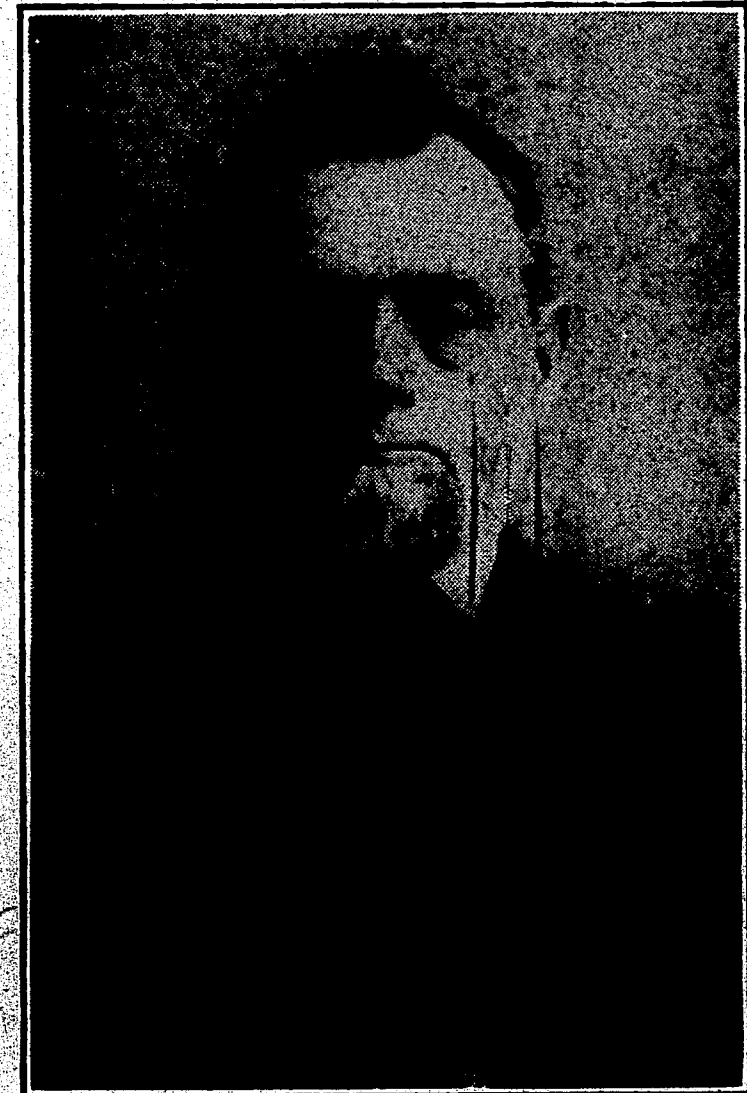


# The Sabbath Recorder



DANIEL BARCOCK

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## The Beauty of Quiet, Godly Lives.

The other day I sat a few moments with a dear old brother who has long since passed his threescore years and ten. As we talked of the causes we both love, and the things needed to make them prosper, it was clear that this veteran business man had a warm place in his heart for the things that belong to the kingdom of God. One can not talk with him long without being impressed with his sterling worth as a Christian man. In the course of our conversation the needs of two men came up, both of whom live far away, both of whom are servants of God needing not merely sympathy, but substantial help. Dropping all business for the moment my aged friend gave good counsel regarding the best thing to do for one of them, and as soon as he understood the necessities of the other, he promptly and quietly handed out the needed aid. As this was offered, I intimated that possibly he had done something for the same one before. His reply was, "I really don't know. In these matters I do not let my left hand know what my right hand does."

This reply is characteristic of the man. We love the men who do not sound a trumpet when they are helping their fellows. There are many such. The great world may never hear any special stir about them, and they themselves often take no public part in worship; but in the great hereafter it will be found that those who wrought silently, whose fame never reached the ears of the multitudes, in many cases achieved most glorious and far-reaching results.

Many appear to measure a man's power and effectiveness by the noise he makes in the world. This measurement is frequently incorrect. Some seem to think they must make their voices heard loud above the din and clamor of earth and that unless they do this they will remain unknown and die in obscurity. This is a mistaken view. It is not by the place a man occupies, nor by the loudness of his utterances, that his real worth is measur-

ed; but it is by the benefits and blessings he leaves behind him in other lives.

There are quiet, godly souls all about us, who in their humility suppose themselves to be unprofitable servants and mourn over their limited ability to do good, and yet who must be regarded by the Master as among the best and noblest of his ministers. From such men there always goes out a quiet, unconscious influence for good that falls like a benediction on every life it touches.

We love the quiet even-tempered men and women whose little kindnesses drop out along their pathway like seeds by the wayside, causing flowers of love to spring up in the hearts of their fellow travelers. We love the mothers whose lives are being poured out silently, like the dew, to bless and refresh the world; while they themselves are willing to remain hidden away in humble homes. They have greater fields of usefulness than they dream. In a world where each life touches some other, none but God can tell the far-reaching influence of a humble, lowly father or mother, training up children, and influencing neighbors in ways of righteousness. No life lived for God is ever useless or lost. God uses the work of the humblest to bring about his glory and to build up his kingdom; and, by and by, when the books are open, men and angels will read the record, and the reward shall be given, not to the great alone, but alike to all these faithful, humble toilers.

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## Do We Appreciate Our Blessings?

What things would you enumerate if you were to sit down today and count the blessings that have come to you, for which you should be thankful? We are all too prone to think of the exceptional pleasures, the greater outpourings of divine bounties that have come to us, whenever we stop to recall our causes for thanksgiving. The one charming, inspiring trip abroad; the delightful summer outing; the extended visit to the old home or to the home of loved



ones living at a distance; the good cheer of a holiday banquet; or the good fortune that brought large acquisitions to our wealth,—these are the things most likely to be counted whenever we think of our blessings.

If we stop to consider it at all, we shall see that these things make but little part of our real lives. It is not the great events, the large and special opportunities, the occasional outings and banquetings that do most toward making up the sum of life; it is the commonplace, every-day things, which we take as a matter of course, that should fill out hearts with thanksgivings.

What a miracle of mercy comes to us in every good night's sleep, from which we awake with renewed health and strength to face a new day! What of the blessing of a quiet, pleasant meal with one's own household three times a day? Is not that a thing to be thankful for? What banquet can be compared, so far as real good is concerned, with the daily feast of wholesome food prepared by true and loyal hands, enjoyed in a home where love is enthroned and where peace reigns supreme? An interesting book to read aloud, an hour here and there with some old friend, a quiet restful Sabbath after a week of toil and care, some new light or interesting meaning discovered in one's favorite line of study, magnificent displays of natural scenery spread about us in abundance, and the sweet friendships of neighbors—all these are blessings to be counted when one seeks the causes for thanksgiving.

Happy is the man who sees the divine hand in the ordinary gifts of good things that come each day to make him comfortable and to enlarge his life. To him the sunshine fills the earth with beauty, and the storms are God's messengers to bring him health and prosperity. He hears every bird-note in the field, and sees with glad eyes every picture painted by the divine Artist. When dark days come, he whose faith in God has thus been strengthened, sees the silver lining to every cloud, and thanks the Father who leads even in the darkness.

Sad is the life of him who has no eyes to see the common blessings scattered about him like flowers in springtime. He loses the foretastes of heaven which God designed for his comfort on earth.

### In Behalf of the Child.

There lies on my desk a letter from the General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York. Pasted upon the sheet is the photograph of a child with tousled hair, face looking prematurely old, bowed shoulders, and wearing a kind of shirt, open at the neck, such as children wear who toil in the mills.

In the opening lines the letter reads: "If you saw a man beating a little child on the street you would interfere. Yet that child could probably recover from his beating in a few hours. Here is the photograph of a beautiful child worker in a cotton mill. He works 60 hours a week—from 7 in the morning till 6 at night. Irreparable injury is being done him in body, mind, and soul."

This is only one of tens of thousands throughout the land. No one interferes while this injury is being inflicted upon so many young children in this country. In some cases the mills advertise for children to work, and put out the placard, "No men wanted," so it sometimes happens that the children are the only members of the family who can find opportunity to earn bread for the household.

Short-sighted and selfish money-makers demand this cheap labor because it helps them to fill their coffers a little faster. Ignorant and thoughtless parents allow their little boys and girls to work thus constantly because they too love the dollars; and poor, destitute parents, no matter how keenly they feel the injustice to their children, are compelled to let their little ones go into the mills to keep the family from starving, simply because the parents themselves are shut out. If all right-thinking people could see through the brick walls that stand between them and the toiling children, who must soon be the health-broken fathers and mothers to produce an inferior, weaker race for this country, something would be done to stop child labor in sweat-shops, factories, mills and mines. It is poor policy for any people to allow the young life of their country to be stunted, calloused and benumbed in this way.

The National Child Labor Committee is doing a great work by way of securing laws by Congress and in the States to make life easier for this multitude of boys and

girls, sweating and toiling in ways that utterly rob them of their childhood, and stultify their powers as future citizens and leaders in society.

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### Why Do We Wait?

Probably there is scarcely one who reads the RECORDER who does not have it in his heart to do something for the Master's work in the near future. We love our schools; we admire the self-sacrificing spirit of their founders, and the unselfish work of those who toil to keep them up. We love the cause of missions and that of Sabbath reform, and rejoice whenever we see the work prospering in the hands of our boards. We expect to lend a helping hand, but the days and weeks go by with nothing done. We say we must do something, and really think we will. If we think the matter over carefully, we shall see that it might have been done before if we had sufficiently taken the matter to heart; and there seems no reason why we can not do something now, as well as at some distant day.

Why do we wait? We can offer no better reason for neglecting to give the intended help, than that given for failing to answer the friend's letter at once, or for not making the promised call on the invalid neighbor, who is looking for it day by day, and who would be greatly blessed if the promise were fulfilled. We are so prone to wait, even when we really mean to share the burdens of sorrowing ones near by, or to speak the words of cheer so much needed by earth's toilers who strive against great odds to bring right things to pass.

In regard to aiding our church, in regard to help for the schools, in reference to the needs of our boards, let each one ask himself, "Why do I wait?" My friend, why not send away, today, that little gift you have been planning to send? Mere good intentions will not help your boards when bills come due and treasuries are empty. Why not speak out the encouraging words you have been thinking in your heart? Unless you express them they are no good to others. Time is rapidly passing. Soon our burden-bearers will lay down their load forever. Soon we too shall pass from earth, and our chances to do good will be ended. Today

we can help on the good work. Tomorrow we may not be able. Why do we wait?

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### Rescue Missions.

Among the organizations to carry forward the work of social reform we find several "Rescue Missions." They are doing excellent work, and should receive the help, so much needed, from all lovers of humanity.

In the November number of the *Rescue Magazine*, published by the Southern Rescue Mission, 82 North Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., there appears several articles relating to the social evil, and to the need of cleaner, purer cities, which will be appreciated by those interested in the movement for social reform that is making such headway in these days. Among the articles of this number we note: "Will the Scarlet Woman Reform?" "Foreign Immigration—Its Relation to Vice"; "The City—Its Possibilities and Its Pitfalls"; "Hearst's Magazine on the Social Evil"; "Traveler's Aid."

We are informed that all who desire this number can secure it for 25 cents. The magazine is \$1.00 a year to those able to pay; but it is sent free to the fallen ones whom the society is trying to rescue.

Every philanthropist who loves purity, who wishes to aid in suppressing the white slave trade, and who desires to protect the daughters of country homes, being allured to ruin through this terrible traffic in girls, should lend a helping hand, as best he can, to these worthy missions.

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### Change of Address.

For more than two years the editor has been living at No. 15 Mountain Ave., and this has been his city address. When this paper reaches its readers we hope to be settled at No. 19, New Madison Flats, Madison Ave., just across from the office of the publishing house. Correspondents should address letters to that place instead of Mountain Ave., as heretofore.

God keep us through the common days,  
The level stretches white with dust,  
When thought is tired, and hands upraise  
Their burdens feebly since they must.  
In days of slowly-fretting care,  
Then most we need the strength of prayer.



## EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

### Turkey's Demands Raise Commotion.

The peace conference at the palace of St. James broke up in confusion from its session on December 28, owing to the astounding proposals made by the representatives of Turkey. It is evident that if the Porte insists upon the terms offered by his delegates, the representatives of the Balkan States may break negotiations and hasten to the front to fight it out on fields of battle.

According to reports from London it was difficult for the plenipotentiaries to restrain their indignation. They claim that Turkey ignores the outcome of the war thus far, forgetting that much of the Porte's European territory is already in the hands of the allies as the prize of many victories.

The Porte evidently hopes to settle by mediation rather than by treaty with the allies; and he is banking on the expressions from some of the great powers near the beginning of the war, to the effect that no territorial spoils could be allowed in case of victory by the Balkans. On the other hand the allies hold that the *status quo* is already broken as a matter of fact and the territory is actually in possession of the Balkans by force of arms.

The points in the Turk's proposals that stirred up such a commotion, and called forth most vehement denunciations from the allies were as follows:

First—The province of Adrianople to remain under the direct administration of Turkey.

