasgow by taking such a current himself. They tried to prevent him, but he looked at them quietly and said, "Didn't I figure it out myself?"

I don't know whether this story is true, but the principle is clear enough, and such confidence is the ideal. In every science life constantly depends upon such accuracy and such care. And it is probable that no school in the world realizes the full importance of this. A university will enable the students to approach that ideal.

To say intensive and logical is to say thorough, and it recalls our best teachers, from the mother who sent us back to wash behind her to the schematian who sent us back to study arithmetic. Let us illustrate thoroughness by appealing to literature.

The greatness or thoroughness of John Milton is that he interpreted the spiritual history of man in the most beautiful terms possible to Puritan thought. But among his works was found a list of more than ninety subjects on which he thought himself fitted to write tragedies. Had he attempted to do so, we never should have had the perfect musicality of "Paradise Lost." The greatness or thoroughness of Dante is that he voiced the inner spiritual life of the middle ages. Yet for the exile which forced him out of political life we should never have had that cathedral of eternity, the Divina Commedia. The greatness or thoroughness of Shakespeare is that he knew men, and sounded every stop of character from king to beggar. His capacity was as nearly unlimited as any that he never invented a plot. He limited himself to thoroughly drawn character and thoroughly expressive English, and is supreme by just that limitation. The literature of these men is the perfect embodiment of their thought, because that thought had limits; it is the sweet breath of all their knowledge, because that knowledge was thoroughly digested.

Is it not better to know one good thing than a hundred and forgotten a dozen? Is it not really better to be better in theory but better in fact? If you can quote the fourteenth of John, men will take note that you have been with Jesus, not disputing about meaningless right and wrong back. If you have the better part of one of the greater-plays of Shakespeare lying in your mind, still fresh and luminous in all its varied wisdom, you know Shakespeare, though you should read not thirty-seven plays. It is not the number of manifestations that counts, but the love and reflection spent upon them. There is but one Parthenon; there can never be another; and in its massive and exquisite plan you can read all the glory and all the limitations of Greek religion. But does Cook's tourist get the Parthenon? No. It remains there, the best gem upon earth's surface. He only gets a pattern in which to assemble the blessed things, heavens to them in the form of a rose—petal on petal of perfect and organic life forever young before the face of God.

But consider it in the beaten track and limited ways of science. It has parts, tension between parts, exchange of substance between parts, stimuli between parts, planes of symmetry about an axis, and adaptation to sea and light. Every one of these organic relations is a college education; "every part should be good for every other part." I see the seniors smiling among themselves, for that is Kant's definition of an organism, and they have not forgotten Kant or the president's lecture on ethics.

A wholesome tension means that chemistry ought to act as a check on ethics, and vice versa. A chemist without ethics is as bad as an ethicist without chemistry, for the one will fancy his fellow-man a chemical machine, and the other will fancy him a cluster of ideals floating in a vacuum. But the one is fitted for your environment in this world you may know and relate both machinery and ideals. Exchange of substances means that it is no crime to remember in one class-room
what you learned in another. It means that if you open a mind like Lord Kelvin's, you will find it like this flower, neither divided into watertight compartments nor drowned in its own sap, but full of various sciences smoothly interplaying. In Kelvin's mind mathematics, physics, chemistry, mechanics, politics, and telegraphy were not separate and discrete disciplines, but living tissue with constant interchange of substances. It is true that there are few minds like Kelvin's, but that is no reason why a lesser mind should get started wrong.

Stimulus applied to the root of this flower will register in every petal. That means that even subjects apparently far asunder should help each other. You can not appreciate a man's work if you know nothing of his. Nor can you understand the French revolution unless you know the preceding English philosophers. You can not fully taste literature without some knowledge of psychology, and conversely. But this very richness of literature neglects the chief records of his own science. I am not mapping out a graduate curriculum for the small college. The bearing of fundamentals on each other is not in the mind of the average student, as one who should build him up into symmetrical manhood, as this flower's central interest in light has built it up into perfection.

A liberal education could be had from this single specimen, if it would stay fresh long enough. The histologist and the cytologist would consider it as cells, the chemist as atoms, the physicist as electrons, the morphologist as a pattern, the engineer as a symmetrical machine, as a survival, the physiologist as a close parallel to every other form of life down to the minutest mitosis.

Every millimeter of this lovely thing is full of unsolved problems. Who knows but that some descendant of it, in the hands of some Milton student, will reveal a secret that will run like a breath of life through all the sciences? For a single discovery has power to do. That is what happened in the case of a plant within the memory of men now sitting here.

Two years before Milton Academy opened, there stole into the Ecole Normale of Paris a shy young man of twenty-two, the son of a poor tanner. He had worked his way through college, and wanted now to specialize in chemistry. Hardly had he begun to do this when health gave him up short. What balked him was a German paragraph to this effect: "In two substances of similar crystalline form, the atoms are the same in number, distance, and arrangement. Yet in the case of two tartaric acids apparently just alike, one will rotate the plane of polarized light and the other will not."

This puzzled him. He wanted very much to know why this should be. The solution would not turn the ray of an Iceland spar either to the right or to the left. They would not give him time to study it, and so he reluctantly spread himself on various subjects and graduated with honors. But the wise woman, when he got a job as a laboratory assistant, and began to study crystals. And just when Milton Academy was completing its first year, the stubborn youth found out that what he had taken to be the same thing was really two kinds of crystals, and the crystals had faces. The faces of one kind turned to the right, and those of the other to the left, and thus they neutralized each other. But it is a strange reflection that there are others with just claims on your attention. It is really the most comforting thing in life—the thought that there are others.

As we get old, we reflect that our work is going to be done more magnificently, intensively, logically, thoroughly, and organically.

But now I am myself balked. I am looking back the reflection that there are others with just claims on your attention. It is really the most comforting thing in life—the thought that there are others.

