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The Sabbath Recorder

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.

—CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—For What Are You Thankful? In the Toils of a Merciless Master; No Other Paper Can Take Its Place; Panic in the Liquor Ranks; "Does Your Church Give a Tenth?" A Correction	641-644	WOMAN'S WORK—Give Thanks (poetry); Mrs. Wardner Writes of the Winona Bible Con- ference	656-658
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES—Not Fit for a Citi- zen; The Jew Acquitted; Ordered by Court to Reinstate Teacher; "Grand Old Man of Science" Gone; A Great Gift to Cornell; Queen Olga Abandons Greece; Insane King Deposed; Prince Katsura's Gift to Science	644-646	Rev. F. F. Johnson's Autobiography	658
Child Welfare	646	Suggestions	658
A Message From Brother Seeley	647	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—The Relation of the Young People to the Church; The Chris- tian's Rewards; The Quiet Hour; Treas- urer's Report	660-663
Medical Missionary Conference Postponed ..	647	Song of Thanksgiving (poetry)	664
SABBATH REFORM—Rev. F. F. Johnson's Con- version to the Sabbath	648	Denominational News	664
The Bible	649	CHILDREN'S PAGE—Five Little Brothers (po- etry); The Queen Who Came to the Farm; The Story Teller	665
Missions	653	Seventh Day Baptist Education Society— Quarterly Meeting of the Executive Board ..	666
Memories of Mt. Macumber, The Beautiful ..	654	SABBATH SCHOOL—Worship in the Sabbath School; The International Sunday School Convention; More Sabbath School Books ..	668
Ordination and Baptism in New York	655	HOME NEWS	669
		MARRIAGES	670
		DEATHS	670

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WHOLE NO. 3586.

For What Are You Thankful?

There lies before me a rather homely angular poem entitled, "Cobbler Joe's Thanksgiving," which so attracted my attention that I read it over and over, and then took it to the dinner table and read it to my wife. The real thought in the poem is the thankfulness of Cobbler Joe for, in his own words, "the things I haven't got."

He was a cheery soul, with a twinkle in his eye and a jest upon his lips, and well endowed with common sense. Fortune had never smiled on him but he did not care for that. With a merry whistle he kept at his work on Thanksgiving day just as upon any other, saying, "I am thankful all the time, and why should I take a holiday in which to thank the Lord?"

Having but one coat, he never was puzzled over what to wear. Having no automobile, he never had to go to the hospital with broken limbs. Being obliged to live on simple fare, he knew nothing of dyspepsia's pangs and that he regarded as a very great blessing for one who had to toil. He had no horse and carriage to carry him to town, so he did not lack for the exercise so essential to good health. It was no trouble to keep his little shack of a house warm and clean. Not having a tooth in his head, he never suffered from toothache. Having no gold, he escaped all worryment over prowling thieves. For all this he was thankful. He said: "I need no yearly holiday to bless my happy lot, when every day I'm thankful for the things I haven't got."

It is a great thing to be sweet-spirited amid privations, to look upon the bright side of life, and to be contented with what comes, or doesn't come, even if one has little to be thankful for but the things he hasn't got. Sometimes having but little is greater cause for thanksgiving than we realize. Many a soul is able to read his title clear to mansions in the skies, and to enjoy the sweet peace of God's approving smile amid a life of toil, without a home of his own, who would never have enjoyed

these priceless blessings if he had been given a title clear to great earthly possessions. Many a palace home in this land contains unhappy souls, conscience-troubled and vexed with care, having no bright hopes for the future, who if they stop to think must feel that with all their wealth on earth they are facing eternal bankruptcy. On the other hand many a Cobbler Joe in his "little shack" possesses a peace that passeth knowledge, enjoys the health that comes by honest toil and which makes this life bright and sunny, and at the same time holds the title to eternal riches in the real life, to which he hastens without any misgiving. Many a poor man has reason to thank God that he has escaped the overwhelming temptations that riches have brought to others.

Whether poor like Cobbler Joe or rich in this world's goods; whether strong or weak; whether the lot is cast in city or in country, there is a sense in which every one has abundant cause to be thankful for things he hasn't got. The world is full of things to which we have no special title, which we have never earned, and which we do not possess, but which give us great pleasure and bring us much profit. Even those things which have been secured by human effort and at a great cost bring blessings and help to thousands who never toiled to secure them. Who can visit the beautiful parks, with their shaded walks and drives, their flowers and statuary, or traverse the streets of great cities, lined with palace homes, magnificent cathedrals and churches, or even pass the great beautiful display windows in business houses, showing the industrial arts of many lands, without feeling a thrill of pleasure for things he hasn't got? Who can spend hours in magnificent art galleries and museums of antiquity filled with wonderful works of master minds and with the wonders of nature, all free to the public for pastime and for study, without a deep sense of thankfulness for the things he hasn't got, and yet things that are his to enjoy?

Then there are the many commonplace things that tend to make us comfortable

and happy and that are likely to be overlooked when one tries to count his blessings. The "littles" are the larger in these matters as well as in other things. The sum of the little things make up the most of life. But we are prone to forget this when we try to enumerate the causes for thanksgiving. To be sure there are many great things—things of nation-wide or world-wide importance—that should not be forgotten. These are sure to be mentioned when people meet on Thanksgiving day to praise the Lord for his goodness to the children of men. But what about commonplace, nearby things belonging to each individual life? Many a millionaire who is envied by his poor neighbor, would give all he possesses for the health that blesses your life, for the peaceful sleep you enjoy, and for your good appetite and good digestion. If he could eat and enjoy the dinner such as you sit down to on Thanksgiving day, he would be thankful from the bottom of his heart. Yet you scarcely think of this as a cause for thanksgiving. If the things we haven't got, yet sometimes covet, would rob us of these blessings, as happens in the case of many another, then indeed do we have cause to thank God for the things we haven't got.

Once more. Who can look upon the beautiful world about him, breathe the pure air of heaven, admire the sunset glow, study the starry heavens, behold the wonders of mountain, and plain, and ocean, without a deep sense of thanksgiving for things he neither holds nor controls, of which no man can say, "By my hand, my brain have I got all this?"