Second—Macedonia to be converted into a principality, with Salonica as its capital. The principality to be under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey, but governed by a prince chosen by the Balkan allies and nominated by the Sultan of Turkey. This prince to be a Protestant and from a neutral state.

Third—Albania to be autonomous under the sovereignty of the Sultan and governed by a prince of the imperial Ottoman family, who is to be chosen for a term of five years, with the possibility of a renewal of his appointment.

Fourth—All the islands in the Aegean Sea to remain Turkish.

Fifth—The Cretan question not to be one for the decision of the conference, as it is a matter between Turkey and the great European powers.

The Bulgarian minister in London pointed out that the entire procedure was wrong, and that Turkey had no right to ignore the propositions made by the allies but should have recognized them and made counter proposals and objections rather than proceed on an independent plan, presenting an entirely new scheme.

Both sides now have given their terms embracing the maximum of their aspirations, and it remains to be seen whether by any possible compromise they can be brought together.

### Thirty-eight Labor Chiefs Convicted.

One of the severest blows ever dealt by the United States courts to professional labor intimidators was given last week, when thirty-eight out of the forty union labor officials on trial for conspiracy to promote the transportation of dynamite to be used in the McNamara plots were convicted. The verdict came with firm, decisive swiftness on the fifty-one counts charged, and now only two of the officials of that union remain out of jail. The president of the union heads the list. The maximum punishment for each man is thirty-nine and one-half years. But the court has liberty to impose shorter imprisonment or money fines in case it sees fit.

It will probably be no longer held by labor leaders that dynamite campaigns against firms that employ non-union men are legitimate modes of fighting for a principle. With the modern devices for securing evidence against criminals, men are not likely to continue such atrocities as have been unearthed in connection with the blowing up of the Los Angeles *Times* Building, which cost twenty-one lives. It was assumed that labor leaders could safely supply funds with the aid of which such outrages could be committed; but the results of these trials show how poorly founded those assumptions were. Men who could profess in public the utmost horror over such crimes, while at the same time they were secretly supporting the friends who committed them, deserve no better treatment than is given the agents thus employed.

### Admiral Dewey's Birthday.

On December 25 Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. He declared to many friends

that he felt as well and hearty as an ensign. All the forenoon, at his office, he received callers and chatted with many naval and civic officials. The afternoon was spent at home, and in the evening he presided over a small dinner party. His advice to those who desire to see a good old age is to ride on horseback and avoid banquets. The Admiral is a great horseback rider, and on almost any day his familiar figure may be seen riding along the bridle paths and drives in and around Washington. He is a strong believer in fresh air and vigorous exercise, and avoids attending banquets as much as possible. He evidently thinks that high living shortens many a man's days.

### Express Companies vs. Parcels Post.

When this paper appears, the parcels post system will have been in operation six days. It is interesting at this writing to note the different opinions expressed by people likely to be affected by the new undertaking. Postmasters in cities are preparing to meet the extra demand for delivery wagons and autos, evidently expecting heavy work after midnight of December 31. Some merchants look upon it with suspicion and are disposed to test the matter easily at first, while others seem ready to use the mail service in delivering goods.

In a long article in one of the great dailies, the four express companies of New York are represented as standing firmly by their old prices in the belief that the new mail measure will prove such an utter failure, and cause so great a deficit in the Post-office Department, that both the people and the government will soon be glad to drop it altogether. Our correspondent says that these companies have decided to make no attempt to compete with Uncle Sam by lowering express charges to meet mail rates.

While this is so, on the same page just two columns away we notice an item headed, "Lower Rate on Prunes." "*Parcel post quickly brings express companies to terms.*" The item states that a San Diego (Cal.) grower has announced to the Assistant Postmaster-General his intention to send to New York by parcels post two car-loads of prunes packed in eight-pound boxes. The rate on these would be 96

cents if sent in that way. But the express companies promptly cut their rates to 35 cents. The writer of this item expresses the belief that parcels post will force express rates down to rock bottom. If this should be the outcome, the new movement by Uncle Sam will go far toward reducing the cost of living. In Germany parcels post is successfully used by farmers in sending butter and eggs to market. This must do away with middlemen.

Senator George K. Cestone of Dayton, Ohio, was sentenced to three years in the state prison for accepting a bribe of \$200 during the last legislature. Senators Huffman and Andrews also go to prison for three years and nine months, and Ohio's ex-sergeant-at-arms of the Senate is already serving a three-years' sentence. One other, Representative G. B. Nye, who pleaded guilty and turned state's evidence on bribery cases, is awaiting the judgment of the court in his case.

The Metropolitan Club of New York City has just placed a \$25,000 mortgage on its club home to get money with which to entertain! Receptions for the members and their wives or women guests are said to be very popular, and in order that funds for these entertainments may not run short this mortgage was placed on the property. The surprising thing about it is that it is a second mortgage, the first being for \$100,000 on the club's property! Entertainments must be popular indeed when a club is willing to add \$25,000 to a debt already against it of \$100,000.

Bulgaria is still militant, and seems to be preparing to renew the war. A dispatch from Berlin says she has called up the recruits not due to enter the army until 1914, and has summoned all able-bodied men under sixty years of age to join the ranks. Large supplies of munitions of war have reached them by vessels up the Danube. Horses for cavalry, medical and hospital supplies, and physicians and nurses have also gone forward across the Bulgarian line for the war.

A great exodus of Turkish peasant farmers from Europe to Asia is said to have begun. Red Cross people report that already more than one hundred thousand



Turkish refugees have been aided to leave Europe. They are going prepared to take up agriculture in Asia Minor. Deserting their homes they go with families and crude farming implements loaded into bullock carts, and expect to settle upon lands provided by the government.

The aged ruler of Austria is again the victim of prolonged sleeping spells. While these last, his officials rally around the heir to the throne, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who issues orders and speaks with authority. But when the Emperor awakes, all this stops and he again commands as though he expected to reign ten years longer. Every time he relapses into sleep they do not know but it will be the last. The peace of Europe hangs in uncertainty while this man's life is flickering between life and death, and the matters in the hands of the peace conference concerning the frontiers of Albania will be affected by the question as to whether Francis Joseph is asleep or awake. When he sleeps, the military power prevails. This will probably be the power of tomorrow in Austria.

President-elect Woodrow Wilson has gone to Staunton, Va., to celebrate in the home of his birth his fifty-sixth birthday. Though ill in bed for several days with a severe cold, he insisted, against his physician's wishes, upon starting on the journey. He could not bear the thought of disappointing the people of his childhood home who had made extensive preparations for his visit. He was received with great enthusiasm at Staunton, where the people had waited for his arrival.

Governor Wilson will be the eighth President of the United States born in Virginia. When he was two years old, his father moved from Augusta County in the Shenandoah Valley to Augusta in Georgia.

Another great strike has been called in the middle of winter! This time it is the male garment makers in and around New York. If all respond, 150,000 laborers will go out. At the end of the first day it was reported that 80,000 had quit work, and representatives of the union were trying to persuade others to join the strike. It is claimed that 4,000 factories will be

affected. The stated objects to be gained are, a shorter day, increase in wages, and sanitary working conditions.

The latest reports from the peace conference, coming as we write, are that Turkey favors arbitration of the Balkan situation by the ambassadors of the great powers. The allies on the other hand notified Turkey that no further delays would be tolerated, and that Turkey must answer their demands categorically.

### Zigzags No. 5.

REV. GEO. W. HILLS.

Your scribe finds himself in the much discussed city of Salt Lake, Utah, stopping over for Sabbath and Sunday.

At Denver our train was late, giving but a few minutes' stop. This was a great disappointment. But our friend, Wardner Williams, was at the depot to meet us. This revived memories of college days and of Alfred.

From Denver to this city much interesting scenery defies description. The Grand Canyon and Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River are passed. Many experts of the quill have tried to describe them, but the half has not yet been told. Justice has not yet been done them. In places the red granite and gneiss walls sparkling with mica reach up 2,600 feet straight toward the stars.

Sandwiched in between these wonders of nature is a wonder in railroad engineering. It first took form in the brain of a Kansas man who was a Wisconsin boy, A. A. Robinson of Topeka, Kan. It is the swinging bridge of the Royal Gorge. Here the walls of the gorge are barely ten yards apart, but the train is swung out over the rushing river and passes in safety. At times it seems that our train will bump headlong into intruding walls, but just before the wreck the track dodges into a defile to the right hand or the left and speed is not slackened.

But I am to tell of the city by the great Dead Sea of America. Its streets are 132 feet in width and the blocks are so large that seven reach a mile. The city has a population of 106,000 people, great resources and possibilities, great wealth, and a reputation. Much of its past is familiar

to the reading world, but the present interests us.

Peculiar sensations and thoughts came to your scribe as he stood by the grave of the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, which was kept from loneliness by the graves of several wives and children! These sensations were augmented when he attended Sunday service in the Tabernacle, where he heard the Book of Mormon taught to be equal in authority and in value to humanity to the Bible. The Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, was eulogized with equal earnestness and esteem with Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos, and Daniel. He heard the declaration that the Book of Mormon was a "direct revelation from God to his holy prophet, Joseph Smith."

It is certain that those who founded this community did it under great difficulty and hardship, with much sacrifice and labor, accompanied by a faith that was closely akin to fanaticism.

The Temple is the great center of Mormon life. It is their Holy of Holies, into which no non-Mormon or "unfaithful Mormon" may enter. Herein "true marriage" is solemnized, and baptism and other ordinances are administered. This building was forty years in process of construction. It is 186½ feet long, 99 feet in width, and 222 feet in greatest height. It is made of native rock, quarried 22 miles away, and carted to place by ox-teams. In transporting some of the blocks it required four yoke of oxen four days. The foundations of the building are 16 feet thick and laid 8 feet below the surface of the ground. The walls of the super-structure are 9 feet thick at the base, and 6 at the top. The building cost \$4,000,000.00, and its construction was begun within six years of the arrival of the first instalment of 147 pioneers in 1847.

But the Tabernacle is by far the most interesting in architectural skill and ingenuity. It is elliptical in shape, 150 feet in width and 250 feet in length, with a self-supporting roof, resembling an umbrella in some measure. It has a comfortable seating capacity of 8,000 people, but we were told that 14,000 have been assembled in it. Many auditorium architects would do the world a great service by making this building a thorough study. Its acoustic properties are so perfect that as an usher dropped a pin six inches onto the top of the

choir balustrade, we distinctly heard it though standing 200 feet away. He rubbed his hands together as if washing them, and he whispered to us and we heard distinctly.

The world-famed organ has 5,500 pipes ranging in height from one fourth of an inch to 32 feet. It has 110 stops and accessories.

Difficulties? Yes, they had some. The great self-supporting roof of the Tabernacle is held up, by wooden arches, which are covered lattice trusses, making the roof 10 feet thick. There was not an iron spike or nail used in fastening these many timbers together. In that day nails had to be hauled from the Missouri River, over 1,000 miles away, and a 100-pound keg would have been worth \$100.00 to \$125.00 delivered, and the builders had no spare money; so thousands of wooden pegs were used.

The Mormons are strong in church government. The city is divided into 44 church wards, each presided over by a bishop and two councilmen. Each ward has a church where Sunday schools and church services are held on Sunday forenoons. At 2 p. m. a general church service is held in the Tabernacle, where all are supposed to attend. The music is very fine. The choir is made up of 500 members. The chorister has been its leader since 1890. There are several organists. The chief organist is claimed to be one of the best in America. He is now in Germany studying music.

Geographically there is also much to interest the interested. The Wasatch Mountains are near, and form a beautiful background for the city on three sides. Perpetual snow is in sight of the city. The valley is about 50 by 35 miles in extent, and is very beautiful and fertile. Mines of coal and precious metals abound at short distances from the city. The water of the lake is so dense with salt that no life can exist in it except on summer days when it abounds in bathers by the thousands. No one can sink in the lake. All are warned against attempting to dive because of the great danger of being strangled. Five pails of water evaporated will yield one pail of salt, or about 22 per cent in bulk is salt.

"Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find you are better off than you fancied."



## SABBATH REFORM

### Islam's Message to Christianity.

In the New York *Times* of December 22 there appeared a remarkable article, said to be a message from Islam "on the eve of Christmas, to Christianity," written by "Hajim, son of Ibrahim."

After giving a vivid description of the birth and growth of Islamism, and comparing it with Christianity, which claims to be the religion of the Prince of Peace, the author asks pertinent questions as to why so-called Christian nations do not carry their grievances to The Hague tribunal, rather than resort to war on short notice. The claim is made that The Hague is the very best outcome of Christianity and yet Christian people are not true to it. "Why create The Hague for peace on earth and good will to men if its existence is to be flouted, its usefulness mocked, its power derided? Is that Christian?" These questions are pressed home with considerable force by Hajim, son of Ibrahim, who claims to have traveled far and wide through Europe and America, including Canada, and to have closely observed the ways of Christian peoples. That part of his writing which comes with special force to Sabbath-keepers is given below. He says:

And what have I learned? That there is not a single Christian country where the Founder of Christianity is not set aside and the honor and respect due to the God he worshiped denied. I mean the First-day Sabbath.

