

The Sabbath Recorder

THE COURAGE OF LOVE.

Edwin Shaw.

It takes great strength and courage? Aye 'tis true,
To leave the old well beaten paths and with a few
To strike out into the wilderness of thought
And make new paths, new ways, just where we ought.
And then again it takes great strength, and patience too
To keep the road, the narrow way, with few,
When those you love believe you foolish, weak, and slow;
It tests the strength and courage more than they know.
It takes great courage, yes and sweetness too,
To realize that Truth is boundless, and that you
Can travel only here and there, and are not near
The visions fair of thought your friends hold dear.
But, Oh, the question, the problems that we have to meet;
How can we help those whose faltering feet
Could never tread the heights of truth we go
Without stumbling off into some dark abyss below?
It takes great sacrifices and a heart of love
To leave the heights of truth, the paths above,
And travel with the crowd, the busy throng,
Where one can be of service, can help along.
But love is great, and love can understand,
It does not ask for logic, it merely clasps the hand
And points the way of truth that each heart needs,
Comforts the saddened life, and heals the heart that bleeds.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 9, 1912.

WHOLE NO. 3,536.

Resting in West Virginia.

For the first time in his life the editor has enjoyed an extended visit to the home of his children and grandchildren among the hills of West Virginia. Hitherto he has found time to drop in upon them for a day or two while en route to associations and Conferences, but this time he has taken a whole month for rest and pleasure. The "copy" for the RECORDER, secured at the five associations, made it possible to plan the work in advance, so that faithful friends in Plainfield could look after that part; and the fidelity of the associate editors in their regular supply for the departments made it easy for the editor to feel sure there would be no lack of matter for those pages. Thus the way was open for this happy and restful visit. As to editorials and news notes, the incidents of travel, and the daily papers, have supplied enough topics to inspire the pen and keep it in the spirit of its work. Four Sabbaths I have enjoyed preaching at Lost Creek and Salem, and an evening and morning at Salem College were indeed a treat to one who for years had worked with the young people there.

The fine new building, the excellent walks, the well-graded, terraced campus, the new athletic field below the road opposite the college, the dormitory and club boarding house, the addition to the old building and its new, clean coat of paint, all indicate the progressive public spirit and self-sacrificing endeavor of the West Virginia people.

An attendance of more than two hundred students speaks well for the growing popularity of the school, and the enthusiasm with which both teachers and students go about their work is a sure prophecy of future success. President Clark is away for the winter among the churches, trying to raise the money needed to pay the debt on the new building and to meet necessary expenses. We have faith in the loyalty of our people to this excellent work, and expect to hear of a most hearty response to President Clark's appeal for help.

It was a pleasure to stroll through the convenient recitation rooms, the new library, the two lyceum rooms, the Y. M. C. A. room, and the well-equipped laboratories for physics and chemistry, all of which bear upon their doors the names of those to whom the rooms were dedicated. It was the editor's privilege to give the students, in a chapel talk, some reminiscences of the men and the churches whose names are inscribed on these door-plates. Such names as Alfred, Ashaway, Milton and Milton Junction suggest a world of memories appropriate to be told to each new generation of young people seeking preparation for life's work within these halls. Then the work among the fathers, laying foundations for this worthy institution, by such men as Revs. S. D. Davis, Charles A. Burdick, L. R. Swinney and John L. Huffman should never be allowed to pass into oblivion. These men had a denominational-wide reputation, and many of the present benefits of Salem College are due to their faithful labors. The names of Nathan Kelley and Willie A. Van Horn have a local interest to West Virginia people, and many will be touched whenever they are seen. The editor's years of personal acquaintance with the older workers named above made it possible for him to give recollections of their characteristics and faithful services which should be helpful to all now enjoying the fruits of their labors.

Plainfield too had the pleasure of fitting up one of these rooms—the "Directors' Room"—and of choosing the name for its door. It gave the editor much pleasure to mention the loving services of that people in years gone by, and their continued help in the present time, by which the college has been so materially aided.

Wherever I go among Seventh-day Baptists the graduates from Salem College are in evidence. It is a pleasure to know that West Virginians are bearing the burdens, filling important positions all over the land, and that they are "making good."

IDEAL NOVEMBER WEATHER.

The beautiful Indian summer days have added much to the pleasure of our visit. The weather has been ideal for walks and rides among the mountains, and the editor and his wife have improved it well. The farm work is mostly done and the dear ones too have time to enjoy a vacation. It would take more than the power of pen to set forth the beauty and the grandeur of scenes from hilltops and valleys, enjoyed under the modifying haze and subdued sunlight of Indian summer in West Virginia. Indeed, even the brush and colors of the artist would be inadequate to represent fully the rugged steeps, the shadowy vales, and the hills piled and pinnacled in supreme beauty against the autumn sky. How we did enjoy the crisp, life-giving mountain air in sunny days! And, in the chill of evenings, the cozy firesides of pleasant and happy country homes, lighted and warmed by natural gas, and made beautiful by shining faces and loving hearts, were ideal places in which to rest both body and mind. Memories of these days will furnish sunshine in the soul for all the years to come.

"Religious Liberty and Other Themes."

This is the title of an excellent 48-page pamphlet about the size and shape of the SABBATH RECORDER. It is published by Mrs. Lulu Wightman, an independent Sabbath-keeping evangelist, who for more than twenty years has been preaching the gospel of religious liberty from the Atlantic to the Pacific. She has spoken in churches, in halls, in tents, theaters, parks, on the streets and in legislative halls with great power, and many souls have been converted under her ministry. She strikes telling blows for true Sabbath reform, and against Sunday legislation. She is a true champion of religious liberty, depending entirely upon voluntary gifts of the people for her support.

I have found this pamphlet as helpful as any I have ever seen, so far as data upon the question of religious legislation is concerned. Members of legislatures, and leading papers in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, California, Rhode Island and New York State are quoted as

speaking of her work in high terms of commendation.

Some of the subjects treated in this pamphlet are: "The American Birthright, or Religious Liberty," an address before the legislature of Missouri; "The Peace and Safety Cry of the Twentieth Century;" "The Altar Fires of Liberty;" "George Washington and Sunday Laws;" "National Reform, Is It Right?" "Toleration Not Liberty;" "Blue Laws Were not a Joke."

We bid Mrs. Wightman Godspeed in her consecrated work for religious liberty and freedom of conscience. Her pamphlet is well worth the charge of twenty-five cents fixed upon it. Her address is Palisade, Colorado.

Do You Know the Safe Channel?

A speaker in one of the associations told the story of a pilot who was being watched with much interest as he skilfully guided a ship through the channel to a safe harbor. On being asked by one of the passengers if he knew all the rocks and dangerous places along the way, he replied: "No, I do not know all the rocks and shoals; but I do know the safe channel."

This was the main thing after all. When a pilot takes charge of a ship laden with human beings, in a very important sense he holds their destinies in his hands. And it is natural that passengers under such conditions should desire to know that they are in the hands of a safe pilot. They do not so much care to have him point out every rock and shoal and questionable place along the way, as they do to know that he is absolutely sure of the safe channel. It matters little to them how many dangerous places there may be—indeed, it would be just as well if they knew nothing whatever of the rocks and shoals—only so they are sure of the safe way. Even if the pilot did know all the dangerous places, it would only tend to evil for him to spend his time pointing them out and studying their peculiarities. Doubts and fears and a spirit of unrest would thus be engendered in the passengers, their faith in the pilot would be somewhat shaken, the peace and rest of the voyage itself would be disturbed, and lingering fears about reaching a safe harbor would fill many hearts. What the voyagers most need is the full assurance that their captain is perfectly well acquaint-

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES**Efficiency Required.**

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Ohio-Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton systems have just established employment, discipline and wage bureaus, under which the selection and employment of men will be safeguarded against reckless and inefficient men whose habits tend to jeopardize the lives of others or to endanger the property of their employers.

This is as it should be. Young men who are looking for positions can not learn too soon that efficiency is the all-essential thing in any good and desirable business. More and more, great corporations are requiring men of real merit to fill responsible positions. The railroads mentioned above have placed the operation of these bureaus in the hands of a thoroughly competent superintendent. Personal records of employes will be kept, which will show any special points of merit or of demerit. The marks in the one case will stand over against the marks in the other, and failures will be registered for inspection. When these become serious failures, dismissal follows, and this record must necessarily stand in the way, when the inefficient one again seeks an open door. More and more does it stand men well in hand to make a good record.

Death of Dr. Robert Collyer.

Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, pastor emeritus of the Church of the Messiah, New York City, passed away early on the morning of December 1. Though Doctor Collyer had for ten years been retired from active service, owing to the infirmity of age, he has during all these years retained an unique position among the clergymen of America. He had a splendid stock of sound common sense, he was eloquent as a preacher, and had great faith in human nature, all of which combined to make him a power even in his retirement.

He was born eighty-four years ago in England, the son of a blacksmith. As a boy he worked in the shop with his father, and also had some experience working in a

ed with the channels and currents and tides that will forward them to the desired haven, and that he himself has no misgivings.

"The Best Day in the Week."

At one of the testimony meetings in the association at Fouke an aged brother said: "Every one here seems glad when Sabbath comes. Old and young are anxious to go to Sabbath school, and we think the Sabbath is the best day in the week."

Another one, who had come some five hundred miles to attend the association, a lone Sabbath-keeper, told what a joy it was to be in that Sabbath service with friends of like faith. It had been five years since he attended a real Sabbath school, and his shining face showed something of the happiness he felt.

Blessed is the church whose members feel that the Sabbath is the best day in the week, and where old and young enjoy the Sabbath school and the services of God's house. Such a church, though isolated, poor, and weak in numbers, is a strong church. From such churches come the strong men and women upon whom the future of our beloved cause depends. Those who thus learn to call the Sabbath a delight stand among the chosen ones of whom Jehovah said: "Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father." Upon these strong men and women, trained in Christian activities amid trials and burden-bearings, we must depend to "build the old waste places," and to "raise up the foundations of many generations."

On the other hand, a church whose members take little spiritual interest in the Sabbath, regarding it merely as a rest and recreation day, is sadly handicapped and on the way to death. A church made up of such members will give no strong spiritual leaders to the denomination. We need more Christians who call the Sabbath a delight, and regard it as the best day in the week.

He that studies only men will get the body of knowledge without the soul; and he that studies only books, the soul without the body.—Colton.

factory. Three years of public school served to awaken a desire for knowledge, and when a friend loaned him Washington Irving's Sketch Book, his mind was turned toward the land where he was to become famous as a pulpit orator. When twenty-nine years of age he was converted in a Methodist revival, and soon became a local preacher.

In 1850, soon after his marriage to Miss Ann Armitage, he set sail for America. The young couple were four weeks on the voyage. Soon after landing he entered a hammer factory in Pennsylvania, and while earning his living making clawhammers, he preached the Gospel without remuneration. He was much interested in mission work for the poor in New York and Chicago.

Fish Commissioner Goes to Europe.

United States Fish Commissioner, George M. Bowers, of Martinsburg, W. Va., is preparing to spend some months in Europe, for the purpose of making an exhaustive investigation of the fisheries of France, Germany, Italy, Austria, England and other countries, in the interests of the department of which he is the head in America.

The commissioner will also represent this country in the annual sale of seal furs taken off the coasts of Alaska and in other waters where the United States has treaty rights.

Congress Convenes.

In the presence of crowded galleries, the third or closing session of the Sixty-second Congress convened promptly at noon on Monday, December 1. The Senate was called to order by the president pro tem, Senator Bacon, who was chosen vice-president of that body temporarily when Senator Frye died. The House of Representatives was announced in session by Speaker Champ Clark. There was an evident tinge of sorrow in both houses over the deaths that have vacated several seats during the vacation. This was especially manifested in the Senate, owing to the death of its presiding officer, Vice-President James Schoolcraft Sherman, and two members, William Heyburn of Idaho, and Isador Rayner of Maryland. In the House there were several empty seats whose oc-

cupants had been claimed by death since the House last met, among those our friend George H. Utter.

The fact that many who for years had been prominent in the legislative halls had been turned down in the recent election helped to give something of a personal tinge to the gathering, since they were entering upon the last three months of service.

Of course no business was done other than to send word to the President that Congress was in session and ready to receive his message. Then out of respect for the dead both houses adjourned.

The first real work of the Senate after listening to the President's Message is the trial of Judge Robert W. Archbald, of the Commerce Court, in the impeachment case found against him by the lower house. This trial will be watched with great interest as the days go by.

Wellesley Girls in Turkey.

The friends of seven missionary girls from Wellesley College are much concerned about the safety of the young ladies, who are in the war district of Turkey. They are cut off from communications with America. One of them is shut up in Constantinople, unable to get any word to her friends. Wellesley students are anxiously watching every movement of the two armies, hoping and praying for the safety of their student friends. One hundred and six missionaries from that school are already in the field,—twenty-one in India, nineteen in China, nine in Japan, and others in Africa, Brazil, Mexico, Siam, Spain, Korea, and Syria.

The New Turkish Map.