As we get old, we reflect that our work is going to be done more magnificently, intensively, logically, thoroughly, and organically.

Noble! Why not take that for our closing word? It is from the same root as our word, and once meant known. But how should any man in a democracy, much more a democracy, be able to do it? It is time to change the definition of this word. What is most truly noble is known, but not to the world, not to the community, not even to one's self, but only to God.

This is a legitimate limitation with which the soul contends. At first blush it seems nice to be known. It is nice to be appreciated. It is nice to have a flower to hold in your hand before it lies white and still across your best dress; and as for flowers in the buttonhole, it is now or never. It is nice to be valedictorian or class-president, and if you can't help choose one magnificently. It is nice to be singled out of the alumni as a live wire. It is nice to be respectfully indicated by the finger—digito monstrare—as one of the founders. We would not know any reason on God's June earth why we should not give such marks of appreciation.

But when all has been said and given, I fancy that no tribute can take the place of the inward peace of knowing that you did what you could for education. Charles Lamb thought that the pleasantest event was to do a noble thing by stealth and have it come out by accident. But that won't do, for the noblest act never gets reported, and would only lose its flavor if it did. I fancy that Polly Goodrich's peace would only be disturbed if anybody gave her away. But speaking of her and of this inward peace—

in some I think of it as especially the right of women. The women of Milton from Nancy Goodrich down—what knowledge by limitation means. A woman who can sweep a room as for God's laws, and cook the dinner so often that she can't be beat on it, and raise a family, and go to church, and keep up an interest in civic affairs, and perhaps write a paper now and then for the missionary society, and go with us in our admissions, drives, and dresses that the college may live—she isn't educated, who is?

You men and women of Milton who are content to be known as benefactors in the immense harvest of reward? As you stand under these musical elms or look out into the glowing west, or glance up at the loftiest stars of unascended heaven, or follow to the graveyard some old magnanimous friend, have you not your reward? As you never see unfledged boys and girls come here, and later go away transformed into fine men and women, how do you not your reward? I make no distinction between the sexes, for you are one organic whole, from President Daland to Uncle Paul Green.

The earth is small, and the track of it among the stars is known only to God. The earth is large, and no man is far known or long known. The names of earth are great, the most of its graves are unknown. The age of the earth is immemorial, and we who live are but the line of spray along the
ocean of the dead. Whether from Hebrew psalmist or from Latin poet we hear that there is no abiding of riches or beauty. There is really nothing to tie to the nobility, but that limitation is accomplished, it is perfectly easy to be merry in God.

I will dare to say to your face that your efforts for these fifty years have been magnificent, intense, logical, thorough, organic, and noble. But life is immense, and its powers of distortion and dissipation were never so great as at this time. Can we abandon youth in the midst of its "salva selvaggia," its tangled and pathless forest? On the contrary, we are just beginning to see our way through. We are just beginning to see the possibilities of the small college.

But God sees them, for him we are known. To him our strivings and decisions have more meaning than they can have to us. To him one dim ideal is more important than the infinite forces he has lavished in the making of man. To him the atomic and atomic machinery which finds a homely expression in the human hand, but which baffles us with its intellectualness, is less important than a single noble act of that hand. To him these graduates, though dear to parents, are but the miracle of the universe, itself, are yet more dear. No vision of democracy can approach the estimate that he places on these young souls, or the dignity he assigns to ordinary men and women and their children. It is easy to doubt his right. It is hard to rise to his standards. It is easy to think that he has vanished in his own cosmic machinery or the clouds of tragic chance. But not to lose sight of him is a great and moralised trained. Therefore the small college should be his college. It should be invigorated by a vital religion, an intellectual and manly religion, for this is a meeting place of immortal souls, and here are infinite riches in a little room. These limitations do but press a more exceeding weight of glory, for his yoke is easy, and his burden is light. Such, I take it, is the ultimate meaning of the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers, which crowns your shield and scytheon, and is stamped on these diplomas.

Members of the graduating class, I am about to yield to one whom you love, one whom I love, his classmate thirty years ago. For your guidance in the next thirty years you will hear from him nothing but what is like himself. To the class of 1904 he said: "All human learning is but mint, anise, and cummin compared with justice, mercy and truth." That sums up Magna as it doesn't it? To the class of 1906 he said: "Do close, accurate, critical work, whatever you have to do." That sums up Intensive. To the class of 1913 he said: "Open your eyes to the miracle of the universe." That sums up Logical. To the class of 1907 he said: "Dictate no terms to Providence; give your very selves to service." That sums up Thorouigh. To the class of 1914 he said: "When you teach, do not treat the specific branches as separate and discrete, but relate them to your students as human beings." That sums up Organic. To last year's class he said, "Make your work so good that Represantation is impossible, and endure to the end." That sums up Noble.

These things have been said, and meant, and exemplified by William Clifton Daland. What remains to clinch the argument? Only this: that the initials of these six words—magnificent, intensive, logical, thorough, organic, noble—give you the beloved name, Milton.

REV. SAMUEL G. ZERFASS HONORED

Rev. Samuel G. Zerfass, pastor of the German Seventh Day Baptist Church at Ephrata, who has served as the chaplain of the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania, during the recent session of the legislature of that State, was the recipient of a purse of gold to a handsome amount, from his appreciative friends among the legislators whom he served, at the close of his duties.

C. F. R.

To come out of the ugly into the beautiful, out of the mean and selfish into the noble and loving, out of the false into the true, out of the commonplace into the glorious—in word, out of evil into good—is not this a resurrection indeed, the resurrection of life?—George MacDonald.

Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen and chariots.—W. M. Paxton.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

WHEN THE DINNER'S IN THE COOKER

When the dinner's in the cooker, and the baby's for a meal, and the Marks to yield to—there's no dust remains to sweep;

When the glasses have been polished, and the skillets put away, and the morning jobs are over ere the starting of the day.