"I thank Thee that I love the things of earth—
Ripe fruits and laughter, lying down to sleep,
The shine of lighted towns, the graver worth
Of beating hearts that laugh and weep.

"I thank Thee that the sight of sunlit lands
And dipping hills, the breath of evening grass—
The wet, dark rocks and flowers in my hands,
Can give me gladness as I pass."

In the Toils of a Merciless Master.

Every now and then the world is shocked by the downfall of some one who has been prosperous and respected, and who, after having walked upon the high places of the earth, has at last come to grief and is humiliated and disgraced. Most of these cases show but the repetition of the same

old story. Sin has eaten like a canker into the very life of some who were once in the right path, but who let the Tempter in little by little, until finally they found themselves in the toils of a merciless master. This master always brings his victims into a tight place and then leaves them there in disgrace. He never helps them out. The end is sure from the beginning, but the victim's eyes are holden and he does not see his danger until too late. The life led by "Boss Tweed" a generation ago was certain to end behind the prison bars. The palatial offices on Park Row, New York; the beautiful satin-lined coach in which he rolled by before the gazing multitudes on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and the luxury of a palace home were right on the road to ruin, because the man did not hesitate to sin and defraud and accept graft in order to secure them. There can be no uncertainty as to his destination, if such a man only stops to think of the harvest due from his seed-sowing.

In all such cases, when the delusion is broken and discovery is impending, every attempt to break the force of justice by fraud, by lying and by violence, only brings the man into a still tighter place. The recent months have demonstrated this truth with terrible emphasis in several high places in both the political and business world. Federal prisons have opened to receive men who had stood high in public esteem until the day of exposure was at hand. In most cases the road to prison was followed by almost imperceptible steps, the Tempter was disguised, the sin appeared so trifling as to give rise to no fear. The story seemed so innocent that none but men of conscience, with clear discerning eyes always seeking the right and avoiding the wrong, could discover the tendencies toward ruin. Finally, when the real character of the deeds was revealed; when the veil was removed and years of misdeeds were uncovered; when the true harvest was at hand, it was too late to escape. The evil could not be remedied; the doom was sealed, and the Tempter was merciless.

To try to lay the blame on others; to bemoan their "bad luck," and strive to make it appear that they were victims of misfortune, could not help matters. There is no disguising the fact that sin caused the disgrace.

This rule holds true in every walk of

life. Here is a well-to-do man with a comfortable home and a good business; but he drinks and gambles, and by and by, when, a blear-eyed sot, he finds himself down and out and his family in rags, he curses the church and the world, and says they are all against him. He blames his "luck" and feels that his friends have forsaken him. But neither the church nor the world is to blame. Sin has brought him down. And his sin was of his own choosing. Loyalty to God and to conscience would have saved all his disgrace and made of him an honored, self-respecting man.

No Other Paper Can Take Its Place.

Nothing shows the indifference of a man to the work of his own denomination more than does his refusal to take the denominational paper. And when one not only neglects his own, but actually subscribes for the papers of other denominations or takes the interdenominational papers, he thereby makes an open confession of his indifference, and shows that his ears are closed to the calls of his own people for consecrated service.

The daily paper has its place and the undenominational paper or magazine has its place in the world of literature. So has the monthly magazine, and we should take as many of these excellent helpful papers as we can; but no one paper nor all of them together, can take the place of the one which has to do with our own denominational life. Papers that deal with matters entirely outside our ranks, that contain no reference to the special doctrines we hold dear, can not, no matter how good they may be in other lines, give us the information and help we need to keep us interested in the cause we profess to love. Only the paper that has to do with our own polity, our missionary, educational, charitable and church work, can do this. To be a true and useful Seventh Day Baptist we must know what the Seventh Day Baptist world is doing, what its plans are, and what it needs in its various fields of work in order to prosper. These are the things which a loyal Seventh Day Baptist will place first. He will also be anxious for his own home and the homes of all the widely scattered families and for the churches of his denomination to be brought into close touch with each other by the

medium of the SABBATH RECORDER. This is the only medium by which such close denominational unity can be thoroughly promoted. Therefore, no matter how many other papers he may take, he will place this one first. He will love it because it emphasizes the things in which he and his children should be most deeply interested, and because he realizes that no other paper can take its place.

Panic in the Liquor Ranks.

The progress of prohibition in these times is causing great alarm in the ranks of the enemy. The liquor dealers evidently read their doom in the nation-wide war-cry, "A saloonless nation in 1920!" The trend of the times points toward a day in the near future when the iniquitous traffic will be put under ban in America. Nearly half the nation is already found in the pure white on a map showing prohibition territory.

That there is something akin to panic in the liquor ranks is clearly shown by the publications in the *Brewers' Journal*. The temperance papers are quoting some of these evidences of alarm, and making good use of them to encourage the workers; for it is a real source of encouragement to know that the braggart rum fiend begins to read his doom, and to tremble before the temperance army.

Hear his panic cry in the *Brewers' Journal*:

The challenge has been sounded. The death grapple has begun. Is the brewing trade going to allow itself to be strangled to death? That is the question before the trade. The passage of the Webb Bill by Congress has demonstrated that the last great stage of the fight of one-half century has been entered upon. The small but well-defined army of the enemies of happiness, liberty, health, and morality terrorizes our public men to that degree that Congress voted 240 against 60—100 not voting—to outlaw the drink traffic in interstate commerce. . . . The greatest blow has been struck, and struck successfully. It has been demonstrated that the enemy is in possession of the citadel of the Nation. . . . Prohibition is no longer a local issue. The last stage has been reached. Prohibition is a national danger. . . . The enemy has shown that he is the controlling power in Washington. . . . The enemy is not resting on his laurels. He is already marching forward to the next battle, and he knows what the next step is.

Let the temperance people of all this land arise in their might and convince the powers that be that no man who favors

the sum of all villainies, the liquor traffic, can receive their support for any official position; and just as soon as this comes to be known as an actual fact, the thing is done. There are enough who believe in banishing the saloon to wipe it from the face of the earth, if only they would combine to defeat every brewer's and saloon man's candidate for office and put temperance men in office. No political party could stand against such a combination of the temperance men of all parties. The glorious work in West Virginia, Kansas, and other States shows what can be done when the temperance forces are marshaled as one man against the liquor traffic.

