

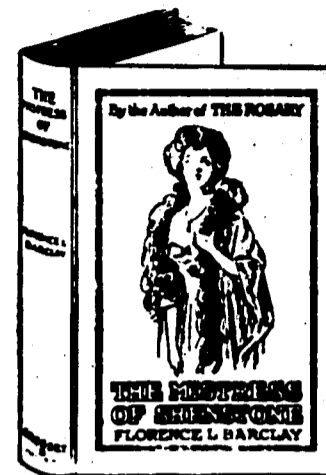
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 Though it is many hours since close of day.

"The little they have strength to do they will—
 Lighten with love the burdens that I bear,
 With faith and patience wait on my commands
 Till, the task ended, in my joy they share."

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Notes by the Way.

On Monday morning, October 20, the delegates of the associations and representatives of the boards left Salem, W. Va., together bound for Cincinnati and the South. There were four including the editor. Secretary Saunders, representing the Missionary Board, was off for a few weeks' work among the small churches in the Southwestern Association after the annual session at Hammond was over. Rev. W. D. Burdick of Farina, Ill., was on his way home by way of Hammond, having been sent as delegate from the Northwestern to all sister associations; and Rev. H. C. Van Horn of Ashaway, R. I., was going as representative of the Western, Central and Eastern associations to the Southwestern. Every RECORDER reader knows by this time why the editor was with them. Aside from representing the Tract Board, he must give his readers the best things to be gleaned from these annual denominational gatherings. So here was a quartet of yokefellows, every one of whom longed to bring the greatest possible help to the cause he represented and to those to whom he had been sent.

After a pleasant day on the train, gliding through the great Ohio fields of corn in the shock, we found ourselves in Cincinnati at six o'clock. Home-seekers' tickets to New Orleans and return for \$23.00 were to be on sale in the morning, as it was the third Tuesday of the month, and the only day upon which we could secure such rates. They were much cheaper even than "clerical" rates, and allowed as many stop-overs as we desired both going and returning. We therefore spent the night in Cincinnati, which gave the "boys" a good rest and the editor a splendid chance to gain a little in his write-up of the Salem meetings, in which he was clear behind.

Tuesday morning we were off on the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern for Louisville, Ky., where we made close connections with the Illinois Central for New

Orleans. A day and night of restful journeying through the famous cotton belt, and through the cane section of the South, brought us to the Crescent City at noon on Wednesday. It was necessary to go there in order to have our tickets validated for the return trip. So we improved the opportunity to see something of this unique American city.

A street-car ride through its finest residence section revealed something of the home life of New Orleans. One will travel through many lands before finding such avenues lined with cozy cottage homes, such beautiful roomy yards and lawns, with their magnificent rows of palm trees, and great spreading oaks hung with waving banners of Spanish moss, all interspersed with magnolias and roses. The car lines run between rows of trees, through well-kept grassy lawns in the center of wide boulevards, with auto roads on either side. The whole scene in St. Charles Avenue is restful and suggests a life of luxury and peace.

But we were quite as much interested in the old New Orleans as in the new. There is always a charm in the historic associations clinging about the older parts of a town, and so we naturally sought the Creole section. Here we found the old French Market, and wharves and dikes at the bend of the river, which at this place forms a crescent and gives New Orleans the name "Crescent City." Near by stands the famous old French cathedral, erected in 1794 on the spot where stood the very first church of the parish, and dedicated to St. Louis. Here in 1718 the French pioneers led by Bienville cleared up the land and started a little town, which was named after Duc d'Orleans, while in that early day the surrounding country was called New France. Close beside the cathedral we found an interesting museum of antiquities, and in the quaint old church we chanced to witness a funeral service that seemed strange and foreign enough.

It is said that in the old French Market one hears five or six different languages

used when the place is thronged with people. The river was twenty to twenty-five feet below high water mark, and when full to the brim its waters are on a level with the roofs of the one-story houses.

From the French Market down the river on the left levee, three or four miles, past the largest sugar refinery in the world, is the scene of the battle of New Orleans, where on January 4, 1815, General Andrew Jackson gained his victory over the English on the plains of Chalmette, in the parish of St. Bernard. Here stands a great marble monument to General Jackson, evidently unfinished, for it contains as yet no inscription whatever. Standing near this monument and well worth the trip down the river to see, are two great broad-spreading oaks literally loaded with long pennants of gray moss.

A little further on is the soldiers' national cemetery for this section, where sleep some 13,000 of our boys of the Civil War. When we had visited this resting-place of the brave, we had to hustle away to make our train for Hammond.

Scenes About Hammond.

It had been eighteen years since we had seen Hammond. The town has grown from a hamlet of a few hundred people to a thriving modern city of some three thousand inhabitants. One man said that at least six different languages are now spoken here. Among its people Italians and Greeks are conspicuous. They are transforming many acres of the pine barrens around the town into thriving strawberry patches. As a rule they make steady, law-abiding citizens, and their children are among the brightest little Americans in the public schools. We witnessed an exercise one morning in the primary department of Hammond school in which the faces of Italian and Greek children were plentiful. The zeal with which they joined in singing "America" and in reciting patriotic sentiments and pledges of loyalty to the Stars and Stripes, and the pleasure they took in marching around led by one of their number carrying the flag, is evidence that these foreign children are on the road to loyal American citizenship.

Fires have swept over the business portions of Hammond more than once, only to make room for finer and more substantial business blocks. All through the town and in the outskirts, where once stood acres of second growth pine timber of the long spine variety, now stand many cozy, well-kept cottage homes, their large yards filled with roses in full bloom, with here and there graceful umbrella trees, and with enough of the forest timber left standing to make the houses shady and comfortable. Pine was the predominant tree of the forests, and while there is a good sprinkling of oak in some places, still the air is laden with the sweet perfume of the pine.

The ground upon which Hammond stands is elevated a little above the common level of the swampy lands around it. This makes good drainage and adds much to the desirability and healthfulness of the place.

A fine up-to-date depot has just been completed by the Illinois Central Railroad, and the Hammond people have an excellent railroad service. Several local passenger trains, and express trains with Pullmans, stop there daily.

Once our church was the main one in the town, as our people were pioneers in settling and building up Hammond. Now at least a dozen other churches have come to keep it company. It has suffered depletion somewhat by removals and deaths, still the people are of good courage and the outlook today is better than it was a little time ago. Pastor Ashurst keeps up heart, and is held in high esteem by the other pastors and people of the town. His wife and two other ladies of our church are influential teachers in the public schools and in the high school. One room in our church is rented to the town for a school-room. This is the case also in other churches there.

The question of a large new school building to accommodate the crowds of children and young people is the living one of the hour. Six hundred children are now enrolled, and at least a hundred more ought to be in school. Hammond has the second best high school in the State and the people do not mean to have to take a back seat in matters of education. The question of bonding the town for funds with which to build is now being agitated.

The Association at Hammond.

On the morning of October 23 the youngest and smallest of the associations met in annual session with the little church at Hammond, La. This association is composed entirely of small churches, all of which lie in isolated missionary fields, depending upon the aid of the Missionary Board for the support of the Gospel among them. These little churches are also remote from one another as well as far removed from our denominational centers; and yet, though small and feeble, every one of them contains loyal, consecrated souls, ready to sacrifice and labor for the cause they hold dear. These are doing what they can against great odds to hold up the light of the Sabbath truth and to preach the gospel message. These churches are not able to send large representations to the annual gatherings, so the local church, where each association meets, makes up about all the company of our own people in attendance. This year the Fouke and the Gentry churches were represented by one delegate, Rev. G. H. F. Randolph. Thus the four delegates from the other associations with Mr. Randolph made up the entire delegation of visiting brethren.

Only those who have enjoyed similar experiences can understand fully what it means to the members of one of these far-away flocks when they can welcome denominational leaders among them for a few days in gospel meetings. In all my experiences as denominational helper and delegate I have never seen greater evidences of appreciation for help than those we witnessed at Hammond. The friends there had prayed for the coming of the brethren and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the meetings. Tender were the words of Pastor Ashurst as he opened the first session, spoke of the heart-yearnings with which he and his people had looked forward to our coming, and welcomed us to the churches, to the town, and to their homes. He said: "Our hearts are warm toward you. We live on the border-land as did the half-tribes, Reuben and Gad, and sometimes the road is hard to travel; we can not see our brethren often, and can not help feeling away off from the main body of our people. We welcome you because you are comrades, coworkers with

each other and with Christ. May these four days be filled with blessings."

The words of the visiting brethren were full of responsive sympathy as they accepted this welcome, recalled the excellent meetings of the other associations, and expressed the hope that the longed-for blessings might be realized before the meetings' close. We had traveled a thousand miles since the meetings at Salem in order to meet and encourage the waiting ones in Hammond, and one of the brethren assured the friends that the object of our coming was not so much to try to preach great sermons as to win souls. Little churches have furnished most of our ministers of today, and wherever there are faithful families, loyal to the truth, holding up the light in small churches and bringing up sons and daughters to consecrated service, there we may hope for great things for our people.

BUSINESS REDUCED TO A MINIMUM.

Throughout the entire association, there was little time spent in business routine, and as far as possible every hour was devoted to spiritual services in some form. Each session began with a half hour of devotional services, and aside from the preaching there were four open parliaments upon the following topics: "Christ the believer's pattern;" "Christ the object of the believer's faith;" "Christ the believer's strength;" and "Christ the object of the believer's desire." Each of these topics was based upon some passage of Scripture, which was read and expounded by the president, and usually an hour or more was given to the open parliaments upon the question. These discussions were helpful and were greatly enjoyed by all. The pastors of the town seemed to enjoy them quite as much as our own people. These pastors were free to assist in whatever way they could. They opened their churches on Sunday morning to five of us, and on Sunday evening a union meeting filled the house.

Owing to the fact that the editor had four sermons to preach besides other duties on the program of these busy days, the reports of what was said and done in Hammond must be briefer than those of the other associations. The write-ups must of necessity be more general.

There were seven sermons full of the gospel message in the meetings of the association. Secretary Saunders' sermons on "The Potter's Clay," on "Sin," and on "The Marriage of the King's Son," were strong and evangelical; Rev. H. C. Van Horn's message about Barnabas, the man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, was a sermon of power and full of practical suggestions; and that of Rev. W. D. Burdick on "Living the Choice Life" was one that touched all hearts.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

The prayer meeting, led by Secretary Saunders, was a real feast of good things. The praise service was led by Rev. W. D. Burdick, with Mrs. Hattie June at the organ. "In the cross of Christ I glory," was a good starter for such a meeting. The third chapter of John's Gospel, about Nicodemus and the new birth and the love that sent the only begotten Son, was read by Brother Saunders. He then told the story of his own conversion, and the blessing that came to him through Christ Jesus. The meeting thus started became a real experience meeting.—"When convicted of sin and seeking for light, the greatest mistake is to give up. God is in it. The enemy does not urge us to make confession and seek forgiveness; it is the Lord that does this."—"It is indeed a happy day when we find Christ precious to our souls; but it is a happier one when we bring another one to Jesus."—"We are all too slow in showing interest in those out of Christ."—"The Gospel is not changed. It will be the same old Gospel until the last man wanting to be saved is reached."—"Conversion makes everybody look good. My mother never looked so good to me as when I first saw her after I found the Saviour and the forgiveness of my sins. This made everything in the home, everybody—mother, sister, brother—look better."—"When the peace of God fills the soul, then it is that we begin to pray, 'O God, save the other boy.'"

The song, "Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole," sounded good after the warm sermon and stirring testimonies. One spoke of the conversion of a boy thirty-three years ago. The mother was asked if she was going to allow her boy to be baptized, and the prompt reply was, "Yes."

"Many souls have been brought to Jesus by that boy. I love to see the children coming into the kingdom."—"Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies," with the chorus, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," was the song at this point, and it stirred all hearts.—"I have three boys, dear to me. Pray that I may be faithful and true."—Here some one broke out with the song, "O happy day, that fixed my choice," and all sang it with a will.—"I rejoice in that word 'Whosoever.' I have wished many times for something definite; I need your prayers."

Here several recalled scenes of other days when Brother Saunders held revival services in Hammond, and many hearts were touched.—"We do not think enough in these times. Stop! Think where are you going?"—"We never know what sin will do. It will always do its worst. The only safe way is to give ourselves to Christ and let him lead."—"My Jesus, I love thee," was the closing song of this precious meeting.

SEEKING THE SAVIOUR.

Our readers have already seen by the message from Secretary Saunders, written after leaving Hammond, and from the letter from Pastor Ashurst, telling of the baptisms, that souls were converted in the meetings of this association, and wanderers quickened to newness of life. The little flock was greatly encouraged, and we trust good seed was sown that will bring a harvest in days to come.