Oh, there's the housewife is really, truly blest!

When she settles down delighted, for an hour of needed rest. Why she even gets a paper and enjoys a little peek—

When the dinner's in the cooker, and the baby's fast asleep.

There is something kinder city-like about the country home,

Since the stove's more convenient and the fireless cooker's come.

Why, the housewife's not bedraggled and the home is neat and clean and a fragrant little posey can on every hand be seen.

There are soft cushions handy and the hammock's restful look. Would entice the most industrious to begin the 'latest book.'

For the housewife the moments now in which the home to keep—

When the dinner's in the cooker and the baby's fast asleep.

Yet the rattle and the clatter of the dishes in the sink.

Is the greatest of her burdens and she often stops to think.

Why somebody doesn't solve for her this problem with the rest—

And the long days once immortal, and forever after blessed.

Still there is no fuss and sweating o'er the hot old kitchen stove

And no begging for the stovewood now from those who claimed to love.

So she ought to be contented to wash dishes and to sweep—

When the dinner's in the cooker, and the baby's fast asleep.—Lucie T. Webb.

WASTE IN THE HOUSEHOLD

A great state and national movement has been launched to meet our present crisis to increase the production of food stuffs, so as to see that they are marketed without loss, and that they are used without waste. Every woman can without delay take part in this movement. Our first duty is to do all that we can to prevent waste. This is a most important service. Increased production is slow. Every bit of food that can be saved can start now and show immediate results.

We women are accused of wasting on an enormous scale. The experts of the Department of Agriculture say that $700,000,000 a year is the bill for annual wasting in the kitchens of our country. Much of this is due to extravagance or ignorance and is preventable. Most women need to be taught what the body needs and how most simply to satisfy this requirement. We need to learn how to put every ounce to its proper use and waste nothing. We need to learn in this art of food shortage and high prices, how to make a dollar in money buy a full dollar's worth, or more, of food value.

Food waste in the household results in large measure from bad preparation and bad cooking, from improper care and handling of food. Too great the size of the housewife's not bedraggled and the food not consumed, and, in well-to-do families, from serving an undue number of courses and an over-abundant supply of food during the meal.

When we eat more food than our bodies need, the food is not only wasted, but it also means a loss in physical and mental efficiency. When too much food is prepared for a meal, unused portions are apt to be thrown away or allowed to spoil. Many persons regard the saving of small amounts of left-over food as unimportant.

Not even one spoonful of good food should be permitted to find its way into the garbage pail. Every bit of meat from before cooking, or tried out in boiling, roasting or broiling is useful. If a roast is boned at the market have this bone delivered with the roast, and use as foundation for soup stock. In preparing potatoes, or other vegetables and fruits such as apples, remove the least possible amount of edible material with the skin, or better still, cook with the skins on, and thus save all, including the valuable mineral salts.

Large amounts of foods are made inedible because of careless handling and storing in the home. All perishable foods especially milk, should be kept cool, clean and covered. If fruits and vegetables are produced in the home garden, the surplus...
AT THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION, ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

One Friday afternoon at 3:45 the interests of the Woman's Board were presented by the associational secretary, Miss Agnes Babcock, a notice of which has already been given in the Recorder. At the time a meeting of the ladies of the association to meet in the dining room at 6:30 to discuss, informally, our methods of work, both financially and socially, was given. The meeting was held from house to house, and the interest of the ladies was shown greatly. The socials have been very successful, and the ladies wish to continue this type of work. The next meeting will be held on the first Monday of the month, and all are invited to attend.

MINUTES OF SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

JUNE 22, 1917, on Friday evening, the semi-annual meeting of the Minnesota and New York Seventh Day Baptist churches met in session with the Exeland Church, which was formerly called the Windfall Lake Church. Pastor Babcock called the meeting to order, and Secretary Babcock read the minutes of the last meeting. The next business was the presentation of a gift to the church. The gift was a Bible, which the ladies of the association have presented to the church.

OUR Ladies' Aid Society of Adams Center recently held its annual meeting at the home of Mrs. L. J. Walsworth. Reports were given of the year's work, 1916-1917. Our church and community have been greatly benefited by the work of the society, which have been held by our society. We have raised our funds by quilting, tying comports, and serving teas. Collections are taken at our social functions. Many of the ladies contribute a dollar each a year. This year Red Cross work has been done. We have also made waiters for the orphanage. We have furnished one Victor record for the circulating library, which has been placed in the Flower Memorial Library of Watertown, N. Y.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION, ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Freeborn led a song service. The business session was called to order by the moderator, Mr. Charles Thorneight. The minutes of the last session were read.

Mrs. Abbey gave the following report of the New Auburn (Minn.) Church. The church is in good spiritual condition. The people are faithful. New Auburn is an inland village, and the church is growing smaller, but there is not much hope of the church growing as so many are moving away. The young people go out to get employment. The community Christian Endeavor society, small but efficient. Most of the members are high-school and college students. We are doing the best we can under discouraging circumstances.

Rev. J. H. Hurly preached the dedicatory sermon, using as his text First Kings 8: 10-11. His message was filled with cheer and encouragement; and words of advice. The message was excellently received; that no strife or dissension be allowed ever to enter within; that its doors be opened to all churches and people of God for worship; that God's blessing rest ever upon this church and people.

Remarks were given by Rev. Mr. Dale, of the Methodist church of Exeland. Secretary Shaw offered the dedicatory prayer. We were dismissed by Mrs. Abbey after singing a stirring hymn. Tune, Faith of Our Fathers.

Within these walls today we meet. To praise our God for blessings given, For grace that saves from sin and death, That makes our days as days of heaven.