We are all glad the Balkan Turkish war is likely to end soon, and that at this writing, December 2, the assurances are good that an agreement will be reached. Greece is the only ally now hesitating to sign the papers. It is too early to draw a new map of Turkey in Europe, but it is probable that the new charting will soon begin. Both armies have suffered severe losses, and now if the allies can come to an agreement as to the share of spoils each should have, there is little probability of fighting being resumed.

The Old Lincoln Cabin.

The old log cabin in which lived the parents of Abraham Lincoln has been taken down log by log and carefully transported from Washington County to Harrodsburg, Ky., on wagons, and is there being reconstructed under supervision of the Harrodsburg Historical Society and Commercial Club. This historic cabin will stand on old Fort Hill, where was built the first stockade in Kentucky.

The Michigan deer season closed with a sad record of fatal accidents for the season. Not many deer were killed, but according to the record seventeen human lives were sacrificed to the sport, and half a hundred hunters were wounded, of whom several may die.

On December 3 the news from the European war sections is not so assuring. The rapid mobilization of forces by Russia along the Turkish borders, the arrest of nearly 200 Russian spies in Galicia, the gathering of three armies by Austria, and the reported warning voice of Germany, that if it becomes necessary to draw the sword in behalf of her allies, Austria-Hungary and Italy, she is ready to take their part firmly and decisively, all tend to disturb the public mind. The only thing that can now be truthfully said about the European outlook is, *All is uncertain.*

Under the rulings and services of Judge Goff and District Attorney Whitman, New York City is likely to redeem herself from her unsavory record of allowing the guilty to slip by the courts unpunished. One after another of a gang of officials who have been juggling with shaky financial institutions, holding them up with public funds, has been convicted and sentenced and now it is Hyde, the city's ex-chamberlain, who has to go over the road. Every possible dodge, every evasion of justice was resorted to, even the changing of venue for an "unbiased judge," but all efforts were of no avail. The court actually found him guilty, and "of course he will not get off." This is something new in Gotham. Perhaps by the time Becker and his four pals have passed out of sight forever by way of the electric chair, the official criminals of New York will begin to think the way of the transgressor is hard.

Glimpses of Life in South Africa.

N. O. MOORE

(Continued.)

It is forty-two miles from Blantyre to Zomba. The trolley cars are not running for the tracks have not been laid yet. There is a good wagon road, but there are no horses to draw the wagons or carriages, for they have all been killed off by the bites of the tsetse fly. The walking is very good, but the sun also is very hot and too much sun, for white men, means sickness and perhaps worse. The question is, then, how are two white men with three hundred pounds of luggage going to get from Blantyre to Zomba, in the shortest possible time? Answer is, by macheela (spelled machila).

A machila is an instrument of torture that was not known to the Inquisition. If it had been, they would undoubtedly have used it to torture their most obstinate heretics. A few hours in a machila would induce almost any one to recant. You would not suspect, at first sight, that it was an instrument of torture. If you ever sat in a hammock with a summer girl, you will very likely have a fleeting recollection of summer breezes and pleasant hours when you first get a glimpse of the innocent looking hammock slung from two poles. Not until you are in it and it is too late to escape do you realize what you are up against, or more correctly speaking, into. But there is no hope for you then, and repentant or not, you must lie in the bed you have chosen, if not made.

A machila consists of two bamboo poles about four inches in diameter and fourteen feet long, with cross pieces near each end separating them and holding them about two feet apart. From these two cross pieces is hung a canvas hammock. Over the top is spread a canvas roof with side curtains that may be let down, if desired, to keep out sun or wind. The hammock has a short spreader at the head and is gathered into a bunch at the foot, and there is about three feet of space at the widest point between the hammock and the awning. This is the machila itself. Attached to each end of each pole is a "boy," black, muscular, with bare head, arms, legs and body. A piece of calico wrapped about

his waist forms his running costume, or sometimes in addition he may wear an old undershirt consisting of holes and cloth, half and half. He is a "boy" although his age may be anywhere from twenty years up, for all black men are "boys" in the white vernacular. The machila boys are standing ready for you to set out on your journey so you had better get in and start.

Hammocks are sometimes deceitful things. So are machilas, and you had better be a little cautious in seating yourself gracefully in its interior, or you may roll out on the other side. If it happens to be lopsided with one side higher than the other, as they sometimes are, it is somewhat safer but more uncomfortable when you are in. The best way to get in is to turn your back to it, reach behind you and grasp the edge with each hand, and then fall over backwards and sidewise at the same time. If the boys start just at the same instant, it helps you to fall into proper position on your back in the hammock. Once in, sit up and look around. This will allow you to bump your head smartly against the ridge pole. To avoid that, slide down into the center and lowest point and stay there. You will reach that point anyway in a moment or two after starting, so you might as well accept the inevitable.

Once in, the boys set off at a good trot, all keeping step. It is not exactly a run, but such a fast walk that the boys who go along to relieve the carriers, have to run at a steady jog to keep up. By the time they have taken a dozen steps you wish you were riding in an automobile or a trolley car or a Pullman or most anything but a machila. The sensation and the motion are just about the same as you get on a fast trotting horse, but having no stirrups, you can't avoid any of the jolting, but take the full force of every step the four boys take together. Take any position you want—one is about as bad as another—and you will want to try them all before you get through the day. Lie down on your back with your feet out straight, draw up your knees and slide down into the middle in a heap, hang one leg over the side, hang both legs over, sit up and ride astride, put both legs out on the same side and ride sidewise—it's all about the same, and the boys keep up their steady pounding along while you jolt, jolt, jolt, and wonder that the poles

don't wear holes right down into the black shoulders in front of you.

Suddenly one of the boys utters a deep "Hm-m-m! hah!" and his partner instantly responds, "Hah!" First one repeats the "hm-m-m" and follows with a rapid string of "hahs" while his partner in a slightly different key alternates with an equal number of "hahs." The effect is much like a college yell. That seems to inspire the rear pair of boys and they break out with a mournful "Muy, muy, muy, muy!" in a rising scale and a most plaintive tone. Thereafter all day long, almost continuously at times, they utter these and many other calls. Sometimes they sing, apparently making up words about anything that comes into their minds, about their passengers, whether they are heavy or light, where they are going, where they have come from, the reward they expect to get at the end of the trip, etc. And through it all you hear the steady chuff, chuff, chuff, of bare feet on the beaten road.

Behind the machila come twelve extra boys trotting along carrying sticks, small skins containing their belongings, bundles of cassava roots, drinking gourds, etc. Occasionally one of these extra boys runs a few feet ahead of the machila team, drops his little bundle in the road, and relieves one of the bearers, almost without stopping the machila. Often it happens that the boy won't be relieved but insists on sticking to the job. He wants to make a record for endurance and attract the favorable notice of the white man. Another boy runs on ahead with a tin can or a gourd, down to a brook, dips up water and gives it to the machila boys who drink as they pound along. And so it goes hour after hour, till you feel as if everything inside was churned to butter. It ought to be good treatment for a torpid liver.

It is astonishing what strength and endurance these boys have. Many of them do not look very strong. Among the sixteen that I had there were only one or two that were more than middle height, while several were rather short. All of them were thin and wiry rather than large muscled. One boy was scarcely taller than my shoulder, yet he carried for over an hour without change, at the end of the forty-two mile trip. Forty-two miles is a good walk for one day without carrying anything. But when a man has run that distance at

a slow trot, to spend the last hour carrying a load of fifty pounds or more, shows a surpassing amount of endurance.

The first stop we made was thirteen miles out from Blantyre. Here as we came down a long gentle slope through an open forest, we reached a sort of market. A small open space in the trees was occupied by half a dozen rude wattle and daub buildings, occupied by Indian merchants, while close by, on the ground, the natives had spread out their goods for sale. These consisted of bananas, *chimanga* (corn), cassava, sugar-cane, etc., in little heaps, each with its owner squatting beside it. I was not provided with any lunch so I bought about twenty large bananas, handing the woman a "thrippeny bit." She handed back tuppence in change. The machila boys had a small dish of something but did not appear to eat much. After a stop of about twenty minutes we went on.

All through the afternoon they kept up their steady pounding along, the bearers walking with a quick short stride that kept the extra boys on a trot to keep up with them. The machila travels at the head of the procession, with the bearers giving their college yells and singing, while the twelve extra bearers trail along behind in silence, bundles on their heads or shoulders. The sun shines down hot; the mountains look blue and hazy in the distance; occasionally a gentle breeze blows through under the awning. Up hill and down the boys jog along while I jolt along with them and wish the man that invented machilas had been confined in the asylum before he put them on the market.

We passed scores of natives on the road, going in both directions. A man comes sauntering along with a stick or an axe in his hand. A rod behind him walks a woman with a load on her head and a baby sitting at her back in the blanket wrapped around under her arms. Probably a small boy trots along beside her. Perhaps behind her come from one to three other women, all with loads on their heads and very likely children at their backs. The man and his families stare in expressionless silence at the white man.

Late in the afternoon, after four, we reach a rest-house and the machila boys stop and indicate that I am to get out. One of the boys rattles off a lot of Chin-

yanja at me. I take it for granted he is right, but can't be sure. Inside the house are several typewritten notices to travelers in regard to the refreshments they may get there. The rest-house is one of the stations of the African Lakes Corporation. Travelers in their charge may help themselves to a lunch free, making note in a book of what they take; others must pay the *kapitao* for what they use. The *kapitao* (head boy) was not there when we arrived, but came in a few minutes. He made me some tea and I had a lunch of tea, sardines and whole wheat biscuit. The machila team did not eat at all, but I gave them the rest of my bananas. And then we proceeded on the way to Zomba.

The sun slid down and shone into my face under the awning. Then it went down entirely and the half moon began to throw a pale light on the road. Also it began to be cold and I wished I had an overcoat or a blanket or something warmer than my arms to wrap around me. There were few natives passing on the road now and the machila boys had lost most of their college spirit. At least they didn't waste much breath in yelling. Occasionally one would mutter under his breath, "Hm-m-m! hah!" and his partner replied still more faintly, "Hah!" The little fellow with the striped jersey and the blue hobble skirt was carrying at the right forward pole, and kept at it all the rest of the way in to Zomba. I got out and walked myself warm, then rode again till I was cold, and then walked again, and rode some more. And so we came to Zomba at nine o'clock—just ten hours from the time we had started. We had rested an hour in all on the road, leaving nine hours for actual traveling time for the forty-two miles. If you think it is easy, just set out and walk forty-two miles in nine hours, and for an hour or more of the nine, carry fifty pounds on your shoulder.

But the most surprising part of it I did not realize till next day. I had wondered somewhat at not seeing the boys eat any more than they did, but supposed they knew what they were doing, and as the African Lakes Corporation was responsible for them, I did not worry about them. But next morning, before we were ready to start on again, the boys complained that they had had nothing to eat and they wanted "posho" or money for rations.

We discovered then that they had been sent off from Blantyre without food or money to get food, and they had made the trip almost without eating at all. The agent at Zomba gave them "posho" and they were all right for the next day.

Wilcox had arrived at Zomba about two hours earlier than I had and had gone to bed. When I got there there was no one at the boarding house, but a boy who seemed to know what to do appeared in a few minutes and I had him make up a bed for me and I went to it without eating anything. I was not hungry, as I had the lunch at Namadzi rest-house. During the night the boys with my loads came in, so that everything was there in the morning except the loads that had started with Wilcox. We did not see them till the next morning after this, as they had taken a shorter road to Liwande.

After breakfast with Mr. Beeton, the man in charge of this station of the African Lakes Corporation, we set out about eight, together. Or rather, Wilcox was a few rods in advance and I following, each of us with our extra boys trailing behind, the machila teams yelling and singing and everybody on the road looking. "Everybody" means the natives who happened to be passing. No whites were about so early in the morning. We had not gone very far before my boys caught up with Wilcox and passed his team and we were ahead of him most of the day, though he was close behind. It was rather better to be in the lead as the road was much dustier than the day before and as there was little wind, we were in clouds of dust a good deal of the time. The traveling was just a repetition of the previous day, except that after the first half hour or so the boys did not travel quite as fast as we had not so far to go. I had found an all-story magazine which I could read without much difficulty by holding it carefully. It was only a small one and I read it through in half a day. That helped to pass the time. We were passed by two motor-cycles with white men. The machila boys heard them coming before I did. The first I knew of them I noticed that the boys seemed to be trying to run off into the edge of the road as if they were frightened. I didn't know but there was a snake or something of that kind in the road that they were trying to dodge. But in a mo-

ment I heard the popping of the motor and it went by. A few minutes later another passed us, and later on we passed both of them standing at the side of the road. The men were apparently locating the boundaries of land.

About an hour and a half after leaving Zomba the boys stopped at a cross-roads store in the woods. You may wonder that there should be such things here, but there are. They are run by Indians, and it is not at all uncommon to pass a small store building beside the road, built of wattle and daub, without windows. As you pass you can see through the door the shelves piled with cloth for trade with the natives. They do not carry much besides cloth. Outside the proprietor will be sitting—a dark-skinned Mohammedan with white trousers of thin cloth and a long shirt hanging outside his trousers and no collar, of course. Fez on his head.