We wish that in such cases, where a good work is begun, it could be so arranged that some of the delegates could remain longer, if needed, and help carry it along.

The next association will be held with the church at Gentry, Ark. People were interested in Rev. G. H. F. Randolph's statement regarding the Fouke School. He said that as much as \$10,000 had thus far been contributed in money and free work by teachers for the interests in Fouke. His talk on, "All fulness dwells in Christ," and on Christ's power to supply every need if we trust him and do our part well, was appreciated by all who heard it.

The letters from Fouke and Gentry both showed much interest on the part of the people in the work of these churches. Services are well attended, even when there is no pastor to lead.

Impressions From the Associations.

We were much encouraged by the spirit and interest in denominational work manifested in the five associations. If any one has the blues over denominational matters, or feels like grumbling because things do not go in all respects just as he would like to see them go, or if he longs for the "good old days," let him attend the associations, enter into their spirit and take part in their work, and he will surely feel better. If he does not feel better, I fear his case is hopeless, and of course he will join the doleful ones who forbode nothing but ill for our good cause. While it may seem that in some things we are too conservative, and while we would be glad to see improvements in certain lines of work, and all friction removed, still we can see no good to come from magnifying the discouraging things. Indeed, there were very few discouraging things to be seen in the five associations; and if we can speak of the hopeful and inspiring signs of life and consecration, this may cheer the workers and enable them to do still better work.

For many years we have been familiar with the denominational spirit and evident purposes of our people as shown in the associations, and we can truly say that the associations of 1913 have never been excelled for spiritual power and for evidences of consecration to the Seventh Day Baptist cause. Let him who longs for the "good old days," and who fears that things are going to the bad, compare the meetings at Nortonville, Nile, Westerly, Salem and Hammond with the meetings of forty years ago, and he will no longer feel that the things which make churches and people strong are being left out and forgotten.

The interest taken in the work of the boards and the schools was never greater. In olden times we knew no such thing as a woman's hour with its reports of work done and its helpful and inspiring addresses on missions at home and abroad. The young people's work was then unknown, whereas today uplifting and hopeful signs of loyal denominational life are to be found in the sessions conducted by the young people.

Some have feared that the spirit of evangelism had departed from us, and that modern inventions were taking its place. Would that all such could have attended the associations this year and listened to

the evangelical sermons preached by men filled with the revival spirit until sinners sought the Saviour and believers were strengthened.

Would that every one who fears that modern education and biblical interpretation are weakening the faith of our leaders, could have witnessed the evangelical spirit and the power with which the Gospel was presented by those who a little time ago were students in our schools. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is as true of schools as of individuals and churches. And the results of education—the strong men sent out from our Seminary and colleges, now filling our pulpits and standing for the whole Gospel, give me great confidence. From my heart I could but "thank God and take courage" when I saw young people flocking to the mercy seat in response to the powerful appeals and gospel messages of the "boys" now in the ministry. Then the beautiful spirit of brotherly love that binds these "boys" together; their evident desire to stand by each other, and to support and reenforce one another in their efforts to win souls; the utter absence of any spirit of rivalry or of jealousy—all these excellent qualities in our workers strengthen our faith in them and fill us with hopes for the cause they love. The interest they manifested in the welfare and success of the local pastors where the associations were held, and the way they took hold of local interests in order to aid them and make the visit of delegates a blessing that should remain after the visitors were gone, were truly delightful to behold. We love to see all these evidences of true Christianity in our workers; it strengthens our faith and gives us hope for the cause. Let everybody cultivate the spirit of evangelism, look for the good and encouraging things being cherished by our leaders, and the work will go forward.

"He Rescued Me."

Last night being the seventh anniversary of the Plainfield Rescue Mission, Mr. Le-Matty, the superintendent, had invited me in to help the friends celebrate the founding of the mission. It is only two doors from the RECORDER office, and almost across the street from my home, so when eight o'clock drew near I stepped in to find the little chapel room well filled. The music was just beginning, and the janitor, as his cus-

tom is, handed me a singing-book to take with me to my seat.

Every night in the week, excepting Wednesdays, for seven years faithful ones have met in this pleasant room to sing gospel songs, to preach the glad tidings of salvation and to help any poor wanderers they may have been able to persuade to enter with them. The mission has a suite of rooms elsewhere in the city, where the homeless can find food and lodging, temporarily, while seeking employment or during convalescence from sickness.

Dr. Philip B. Strong of the Baptist church was to make the main address of the evening, and the other ministers of the city were expected to give five-minute talks. Doctor Strong's address upon the soul, what it is, its value, and how it can be saved was a most helpful and inspiring one. The audience was much impressed with one point most forcibly put in his introduction. It was this: In a city like Plainfield, where the Gospel has been so faithfully preached for years, with so many Christian churches and Christian homes, there should be no necessity for a rescue mission. If the churches had done their work well, and all Christian people had been true, there would be no saloons in this town, and the rescue mission work would not be needed. But since they have not done this, it is well this mission is here.

The first song after I entered the room on this anniversary night was the one entitled "He Rescued Me":

I was a sinner but now I'm free,
He rescued me, he rescued me,
Once I was blind but now I see,
A brand from the burning, he rescued me.

Chorus—

He rescued me, he rescued me,
A brand from the burning, he rescued me,
O how I'll praise him thro' eternity
A brand from the burning, he rescued me.

The audience, assisted by a piano, an organ and a violin, in one great chorus made this old song ring until every heart was stirred.

The superintendent told of some remarkable rescues by this mission within the seven years of its life.

A Plainfield man chanced to meet a mission worker one night in a meeting at Seattle, on the Pacific coast. The mission worker, on learning that the stranger was from Plainfield, exclaimed, "There's where I was converted, in the rescue mission!

When you go back I want you to go to the little room just around the corner in the Postoffice building in Plainfield and tell Mr. LeMatty that I found the Saviour there. One night, when I was down and out, the friends got me in there, and stranger though I was, they helped me find Jesus."

A letter from another man, in Boston, who had also found salvation in this little mission, informed Mr. LeMatty that the writer was faithfully serving the Master. He told how his heart was touched whenever he heard mission people sing, "Yield not to temptation."

One day Mr. LeMatty met a woman crying and in great distress over the husband and father, who had been for several days on a spree. She said there was nothing in the home to eat and no money with which to buy. The children were suffering and she knew not what to do. Mr. LeMatty ordered a bill of groceries sent to that home, to be charged to the rescue mission, and then went for the husband and father in rescue work. It took three months to secure this man from the wiles of the saloons of Plainfield, and bring him to the Saviour. It is hard to save such a man when he must pass open saloons filled with drinking companions every time he goes out of doors. But in this case the mission gained the victory. Not long ago one of the pastors of the city, while on a tour through the West, found a most faithful soul-winner at work in a mission in one of the cities of Illinois. This man proved to be the very one mentioned above, whose wife was in such distress. And the pastor said that he scarcely ever saw a man more completely on fire with zeal for God and for the saving of fallen men than was this redeemed drunkard.

These are only a few of the cases where the "little rescue mission around the corner" has reached and saved the "down and out," and carried relief to the suffering in drunkards' homes. What could be more appropriate than the song, "He Rescued Me"? No wonder the chorus rang out with such fervor on this anniversary night, "A brand from the burning, he rescued me."

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent, he who has received one should speak of it.—*Seneca.*

"Don't Blame the Foreigners."

W. H. MORSE, M. D.

In the SABBATH RECORDER for November 3, page 551, in the account of the report of Sec. E. B. Saunders, there occurs this subtitle, "Don't Blame the Foreigners," and there follows an account of seeing the Italian emigrants, homeward bound, with their earnings amounting to millions, and of seeing as well the millionaires carrying away and spending in foreign lands thousands of dollars to the Italians' one.

That interested me. As Josh Billings would say, "That's sew, and that's sewing." I offer my applause to help fill the measure of that which I know must have been accorded Mr. Saunders. The Italians go, as they come, in hordes, and carry home their earnings; and those earnings are not altogether in dollars. Some return with American-made ideas, which they have earned and learned,—good ideas and bad ideas, ideas that do the Italians good, and ideas that are despicable. We talk so much about "Europizing" America by the foreigners, and fail to take equal note of the fact that Europe is Americanized. The foreigners, who derive our ideas and customs, are not alone in carrying them abroad; the tourist always carries a full supply, good and bad. The Italian Protestant goes home with the Gospel in his heart and hand, and thereby advantages the homeland. With him go other Italians, who have learned our graft and blackened their souls, who contaminate all with whom they come in contact. The tourist who cares nothing for religion impresses that carelessness on those with whom he associates, while the tourist who is Christly evidences his sympathy with the uplifting power of Christ. Ah, no, do not let us blame the foreigner, and do not let us bestow either praise or blame on our pleasure-seekers! Europe can "Europize" us, and America "Americanize" Europe; and both "Europizing" and "Americanizing" are good and bad, mixed and unmixed.

Let me add another word corollary to this. I wonder if our Seventh Day Baptists realize that the Italian Protestants are naturally of their faith?

As soon as an Italian is converted, he prizes the Bible and its precious word. No Christian prizes it more than he, who having been deprived of it all his life in Italy,

fairly revels in its contents. It does not take long for him to assort doctrines. In this he is very level-headed. As soon as he finds out a doctrine that discovers its Roman Catholic ancestry, he deprecates it and breaks away from it. Discovering that the Sabbath was put aside by Rome, and that Rome made the first day, Sunday, to be Sabbath, the Italian sees it at once, and although he may become a Methodist, a Congregationalist, or an Episcopalian, that one idea is not readily denounced by his mind, and we find him, however labeled, continually declaring, in his distrust of Rome, that he "don't see why the Protestant churches hold to that Rome-born idea."

So, may we not maintain that the Italian Protestant is naturally a Seventh Day Baptist? Admitting this as incontrovertible, the question advances as to why Seventh Day Baptists do not do more mission work among the Italian immigrants? The effort would be attended with splendid success. It may be difficult to convince some others as to Sabbath-keeping, but the Italian who has become a Protestant, and who detests Romanism, quickly embraces the doctrine, and he will propagate it with zeal.

"Don't Blame the Foreigner" for going back home unequipped with the Bible and with the faith that is full and forcible, when it is the fault of others who prize the word of God and its distinctive doctrines. Much more can be done by Seventh Day Baptists among the Italians, if there is the will to do it.

Hartford, Conn.

Where, then, does this rule which prevailed in the sinking *Titanic* come from? It comes from God, through the faith of Jesus of Nazareth.

It is the ideal of self-sacrifice. It is the rule that "the strong ought to bear the infirmities of those that are weak." It is the divine revelation which is summed up in the words: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

It needs a tragic catastrophe like the wreck of the *Titanic* to bring out the absolute contradiction between this ideal and all the counsels of materialism and selfish expediency.—*Dr. Henry van Dyke, in New York Times.*

SABBATH REFORM

The Value of True Sabbath-keeping to the Christian Life.

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN.

Sermon at the Northwestern Association.

The Sabbath was made for man.—Mark ii, 27.

I suspect that we have all been advised by our family physician that the best way to guard against contagious diseases is to keep one's body in a healthy condition and that to do this one needs good nourishing food, healthful exercise, clean regular habits, life in the pure air and sunshine, with rest and relaxation. In short, there is nothing that will repel disease like health itself.

On the other hand, the body that is weakened from overtoil, or vicious habits, malnutrition, bad air, lack of sunshine, easily falls victim to prevailing contagions. We who live in the city know what this means as we face the problem of a congested population and its resulting spread of contagious diseases.

But even more dangerous than these physical enemies are the contagions of sin. They are present on every hand. And like the infinitesimally small germs that invade our systems through the food we eat or the air we breathe, the little germs of sin are constantly entering our lives; and unless our spiritual systems are strong enough to destroy and overcome them, they will in the end destroy us.

We can not get away from these dangers. They are unavoidable. For as Christian people we are called to a mission that takes us among the suffering sons of men as the mission of Jesus called him into contact with all forms of evil. And, brethren, the only way in which we may keep ourselves immune from the sin that surrounds us is to do the way Jesus did.

We may seek it in other ways. We may pride ourselves on what we are pleased to call the higher natural instincts, certain innate cleanliness and nobility of soul that instinctively and unconsciously repel evil. Well, this will help, but it is not sufficient. As some one has said, we are unfortunately mingled with the dust, the dust of our own

and our fathers' sins. We can not be sure that these sins will not develop and assimilate the better tendencies and in the end defeat us. We may pride ourselves on a resolute will and think we can move unharmed among these perils, but there come times when the enemy is more vigilant than we are; for the memory is feeble, the will is weak, and purpose flags, and at an hour that we think not the thief enters. We may think that some such experience as inoculation will render us immune. Have the disease or some cognate form as cowpox for smallpox and we will be immune. Once feel the awful emptiness of sin and we will no longer desire it or experience it.