As a son of Islam I have never understood why the Christian world does not keep the true Christian Sabbath—the Sabbath that was kept by the Founder of Christianity, the Sabbath which he ordered to be kept until the end of time, the crack of doom, until the day when the heavens should vanish as smoke, until "earth grow old and the sun grow cold, and the stars shall cease to be!" Who dared decree that the Seventh-day should no longer be the Sabbath? Was it Constantine, that infamous wretch who smothered his wife in a steam bath, who killed his own son, who slew his nephew, who fooled his people—pagan and pseudo-Christian alike? Was it the clerics who composed that Council of Nicea?—I have read of it! What is the reputation of the clerics of that age but a reputation for such ignorance, that few could read and fewer still could write? What was the reputation of the clerics of that era but a repu-

tation for crime and for immorality among the crimes, so that saintly men were few, and holy men at times were moved by lust and passion most unholy?

When in a few short days the Christian world will bend in homage to him who kept the Seventh-day Sabbath, to him who never would have tolerated the insult to his divine Father of setting aside his command that the Seventh-day is the Sabbath, to him who commanded that the Law and the Prophets should be obeyed to every "jot or tittle"—I say, when the Christian world bends its knee at next Noel or Christmas, shall not all true Christian men and Christian women say: It is time that we vindicate the honor of him whom we revere and keep the Sabbath which he himself kept, follow his example and obey the lessons of his life as he lived it? Is it not time that we should go back to the original Sabbath, or shall we continue to respect more a Constantine or faulty clerics? Whom shall we respect—Jesus or Constantine? Whom shall we obey—the prophets of the Bible or the clerics of Nicea? Oft, as I have wandered in many lands, I have thought of these and other such developments of Christianity. When will men and women begin to think for themselves? When will men and women make Christianity Christianity, a religion that shall mean respect for the life and example of him who founded it, a religion that shall stand for "peace on earth and good will to men"?

### Yes, Relics of Paganism in Christianity.

We have been interested in the article, "Why I Am a Baptist," by Walter Rauschenbusch of Rochester Theological Seminary. They have received a wide circulation in the Baptist papers, and the Baptist Denomination may well be proud of so able an advocate of the principles it holds dear. Seventh-day Baptists too, as a part of the great Baptist family, can heartily approve the writings of Professor Rauschenbusch regarding infant baptism, communion, and other things. Regarding errors that crept in when pagans came to Christianity the writer of "Why I Am a Baptist" makes clear and truthful statements as follows:

But Christians did not remain in that lofty purity of worship. When the pagan masses entered the church, their souls were so steeped in pagan conceptions and desires, that they transformed Christianity quite as much as Christianity transformed them. A system of worship grew up which was Christian in its words and names, but pagan in its spirit.

This Christian paganism grew up chiefly around baptism and the Lord's Supper. Baptism was supposed to be a mystic cleansing which washed away the guilt of all prebaptismal sins and the defilements of our sinful nature, a magic bath from which a man rose regenerate. When the words were uttered, "This is my body, this is my blood," it was believed that the body and

the blood of the risen Christ were really mysteriously present in the bread or wine, or else that the bread and wine were miraculously transformed into the body and blood. The incarnation was reenacted whenever the priest said the wonder-working words, and then the body of the Lord was once more offered as a sacrifice for the sins of the people. A new Christian priesthood developed which alone could consecrate the sacraments and forgive sins. Christianity once more had its holy places, its holy times, its holy formulas, its sacrifice and incense, in short, a great apparatus of worship which was offered to Jesus, but in which the mind and spirit of Jesus were only remotely suggested. It has been a great tragedy!

The Protestant Reformation simplified worship and swept away a great mass of semi-pagan and superstitious ceremonial. In that great task of Christianizing Christian worship some men and some churches were far more thoroughgoing than others. Some left priestly institutions intact, and soon priestly and sacramental conceptions came creeping back again. The Baptists, and those religious bodies which are closely connected with them, marched in the vanguard of Protestantism.

Further on in his article Professor Rauschenbusch says: "Infant baptism was a product of that paganizing tendency which I have sketched."

Nothing is truer than the words quoted above regarding the effect of pagan conceptions on Christianity, and we approve the words of this esteemed writer upon this point. But why does he stop with baptism and the Lord's Supper superstitions? The greatest world-wide error, so far as Christianity is concerned, representing paganism surviving in Christianity, is the pagan Sun's day enthroned in the hearts of men in place of Jehovah's Sabbath. Why do not men who study the effects of paganism upon our religion until the facts stand out clear as in the case before us, go the entire length and explain how the venerable day of the Sun crept in and supplanted the Sabbath? Is not the fact of this great error as well established as are those mentioned by Professor Rauschenbusch?

A cat belonging to Mrs. Jones had caused great annoyance to the small boys of the neighborhood by killing some of their pets, so they decided to set a trap for it. Dwight, a little boy of seven, with a very tender heart, was much afraid some innocent cat would suffer, so printed the following notice and pinned it on the trap:

"This is for Jones's cat only."—*Child's Paper.*

### A Hymn for the New Year.

From glory unto glory! Be this our joyous song,  
As on the King's own highway we bravely march along!  
From glory unto glory! O word of stirring cheer,  
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad new year!  
From glory unto glory! What great things he hath done!  
What wonders he hath shown us! what triumphs he hath won!  
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown  
The lives for which our Lord hath laid his own so freely down!  
The fulness of his blessing encompasseth our way;  
The fulness of his promises crowns every brightening day;  
The fulness of his glory is beaming from above,  
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of his love.  
And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,  
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;  
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,  
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.  
Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,  
While grace for grace abundantly shall from his fulness flow,  
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,  
Until his very presence crown our happiest new year.—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

### Respect the Mother.

Mark the young man who is coarse and disrespectful to his mother. No roseate pathway can be hers who shall sustain to him the relations of wife. Not the happiest will be the lot of those who shall come to be his children. Not to be envied is the neighborhood ever in which he must be reckoned as a citizen. It does not matter what the mental stature of that mother is, how old, how bent, how decrepit, the man to whom she is mother owes to her gentleness, kindness, tenderness and consideration. Did she fall back and did the children, by means of superior advantages, pass her in her race? But think of the toil and trial, her devotion and denial, her mind and her years that she gave that the children might derive benefit. Think of her sacrifice; no wonder if she fell behind. There is no rank, no station, no condition, that may exempt a manly man from a kind regard for his mother.—*Selected.*



## CONFERENCE, 1912

### The Rural Church: Its Problems and Its Possibilities.

#### Essential Qualifications of Pastoral, Religious, and Social Leadership.

REV. A. J. C. BOND.

A discussion of the qualifications of leadership naturally must include some consideration of the things in which people are to be led, for the quality of leadership required depends upon the ideals and aims—the ultimate result sought. This is suggested in the theme, "Pastoral, religious, and social leadership in the rural church with its problems and possibilities."

I shall not attempt a full discussion of the specific problems of the rural church. The church has always had problems, and, so far as we are able to judge by the history of the subject and by the philosophy of the case, it will ever have them. It has them today, in the country, and in the city, problems common to all churches wherever located, problems common to certain churches similar in environment and the service required, and problems peculiar to each individual situation. Similarly there are common possibilities, sublime in character and profoundly important in consequences; and possibilities circumscribed or magnified by conditions peculiar to a class or to the individual church.

That there is a rural church problem must be acknowledged, first, because of the fact that there are so many country churches today standing empty, rotting on their timbers. No doubt some of these churches ought never to have been built, and others that served their day well must pass and give way in order that some better means of fostering the religious life of the community may not be hampered; but, no doubt, it is still true that many a country church is dead and many others living at a poor, dying rate, while scores of country folks living within a team's haul never darken the doors of a church or meet for public worship.

Again, the natural location and surroundings of the country church condition its work and increase its problems. Its

isolation and the scattered condition of those whom it seeks to serve make a situation not easily met. The standards of life in many rural communities are low and are likely to drift toward a dead level, which is always lowering. That condition has too long prevailed whereby "the community oil has all been poured into the lamp of the college boy," and the pride of the community has centered in the man who has gone out from the little settlement to make a name in the world.

The church that is lifting its eyes toward the great, wide world is best fitted to meet effectively the conditions of local evangelization. But the feeling must be overcome that the church can express itself through a few chosen individuals, while the membership in general remain irresponsible and irresponsible. Community life must be developed in its own terms. The task of "the country church is to maintain and enlarge both individual and community ideals, under the inspiration and guidance of the religious motives, and to help the rural people to incarnate these ideals in personal and family life, in industrial effort and in political development, and in all social relationships."

In some great day  
The country church  
Will find its voice,  
And it will say:

"I stand in the fields  
Where the great earth yields  
Her bounties of fruit and grain;  
Where the furrows turn  
'Till the plowshares burn,  
As they come 'round and 'round again;  
Where the workers pray  
With their tools all day  
In the sunshine and shadow and rain.

"And I bid them tell  
Of the crops they sell,  
And speak of the work they have done;  
I speed every man  
In his hope and plan  
And follow his day with the sun;  
And grasses and trees,  
The birds and the bees,  
I know and feel every one.

"And out of it all,  
As the seasons fall,

I build my great temple-alway;  
I point to the skies  
But my footstone lies  
In commonplace work of the day;  
For I preach the worth  
Of native earth—  
To love and to work is to pray."

We need such a leadership in the rural church as will help it to find this voice even as Dean Bailey prophesies. The question I am called on to answer in this discussion is, What are the qualities of such leadership? I answer first, and without hesitation, It must be spiritual. Some one has said, "The cultivation of the soil is secondary to the cultivation of the soul." But it is not a question of the cultivation of the soul against the cultivation of the soil. But the cultivation of the soul in cultivating the soil.

The church must be a spiritual center, providing a common place of worship. It assumes no temporal authority as lord of the parish, but is rather the heart, supplying the life-blood of the Gospel to every member and inspiring the activities of moral and social progress.

Leaders are needed who have a realizing sense of the presence of God in his world, who are sensitive to the divine voice, and who believe that for many people God's will can best be worked out in connection with the cultivation of the soil.

No amount of effort put forth to impose upon rural folk a spiritual leadership of the brand of the middle ages will succeed. What is needed is not that the qualities of life shall be pigeonholed, but that every activity of life shall be shot through with the religious motive. Instead of branding everything related to the industrial life as secular and essentially and forever opposed to spirituality, every vocational and social activity of rural life should be given its rightful and religious significance.

Religious zealots of the past have tried to make the world over and to fill it with miracle and wonder, so that it may appeal to the falsely-keyed spiritual senses of mankind. What we need to do is to attune our spirits to the multitudinous voice of God in the divinely ordered universe. No doubt we do well to believe and to be thrilled with the thought that Jehovah fought for Israel on that day when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still upon Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon.

But may we not receive daily help from the consciousness that God is with us in the rising of the sun on Pine Hill and the moon in Loup Valley?

God is a God of law. A God of law can be trusted. A God of caprice can not. It is a curious thing that as soon as we begin to learn something about how a thing is done in the natural order, we immediately declare that God is not in it, or at least not to that degree that he is in the miracle; and that which should bring him nearer, because helping us to understand him better, drives him from us.

I remember very well an effort made some years ago by an old soldier to prove to me that Providence Spring was falsely so called. This spring of fresh water broke out just inside the dead line of Andersonville Prison. It came as such a relief to the famishing prisoners who had only a limited supply of the foulest kind of water, that it was called Providence Spring. By many it was recognized as a gift from a kind and pitying Providence. But my aged soldier friend had discovered that it could be accounted for by the natural slope of the land, by the condition of the soil where the water broke forth, and by a rainy season, etc. These were very natural reasons, easily explained, and therefore there was nothing providential about it.

This false emphasis has intensified the problem of the church. And here is the opportunity, especially in the rural community, for the man who appreciates the religious significance of the book of nature, to help mankind to learn the lessons that it would teach.

We ask for a sign, and God not only denies it to us, but condemns us for our lack of faith. We ask for a wand and God gives us a hoe. This is better. It indicates a closer relationship between God and men.

A few days ago I headed a committee of five in our village, including the Catholic priest, the dentist, and two ladies, to inspect certain gardens planted and cultivated by boys under sixteen years of age. We saw some fine gardens that day. Suppose to produce such gardens Perle Clarke or Wayland Coon (for a likeness of these prize winners see the SABBATH RECORDER of May 20) suppose to produce these gardens these boys had simply gone out and



waved a wand over a plot of ground. It would have excited the wonder of the whole countryside. But should it be less awe-inspiring that time and labor entered into the total result? Were these boys not working with God?

It is a great thing to cooperate with God in reclaiming the earth and making it serve its eternal purposes. It is a blessed thing to be permitted to serve a God whom you can really help, one who reveals so much of his plans that you can assist intelligently in making them serve their benevolent ends.

Preachers have been telling the people with commendable faithfulness that we are all miserable sinners. There is a need of ministers who can bring a new message with the emphasis upon the dignity of man. Such teachers will find their texts in the Bible, their materials in the divine revelation, and their inspiration in the response of men who have the image of God hid away in their lives ready to be called out and developed. We need leaders who can appreciate the fact that industrial life, especially of the rural sort, furnishes opportunities to work in harmony with the divine plan and to promote the divine ideal.