At this place where we stopped there were three stores, and a few natives with food for sale also. The machila boys bought food and ate some and packed the rest up in bundles to carry with them to eat later. I took a shot at the road, the stores, and the machila boys squatting on the ground.

(To be concluded.)

Taken From a Pastor's Note-book.

Prayer-meeting topics for four months in 1913:

JANUARY.

The Sabbath truth expects us to be

1. Positive in belief.
2. Aggressive in action.
3. Loving in spirit.
4. Consistent in conduct.

FEBRUARY.

The Sabbath truth needs our

1. Earnest prayers.
2. Cheerful sacrifice.
3. Willing work.
4. Consecrated money.

MARCH.

The Sabbath truth requires our careful study

1. In the Old Testament.
2. In the New Testament.
3. In history.
4. In the present time.

APRIL.

The Sabbath truth calls for

1. The enthusiasm of youth.
2. The loyalty of women.
3. The strength of men.
4. The momentum of the multitude.

SABBATH REFORM

The Two Commandments of the Constitution.

I.
Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.—*First Amendment.*

II.
No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.—*Article 6.*

Keep the altar fires of liberty forever burning. We can not afford to let the flame die down to ashes cold and desolate. Eternal vigilance is the price whereby our holy inheritance of liberty must be maintained. Each of us must do his part in the issue now joined. We must advance or retrograde. There is no standing still.

It was Abraham Lincoln who said: "Those who deny liberty to others, deserve it not for themselves; and under a just God, can not long retain it."

Shall the hands on the dial of the nation continue to point to the high noon of religious liberty and freedom of conscience? or shall they be turned back until they indicate the midnight hour of religious bigotry and intolerance and persecution? Which? It is the American people that must answer.

—*Mrs. Lulu Wightman.*

Every man who conducts himself as a good citizen, is accountable alone to God for his religious faith, and should be protected in worshiping God according to the dictates of his own conscience.—*George Washington.*

Almighty God hath created the mind free; all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burdens, or by civil incapacitation, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the holy Author of our religion, who being Lord both of mind and body yet chose not to propagate it by coercion on either, as was in his almighty power to do.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Religion is not in the purview of human government. Religion is essentially distinct from government and exempt from

its cognizance. A connection between them is injurious to both.—*James Madison.*

When religion is good it will take care of itself; when it is not able to take care of itself, God does not see fit to take care of it, so that it has to appeal to the civil power for support, it is evidence to my mind that its cause is a bad one.—*Benjamin Franklin, in "Letters to Dr. Price."*

I consider the government of the United States as interdicted by the Constitution from intermeddling with religious institutions, their doctrines, disciplines or exercises.—*Thomas Jefferson (Works of Thomas Jefferson, Vol. v, page 236.)*

There is not a shadow of right in the general government to intermeddle with religion. Its least interference with it would be a most flagrant usurpation.—*James Madison ("Debates on the Federal Constitution," Vol. iii, page 330.)*

Mayor Gaynor on Sabbath and Sunday.

The following letter from the mayor of New York City, to one Miss Lillian Freund, appeared in the *New York World* of Friday, November 15, 1912, and was forwarded to the editor by Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church in that city. The letter is evidently a reply to one written the mayor by an enthusiast on the question of enforced Sunday observance, and is especially significant as indicating the real sentiment of a host of leading men in America. They are not always as frank in expressing this feeling regarding Sabbath and Sunday and the enforcement of Sunday laws; but we are sure that the views held by the mayor are far more general than many think, who are trying to push such laws through Congress and state legislatures.

It is fortunate for America that this is so. If it were otherwise the zealots actuated by "miserable little prejudices" against Sabbath-keepers would probably have their way, and the days of persecution for the truth's sake would again come.

The mayor's letter will bear careful reading:

DEAR MADAM:

I have just received your letter to me about Sabbath observance, by which you mean Sunday observance. I agree with you about ob-

servicing the day of rest. But we must be fair and charitable to others. The Christians do not observe the Sabbath day, namely, the seventh day, established by God according to the fourth commandment, or the third, as some number it. The Christians abandoned that day, and adopted Sunday, which is the first day of the week.

It is all right for us to observe Sunday, but let us have no miserable little prejudices against the Jews because they stick to the Sabbath. Some Christian sects also adhere to the Sabbath, stoutly maintaining that no one had the right to change the day of rest ordained of God, from the seventh to the first day of the week.

W. J. GAYNOR.

Some clean-cut, undeniable facts are suggested in this letter. (1) People insist on saying Sabbath when they mean Sunday. Many do this even after they admit that Sunday is not the Sabbath. (2) The great body of Christians do not observe the Sabbath of Jehovah and of his Son Jesus Christ. (3) Christians have abandoned the only Sabbath given in the Bible, and deliberately put the "venerable day of the sun" in its place. (4) Prejudices too often blind the eyes of men to the plainest truths of God's word. (5) There is no authority for the change of day. (6) There is a strong sentiment in the hearts of unprejudiced men against Sunday legislation.

Sunday Law Supreme!

A little child lay dying in a room in a crowded tenement house. By the side of the poor bed sat a pale-faced woman. It was Sunday, but the woman's fingers were busy with her needle. So long as there was daylight, seven days in the week, she must sew constantly upon the garments which later would be sold by greedy merchants at so-called "bargain sales." The merchant would make his goodly profit, for the "bargains" were made possible by the miserable wages paid to the woman and her tired sisters who stitched in other tenements.

The little figure on the bed stirred, and a thin little hand was stretched out toward the woman.

"Mamma!"

"What is it, darling?" cooed the woman, as she put aside her work for a moment and bent over her child.

"I am so hot, mamma. My head is burning up. Give me some water, mamma."

"Yes, darling."

The mother rose wearily, and went out into the hall to fill a pitcher at the sink there. As she entered the room again she looked out of the window into the crowded street below. Many children were clustered around the back end of an ice wagon. The woman's eyes brightened. She went over to the bed, and, bending over the tiny figure there, said:

"Girlie, mamma will get you some ice, and that will make your throat cool. Lie still for a moment; I will be right back."

Then, with the nickel which had cost her two hours' hard labor clutched in her hand, she ran down the narrow stairs and into the street.

"Give me five cents' worth," she said to the iceman.

He selected a piece of ice, weighed it and was handing it to her, when a policeman suddenly appeared from the other side of the wagon and laid his hand upon the man's shoulder.

"I arrest you," said the policeman. "It is after 10 o'clock, and it is against the law to sell ice on Sunday at this hour. You will have to come to the police court with me. And you must come, too," he added to the woman.

"My little girl is very sick; I mustn't leave her," cried the poor woman, in great distress.

"Come along."

And she had to go. At the police court the iceman was held for violating the Sunday law. The woman was questioned and told to come back in the morning as a witness. Then she was allowed to go. She hurried back to the tenement where she lived. She ran up stairs and entered the room.

"I was kept away and couldn't get back sooner, darling," she said. "I couldn't get the ice because—"

Suddenly the words died upon her lips. She knelt down by the bed and took a little wasted hand in hers. Then, raising her face, she gazed up with dry eyes that yet saw nothing and whispered:

"Thy will be done, O God! Thou knowest best!"

For the child was dead.—*Evening World, Aug. 26, 1912.*

"Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right."

From Colorado.

It has been some time since any news items have appeared in the RECORDER from this part of the country, though several items of interest might have been chronicled.

Many, I am sure, will be interested to know that a Sabbath school has recently been organized in Denver, with Wardner Williams as superintendent and teacher of the adult class. We organized with twelve members, and expect some others to join later. The pastor plans to meet with them twice a month and preach for them.

The Sunday afternoon mission service at Davidson's Hall, which I have kept up as regularly as other duties would permit, has been discontinued for the winter.

We have suffered great loss recently by the removal of three Sabbath-keeping families from our city, two going to Denver, and one to Loveland. While we were sorry to lose these splendid families, we are glad that they are still within touch of our church and can occasionally greet us in the church service, and render substantial aid in sustaining the work.

Early in October the pastor made his usual trip northward. Short but pleasant visits were made at Loveland with Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Morrison, and at Fort Collins with Prof. and Mrs. P. E. Clement. The Sabbath was spent at Greeley in the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Church. A Sabbath afternoon service had been arranged for at Eaton (8 miles north of Greeley) with Mr. and Mrs. Newton Waldo. And here, with the two families, we had a very pleasant meeting. Sunday morning, through the kindness of Doctor Church, I was driven by auto to Kersey where I spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Van Horn and family, returning home late the same evening. This is the fourth time I have covered this territory northward, and I trust it may prove none the less helpful.

Probably most of our people are informed before this time of the humiliating defeat in this State of state-wide prohibition. As yet, we have not been able to get the official returns, but the liquor element is claiming its defeat by about 50,000 majority. Let the exact majority be as it may, one thing is certain, we have suffered an overwhelming defeat. And this, too, in a

State where women vote! Such a defeat is all the more humiliating! It is the first time in the history of the United States when women have had the opportunity to express themselves on state-wide prohibition. And so far as I have been able to ascertain, this is the most overwhelming defeat of state-wide prohibition in the past quarter of a century. Compared with the splendid victory achieved in West Virginia, we confess, with shame, the result is most disappointing. A. L. DAVIS.

Boulder, Colo., November 26, 1912.

Incorporation and Scatteration.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—May I have a few words to say in reference to a matter suggested by the move that is being made to incorporate the Central Association? The object in view is most worthy, and there is no question but that there is need of some legally organized body to hold church property when for any reason the local organization goes out of existence. But the question arises in my mind whether it would not be in the line of "conservation," and "efficiency," and "unity," about which we talk so much in these days, if the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference were incorporated. With such an incorporated body there would be no need for incorporation of all the subdivisions of the denomination.

I remember well of hearing our former Missionary secretary, Rev. O. U. Whitford, talk about the tendency of our people to "scatteration." He was speaking especially of the difficulties that thus came to lone Sabbath-keepers, and of the breaking up of churches by the moving of the membership out into widely scattered places, far from any church privileges.

It seems to me that this tendency to scatter is strikingly illustrated in the way in which our denominational enterprises are organized. For so few people we have so many incorporated societies and boards, and so many directing committees working independently, that our work as a whole suffers.

Let us begin by incorporating the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference, with full powers to hold property anywhere, with power to appoint for the management of the work all the sub-boards needed. Let

the Conference have some sort of a Central Committee to represent all the lines of work in which we are as a people now engaged, with a salaried officer to give his entire time and ability to the work as a whole. I am not particular about the details, but I am very much interested in steps that will bring more system and efficiency and unity to our work; and it seems to me that the very first step in this line is the incorporation of the General Conference. Not that I am opposed to what the good people of the Central Association wish to accomplish, but it appears to me that the better way would be by the way of the General Conference.

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN SHAW.

Resolutions Passed by the Southwestern Association.

Whereas, We have listened with much interest to the annual report of the work done by the Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society for the year ending July 1, 1912, therefore,

Resolved, (1) That we heartily approve the efforts of the board to come into close touch with the churches through its system of field work, by which exchange of pastors has been made, and by which men have been sent for special work among feeble churches of the weaker associations; (2) That we hereby express our approval of the efforts of both the Missionary and Tract boards to work together, through the Joint Committee, on fields where the work is common to both. We approve the joint efforts for missionary and Sabbath reform work on the Pacific Coast, in Java, in New York and in Chicago, and heartily favor the uniting of the boards in one field secretary; (3) That we also express our approval of the work of investigation in Africa, and believe in the ability of those having the African matter in charge, to solve in a satisfactory manner the African problem; (4) That we commend the efforts of the board to enlarge the subscription list of the SABBATH RECORDER, and its willingness to aid in the support of all our publications, and we pledge ourselves to do what we can to aid the board in carrying out all its plans.

Resolved, That we hereby express our thanks to the good people of Fouke for the warm welcome given the visiting delegates, and for the generous and royal entertainment given them during these meetings. We admire the splendid missionary spirit, and the conservation of the workers here, and as we go to our homes we bid them Godspeed in their labors of love, and bespeak for them the sympathy and support of our people.

Believing in the cause of education, and recognizing the need of training our own young people in Seventh-day Baptist schools, under the guidance of men and women of high Christian culture and character, and recognizing in Bro. G. H. F. Randolph such culture and character,

combined with a noble spirit of self-sacrifice and wise leadership, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we pledge to the Fouke School our hearty and loyal support; and further, that we commend the school to our entire denomination, urging that it may have a large place in their prayers and a liberal support by their means.

Whereas, We believe the use of intoxicating liquors to be a sin against both man and God, and a source of moral and physical degeneracy; and,

Whereas, We recognize in the saloon, as legalized by law and protected by the American flag, a source of political corruption, of poverty, and vice, breeding places of anarchy and crime, a menace to our free institutions, and a blot on the fair name of our government, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we pledge our untiring efforts for the suppression of this evil, and that we urge our people everywhere to use voice and vote and pen to emancipate our country from rum domination.

Since the work of evangelism is vital to the life of our cause if there is to be a universal awakening in religious life, and

Whereas, There is an open field in which the energies of old and young alike may be employed for the upbuilding of the Master's work in the earth, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to use every means at our disposal for the encouragement of this branch of work in the association.