But this is neither good reasoning nor good logic. Experience has taught us the folly of such a method of immunity. To experience sin may take away the desire for it, which I doubt, but it will leave the soul weaker, more susceptible to its recurrence, less able to resist than before.

No, we must resort to what we call spiritual methods to render ourselves safe in the midst of sin, and I suggest as a first and very important step in this immunity process the method of *prayer*. By the spirit of prayer we surround the soul with an atmosphere of protection and in the moment of need call down the legion of angels that are at our command for protection and safety. Second, *faith* which believes in the unseen and confidently trusts that the soul will be delivered. Third, an absorbing *interest in a noble cause*. "Faith without works is dead" and we need "the expulsive power of a new affection."

I have often thought of the Salvation Army worker who moves in and out among the slums, often touching places reeking with corruption and vice, yet she is never contaminated. She seems to bear a charmed life, for "a thousand fall at her side and ten thousand at her right hand, but it does not come nigh her." The fountain that sends forth its pure bubbling stream finds little difficulty in resisting contamination. The very force of its own current drives back all invading impurities.

So it is with the life that is dominated with one purpose, full of one thought, especially thoughts and purposes of purity and love. With such, sin finds no cohesion.

But in the fourth place, the availing secret of the effectual life lies back of and underneath all these. It is that which

fortifies and sanctifies all natural instincts, utilizes the will, ennobles our purposes, renders effectual our prayers, grounds our faith, deepens our love and renders the current of our lives strong and irresistible—it is *God in us*. And when we have God in our lives, the outgoing current of our souls will be intrinsically stronger than any sin which may touch us. Brethren, we need such immunity. In this day of prevailing tendencies which are drawing our young people away from lofty ideals and noble purposes, in which material considerations are crowding out God and the Sabbath, we need to feed our souls on that inexhaustible storehouse of life and power that will render us immune from these insidious and life-destroying forces.

Now I think it is clear to you that the Sabbath is a vital factor in such a spirit-filled life. In the history of the past, in the needs of the present, we find overwhelming evidence of this vital relation. In the early days of Israel's history any one who was found violating the Sabbath law was to be put to death. "Whosoever doeth any work on the sabbath shall surely be put to death." And this penalty was inflicted as in the case of the man who was found gathering sticks on the Sabbath. In this punishment we find the beginning of a greater revelation regarding the purpose of the Sabbath. While it seems an extreme and unreasonable infliction, it was "intended as a warning that should stand out then and through all the centuries as a type of the death that Sabbath-breaking carries inseparably with it."

On the other hand, Sabbath observance has been, and always will be, a means of life. In Ezekiel xx, 13 we find Jehovah declaring, "Mine ordinances, which if a man do, he shall *live in them*." And this is why God asks us to keep the Sabbath—that we may live. It is the law of our being. If we fail to observe the Sabbath we will die, physically, morally and spiritually. It is true of the individual, it is true of the nation. The history of Judah's apostasy, the history of their failures and defeats, is largely a history of Sabbath-breaking. Isaiah and Jeremiah pleaded with erring Judah to be true to her covenant with Jehovah, naming Sabbath-breaking as one of the terms. Isaiah tells us that it was God's pleasure that "the foreigners, that join themselves to Jehovah, . . . every one that

keeps the sabbath from profaning it, . . . even them" would he accept and gather to himself. Even those of Israel and Judah who had wandered afar from him would he welcome back if they would turn away their feet from against the Sabbath, from doing their pleasure on his holy day and would honor it!

But through her disloyalty to Jehovah, Judah was wrecked on the Babylonian plains. And history goes on repeating itself. You show me the nation or the individual who turns from God and the Sabbath and you point to one whose moral and spiritual life is slowly but surely ebbing away. It may be a slow and insidious process, but it is none the less sure. Men can not trample upon God's gift of the Sabbath to them, they can not go on in defiance of this life-giving, life-saving covenant and live. Sooner or later they will come to ruin.

Sabbath-keeping, therefore, is no mere incidental detail of life. God considers it a vital and organic part of his children's relation to him, therefore we can not overestimate its value to us in our Christian experience. Moreover, it should be to us not a grievous burden to be borne, but a delight. Doctor Gordon says of Judah in exile, "but to the true worshiper of Jehovah, it was always a 'delight' (cf. Isa. lviii, 13f), a day which kept alive their faith and joy in God amid the depressing gloom of exile and bondage, and in which they enjoyed 'some presentment of pure bliss and happiness which are stored up for the righteous in the world to come.'"

No less in this day do we need the Sabbath to keep alive our faith and joy; as one man put it, to "give God a chance." After the pressing toil and care of the week, when too often God has been crowded out of our minds, we need the spiritual refreshing that comes from these hours of love and devotion. We need rest from toil, rest from the cares and responsibilities of the week in order that the nerves may be quieted, the torn-down tissues replaced with the new. We need one day in the week when we may leave the shadows of a sin-darkened world with its ugly deformatives and dwell in the realm of the ideal. We need one day in the week when we may give expression to the Divine impulses within us and enter into communion with the Divine, when our souls may

be flooded with spiritual truth. We need one day in which to get a healthful and sane view of life, a hopeful disposition, a clarified judgment, a strengthened will and a quickened conscience. The Sabbath is God's gift to this end.

If, during the week, the moral perversities of life have cast a shadow of doubt upon our hearts and we have lost faith in God and man, then the Sabbath is a time when we may get out of the miasmatic mists and damps of life, when we may climb to the higher peaks of spiritual truth above the clouds and get a new vision of God, duty and our eternal destinies. If by contact with the sin and slime of life our characters have become tainted, the Sabbath affords us opportunity to turn aside to the courts of God where we may cry in the spirit of the Psalmist, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." It is a time when men may turn from business to their homes and there prove to their families that there are things which they prize more than stocks and bonds, silver and gold, and transfer some of their treasures from earth to heaven where "moth and rust do not corrode, and where thieves do not break through and steal." It is a day when in the midst of our slavings for an earthly house and home we may look up and hear our Father say, "In my Father's house are many mansions." O that all men, especially those who are now using the Sabbath to add to their earthly treasures, who have lost sight of the heavenly treasures, could on this day rise above the littleness, the soul-deadening passions, the lust and greed of selfishness and look through Sabbath skies to the eternal verities, the heavenly riches, to the mansions above, and hear our Father's bidding, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added."

"There is a wonderful amount of ingenuity expended in finding out how not to do things—ways of getting around duties that ought to be done. The tramp who begs food spends enough muscular and brain power in his long journeys on foot, his perilous stolen rides, his avoidance of police and the various shifts he makes to escape work, to earn a comfortable living by labor."

The Virtue of Honesty.

C. H. WETHERBE.

This is one of the most valuable virtues. It is fundamental to good character. One may have several very commendable virtues, but if he be dishonest his moral character is decidedly defective. It is in conflict with the better elements of one's nature.

He who can not be safely trusted in his dealings with other people is an enemy, not only to others, but to himself. He injures his own soul and hurts himself financially.

From the *Christian Herald* I take the following words:

"It is an easy, fundamental virtue—this virtue of honesty. There is absolutely no excuse for being anything else. A Christian must be honest in big things and little things alike. He must scorn the petty deceptions often resorted to. His conscience must not allow him to cheat the railroad or the car line out of a fare, and then say, with a laugh, 'The company is rich, and can afford it.' The company can afford to lose the nickel that he neglects to pay, but he can not afford to be the thief he becomes when he keeps it."

This is true. But it is not true that it is "easy" for all people to practice honesty. It is very hard for a great many to do so. In many instances there are inherited tendencies to dishonesty. Those whose parents are noted for their dishonesty are very apt to be so, too. The children may become Christians, and yet they have to contend against inclinations to be dishonest.

But it may be said that a genuine Christian is fundamentally honest, else he is not a Christian. A dishonest Christian is a self-contradiction. Yet it is true that it is harder for some to live the Christian life than it is for others. It is much easier for one whose ancestors, for generations, have been true Christians, to live the Christian life than it is for one whose ancestors were ungodly. Many Christians do not have to exert themselves to be honest, truthful and temperate; they are such by inheritance and by well-grounded principle.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are henceforth to rule.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

MISSIONS

Missions, Missions.

REV. G. M. COTTRELL.

(*Secretary Lone Sabbath-keepers.*)

The general executive session of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church lately closed a week's meetings in Topeka. It was a great convention.

Night after night the great M. E. church was crowded. The cheering reports, and magnificent addresses of missionaries, women, bishops, and one Chinaman, Mr. Ng. Poon Chew, vice-consul and newspaper editor at San Francisco, with the worldwide extensions planned for, the kingdom, have thrilled like a trumpet-blast. A survey of the work in foreign countries was made: "Islam in Northern Africa." China, India, Japan, Korea, Italy, South America, etc. Bishop McConnell, lately returned from the Balkan states, and Bishop Stuntz from South America were among the speakers. Six thousand dollars was raised in less than fifteen minutes, for retired missionaries.

There was a gigantic children's rally of 1,000 Topeka children, with fifty missionaries in costume. There was also a missionary pageant, in which 150 young people took part. One hundred missionaries were in attendance upon the meetings, and 47 new recruits were commissioned for the work on foreign fields.

On College day a special car arrived, bringing 75 young women from the Baker University at Baldwin, to attend the session. "A Million for Missions," was the women's slogan for next year. The actual pledges for next year by the different branches of the society amounted to \$871,000, ranging from \$20,000 pledged by the Columbia River branch, up to \$193,000, pledged by the Cincinnati branch.

These are big-looking figures, compared with that extra \$500 the last Conference asked of our women. But, friends, the day of the penny collection for missions has passed. We must think and act in big terms now. Why, the other day in one of the smaller denominations, *one man* wrote his check for *one million dollars*, for missions.

Some of the other aims of the society for next year are 50,000 new members for the home base, and 100 new missionaries for foreign work.

Mr. Chew told of the wonderful transformations that have taken place in China. When he returned to his native land he was received with open arms and feasted by his townspeople, who listened for three hours to his tale of the blessings of Christianity. Christianity had made the United States great. Everybody was happy here. If not, everybody ought to be, and they, the Chinese, could become that way if they were Christians. They asked what they should do. He told them first to turn from their idols, and one day they brought together all their idols and destroyed them in a great bonfire. He expects China to become Christian.

The Confucians recently raised large sums of money, and made great efforts to have the new government adopt Confucianism as the national religion. But the commission, after careful consideration, ruled them all out and gave all an equal chance. Christianity is the most aggressive, and the most aggressive will win out.

Bishop Stuntz told of the four years' wonderful work of William Taylor in Calcutta and of the great church that was organized; also of the work in South America.

Bishop McConnell preached of the "Motive, Aim and Method of Mission Work," as based on Christ's healing of the Syro-Phoenician woman. It was a human—human need—the cry of a soul, a brother in distress, that stopped even the world's Redeemer, when his face was set toward Jerusalem. The aim is human—and to make more humane—and the method is human: the human touch, human sympathy. It isn't a question of system, it's a question of a soul. The best pastor isn't necessarily the one who gives the most advice, but the one who listens to his people's woes. Many of these never had a chance to relieve themselves before. Just the human sympathy does them good.

I am sure our missionary societies can get inspiration from even the fragmentary report of the great meeting, and I see no reason why we Lone Sabbath-keepers may not also be benefited and inspired for our field work.

Topeka, Kan.,
Nov. 8, 1913.

Standards of Living.

REV. EDWIN SHAW.

A Sermon.

Lift up a standard for the people.—Isa. lxii, 10.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—John xii, 32.

Looking unto Jesus.—Heb. xii, 2.

At the recent session of our association in Westerly, the following resolution was presented, discussed, and adopted.

"We believe that the best interests of our people require the maintenance of such standards of living as shall keep the integrity of our cause secure and unimpaired; and we earnestly urge our churches lovingly and kindly to impress upon all our members the claims of our covenant relations and the obligations of Christian disciples."

I think that this resolution grew out of one phase of the informal discussion at the pastors' conference which was held at Ashaway the day the association began in the evening at Westerly. All the pastors of this association but two, J. L. Skaggs of Shiloh and A. J. Potter of Waterford, met together, and beginning with a service of prayer in which every one took part, they talked of things in a free and general way, with the special topic of Evangelism.