O Lord, this place shall be thine own, Bless thou the seed that here is sown. The Church for which our Savior died From spot and wrinkle to set free, Thy power alone can sanctify, Enabling us to holy be, That we, as a church, may show Thy saving grace to all below.

Forever may this house be held As sacred to our God and King, Salvation in its weighty word Thy praise alone, thy people sing. O grant to us our heart's desire, Baptize with Holy Ghost and fire.

After partaking of the Lord's Supper, we sang "Blest be the Tie that Binds."
SUNDAY, evening a praise service led by Mrs. Coon, prayer by Rev. Mr. Dale, and Scripture reading by Mr. Thorngate was the way for the sermon by Rev. J. H. Hurley. The text was, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." We rejoiced when two took a stand to live the Christian life.

Mrs. Dale sang, "Will You Be Saved Tonight?"

A vote of thanks was extended to the Exeland Church and people for their hospitality and kindness shown to delegates. Twenty-three delegates were in attendance.

The meetings were well attended, the house being filled on Sunday evening to its utmost. We were grateful for the uplifting influences and spiritual blessings received.

THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN

Now you will understand why it is that I so often say that a good woman—poor, obscure, devoted to her home, daily laying down her life for her family, is the greatest world thundering by as if no such being was in existence—now you understand why I tell you that the secret of the Lord is with more than all the philosophers, more than with all the scientists, more than with all the commentators, more than with all mere geniuses, for she carries in her spirit that love which opens the heavens and causes the very face of God to shine forth to lighten her way through life. Nothing is like holy love; nothing is measurable or comparable with it; it infallibly brings God to all open and penitent hearts.—John Rhey Thompson.

TRUTH

The sword-like splendor of His truth, He veils to suit our weak, imperfect sight. Last we should blinded be or stricken dumb. And thus we walk, we wobbled light. And to its perfect, full-orbed sun we come. As yet, perchance, by way of stars at night.

—Ever M. Holmes.

To be pure and true is to succeed in life, and whatever we get short of that will burn, up like stubble, though the whole world try to save it.—Robert Collyer.

APPLYING THE GOLDEN RULE TO LIFE

GESELMINA M. BROWN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, July 21, 1917

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Good for evil (Matt. 5: 43-48)
Monday—David's generosity (1 Sam. 24: 1-10)
Tuesday—The enemy (2 Kings 6: 15-23)
Wednesday—Put yourself in his place (Jas. 2: 8)
Thursday—Open house (Heb. 13: 1-3)
Friday—A golden motto (Heb. 13: 1-18)

Sabbath in with love, Applying the Golden Rule to life (Matt. 7: 12)

What is a rule? In one sense it is that which is used in measuring a commodity. We are familiar with the foot rule. In order to be honest this rule must be true, it must be exactly twelve inches long. A rule is given us in mathematics to solve various problems. In this sense it is a law, it gives directions for proceeding in order to obtain the correct solution of the problem. We may apply either of these ideas of a rule to the Golden Rule of life.

In the first sense of the term it is then something with which we measure. In order for us to come up to the standard we must have something by which we can measure ourselves. Here is a rule, not an ordinary rule which is apt to be a little too long or too short but one exactly right. "As ye would!" Do you stand the test? "Oh, well," you say, "that can't be taken literally!" Are you sure? If not, why not? It reads plainly enough and has the sound of sincerity. Why not try it literally for awhile and see how it works?

Now, let's see how it works in the second sense? Has life any problems to work? No? Then surely you need no rule to solve them by. Our daily life is one continuous problem. New cases come up each day for adjustment, and if we truly live we must solve these problems daily. Easier said than done. Oh, yes, I see how you can apply the Golden Rule to your problems, and you see how I can apply it to my own, that's the great question.

Where is your daily life lived? At home, in the field, at the desk, in the office, in the schoolroom or where? "I'd like to apply it," you say, "but the circumstances under which I work are so peculiar." Nonsense! Try the rule and see whether some of the problems can not be solved by it. If we can only learn to apply this rule to our everyday lives how much better we will live!

QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

Are there exceptions to this rule? What relation has this rule to the law? Why do we not habitually practice this rule? Is this rule practical? What would happen if no one followed the Golden Rule? What would happen if every one followed the Golden Rule?

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS

Only the Golden Rule can bring the Golden Age.—Frances Willard.

"Toleration is absolutely the best fruit of all the struggles, labors, and sorrows of the civilized nations during the last four centuries."—Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

The rule of love of which murder can never be the Golden Rule of the human race.

Transgressions of the law of love register themselves instantly in the character of the aggressor. They darken his judgment; they inflame his passions; they mar his relations with those from whom he has withdrawn the good will which is their due.

Washington Gladden.
should have more reverence for God and for the church. We should teach the children that the church is God's house and that they should treat it as such. In closing he quoted a part of the fifth verse of the third chapter of Exodus,—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Rev. Ira Goff, of Alfred Station, had for his subject, "Reverence for Humanity." "Nothing else in the world is of so much value as man. Christ would not have come to earth and suffered and died for anything else. It was to save humanity. We must have confidence in our fellow-men and we must trust them."

After the singing of one verse of "His Eye is on the Sparrow," Paul Burdick spoke on "Reverence for Nature." It does not show reverence to nature to put up signboards in fields, advertising various kinds of patent medicines and intoxicating liquors. Neither does it show reverence to go through the fields and woods with a dog and a gun hunting the birds and wild animals. We should look for the beauty in nature and not mar and destroy God's out-of-doors.

Miss Ruth Philip sang a solo, after which Mr. Sanford read a poem that fitted well with the subject of Reverence, and the session closed by all repeating the Mizpah benediction.

THE Junior meeting led by Miss Mabel Jordan was held at the schoolhouse at the same hour. This meeting was opened with a song service, after which all repeated the Twenty-third Psalm.