"Does Your Church Give a Tenth?"

A lone Sabbath-keeper writes for herself and husband, sending her ten dollars out of their tithe money "for the Sabbath cause." Twice within a few months has a ten dollar gift of tithes come from this brother and sister for the Sabbath cause. They live clear away from people of their own faith, and never have church privileges with them, but are constant and loyal in their prayers and gifts for the work.

In this letter the question is asked: "Does your church give the tenth?" Then the writer goes on to say: "I believe if all the churches would give the tenth and some free-will offerings to the Lord, there would be no need of making up money for God's work in any material or worldly way. . . . I know God has blessed us since we began tithing. I have been reading about the Lone Sabbath Keepers' Association, and like the plan very much." These friends of the Sabbath and of the gospel of Christ are also requesting that tracts may be furnished them, so they can personally have a hand in spreading the truth. We ought to have thousands of such workers.

A Correction.

In the SABBATH RECORDER of November 3, page 547, second column, five lines from the bottom, we made the speaker say: "Out of gratitude to our drunken, pagan fathers," etc. It should have read something like this: "Out of gratitude to our Saviour and Lord, whose gospel went to German forests and saved our drunken, pagan fathers," etc.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Not Fit for a Citizen.

At Grand Forks, N. D., an applicant for citizenship was refused on the ground that he was a liquor seller. When asked by the judge as to his business he said "a saloon-keeper." North Dakota is one of the States prohibiting the sale of intoxicants, and Judge Pollock is called "the father of the prohibition law" in that State. When the applicant announced his business, the judge said: "Nobody can satisfy this judge that a man who sells intoxicating liquor is fit for citizenship. It is a statutory offense in this State, and I hold that the man who will engage in such business in this enlightened age is not a proper person to become a citizen of the United States."

The Jew Acquitted.

There has been a world-wide interest in the trial of a Jew in Russia, named Beiliss, who was charged with the murder, for sacrificial purposes, of a boy named Yushinsky. In view of the prejudice in that country against the Jews, the outlook for Beiliss seemed poor indeed, and for a time little hope was entertained of his acquittal. The Russian court had all the advantage and great effort was made to secure conviction; nevertheless the prosecutors failed and Beiliss was acquitted.

During the trial a resolution was introduced in the American Congress protesting against the trial, and on November 6 the Russian Government intimated to the United States that it would not receive petitions from this country bearing upon the so-called ritual murder, and the ill treatment of the Jews.

Ordered by Court to Reinstate Teacher.

Considerable interest has of late been aroused in the public mind by the action of the New York City Board of Education in discharging married women from the teaching service because they become mothers. Opinion has been divided upon the question, and much feeling has been shown on both sides. Justice Seabury has given the board a decided rebuke in a decision regarding an excellent teacher of

eighteen years' standing. She had been faithful and more than usually able as a teacher; but when she became a mother, she was summarily dismissed for "neglect of duty." The justice showed the weakness of such a position by the board, in the following words; "Married women being lawfully employed as teachers and excusable for absence caused by 'personal illness,' the idea that, because the illness resulting in absence is caused by maternity, it therefore becomes 'neglect of duty,' is repugnant to law and good morals."

It is said that the chairman of the committee recommending this mother's dismissal is willing to regard this decision as a final settlement of the question; and the hope is expressed that the entire committee will be of the same mind.

"Grand Old Man of Science" Gone.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the last one of the intellectual group of scientific researchers including Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Lyell and Owen, died on November 7, aged ninety-one years. Doctor Wallace was a yokefellow with Darwin in discovering the laws of natural selection. His home was in London, England. He was called by some the "Grand Old Man of Science."

A Great Gift to Cornell.

A gift of \$4,350,000 has been made to the Medical College of Cornell University. The donor's name is withheld. The income, estimated at \$200,000 a year, is to be used to maintain the medical department in New York City. None of it can be used for new buildings or equipment, and it is not available for use in Ithaca where the main university is situated.

This will add greatly to the supremacy in America of New York as a medical center.

Queen Olga Abandons Greece.

After forty-seven years of married life and service as the favorite queen of the Greek nation, the widow of the assassinated Grecian king has abandoned Greece to spend her days in Russia, the land of her birth. She has never been in much sympathy with her daughter-in-law, the present queen, who is a German, and who generally espouses the cause that is in opposition to that favored by Queen Olga.

Olga has the distinction of being the only woman admiral in the world. She has been identified with the work of many philanthropic institutions, and her departure is deeply regretted by the people of Greece.

Insane King Deposed.

On November 5, at Munich, the insane King Otto of Bavaria was formally deposed. Prince Regent Ludwig proclaimed himself king. He will be known as Ludwig III. The unfortunate royal lunatic is sixty-five years old. Ludwig II, who preceded him, was a suicide by drowning.

Prince Katsura's Gift to Science.

Prince Katsura of Japan, president of a society devoted to the study of cancer, from which disease he died, presented his body for dissection in the interests of science. The post-mortem examination was conducted in accordance with the historic Japanese ceremony for such occasions. The leading surgeon addressed the spirit of the departed and announced the purpose of the surgeons present to carry out the wishes of the dead man and make the dissection in the interest of science. After the work was done, the spirit of Katsura was again addressed and thanks were given for such a gift.

The brain was found to be as heavy as that of Kant, the philosopher, and heavier than that of Napoleon III, or that of Gambetta.

A premium of \$2,000 has been awarded by the German Life Saving Society to the lifeboat crews of the ships who did such valiant service in saving the passengers from the burning ship *Volturmo*. Large gold medals have been given the captains and first officers, and gold and silver ones to thirteen other officers and men.

Ex-President Taft says he was deceived by experts in the matter of pardoning Charles W. Morse, the convicted banker, from the federal prison, which is probably true. The fact seems to be pretty well established that anyone who counts on the evidence of so-called experts on physical or mental conditions is likely to be deceived.

"Don't worry," said a Michigan judge to a prisoner he had sentenced to a long

prison term for misappropriating the funds of his bank to the extent of \$100,000. "Don't worry over it, for a Michigan prison can not seem to hold a convicted banker for long." The judge then expressed himself in no uncertain terms regarding the folly of the too indiscriminate pardoning of prisoners, so common of late.