Out of this discussion, and the need of the spirit of revival among us, and the ways and means by which we could unitedly work for these things, grew the feeling that there was a need for a deeper and stronger conviction and loyalty to lines of life and conduct; and so it found expression in the association in this resolution. Let me tell it again.

"We believe that the best interests of our people require the maintenance of such standards of living as shall keep the integrity of our cause secure and unimpaired; and we earnestly urge our churches lovingly and kindly to impress upon all our members the claims of our covenant relations, and the obligations of Christian disciples."

It is my purpose then today, in the spirit of this resolution, as lovingly and as kindly as I know how, to bring this matter especially to your attention. And for it, I have selected three passages of Scripture, which when taken together tell the whole story

and constitute my message to you today, this Sabbath morning.

The resolution declares the belief that there are standards of living that should be maintained, otherwise our cause will suffer harm and loss. I suppose the word standard is used here in a slightly different sense from that in the first of the three texts which I have chosen, and yet after all, there is not so much difference. The Lord said to Isaiah, and Isaiah said to the people, "Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people." I suppose he means a flag, or ensign, or banner; that is, something about which to rally, something which shall represent the cause for which there is a struggle; something to guide and to inspire; something to lift up for the direction and stimulation of all who are engaged in the conflict; it represents the common cause in the maintenance of which all are courageously and earnestly united; it is an ideal, it is a pattern, it is a standard. I am called upon today to lift up a standard for the people, a standard of living for the people; and I call upon you, every one of you, to lift up a standard for the people. You know well enough in a general way what standard I would lift up, and you know in your own hearts and minds what standard you would lift up for the people. It is indicated in my second text, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," the words of Jesus, our Lord and Master. And so in my third text in Hebrews, the twelfth chapter and the second verse, is my exhortation today, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Here, then, you have my message in a nutshell. The banner of the cross of Jesus Christ shall be the standard of living to be lifted up for the people, the standard to be maintained, so that the integrity of our cause shall be secured and unimpaired.

But there are many questions, and there are many problems of personal conduct, and collective conduct too, that are constantly facing us, and we are called upon to decide whether or not the standard of living which we have lifted up in the banner of the cross can be maintained secure and unimpaired in its integrity if our conduct follows in certain lines, if our influence is felt in certain ways. Now as an

illustration, simply as an illustration, in a definite and concrete matter. I know nothing, or next to nothing about the theater. I know it enters very largely into the lives of millions of people, and whatever influence it has is very great and widespread; but from personal knowledge and personal observation, I can not express a decided opinion. But at the Sunday-school convention held in Union County at Summit, night before last, I heard a man who is the pastor of one of the large churches of New York City, the Rev. Charles Eaton, say in the most emphatic and eloquent words, his condemnation, unqualified condemnation, of the theater. He said that there was a sewage manhole out near his office in the street and that he could go out and stand there half an hour just as well as go to a theater and it would not cost him anything in cash. And his denunciation of the theater seemed to meet the general approval of the convention. He said that some people might call him narrow, but that was all bosh. His contact with the life of the city in all its degradation and filth, and his experience in trying to rescue men and women from the depths of evil and sin, and bring them to a life of righteousness in Jesus, made him take his decided stand against the theater.

Now, personally, I can not judge. I am inclined to believe, however, that the theater has a place in the world; but it must be Christianized to be of value or real worth. The standard for the theater must be in harmony with the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, or we can not lift it up to the people, and our conduct and our influence must show unmistakably that it is only the theater of wholesome purity, where we see displayed virtue and heroism and godliness and courage and beauty and loving service, and whatsoever maketh for the kingdom of righteousness,—it is only that kind of a theater that can have our approval; and if there are none such, then let us take our stand with Doctor Eaton. I seriously question whether plays where sin and impurity are enacted and dwelt upon with the professed, or advertised, purpose of teaching lessons in virtue, can be lifted up as standards for the people, standards of living in keeping with the standards of the cross. I do not condemn the theater, really I believe it has a place, but listen, friends. I suggest for myself, don't go to the theater unless you

go to the prayer meeting. Once a year at the prayer meeting, once a year at the theater; twice a week at the prayer meeting, twice a week at the theater if you have the money to spend upon it.

This, however, is only one illustration of many I might mention. The local daily papers of this week have brought to the front the matter of Sunday and Sabbath observance, and the matter of dancing parties in the public school buildings. These, too, are questions that must be settled in the light and in the spirit of the Master of men.

What are the standards for Sabbath observance in the details of conduct? Shall I make out a list of rules and regulations as to what you may do, and not do? God forbid, I am not your judge. But rather, let me lift up to you as a standard the life and the teachings of Jesus Christ; and in the matter of the Sabbath, as in other things, let me say with Paul, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Be filled with his spirit, be fully surrendered unto him in loving loyalty and in cheerful obedience; do this *first*, do this *first*, and be sure of it; keep the Sabbath in your hearts with Christ Jesus, and the matter of outward observance will take care of itself. Let us, however, be humbly sure that the standard we have exalted is the crucified Christ, and not a self-complacent disposition of our own, not fully, not fully surrendered to the Lord our God.

Now I believe (I hope you will understand me when I get through and not misunderstand me) that it is the mission of the kingdom of God not to oppose and destroy the instincts and desires of man, but to fulfil them, to develop them, to cherish them in the ways of righteousness. And to this end I believe that it is the mission of the disciples of the Master, trusting in him and through his power and guidance, to Christianize not only man's religious life, but his business life and his social life. I believe it is the mission of the church of God to Christianize the work and the play of the world. And I recognize that we need play as well as we need work in this life and I believe it is possible for amusements and pleasures, and theaters, and dances and saloons to be Christianized. This I believe is the mission of the church. Very true, when some of these things are Christianized you would not recognize them, no more than you would recognize

in the well-dressed man, who is a diligent, kind, and loving father and husband,—no more than you would recognize in him the former rum-soaked sot of the street gutters. That is, the man has been Christianized. A Christianized saloon would be clean and inviting, no intoxicating liquors whatever, nothing vulgar, nothing sinful, everything good and true. A Christianized dance would be modest and chaste in dress and in attitude, would be the physical expression of beauty and strength and grace and glad, pure exultation of a free and bounding spirit.

It is not the mission of Christ to destroy drunkards, but to make men of them. It is not the mission of Christ to destroy the theater and dancing and saloons and buying and selling and visiting, but to Christianize them. The mission of Christ's disciples is a positive work, a winning work, and not destruction; it is the work of the leaven working until the whole lump is leavened. But listen. Do you think that my wife, as good and noble a woman as she is, can Christianize the public dance by entering into the dance herself? Do you think she can do it that way? I doubt very much if she can. Then take heed unto yourself what ye do.

How then shall the world with its work and with its play be Christianized? Simply and solely by the lifting up of the life and the word of the Lord Jesus. For if he be lifted up, then will he draw all men unto him. And when men are drawn unto him and have in them his Spirit, then will come to pass the revolutions which shall make all our activities over and transform them, purify them and change them; not destroy them but Christianize them. For this, I plead; then will the claims of our covenant relations hold us fast, not with bands of iron and brass, but with the loving leash of Christian liberty, but more sure and firm than any shackles wrought of the finest steel.

It is because the people gathered in our association at Westerly recognize this priceless worth of the human soul that they were prompted to make the resolution to which I have referred; and it is because I believe that the human soul will find peace and fulfilment and salvation only in Jesus Christ, will be set free and rescued from the storms and waves and fires of sin and wickedness only by the help of the uplifted cross, only by looking unto Jesus,

that I stand here today to plead with you to lift up the standard, the only standard which will keep our cause secured and unimpaired.

"Every trade has its 'trade journals,' and the man who does not read his own trade journal is not a far-seeing business man or even much of a business man at all. So the Christian who does not read a religious newspaper regularly is likely to be a pretty poor Christian, not informed upon the progress of Christ's kingdom today."

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WOMAN'S WORK

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

The Gettysburg Address.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Abraham Lincoln. November 19, 1863.*

The Girl Who Had the Password.

"So long ago I first remember—a little girl running out of the house to play—it is the same thing always mamma say to me."

Renee lifted something white that shimmered and foamed out of a tissuey bed in a pasteboard box, as she spoke, and began to arrange its satiny folds with loving touches against the background of a red plush arm-chair.

"Then I am big. I go to big store to work, and each day, over and over again with good-by, mamma she say it again: 'Renee, speak not to strange mans; take not anything from strange mans; go not anywhere with strange mans.' It is one joke. I say back, 'Where is he, that strange mans I must not go with? I see him not ever.' Come one day, I do see

him. Never, never do I laugh any more at that which my mother tell to me. I bless her that I am saved."

Times before I had heard of the great adventure, but not from Renee's own coral lips. It was neighborhood tradition. The minister even had told it from the pulpit, with shocked commentary.

The mother that had warned Renee long since passed to her eternal rest. From boarding-house to boarding-house Renee went, from decenter to decenter quarters, until her wedding day found her living in the house of the minister who was to marry her, intimate friend of the family, an honored paying guest, occupying the spare room.

Whatever fiction writers may promise, America is kind to struggling young things that have the password from their elders.

Renee had the password.

For that reason she climbed securely onward and upward, despite all handicaps, from bundle girl in the basement of a department store to errand girl in the millinery section, trimmer, saleslady, and finally designer in a famous Michigan Avenue hat shop.

Now she was to be married.

A little home in Ravenswood was ready and an eager groom waiting, a young engineer with two years' Armour Institute training behind him, and \$100 a month from an elevator building concern to start life on.

The happiness of today lent added poignancy to dangers long ago escaped.

The olive cheek flashed red, and the carefully nurtured English stumbled, as she told again of coming down-town one wintry November morning with worn jacket lapels clutched tightly over a heart tripping with tremendous resolve.

* * * *

"Mamma, she is sick, and money, we need it terribly. I can no more without more money. The wages, \$3.50 a week, they are good for the little girl not quite fourteen that I am, but not enough for medicine and doctor for a sick mother," she went on.

"I make the house all clean at night, and get mamma the supper and the breakfast, and leave the home all neat and nice, but there is no more money. I say, I find the way, and I do. In the morning paper I see 'Office girl wanted. Must be 16. Wages, \$6.' To myself I say, 'I go there.'

"So I make the mother's skirt and hat into bundle to take with me. Mamma she not notice; she too sick; but she not forget the always remembrance, 'Be careful, my little daughter. Speak not to strange mans. Take nothing from strange mans. Go not anywhere with strange mans.'

"I laugh. I make the joke, 'What man I know?' I say. 'The conductor who takes my money on the car; the floorman, who tell me, 'Hurry up, you been late already,' and docks my pay?' No man gives anythings.'

"I do not tell my mother what I think to do, for then she say, 'Sois contente, ma petite fille. You do very well, indeed. Let God do the rest.' I do not do very well for little girl so tall as I that work so hard, hard as big girls in store that have \$5 the week. I am not content. I show them.

"I wear the mamma's hat and long skirt at noon and make the hair high, and the waist small, like big girls."

Born Frenchwoman and actress that she was, Renee posed deliciously before the mirror, mimicking herself getting ready to impress the writer of the advertisement with her grownupness.

Her pretty face, coal black hair and flashing brown eyes must have been adorable in any disguise.

* * * * *

"It is not hard to find where the address is. It is a nice new block and big room—not so big now, but very grand to little bundle girl from cheap store. Other girls, twelve, fifteen, twenty, maybe, are there too; little girls like me, trying to look very big girls indeed. A man is there, a shiny man, with nice clothes and a nose like a cat. How he explain—when he speak it curl like he smell something very good.

"He look at me. He take me into another room. He ask me my name, and where I live, and if there is papa and mamma, and where I work.

Then he say he must measure.

"I know not what that mean, and I like it not at all; my arms under around, my waist around; oh, I shame to tell you how I was such fool; my knee around, too. It make me cold in the stomach and dizzy in my head. I not like it, but I not like many things in the day—the cars so full, the store so noisy, the floorman cross and rough. Everything is dreadful and I not understand, but I say, 'You must, Renee.

Your mamma sick. She can not sew any more.' So now, 'You must, Renee.' I tell me. 'The money you must have,' and I let him do the measure, and he tell me I shall know soon.

"The other girls when I come out would know what he say. I tell them. I do not tell of the measure, I shame to do that.

"I get out of the store, it is half after five. One touches me on the shoulder. It is he with the cat's nose. He say he want me for photographer business two, three blocks around the corner. I shall come to see the shop.

"The mother she waits at home. I think only of the surprise, to tell her I am big girl now and get the \$6 a week. 'All right,' I say. 'We shall go.'