Since there are in this association a number of churches that have no pastor, and are not able to sustain pastors, but which need regular religious services, that they may be helped in maintaining and building up that religious life, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we urge that the arrangements be continued by which the pastor of the Gentry or the Fouke churches shall make regular visits to such churches as Little Prairie at least once in two months, at the seasons of the year when roads and weather are suitable.

Whereas, We believe that the Bible is the great charter and message from our heavenly Father to his children on earth, and as we are in the work of our Master, and believe that the Christian home, the Bible school and Christian periodicals are most important factors in Bible education and building up the church, therefore,

Resolved, First, That we recommend that the family altar be faithfully maintained as a necessary and powerful influence for Christian family growth and development of the home.

Resolved, Second, That Christians will find great help in the Bible school as a means of educating the youth in the Bible and in the Christian training of the whole family, which we need and can not afford to lose.

Resolved, Third, That we do heartily approve of the SABBATH RECORDER as a Christian family paper, and we urge our churches to place it in the homes of all our people.

NANCY E. SMITH,
T. L. GARDINER,
I. L. COTRELL,
A. L. DAVIS,
E. B. SAUNDERS,
Committee.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Some Bible References Made Clear by Life in the Orient.

MRS. H. EUGENE DAVIS.

Paper read at Woman's Hour of Western Association.

It has often been a matter of interest and enjoyment to missionaries in the Eastern countries to notice the similarity between customs and characteristics of the countries and those spoken of in the Bible. These do not all come to one's mind at once, but from time to time one suddenly becomes aware that this or that is just what the Bible refers to. Of course, Palestine is the country in which to live to become thoroughly familiar with such things, but there is a thread of similarity running through the entire Orient. Such an experience makes the Bible much more real and clear in meaning. It is especially helpful to consider in this light the books of Mark and Luke. The majority of instances to which reference will be made in this paper will, then, be found in those books.

Beggars are frequently mentioned in the Gospels, and it was often for them that our Master did so many acts of healing. You remember that it was Lazarus, the beggar full of sores, lying at the rich man's gate, of whom Christ spoke; Luke xviii, 35 mentions the blind beggar, sitting by the wayside on the Jericho road; a leper came kneeling down to Christ and beseeching that the Lord would heal him (Mark i, 40).

A beggar is so common a sight in China that one becomes quite accustomed to them. They are seen everywhere, and are from the tiniest babes in arms to old gray-haired men and women. Generally speaking, their clothes can not be called such, but rather, tatters, the wonder only being that they ever hold together. Dirt lies in the wrinkles of their faces, and thick in the palms of their hands, for, having gone so long unwashed, a deep coat of soil has

been formed; their hair, never combed, lies matted and disheveled about their faces; ugly sores are usually their stock-in-trade, by which they seek the sympathy and support of the public. In a chapter on "Beggars," Doctor Macgowan remarks that "these sores are always in convenient places, and that they are never healed through summer suns or winter rains." The children, who from earliest childhood, have been taught to beg, are no exception to this description in point of rags and filthiness. In Shanghai, they dart out from behind buildings, or from the roadside, following one as long as breath will hold out, clasping their hands and bending in characteristic beseeching, and crying out in the well-known whine, "Lau mā-mā, tshing-tshing cash, lau ma-ma, tshing-tshing cash"—"Honorable lady, please give money." These beggars are often found sitting in niches in walls or flat on the ground along the roadside. At the railway stations, one is frequently met by the most forlorn and crippled individuals it is possible to think of, bowing and begging in one's very face, or prostrating themselves at one's feet. Beggars are an organized body, that is, they always have a chieftain and are, by an unwritten law, accorded certain privileges by the community, as for example, on the fifteenth day of every month beggars may demand and receive alms at every shop.

Beggars live anywhere and everywhere, but one large class of them live upon boats, and go from these to the town to beg, returning with what they may have been able to buy with the alms received. Often one sees beggars literally living in the streets. Frequently in Lieu-oo have we passed beggars lying on the stone road under pieces of filthy matting positively their only home roof. All one winter, a beggar lived in sight of our windows, in a little matting hut just big enough for him to lie down in, in a corner of a temple wall, going out to beg and buy, returning to cook over a fire of dried leaves and grass or weeds, then to eat and to sleep again.

We are often asked, "Do you give to such mendicants?" Foreigners seldom do, for the reason that it is difficult to distinguish between the worthy and the undeserving. The Chinese give that they may lay up merit for themselves both with gods and men. Must it not have been with re-

gard to such that Christ said, "Do not your alms before men, to be seen of them"?

The subject of feasts is a most interesting one in the combined light of Bible teaching and life in the Orient. In Christ's word regarding humility he frequently refers to these customs (Luke xiv, 7-11). When one enters a house, he must attempt to take the seat nearest the door, or he is indeed overstepping all bounds of courtesy. It is the place of the master of the house to bid him "go higher." Even upon the occasion of an ordinary call when one enters the guest-hall, one should take the first seat reached. The seats are usually placed in two rows facing each other, a chair and a tea-poy, a chair and a tea-poy, etc. The seats nearest the door are the lowest seats; those at the other end, although not elevated, are the highest. At a marriage-feast the tables nearest the door are likewise the lowest.

In this connection, a glance at a later passage in the same chapter may be interesting. When one is invited to a feast he does not usually go until a messenger is sent to say that the feast is prepared, and the guests are bidden. If the feast is in the evening, as it often is, a servant comes bringing a lantern carried on the end of a stick in front of him. When the guests are ready to go, he either precedes them at some distance, or falls some paces behind, walking where he can best light the way.

Another interesting reference is in regard to the multitudes who followed and pressed about Jesus wherever he went. "And the multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread" (Mark iii, 20). Often, almost always, in fact, when one goes to call or to a feast, crowds from the street follow one into the house or court, and watch whatever is done, or listen to all that can be heard. "No leisure so much as to eat" is the word in Mark vi, 31 and 32. Anywhere in the country where we have stopped to eat a lunch by the wayside, have we been surrounded by a crowd of from ten to fifty men, women, and children. Perhaps a few of the boldest in the foreground may ask a few questions, but the many are content to watch with open mouth and eye while these teachers, as they call us, eat the strange food in a strange way. "And the people saw them, and they ran together on foot from all the cities, and outwent

them." Even in some of our walks about Lieu-oo crowds collect and follow us for long distances, and often run by us to reach a given point before we do. Once in going with Doctor Palmberg to make a professional call, some people saw where we were evidently going, as they knew of the illness in a certain house. Hither they ran also, so that by the time we reached the place, a crowd had gathered about the door, ready to follow us into the house. Such experiences must have been trying to the humanity of Christ, but they were always his opportunity for service.

In reading of Christ's cleansing the temple, not until an experience in an Eastern land, had it become clear what "overthrew the tables of the money-changers," and "cast out them that sold doves" could really mean. At the Zung Waung Miao, one of the chief temples in the native city in Shanghai, not only are doves and all sorts of birds sold, but about everything else from foreign buttons to chestnuts, fire-crackers to hair ornaments, or even a hot lunch may be purchased. These sales-places are not in the temple itself, but in the courts about it. The occupation of money-changing is one conducted by itself, or in connection with other business. At a temple in a city especially, there are always many coming and going, and it affords an advantageous place for profit in money-changing as well as in other things. By the uncertain scale of money values from day to day, this business of changing a dollar for cash, dimes or whatever it may be, becomes a profitable one.

Mark v, 39 contains Jesus' words uttered in the house of the synagogue's ruler whose daughter was supposedly dead, "Why make ye a tumult, and weep?" When a young teacher died at Lieu-oo, his widow wailed aloud as if trying to make the whole town hear. We endeavored to quiet her, but were told that she must thus lament or she would not be considered as showing proper respect or regret for her husband. It is literally true that a tumult occurs in every house of mourning at all the rites connected with death; the death itself; the burning of the clothes of the deceased; the preparation for laying the body in the coffin; the funeral; the journey to the grave and the burial, though they often return from thence with laughter and joking. The louder the wailing,

the more is the world supposed to credit the mourners with doing homage to the dead. There are often hired mourners too, who do their duty well, but for whom, of course, there is no real sorrow.

Many other references might be cited to illustrate this similarity which is being considered. At the marriage in Cana, described in the second chapter of John, you remember Christ changed the water into wine, the water being in waterpots of stone. These jars, or ones similar to them, are a familiar sight, and are in continual use in the homes of China. The makers of stone jars pile them up outside the places of manufacture in fantastic piles often higher than the houses. These jars are about two and a half feet high and as large around as a bushel basket, are usually a dark brown in color, and are slightly glazed. We used such as these in our home, and others three or four times as large used for catching rain-water.

Luke xii, 39 refers to "thieves breaking through and stealing." The ordinary Chinese houses are built of bricks with plaster made of mud, paper, and straw mixed with the lime for mortar, and are of such character that holes may fairly easily be broken in the walls through which the thieves may force entrance into houses. So that the "breaking into" does not necessarily mean, breaking of doors or windows to gain entrance.

Matt. vi, 19 contains reference to the consuming power of moth and rust. The truth of this assertion may indeed be verified by life in this oriental country, for eternal vigilance is indeed the only price of safety from their ravages.

The marvelous growth of the mustard plant becomes an appreciated fact where "although it is less than all seeds, but when grown . . . becometh a tree, so that the birds of the heaven come and lodge in the branches thereof" (Matt. xiii, 31, 32).

Psalms cxv, 4-8 gives an exact picture of the gods of wood and stone, concluding with the statement that "they that make them shall be like unto them; yea everyone that trusteth in them." This is truly seen to be verified in the stolid facial expression of the Chinese, and often in the indifference and oblivion of attitude into which they seem to have sunk after ages of making and worshiping these worse than lifeless deities. Christ, too, characterized

such when, in Mark iii, 11, 12, he said, "Unto you is given the mystery of the kingdom of God: but to them that are without all things are done in parables, that seeing, they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand." It is, therefore, a satisfaction to note that under the grace and influence of the worship of the Most High, who, though unseen, men of all nations may learn to love, this indifference is slowly dispelled, and life assumes a real meaning for time and eternity, when they who have dwelt in darkness behold the light.

The Woman's Hour at the Western Association.

The Woman's hour of the Western Association was opened by singing by the congregation and the reading of the Twenty-fourth Psalm. Mrs. E. E. Sutton of Little Genesee, offered prayer. Mrs. H. L. Cottrell of Nile, sang a solo. Then Miss Susie Burdick very pleasantly and clearly set forth in a blackboard talk the relative position of our various mission buildings in Shanghai, and told us of the growth in material equipment, general interest, and efficiency there during her acquaintance with the mission. She said that the Chinese girls are bright and quick to learn and that it is a pleasure to teach them. No one can doubt that Miss Burdick loves the Chinese and that she is thoroughly interested in her work.

Mrs. H. L. Polan of Alfred, sang, "A closer walk with God."

Mrs. Walter L. Greene read a paper prepared by Mrs. H. Eugene Davis, entitled, "Some Bible References Made Clear by Life in the Orient." Mrs. Davis has consented to its publication in the RECORDER.

Such a program is always interesting and entertaining, and much credit is due to those who carefully prepare papers or addresses on the subjects assigned them. But now, inasmuch as the associations are to follow the General Conference, would it not be a good plan if, instead of recchoing the woman's Conference program, the Woman's hour of the association should be devoted only to effectuating within the association the work planned by the Woman's Board?

AMELIA R. SIMPSON.

Woman's Work at Central Association.

As a result of a suggestion offered at the Central Association, in connection with the Woman's Work, this article comes to the columns of this special department of the RECORDER.

Miss Agnes Babcock of Leonardsville who had charge of Woman's Work in the program, gave a stirring talk in connection with reading the annual report of the Woman's Board, which was approved at Conference.

The impressive manner in which she set forth the many ways in which we may help to further denominational interests made us all feel how little we have done in the past, compared with what we might have done, and inspired us to a stronger determination to enlarge upon our methods for work, and to put forth greater effort in the future.

After the reading of the helpful paper by Mrs. Davis, and the reports from the different societies were given, Miss Babcock requested the ladies to assemble themselves at a later hour in the day for a short session, at which time she hoped to have a discussion on methods to further our work.

To this a goodly number responded, and a lively half-hour session brought suggestions and helps from each society.

One from each society was called upon to tell of the methods her respective society had used to raise funds. The society which had raised the largest amount during the year reported excellent results from the thank-offering boxes, as also from the special teas which they had given. These methods were used in connection with other work.

One important feature of this discussion was that all seemed to be awake to the great need of devising plans whereby the interests of the young people might be stimulated to greater action along denominational lines of work; and the great necessity of providing profitable entertainment and social gatherings for them within our own circles, instead of letting them seek it outside where influences are not conducive to their best interests.

Miss Babcock also urged the help of the societies in furnishing something for the Woman's Work columns.

Her impressive talk and the help gained

from the extra session seem to have had their effect on one society at least.