The State of Ohio is constructing a memorial library to contain the relics and papers of the ex-president Rutherford B. Hayes, as a monument to the nineteenth president of the United States. Fifty thousand dollars has been appropriated for this purpose. The building is to stand on the estate called Spiegel Grove, once the home of President Hayes. Col. Webb C. Hayes has donated this estate to Ohio for the State Archeological and Historical Society, to be forever kept as a state park in honor of his father. It is expected that the memorial will be dedicated on Memorial day, 1914.

Child Welfare.

REV. H. D. CLARKE.

This is not to be a studied and exhaustive paper on the above subject, but just a little "talk" in a rambling way about our Home and children and thoughts as to why they are here. Kate Bernard says that the true wealth of a nation must be figured in terms of child life. Frank Crane says that humanity is incurably good and all it needs is a decent chance. Take as good care of your children as you do of your hogs and horses, if you want fine human stock. That means all children; none must be neglected.

Nine tenths of all the children here at the Haskell Home are here because of parental desertion; and three fourths—yes, more than that—by desertion by fathers. The majority are brought here by their mothers. In one case we took in a beautiful baby boy of fifteen months because the mother, stage-struck, left for theatricals. We understand she is earning a good salary. The father later on came and took the child away; but though earning \$3.50 a day in some brass works, he would not pay for the board and care of the child.

In less than five months we have turned away about fifty needy children that par-

ents wanted to bring here. There was not room nor help enough to warrant receiving them. It was a sad feature of the work. Mothers could as a rule earn good wages if they did not have the children with them but could not keep their jobs and keep the children. With tears they went away and with tears we said good-by.

Drunkenness of father is the greatest cause of child desertion. One man beat his children fearfully, and was sent to jail. The mother, an Englishwoman of twenty-eight years, came with her three children, a baby girl and two little boys. She had not a relative in America and no home. We took her and her children and gave her work. The husband begged her to send him some money for tobacco while in jail. Finally in pity (just like a woman) she had him released, and when he told her he would commit suicide if she did not come back to him, she went. We lately adopted two little girls, aged nine and eleven, the mother not able to get work and keep them. She came again today to visit them. The father is—?

This article could be filled with accounts of similiar cases. Now if the child of the future is to have justice and the chance to live the life that is endurable, the public must awake to a sense of responsibility for every child in the nation and seek to safeguard it in every lawful way. Those who are powerless to defend themselves must be protected from crime and neglect. But simply to receive them into an orphanage does not cure the evil, and in many cases only increases it. Yet they must be received or suffer. What shall be done to deserters of wives and children? That is a subject for courts to settle and statesmen to discuss. The greatest enemies of children are ignorance, indifference and wilful neglect. The mothers of thousands of children are as ignorant of the first principles of living as can be, and the fathers are as wilfully neglectful, as the wives are ignorant. There must be a campaign of instruction for these and compulsion used if need be. All children of school age are by law compelled to attend the public schools these days. But many, many parents need it still more. Will it come to this, that a woman must attend some school that teaches her to do housework well and know all about children and their proper care, and a man know better the responsi-

bilities of fatherhood, before the clerk issues a marriage license? And must ministers also be more under the law who "marry people?" And then shall the man who deserts his wife and child be placed in a chain gang and made to work for the State, and his wages go for support of family? But it is easy for a man to skip to some large city or another State and escape the punishment or compulsion to work for that purpose. Shall we catch him at great cost and "brand him"? But enough of this at present. The agitation is on, and better writers will keep it up.

November 14, 1913.

A Message From Brother Seeley.

Brother George Seeley of Sunnie Brae, Moncton, N. B., Canada, writes that during the month of October he "sent out 38,272 pages of Sabbath tracts, as silent messengers for God's holy day, teaching when and how it should be kept." Brother Seeley feels sure that although many millions are now keeping Sunday as the sabbath, for which they have no authority at all in the Bible, "by and by there will come a better and holier time when this venerable day of the sun given by Rome will be seen in its proper light, and cast aside." Then the Christian world will be delivered from this great error.

Brother Seeley says in substance: "In this great work we should rejoice abundantly as being among workers chosen of God to correct the error, and to lay the foundations of the new era of truth and righteousness which shall endure through all the future. Thank God that we are called to bear some humble part in such a glorious work.

"Let us ask the Lord of the Sabbath to give us the reward of victory, and bring about the triumph of his truth. Brethren throughout the denomination, let us arouse to the all-important work, for it must gloriously triumph by and by. Put on zeal as a garment, allow no hindrances to prevent us from doing the work necessary for the spreading of the truth to the uttermost parts of the earth. The means with which to do it will surely come if we have faith in God—even faith like a grain of mustard seed. Think on the promises and plead them with unwavering faith. Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, and his

Maker. Ask me of things to come concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands command ye me! 'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.'

"And beloved, let us carry this mighty faith into Africa, South America, into Canada, and into all lands. God will give the men and the means, only have childlike faith in him.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done.'

"During this new Conference year, let our dear Seventh Day Baptist people come up to their high and proper standard of excellence and duty. And may they have great, old-time revivals in all the churches, with our ministers young and old filled with salvation and with power from on high; then shall we see great days for his glory. I want all to read those wonderful words in Isaiah lviii, 11-14. I will close with these words to our dear young people: 'Come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.'

Medical Missionary Conference Postponed.

DEAR FRIEND:

Notices and invitations have been sent out for the sixth Medical Missionary Conference to be held here December 30 to January 2. We regret now to have to announce that on account of coincidence with the date of the Students' Volunteer Convention at Kansas City it becomes expedient to postpone the former, as many of the missionaries who desire to come here are already under engagement there. It is probable that the Medical Missionary Conference will be held in the early part of November, next autumn.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. TENNEY,

Secretary Med. Miss. Conference.

Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.,

Nov. 14, 1913.

"Strong affirmations often indicate weak arguments."

SABBATH REFORM

Rev. F. F. Johnson's Conversion to the Sabbath.

The story of Dr. F. F. Johnson's conversion to the Sabbath, as told by himself in his book mentioned on another page, will be full of interest to readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. We therefore make some extracts from it for these pages.