"This way,' the man he push me to the edge of the sidewalk. There is a cab. I do not like it that. The cab it all dark. There are curtains. I go step in. Something moves quickly on the floor. It is a man's foot, who pulls it back. I start back and say to the mister, 'No, no! It is only around the corner. We shall walk.' The shiny mans, he terrible. 'Get in there you ———,' he say. I frighten at him. Then he smile. 'Excuse that I swear. You step on my foot when you jump that way.' But I not step on his foot.

* * * * *

"We walk. We walk two, three, four block. It is to a building on Clark Street that we come, that smell old, musty. A little elevator go up, slow, creak, creak, in the middle of many stairs, to where it is dark and the roof is dirty glass. Then it goes away. Everything is far away. It is very lonely. I like it not at all."

The snowy wedding gown was no paler than Renee's cheek as she recalled that day.

"There is a little hall and a door away off from the stairway that goes round and round. The man go to that door. He hold me by the arm tight. He try to open it with one hand. My throat it aches. I look hard into the dark. But the door will not open, except that he turn the knob with the hand that grasps my arm. His cat's nose goes up and down, up and down. He let's go my arm, and then in my ear I hear, as if my mother speak, 'O Renee, the strange mans! The strange mans!' The door opens. What do I see? Nothing. There is nothing. The room is empty.

"I jump back. I scream. The man he jump, too. 'Scream, you little devil,' he say, with his smile that is no smile. 'I like to hear you scream,' and grab my arm. I too quick for him. I twist like that—the mark is there for days—I am free; I run out of the hall so dark, down the stairway that goes round and round; down, down. I run and fall and get up again, and I not know I still scream—there is no one that comes—until the elevator man, I hear him say, 'What the matter up there, you raise such hell?' I scream no more. Maybe he bad man too.

"I think maybe the door is locked, but it is not, and I am on the street, and it is night.

"The cars go by, and people hurry along. I have been dead and buried and come to life again. I am not the same and yet I am not hurt, but I am sick, like jelly inside of me.

"In the car it is hard for me to get up after I sit down. I feel all soft inside, like my bones they were not there any more, and I will fall down if I would stand up.

"Every little thing I tell to mamma that night, and cry and cry. My mother, she cry, too; but not as I cry. It is as if she see something through me that is far off; that is beautiful, too, but sad. I can not explain it to you, that look. When she die mamma look that way. Like maybe she see her guardian angel come for her. My mother think of the guardian angel, always. Maybe she see my guardian angel that night, when she look so wonderfully at me and not at me, and make so strange a smile.

"She not mad at me at all. She only say, 'Tell me again, Renee. It was the mamma you heard, you are sure?' I tell her 'Yes, I am sure. And I jump behind the man, that he must turn sidewise to touch me, else I could not have run away. He would have put me in the empty room.' And then—God knows!"

* * * * *

The greatest adventure possible in Renee's existence, the plunge unprotected into the working world, beside which the venture into matrimony was a summer morning idyl, was over now. Its chasms and crevasses had been negotiated in safety. Tomorrow would write its finis. The match was an average American match.

George had no more brilliant ancestry to boast of than she, the French needlewoman's daughter. His family might have scraped up a grandfather. A great-grandfather would have been impossible to it. Everybody knew his mother supported the family in early days by selling vegetables in Chicago alleys. If she hadn't insisted on continued schooling for George when he thought it was flying in the face of providence not to accept the corner groceryman's offer of a delivery boy's job, and had not held him in high school when he was aching to be a plumber's assistant, letting him help the little he could at night picking over stale celery and pulling old leaves off of lettuce, Armour Institute would have been only a dream of might-have-beens; also, the mechanical engineer's degree that was to be; Renee, the clever millinery designer, to wife, and so on and so on.

As it is, their home will be one of the prettiest in a high-class Chicago suburb, and their children will be environed with such sacred care that no one will ever dream that the parent roots went deep into all that is most hard and toilsome and pitiful in American soil.

"Why do you look sad, Renee?" I questioned, idly trying effects with the bridal veil over the satin gown. "That is all over now. You are going to be married tomorrow."

"Of those other girls I think."

"What other girls?" Already the murky way she had come was forgotten in the promise of the future.

"The little girls that waited there that day. Suppose—suppose—oh, you do not think, do you," the luminous eyes were brilliant with unshed tears, "that they went that way? They were young, and like me, ignorant, and maybe their mothers never told them—"

"Their mothers told them, you may be sure. You were the only little goose that listened to his wiles." I wanted to see the laugh again in Renee's eyes. It did not appear.

"The fear was in my blood. I felt it every minute. I was ready like a bird to fly at the crackle of a leaf. I know it now. Girls I've met so many years since, they have no fear at all. They dare everything. Their mammas tell them nothing. Do you suppose those little girls were like that?"

And went away, and never came back? Missed all this that is for me—the home, love, the children—all because they were poor and needed work so badly, and did not know to be afraid?"

It was like Renee to wish every one to share her happiness. I told her I was sure the man's game had been stopped before he caught those others in his claws, and made her smile again.—*Mary O'Connor Newell, in Chicaco Record-Herald.*

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Executive Board met in Milton with Mrs. J. B. Morton on the afternoon of November 3. The members present were: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. J. B. Morton, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. A. S. Maxson. Visitors: Mrs. O. U. Whitford and Mrs. H. Eugene Davis.

The President read Psalm xxvii and Mrs. Morton offered prayer.

The minutes of the meeting of October 5 were read.

The Treasurer's report for October gave the receipts as \$137.87 and there were no disbursements. The report was adopted. The Treasurer read several letters received with funds.

The Corresponding Secretary reported writing to Mrs. Knox and sending the tentative list of names authorized at the October meeting. She read a note of thanks from the recipient of the Woman's Board Scholarship, and she reported having filled three orders for Mission Circle leaflets, and two orders for the annual letter to be used in sending to lone Sabbath-keepers. She concluded her report by reading a letter from Miss Agnes Babcock, Central Associational Secretary, enclosing a copy of the *Year Book* used by the Leonardsville Benevolent Society which was interesting to the members of the Board.

After the reading and approval of the minutes, the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. Daland on December first.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.

"Many good people seem to think that the petition 'forgive us our debts' was intended especially for pew rents."

A Plea for Higher Education.

HELEN A. INGHAM.

Education Hour at the Southeastern Association.

We have already heard an earnest plea for the "choice" life and an inspiring sermon on the necessity of living the life eternal. So, if you will permit me, I would like to suggest to you ways in which I believe we can make our living choice, can live in and for eternity. To live worthy of being called the children of God, worthy of an eternity with him, we must educate—lead ourselves out—along as many lines of usefulness as possible. In other words, we must seek to secure an all-rounded development. Just as our Maker was not satisfied till he had made a perfect world in nature, and placed in it, and over it, beings made in his image, so we as his children ought not to be satisfied till we have come in our lives as near to perfection as possible. We ought always to strive toward that mark of the "high calling." We ought not to be content with mediocrity. God gave us our lives for a purpose, and we are not accomplishing that purpose if we render only half-hearted service. Rather should our motto be the remark I once heard a poor farmer give to a merchant, "Nothing but the best will do for me."

Whether in business, on the farm, in school, or in the church, we must seek to attain the best possible results. And those results will not come except by long and earnest training. For example, the education necessary to fit a man to become successful along commercial lines does not consist merely of a short course in a business college, but in a thorough mastery of cultural knowledge, and then its application to the laws of the commercial world. Similarly, one can not expect to succeed in the professional world if he has acquired only a rudimentary education. Rather must he apply himself diligently and long to secure a higher education upon which he can base his special training.

Our Creator spent ages in perfecting us—his children. The Son of God spent thirty of the thirty-three years of his life in preparation for the work of his Father. Ought we not, then, to spend much time in perfecting ourselves—ere we profess to be competent to serve in his world? If

our preparation is only of mediocre quality, our service is apt to be equally indifferent.

In spite of the fact that the opportunities for a broad education are rapidly increasing, there is yet a woefully large number of young people who do not take advantage of them. In a report of the Ohio State Board of Education, published recently, the statement was made that in the rural districts less than 2 per cent of the teachers were college graduates, and in the larger town and city high schools, less than 18 per cent, I believe. I am afraid this statement could be made of parts of Indiana and perhaps it may be true of West Virginia. At least the small number of students doing collegiate work in our college, as compared with the number doing academic and normal work, is evidence that we need to be awakened to the possibilities and privileges which are ours. We must realize the necessity of laying the broad general foundation before beginning to build the framework of our professional lives. At the time the Woolworth Building was being erected in New York, I read this statement: "Buildings as high as this one or higher can be safely built if only the substructure be laid deep enough and broad enough." What is true of structures, is true of human lives. We can ascend to any height of success or climb to the highest rung of the ladder described by Doctor Main, without detriment to ourselves or others, if only we build our foundations deep enough and wide enough—make our preparations sufficiently thorough and broad!

I do not wish to infer that, if only you pursue a college course and secure a degree, you will be assured success in your later professional or business work—far from it! Jesus taught us the necessity of thoroughness in our preparation—of solidity in our foundation—in his parable contrasting the house built on sand with the one built on rock. Since we should make our every-day work a service to the Lord just as much as our church work, we ought to feel that the attitude we take toward the preparation for our work should be just as important as the spirit with which we do our church duties. The reason why we go to school ought not to be that of a young girl who remarked, "I'll be glad when school begins." Questioned as to what she meant by a statement quite out of harmony with her usual attitude toward

the beginning of school, she replied: "Oh, then I'll have some fun!"

We should pursue our education, not "for fun," but for *enjoyment*—for the enjoyment that comes when we feel that we are making progress,—for the satisfaction that we feel when we have mastered a difficult task. We should make our preparation earnestly and thoughtfully, if we would serve the world in a Christlike way. If we would be artists in our chosen fields of work, we must as a famous English painter said, "Mix our colors with brains!"

If only our purpose be earnest and our determination be sufficiently strong, we can go where we will to gain an education and pursue as cultural or technical a course as we wish and as long as we will. I can speak somewhat from personal experience and more from personal observation. Of the five thousand students attending the University of Chicago—if you will pardon a personal reference—I believe I can truthfully say that at least one-half that number are defraying wholly, or in part, the expenses incidental to their education at the same time that they are doing work in the university. No doubt this condition prevails in many other of the larger and more expensive schools in our country.

For, after all, it is the spirit with which we work, not our means, or lack of them, that determines our success, whether we are in school, in the store or office, at home, or in the church. It is not the hoarding of wealth, but the living for the life eternal which Rev. Mr. Gardiner expounded to us, that is the evidence of our worth. And to live the life of eternity, we must have the right kind of preparation. Our religious instruction should be just as broad and extensive as our education for the business and professional world. For this reason I am very glad that Pastor Bond has introduced into the Sabbath school and young people's society of this church, the organized study of text-books, explanatory of the Bible and of mission work. We ought to be just as zealous in our preparation of these lessons, as of those studies which lead to a degree or a certificate.

For did not our Saviour, Jesus Christ, after he had learned the carpenter's trade of his earthly father, say that he must be about his Father's business? And did he not spend years in communion with God and in study of his Word? If, then, we are to bear his name, we ought to make as

thorough preparation for the work our heavenly Father has bidden us do. We ought to feel that, according to Rev. Mr. Bond, our education does not end with our student days, nor cease on commencement morning. We should avoid any feeling of smug satisfaction at having received a degree, but rather, in a receptive mood, seek to profit by the educating experiences of life after graduation. Instead of the Pharisaical attitude of self-sufficiency, we should have the Christian's thirst for knowledge. Then, and only then, can we, as well-trained and thoroughly educated young men and women, enter into that fullest life—that "choice" life—which we are all seeking to live.

Mission of the Church.

REV. G. M. COTTRELL.

As churches and church workers we sometimes wonder where we're at, and what we are here for. Different ones would emphasize different phases of our divine human work, and we do not always seem to be working on harmonious lines. Below we give one man's view, that of Justice R. A. Burch, of the Supreme Court of Kansas, as recently expressed at the laying of the corner-stone of a new Presbyterian church at Arkansas City, Kan.

Every one must appreciate the beauty of the thought, and the chaste language in which it is given; and a warm glow of joy and spiritual comfort and satisfaction will be felt by the child of God as he realizes what a rich heritage has been his in the house of our God, the church of the First-born.

If we were to try to add anything to it, it would be to emphasize the thought of *service*, and the proclamation of the message of great joy to all people.

But this will appeal to most of us just as it is; for it meets and answers our personal needs and longings, and brings us hope and strength for our own daily duties, and also for the Lord's battles for others.

The superstructure has not only been realized in thought, but its architecture may be seen and known by representation to the eye. It is a matter of profound gratification that it is well designed and substantial in material and construction. It will be a notable example of religious art and bear witness to the generous and affectionate loyalty of this people.