The right kind of pastoral leadership will be progressive, but will not be self-assertive. He makes a mistake who loads himself down with ready-made plans of which he seeks to rid himself as soon as possible, whether they fit or not, and whether or not the time is ripe and the people ready. The most successful plans for religious work are indigenous, native; the product of the very soil you cultivate, growing out of local conditions and needs, and flourishing in the atmosphere of present opportunity. Plans may be imported and adopted but they must not be dragged in and flung at folks.

When a boy I once overheard my mother and an Irish woman, a neighbor, discussing the question of getting children to take disagreeable medicine. It seemed that my mother had had some difficulty along this line. I remember quite distinctly Mrs. Feeley's advice. She said, "Trow 'em down, and put your knee on 'em, like I do my Mikey." No doubt the neighbor woman's method was easier for her, but it was correspondingly hard on Mikey. Mother's way cost her more of worry and anxious thought, but it contributed to the

working out of higher ideals for her children!

Denunciation is the easiest thing in the world; the next easiest thing is to give advice and to insist that it shall be followed. But the real task of the leader is to help the people to evolve methods of Christian work which shall express their own life, and at the same time lead to higher planes of religious life and thought.

Dealing with nature and natural products gives occasion for reflection upon God's providences. This reflection gives enlargement of soul, and makes one sensitive to the divine in all about him. These awakened forces should be harnessed up to the great task of the kingdom of God. It is little use to work to regenerate men if we can not furnish them a task of a regenerate sort. This can be done, not by segregating religion from the daily life, but by organizing all life's activities upon the religious basis. The church should be so organized that when every department is functioning properly, each member gives conscious expression to its life.

The rural church should be the center of the social life of the community. That is, provision for the social needs of all classes and all ages in the community should be included in the program of the rural church. And this should not be done as a concession to a certain "worldly" class and for the declared purpose of barring "worse evils," but because the church sees in the social and recreative instincts a real religious asset, and an opportunity for positive moral uplift. Perhaps many of you would like to have me throw in a warning here against the dangers in carrying out this social program. All right. But let me with equal emphasis warn you of the danger of *not* doing it.

We pastors do not half appreciate our opportunity, or realize our obligation to instruct the people, especially the younger members of the parish, in the things of religion through a regular, consecutive course in the pastor's training class or the religious day school. Here is a field rich in opportunity, promising important results in accomplishing the task of the church. Simply to mention this suggests the broad culture, the practical wisdom and sympathy required for successful leadership in local religious education.

In closing let me quote at some length

from President Kenyon L. Butterfield's *Country Church and the Rural Problem*, the last chapter, "The Call of the Country Parish."

"The countryside is calling, calling for men. Vexing problems of labor and life disturb our minds in country as in city. The workers of the land are striving to make better use of their resources of soil and climate, and are seeking both larger wealth and higher welfare. But the striving and the seeking raise new questions of great concern. Social institutions have developed to meet these new issues. But the great need of the present is leadership. Only men can vitalize institutions.

"The country church wants men of vision, who see through the incidental, the small, the transient, to the fundamental, the large, the abiding issues, that the countryman must face and conquer.

"She wants practical men, who seek the mountain top by the obscure and steep paths of daily toil and real living, men who can bring things to pass, secure tangible results. She wants original men, who can enter a human field, poorly tilled, much grown to brush, some of it of diminished fertility, and by new methods can again secure a harvest that will gladden the heart of the great Husbandman.

"She wants aggressive men, who do not hesitate to break with tradition, who fear God more than prejudice, who regard institutions as but a means to an end, who grow frequent crops of ideas and dare to winnow them with the flails of practical trial.

"She wants trained men, who come to their work with knowledge and with power, who have thought long and deeply upon the problems of rural life, who have hammered out a plain, active campaign for the rural church. She wants men with enthusiasm, whose energy can withstand the frosts of sloth, of habit, of pettiness, of envy, of backbiting, and whose strength is not quenched by the waters of adversity, of unrealized hopes, of tottering schemes.

"She wants persistent men, who will stand by their task amid the mysterious calls from undiscovered lands, the siren voices of ambition and ease, the withering storms of winters of discontent.

"She wants constructive men, who can transmute visions into wood and stone,

dreams into live institutions, hopes into fruitage.

"She wants heroic men, men who love adventure and difficulty, men who can work alone with God and suffer no sense of loneliness.

"It is well enough to discuss the problem in its theoretical aspects. It is desirable to organize large movements on behalf of the rural church. But more than all else just now, we need a few men to achieve great results in the rural parish, to re-establish the leadership of the church. No organization can do it. No layman can do it. A preacher must do it—do it in spite of small salary, isolation, conservatism, restricted field, overchurched, or any other devil that shows its face. The call is imperative. Shall we be denied the men?"

[Some books I have read. Very good, and inexpensive: *The Country Church and the Rural Problem*, Kenyon L. Butterfield. (The University of Chicago Press.) *The Day of the Country Church*, J. O. Ashenurst. (Funk and Wagnalls.) *The Church of the Open Country*, Warren H. Wilson. (Missionary Education Movement, New York.) *Rural Christendom*, Charles Roads. (American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia.)—A. J. C. B.]

#### Let Us Be Kind.

"Let us be kind;  
The way is long and lonely,  
And human hearts are asking for this blessing  
only—

That we be kind.  
We can not know the grief that men may borrow,

We can not see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,  
But love can shine upon the way today, tomorrow—

Let us be kind.

"Let us be kind.  
The sunset tints will soon be in the west,  
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet  
breast—

Let us be kind.  
And when the angel guides have sought and  
found us,

Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth  
that bound us,  
And heaven and home shall brighten all around  
us—

Let us be kind."

Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say, "What art thou doing?"—*Morning Light*.



## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### My Prayer.

Not that there be less to bear,  
Not that there be more to share;  
But for braver heart for bearing,  
But for freer heart for sharing,  
Here I pray.

Not for scenes of richer beauty,  
Not for paths of lighter duty;  
But for clearer eyes for seeing,  
Gentler hands, more patient being,  
Every day.

Not that joy and peace enfold me,  
Not that wealth and pleasure hold me;  
But that I may dry a tear,  
Speak a word of strength and cheer  
On the way.—*Sharlot M. Hall.*

### The Women of India.

Unto Him who said, "I am the light of the world," a woman was brought by a company of self-righteous men who desired Christ to condemn her. His only words to her were, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." May we not look with the same loving, forgiving spirit upon our unfortunate sisters in the Orient?

We very glibly say, "Every child has a right to be well born." What then of the rights of the little ones in India? Coming into the world with tainted blood, unwanted, they must live and grow up without any opportunity for the development of their latent faculties. Law forbids their sacrifice to the gods, forbids the parents casting them into the bosom of "Mother Ganges." True many slip away without the *sirkar* finding out; many of them die of *suki ki bimari* (the drying up disease). Many sleep away more quickly by the use of a little larger dose of opium. The growth and development of nearly all is inhibited by the use of this drug. When remonstrated with, the helpless, ignorant, young mother replies: "What can I do? If I do not give opium he will cry," or "the food will not digest." Many are carried off by dysentery, cholera, smallpox, malaria, or some other disease common to that land of unsanitary conditions.

How we enjoy the care-free, joyous laughter of children at play! In India the daughter is often married before the age when our little ones are going to kindergarten. In the census of 1901 we read that there were in India nineteen thousand, four hundred and eighty-seven widows under five years of age. There were one hundred and fifteen thousand, two hundred and eighty-five under ten. These children may have seen their husbands only at the wedding ceremony. The husbands may have been children like themselves or they may have been men old enough to be their fathers or grandfathers; in the latter case many had lived and suffered, as only a childwife can suffer. You may say it was better that their husbands died. It would seem so, but for the awful curse under which they must ever live, that the gods are angry with them and have taken their husbands away. If of the better class, they must ever go about with hair cut short, with no jewelry, with one garment and that a poor one, often with no protection. They must never hope for a home and legitimate children of their own. There is no longer any hope of salvation, for that comes only through the husband. If the girl widow is of a low caste she may be taken as second wife of her husband's brother and labor in the field or shop with other members of the family. If the husband lives she may be one of a large household ruled over by the hand of a mother-in-law. If she be fortunate enough to bring sons to her husband her lot may be a comparatively happy one. If she is diseased or her husband is diseased she may walk about the *tulsi* plant in the courtyard one hundred and sixty times in vain. She may have made her offering and left the red impress of her upturned hand on the whitewashed face of a shrine to no purpose, or she may have gone on a long pilgrimage to some distant temple and worshiped. The priest received his gift, the husband may be given a child. If all efforts fail she may look elsewhere for shelter and food or admit a "sister" to the home. This may be at her request, when the feeling between the two may be harmonious. On the other hand the bitterest jealousy may arise in the heart of the elder, making the other's life miserable or

even unsafe. If she be fortunate to be the one in one hundred and forty-one who can read and write she has something to think about besides the daily routine of her household and the plaiting of her hair, penciling of her eyebrows, painting her fingernails, and oiling her body—provided she can get anything to read. It is because these few women and the educated men have been reading, seeing and thinking that marvelous changes are taking place in that vast empire. The great giant of India, as of China, is waking from its long sleep and crying out for reform and progress.

No longer is a woman universally looked upon as a mere slave, to be retained as long as she gives good service and turned out when ill or no longer wanted. Educated men are seeing the possibilities of Indian womanhood. They are coming to realize that India can rise in the world only as high as her women. They see that a child can not make a good mother for the boys that are needed. They begin to desire wives, not simply for playthings or slaves, but for companions and helpmeets. They are seeing the folly of compelling thousands, aye, millions of their women and girls to live the life of perpetual widowhood, making it necessary for full grown, educated men to take mere children as wives when their wives die. Some have defied custom and married educated widows and suffered persecution. But they have sounded the death-knell of perpetual widowhood.

It would not have been possible a few years ago for three Hindu women to have spoken before such an audience, mostly of men, as met a short time ago to discuss the bill advocating the legalization of marriage between Hindus of different castes and persons of different creeds. This bill was not passed, but the iron fetters of caste are being stricken off by the people of India. Women's clubs are springing up everywhere. These are not only for self-improvement, but for the promotion of education among the women in all parts of the land.

Who are to direct this great movement? Who are to be the teachers in these schools? What shall be taught the makers of New India?—*Dr. Jenny Crosier, in Missionary Tidings.*

### "If Any Man Open the Door."

A friend was telling me some of her experiences in the Dufferin Hospital in India. One impressed me as particularly significant. She was seated on the veranda of the hospital one afternoon reading, when a high-class Hindu woman came up the steps and asked for an interview with Miss Henderson. My friend arose to speak to her, and as she did so a copy of Holman-Hunt's picture of Christ standing outside the closed door, fell out of her book to the ground. The woman quickly picked it up and looked at it.

"Tell me about this," she said, her errand forgotten, as a woman long ago forgot her "water pot." "What does it mean?"

Miss Henderson told her, and the woman went away.

Summer passed into autumn, and autumn into winter, and there was snow on the mountains, and the air was chill when Miss Henderson went to call upon this woman.

As she came near the house she saw the door standing wide open. She entered and—the physical need of the woman foremost in her mind, for she was a trained nurse—at once said: "You should not have your front door open so. The mountains are covered with snow, and it is cold."

Then the woman with half shy reverence said:

"I knew it. I have seen the snow, and I have felt the cold, but thought that perhaps your Jesus might pass by, and I wanted him to find the door wide open."  
—*Ruth G. Wiant.*

### The Church and the Social Order.

It is a very significant thing that among the reports which aroused most interest at the Federal Council of Churches in Chicago were those of the commissions on the Church and Social Service and the Church and Peace and Arbitration. Twenty-five years ago this would not have been the case. But so rapidly has the interest in the redemption of the habitation and environment of man grown that now the church is coming to say, "Let us save man and his home, city, state, social order, nation, world together."

The report of the Social Service Commission, of which Dr. Charles S. Macfar-



land is secretary, had some passages of marked significance in it, and the platform and recommendations were not only heartily accepted by the council, but in one or two parts strengthened. Here are some of the subjects discussed in it, "Interdenominational Cooperation in Social Service," "The Federation of all Social Agencies," "The Problem of Industry," "The Country Church and the Rural Problems," "The Church and Wealth," "The Church and Labor."

There has sometimes been brought against the church the accusation that she dared not rebuke injustice when it appeared among her wealthy supporters. But what stronger rebuke could be uttered than this passage of the report, adopted as the utterance of the Protestant Churches of America:

"That we should thus make an advance is called for by the fact that the problems which face us, while probably not greater, are more plainly seen by us than they were four years ago. More clearly than then does society now recognize the right and duty of our people, and especially the industrial workers, to seek proper organization for justice, conciliation, and arbitration. Just as strongly does it feel that such organization itself should be under the higher law which it invokes. More distinctly do men discern that mere power does not confer a moral title to reward. That powerful interests have not ceased to take toll of our labor, to levy tribute on the people, to exercise a taxing power without authority, and that they are thereby continuing to amass the wealth of the nation in dangerous aggregations, there is common consent. That a large part of this is in the nature of extortion, that it is, in too large measure, the cause of poverty and of many of the evils against which we cry aloud, that if we evade it, we are still trying to cure effects without touching causes, and are seeking to ensure moral evolution without taking account of resident forces, are matters of public conscience. We record, with deep regret, the increasing prodigality upon the part of irresponsible men and women who have come into large possessions, and we would point out the clear and intimate relation between a reckless and ostentatious display of wealth and the revolutionary and defiant demeanor of the multitudes who feel, whether rightly or

wrongly, that it is made at their expense. We should deplore the defiance of sobriety and order on the part of every element of human society and should fix the blame on the one when it is clearly the cause, of which the other is the effect."