A recitation, "Our Junior Endeavor Pledge," was given by Bernice Spangler. Rev. Jay Crofoot spoke to the boys and girls about China and the boys and girls of China. He had several curious which interested the Juniors very much. Miss Anna Crofoot sang one verse of "Jesus Loves Me," in Chinese.

A duet by Mary Wells and Christine Clarke was given.

Following this Rev. Edwin Shaw gave a very instructive blackboard talk. His subject was "A Cluster of Carnations."

After singing by the Juniors the meeting was dismissed by Rev. Mr. Shaw.

THE evening after the Sabbath was given over entirely to the work of Christian Endeavor. The program was arranged by the field secretary of the Western Association.

The praise service was conducted by Jesse Burdick. This was followed by Scripture reading and prayer by John Randolph.

After a solo, "Open the Gates of the Temple," by Paul Burdick, reports were given from five Young People's, two Intermediate and five Junior societies. These reports were very interesting and told of good work done during the past year. Our Young People's society brought their efficiency chart with them. They have a rating of 102. The Intermediate society in the same church is soon to graduate an Expert Endeavor class of ten members.

While the offerings for the Young People's Board was being taken the Misses Fairbanks, of Little Genesee, sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

The address of the evening was given by Rev. W. L. Burdick, of Alfred, on the Christian Endeavor motto, "For Christ and the Church." He said, in part, that we should give all to Christ. We should make the most of ourselves. We should enter the world's work and enter now. The call to us is to do it today. Each should be a brother to men. Help those who are down to get their feet on the solid rock. We are brothers to all with whom we come in contact and we ought to serve the entire community in every way possible, even though others turn against us. Stand by your principles and ideals until the last one in the community is saved.

The congregation sang, "Blest be the Tie," and the meeting was dismissed by Rev. Mr. Burdick.

"Noble souls, through dust and heat, Rise from disaster and defeat The stronger; And, conscious still of the divine Within them, lie on earth supine No longer."

"Find thy reward in the thing Which thou hast been blessed to do; Let the joy of others cause joy to spring Upon thy way too; And if the love of a grateful heart As a rich reward be given, Lift thou the love of your grateful heart To the God of Love in heaven!"

RACHEL LANDOW, THE HEBREW ORPHAN

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XXI

(Continued)

"November 26th."

"Mr. Harold Solover, M. D.,

Harvard."

"DEAR BROTHER.—Since the General Conference, the Missionary Board has held two meetings: the first to elect officers for the Conference year and to transact some other business; the second, held yesterday, to consider your offer, to go with your wife to some foreign field, we designate the field. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to which country most needs our missionary efforts. Some thought that China should be reinforced at once; others talked of Java; others said we should establish a mission in Japan; one thought South America, and several India. All these are inviting fields and should be occupied by our people and would be if we had the funds. Our treasury is not very full at this time, and we adopted this sort of mean that we shall have to guarantee at least ten years' service of the missionaries before a return home for a vacation. The two most inviting and needy fields at present seem to be India and Java. The board, in view of that, would be willing to let you decide it, as either one will suit our wishes. You are therefore extended this call to enter the employment of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Board as missionary on a foreign field, and you and Sister Solovers to select one of the last two mentioned above, and to be ready to start at your earliest convenience. Awaiting your acceptance and choice of fields and praying God's great blessing to be upon you and yours, and the leading of his Spirit in your choosing."

"I am, in behalf of the board, "CORRESPONDING SECRETARY."

"Rachel, this lays a great responsibility upon us. Let us pray over it at once," said Harold.

"They poured out their souls, as it were, in thanksgiving and praise for past leadings and blessings; for the blessed light that had come to them for blessings to come to the board and the people that sustained it; for wisdom in deciding this great question; for health and strength to go wherever they might be led."

"And now how shall we be able to decide this?" asked Rachel.

"We have no missionaries in India, and Java has one or two devoted women, practically independent of the board but helped a little by special contributions from the people interested in that region. I am not just sure," said Harold, "what the exact work of those in Java is. It may be that their pleadings for help ought to appeal to us, but somehow I am impressed that India ought to have a Seventh Day Baptist mission. There seems never to have been the least attempt to establish one there. It is an immense territory, and there is plenty of room without our going anywhere near other missions.

"It is a vast country and divided into what is called Hiher India and Farther India, the first having about 1,300,000 square miles. The latter is considered under the names of Siam, Burma, Cochin-China, etc. The climate is of great variety, from that of the tropics to the cold of the lofty mountain ranges. There are high land plains, elevated plateaux, and alpine regions. It has three well-marked seasons—cool, hot, and rainy. Three races, widely distinguished from each other, inhabit India: the Mongoloid race which occupies the Dravidians; and the Aryans in the northwest. The cultivated peoples professing the Hindu religion differ among themselves in language, customs and dress. But the Mohammedan population in all parts of India wear the same dress, affect the same customs, and speak one language. The hill tribes of the Dravidian race seem to be in a very low stage of savagery. The Bheers formerly lived by plunder and would burst out of the jungles like tigers, committing frightful excesses. To subdue them the British tempted them into military service which seemed to greatly improve them. Striking peculiarities of the social condition are the institution of caste, and the village-system. The village system was introduced into this country and not a mere collection of houses. Each village is under the administration of native functionaries.

"Hindusm or Brahmanism is the religion of the great majority, and Mohammedanism comes next. While India was one of the very first fields for the Christian missionary, there has never been a Seventh Day mission there. Jesus missionaries from the first seem to have been most successful. The
fullest toleration in matters of faith seems to be enjoyed, or at least was a few years ago. If there has been any change I have not read of it. All this appeals to me and yet somehow have a great longing to see Jesus help."

"Was it not a Baptist mission that seemed to be so successful years ago? I have forgotten, if I ever knew the facts," said Rachel.