It is to be a consecrated place. We have not

assembled here to merely lay the cornerstone of a house. A house is not itself a church. Pillared temples, storied windows and all the embellishments of art may bring no message to a people without enlightenment, and without this, better far the wilderness, the mountain and the riverside with some lone teacher speaking simply of the virtue of God's love, of human brotherhood and the kingdom yet to be. We seek to establish here a church.

My personal feeling is that the chief purpose of the services held here should be to give release from the mind-corroding cares of our daily life; to restore our equipoise as we come unbalanced by the tumult and the tossing of our secular activities; to clarify and intensify our moral and spiritual vision; to deepen reverence; to arouse enthusiasm; to give us renewed strength and fresh inspiration to carry life's burdens, including the burdens of our fellow men, and to keep us serene and hopeful in the process. I can conceive of no service whose object and purpose could be more gratifying to the Most High.

May this new temple be the fair symbol and the gracious home of religion. May it be faithful in nurture of the spiritual life and active fellowship with all good agencies of human service. May it enshrine the faith and hope and love of an increasing company of devoted men and women, who find here strength and comfort for the work of life and who through character and conduct may witness to the world the reality of their communication here with the Most High.

Too often when the crops are being seeded, the mind is so concentrated on the need of furnishing an abundant supply of plant-food that another important factor—a sweet soil—is forgotten. Putting expensive fertilizers into soil that is too sour is practically the same as throwing money into the fire. Many plants can not use fertility that is kept locked up in an acid soil.

If half the cost of commercial fertilizers now being used in many seeding operations were devoted to liming the land, the harvest might be doubled. "Better marketing" is now a popular slogan, but with it there must be coupled another, "Economic production." The fertility locked up in sour soil is idle money in a bank. Sweetening such soil puts that money into circulation.—*Farm and Fireside.*

When the world opens to you as a plan of God, when all existence is vocal with its meanings, when his intentions thread the universe so that he who reads human progress, in its largeness or in its littleness, reads God's will,—that is "seeing God."—*Phillips Brooks.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE, VERONA, N. Y.
Contributing Editor.

Our Budget Again.

The minutes of the last meeting of the Young People's Board, published in this department of the SABBATH RECORDER of the issue of November 10, page 602, contained the record of an important action taken by the board. The minute of the action referred to reads: "An action was taken by which the members of the board were requested to correspond with the Christian Endeavor societies throughout the denomination for the purpose of acquainting them with the budget of the board for this year; and to ascertain as far as possible what financial aid the board may depend upon from each society."

This means that the board is awaiting a response from the various societies as to their purpose to cooperate in furnishing the necessary financial help for carrying on the work planned by the board for the present year. It means that the board is anxious to know to what extent the societies are to be depended upon for raising the amount of the budget—\$1,000.00—as apportioned to the various objects.

Though the budget has been published item by item, let us go over it again. Six objects have been provided for in the budget, every one of them worthy ones, too.

First comes \$200.00 pledged to the Missionary Society for Doctor Palmberg's salary. Surely we must, by all means, raise this amount without any questioning. The work being done by Doctor Palmberg is too important, and she is too faithful and consecrated a worker, not to merit the same financial and moral support as in the past.

Next there is \$100.00 for student evangelistic work. There are a number of fields where such work is needed and might be done. Results have shown that wherever student evangelistic work has been done it has proved to be a fruitful method of evangelization.

Then comes \$200.00 for the Fouke School. Surely we can not fail to heed the appeal that comes to us from Fouke. It

is like a Macedonian cry. Who could have listened with unmoved feelings to the earnest words of Miss Gertrude Ford, at Conference, as she told of her year of teaching work at Fouke, of the needs of the school for better equipment, of consecrated teachers and workers, and of the great blessing that a year's work in the school had brought to her? Shall we not heed this Macedonian call?

"Ah, Who is it thus puts on
Garb and voice of Macedon?
Ah, who is the man that stands
Stretching out imploring hands?
Christians, Christians, are ye blind?
'Tis the Lord of all mankind!"

The fourth item in the budget is \$50.00 for Salem College Library. A good library is the student's best workshop, and good books are his best tools. No college can be said to be thoroughly equipped until it possesses an adequate library. Salem College is deserving. We are helping our young people when we do this.

Following this comes \$150.00 for expenses and general use of the board. It is not possible here to enumerate the various things for which this amount will be used, but the board can be depended upon to wisely and economically expend it.

And last of all there is \$200.00 for the Twentieth Century Endowment Fund, making up \$1,000.00, the total amount of the budget. This last item was added to the budget, after it had been submitted to Conference through the Board of Finance, at the request of the Young People's Board. There ought not to be any misunderstanding in the minds of our young people as to the nature of the Twentieth Century Endowment Fund. Its name indicates its nature. It is for the purpose of more completely endowing our denominational schools and Seminary. Of this fund 30 per cent goes to each of the three colleges—Alfred, Milton and Salem respectively—and 10 per cent to the Theological Seminary. It is a worthy object.

Two cents a week from each member, approximately, would be sufficient to raise the amount asked for in the budget. This is about one dollar per member. Some societies will do better than this, some will fall below it, but let us do something, and do it at once. How long are we going to keep the board waiting and wondering about where the money is coming from?

Home Missions.

REV. HENRY N. JORDAN.

Christian Endeavor topic for November 20, 1913.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Centers of influence (I Thes. i, 6-10).
 Monday—Luminous Christianity (Matt. v, 13-16).
 Tuesday—The messengers (Isa. xl, 1-11).
 Wednesday—Healing streams (Ezek. xlvi, 1-5, 9).
 Thursday—The message today (Acts iii, 19-26).
 Friday—Passion for our people (Rom. ix, 1-3; x, 1-4).
 Sabbath-day—Topic: Our church at work for our country (Deut. viii, 1-20). (Home missions.)

LESSON NOTES.

v. 1. "All I command . . . ye shall observe to do." An old commandment with continuative, special divine meaning for the twentieth century worker. The fields of opportunities face us in every direction. God bids us to enter and take possession of them in his name.

v. 1. "That ye may live . . . and multiply . . . and go in . . . and possess the land." These blessings were to attend Israel and were conditioned on its occupation of the promised land. The same grants are made to us and on the same conditions. Faithful and loyal adherence to God's directions wins the same rewards.

v. 2. "Thou shalt remember all the way." Each recollection of God's providences, his goodness, his care, his guidance,—will keep his trusting workers from lapsing; will strengthen their hearts and hands; and will be a mighty incentive to a forward movement in Christian activity for Christ and his kingdom.

v. 3. "And he humbled thee." To test your worthiness to be called "one led of God." To prove your purpose as to whether or not it is true to his plans. To reveal to yourself whether or not your reliance is on the Father's care and ability to provide all he has promised.

v. 11. "Beware, lest thou forget." All gain without God in it is ultimately a complete failure. Failure to recall the providences which have attended us all our days is most likely to result in pride over one's possessions, his learning, his standing in popular esteem and the great influence he wields among men. Let such a one remember that "my power and the might of my hand" did *not* get me this wealth, this

treasure, but that "it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth, . . . who led thee . . . who fed thee."

I wish it were possible to secure and hold the attention and interest of every Endeavorer for five minutes upon this prodigious vital theme,—Home Missions. Then I would like to have each one ask in all seriousness, What is my denomination doing to meet the physical, social and religious needs of the masses whose lives demand help, and to remedy conditions under which these masses of humanity live, either by compulsion or by choice? Let's not say *our* denomination; rather, say *my* denomination—that band of religious believers to which I belong and among whom I find my fullest expression of faith and work for Christ. It would be a comparatively easy task to look into and quote from books, pamphlets or statistics just what people of other denominations are accomplishing in the homeland. But it may prove to be a more difficult undertaking, and more humiliating to learn how much or how little *we* are doing or attempting to do for Christ and our brother man at home.

How we of the homeland need the Christ-consciousness! He was the divine expression of the Father's heart in his supreme effort to love men into righteousness. He believed in the divineness of his commission, therefore in the ultimate success of his mission. Thoughts for himself were swallowed up in the intensity of his anxiety for men. While his immediate environments on earth did not promise much, he had the far vision which reached to the time when the nations of the earth should become the kingdoms of the Father. But he began his stupendous task with material near at hand; he filled their lives with his own enthusiasm, zeal and consecration. He supplemented their weaknesses and imperfections with the might and wisdom of the Holy Spirit. These Christ-touched lives labored at home or abroad, just as the divine Spirit led them. They saw a vision; they told it; and men were won, held and transformed by the marvelous mission spirit of Christ.

"This vision is all-vital, whether you go abroad or whether you stay at home. Paul evermore craved a renewal of the vision; and it was this fresh vision of Christ and the resources in Christ that made him ever increasingly powerful for service."—*Bishop Hendrix.*

Christian Endeavorers, do *you* realize the place and importance of mission work in our homeland? Have you familiarized yourselves with the ways by which our denomination is trying to raise the standards of conduct, the mental, moral and spiritual levels of men? Have you thought what this work demands of you by way of consecration, of effort, of sacrifice of self, that God may be glorified through the redeemed lives and transformed natures which you wrought upon by the grace of God?

Think of some of the mission work in our own land in which our churches are engaged. They are doing something; they could do fifty times as much if the people were less self-centered and more completely dominated by the love of Christ and love for sinning and unfortunate men.

1. The denomination is at work, in a small way, in bringing the Gospel to foreigners who come to America to make their home. The Italian missions in New York City and at New Market, and the Hungarian Mission in Chicago are examples of such work.

2. Then there are churches in our denomination which are so small numerically as to be unable to support a pastor or religious leader. So they are aided by the Missionary Society. Often these little churches are our strongest churches spiritually and give more of real value to the denomination than more favored churches afford.

3. Occasionally, some churches send the pastor or some lay member to needy fields to encourage and to stimulate new interest in the membership of weak churches. They hold religious schools, visiting among the people, and do a great deal of personal, Christian work among the people. Our evangelistic quartets have done especially good mission work on the home fields.

4. Efforts are made and have been generally successful in securing general missionaries who have in charge considerable territory, such as the Southwest field, the California field.

5. Sabbath schools in places where there are no churches are formed and maintained. These are usually cared for by a nearby church or by some interested worker. Infrequently schoolhouse gospel meetings are held in places where there are no churches.

6. A new line of work has recently been

undertaken by our people, namely, that of searching out and trying to keep in intimate touch with lone Sabbath-keepers.

It ought to humiliate us when we see the vast number of opportunities for Christian service and realize that so very little is attempted in the line of thoughtful, persistent, systematic, aggressive effort for the complete redemption of mankind. Other denominations are at work trying to educate people, to better social conditions, to safeguard the lives of young and old, and to Christianize the masses of foreigners found in our cities, the workers found in the mines and lumbering districts, and the people in the rural communities. Young people, you have the opportunity of helping to put the denomination into a more aggressive and extensive work for Christ and humanity. Will you rise to the situation?

What is a home mission field?

Difficulties that home missionaries face?

Has our denomination any extensive, aggressive policy?

If not, why not?

Do home missions pay?

A suggested program:

1. Repetition of First Psalm
2. Lord's Prayer in concert
3. Scripture lesson
4. Song service
5. Prayers for home missionaries
6. Special music
7. Three two-minute talks on "What home work has done for West Virginia"
"Results of home missions in the Northwest"
"Possibilities of home mission work in the Southwest"
8. Hymn
9. Messages from members
10. Pastor's five minutes
11. Sentence prayers for home field
12. Mizpah Benediction

Report of the Young People's Work in Southeastern Association for 1912-13.

ORLA A. DAVIS, *Field Secretary.*

Of eight churches in the Southeastern Association only one-half that number support a Christian Endeavor society.

Salemville, Pa., maintains no society because many of the church members are farmers and it would be difficult for some of them to drive the distance of seven or eight miles to more than one meeting on the Sabbath.

Lost Creek has no Christian Endeavor

society. The pastor preaches in other churches and must necessarily be away some of the time. He would be needed to help in Christian Endeavor work. Many of the young people of Lost Creek have come to Salem.

Black Lick has had no society in recent years. Few Sabbath-keepers live here and it is thought best to make no attempt to maintain a Christian Endeavor society.

Roanoke formerly supported a Christian Endeavor society, and that the work was good is shown by the fact that the Roanoke members attending school in Salem are thoughtful, capable workers in the Salem Christian Endeavor.

Many members of the Greenbrier society have moved away, but the society is still working. It meets on Sabbath afternoons, most of the time. The society at present has only eight remaining members but expects to add four new members soon. They especially feel the need of help in reviving interest and in building up a better society.