At the October meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent society of the Verona Church, which was held at Deacon A. A. Thayer's, steps were taken to enlarge upon its regular routine of work. The advisability of providing a lecture course was discussed and approved, and a committee appointed to act toward that end.

Further, the society voted to give four special teas during the year, and accordingly a committee for each was appointed and at the present time are preparing for the same.

The society meets in November at Mrs. A. Rhoades' at which time the ladies expect to begin work on another quilt. The young people of the society are planning for an oyster supper a few weeks later. The monthly meeting of the Young People's Club is to be held November 23, at the parsonage, at which time a program will be given and a good social time is anticipated.

We hope from time to time to let the progress we are making be known through these columns.

Z. D. T.

Verona, N. Y.,
November 20, 1912.

Tribute.

From the Woman's Aid Society of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church.

Since our dearly beloved sister, Mrs. Jonathan Maxson, has been removed by death to the heavenly mansions, we desire to make record of our appreciation of her beautiful Christian life and character. Always kind and thoughtful for others, helpful in every department of church and social life, generous, charitable, sympathetic, no one ever went to her for aid, either temporal or spiritual and was turned empty away.

Her hospitable home was ever open to receive friends and kindred, and strangers found a cordial welcome. She had high ideals of life and its possibilities and counted it a joy to be a coworker with the Lord.

It was her habit to be at the prayer meeting where she was a great comfort and help. Being wonderfully gifted in prayer,

she seemed to take one into the presence of the Infinite, as she pleaded for the church and its interests, the weak and erring ones, the careless and indifferent, or those in trouble and sorrow.

We feel that, like the servant of old, she walked with the Lord. Though the last few years of her life were filled with pain and weakness, no murmur escaped her lips; but though longing for release, she was a beautiful illustration of patient submission to the Father's will and his time for translation.

She was the last of a noble family, having attained the ripe age of ninety-two years, and, like a shock of corn fully ripe for the Master's harvest, she entered into rest, peaceful, beautiful rest, to be forever with the Lord, whom she loved and served so faithfully.

MRS. O. U. WHITFORD,
MRS. ABERT WHITFORD,
MRS. EDITH BURK,
Committee.

Lone Sabbath-keeper's Letter.

[The following letter from one of the scattered ones has the true ring to it, and while not intended for publication, I am sure the writer will pardon me for giving it a place in the RECORDER—G. M. COTTRELL, *Field Secretary.*]

Rev. G. M. Cottrell,

DEAR BROTHER:—I received your good letter of greeting some time ago, and I ought to have answered it before now. I see by my SABBATH RECORDER of November 4 that you have made an error by changing my initials from E. F. Bliss, to C. F. Bliss. You had it right at first. I will take the blame to myself in not writing to you before, then everything would have been all right. I am glad our denomination is going to give the lone Sabbath-keepers something to do, and thus bring us into better unity and strength for doing good. I do enjoy reading the SABBATH RECORDER, and note the good that we as a people are trying to do. May God bless our efforts. I am glad too, to note that our people are getting aroused and feeling the importance of making the Sabbath question more prominent. We must be more aggressive in that matter. May we who are lone Sabbath-keepers be not

ashamed to uphold the Sabbath wherever we are, and thus show to those about us that we are striving to keep God's whole law. May we make a greater effort to bring the people back to God's downtrodden Sabbath. I am giving my SABBATH RECORDERS to different ones to read to let them know what we believe, and to thus help spread the Sabbath question. I have talked with a good many on the question, and quite a number have admitted that I was right about it. A brother, W. H. Collins (the man I am buying broom-corn of), is becoming interested in the Sabbath question, and I am letting him have some of my RECORDERS to read. He was here yesterday and brought me some broom-corn. If you have any Sabbath tracts on hand you might send some to him. His address is, W. H. Collins, Mt. Vernon, R. F. D. No. 2, Mo. I am also sending some of my RECORDERS to a brother, J. Ernest Smith, Chesapeake, Mo. He is our enterprising merchant down there and a friend of mine. Pray for me, Brother Cottrell, that I may live a Christian life and remain true to the Sabbath. Pray that I may be the means of spreading the Sabbath truths here in Missouri. May God bless us wherever we are, and may we remain faithful.

Yours for His service,

E. F. BLISS.

Mt. Vernon, Mo., R. F. D. No. 6,
November 11, 1912.

Just Being Happy.

Just being happy

Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side,
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work, and true.

Just being happy

Helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy,
And they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten
If other skies you brighten
By just being happy
With a heart full of song!

—Selected.

"The only way to save the Church of Christ is to put into actual practice the teachings of Jesus Christ. His life of sacrifice will give life."

The High School.

FRANK L. GREENE, PED. D.

*Education Hour at Western Association,
October 4, 1912.*

The earliest organized educational institution in this country was the college. It was born of the desire among the first settlers to reproduce for their children the advantages which they had just forsaken, and the sacrifice of which they felt so deeply. It was a small college then, but it was a college.

Their leaders were university men, imbued with the spirit of the university, and impressed with the value—the absolute necessity—of a high educational center among them.

The public school as we know it and in the sense in which we use the term, these leaders knew nothing about; it had not been developed then; it was the product of a later age and has been the growth of two centuries or more. But democratic ideas grew and spread and the common school came.

We can thus see how the highest grade of instruction sprang from the transplanting of the colonists with their leaders trained in the English universities, with their English customs and habits of thought, while the lowest grade was developed from the new spirit, new needs and environment of the common people. But there was a great gap between. No organic relation seemed to exist between the common school and the college. Springing from different causes, to meet different needs, they apparently had little in common, and this hiatus remained for generations unbridged; and not till within comparatively recent years have any systematic and wide-reaching efforts been made to bring them into harmonious cooperation, and to secure for the masses a more liberal education than the common schools afford in order to meet the demands of modern life.

In the olden time the preparation of the boys for college was largely in the hands of the pastors who by tutoring eked out their meager salaries, while here and there a retired minister gathered a company of youth as the nucleus of the private academy which soon began to appear.

Later chartered academies and institutes

were established, with no definite purpose of fitting for college, but rather to meet the demand for more extended advantages than the common school afforded, especially with reference to a preparation for teaching in the public schools, a demand coming mainly from those to whom, owing to their distance of location or financial condition, the college was out of the question and did not enter into their plans (Kenyon). These institutions spread everywhere, and fifty or sixty years ago saw the academic epidemic (to use an awkward phrase) in full tide in our denomination.

In a paper presented before the Education Society in 1893, President Whitford showed that of the nineteen schools of academic grade established by our people during the previous sixty years, only three survived or remained in the hands of their founders. Those of you of maturer years can recall academy after academy that has gone down, some from lack of wisdom in locating them, many from lack of funds, but very few from lack in interest—all, however, from the unyielding logic of events.

These academies did a great work and were a great blessing in their day, but they have been supplanted, and we are taking new bearings and readjusting ourselves to the existing conditions.

Thus in these varied ways and by private enterprise has the effort been made to close the gap between the common school and the college. The last few years, however, have brought a great change, the last twenty may very properly be called the high school period. The large towns and small cities have admirable schools of this kind which receive the pupils from the grammar school and pass them on to college, and most villages of only a few hundred have their high schools or union schools with high-school grades. The large cities are generally conservative and slow to move in such matters. When I entered upon my school work in Brooklyn twenty-eight years ago, that city had no high school worthy of the name, only a nondescript affair called The Central Grammar School. Within twenty years this developed into six great, splendidly equipped high schools containing about 10,000 students. Manhattan soon after experienced a similar development.

Truly democratic in its clientele and financial support, the high school has evi-

dently come to stay. The State now distinctly fosters and stimulates high-school work. Pro rata appropriations are made to districts maintaining a high school according to the number of pupils attending, and rural districts having no high school are invited to send pupils, when prepared, to any convenient high school and the State pays the tuition of such pupils. For example, a boy or girl from this district, or Hartsville, or Phillips Creek, when ready for the work, can enter Alfred Academy (which is our local high school) without cost for tuition; that is, the State pays it \$20. The State thus recognizes the fact that a broader education than formerly is now needed by the people generally in our modern life. It in effect says: "The job will not fit itself to the man; the man must fit himself to the job."

The high schools have a double duty to perform, to meet the local needs and to focus on the college. A wise shaping may be given to their courses of study, I believe, so as to include instruction to fit for college, not only without diverting attention from the important work to be done for those who go no farther than the high school, but rather greatly to extend and stimulate that general work.

The spirit of a school, which makes itself a door, both in science and in language, to the great stores of knowledge beyond its own instruction, will be very different from that of the school which attempts to round up the culture of its immature students in a few short months, and confines itself exclusively to the consideration of studies having a so-called practical bearing. The larger outlook and higher devotion awaken the mind to continuous activity best fitting it for its immediate work, and those who can not, or do not wish to go beyond, feel the inspiration and exhibit it in their daily progress. A road that leads somewhere will be kept in better condition, and will be more frequented than one that leads nowhere.

We overlook, I think, the importance of those schools which possess the youth and mold their life purposes in the formative age. The bent for life is determined much earlier than some suppose.

In the current October number of *Good Housekeeping* Dr. Woods Hutchinson presents a somewhat extravagant article en-

titled, "The Girl Versus the High School." I quote: "The first thing that strikes us, and strikes us between the eyes, as the French say, the moment that we face it squarely, is that these few years are literally a transformation scene. Not merely a period, but *the* period of most rapid and epoch-making growth in the whole of her life. During these three or four momentous years the young girl literally embodies the future of the race, holds in her slender fingers, as it were, the destinies of the nation. This is the period in both the boy and the girl when both body and mind are, so to speak, taking their final form for life, fixing their permanent habits and assuming their final proportions. If there be a tendency to morbid brooding, to irritability of temper, to melancholy, to undue egoism, and anti-social traits generally, this is the time when it will most clearly manifest itself, and also the time when it may be most effectually guarded against, cured, or isolated as the case may be."

Boys at a certain age will often take advice more readily from others than from parents, strange as it may seem, and just here the influence of the earnest teacher is likely to be the most potent factor in shaping their future. The principals of such schools should be men or women who know what to teach and how to do it; they should be moral teachers as well, and have beauty and strength of character. They ought to be men who have had the benefit of a college education, and are interested in our colleges. They can do more than any one else—I repeat it—they can do more than any one else, if they are the right kind of men, to encourage the young men and women toward a higher education, and direct them where to seek it.

In the whole educational scheme there is no more responsible or sacred office than that held by the leader and teacher of youth at this age. Small places especially need better school principals. I regard this as a very essential point and one not properly weighed or appreciated by school officers and patrons. It is a sad day for any school when its management is left to those who have their doubts as to its value and are satisfied with the cheapest results in the cheapest way. It is substituting false economy for enterprise, shrewdness for wisdom.

I ask the young people here today, if

they are seeking to be teachers, to ponder this a little, and if it does not key them up to a higher conception of the teacher's calling, they ought not to teach. It is a splendid life-work, but a poor business—poor surely for that community whose school head has no higher notion of his position than that of merely making a living.

In closing I will say by way of summary:

1. That the life which the present and the coming generation are to meet demands, as an earnest of success, a liberal education—high school at least, college if you can get it.

2. That a young man or woman with a thorough training and preparation can more quickly and more surely rise to a position of prominence, responsibility and usefulness, than his fellow of equal ability, but of less education.

3. That in such a position his influence will be wider, deeper, and more lasting.

4. That in the professional world, presupposing natural ability, a high-school education is *first* and now absolutely necessary to enter the field, preceding both college and purely professional training.

5. That in the industrial world trained intelligence is in growing demand. Employers are as willing to pay for brains as for muscle, and the price is a good deal higher.

6. Thorough education increases the productive power of the individual in whatever walk of life, and gives him command of himself and wider resources in time of financial distress.

7. It increases the joy of life.

8. Our own young people need to be especially fortified for life in an educational way. There is no denying the fact that many of the avenues to business or professional success are closed to conscientious Sabbath-keepers. To offset this, we must therefore have the advantage which superior training of head and hand gives, in order to enter and hold those openings which present themselves, and to make openings, as well as to merit the consideration which the *best* always commands in any market.

"Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry, or others are angry with you."

The Hoe-man's Thanksgiving.

*I count up in this song of cheer
The blessings of a busy year:*

A roof so low I lose no strain,
No ripple of the friendly rain;
A chimney where all winter long
The logs give back the wild bird's song.

A field, a neighborly old ground,
Which year by year, without a sound,
Lifts bread to me and roses sweet
From out the dark below my feet.

The tree-toad that is first to cheer
With crinkling flute the green o' the year;
The cricket on the garden mound,
Stitching the dark with threads of sound.

The wind that cools my hidden spring
And sets my corn field whispering;
And shades across, to lightly blow
Green ripples down the apple row.

The shy paths darting through the wheat,
Marked by the prints of little feet—
Gray squirrels on their thrifty round,
Crows condescending to the ground.

That leafy hollow that was stirred
A hundred mornings by a bird
That sang at daybreak on a brier,
Setting the gray of dawn afire!

The lone star and the shadowed hush
That come at evening, when the thrush
Ravels the day, so worn and long,
Into the silver of a song.