The recommendations to the churches are so pertinent to the present outlook of the church that we quote at length from them here: "We urge upon the denominations which are the constituent bodies of this council that they all provide for definite organization in the interest of social service, both city and rural, and that their departments become constituent bodies of this commission.

"That the faculties of the theological seminaries, many of whom have already made remarkable progress, take still more seriously into account the providing of pastors who shall be capable of serving all the people and of meeting all their needs.

"We ask that the teachers in our colleges give generous service to inspire their young men and women, not only with social passion, but to do their work with a deeply religious spirit and to help in the task of bringing the influence of our churches to bear upon the problems of the social order.

"Upon the pastors of these 150,000 churches we urge the necessity for a study and training in all our social problems which shall produce wise leadership for their churches in this great field of Christian service. We call to the attention of the leaders of Sunday schools and young people's societies the necessity for early education and practical training in the work of social service.

"We ask that the great army of our evangelists, both professional and pastoral, recognize that intelligent Christian discipleship involves a recognition of the justice, the sympathy, and the good will that are due to their fellow men and we ask our evangelists to add the social note to the individual note of their message, that together we may infuse the religious spirit into social movements and the social spirit into religious movements.

"This commission has made its approach in its interest in social and industrial questions, alike to favored and unfavored, to the employer and the employe equally, to the leaders of industry as to the leaders of labor. We bear glad record that the response has not come only from those who

suffer grievously from economic wrong. We have confidence, therefore, to bear a special message to our Chambers of Commerce and our Association of Business Men and Industrial Directors. We ask them to adopt openly and make their own our social platform and all its implications. We express the profound belief that the time has come when these organizations must earnestly and sympathetically make the problems of the workers and the people their problems. Upon those whose incomes are derived from their holdings in mill and mine, we urge the social danger of absentee ownership and its grave abuses, and we plead the full law of human responsibility, reminding them that, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, Jesus' judgment was pronounced on men and women for the things they *did not do*. The difficulties are perplexing, but they should neither lead us to indifference nor to embrace unavailing phantoms. We heartily commend those stockholders of great corporations who have sought relief through the light of publicity. We would remind those to whom affluence has come, whether by righteous or unrighteous means, that the tendency of our day upon the part of the great masses of the people to look to revolution rather than to the process of evolution, for their uplifting is largely caused by the way in which so many of the rich flaunt their riches in the very face of the poor and emphasize the wide gulf between Dives at his table and Lazarus at the gate, and to such we commend the teachings of Jesus upon the productive use of wealth.

"We urge a deeper sense of the value of productive thought and toil and wealth. To create, for the benefit of all, is the highest end for the investment of talent, toil, and of material possession. Hence every industrial and commercial enterprise that ministers to wholesome life and substantial prosperity should be encouraged and honored, and every device that aims to secure something for nothing should be discounted and condemned. Return and reward are just, only as they measure their moral equivalent, however it may be expressed in its material terms."

But it was the platform recommended by the Commission on Social Service that is of most significance. When one remembers that this platform was adopted by practically the whole body of Protestant

churches of America as a sort of social creed, it seems to us to mark almost the greatest step the churches have taken for many years. Of course, one may claim too much. It is not fair to say that every minister in the United States is thereby converted to the social gospel. But nevertheless the fact remains that the following platform was *unanimously* adopted by the representatives of 17,000,000 Protestant Christians, practically all of the churches:

The churches must stand:

1. For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.
2. For the protection of the family, by the single standard of purity, uniform divorce laws, proper regulation of marriage, and proper housing.
3. For the fullest possible development for every child, especially by the provision of proper education and recreation.
4. For the abolition of child labor.
5. For such regulation of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.
6. For the abatement and prevention of poverty.
7. For the protection of the individual and society from the social, economic, and moral waste of the liquor traffic.
8. For the conservation of health.
9. For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational diseases, and mortality.
10. For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, for safeguarding this right against encroachments of every kind, and for the protection of workers from the hardships of enforced unemployment.
11. For suitable provision for the old age of the workers, and for those incapacitated by injury.
12. For the right of employes and employers alike to organize for adequate means of conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes.
13. For a release from employment one day in seven.
14. For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.
15. For a living wage as a minimum in



every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.

16. For a new emphasis upon the application of Christian principles to the acquisition and use of property and for the most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised.

The report of the Commission on Peace and Arbitration reviewed the work of the year and outlined the plans for the future, chief among which is the formation of a great Church Peace League. The readers of the *Christian Work* will hear more of this soon, as The Optimist will close this article with the resolutions which the commission submitted and which were unanimously adopted. As The Optimist had the pleasure of writing these resolutions he can sign his name at the end of this report without impropriety:

"1. We urgently request, in view of the fact that the world is looking to the churches for leadership in the Peace Movement, that every church devote one Sunday in the year to the consideration of international good will. Many of our churches are already using the Sunday nearest May 18, the date of the calling of the First Hague Conference, as Peace Sunday, since the public schools of the land quite generally observe that day. Other churches are observing the Sunday before Christmas as Peace Sunday. We would suggest sermons by the pastor and peace exercises by the children. The Peace Commission will gladly furnish literature on this subject.

"2. We would ask the pastors and members of our churches to watch closely the action of the Congress of the United States, and whenever measures are introduced looking toward international good will or *vice versa*, that they would write personal letters to the Senators and Congressmen from their State and district, urging that they vote from the Christian point of view.

"3. We believe that the time has come when civilization must make choice between two ways for the future: the way of statesmanship, or the way of battleship; the old way of settling disputes by force or by the new way of settling them by justice. So far we have lived by the old way almost exclusively. There are many who are now clamoring that we persist forever in that way. 'Arm,' they say, 'for, there is no

other way.' In our time, a great throng of noble men, prophets, statesmen, teachers, poets, yes, business men and men of all callings have seen the vision of the new way, the way of the Lord, the way of brotherhood, justice and good will. They are demanding that we choose international tribunals, arbitration treaties, and such judicial methods as Christian men practise among themselves. The choice must be made soon, and once for all, or militarism will gain the day. We call upon the Christian men and women of the nation to rise at this time and demand that all nations learn against the first principles of the teachings of Jesus Christ that membership in his kingdom should so bind them together in mutual love and mutual antagonism to the common foes of God and men, that the thought of engaging with each other in deadly combat shall become abhorrent and impossible.

"4. The whole world has been shocked and horrified at the carnage and devastation of the war between the Balkan States and Turkey. While this war is more of the nature of a civil war and is the uprising of oppressed people to throw off a no longer endurable yoke, yet there is a feeling among many students of international politics, that had there been a permanent supreme court of nations, with a united Europe behind it, and with power to enforce its decisions, that even this war, far removed as it is from the disputes that would generally come before a permanent court of justice, might have been averted and Turkey compelled to have enforced her promised reforms. The Christian churches of the world should demand in universal and unanimous voice that the Third Hague Conference, create as its one chief task, a permanent court representative of the nations of the world to which oppressed peoples may go for justice, and to which all disputes now settled by war can be carried by the nations of the earth."—*Fredrick Lynch, in Christian Work and Evangelist.*

Straight thinking is not done by a warped mind. Tortuous ways do not lead directly to the center of things. A simple heart, square life, and direct methods always lead to the surest and happiest results. Other conditions create suspicion and destroy confidence."

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### How Can We Better Our Prayer Meetings?

Matt. xviii, 18-20.

Prayer meeting topic for January 18, 1913.  
(Led by the Prayer Meeting Committee.)

#### HOW TO PREPARE FOR THE MEETING.

The members of the Prayer Meeting Committee should meet and make their preparation together.

The first thing to do in this preparation meeting, is to consider the purpose of a young people's prayer meeting. What ought the prayer meeting mean to the active members of the society? What impression should it make upon the young people who attend just to have some place to go? What place should the meeting fill in the religious economy of the community? Think of the young people who are members of your society, and of those who attend who are not members; think upon the need of the community for more real piety and greater religious zeal. What kind of a prayer meeting ought you to have each week to fill these needs?

What you are trying to do is to picture to yourselves an ideal prayer meeting for your society, and in your community.

You will now consider some of the elements which go to make this ideal prayer meeting, or a good prayer meeting.

Preparation on the part of the leader—preparation of heart as well as of mind. Hymns selected in harmony with the subject, or in view of the results sought in the meeting. Every prayer uttered in view of these same things. Promptness in testimony, every active member at least, taking part. Some knowledge of the lesson shown on the part of all, and a personal response to some truth suggested by it.

These and other things will occur to the

committee as elements of a good prayer meeting.

How have your meetings compared with your ideal? Where have they failed? In answering these questions you have your suggestions as to how to better your prayer meeting.

Perhaps here is the place for a season of earnest prayer by all the members of the committee. Now you are ready to plan your meeting. And your plan will be better than any that could be suggested in cold type by one who does not know your society.

You might invite the president to meet with you for this preparation?

#### HOW TO HAVE BETTER PRAYER MEETINGS.

A regular meeting of the Prayer Meeting Committee with the leaders, perhaps for the month, and with the leaders of the music, could be made very profitable. At this meeting the lessons should be taken up one at a time, and given thoughtful consideration by all present. It might be well for different members of the committee to be especially prepared to lead in presenting one or more lessons. Whether very definite help were given or not, it would set the leader to thinking on his topic. No doubt if this plan were followed up faithfully the result would be better prayer meetings.

Where practicable the leader of the meeting and of the singing should meet with the Prayer Meeting Committee for prayer, immediately before the meeting.

Often the members of the society are visiting carelessly as they take their seats, and four or five coming directly from prayer will do much to temper the spirit of the meeting.

#### SOME QUESTIONS.

What kind of prayer meeting has helped you most?

What is the most helpful part of the meeting to you?

Should you wait for the Spirit to move you, or should you move yourself, and thus give the Spirit a chance to use you?

Would your meeting be improved if each one came prepared with something to say, and then said it on the first occasion?

Are you willing to try this for a month?



### The Church as a Social Force.

REV. A. J. C. BOND.

The church is not a static, but a dynamic force. The question of life is not only, which way do you face, but are you moving. People are not to be saved to the church, but in it. Baptizing converts is not the chief mission of the church, but giving its members right ideals and making those ideals pregnant in the world. The church which has been reduced to a mere preaching station is not far from inevitable extinction. A church which does nothing but listen to a minister who does nothing but talk is doomed to die.

The institutional church today is the inspirational church. The pulpit which preaches the social gospel, the pews which believe it and try to practice it, form the church which is inspirational, whatever its organization may be.

Miss Jane Addams tells of a young woman who went to her pastor and asked him to put her to work. He told her she might arrange the altar flowers. To Miss Addams she said, "I had done that kind of work when I was sixteen and enjoyed it, but I felt that there must be some more effective way of expressing my social interests."

There is a growing number of persons in our churches today who desire to serve the community. In some way they wish to relate themselves helpfully to its larger life and interests. This purpose rightly understood, and this energy properly directed, will be the salvation of this old world.

A traveling companion on a railway train not long since was condemning in no uncertain language a religion which consisted in attending the services of the church and in paying something for its support. He was looking for something which had vital connection with human life and conduct—something which finds expression in helpfulness.

President Kenyon L. Butterfield of the Massachusetts Agricultural College says: "The task of the church is to maintain and enlarge both individual and community ideals under the inspiration and guidance of the religious motive, and to help the people to incarnate these ideals in personal and family life, in industrial effort and po-

litical development, and in all social relationships."

Instead of branding everything related to industrial life as secular and therefore essentially and forever opposed to spirituality, every vocational and social activity should be given its rightful religious significance. We need to appreciate the fact that industrial life furnishes opportunities to work in harmony with the divine plan, and to promote the divine ideal in the world.

The church should be the center of the social life of the community. That is, provision for the social needs of all ages and all conditions in the community should be included in the program of the church. And this should be done not as a concession to a certain "worldly" class, and for the declared purpose of barring "worse evils," but because the church sees in the social and recreative instincts a real religious asset and an opportunity for positive moral uplift. Man is a social being. We are just beginning to appreciate the fact of the solidarity of the race, and the force with which our lives interact upon each other. No longer do we count him the true follower of the Christ who seeks to escape the contamination of the world by withdrawing from the world. The religion of the cloister has been superseded by the religion of the mart. One may take on the spirit of the Christ by frequenting his secret presence, but that spirit can find expression only as we mix with humanity. What the world needs is a social life based upon the intrinsic worth of human lives.

Selfishness and pride too often govern our social relations. In democratic America there are all grades of society from the upper tens to the submerged tenth, from the joy riders to Mickey's gang. These divisions are arbitrary and false.