Middle Island supports a union Christian Endeavor society of thirty members. Of these, fourteen active and seven associate members are Sabbath-keepers, while three active and six associate members keep Sunday. Four active and nine associate members have been added since the last reorganization. The Efficiency plan has not been taken up.

The real need of the Middle Island society, as seen by one member who has thought much about it, is "some one to awaken the members to activity and regular attendance; also to get them to study the Christian Endeavor topics and to help make the meetings more interesting, especially to the associate members.

Some of the members join the Salem Christian Endeavor while in school here, and their steady, purposeful work benefits those with whom they associate.

Berea has a faithful little band of Christian Endeavorers. The number of workers is lessened during autumn, winter and spring, when the college receives many of the young people into its life. These take up the active duties of Christian Endeavor faithfully and cheerfully. Those who remain at Berea—twenty or more—keep up the good influences of the Christian Endeavor by a weekly meeting the night after the Sabbath, taking up the topics as given on the topic cards. Weekly cottage prayer meetings are held on Tues-

day night. Aside from this they are doing no special work, but wherever there is need they try to lend a helping hand. By meeting thus twice a week as friends, neighbors, Christians, they are building up; in a social way as well as spiritual, a foundation for a broader life that will endure through daily stress.

The society at Salem is the largest in the Southeastern Association, there being about ninety active, associate and honorary members. Many of the active members are students. From this one can see that the society is strongest during the school year, although the Christian Endeavor, with the exception of one or two Sabbaths, continued the regular meetings during the past summer vacation. The Efficiency plan, as outlined by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, was taken up the latter part of 1912, and the results have been worth while. There have been more system and aim in the work. More interest is being taken in what other Christian Endeavor societies are doing. Recently a new plan for Christian Endeavor work was adopted. Our pastor will, today, tell us something of that plan.

As the center of Christian Endeavor in the Southeastern Association, Salem is naturally looked to as a leader. What kind of work is being done here? Some of the problems are:

(1) Attendance. The time of meeting—3.30 on Sabbath afternoons—is the reason some give for not attending the Christian Endeavor. Most of the members, both in and out of school, work hard at their respective duties during the week. There is considerable strain attached to the work and some feel they would rather remain at home and rest or roam over the hills which always have a message for nature lovers. Some say there are too many organizations, and ask of the Christian Endeavorers, "Are the results worth while?"

(2) There is a lack of proper social life. Many young people come into an environment which in many respects is new. They feel backward and ill at ease. Do we take them by the hand as brothers and sisters and make them feel welcome?

A student who had been in school several months was asked to join the Christian Endeavor. His answer was: "I have never before been asked to join." Is this as it should be? The work in social gatherings is generally left to the ladies. This should

News Notes.

ASHAWAY, R. I.—Special Sabbath services were carried out Friday and Sabbath, the last of September. A Bible reading was conducted at the prayer meeting, and a Sabbath sermon was delivered by the pastor, at the Sabbath hour of worship, from the text, "What do ye more than others?" Following the regular morning service, the Sabbath school carried out the special Sabbath-service program prepared by the Tract Society. It was very helpful.—A Sabbath-school rally was conducted the first week of October, two afternoons being devoted to a social gathering of the home department and cradle-roll, at the parish house. The Friday-night prayer service was devoted to prayer for Sabbath-school work and better Bible study.—The Christian Endeavor society was greatly refreshed and encouraged by the visit and Sabbath-morning address of Interstate Field Secretary Karl Lehmann of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. Sabbath afternoon, October 4, the Ashaway society joined with the Pawcatuck Christian Endeavor in a rally service led by Mr. Lehmann.

Sixty Years of Married Life.

On Thursday night, November 6, the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. James Clawson were given an informal reception by their children, Mrs. Asa F. Randolph, Dr. F. T. Clawson and Dr. M. L. Clawson, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Asa F. Randolph, 521 Central Avenue. About 150 guests paid respects to the honored couple and extended congratulations and best wishes. Floral remembrances were sent to the guests of honor.

In the afternoon a family dinner was given at the home of Dr. and Mrs. F. T. Clawson of West Seventh Street. Those present were James Clawson's brother, Lewis T. Clawson of Bethlehem, N. H., and Mrs. James Clawson's sister, Mrs. Amanda P. Tomlinson, and two brothers, E. W. Titsworth of this city, and Martin D. Titsworth of Adams Center, N. Y., also the children and grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Clawson, both of New Market, were married at the home of the bride, November 6, 1853. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Halsey Baker, then pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist

not be. The heavy work, if no other, should always be done by men and boys.

(3) Some do not join because of the pledge. They feel that it demands too much of them. There is also the problem as to how far the young people should be in charge. Shall the older ones lead out or shall the younger ones? Several years ago the society was mostly maintained by the older members. These dropped out and the work fell almost entirely upon the younger members. Recently there has come to be more of a combination of these.

Where does the responsibility for maintaining Christian Endeavor ideals rest? Does it rest with the officers alone, with the older, the younger members, the parents, the pastor? Does the success or failure of Christian Endeavor ideals depend entirely upon those who openly say, "We are Christian Endeavorers," or do those who wilfully refuse to take up the work have their part in the failure, if failure there be? The Christian Endeavor ideals are based on the ideals Jesus taught. If the individuals fail the ideals yet remain, the great principles are resting on the foundation of truth. The meetings are worth while if we make them so. If we prepare the lesson intelligently, we will always be able to give much to others and in return receive much more than we have given.

If we through ignorance or weakness fail to make the advances we should to those who are not members, is it all ended there? There is one God whom we all serve. If one fails to live up to the best, should not the other, whether a Christian Endeavor member or not, show that one where he is wrong?

More men and boys are needed in the work. All should strive harder for a better spiritual life. When this is acquired, many of our duties and failures will be changed to pleasures and successes.

The success of our denomination depends largely upon the industrial life. Many of our people today are working on the Sabbath mainly because of the press of industrial life. Why should not the young people who are, or soon will be, so vitally connected with this great question take up the problem seriously, earnestly?

Let us ask, and each answer for himself or herself, this question: "Would life be worth as much to the denomination and to individuals without the Christian Endeavor?"

church at New Market, but who in later years lived on East Fifth Street, this city, where he died a few years ago. The aged pastor was able to be present at the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Clawson ten years ago.

Mrs. Clawson was formerly Miss Henrietta K. Titsworth, and the descendant of one of the old families of Piscataway, as was also her husband.

After marriage they took up their home on the farm on the road from New Market to Lincoln, now known as the Maltby farm.

In 1868 Mr. and Mrs. Clawson moved to Farina, Ill., where Mr. Clawson's father had preceded them, and had opened a large tract of land for development along the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, which had but shortly before been built. Mr. Clawson was engaged in mercantile business in Farina until the Centennial year, 1876. They then returned to Dunellen, and Mr. Clawson entered mercantile life there, continuing until 1882, then came to Plainfield and bought the store at the corner of West Second Street and Madison Avenue. Here he continued in business until last January.

Mr. Clawson was eighty-three years old yesterday, but his sons acknowledge that he can outdo them riding a bicycle even now. His wife is but a week younger than he, and together they are living an ideal existence in the enjoyment of health and vigor, and in the pleasant surroundings that were familiar to their youthful days.

Before the company dispersed on the evening of the reception, Rev. E. T. Tomlinson, a nephew, made a congratulatory speech and presented Mr. and Mrs. Clawson with a purse of gold as a token of esteem from their many friends.—*Plainfield Courier-News*.

Electrically Lighted Farms in Denmark.

The following is taken from the current issue of *Farm and Fireside*:

"Denmark has among its many coöperative institutions twenty-one rural electrical substations which supply light and power to farms and rural communities. The stock in the company is apportioned according to the amount of electrical fixtures on each farm or in each village home. One share

of stock is allotted for every electric light, and ten shares for every horse-power in motors. The regular central-station rate is charged for the electricity, and the co-operative plants earn over nine per cent on the capital invested."

"Time solves all problems and eliminates the man who regards himself as indispensable."

Something for Nothing

Without any reduction in price the *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America* is offered at a great bargain. Purchase a set at three dollars for the cloth binding, or five dollars for the half leather. Then hand your receipt to the treasurer of your church. This receipt will be worth to the church the full amount that you have paid, and may be used as so much cash in remitting to the treasurer of Conference for the apportionment for this year. If your church treasurer has already paid the apportionment for this year, he can send on your receipt and get a check for the same amount from the treasurer of Conference.

Although there must be a limit when something is given for nothing, it is not probable that the limit has been reached in your case. This rebate holds good only up to one-half of the amount of the apportionment for Conference expenses.

Why not treat yourself or some one else to a valuable set of books, and at the same time give all you spend to your own church?

Purchase the books from your local agent, or from Orra S. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J. Then look for the rebate from

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD
Alfred, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Why the Leaves Turn Red.

"Ankis, why do the leaves turn red in the fall?"

It was Fritzie who asked the question, one October afternoon, of his friend Ankis, the Indian, as they were walking through the woods.

"Haven't I ever told you?" answered Ankis in surprise. "It is one of the old legends of our tribe." And, as they seated themselves under a maple tree that blazed with color, Ankis began:

"Long, long ago there were a great many more trees than there are now, and a great many more birds too. And the trees loved the birds, for the little feathered people sang from early dawn till late at night, and flashed their blue and yellow and brown wings everywhere through the green forest. And the trees said to one another: 'Oh, how dull it would be if we didn't have our birds!'

"So the trees spread out their limbs like great loving hands to hold up the tiny nests, and they covered the bird homes with thick foliage to hide them from the prowling squirrels until the fledglings should have grown up and flown away.

"But one night, in the month of the harvest moon, when the feathery thistles were no longer sailing the ocean of the air, a messenger came running down from the White Country in the north, and whispered into the ears of the trees. He was a little Frost Boy, and his words were:

"Beware! The Chief of the Cold is coming! And he has with him a great snow army! And all their quivers are full of ice arrows!"

"Then the trees made ready to meet the army of the Chief of the Cold, and wrapped their bark close round their bodies and the bodies of their frail bud-children. Suddenly some one thought of the birds.

"Do they know the snow army is coming?" And the trees tried to warn their friends, but trees can not talk very loud, and the mother-birds were so busy teaching their children to fly and sing that they heard nothing of what the trees whispered.

"Oh, how can we make the birds hear?" the trees cried in agony. Then a maple tree said:

"I know! Let's light a fire signal as the Indians do, and when the birds see the flame they will come to ask what it means; then we can tell them."

"And they did so, and the next morning the fire signal had been set a-burning among all the leaves of the forest, and everywhere the trees were red and crimson and scarlet. Sure enough, the birds hastened to learn what it meant, and the trees told them that the Chief of the Cold was on his way. And when the birds heard it, they swiftly rose on the wing and started off for the Southland.

"Since that time every fall when the Frost Boy brings his warning to the trees, they light their fire signal of red leaves. And whenever you see those red leaves, Fritzie, watch carefully, and you will find the birds every night and morning flying southward to escape the ice arrows of the snow army."—*Sunday School Times*.

Missionary Pockets.

"What are you going to do with my coat, mamma?" asked Robert, watching his mother as she laid out a pile of little garments.

"It is for the missionary box, dear," said Mrs. Vincent. "It is too small for you and, being almost new, will fit some smaller boy nicely. My boy is getting so big he hardly has a chance to wear out anything."

"Please wait a minute, mamma. There are some things in the pockets I want."

"And, mamma, if you are going to send my little white apron, there are some things in the pockets that I want," said Amy, putting aside her doll to hurry to the pile of garments. "I couldn't think of giving away this lovely blue hair ribbon."

"And my jack-knife, and three of my best marbles are in the pockets of these trousers. Mamma, would you have given these clothes without examining them?" he asked, turning over everything in the heap, as he looked through other clothes for treasures.

"You have so many playthings, Robert, that I thought you wouldn't miss a few of them. If I were a little boy 'way off in a lonely little home out West, I think I should like to find a few pretty things in the pockets of the clothes that come in the missionary box; don't you?"

"Missionary boys are different," muttered Robert; "they don't expect playthings."

"No, I suppose not," said his mother; "but do you not think they would enjoy them?"

"Maybe they would, but I can't spare these."

Mrs. Vincent went off to the meeting with the little clothes and her own gifts, but not until every pocket had been searched. Robert and Amy carried the treasures to the play-room, and put them in their proper places, but somehow neither was happy. They tried playing, but little Bobby wanted to play, too, and the game broke up in a quarrel. Then they both wished it was a school day, so there would be something going on.