"Adoniram Judson was the most noted missionary to India. He was in the Andover Theological Seminary in 1810, and being greatly inspired with missionary zeal while reading Buchanan's 'Star in the East,' he addressed a letter in behalf of himself and five other students to the Congregational General Association of Massachusetts, concerning labor among the heathen. He was sent to the London Missionary Society, and was sent to India or Burma in 1812, with his wife, who sailed for Calcutta and upon arriving there they were ordered by the East India Government to return home in the vessel in which they had come. Here Mr. and Mrs. Judson found their views about baptism and were immersed by a Dr. Ward of Calcutta.

"This with other matters caused the Baptists of America to awake out of sleep and form a mission. The Baptist missionaries who had sailed with Judson went to France, then to Madras, and there meeting opposition in some way sailed for Rangoon. Here with one resident, who supported them, they commenced the study of the language. In a few years they gathered a church of eighteen members, and many natives were deeply impressed by the helpful kindness of the missionaries and their Christian instructions. A Dr. Price joined the mission but the king sent him for him to come to the capital and Dr. Judson went as interpreter. War was breaking out between the East India Company and Burma, and foreign residents were in much danger. Dr. Judson was arrested, thrown into the death prison and subjected to cruel barbarities. By entreaties and presents his wife was permitted to go to him or he would have died of hunger and thirst. He was released in two years on the demand of General Campbell. Again he started a mission and again was called to be an interpreter. While he was absent his wife died from exposures. He continued his missionary efforts until, in 1850, his health became so poor that he went to sea for relief and died on board ship and his body was committed to the sea. He gave thirty-seven years of service, training many natives for service, making translations of the Bible, a dictionary and other valuable books. Those were perilous times; now it is different. But God, I believe, has something still better for that people. They know, and others also are coming."

"But what is it about Java?" asked Rachel.

"Java is the Queen of the Eastern Archipelago, has something over 50,000 square miles, is hilly, with deep gorges and rushing streams. The mountains, from 4,000 to 10,000 feet high, are clothed with luxuriant foliage to their very summits. There are well over forty volcanoes. The population is made up of Europeans, Chinese, Javanese, Arabs, Hindus, etc. The Javanese belong to the Malay race and are mostly Mohammedans, the remainder being very superstitious and degraded. The Dutch Protestants and Roman Catholics were at one time and perhaps are now,—I do not know,—paid by the government. I mean the clergymen. Proselyting was strictly prohibited and the laborers mostly among the Europeans, half-castes, and intermediates at the races at the ports. The climate is very healthful and pleasant. Two languages, possessing many words in common but differing in essentials, are spoken, and from the earliest time there has been a written language. It is an inviting field though it contains also some unpleasant features and obstacles for missionaries. But God is able to overcome these."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Lesson IV—July 21, 1917

Sennacherib's Invasion of Judah.

"WANTED—As much common sense in solving church financial problems, as is usually put into our personal and business affairs."

"When one thinks he doesn't sin, it is time to look up into the tree and count the apples."

"Another divine rule should apply,—the Golden Rule."
OUR WEEKLY SERMON


This question is asked three times in close succession by as many different classes of people. Many times in the Bible do we find it where individuals, or leaders, or the people at large are seeking directions as to their duty. To the people, to the publicans, and to the chief priests, John the Baptist gives different answers answering to the condition and viewpoint of the questioners. In each case the question is asked by some class recognized as standing by itself, and therefore having special work regarded by all as belonging to it. If it is well for any class of people to seek divine direction as to what it should do, all denominations in these days seem to be making special study of the requirements resting upon us, all very well become more efficient?” is the prevailing question.

What should Seventh Day Baptists do? ought to be the all-absorbing question in every one of our churches today. For some years we have been seeking better organization, more machinery, in order that free and independent churches may act together in one body for the advancement of truth and the salvation of the world. Much progress in this line has been made, and today we have the agencies and equipments that should enable us as a people to do a great work. Never in our history have demands been more imperative for aggressive work in missions, in Sabbath reform, and in moral and social betterment; and no question can be more pertinent than the one asked above. What ought such a people to do?

The years spent in perfecting machinery have not been wasted years by any means, and we rejoice over the excellent work already being accomplished. Indeed, far exceeding the work of Seventh Day Baptists forty years ago. Under our new budget system we have met with commendable promptness the demands upon our budgets in recent years and it would have been impossible to meet. When debts have accumulated, we have responded to appeals and paid them off. Our young people and our women have come to the front in ways utterly unthought of a generation ago. We have a record for loyalty to truth under adverse circumstances that has called forth the admiration of others, and of which our own may well be proud.

But we cannot live on past achievements. We should do much better in the coming days than we have done in the days gone by. For instance, not merely should we be able to arise and pay our debts when earnestly besought to do so after they have become insistent, but we also should possess such constant and living interest in all our lines of work that no debt can accumulate, and no boards be handicapped by financial burdens.