Doctor Johnson says: "About the year 1870 I became a Seventh Day Baptist." It came about in this way: "Elder M. B. Kelly of Villa Ridge, a prominent Baptist minister of Southern Illinois, had embraced the Sabbath . . . He organized the Stonefort Church, and while preaching there he sent me a package of tracts bearing on the subject. I had heard what he had done, and was so prejudiced against him that I paid no attention to the tracts and hid them away in an old stand drawer. After organizing the Stonefort Church Elder Kelly came to Harrisburg to preach. I had met him once before while we were Sunday-keepers, . . . and as he was coming into Harrisburg I met him again. He was leading his horse, his buggy having broken down in the swamp on the corduroy road. I hailed him when he was about thirty yards from me and said: 'What are you coming here for, Brother Kelly, to break up our church as you did the church at Old Stonefort?' When we met he made no answer, but passed on . . . The place where I met him was only about one hundred yards from where I lived, and before I got home I resolved never to accost another brother in so rough a way until I had examined the subject of difference.

"Before I reached home another circumstance came to mind, of which I had not thought for many years. When a boy about sixteen years old I had been reading the Bible and found that the Seventh-day Sabbath was blessed and sanctified, and not the first day, the day I was keeping. My Uncle John Johnson was a preacher, and when I came across something I could not understand I would call on him or my mother to explain it. It happened that I called on him this time and said: 'Uncle John, why is it that we are keeping Sunday instead of the seventh day

of the week as the Sabbath?' 'Oh,' said he, 'read the sixteenth chapter of Mark and you will find where it was changed.' I turned to Mark and read it over and over, but could not find any change mentioned, so I gave it up with the conclusion that it was there but I could not see it.—I just took it for granted.

"I had not thought of this for twenty years, and before I got home I thought of what my uncle had said to me.

"The first thing I did upon reaching home was to read carefully this passage, and to my great surprise I found nothing which referred to any change ever having been made; and I don't believe I was ever so nonplussed in my life. . . Here we have two days mentioned. The first one was called Sabbath and the other the first day of the week. What could be plainer? The first day mentioned (Mark xvi, 1, 2) was undoubtedly the Sabbath, for it plainly said so. No change was hinted at. So I came to the conclusion that it must be somewhere else, and began to search for it."

Brother Johnson here calls attention to Matthew xxviii, 1-6, quoting all the verses, and then goes on to say: "There are two days mentioned here. The first is the Sabbath, and the other the first day of the week. The New Version says the women came late on the Sabbath day, which shows that the first day of the week had not yet arrived, but was near at hand. The day closes at the setting of the sun and the next day also begins at the setting of the sun. The first part of the day is the dark part or night. . . I once called the attention of a preacher to Matthew xxviii, 1, and he said, 'Matthew was mistaken.' To carry his point that Christ rose on Sunday or the first day of the week he had to deny the Word of God.

"In my examination, to my surprise, I could not find a single passage of the Word of God to sustain the first day of the week Sabbath. I found that God placed great store on the Seventh-day Sabbath . . . He blessed and sanctified it and did not bless and sanctify any other day. In the fourth commandment he said, 'Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.' . . . I found also that he withheld the manna on that day for forty years while Israel was in the wilderness; and I also found that the children of Israel were in captivity seventy years for desecrating the Sabbath day. . . I found

The Bible.

REV. D. C. LIPPINCOTT.

Read at Northwestern Association, 1913.

Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.—2 Peter i, 21.

The question.—Can we know for a certainty whether the Bible comes from God or not? Is it capable of being absolutely proved and settled? When I was but a child, the question would come into my mind, "How can I know that the Bible is a revelation from heaven?"—and in my childish thoughts I sometimes wished God would somehow give me clearer proof of that fact, if it were a fact. The divine origin and authority of the Bible is the grand question for every one to settle. If it be the book of God, as it claims, it is of the highest importance to know this fact, to acknowledge its claims, and to make its teachings the guide of our lives. It presents before us the grandest subjects that ever occupied the human mind: the question of character, duty, and destiny; our relation to God and to one another; the connection of the present life with an endless future; the salvation of the soul, eternal joys, immortal glory. These momentous subjects are worthy of the profoundest investigation. If the Bible be the book of God, these subjects must press themselves at once upon us as of supreme importance.

Abundant proof.—God has given abundant proof of the divine origin and authority of the Bible. Yet multitudes never take the pains to examine that proof, and many feel, as I did when a child, that they want a clearer proof, while they fail to consider that which God has given. I long ago came to the deliberate conviction that there is no other truth in the world that rests on so much and such satisfactory proof as the divine authority of the Bible. This will, no doubt, appear to some of my hearers a bold, and perhaps even a rash declaration. But I ask attention to it, and may ask attention to it again before closing this discussion. I would invite my hearers to examine some of the different *classes* or *kinds* of proof that bear upon this question of the divine authority of the Bible; and first I invite attention to one or two of the simplest.

Laws of evidence.—It is very important that we understand these so far that we may know when a statement is proved and

no Sunday-keeping in the Old Testament, nor any prophecy of Sunday-keeping; and after close examination I found none in the New Testament. I found this, though, that Christ said he was Lord of the Sabbath and that the Sabbath was made for man. The word man means all mankind from Adam to the end of time. . . . We as Protestants do not believe the church, or any other authority but God, has any right to change his laws. So I was bound to keep his holy day and I did so. I was nearly three months examining the question before I became convinced.

"After I had become satisfied, you should have seen me go to that little table drawer and take out those little tracts Elder Kelly had sent me while he was preaching in Old Stonefort. I was greatly disgusted with them when I put them there, but now they were like angels' visits to me—a great consolation to my soul."

Brother Johnson then tells how his old church brethren "got down on him" for his Sabbath-keeping and so-called Sunday desecration. Church meetings were held regarding his case until he was finally cut off. He also tells of several Sunday-keeping ministers who acknowledged that he was right and had the Bible on his side. One said "Brother Johnson, you are right." Another said: "I undertook to examine the Sabbath question, but found where it was leading me and discontinued the investigation." Still another minister said: "The Sabbath question is a world beater," and when asked why he did not keep it, answered, "The dollar is between me and it." Some acknowledged that there was no Bible upon which to stand in advocating Sunday-keeping. One old Minister on his death-bed confessed that the Seventh-day Sabbath was right.