The tender sorrow, too, that came
To leave me nevermore the same;
The love and memories, and the wild
Light laughter of a little child,

Thoughts of the Wonder that awaits
The soul beyond the Darkened Gates,
That old, old Mystery that springs
Deathless, behind the veil of things.

*This is my rosary of hours, inwoven of the snows
and flowers—*

*The year that runs from young to old, a glint
of green, a glow of gold.*

—Edwin Markham, in *The Circle*.

I have experienced that the habit of taking out of the hand of the Lord every little blessing and brightness on our path confirms us in communion with his love.—*M. A. Schimmelpennick.*

I am positive that I have a soul; nor, can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world convince me to the contrary.—*Sterne.*

Ours is the age of thought; hearts are stronger than swords.—*Wendell Phillips.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. H. C. VAN HORN, Contributing Editor.

What the Coming of Christ Has Done and Will Do for the World.

PASTOR T. J. VAN HORN.

Christian Endeavor topic for December 21, 1912.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Brought redemption (Heb. i, 1-3).
Monday—Made God visible (John xiv, 5-11).
Tuesday—Established brotherhood (Matt. xxiii, 8-12).
Wednesday—Will abolish war (Isa. ii, 1-5).
Thursday—Gives spiritual insight (Eph. iii, 1-6, 9).
Friday—Sets up a perfect ideal (Eph. v, 1, 2).
Sabbath day—Topic: What The Coming of Christ Has Done And Will Do for The World (Luke i, 67-69). (Christmas Meeting.)

What Jesus has done for the world will be the song of the redeemed ones throughout eternity (Rev. vii, 9-14). All we can hope to do in this meeting is to try to strike a few chords in harmony with that celestial music.

What was the greatest need of the world when Jesus came? You may expect that Jesus would apply himself to that need. The greatest need of the world is the right conception of God. "*The light of the knowledge of the glory of God*" which he brought was the supreme service which Jesus rendered to the world. Men with their faces away from God had forgotten the aspect of God toward men or had come to suspect and misapprehend him. When Jesus came to earth men "beheld the glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." To dispel the darkest misapprehension blinding our eyes we needed to know God's gracious attitude of love towards men, instead of hating or indifferently regarding them.

In the gift of his Son, God gave the needed object lesson of his

INFINITE LOVE.

In shedding upon the world the light of the knowledge of God, Jesus gave men a conception of the Fatherhood of God such as they had never known before. Since Jesus taught us to pray, millions have rev-

erently bowed their heads to say, "Our Father who art in heaven," whereas, before, they bowed to an arbitrary ruler of the universe or to an inexorable fate. And when men say, "Our Father," they acknowledge another great truth which Jesus gave to the world,—

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Recall the time in Paul's life when he was an extreme partizan, persecuting to the death those who differed from him in religion. But after his meeting with Jesus Christ his entire attitude toward his fellow men was changed. Now no one delights so much in the fact that there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, rich nor poor. He rejoices that the "middle wall of partition" between Jew and Greek is broken down (Eph. ii, 14-17), and all men are, through Jesus Christ, on an equal footing before God. The terrible wars now ravaging Turkey in Europe, as well as all lesser hates and strifes, can be permanently quieted, only when men shall recognize the common tie of human brotherhood that our Saviour taught. One satisfying evidence that his great purpose to establish universal brotherhood is being realized, is seen in the sympathy that thrills the whole world when a great calamity visits any section. A famine in India or China, an earthquake in San Francisco, the attempted assassination of an ex-President, a fire in Chicago, or a great disaster at sea, makes the whole world kin. And words of sympathy and condolence pulsate from the ends of the earth. Whittier bore beautiful testimony to this, when, on the burning of Chicago he wrote:

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signaled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame.

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

All the great words expressing the highest hopes and deepest longings of humanity were filled with new and precious meaning by the coming of Jesus.

Life meant infinitely more after that word fell from the lips of Jesus. He redeemed it from the scale of indifferent values when he said, "What shall a man give in exchange for his life?"

And when he said, "I came that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly," did not this statement of his purpose in coming, prove the tremendous value which he placed upon *life*? Jesus, in his coming, realized for the world

A GREAT HOPE.

Although not recognized, he was particularly the hope of Israel, as the words of Zacharias in our lesson assert. But the prophets of far vision have seen in his coming, hope for all nations:

Simeon declared when he saw the child Jesus, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and when the angel proclaimed, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," it was the prelude of the era when the highest aspirations and deepest longings of men on earth became possible of fulfillment. "Unto you," means that the abjectest slave under Satan's tyranny may have, if he will, this Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And he may sing with Ballington Booth,

"All the rivers of thy grace I claim,
Over every promise write my name.
As I am, I come believing,
As Thou art, Thou wilt receiving,
Bid me rise a freed and ransomed slave;
Master of myself, my sin, the grave."

Have you thought of Jesus in his influence on

ART, MUSIC, ARCHITECTURE?

"If he and all that he has inspired were taken out of the art galleries of the world, there would be little left of the work of the great masters, either old or new. The inspiration and the soul would be gone. Dead canvas and marble blocks alone would remain."

"In little more than nineteen centuries the world has been filled and enriched with a multitude of architectural forms of marvelous combination, wondrous beauty, and massive grandeur, wrought out of the intellects and dreams of the most unrivaled architects of all time with a grace and skill and purity of style nowhere else expressed, dedicated to His name and consecrated to His worship."

INTO THE HOMES OF EARTH

Jesus has brought *peace and joy*. The salvation of the home is one of the greatest blessings that distinguish the coming of Jesus. Wherever his teachings are revered, there we find the highest type of home and family relations. He has uplifted our ideals of the marriage tie, purified fatherhood and motherhood, emphasized the beauty and blessedness of childhood, and left peace and joy where before were contention and strife, unfaith and lack of loving consideration one for another.

"To know that God is near, to feel that you are acting towards him as a reverential, affectionate child, and that he is feeling towards you as a gracious and compassionate Father, this, this is peace."

Notice what Henry Drummond calls the "Programme of Christianity" for a list of beneficent things which Jesus, by his coming, presses upon a sinsick world:

A free gospel to the lowly.
Healing for broken hearts.
Liberty to captives.
The opening of prison doors.
The year of God's favor.
Judgment against wrong-doers.
Comfort for mourners.
Tokens of joy instead of garments of mourning.

But we must not forget that Jesus in his coming to the world went beyond these greatly to be desired results. Jesus was not merely the healer of superficial ills, as blindness, lameness, poverty and ignorance. These were but the surface indications of a deep-seated disease. For that disease Jesus was the great specialist. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he it is that shall save *his* people from their sins."

Because he was the Son of God, ordained for that specific work, he was not forgetful of his task. In the great humanitarian movements of this time there is a tendency to minimize this divine power of the Christ. But Jesus magnified his great calling, and when the paralytic was brought to him, he skilfully diagnosed the symptoms when he said, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

It is well for us to bear in mind his method in working out this mighty problem. Sin and its consequent disease were overcome by his life imparted to a dying world. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it *more abundantly*."

He taught us how to rejoice in the difficult passages of our pilgrimage; how to be of good cheer in this world of tribulation, so that with Paul we may be able to say, "For we know that these light afflictions which are for a moment work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." For all beleaguered souls Jesus gave the hope of victory when he said, "In this world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

A beautiful weather-vane was inscribed with the words, "God is love." The owner was asked, "Why did you use that text? Do you mean that God's love is as changeable as the wind?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "I mean to say that God is love whichever way the wind blows." This was the attitude of Stephen who in death as in life confessed that God is good.

Do you ask what Jesus *will* do for the world? Throw up the blinds and open the shutters of your room on some brilliant day of sunshine. The light flooding the house will suggest the answer. Jesus' power to save the world out of its sin is limited only by men's willingness to receive him.

I may not stay to see the day
When the great Saviour shall bear sway,
And earth be gladdened in the ray
Of light that cometh from above;
But come it fast or come it slow,
'Twill come at last I surely know,
And heaven and earth shall catch the glow,
And men shall call it *love*.

"And so we have Him, a Galilean carpenter:
Not a physician, but the master of all human ills;

Not a lawyer, but the expounder of the elemental principles of all law;

Not an author, but the inspirer of the living literature of the world;

Not an orator, but the interpreter of the universal human heart;

Not a poet or musician, but the soul and inspiration of all song and of all music;

Not an artist, but the unfailing light of the great masters, old and new;

Not an architect, but the soul-transformer and character-builder of all time;

Not a statesman, but the state and institution founder of the race."

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King.
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing."
—Governor Hanly.

The Greatest Factor in the Christian Life.

ESTELLA BAKER.

Presented at special service, Riverside, Cal.

Do you not feel better for the songs and prayers that we have just heard? Doesn't it quiet and make you ready for the things that are to come afterward?

Such is the influence of the devotional life on one. Among Christian Endeavorers the devotional time is named the Quiet Hour. This name is suggestive of that which is very important, namely, we should take the time when we can be quiet and alone with nothing to be constantly calling our thoughts away to something else. It is believed by many that the first few moments in the morning is the best time, in order that we may fortify ourselves for the battles of the day. Others gain much good from reviewing, at its close, the happenings of the day, and thanking the Father for the joys and privileges of service, and for a deeper consecration for the morrow. It is the link between us and God, the connection with Christ, the Power-house. The other phases of our Christian Endeavor organization, or of any Christian life, also help in this; but they should also help in drawing us nearer to each other and in bringing others to Christ, who have not yet found him.

One definition of devotion is the giving of one's mind to the worship of God. It should not be, as it so often is, a daub of reading here and there, and the repetition of words for a prayer; but the expression of our thoughts and feelings.

That brings us to the question, What shall we read? Sometimes we feel impelled to turn to a special chapter, but for a rule, it would seem best to take up some definite plan. This might be the home readings in the Sabbath-school lesson, or the Christian Endeavor topics.

It takes us away from self to have a list of people and things to bring before God in prayer. We should certainly not forget to return thanks for our blessings, and also the things we miss.

One man said that if he had only ten minutes a day for his Quiet Hour, he would spend half of it in simply being quiet and realizing God's presence, and in reading.

It is asked of Quiet Hour comrades that

they spend at least a quarter of an hour a day in prayer and meditation. There are ninety-six quarters in the twenty-four hours. Does it seem too hard to give one wholly to Him whom we have chosen to serve?

Efficiency is the slogan for the year. To prepare us for the greatest efficiency we should get the most from the Quiet Hour, and then, with that help, go to work.

Strength to act on one's own initiative when he knows a thing to be right is being emphasized now. Christ shows us what is wrong and what is right, the choice of action lies with us; but also, the strength to act comes from him, and is received by contact with him.

This is a busy world today. Every one seems to be trying to rush one thing through as quickly as possible, so as to get at another. All this does not lead to a great amount of concentration and quiet thinking. The world is too practical to give much time for soul culture. This the Quiet Hour ought to afford.

Everything seems so much easier written on paper than it does in practice, but let us give some time to him in the best way we know how. Then as we have so freely received, let us pass it on to others.

Milton College Notes.

The college librarian, Miss Mabel Maxson, is engaged in recataloguing the library. This is a task that has been needed for some time, owing to the fact that new books are constantly coming in.

President Daland spent a few days in Milwaukee recently.

Dean Edwin Herbert Lewis, Ph. D., Litt. D., of the Lewis Institute in Chicago, gave an interesting address to the students in chapel Tuesday morning, October 22, on Jane Addams and Woman Suffrage.

Among our chapel visitors the past month were Rev. Eugene Davis of Walworth, Wis., Mr. George M. Ellis, recently of Alfred, N. Y., and Rev. A. J. C. Bond of Milton Junction, Wis.

The Orophilian Lyceum held their annual banquet November 2, in honor of their new members. One interesting feature of these banquets is that each "Oro" is permitted to invite a lady friend, and the lucky ones, of course, arouse the envy of every other girl in college. The "Oros"

all declare this year's banquet was the "best ever."

The college Y. M. C. A. sent three delegates to the State convention at Eau Claire, November 7. The delegates returned in a few days with enthusiastic reports from the convention.

Election day with its excitement has come and gone. The members of the Wilson Club are jubilant. They celebrated, November 6, by organizing a band intended more for noise than music, and serenading the villagers who were very appreciative (?). Some even showed their delight by throwing missiles at the joyful musicians.

The Milton Seventh-day Baptist Christian Endeavor Society sent four of the college students to the Southern Wisconsin Christian Endeavor convention held at Beloit from November 1 to November 3.

News Notes.