In matters of finance for God’s work, we should understand that something more is needed than the cold, sharp business principles of the business world. Planning for the Master’s work and providing for its support call for something more than mere intellectual keenness or even more than sharpness in driving bargains, but the ability to figure profit and loss. They require devout and consecrated heart-work, the spirit of sacrifice and love that gives where no visible return is expected, and where nothing is sought but the uplifting of humanity. We must learn to consecrate our gold to the Master, rather than to spend it on luxury and for selfish gain. And we cannot expect always to see results from our investments for the Lord’s work as quickly as we do from business investments. The results are with the Lord, and he will bring them in his own way and time. Money consecrated to his service in the true spirit should invariably bring rich blessings to the giver, whether results from its use are seen or whether they are not. Our cash gifts are never lost, though no man can say how great the returns shall be or which of our gifts shall prosper most. Our strongest faith people depends largely on the ability of our pastors. We must have strong, consecrated young men for the ministry. But with the business world offering salaries many times the size of those offered by the churches, and for men with only half the work to do for the ministry, we can hardly hope to see many of our boys giving themselves to the churches for life-work. Within twenty years business men have quadrupled their salaries, but they have left the salaries of the ministers just where they were; and that, too, a host of living has doubled! Hard indeed are the struggles of ministers in these days who are trying to support families on from $400 to $600 a year. They cannot do the books needed to fit themselves for their work; they can not care for their children as they should; they can not pay debts made in securing their education; and while under the handicap of constant financial worryment, they can not do good work for the churches. Men worth tens of thousands ask missionaries to work for $600; and they expect their pastors to forego every opportunity to get wealth and to consecrate all their possessions and all their powers to the work of the church for the good of others! The selfishness of wealth in America is something deplorable! The self-sacrificing spirit of consecrated ministers stands in marked contrast with the worldly spirit of hundreds who live in luxury and appear unmov ed over the hard lot of their fellows.

As a people we are fairly well-to-do, and the one thing we should do for our ministers is to pay them salaries commensurate with their needs, and nearer the remuneration offered them by the business world.

CULTIVATE THE SPIRIT OF UNITY

It is imperative that a small people, so widely scattered and under such constant pressure from without, with varied local interests to absorb attention, and with great general interests which we hold in common, should cultivate the spirit of unity, and loyally stand together in the Master’s work. We should try to see things from the standpoint of each separate community; and from that of the great body as a whole, and learn to work in harmony for the causes we love. Each separate church should strive, not merely to do its own work well, but to keep in close touch with all the other churches, in throbbing sympathy for the work at large. Our pastors must be in constant and loving touch with each other. We must avoid friction; and where one feels that issue should be taken with his brethren, he alone half the note to maintain the right spirit and to use kindly words instead of harsh condemnation.

The expression, “like precious faith,” means much more to such people than it does to the great denominations. Too much individualism may weaken us as a people, and seriously handicap us in our work. Indeed, the spirit carried to extremes would surely ruin us. We think for ourselves and to stand alone, exercised within proper limits, gives individual strength. This we have undoubtedly secured; and now this question, consecrated to the service of the general body, in the true spirit of love and unity, can but make us strong as a denomination.

Probably no one line of work among us has done more than to develop the spirit of unity and of mutual understanding than the various associations. These should not be abandoned. We should rally to their support, and cherish our influence as among the very best that tend to make us one. The better acquainted we can be with each other, and the more we, of various sections, can unite in loving, sympathetic services for the good of men, the better it will be for us. No one can express in words the value of our associational gatherings in this respect.

TAKE HOPEFUL VIEWS

Get your Bibles and read again the story of Caleb and Joshua, who brought back hopeful reports from the land they had been sent to see, and by cheerful views and faith in God urged the people forward. Had the entire host been like those two men, that long journey through the terrible experiences might have been avoided. But alas for them! the people sided with the spies who looked on the dark side, who failed to see God’s hand in the work, and therefore judged from a merely human point of view that Caleb and Joshua had failed in faith. They trusted him to stand by them and give them victory according to his promises, no matter how strong the enemy appeared or how much superior in number. Caleb and Joshua stood for that great numbers in opposition to God’s truth should make no difference with regard to their own duty to obey. What a conquering host the Israelites might have been, right then and there, if they had all been like Caleb and Joshua. The very fact that they overlooked Jehova’s mighty hand in the struggle, and be-
THE SABBATH RECORDER

A large number of the parishioners and many others of the village gathered at the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist church Wednesday evening to give Pastor Henry J. Jordan and his family a formal farewell before they leave next Sunday for their new fields of labor at Battle Creek, Mich.

In a short program words of appreciation were given by representatives of the different auxiliaries of the church for the faithful and untiring labors of Pastor and Mrs. Jordan during their four years in Milton Junction. Rev. Thomas Sharp spoke in behalf of the other interests of the town.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond and little daughter Wilma arrived in Milton-Thursday afternoon where he spoke at the college commencement.

He occupied the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath morning. After greeting friends here over the week-end they departed Monday for their home.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church here, has been for the past eight years, has accepted the pastorate of the Milton Junction Church and he hopes to take up the work here some time in September. He is not easier. Mr. Van Horn is a graduate of Milton College and is well known here. It is needless to say the Seventh Day Baptist people of this community will be pleased to have Edgar back among them again.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

would a trolley system amount to without its dynamo?

Again, the power must be adequate to the capacity of the machinery. What man would think of running a forty-horsepower mill with a five-horsepower dynamo? Even a twenty-horsepower would come far short of making that mill do its full work.

If our excellent denominational machinery, which has been receiving so much attention of late, is ever to produce adequate and satisfactory results, we must have the dynamos. If we do not have these, our equipment and organizations will only stand as monuments of our folly. Does any one here feel that the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination is working up to its full capacity? Are we as a people doing all we are really fitted to do—for the cause we love?

What a mighty people we might be if, through another Pentecost, every member of our churches should become a spirit-filled dynamo of divine power behind church and denominational organizations, each one anxious to help the work forward. All effective power for good comes from the deep, holy feelings and thoughts that fill men when in close communion with God. We can reach others only as we have this inward power that makes a people strong. Intellectually power is of little worth without spirit-filled souls to wield it. O that we might here and now receive a new baptism of the Holy Ghost! O that in all our churches the people might once again feel the moving of the Spirit of God! Then most of our problems would be solved, and our difficulties would disappear.

T. L. G.

HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church here, New came for the past eight years, has accepted the pastorate of the Milton Junction Church and he hopes to take up the work here some time in September. He is not easier. Mr. Van Horn is a graduate of Milton College and is well known here. It is needless to say the Seventh Day Baptist people of this community will be pleased to have Edgar back among them again.