I have looked into a thousand homes of the working people of Europe; I do not know how many in my own country. In every case, so far as my observation goes, drunkenness was at the bottom of the misery, and not the industrial system or the industrial surroundings of the men and their families.—*Carroll D. Wright.*

The vision of things to be done may come a long time before the way of doing them appears clear. But woe to him who distrusts the vision.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

when it is not. There is scarcely any subject on which persons sometimes talk so absurdly and unreasonably as upon the Bible and religion. It is very important to know when a thing is absolutely and certainly proved. One of these simple laws of evidence is—adaptation of proof to the subject. Testimony, in order to be of value, must be adapted to the subject under investigation. Some kinds of proof are perfectly conclusive upon certain subjects but utterly inapplicable to others. For example, you wish to prove what is the length of a house. How will you do it? Very readily, by applying a measuring instrument. You thus settle that question with certain proof. You wish to prove that sugar is sweet or that vinegar is sour. Can you do this by a measuring instrument? Not at all. You must prove it by the sense of taste. No other proof will answer. You want to prove that the three angles of a triangle are equivalent to two right angles. Can you do this by the sense of taste? By no means. Here is a mathematical question, and on this you must have mathematical proof. Nothing else is worth a straw. You want to prove that George Washington was the first president of the United States. Can you do this by a measuring instrument, by the sense of taste, or by a mathematical demonstration? Not one of these methods of proof will apply. Here is a historical question, and you must have historical proof. Nothing else will suffice. Would you prove that it is wrong to steal? Can you do it by any of these methods of proof? No. Here is the moral question, and you would bring moral proof. So you perceive that testimony must be adapted to the subject, or else it is utterly worthless. Yet people say sometimes, "Give me a mathematical demonstration of the truth of the Bible, and I will believe it." Just as if it were a mathematical question! Can a man prove that he has the toothache by a mathematical demonstration? He may have all the proofs he wants and a few more; but it will not be exactly mathematical. When men ask for mathematical proof of the truth of the Bible, they ask mathematical proof of a moral question—an absurdity in itself. Yet people sometimes talk just as absurdly about the Bible and religion.

What are some of the things you know the best, of which you can not entertain

the shadow of a doubt? You know that you are alive at this time. You know it as well as it is possible for you to know anything. But what proof have you of this fact? You have just two kinds of proof, and no more. You are conscious that you are alive, and you have the testimony of others that you are alive. This is all the proof you have, and you want no other. Either of these proofs is entirely sufficient to settle the question of fact; a thousand proofs would not make it more certain. You know that you are now here. Your own consciousness and the testimony of others is proof of that fact. Yet people sometimes say, "Give me a hundred proofs of the divine authority of the Bible, and I will believe it." A hundred proofs! Do men ask a hundred proofs on any other subjects?

In the Bible we have a revelation from God, and the very marks it bears are of divine origin. You find daily experience that every ingenious author leaves an image and impress of his own spirit, the mark of his genius, upon every work that he does. We can say of an exquisite painting, by some secret art in it, "This is the hand of such a great master." Now can it be imagined that God should put his hand to any work and leave no signature or impress of it upon that work? It can not be imagined, for it must be either because he could not, or because he would not. That God *could* not, can not be said without blasphemy. Can men show the wisdom and learning they have attained to in every work, and can not God, who is the father of lights, and the fountain of wisdom, insinuate such secret marks and notes of his wisdom and divine authority into that writing he took care should be penned for the use and comfort of the world, that it might be known to be his? And that he *would* not, that can not be believed either.

How are we to know whether the Bible be the word of God? It shows itself, and evidences itself to be so; for it is a light that discovers itself, and all things else, without any other testimony. When the sun is up, there needs no witness and proof that it is a light. Let the least child bring a candle into a room, and as it discovers other things, so it discovers itself: so the word of God is that which discovers itself to us, yea, it has a self-evidencing light. I can not look around me without being

struck with the analogy observable in the works of God. I find the Bible written in the style of his other books of creation and providence. The pen seems in the same hand. I see it, indeed, write at times mysteriously in each of these books; but I know that mystery in the works of God is only another name for man's ignorance. The moment, therefore, that I become humble, all becomes right. I will confess that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction; how contemptible are they compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and so sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred Personage whose name it records should be himself a mere man? What sweetness, what purity, in his name! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die without weakness and without ostentation? If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God.

God made the Bible as the guide and oracle of man; but had he meant it as a mere lesson book of duty, a volume less various and less attractive would have answered every end. A few plain paragraphs announcing God's own character and his disposition towards us as sinners here on earth, mentioning the provisions which he has made for our future happiness, and indicating the different duties which he would have us perform, these would have sufficed to tell what God is, and what he would have us to do. There was no need of the picturesque narrative and the majestic poem, no need of the proverb, the story, and the psalm. A chapter of theology and another of morals, a short account of the incarnation and the great atonement and a few pages of rules and directions for the Christian life, might have contained the vital essence of Scripture and have supplied us with a Bible of simplest meaning and smallest size. And in that case the Bible would have been consulted only by those rare and wistful spirits to whom the great hereafter is a subject of anxiety, who are really anxious to know what God is, and how they themselves may please him. But

in giving that Bible, its divine Author had regard to the mind of man. He knew that man has more curiosity than piety, more taste than sanctity, and that more persons are anxious to hear some new, or read some beautiful thing, than to read or hear about God and the great salvation. He knew that few would ever ask, What must I do to be saved? till they came in contact with the Bible itself, and therefore he made the Bible not only an instructive book, but an attractive one—not only true, but enticing. He filled it with marvelous incident and engaging history; with sunny pictures from old-world scenery, and affecting anecdotes from patriarchal times. He replenished it with stately arguments and thrilling verse and sprinkled it over with sententious wisdom and proverbial pungency. He made it a book of lofty thoughts and noble images, a book of heavenly doctrine, but withal of early adaptation. In preparing a guide for immortality Infinite Wisdom gave not a dictionary or a grammar, but a Bible, a book which in trying to reach the heart of man should captivate his taste, and which in transforming his affections should also expand his intellect. The pearl is of great price, but even the casket is of exquisite beauty. The sword is of ethereal temper, and nothing cuts so keen as its double edge; but there are jewels on the hilt, an exquisite inlaying on the scabbard. The shekels are of the purest ore; but even the scrip which contains them is of a texture more curious than any which the artists of earth can fashion. The apples are gold, but even the basket is silver.