MILTON, WIS.—On the evening of October 21, a public reception was given in the Seventh-day Baptist church in honor of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Shaw. During the evening several of the many letters which had been received were read, after which Rev. L. C. Randolph, Dr. E. H. Lewis of Chicago, and others, made fitting remarks to which Mr. and Mrs. Shaw responded. A sum of money in gold and several other valuable gifts were made, showing the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Shaw are held by their many friends.—A community social, arranged by the Brotherhood of Milton, was held in the college gymnasium on the evening of October 26. About 800 people were present. A program was given, consisting of music by the Milton band, several other selections of music—vocal and instrumental—and two short talks given by the Rev. Mr. Perry of Milton Junction and Prof. H. W. Rood of Madison. After the program the evening was spent in marching and in social intercourse.—Mr. N. O. Moore gave very interesting talks about his African trip in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Sabbath morning and evening, November 16.—Four union meetings have just been held among the evangelical churches in Milton and Milton Junction. Rev. W. A. Leighton, pastor of the Milton Congregational church, spoke Friday eve-

ning, November 15, on the subject, Problems of the City; Rev. Mr. Perry, pastor of the Milton Junction Methodist Church, spoke on the Negro Problem, Sunday evening, November 17; Rev. Mr. Drew, pastor of the Milton Methodist church, spoke on the Rural Problem, Friday evening, November 22; and Rev. L. C. Randolph spoke on the Emigrant Problem, Sunday evening, November 24.

FARINA, ILL.—The Farina Church had the pleasure of visiting with Bro. N. O. Moore, who is on his way to his home in California. Wednesday evening, November 13, he spoke at the church, giving us much valuable information concerning the African missions; and the Ladies' Aid society gave a general invitation to all to spend the next day with them at the church and visit with Brother Moore. He had with him a large number of African views which all had the pleasure of examining, and he also told many interesting experiences and made the day a most enjoyable one for all.—The appearance of the parsonage grounds will soon be improved by a new barn.—President Clark was recently here in the interest of Salem College and received \$672.00 in money and pledges for the college.—The Christian Endeavor society is planning to take up as much of the Efficiency Campaign work as is practicable for our society, and we hope that it will be a means of strength to us.

ROCKVILLE, R. I.—We consider we had a great treat in having Miss Susie Burdick with us Sunday evening, November 17. She gave us a good talk on China, and we feel that we know more about their habits and customs than ever before. Some say her talk was not half long enough, but we feel grateful that we could have her at all and we hope we were both helped and inspired by her words. Miss Burdick brought with her some of our genial friends from the Ashaway Church, whom we are always glad to see—Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Mrs. E. B. Saunders and Charles Clark and wife.—In our C. E. society we have been trying to create more of an interest by having extra music and some readings on the topic, which might be helpful, and we hope will bring more of our young people to the meetings.—The Loyal

Workers had a chicken-pie supper at the Rockville boarding house. They sold one hundred and sixteen supper tickets, taking in \$42. You may know their suppers are famous by people coming from Ashaway, Westerly, Canonchet, Hope Valley, and near Providence. In connection with the supper, they sold aprons and neckties, which sale was greatly enjoyed by the young people and some of the older ones.

Topics for 1913.

Our Young People's Board is publishing the topics and daily readings for 1913 in a booklet which we hope will soon be ready for distribution. We should use our own publications in this line for the sake of our special topics.

Our department will continue to present material on the topics, which we trust will appeal to our young people and be largely used by them. Though the writers are mostly new, we are sure the old high standards of excellence will be maintained. The Rev. R. R. Thorngate of Verona, N. Y., will write on the topics for the first quarter of the year, and the Rev. H. N. Jordan of New Market, N. J., for the second quarter.

The Origin of Shaking Hands.

Did you ever ask yourself why you shake hands with persons whom you know? Here is the reason, says the *Telegram*:

In olden days, when every man who had any pretensions to being a gentleman carried a sword, it was the custom for men when they met to show that they had no intention of treachery to offer each other their weapon hands, or, in other words, the hand that would be used to draw the sword, and to hold back the hand was usually a signal for a fight.

This habit became so fixed that long after men ceased to wear swords they still offered the weapon hand to a friend and declined to offer it to an enemy.

To this day when you refuse to shake hands with a person it signifies that you are at war. Among savages who never carried swords the practice of shaking hands is unknown, and it affords them a

great deal of amusement to see white men

Difficulties.**A CALL TO PRAYER.**

Difficulties? Yes, even in the lone Sabbath-keepers' work. It is difficult to preach to people a thousand miles away, and then not get them, perhaps, when your message does arrive. It is difficult to cry into the distance, and then not be conscious whether you have awakened any response, or not. It is working at a long range, with all the elements of time, space, distance, absence, inattention, against you. We need something more direct and rapid than stage-coaches, mail trains, and printing-presses. We need a sort of wireless telegraph, through which we can shout the Word to the world, and the message into the ears of those we would have hear.

And this kind of a wireless we have. All the members of this spiritual body can be reached through the living bread, our divine Lord. We read, "When they cry unto me I will hear, and before they call, I will answer" (Isa. lxv, 24). Here are immediate results—the message, its transmission, and the answer almost simultaneously.

How foolish we are, then, to neglect the great weapon that we have in prayer,—prayer for ourselves, prayer for our friends, prayer for the scattered flock, prayer for the greater body of the church that are housed and fed by the undershepherds.

I suggest, therefore, especially for all the lone Sabbath-keepers, that we observe the Quiet Hour—an hour for prayer, meditation, and reading the Word—every week on the evening before the Sabbath (Friday night), and that we earnestly pray for the spiritual health and welfare of every one of our scattered members, as well as for the success and growth of our entire denomination.

Sister Angeline Abbey, the assistant secretary in this work, is very anxious to be doing something in the above lines, and I have urged her to feel perfectly free to launch out in any way she felt led in organizing prayer and correspondence circles, in which she has had former experience; but even this involves at least postage expense, and if done, the expense should be borne by those ministered to. Our motto on finances is, "Not to make a dollar of expense for the General Confer-

ence to bear." Sister Abbey's address at present is Milton Junction, Wis.

The following corrections for the directory have been received from Pastor Edwin Shaw. (It will be well to copy all corrections and additions on the appropriate page in your directory.)

New Jersey: Mrs. Arthur H. Smith, member at Alfred, not Plainfield. Add her husband's name, Arthur H. Smith, Alfred, 2 Lincoln Ave., Dover, N. J.; Prof. A. A. Titsworth, Piscataway, not Plainfield; instead of two Blinns, there is probably only one, Mrs. Erma S. Blinn, Shiloh, Holly Beach, N. J.; change address of J. W. Mosher, from 20 Adela Ave., to 435 South Olden Ave., Trenton, N. J.

Add following: Lewis T. Rogers, Plainfield, Daytona, Fla.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Satterlee, Plainfield, Monrovia, Cal.; Mrs. Ethel R. Gavitt, Plainfield, 524 South 26 Ave., Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Rose D. Peet, Plainfield, Edmeston, New York.

Fraternally,

G. M. COTTELL,

General Field Secretary.

Topeka, Kans.,

November 29, 1912.

Zigzags No. 2.

GEO. W. HILLS.

BATTLE CREEK.

Battle Creek is a hustling little city of 30,000 industrious people. It has more than 160 manufacturing plants, turning out a wide variety of products, ranging from corn flakes to threshing-machines. This is the world's banner city for the production of manufactured foods.

But the one thing that has brought this place into the lime-light is the Kellogg Sanitarium, which is the largest establishment of its class. It is much more than a sanitarium, for there is always here felt a great moral and spiritual uplift—a kind of inspiration that gives renewed life-power to all, whether present for pleasure or treatment. Even the grounds have their language, for posted in several places is seen the declaration, "No smoking allowed on these premises." This is a suggestion that the weak ones, who are bound by the habit of self-indulgence, may, for a brief time and on a limited spot of earth, be free from their enslaving habit. This

ought to be a matter of rejoicing to such unfortunates. Lectures, parlor talks, the health question-box, concerts, and sermons are given in the building. The program for the day is announced each morning on blackboards in the lobby. On the sixth day of each week all are cautioned on the boards to do all their necessary business on that day, for "all unnecessary business will be suspended tomorrow—the Sabbath."

The guests of the institution come from the four corners of the earth, and many of them are thus for the first time brought face to face with the true Sabbath question. Frequently this expression is heard, "Tomorrow! the Sabbath! tomorrow is Saturday. Strange!" One interested old sister went to the desk and told them they had made a mistake.

But the facts and conditions which interest us most in this interesting little city are found in connection with our own people. There is a heroic little church bravely standing for the truth as we see it. It is made up of members from many localities, from California to Rhode Island, and from the Dakotas to Alabama, all marshaled under the able leadership of Pastor D. B. Coon. A very commodious and centrally located parsonage has been secured and paid for, which gives a promise of permanency to our interests in that city. This is no small item of strength. With the parsonage, are ample grounds for the accommodation of a church building when the fulness of time shall have come.

Plans and methods for conducting the work at Battle Creek can not be imported from other churches or localities, for we have none that are like conditioned. They must be original and carefully studied out on the field to meet the existing peculiarities. Pastor Coon has no precedents to guide him and no blazed trails to follow, but he appears to be a master hand in this original work, and is doing heroic service in meeting the needs of this peculiar field.

Battle Creek is a wonderful place of opportunity for Seventh-day Baptists. There is nothing like it. Those who go there with the fixed purpose and determination to be true to their God, their principles, their employers, and to themselves, make good, both as Christians and as laborers in the great field of the world's work.

We entertain high hopes for our work

and our workers at Battle Creek. While in the city we preached to that very interesting congregation, and before us we saw acquaintances of earlier days from fourteen States. What an inspiration!

Self-esteem Without Self-conceit.

It is, therefore, very evident that the majority of us do not set sufficient value upon ourselves. We disparage our worth. We throw ourselves away for nothing. We sell ourselves for a jest. We barter our honor for thirty pieces of silver. What we need is a keener and more discriminating sense of values and a more glorious conception of our possibility in Christ Jesus. There is far too much self-conceit in the world, but not nearly enough self-esteem. Self-conceit is a petty thing and can never think magnanimously. Self-esteem is a dignified thing and can never think meanly. Self-conceit looks downward and contemplates small attainments. Self-esteem looks upward and contemplates vast possibilities. Self-conceit is always a pigmy. Self-esteem has the quiet stride of giants. Self-conceit fingers bits of imperial ribbons. Self-esteem consciously carries the blood of kings. Now it is self-esteem we need, the consciousness of our high calling in Christ Jesus, this sense of blood relationship with the highest, of noble possibility, of glorious destiny. And such a lofty sense would save us from irritating conceits, from defiling meannesses and from either secret or obtrusive vice.—*Jowett.*

The experience that comes when one is nearest and dearest to us passes on into the unseen world is strangely significant. We at once realize that death is not the end of life, but merely one phase of experience in life, and its nature is to uplift and purify the friend left on this side, and to offer its absolute testimony to the persistence of the communion between the two—the one still an inhabitant of the visible world, the other of the unseen world. He who has gone on to the life just beyond is as real a personality as ever.—*L. Whiting.*

Sentiment is a strong man's restrained expression of what he feels; sentimentality is a weak man's unrestrained expression of what he does not feel.—*H. C. Vedder, D. D.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Little Gentleman.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale;
A lad who had his way to make
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs today.

He met his mother on the street,
Off came his little cap;
My door was shut, he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped the pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me;
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push or crowd along,
His voice is gently pitched,
He does not fling his books about,
As if he was bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass,
He always shuts the door,
He runs on errands willingly
To forge or mill or store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can,
For in whatever company
The manners maketh man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Lonely Little Flower.

Once there was a little flower that was very discontented where it grew. It grew beside a stone near a brook, and there were no other flowers near, and the trees grew over it and made it somewhat gloomy, and up beside it went a wall of cold gray rock. It liked to hear the brook talk, but still sometimes that made its lonesomeness worse; for the brook told about such lovely places up higher on the hill where it sounded as if it must be very gay all the time, with the sun and the wind, and many flowers bobbing and nodding about. The little flower would often drag her poor petals in the brook and sigh mournfully.

One day it heard a great crashing and crackling through the woods near, then dreadful sharp noises rang out every little while.

"Oh, what can that be?" said the little flower to the brook.

"Some one shooting," said the brook, carelessly, as one speaks who is a little proud of being well informed.

"Oh, what does that mean?" asked the little flower, and so the brook went on still more proudly to explain.

Just then something came falling over the rock and down through the tree branches and upon the stone beside the little flower. The little flower almost cried out in distress. It was a poor thrush; its wing was broken and bleeding from the senseless shooting of the gunner in the woods.

"Water,—water," moaned the little thrush. So then the little flower, forgetting her own troubles, this time dipped her petals in the brook for a purpose, and, raising her tiny head, splashed drops of water over the poor little bird, and held some in her cup for him to drink. This she did often, and brushed him soothingly with her leaves. It was mild, lovely weather, and the flower was glad for the first time that the sun did not come piercing into the little nook, because so the bird could keep cool and comfortable. So, with all the flower's care, finally the little wing was healed,—a little bent, perhaps, but mended as nature mends things, and the little thrush could fly again. But the little flower was sad when he chirped and hopped and was rejoiced that he could go. Then the little bird said, "Oh, you mustn't cry, little flower; I will always come and sing to you, see if I don't." So he flew away. The little flower waited and was sure he would come back; and suddenly in the evening of the day he went she heard the loveliest, sweetest songs you can imagine. There the little thrush sat on a branch above. His mate came with him, too, and they began to build a nest. "Oh, I shall never be lonely again," said the little flower, and the brook whispered to her, "So, you see it was for a reason you grew in this lonely place; if you had not been here, the poor little bird would have died!"