Long ago some one said, "Men come down to come together." This is due to the fact that in social life men have allowed themselves to drift together, and nothing ever drifts up stream. The basis of such coming together is always the tastes and standards of the lowest of the group. If people are careless of their lives and indifferent as to their ideals, they will naturally meet on the level of the lowest. This is true of all persons of all ages, and explains why boys are willing to become an

appendix to the wet end of a cigarette. They come down to come together.

There is one remedy for the ills of society, one corrective of its maladjustments. It needs an application of the love of Jesus Christ who went about doing good. Thus will be eliminated from social life these questionable and harmful amusements which "give the hectic flush, too often passing for a personal charm, but which are very significant indications of a premature decay."

It is the task of the Christian church to stimulate a desire for a higher social life, to foster the spirit of true brotherhood and Christian fellowship, and to furnish the opportunity for the people of the community to come together under favorable conditions for helpful social intercourse.

The church should make possible a social life in which shall not lurk the sting of sin or the doom of disappointment, but which shall foster life's nobler virtues, and contribute real joy and lasting happiness to the community. An ideal worthy of the church with its splendid history, and in harmony with the spirit of its divine Founder and Head.

[The above was written for the *Journal-Telephone* by appointment of the Rock County Minister's Association, as a part of their program for Home Mission week.—Ed.]

### Milton College Notes.

A course of six lectures will be given by physicians during January and February in the college chapel. Dr. Jesse G. Maxson of Harvard, Ill., will deliver two of these lectures for men, and two for women will be given by Susan S. Randolph, M. D., of Milton. Two will be for both men and women, by Dr. John N. Goltra of Chicago, medical editor of the *Chicago Evening World* and a speaker of wide repute. These lectures have been arranged by the faculty for the benefit of the college students.

President Daland and Prof. A. E. Whitford were in Madison the first of the month to attend an Association of Presidents and Deans of Wisconsin colleges. President Daland is secretary of this association.

Mr. E. C. Mercer of New York, a graduate of the University of Virginia, grand-

son of former President Arthur and of General Mercer, of Revolutionary fame, spoke in Milton, December 16, to promote Christian interest in college students. Mr. Mercer is perhaps the best known man in college circles today, and is always welcomed wherever he goes. He spoke at the college chapel at 10.30 Monday morning, again to the young men at 3.30 p. m., and held a mass-meeting in the Congregational church in the evening. It is an honor to Milton College to have Mr. Mercer visit her, for he seldom visits such small colleges. He is a great power with fallen college men and is doing a noble work.

Joint lyceum programs are the order of the day. The two ladies' societies recently gave an excellent program that was enjoyed by a large number of visitors. The Orophilian and the Miltonian societies held a mock trial in the college auditorium, December 14, and the Philomathean lyceum challenged the Idunas to an old-fashioned spelling-bee for the first program after vacation.

The Christmas vacation began December 20 and will last until January 7. A large number of students have gone home to spend the vacation. \*

### News Notes.

ASHAWAY, R. I.—Since last report our pulpit has been occupied by N. O. Moore, who gave a very interesting account of his African trip, and by Miss Susie Burdick, who spoke on mission work in China.—The Ladies' Aid society recently served a chicken pie supper which was largely attended and netted a generous sum. Their annual sale of fancy articles was held early in December.—Harris W. Taylor has been reelected superintendent of the Sabbath school. The good work that he is doing in this line is greatly appreciated.—Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Babcock of Albion, Wis., are guests at the parsonage for some time.

"How proud we are, how fond to show  
Our clothes, and call them rich and new  
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore  
The very clothing long before!  
The tulip and the butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I;  
Let me be dressed fine as I will,  
Flies, worms and flowers excel me still."



## Has Woman a Place in Politics?

MARY M. CHURCH.

*Paper read before the Social Science Circle, Greeley, Colo.*

It is not at all unusual, just now, to hear a political situation likened to some historic battle. Therefore I do not need to apologize for "taking up arms" at the outset. My own quest for illustrations has led me, not to Armageddon or Waterloo or Bunker Hill, but to that strange encounter of ancient times, whose issue, we are told, depended chiefly upon three well-nigh motionless figures on a neighboring hill. With hands stretched high above his head, the one in the center grasped a long rod, while on either side a companion, supported the uplifted arm lest it drop and turn the victory to the enemy in the valley below.

Now I have no doubt that some practical soul feels moved to suggest that the proper place for this idle group was by the side of Joshua and his valiant men in the thick of the fight, cutting off Amalekite heads. An eager impulse to do just that very thing possibly beat in the breast of these patient ones (or at least in two of them; I'm not so sure about Aaron). Believing, however that

"Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
The harder task of standing still."

they maintained their painful pose, and so "his hands were steady until the going down of the sun."

Whoever has sufficient discernment of spiritual value to grant that the silent trio on the hilltop had an important part in the defeat of Amalek, that day, will not find it difficult to accept the almost paradoxical statement that woman *has* a place and influence in politics which she inevitably forfeits by accepting the duties and requirements of suffrage.

I am not obvious to the flaws in the analogy since the leading character in the scene described was Moses, himself, while none of them were women, I suppose, (though one was always called *Hur*).

The significant parallel remains, however, showing that power and usefulness often depend upon staying where Providence puts one, even though it may seem, at first glance, to be on the shelf.

Multitudes of earnest women who are

keenly alive to the great issues at stake in that age-long struggle toward good government commonly called politics feel that accepting the ballot would be equivalent to deserting their post and surrendering their place in the scheme of things. If modesty permitted, each might, like Nehemiah, reply to the various Sanballats, Tobiahs and Geshems who are seeking to entice them into the fray, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

That able writer and careful student of public affairs, Miss Ida Tarbell, develops this idea in the following expressive paragraph:

"Human society may be likened to two great circles, one revolving within the other. In the inner circle rules the woman. Here she rears and trains the material for the outer circle which exists only by and for her.

"That accident may throw her into the outer circle is, of course, true but it is not her natural habitat, nor is she fitted by nature to live and circulate freely there.

"We underestimate, too, the kind of experience which is essential for intelligent citizenship in this outer circle. To know what is wise and needed there one should circulate in it. The man at his labor, in the street, in the meeting places of men, learns unconsciously, as a rule, the code, the meaning, the need of public affairs as woman learns those of private affairs. What it all amounts to is that the labor of the world is naturally divided between the two different beings that people the world. It is unfair to the woman that she be asked to do the work of the outer circle. The man can do that satisfactorily if she does her part, that is, if she prepares him the material. Certainly, he can never come into the inner circle and do her work."

Does any woman feel too big for this "inner circle" and long to push her way out? Let her listen to this bit of homely wisdom from the story entitled, "When Uncle Jed Ran for Mayor Against a Woman":

"Is a woman to be home all the time simply because she has children?" asks the fair young suffragette lecturer.

"Not necessarily," said Uncle Jed, "but she ought to have her mind on it while she is there."

"You would have us, then, circumscrib-

ed by the home with but one idea in the world?"

"No," quietly rejoined the old man, "I would have the woman circumscribe the home and no woman can do that on one idea."

To my mind, the woman with "only one idea in the world" is not always the old-fashioned, stay-at-home sort. What being bears stronger evidence of such a single obsession than the militant suffragette? She wants the ballot for the same reason that Eve wanted the apple and the results of giving it to her might be equally disastrous to mankind.

I do not forget the other class of intelligent women who believe that the granting of equal suffrage is a necessary final step in the emancipation of the sex. They are striving earnestly to fit themselves for citizenship in the "outer circle." If they would devote an equal amount of time and thought to what Miss Tarbell calls "The Business of Being a Woman," they would be better able "to circumscribe the home" and would find themselves being rapidly emancipated from any fear of oppression or limitation.

To be sure the mere act of going to the polls does not absorb a large amount of a woman's time and strength, particularly when any number of conveyances are at her disposal on the implied condition that she vote the owner's ticket. Voting, however, often leads to office-seeking; and that involves the political campaign with its inevitable distractions and dissipations.

"Not that, boys," said Uncle Jed sternly. "Never hiss a woman, 'cause if you do she'll hiss back, and a hissin' woman is the onloveliest thing in the sight of man or beast."

One of the Boulder pastors who fought valiantly during the last campaign against the saloon in that city, told me of hearing a woman declare on the street, toward the close of election day, "Well, if we lose, it will be the fault of the ——— ministers!"

Need I specify the side for which she had worked?

In the October *Ladies' Home Journal*, the writer of "The Truth About Woman Suffrage" declares that even the rumsellers in Denver stood aghast at the way the women voted in 1910, when the saloon party won so heavily. He also states that

one of the foremost suffragettes of Los Angeles, in a speech during last year's campaign, declared that the liquor people had nothing to fear from the women's votes. The head of the suffrage movement in the State of Washington made no secret of the fact that the brewery interest won the fight for her cause there and has continued to sway local elections since.

The chief headquarters of the suffrage movement in Brooklyn, last summer, was a beer saloon, the wife of the proprietor being the president of the organization. The recent election has given further demonstration of the extent to which women are using the ballot to promote the cause of temperance.

In the State of Colorado the proposed constitutional for prohibition was defeated by a large majority.

There is no question but that the women who voted might have won the battle this year *had they so desired*.

The effect of equal suffrage upon labor questions can be determined to some degree by the popularity of the movement among working women and working-men's wives! Some valuable personal experience along this line is given by Elizabeth McCracken in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

One of her coworkers in the social settlement of Boston asked her assistance in teaching the women of the neighborhood how to register and vote for the school committee. Her efforts and their results are cleverly described under the heading, "Woman Suffrage in The Tenements." The conclusions reached by these untutored people are expressed with childlike simplicity and directness. I shall cite only two of the most interesting.

The first was an unmarried woman who supported an aged mother, invalid sister and herself by working long hours in a tailoring establishment. After helping with household tasks in the evening she found time and inclination to read a large number of books. When the matter of voting was presented to her, she began studying and discussing the question eagerly. After a time she dropped it suddenly, for which she gave the following reason: "I'm tired o' woman suffrage. I like it when it *stays* interestin'. It does 'bout Shakespeare and Bacon. Shakespeare, his books stay interestin'. I never get tired o' Sesame and Lilies. The things



I've read tryin' to settle other questions heartened me up, an' made doin' my jobs seem easier. The things I've read 'bout women votin' made me sort o' low in my feelin's, an' doin' my jobs got to seem harder. I think I was right to stop botherin' 'bout suffrage." And she had not even registered!

The next woman, mother of four children, all of whom she sent regularly to school, went somewhat further in the experiment. Her husband was inefficient and out of employment much of the time, so the support of the family fell largely on her. She made earnest efforts to inform herself concerning the various conditions for the office and all important factors in the problem. "Oh, I voted," she reported after election day; "but I ain't sure now I voted right, an' I ain't sure I done any good votin' anyway. I've been so took up, findin' out 'bout it, I've let my housework run slack. My littlest girl, she's been sent home twice, 'cause o' her havin' on a dirty dress. Nobody was here to fix her up clean, an' send her back, so she missed them two days. It would ha' been better for her educatin' if I'd washed her clothes in the time I was learnin' 'bout school committees. The other things you've helped me into made me do what I'd ought to do, better. This made me do it worse. I don't want to fuss over votin' no more."

The same writer refers to conditions as she found them existing in Denver during a brief stay there. She sought that class of women with whom she had been working in Boston, in order to determine how well they used and valued their full political rights. Many confessed that they never voted, largely because they had never wanted to and did not know for whom they should vote. Others voted just as some influential benefactor desired them to. One woman was decidedly glad she had a vote. "It pays me well some o' the time," she explained. "Sometimes I gets only one dollar for goin' an' votin'; sometimes more. Votin' ain't nothin' to me. I'm a poor woman. All the good it do bring me is an easy way to get a little extra money. My husband, he do it, too. There ain't any badness 'bout it."

Another woman of middle age complained, "They've always talked a lot out here 'bout the freen' of women. They used to say we was slaves an' votin' would 'man-

cipate us; but me, I don't feel as much free as 'fore they told us we could do all the votin' there was to do."

Many of the shop girls regarded their political privilege merely as an extra worry. "Suffrage is all right for rich women," said one, "but it's hard for girls like me. My father's boss has one ticket, my boss has another. If I don't want to vote his way my father's boss gets mad; I've got to vote my boss's way, no matter what I want, because if I don't, he might get mad, and I might lose my job. If I didn't have to I wouldn't vote at all." The girl appeared to have something else to say. After a few moments of silent thought she began: "I wonder if you'll know what I mean when I tell you that I feel I was a nicer person before I voted."

### A Woman's Best Compliment.

The finest compliment we have ever heard told to a woman was by her husband, who said in speaking of her: "We always think of her as a morning-glory, because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table." How many breakfast tables are presided over by women who make an effort to be dainty? And there are a great number who are at once untidy and even uncleanly to look at.

The claim that household duties keep women from looking well in the morning is easily disproved, for in many a household where the lady gives a helping hand in the kitchen a big apron will thoroughly protect her dress; and then, too, cooking, unless one makes it so, is never dirty work. That woman commits an error who looks uncared for in the morning.