Again, our certainty of the incorruption of the Scriptures, in all material points, may yet consist with some literal or verbal errors in the copies. For it is not an apostolical work to deliver down to posterity the writings or words which the apostles first wrote and spoke, but it is a human and Christian work; and therefore, though God promised to his apostles his Spirit to lead them into all truth, and hath promised to be with the ministers in preaching his Gospel to the end of the world, yet hath he not promised us the same exact infallibility in preaching, as to every circumstance, as they had at first in speaking or writing; nor hath he promised so to guide every printer or the hand of each transcriber of the Scriptures, that none of them shall err. But our religion is never-

theless certain in the doctrine for all this; for the doctrine depends not on these slips or questioned passages.

We have an infallible certainty of the printed statutes of this land, that they are not forged, yet may the printers commit some errors in the printing of them. And will you conclude, if you find a word misplaced, or a false one printed, that, therefore, it is uncertain whether ever such a statute was made? The lawyers also and the judges themselves may differ about the sense of some passages in those statutes, and some may be of one mind, and some of another; is the statute, therefore, counterfeit, or is it not obligatory on the citizen? The writings of Cicero, Virgil, or Ovid, which were written before the Gospel, may be misprinted, and yet we are past all doubt that the writings are not forged. Some would endeavor to discredit the Scriptures by representing the number of hands through which they have passed, and the uncertainty of the historical evidence by which they are supported. "It is a matter altogether of uncertainty to us," says one critic, whether the writings which now appear under the names of the Old and New Testaments are in the same state in which their collectors say they found them; or whether they added, altered, abridged, or dressed them up." It is a good work which many writers have undertaken, to prove the validity of Christian history, and to show that we have as good evidence for the truth of Bible events as for the truth of any ancient events whatever. But if, in addition to this, it can be proved that the Scriptures contain internal characteristics of Divinity, or that they carry in them the evidence of their authenticity, this will at once answer all objections from the supposed uncertainty of historical evidence.

Some men say we do not believe John wrote John's Gospel. Well, what matters it whether he did or not? There is a forest in England, it is said, which William the Conqueror planted! but what do I care whether he planted it or not? If I can ride through it, why should I care who planted it? There are the trees, and there is the shade; and if I can only enjoy the benefits of them, that is enough. Some men say that the Psalms of David are not inspired. I will not dispute whether they are inspired or not; but I know that no

other such hymnals ever went sounding on through three thousand years of the world's history, developing power and sweetness as they went. They sang, and taught the world to sing. If they are not inspired, they have an admirably good substitute for inspiration.

Let men object to the inspiration and translation of the Scriptures. If they will, it is these that open the window, to let in the light; that break the shell, that we may eat the kernels; that put aside the curtain, that we may look into the most holy place; that remove the cover of the well, that we may come by the water, even as Jacob rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well, by which means the flocks of Laban were watered. The Bible is God's chart for you to steer by, to keep you from the bottom of the sea, and to show you where the harbor is, and how to reach it without running on rocks and bars. Walk up and down this Bible domain. Try every path. Plunge in at the prophecies and come out at the epistles. Go with the patriarchs, until you meet the evangelists. Rummage and ransack, as children who are not satisfied when they come to a new house, until they know what is in every room, and into what every door opens. Open every jewel casket. Examine the skylights. Forever be asking questions. Put to a higher use than was intended the Oriental proverb, "Hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when heaven is raining gold." Bless God for the Scriptures. The word is our sword; and by being translated, the sword is drawn out of its scabbard. What use, alas, could a poor Christian that understands but one language—that which his mother taught him—make of this sword when presented to him as it is sheathed in Greek and Hebrew? Truly, he might even fall a weeping with John at the sight of the sealed book, because he could not read in it. Oh, bless God that hath sent, not angels, but men, furnished, by the blessing of God on their indefatigable labors and studies, with ability to roll away the stone from the mouth of this fountain!

But if I plan a little sin,
So small no eye can enter in?

Thou fool! If thine own soul can see,
What need for God to look at thee?
—Evelyn Phinney.

MISSIONS

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

While waiting for the train I am going to write you of the good interest at Stone Fort, Ill. When I wrote you last week I was returning from the association. I arrived at Stone Fort about seven o'clock on Wednesday night. At Ponchatola I crossed from Kentucky to Illinois on a large ferry-boat upon which they ran the train. For a distance of fifty miles to Stone Fort we ran through rough wooded country where the work of the railroads is principally handling lumber and coal. We were six hours making the fifty miles. Yesterday I again left the main thoroughfare to go from Stone Fort to St. Louis; so I was twelve hours going one hundred and thirty-five miles. I reached St. Louis at eight p. m. and secured the home-seeker's ticket to Gentry and return, with stop-over privilege to make side trips to other places, among them Cosmos, Okla., now known as Elkhart, Kan.

On Thursday morning the good people of Stone Fort said we should have a meeting at night in our church. Although people were very busy, it being the harvest time for corn, apples, and both sweet and Irish potatoes, they came out to the meeting when notice was given out over the 'phone. The mail route, the telephone and the railroad service put this community in the front, as it has many other places. Crops are good and farming lands now exceed one hundred dollars an acre in many cases.

The attendance and interest in the meeting was good on the first night. The interest constantly grew until the close, on Monday night. Hands were raised for prayers each night and at least two of our young people came out for Christ. The last night Doctor Johnson surprised me by announcing and taking up an offering for the Missionary Society. The church treasurer had already paid me fifteen dollars from the church for the society.