Came discouraged because they seemed like a mere handful when compared with their opponents, ensured their defeat.

Seventh Day Baptists need more consecrated and loyal support! They need more men like David, who saw God in the fight against the giant, and who was therefore eager to put himself into it for all he was worth, and with just the weapon God had placed in his hand. He knew that the Lord's, and yet went into it just as though it all depended on him. He was hopeful when others were disheartened, and not even a great army of Philistines could phase him. Though he stood alone in Israel he would be optimistic and go forward in God's name.

I suppose you have caught my thought ere this. He who sees God's hand in the battle between truth and error and goes loyally forward in unwavering trust is still the hope of Israel, even when the day seems dark. He gets most out of life who complains the least and who never magnifies his burdens or overestimates the obstacles in his way. And he is most sure to win who cheerfully, and joyfully, and with a hand made strong by faith, obeys.

One of our weakest points is the tendency to despair of our success as a people because we are so small and the opposition so great. We forget that God is the greatest factor in our real work, and viewing the field from a human standpoint alone, we are prone to think that Sabbath truth has little chance to win. Our viewpoint is not complete and, therefore, the impression is not correct. Let us see that God is our sure hope of success by human standards alone. God is never in a hurry. He has always taken time to perfect his plans and has chosen his own time for victory. He sees the end from the beginning, things that appeal as nothing to us, and he knows that his truth shall triumph.

It may be our duty, as a people, only to keep it alive through our generation, and pass it on, and it not be buried entirely out of sight. Had it not been for loyal Seventh Day Baptists in generations gone by, the Sabbath truth would long ago have been forgotten by the Christian world. If our plans are in accordance with the purposes of God as clearly revealed in his word, we may not for one moment doubt their ultimate triumph. Things that tax our faith and our strength and sometimes cause us to hesitate are nothing to God. He is the mighty God of divine greatness, and we should take new hold of the hand that has led us for generations. The longer we hesitate, the weaker we grow. The more we lose faith, the more we shall suffer decadence. Our only hope is to rise to the emergencies of the hour and in the name of God go forward.

FAITHFUL IN WORKS OF REFORM

As a people we have always stood at the front in all moral reforms. This is well. We should still lend a hand as we may be able in all works for social betterment. We should be false to our principles and to our record if we did not do this. But let me emphasize the truth, that no new gospel is needed either in reform or mission work. No new theories as to methods or doctrines have ever been found to succeed like the old, old story of the Cross. Let us take new hold on the fundamentals of our faith, and our neglect of the Sermon on the Mount are the two everlasting foundations of all true reform. This gospel is applicable for the man in the slums and the king on the throne. Would you see a man sought to God and his truth? Then surround him with the truths found in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. Would you see the world redeemed? Then with your own soul filled with the Spirit make the world full with the truths found in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. Would you see the world redeemed? Then cling to the Bible as the only foundation upon which true Sabbathism can ever stand. In this, too, the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are our strong pillars, upon which we must depend.

HOW SHALL WE OBTAIN STRENGTH TO DO?

The greatest question that should concern us today is, How shall we become thoroughly fitted for all these lines of work? We should seek the power from on high, as the disciples did when they started out to win the world to Christ. This is the motive power, without which we shall do nothing. What is the best machinery in the world without motive power? What
Rev. L. D. Seager, led all other growers in the volume of his shipments and for the present is dubbed the "Strawberry King" of Farina. His record for this season is 1,800 cases of 1,350 bushels.

Walworth, Wis.—Our Sabbath school has observed the special days outlined by the Sabbath School Board—Rally Day, Children's Day, and Patriotic Day. Children's Day program was given in place of the usual church service, the pastor giving few minutes' talk. We have but few children in our church and society, but they do credit to themselves and the committee.

Parent of five, observed at the Sabbath school with a patriotic program, changed from the Recorder program to suit our school. After a statement of the Red Cross work by the pastor, a collection was taken for that work. Sixteen members of the school have joined the Red Cross chapter here, which has over four hundred members.

The Christian Endeavor society is to have an alphabet social on July 24.

Our Ladies' Aid society meets regularly for quilting, tying comforts, etc. Circle No. 2 has its regular meetings, with an occasional 10-cent tea.

The Y. M. C. A. boys of the village recently spent ten days in camp at Phantom Lake.

Secretary Shaw is expected here this week for a day.

The war situation causes many anxious thoughts here as elsewhere and we can only hope that God in his wisdom will guide us. We shall keep our boys in his care and soon bring about the peace for which the whole world is longing and praying.

REPORTER.

DEATH

Shaw—Mrs. Alvina Coon Shaw, daughter of Daniel and Martha Potter Coon, was born at West Edmeston, N. Y., May 15, 1835, and died at her home at Alfred Station, June 12, 1917, aged eighty-two years. She was the third in a family of six children, three girls and three boys. Her home until she was sixteen years of age was at West Edmeston. She then came to the town of Alfred to enter school, and some five years later was united in marriage to Mr. Coon Shaw. This was a happy union for more than forty years, until nine years ago her husband was called home. During these nine years her life, though lonely,

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Flaunfield, New Jersey

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The Sabbath Recorder

THE FATHER'S HOUSE

"Thine eyes shall see the King." Soon, soon the veil
That hides the glorious Throne shall be withdrawn,
No cloud shall hang about the radiant Dawn
Of heaven's glad morning. Yet no eye shall fail for all
the brightness,
Perfect light will bring a perfect vision,
Heavenly rapture fall on hearts attuned to comprehend
it all.
The songs will not seem strange that angels sing;
New, but not strange. The joy will be most sweet,
Because most natural. To see him there,
To know and love him, and his image bear
Will make it homelike. Though the golden streets
Were more than golden, yet it still would be
The "Father's House" and nothing else to thee.

—Lucy A. Bennett

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