The other woman, who wears any old thing to the breakfast table, is also making a mistake; for that is the time when the men of the household ought to see a woman at her best, and not especially rely on her appearance in the evening, when the soft and charitable light of the gas will hide many defects.—*Selected.*

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of a crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### The Loaned Pony Cart.

Richard King had several neighbor boys whom he liked very much. They were in the same room at school, and they always came and went together, stopping to play marbles in the smooth, quiet street where they lived.

But there was one boy in that block whom none of the rest liked. It was not because Sanson Reese lived in a bigger house than they did, but because he had the prettiest Shetland pony and cart you ever saw, and he never would let any of the boys ride. Then, he seemed to like to go by real fast, and sling dust on them.

The week that school was out for the summer the strangest thing happened; Sanson's father came over to see Mr. King, and said that the whole family was going to the seashore for the summer; that he would like to leave the pony and cart in Mr. King's stable; that Richard could use them all he liked for their keep. You may be sure that the very first day Richard learned to harness up the pony, and that it didn't take him long to learn how to hold the lines right and to turn corners.

Ben went with him at first, but the day he started out for the first time by himself he saw Logan Spear and Dee Garrett, his best friends, playing marbles right in the middle of the street. Just for fun he whipped up and drove across their ring, knocking the kimmies and glassies every which way! Then he looked back, laughing; but Logan sprang up, and shouted: "Rich King, you're hatefuller than that Reese boy! We'll never play with you again!"

Sure enough, the Reese boy had never broken up a game, if he had raised a big dust on purpose! Richard drove on slowly, thinking about it; and the further he went the meaner he felt.

That night he dreamed that all the boys and girls in his room at school were sent to the blackboard to write, "Richard King is hatefuller than Sanson Reese;" and he thought that while they were writing it the teacher stood pointing her finger at him.

When he opened his eyes and found it was all a bad dream, he drew a long breath, and said: "Well, I've got the pony for all summer, and I will have lots of chances to be nice to the boys. I'll take Dee and Logan this very day; and the—oh, there's the Sawyer boy! I'll take him first, because he can't walk a step."

Actually, there were tears in Mrs. Sawyer's eyes when he asked her to let Cary go for a ride! She turned quickly, and lifted the helpless little fellow in, saying: "Do you know how much he has wanted this very pony and cart? Please drive carefully, Richard; for he is very weak, you know."

So he let the pony walk most of the way; but Cary thought it was fine, and he laughed and talked so much that Richard enjoyed it as well as if they were going fast. Then, when they got home, and Mrs. Sawyer came to carry her son into the house, Richard said: "We'll go every morning, if you like."

"Oh, will we?" called Cary over his mother's shoulder. "You're the best boy in town."

How he wished Logan could have heard that!

The three had a jolly trip down the pike that afternoon, bringing the cart and pony back all trimmed up with sunflowers fit for a street parade. "Oh, look there! Isn't that pretty!" the children would cry, as they passed along the street.

And every day after that Richard found new nice things to do. He took his big brother down to the office, thus saving car fare, and giving him a pleasant ride; he did errands for his mother, carried groceries in the cart, and even took the family washings across to Auntie Suttles every Monday morning.

"Bress de sugah boy!" the old negro mammy would cry when he drove up with the clothes. "He knowed I done got rheumatics in mah neck frum totin' dem big loads on mah haid! You's de bes' boy in town, you is!"

"Won't you wear that pony out, going so much?" complained old Uncle Nathan, his mother's uncle, as Richard, starting out one morning, met the old gentleman at the corner.

"Get in and ride, won't you?" asked Richard, politely, instead of answering the question.



"Yes, I don't mind if I do. I'm pretty stiff today," replied he.

So he got in, and as they went down the street Richard told him how many nice things he had found to do with the pony cart.

"You see, I've got to keep going, for Cary must have his ride in the morning—it helps him a lot, his mother says; then there are errands, and the neighbor children begging to ride; besides, I am delivering the Home Department stuff for Mrs. Childs since her children are sick, and she can't do it. Pretty soon the Reeses will be coming home, and I'll have to give Dandy up."

Uncle Nathan nodded and looked pleased, but he did not say a word.

Never did a summer vacation pass so quickly. It was time for people to be coming back from their vacations, and every morning Richard would look out first thing to see whether the Reeses' shutters were open. But instead, Mr. Reese came back alone, saying they had decided to live in the North, and advertising his house and furniture for sale.

What would become of Dandy? How Richard wished he could buy him! But he knew his father could not afford the money, so he kept still about wishing it. So wasn't he surprised and happy when old Uncle Nathan hobbled down to their house and handed him a receipt which meant that both the pony and the cart were his for always!

(And didn't he feel mean to remember how he had been thinking all these years that Uncle Nathan was stingy!)

"Oh, don't thank me so much!" cried the old man, looking very much pleased. "Just keep on doing nice things with them, and let me ride once in a while."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John. "Whose baby was it?"

"It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.

Fill thou the empty out of thy fulness, that out of the fulness of God thine emptiness may be filled.—*Augustine.*

## The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

Twenty-five or thirty Christian denominations, having 16 or 17 millions of communicants, make up this Federal Council of Churches. Represented by about 340 delegates it held its second quadrennial meeting in Chicago in December, 1912.

The object of the council is to promote the greatest possible coöperation among the Churches and churches, in every endeavor that makes for true religion and righteousness in the earth. For example, it would favor a local Federal Council of the Churches of Allegany County, N. Y., or Plainfield, N. J., or Milton, Wis., or Salem, W. Va., and the appointment of a commission consisting of delegates or members from all coöperating churches, whose work it would be to represent the churches, outside the individual church's own immediate field, in unitedly supported and common efforts to build up religion and morals, and to Christianize every human relation, public and private. Such commissions would speak and labor for evangelism, or against the saloon, for instance, not in the name of any one church or denomination, but in the name of *federated* churches.

In home and foreign mission fields, now of vast extent, the council seeks to bring about a districting of the fields and their distribution among the various boards, so that the greatest possible amount of territory may be occupied and won for Christ.

In China great Christian schools are being established with members on the faculties representing the different denominations that are supporting the schools.

The following are among the subjects discussed:

Church unity at home and abroad; Forward movements of the churches; The nations' need of the Christ; State and local coöperative work; Church federation, city and rural; Church unity in the development of the field; Work among special populations; Young people's organizations and Christian unity; The home and its enemies; The Sabbath question; The common work of education; The kingdoms of this world, the kingdom of our Lord; The work of theological seminaries; The Bible school; Social service; The optimism of

Jesus; and The supreme mission of the Church.

Perhaps the greatest meeting was on Sunday afternoon when Professor Edward A. Steiner of Iowa, and Professor Walter Rauschenbusch of New York, addressed some 2,000 people in the Olympic Theater. The former, with intense and almost fiery eloquence, proclaimed that America stands for Opportunity, Dignity of Labor, and Religion; the latter, with more quiet, but scarcely less eloquence, plead for unity of effort to Christianize the whole social order.

These meetings, for seven days, including two days given to smaller special conference, were an occasion full of inspiration. The meetings were an object lesson of Christian coöperation and of intellectual and spiritual power; and can not but help to hasten the answer to our Saviour's prayer for the unity of his followers.

At the meeting in Philadelphia, four years ago, the Committee on Sunday Observance reported in favor of rigorous Sunday laws. A proposed amendment excepting Seventh-day Baptists, although supported by a large minority, was voted down. At the Chicago meeting of the council the writer was cordially invited to come before this committee for a conference; and at his suggestion the report was greatly changed before it went to the council. These changes were so great that our delegation thought it would be ungracious to ask for more. The report did not voice the exact sentiments of the Seventh-day Baptist delegation; it would not voice the exact opinions of our General Conference; but it does voice a degree of Christian consideration, fellowship, and fraternity, toward the smallest constituent body of the council, that our people should not be slow to recognize, appreciate, and respond to. And I am glad to make this public mention of the brotherly courtesy and fairness of Peter Ainslee, D. D., of Baltimore, chairman of the Committee on Sunday Observance.

Our delegation, appointed at the North Loup Conference, consisted of Rev. A. J. C. Bond, President Boothe C. Davis, Dean Arthur E. Main, and Lester C. Randolph, D. D.

Our denomination is represented in the officers of the council elected at Chicago, as follows:

Vice-president, L. C. Randolph.

Members of the Executive Committee, Arthur E. Main, Wm. C. Hubbard, Alternate members, Boothe C. Davis, A. J. C. Bond.

There is also to be denominational representation on each of the following ten commissions: Peace and Arbitration, Church and Social Service, Evangelism, Religious Education, Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Family Life, Temperance, Sunday Observance, State and Local Federations.

These are days of large things in human affairs and relations; and a larger world of thought and action is opening before Seventh-day Baptists, for which the labors of Dr. A. H. Lewis and others, supported by the Tract Society, helped to prepare the way. And if we can only see how wide the difference is between coöperation and fellowship with those whom we believe to be Christians, though in error, and indifference to what we think to be errors, the Sabbath truth, under the blessing of God, and in the name of the Lord of the Sabbath, will have its place and share in the promised triumph of the kingdom of Heaven among men.

ARTHUR E. MAIN.

*Alfred Theological Seminary,  
Alfred, N. Y.*

## A Planter of Pearls.

We hear of poultry farms and bee farms, of cattle farms and dog farms, and even cat farms, but so far as is known, there is only one pearl farm. It is a large farm, for it extends over some five thousand square miles and is covered by shallow water. The site of this farm is Torres Strait, at the northmost point of Australia.

It belongs to a capitalist known in that part of the world as "the king of pearl fishers." He stocked it with one hundred and fifty thousand oysters rather more than ten years ago. It takes fifteen hundred men to gather in his crop, of whom two hundred are divers. Two hundred and fifty vessels are regularly employed.

In the shallow water that covers his great farm the shells grow very large, and the divers can operate well. The harvest is no mean one, for the pearls, when sold in London, bring two hundred thousand dollars and upward every year.—*The Way.*



## DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. Geo. B. Shaw left yesterday morning for Farnam, to spend a few days with the Seventh-day Baptist people at that place.—*North Loup Loyalist*.

Prof. W. D. Wilcox will give an illustrated lecture on his recent trip to Africa, the evening after the Sabbath, December 28. The lecture will be held in Firemen's Hall and admission will be 25 cents. Tickets are on sale at Ellis' Drug Store and reserved seats can be secured without extra charge. One half of the proceeds go to the Tract and Missionary boards toward the expense of the late investigation.—*Alfred Sun*.

Rev. H. D. Clarke of Ohio, who is engaged as traveling agent for the Children's Country Home Society at Cincinnati, Ohio, dropped into Salem from Parkersburg last Friday and gave an interesting talk at the Seventh-day Baptist church, Sabbath morning, on the important subject of child rescue work.—*Salem Express*.

The Seventh-day Baptist church caught fire from the gasoline light plant, Tuesday night, supposedly just after the church had been closed for the night. The fire bell brought a good-sized crowd in a short time, and the bucket brigade put out the fire after a tough fight. The fire engine has been out of repair for some time, so only the hook and ladder truck was available, but it was found very useful to get above the fire on the outside of the building. It looked for a time as though the building was doomed.—*Farina News*.

Rev. Wm. M. Curry, for the past seven years pastor of a Presbyterian church at Parnassus, Pa., has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the fourth Presbyterian church of Trenton, N. J. Both Mr. and Mrs. Curry were raised near Nortonville, Kan. Mr. Curry entered upon his new field with his first sermon, on December 22. Mrs. Curry is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Titsworth of Nortonville.\*

### Daniel Babcock.

Daniel Babcock died at his home in Phenix, R. I., November 21, in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in Potter Hill, December 24, 1828, and was the son of the late Oliver and Phebe (Babcock) Babcock.

Mr. Babcock was a faithful and generous supporter of the church, having been a member of the first Seventh-day Baptist church of Hopkinton, R. I., for over sixty-nine years. This record of faithfulness to his belief is the more noteworthy because during the greater part of that time he was not located so as to be able to avail himself of church attendance, but was, nevertheless, always a consistent and worthy example of loyalty to his belief.

Mr. Babcock left his father's home in 1846 to learn the machinist's trade with J. P. Stillman and Company of Westerly. His reminiscences of those youthful days passed in Westerly were, in view of later history, most interesting; among those who were fellow boarders were Robert Knight, who died the same week Mr. Babcock passed away, and who, at the time of his demise, was one of the most important cotton-mill owners in this country, if not in the world; the Rev. Frederick Dennison, then a young college graduate, Asa West, and Phineas Randall were also living at the same house. Mr. Randall was principal of the Westerly Grammar School at this time. William Potter of Potter Hill was, too, a member of the family, and the use of these names here may bring up pleasant memories to the oldest members of the Seventh-day church now living.

There is an unwritten history intimately connected with the Seventh-day Baptist people of years ago. About seventy-two years ago the late Thomas P. Lanphear, a native of Westerly, came to Phenix and began the building of textile machinery, his business being among the first of its kind in America. This business was carried on under the management of Mr. Lanphear for over half a century; he was a consistent and strict observer of the Seventh-day Baptist faith throughout his life; one aim of his was to give employment to young men of his religious belief, and, so, many men just starting out in life came to the Lanphear Machine Company's works to begin learning a trade. It is a notable fact that nearly all of those who came de-

veloped into business men of high repute in their maturer years.