—Anne Craig.

Small boy (after golfer makes his sixth fruitless stroke)—"If yer digs up any wriggley worms can I 'ave 'em, guv'ner, 'cas I'm goin' a-fishin'?"—Tatler.

Individual Co-operation.

WALTER B. DAVIS.

Prepared for the Eastern Association and read by Rev. J. L. Skaggs.

Why is it that our beloved Seventh-day Baptist Denomination does not grow more rapidly? Why does not my church increase and develop the field around it until its sphere of influence shall embrace the whole community and spread out to localities beyond? Why does not my life expand into a noble, beautiful character, one that shall be an inspiration for good and a help to the one who needs just what I can give? Why have not my good intentions and my latent talents grown into real ability? Because I have not followed the injunction of Isaiah. I have been self-centered. I have not helped to lengthen the cords. Through lack of individual co-operation the efforts of my church and of my denomination have not been conserved, but to a greater or less degree, wasted.

The text chosen for the sentiment of this association enjoins us to enlarge and expand, to lengthen and strengthen. This means a live church filled with the missionary spirit. It means the larger, higher life for each communicant. Isaiah meant that the cords should represent Christian organization, and that the stakes stand for the consecrated members of the organization.

My church accepted that world-wide commission at its inception, and I, in becoming a part of the church, accepted responsibility for the consummation of its purpose. Charity, like selfishness, begins at home, but the vital difference is that the love in our lives for our Lord and his interests will not end with self, but will accept and welcome opportunities to exemplify the Christ ideal. Such love will seek out the distant and the destitute.

With our various denominational and church organizations—our Sabbath schools, our aid and missionary societies, our boards, our Junior and Senior Y. P. S. C. E.'s—it does seem as if we must be already fully organized for a great service. Results, however, are not what we desire, because of an easy-going and irresponsible membership.

There must be intensity before extensity, a strengthening of the stakes before there can be a lengthening of the

cords. Unless this order is followed the cords can be lengthened only with grave danger to the whole structure. Neither can a consecrated pastor and deacons take the place of a dependable body of church members. One weak stake will put extra strain on the others and impair the efficiency of the whole tent.

Too often the majority of us are content to sit back in our pews and enjoy a fine sermon, a well rendered service, the good music, the flowers, the special program; or worse still, we are content to stay at home altogether or to criticize the work that has been done without ever assuming the least responsibility for any of it. Of course the real workers seldom complain, as they have already felt repaid by the reaction of such labor upon their own lives. This is the point,—the usefulness of the church is impaired because the members as a whole did not have a mind to work.

The church must profit by the wisdom of the world, and find work for each new member, if it would conserve itself. Too many converts to the church are wasted by neglect of the church to furnish Christian activity at once. Just as the schools in recent years have increased their influence and efficiency by increasing their interests and activities, so should the church broaden the scope of its usefulness.

The church could be the center in each community around which the life of our people might revolve. We believe the church ought not to be closed for six days and nights of each week, while our young people seek entertainment and amusement away from our influence. Why could not the social events, the reading, the diversions, the athletics and various other activities recommended by the Rural Life Commission be utilized by the church and be under the direction of Christian workers? Agreeable and helpful work could be furnished for all its capable members if the church should make itself the center for the moral and social betterment of the community.

Suppose each of us should seriously ask ourselves the question, "What would be accomplished if each one in the church did no more than I?" The answer for too many of us would mean the closing of our churches, and the cessation of all altruistic efforts. It is not that too little is given

by the few who give, but that too few of us give anything at all.

We must cultivate an intelligent interest in our church, our denomination and its interests and work. We become interested in that for which we labor. Whatever costs us something will mean more to us than what costs us nothing,—no thought, no effort, no time, no money. Nor are we excused by persuading ourselves that we are not able to do anything. The sublimity of giving even an inferior talent or the "widow's mite" when it is the expression of a consecrated life has never been measured. It does not take wealth to do good. Christ himself was born in another man's barn, lived in another man's house, rode on another man's beast, sailed in another man's boat, and was buried in another man's sepulchre, yet what he accomplished for the uplift of those degraded men and women of Palestine and for the world is only beginning to be appreciated.

No, what each church organization needs is the intelligent interest and cooperation of all its members, and it is only through such cooperation that the energies of the church are conserved.

If anything worth while is accomplished it will not be because of the fact that we have a consecrated pastorate, nor a few in our churches who give liberally, but because the rank and file of us are doing something, and are alive to the various calls upon our trustees or denominational boards.

More team work seems to be a crying need. Our present need is not so much for leaders, as it is for a disposition on the part of the laity to follow the leader. We each have our own interests and our own ideas of denomination methods, but we too often feel that if things are not done our way they must be wrong. We also use this as an excuse for not putting forth any effort to support the church or to contribute to the denominational work. Let us get together on well planned definite lines of work and policies of procedure, then let all labor together without selfish motives to carry them through to a successful issue.

The effect of such team work will be a reflex one upon our own lives. Unselfish efforts can not help but broaden our horizon, and help us to live the larger life of

which Jesus himself is the measure. While working for others and for the upbuilding of God's kingdom it is possible to live a large life in a small place. For this reason the littleness of Nazareth was not reflected in the life of Jesus. He prepared for his life's work at the carpenter's bench.

Carey, the great missionary, lived the larger life while cobbling shoes. He said, "My business is to preach the Gospel, and I cobble shoes to pay expenses." Can we plow, teach, clerk, or sell merchandise to pay expenses while we serve God according to our "several abilities"? To serve God and our fellows is our business, rather than to devote our whole time, thought and energy to the accumulation of a fortune.

A strengthening of the stakes by cooperation of all, then, means a lengthening of the cords by giving each Seventh-day Baptist a larger life spent on the heights and not in the valleys. It means a well supported prayer meeting, and Sabbath school, a full morning service, a corps of efficient officers who conscientiously strive to do their duty. It means a body of young people that can be depended upon to work where needed and that will be in training to step into places of responsibility and service as the opportunity occurs, a choir that will consider the music just as much an essential part of worship as the sermon or prayer, and a choir that will perform their duty as faithfully as the preacher. It means better paid pastors who will be glad of a chance to prepare for larger and more efficient work. (A better paid pastorate will influence more of the best and ablest of our splendid young people to devote their whole energies to Christian leadership.) It means loyal and sympathetic support to our Tract, Missionary, and Education societies. This means a spread of the Sabbath principles for which we are living.

I firmly believe it is not God's purpose for us as a people to simply mark time. We can not put the responsibility upon him. It rests with you and me.

All knowledge is lost which ends in the knowing, for every truth one knows is a candle given us to work by. Gain all the knowledge you can, and then use it for the highest purpose.—*Ruskin.*

MARRIAGES

MOSHER-SOUTHARD.—At the home of the officiating clergyman, 511 Central Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey, Tuesday evening at twenty minutes past seven o'clock, November the twenty-sixth, 1912, by Rev. Edwin Shaw, William Babcock Mosher and Anna Vail Southard, both of Plainfield, New Jersey.

DEATHS

FLINT.—Amaziah B. Flint was born December 22, 1831, and died November 6, 1912, age 80 years, 10 months, and 14 days.

He was married to Mary Randolph November 13, 1850, with whom he lived happily for forty-nine years. Their family consisted of four sons and three daughters, all of whom are left to mourn their loss. Brother Flint and wife were members of the Greenbriar Seventh-day Baptist Church. He was ever loyal to God and his truth. He loved to read the Bible and discuss its teachings, and was beloved of the church and respected by his neighbors. His children have every reason to revere his memory.

Services and burial were at Greenbriar Seventh-day Baptist Church. L. D. S.

SAUNDERS.—The funeral of Mrs. Irving Saunders occurred at Alfred, New York, Sabbath day, November 9. She died at the family home in Rochester on November 6, after a brief illness of pneumonia. A prayer service was conducted at the home by Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, Friday evening, November 8.

Katherine Davis Saunders was the daughter of Belford E. and Ammi Ayars Davis. She was born at Shiloh, New Jersey, February 24, 1852. In childhood she was baptized and united with the Shiloh Seventh-day Baptist Church. In 1875 she was married to Irving Saunders and for many years they resided in Alfred, where she assisted her husband in his studio work. Mrs. Saunders was a woman of rare artistic skill and appreciation. She was also a woman of literary taste and of beautiful and unselfish Christian character. Four daughters blessed her happy home, all of whom survive her: Susie (Mrs. Starr A. Burdick), Ethelwyn, Miriam (Mrs. Waldo A. Titsworth), and Dorothy. In 1892 the family removed to Rochester, where they have since made their home. Here, as in Alfred, Mrs. Saunders devoted much of her time to the work of the enlarged photography and studio business in which Mr. Saunders is engaged. Her church membership, however, remained with the First Alfred Church, to which she has ever been true and loyal.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. B. C. Davis, assisted by Pastor W. L. Burdick.

RANDOLPH.—In Salem, W. Va., November 12, 1912, Mrs. Nancy J. F. Randolph, widow of the late Daniel F. Randolph, aged 70 years, 1 month and 28 days.

She was the mother of eight children, two of whom, Walton F. and Peter, survive her. She joined the Seventh-day Baptist church of Salem in April, 1864, more than forty-eight years ago, and kept the faith unto the end. The funeral service was held by Rev. T. L. Gardiner, and a large company of friends and neighbors followed her remains to the tomb.

BARBER.—Mary Angeline (Wells) Barber was born in the town of West Union, Steuben Co., March 12, 1844, and was the seventh of eight children born to Elias and Eveline Wells.

When about eighteen years of age she was baptized by Elder Jared Kenyon and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Independence, N. Y. A few years later she attended Alfred University, where she fitted herself for teaching, which profession she followed for a few years. During this time she made her home at Alfred.

On October 3, 1874, she was married to Martin V. Barber of Almond, N. Y. They lived on the Turn Pike in Almond until March, 1887, at which time they moved to Alfred Station where they lived for seven years. In 1894, they moved to Wellsville, where they remained until May, 1900, when they returned to Almond village where they spent the remainder of their life.

February 24, 1904, her husband passed away after a few days' illness of pneumonia. Shortly after her marriage her membership was transferred to the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred, and later to Wellsville. After they returned to Almond, she again became a member of the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred, where she retained her membership until she passed away on November 14, 1912, after several years of suffering from paralysis adjetans.

She is survived by two children, Lillian M. Hanks of Almond, and Arthur S. Barber of Chicago, Ill., three grandsons, Raymond, Elton and Harold Hanks, one sister, Cynthia L. Wells of Almond, also several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, I. L. Cottrell, at her late home in Almond. The text was chosen by Sister Barber, Psalm xvii, the last part of the fifteenth verse, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness." Pastor Shenton of the Almond M. E. church assisted, and a quartet from the Second Alfred Church, consisting of Miss Emma Robison, Ira Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Palmer, furnished music. Interment was made in Woodlawn Cemetery at Almond.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath vet for me in store,
As my life flows on, I'll take
Calmly, gladly, for his sake,
No more faithless murmurs make.

—P. Gerhardt.

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON XI.—Dec. 14, 1912.
FORGIVENESS.

Lesson Text.—Matt. xviii, 15-35.

Golden Text—"Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you." Eph. iv, 32.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 1 Kings viii, 31-44.

Second-day, Matt. vi, 1-18.

Third-day, Gal. vi, 1-16.

Fourth-day, 1 Cor. xiii, 1-13.

Fifth-day, Rom. xii, 9-21.

Sixth-day, Luke vii, 36-50.

Sabbath-day, Matt. xviii, 15-35.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*.)

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in Snow's Hall, No. 214 South Warren Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, 450 Audubon Ave. (between 187th & 188th Sts.), Manhattan.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock, preaching at 3. Every-body welcome. L. A. Platts, pastor. The pastor's address is 264 West 42d St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium), 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor, 198 N. Washington Ave.

The Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

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"Don't put those eggs in the kitchen closet, John. If you want eggs to keep they must be laid in a cool place," said Bridget.

"All right," said John; "I'll go out to the barn and mention it to the hens."

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MY PRAYER.

I do not ask, my God, for mystic power
 To heal the sick and lame, the deaf and blind;
 I ask thee humbly for the gracious dower
 Just to be kind.

I do not pray to see the shining beauty
 Of highest knowledge most divinely true;
 I pray that, knowing well my simple duty,
 This I may do.

I do not ask that men with flattering finger
 Should point me out within the crowded mart;
 But only that the thought of me may linger
 In one glad heart.

I would not rise upon the men below me,
 Or pulling at the robes of men above;
 I would that friends, a few dear friends, may know me,—
 And, knowing, love.

I do not pray for palaces of splendor,
 Or far amid the world's delights to roam;
 I pray that I may know the meaning tender
 Of home, sweet home.

I do not ask that heaven's golden treasure
 Upon my little, blundering life be spent;
 But oh, I ask thee for the perfect pleasure
 Of calm content.

—Amos R. Wells, *Christian Endeavor World*.

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