Finally they sat down on the floor to look at the big illustrated Bible which was one of their treasures, and baby Bobby came up behind them so he could see, too. It was strange that the first picture they turned to should be that of Christ teaching his disciples, and that the words underneath it read: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

"I'm going down to Mrs. Upton's with some of my things in those pockets," said Robert, suddenly. "It isn't fair that we should have so much and those other children nothing."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Amy. "Let's fill every pocket full."

When the ladies saw the children coming with their hands full of gifts, they said, "Let's not send the box today, but give all the children a chance to fill the pockets of their garments, too."

When that box was opened in that lonely little home out West, I wish you could have heard the squeals of delight from the four little children. The oldest was only eight and the baby three, but every one had been remembered, and the floor was covered with marbles and little toys and trinkets. They liked the clothes very much, but the pockets filled to overflowing with nice things they liked best of all.

When the letter came, telling about their great joy, Amy said, "Let's always see that the missionary pockets are full instead of empty." And ever since then the boys and girls save up all the year, so there will be no pockets empty when the big box goes on its long journey.—*Wide World.*

Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, November 9, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Stephen Babcock in the chair.

Members present: Stephen Babcock, J. A. Hubbard, Corliss F. Randolph, Edwin Shaw, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, T. L. Gardiner, W. C. Hubbard, Esle F. Randolph, Asa F. Randolph, C. W. Spicer, J. B. Cottrell, E. D. Van Horn, Jesse G. Burdick, F. A. Langworthy, F. S. Wells, H. L. Polan, E. S. Chipman, R. C. Burdick, A. L. Titsworth.

Visitor: Dean Arthur E. Main.

Prayer was offered by Rev. E. D. Van Horn.

Minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Supervisory Committee reported things progressing well at the Publishing House, and all bills paid. The *Year Book* for 1913 is completed, and will be distributed this week.

Report adopted.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported 13,396 pages of tracts mailed during the month, and eight new subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER added.

Report adopted.

The Committee on a "policy for the future work of the Society" reported as follows:

Upon motion the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved. That the Plainfield Church and pastor consenting, we recommend that this Board arrange with Rev. Edwin Shaw to promote the following lines of endeavor:

(1) The publication and use of the best possible Sabbath literature.

(2) The systematic education of our people in the value and importance of our work as Sabbath-keeping Baptists.

(3) The keeping of the Board in close, intelligent touch with national and world-wide movements that have a direct bearing upon this great and living Sabbath question.

Voted that we recommend that this Board authorize the Advisory Committee to secure the services of Dr. A. E. Main to attend such meetings and hearings that have bearing upon the Sabbath question as they may deem advisable, at the expense of the Board.

Voted that this committee terminate with this meeting and that all unfinished business be turned over to the Advisory Committee.

HOME NEWS

DERUYTER, N. Y.—For the third time in four years our town was carried for no-license at the recent election.

Several things have occurred since our last writing which will be briefly noted. In August the Iowa quartet was here and gave two concerts at our town hall, which were greatly enjoyed. The week before Conference Brother T. L. M. Spencer spent a few days with our pastor and spoke Sabbath morning very acceptably. After Conference Brother G. W. Lewis was here one Sabbath and gave us a most practical sermon. Early in October Brother J. T. Davis and daughter, also a niece, were with us for two weeks and held special meetings in our church. Brother Davis gave his messages with faithfulness and earnestness and there were some who signified a desire to lead a better life. The music under the leadership of Miss Davis was excellent. There was some very stormy weather and other untoward circumstances which prevented as good an attendance as we had hoped, but we trust the labor was not in vain.

There is a very evident feeling on the part of many of our people that we need a deeper work of grace in our hearts and more readiness for service. Our Sabbath services are well attended usually. One family has come thirty miles two or three times recently, and others come seven or eight miles over the hills quite often.

E. M. A.

HAMMOND, LA.—The Seventh Day Baptist church at Hammond has enjoyed a feast of good things—we have had the Southwestern Association to meet with us from the twenty-third to the twenty-sixth of October. What we lacked in representatives from the churches of our association, was made up by representatives from other associations.

The ministers present were: Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Rev. W. D. Burdick, Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Sec. E. B. Saunders, Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, and the pastor of the Hammond Church—six Seventh Day Baptist ministers in Hammond and five of the pulpits in the town supplied on Sunday by a Seventh Day Baptist preacher. I presume such a thing seldom occurs. The pro-

After especially interesting and helpful remarks by Dean Arthur E. Main, Corliss F. Randolph, E. D. Van Horn and F. J. Hubbard, the report was adopted.

Voted that, to enable Corresponding Secretary Shaw to carry on his work for this Society with greater ease and efficiency, we provide him with necessary files and other office equipment, which can probably be secured for an outlay not exceeding \$25.00, and also with a stenographer and office helper, and that this Society bear the expense of such equipment and clerical services.

Voted that all expenses for periodicals and other literature, and any other expenses incurred by Secretary Shaw, in connection with the work contemplated by the adoption of the report of the Committee on "policy and future work" at this session, be paid by the Society.

Voted that the Advisory Committee be authorized to secure the services of an acceptable man for a period of three months or more to labor among our people in the interest of better Sabbath observance.

The Treasurer reported all bills paid.

Voted that the bill of expense incurred in transporting and storing the tent now at Stone Fort, Ill., be paid.

Correspondence was received from Rev. D. Burdett Coon, Charles Henry Greene, James A. Davidson, Rev. E. H. Socwell, Mrs. Mary E. Fillyaw, Rev. T. W. Richardson, Mrs. William C. Ackerman, Rev. George Seeley, Corliss F. Randolph, E. S. Maxson, M. D., Joshua J. Greene Jr., Mrs. E. Elliott, William C. Hopkins.

Voted that the request for literature in the letter from South America forwarded by C. H. Greene of Battle Creek, Mich., be referred to the Committee on Distribution of Literature with power.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

Let us all resolve, first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all faultfinding that does no good a sin, and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life; third, to practise the grace and virtue of praise.—*Harriet B. Stowe.*

gram provided for all-day sessions—morning, afternoon and evening. These were characterized by a deep devotional spirit. Live coals from God's altar touched the lips of all who took part, in so much as to bring conviction to the hearts pierced by God's arrows and crying out for salvation. Five young fellows—manly boys—made public confession of Christ. I baptized four of them Sabbath afternoon.

A dear brother who some years ago wandered away was brought under deep conviction. We found him in great distress of mind and heart. Several of the brethren labored with him in prayer. His conviction was so great that he attended only one service at the church. Sunday evening nine of us met in the parsonage in special prayer for this brother. Before retiring that night we had a message from him telling us that peace had been made with God. We were so rejoiced that we called a prayer and testimony service Monday evening at the church. We had good attendance and in this service he came back to the fold a joyful and happy Christian. To God be all the praise. We thank our heavenly Father for the providence which brought these helpful brethren. We thank them for coming, and we are thankful to the Missionary Board for sending Brother E. B. Saunders. We can not estimate the good of this meeting, either on the church or the town. Pastors of the First-day churches in Hammond attended our services and opened their churches to us Sunday morning. These brethren attended our services and took active part with us in discussing devotional subjects. Those taking part were: Rev. David Talmage of the Presbyterian church, Rev. J. M. Teller of the Christian church, Rev. J. P. Hembey of the Baptist church, Rev. J. E. Scott of the Methodist church. Rev. C. P. Martin of the Congregational church was compelled to be absent but his church was opened to us. Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner filled his pulpit on Sunday. Rev. W. D. Burdick preached at the Christian church, Rev. H. C. Van Horn at the Baptist church, Rev. G. H. F. Randolph at the Presbyterian church, and Rev. E. B. Saunders at the Seventh Day Baptist church. During the sessions of the association all these brethren preached at our church, some of them more than once.

What miracles of grace we have enjoyed!
A. P. ASHURST.

Denominational News.

Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, pastor of the North Loup (Neb.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, was elected president of a county organization of ministers at Ord, Neb., last week. —President Daland will give an organ recital at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church, Tuesday evening, December 16. The Milton College Glee Club will also have a part in the program. The lovers of good music will look forward to the event with special interest.—*Milton (Wis.) Journal-Telephone.*

Dean Arthur E. Main, who had been to New York assisting in the ordination of deacons, was a visitor at the board meeting of the American Sabbath Tract Society in Plainfield, on Sunday, November 9.

The Twin Rivers of Mesopotamia.

In the mountains of Armenia, to the north of Bitlis and east of Lake Van, a little spring of pure cold water comes bubbling from the ground. A little pool is thus formed, and from the pool one tiny stream runs north, another south. Should you follow the streams as they trickle down the mountain sides, you would find that one of them becomes the Tigris, the other the Euphrates. Thus the two mighty rivers of Mesopotamia begin their long journey of fifteen hundred miles to the Persian Gulf.

To follow the Tigris down from one of its sources in Armenia to the Persian Gulf is a journey of more than a month and of unusual interest; few have ever accomplished it. In the course of that journey you pass through the countries of half a score of different peoples, each with customs and costumes both strange and varying. You hear as many different tongues, and see the forms of almost as many different religions. You find primitive peoples, almost savages, among whom, though some of them were civilized thousands of years ago, you take your life in your hands. You see people living just as they did in early Bible times; you pass among the ruins of the great cities of three thousand years ago. Probably the journey down no other river, even the Nile, is so full of varying interest.—*The Christian Herald.*

MARRIAGES

GREEN-HURLEY.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, in North Loup, Valley Co., Neb., on November 4, 1913, by their pastor, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Delwin B. Green and Geneva Hurley, all of North Loup, Neb.

DEATHS

BURNETT—Sister Laura Burnett died in the home of her sister, Mrs. F. F. Johnson in Stonefort, Ill., August 29, 1913, in the seventy-first year of her age.

She professed faith in Christ while very young and joined the Baptist church in Raleigh, Ill. She was never married and with her brother, Ewing Burnett—who also was never married—she lived many years on the farm near Harrisburg, Ill. After her brother's death she moved to old Stonefort, Ill., and lived with her sister, Mrs. Eliza Johnson, until a few weeks before her death. Soon after moving to Stonefort she joined the Seventh Day Baptist church there, and lived a consistent member of the same. She was punctual in attending the church meetings and helped pay the church expenses faithfully.

She was buried by the side of her brother Ewing in the Bethel Creek Baptist Church Cemetery, near where she was born and brought up. Her old pastor, Eld. N. J. Jones, preached the funeral sermon. "Aunt Laura" will be greatly missed by her numerous friends and relatives.

F. F. J.

Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON IX.—NOV. 29, 1913.

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

Lesson Text.—Josh. iii, 1-17; Ps. cxiv.

Golden Text.—"Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Isa. xli, 10.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 2 Kings ii, 1-18.

Second-day, Josh. i, 10-ii, 7.

Third-day, Josh. ii, 8-24.

Fourth-day, Josh. iv, 1-14.

Fifth-day, Josh. iv, 15-24.

Sixth-day, Ps. xi, 1-8.

Sabbath day, Josh. iii, 1-17.

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

One can not too soon forget his errors and misdemeanors. To dwell long upon them is to add to the offense. Not to grieve long for any action, but to go immediately and do freshly and otherwise, subtracts so much from the wrong.—*Thoreau.*

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, 113 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, 606 West 191st St., New York City.

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. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d St.

Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services at the home of Mrs. Lucy Sweet, 17th and Cedar Streets, at 10.30 a. m. Prayer meetings Sabbath eve at 7.30.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 336 Pleasant St.

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.

Seventh Day Baptists living in Denver, Colorado, hold services at the home of Mrs. M. O. Potter, 2340 Franklin Street, at 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon. All interested are cordially invited to attend. Sabbath School Superintendent, Wardner Williams.

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 the preacher advocates doctrines you do not like, hear him through patiently; you may get new light."

"He who speaks of the death of Christ as a martyrdom fails to give it its chief significance."

"Now don't get mad, for mercy's sake; Let some one else make that mistake."

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor.
L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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THANKSGIVING.

For glimpses of the western hills,
Still longing, yearning for the sky;
For this expanse of heavenly blue,
Now flecked by fleecy, floating clouds,
Now shrouded close in misty gray;
For all the pulsing life of dawn,
When opening wild flowers brim with dew,
And hearts leap up with morning joy;
For all the year's fair round of days,
I give Thee thanks, I give Thee praise!

For gold of fleeting sunrise hour,
When waking birds renew their song,
The glad, glad morning long to sing;
For all the hush of glowing noon,
The napping-time of bird and breeze;
For gold of eve, for evening star
And silver crescent hovering low,
When hearts are bowed for evening's peace;
For starry nights and sunlit days,
I give Thee thanks, I give Thee praise!

—Jessie Andrews.

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