Among these was Daniel Babcock, who came to the Lanphear firm in 1849, and remained there for thirty-six years, advancing until he had charge of one of the most important parts of the business.

Mr. Babcock's history, therefore, after his youthful days, has its environment in Phenix, where he held an acknowledged position of importance in local and also state affairs. He was a member of the Rhode Island Assembly for two terms, was president of the Coventry Town Council (the town wherein he lived), was a director and later vice-president of the Phenix National Bank; and was also a director and a member of the Executive Committee of the Phenix Trust Company. In the Masonic order he had held the highest official positions in the gift of the organization.

While the record of his activities as above named shows his standing among his contemporaries, it is those who were nearest to his friendship who could best gauge his many endearing qualities. He was ever full of tender solicitude for troubled humanity, and exercised a most notable generosity, as spontaneous and unostentatious as it was silent and tactful. This characteristic of his will always touch the remembrance of many persons to whom he gave unasked help in times of need.

Mr. Babcock's later years were passed at his home, which was one of charming hospitality. The serene things of advanced years came to him, and for some years previous to his death he was the recipient of the most tender and unremitting care from his devoted wife, services which the aged man appreciated highly.

It has been said, truly, that no resident of his town has been more valued, and no man has passed away who possessed more genuine and appreciative friends than Mr. Babcock. His memory is a lasting legacy to his family and friends.

He was twice married. His wives were sisters, and daughters of the late Jonathan P. Stillman of Westerly. The second wife survives him. No children were born to them. One brother, Stephen Babcock, and two sisters, Lucy Almy Babcock, M. D., and Mrs. Julia Ambler, all in the State of New York, are all that remain of a large family.

So, after life's long journey, this good man fell peacefully asleep.

"The Shadow of the Rock!  
To weary feet  
That have been diligent and fleet,  
The sleep is sweeter and the shade more sweet.  
O weary, rest!  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock."

E. L. S.

*Phenix, R. I.*

### The History of Mother Goose.

Mother Goose was not a fictitious name, but it was her real name. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, born in Charleston, Mass., a suburb of Boston, in 1665.

It seems that from a child she was fond of making rhymes. Some of these were so full of humor they would be an honor to Mark Twain or Artemus Ward. She tells us that:

"Dr. Foster went to Gloucester  
In a shower of rain;  
He stepped in a puddle  
Up to his middle,  
And he never went that way again."

About the year 1692 she married Isaac Goose, whose wife had died a short time before and left ten motherless children. She was then twenty-seven years old. She seems to have been influenced largely through sympathy for Father Goose and the ten little goslings. Then six children of her own were added to the family, and Mother Goose tells us in one of her stories that "she had so many children she did not know what to do."

I suppose that she sang them to sleep at night to the song of "Rock-a-by, Baby, in the Treetop," or "By-o-baby Bunting, Father's Gone A-hunting."

But when Joshua and Gilfillan took the buckets and went to the top of the hill behind the house to bring water from the spring and an awful disaster befell them, I have an idea that while she was patching their faces up with liniment and sticking-plaster, and while they were still crying, she soothed their broken spirits and made them laugh by singing:

"Jack and Jill went up a hill  
To get a pail of water;  
Jack fell down and cracked his crown,  
Jill came tumbling after."



Sometimes she was tragic in her descriptions, as in the "drowning of poor pussy in the well by little Johnny Green."

By and by the family was scattered, Father Goose was gathered to his people in the home beyond and Mother Goose was left alone. Her daughter Elizabeth had married Thomas Fleet, a printer, and they were living in Pudding Lane, Boston.

Thomas Fleet had a wise head. He thought that if his own children could be so much entertained by the homely rhymes of his mother-in-law, they were worth printing for the amusement of other children. Thus he began to write down her jingles whenever he got a chance, and he would follow her about the house and ask for more of her rhymes.

One day Mr. Fleet, coming in, laid before the astonished eyes of Mother Goose the first volume of the book that has now become famous. The dear old lady laughed when she turned to the title page and found the picture of a goose with its mouth wide open. The new book bore this title: "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at His Printing-house, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price, Two Coppers."

We are told that she lived with her daughter and son-in-law thirty-eight years and added rhymes to each new edition, and died in 1757, at the age of ninety-two.—*Wallace Wood. D. D.*

#### To Mother.

If on this path which leads from dark to light,  
You meet one soul who knows and understands,

Who sees the work you mean to do, demands  
That you live up to what in love's clear sight  
You're meant to be—what matters else beside?  
Others may chance along your road, and  
praise,

Or scoff and scorn, then go their various  
ways—

Your one soul stays, content but to abide.

Not critic, but appreciating friend,

Whose loyal faith is like a lambent fire  
To touch with flame the slumbering desire  
In each of us to shape life to some end.

This much I know, whatever else may be,  
Mother, thou hast been that one soul to me.

—*Marjorie Benton Cooke.*

"When the forenoons of life are wasted  
there is not much hope of a peaceful and  
fruitful evening."

## MARRIAGES

**CRUZAN-BABCOCK.**—At the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Ai A. Babcock, in Independence Township, North Loup, Neb., at 3.30 p. m., on December 25, 1912, by their pastor, the Rev. George B. Shaw, Ira E. Cruzan and Ruth E. Babcock, all of North Loup.

## DEATHS

**MERRITT.**—Charles Edward, son of Samuel and Sarah Merritt, was born at Wyckford, R. I., September 12, 1833, and died at his home in Ashaway, December 12, 1912, in the eightieth year of his age.

Early in life he was baptized, uniting with the Second Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist Church of Rhode Island, November 7, 1846. For eighteen years he was a ship-carpenter at Mystic, Conn., and a member of the Greenmanville Seventh-day Baptist Church of this State. In 1873 he moved his family to Ashaway, R. I., and became identified with the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist Church, of which he was a faithful, conscientious member the remaining years of his life.

In 1858 he was married to Prudence M. Greene, daughter of Eld. John Greene. To them were born a daughter, who died in infancy, and two sons—Charles and Jay—of Atlanta, Ga. In 1886 the wife died, and he was united in marriage, in 1887, to Sarah Elizabeth Austin, who with the two sons, a brother and many other relatives and friends mourn his loss. Mr. Merritt was a quiet, unassuming Christian man, of sterling qualities, and deep convictions.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by his pastor, who spoke briefly from Isaiah xlvii, 4: "And even to old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs I will carry you. . . . I will carry and deliver."  
H. C. V. H.

**LEWIS.**—Sarah Adelia Jones, wife of Wm. H. Lewis, at her home in Rome, N. Y., November 20, 1912.

Mrs. Lewis was the daughter of Judge Ahijah and Calista Grant Jones, and was born at Churchville, in the town of Verona, N. Y., October 21, 1846. When a child she went to Westerly, R. I., with her parents, and remained there until attaining early womanhood. She then returned to Churchville, where she resided until her marriage to Mr. Wm. H. Lewis, which took place September 10, 1867. They then removed to the city of Rome, N. Y., where has been their home the greater part of the time since.

Although in poor health for several years, her going was very sudden and unexpected. She had

## 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.

Seventh-day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida, and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

If you were toiling up a weary hill  
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,  
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still  
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,  
And each one passing by would do so much  
As give one upward lift and go his way,  
Would not each slight reiterated touch  
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

There is no little and there is no much;  
We weigh and measure and define in vain.  
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch  
Can be the ministers of joy to pain.  
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,  
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,  
And every day we give or we withhold  
Some little thing which tells for life or death.  
—*Susan Coolidge.*

Every kindness done to others is a step  
nearer to the life of Christ.—*Dean Stanley.*

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been about the home as usual during the day and evening, and was feeling as well as usual. But shortly after retiring she was taken suddenly ill with a severe attack of heart trouble from which she had been suffering for some weeks, and despite all that medical skill and tender ministrations by loving hands could do for her, she passed away very peacefully less than four hours after being taken ill. The only members of her family with her at the time of her death were her daughter, Henrietta, and a grandson, Wm. Fletcher Lewis. Mr. Lewis was immediately summoned from Buffalo by telephone, but did not reach home until several hours after her death. Another daughter, Mrs. J. H. Helmer, resides at Empire, Canal Zone. A half-brother, George B. Jones, of Dos Palos, Cal., also survives her. An only son, Grant, died suddenly about a year and a half ago. His death was a great shock to Mrs. Lewis, from which she seemed never to have fully recovered.

The facts regarding her early Christian experience are not known to the writer, but she must have professed Christ at an early age (probably at Westerly, R. I.), for she had been a beloved, faithful, and consistent member of the First Verona Seventh-day Baptist Church for more than fifty years. During her earlier life she was one of its most active workers, being especially helpful in a musical way, but during the last few years, owing to failing health and other circumstances, she had not been able to attend services regularly. But she remained loyal and faithful to the end. She was not only interested in her home society, but was interested as well in denominational affairs, and was well informed concerning them. She was also a member of Holly Chapter, O. E. S., of Rome, being one of the charter members and the first secretary of the chapter. She will be greatly missed in her home and by a large circle of friends, for she was a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a beloved friend and neighbor.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor Thorngate, assisted by the Rev. Royal N. Jessups, pastor of the First Baptist church of Rome, were held at the home in Rome, on November 22, with interment in the Rome Cemetery. R. R. T.

### "Bang It Again."

The family were gathered in the library admiring a splendid thunderstorm, when the mother bethought herself of Dorothy, alone in the nursery. Fearing lest her little daughter should be awakened and feel afraid, she slipped away to reassure her. Passing at the door, however, in a vivid flash of lightning which illuminated the whole room, she saw her youngest olive branch sitting up in bed.

Her big, brown eyes were glowing with excitement, and she clapped her chubby hands, while in her shrill voice she shouted encouragingly, "Bang it again, God! Bang it again!"—*The Delmeator.*



## SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON II.—January 11, 1913.

MAN THE CROWN OF CREATION.

Lesson Text.—Gen. i, 26, 27; ii, 4-25; Ps. viii.

Golden Text.—"God created man in his own image." Gen. i, 27.

### DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Ps. xci, 1-16.

Second-day, Isa. xi, 1-16.

Third-day, Ps. civ, 1-17.

Fourth-day, Ps. civ, 18-35.

Fifth-day, Ps. xix, 1-14.

Sixth-day, Gen. i, 26, 27; Ps. viii, 1-9.

Sabbath day, Gen. ii, 4-25.

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

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L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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### A Winter Sunset.

Based on the dazzling whiteness of the snow  
Arose fair towers, crimson, and tipped with  
gold,

From which arose brave banners, fold on fold,  
Waving defiance to an ambushed foe.

The night crept on—the crescent moon rode  
high,

Attended by her lonely, faithful star;  
The shadows deepened—but still stood afar

That pillared wonder in the western sky.

Long, long it lingered, till the last faint gleam  
Of day slipped softly down the hidden stair;

Then every cloud, awaking from its dream,  
Gave up each picture it had prisoned there.

The banners drooped—down fell the lofty tow-  
ers—

Night reigned unchallenged o'er this world of  
ours.

—Ninette M. Lowater.

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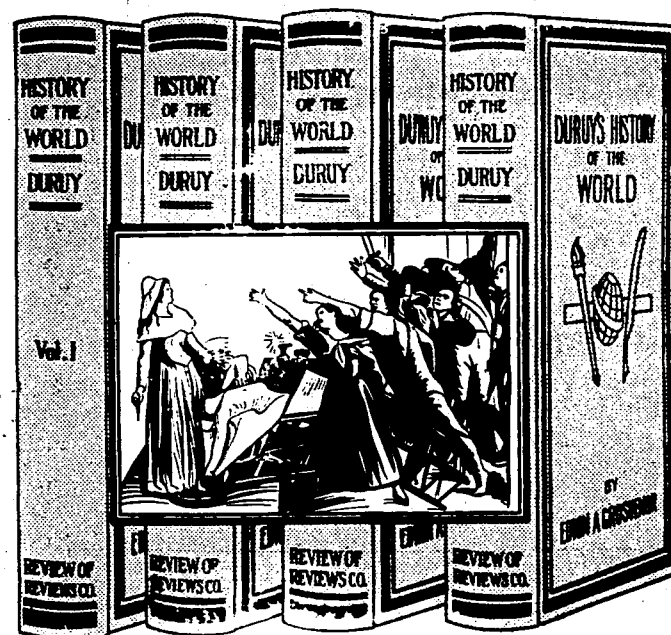
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M. E. H. Everett.

Sweet Sabbath bell, ring out thy call  
Across the vale and hill,—  
"Come, children, to your Father's house,  
He waits to bless you still,"  
Wide stands His door!  
Come, sing once more  
The songs of Zion's hill.

O golden bells of Paradise,  
And do ye ring today  
Your joyful call to those who dwell  
In mansions far away—  
Those glorified  
Through Him who died  
And lives and reigns today?

They sing of Moses and the Lamb,—  
How weak the strains we raise  
Compared with their eternal psalm  
That fills all heaven with praise,  
But at His feet  
Our place is meet  
And here our song we raise.

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