The regular sabbath school and Sabbath preaching appointments are maintained, and the interest is good. Elder Lewis and Elder Johnson are some eighty years of age. They take turns preaching for the church on the Sabbath. These good men

want help to work this great field. If one of our young families with fair education, and more consecration, and real modest leadership, had bought a farm and settled here five years ago and given half of their time to gospel work, the Lord would have nearly doubled the value of their farm and thus made them a home and a place of great usefulness. If we only were trying to build up churches we could do it as well now as in former years. Our fathers did it. We could do it if we would. It is not too late. Farms are still selling at advanced prices.

The next resolution I present at Conference or at the associations will be: "Resolved that we stop moving away from the small churches where good homes can now be bought, and settling among the large churches where lands are much higher." There are fair schools in most places where we have small churches. This makes good society. There are now very few excellent reasons for doing as we are doing in this matter. We need more of the pluck and staying qualities of our fathers. We greatly need men who are willing to live for the purpose of building up Sabbath-keeping churches. We need no churches for the purpose of taking care of a man, however good or clever he may be. If he is clever, he can take care of himself. If he can not take care of himself, he can not take care of a church. I am not speaking of the good and useful men who have worn themselves out in the ministry, and in building up churches. I will close now for fear of wandering from my subject.

Your brother in the work of saving men,
E. B. SAUNDERS,
Corresponding Secretary.

Kansas City, Mo.,
Nov. 5, 1913.

The test of friendship is its fidelity when every charm of fortune and environment has been swept away, and the bare, undraped character alone remains; if love still holds steadfast and the joy of companionship still survives in such an hour, the fellowship becomes a beautiful prophecy of immortality.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

"Penitence is a debt that every man owes himself."

Memories of Mt. Macumber, The Beautiful.

It has been said that people living in the shadow of sublime heights become accustomed to the grandeur of the surroundings and are unappreciative of the wealth of beauty Nature has so abundantly given. This may be generally true, but there are always those whose eyes grow dim with the sense of the sublimity of Nature, and who stand spellbound in her presence.

A beautiful day dawns. The sky is blue, the air clear and warm when we start toward the mountain. As we leave the village, and the houses become more and more apart, the true country begins. On either side of the road is a neat wire fence. The farmer at work in his field; the hills rising on either side of the road in this narrow valley, some sections of which are thickly wooded, others entirely cleared; the cattle grazing contentedly; the brook scarcely murmuring,—all these delight us, and prepare us for the fuller, more complete beauty to come.

And now the hills divide. At our left another road branches off by the "little red schoolhouse" and is lost in the tender shade of the wood. Our course is due east. Our horses have begun to feel the steady pull of the incline, and we stop to rest. We have passed the last farmhouse and have just entered the woods. How beautifully the early light filters through the maples and white birch! And now a beam has touched a bed of ferns and each little sturdy leaf speaks its gratitude by living, and thriving to the full in its brief life. As we stop to rest and turn to look back, the peace and quiet of the valley with its velvety green fields impresses us. The shadow of a passing cloud moves quickly across the field below, and our hearts glow as we drink in the quiet beauty.

Delicious blackberries are tempting us to pause by the way. A squirrel runs swiftly along the roadside and disappears in the thick underbrush. Nature is giving us a glimpse of her every-day life. Unconsciously our minds recall these words:

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,

Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication."

The top of the mountain is reached, and we gaze, spellbound, on the scene. Can there be heights more beautiful? Our way lies south, along the ridge, until a mile is traveled, sometimes through thick woods; again our feet press the short, thin grass of the mountain, and we watch eagerly for that "bald spot," the highest point in the whole Taconic Range—Mt. Macumber. Passing through a last section of woods, we see the goal. We are now 2,805 feet above sea-level. To the south, mountains wooded from the base to the very top rise one after another, until distance softens with its hazy veil and earth and sky blend. To the west we see the familiar "Dutch Mountain," where, for years, sturdy German farmers have lived, labored and died.

Look beyond—see that tiny thread that glistens in the valley? Captain Henry Hudson, the English navigator, ascended this river and gave to it his own name. On the east Old Greylock rises, and at our feet lie Williamstown, Blackington, North Adams, and Greylock. Oh, the beauty of it all! It thrills and intoxicates and silences. It envelopes and permeates, and the gladdened heart breathes, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

The hours slip away quickly in this beautiful spot, and the lengthening shadows compel us to turn our faces homeward. Reluctantly we descend. The woods that with the morning were alive with light and life are now hushed into perfect silence. Nature is keeping her Angelus:

"Nature, here
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness in these shades
Of thy perfections."

Thus God, seeking to fill our lives with his own good gifts, gave in love, Nature.

Berlin, N. Y.,
Nov. 3, 1913.

"Benevolence and religion go together. Those who laid the poor cripple at the Beautiful gate of the temple knew where the contributors were. We have passed a good many infidel places, but never saw any evidence of charity inside or out."

Ordination and Baptism in New York.

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN.

Sabbath day, November eighth, was a day of special interest to the members and friends of the New York City Church. For some time we had been looking forward to the ordination of two deacons and the public confession of faith in Christ through baptism of a number of our young people.

Since the death of Dea. Charles C. Chipman, we have had no one to serve us in the capacity of deacon, as Dea. William P. Langworthy has been numbered among our non-resident members for many years. It was therefore needful that we set apart two of our number who should take up the sacred duties of this office. The choice fell upon Edward E. Whitford and Harry W. Prentice, who were duly set apart and consecrated last Sabbath. Doctor Main of Alfred Theological Seminary preached the ordination sermon. This was a splendid setting forth of the organization and offices of the New Testament Church, and of the love and service which it was called upon to render in its own time. From this basis, Doctor Main spoke in glowing terms of the ever enlarging opportunities before the church of today and of the methods by which she can best meet her opportunities. In discussing the attitude of the church of the present day toward the unsaved, and the duty of all churches to unite against entrenched wrong, Doctor Main touched upon some vital questions and opened to us some wonderful possibilities for the uplift of the non-churched masses about us. I hope that this sermon will be published soon in the RECORDER and that all pastors and church workers will carefully read and ponder it.

The consecrating prayer was offered by Prof. William C. Whitford of Alfred Seminary, the brother of Edward E. Whitford, one of the candidates, while ten visiting pastors and deacons of neighboring churches joined in laying on of hands. It was an impressive service and one which will long be remembered.

The Rev. Edwin Shaw, pastor of the Plainfield Church, delivered, in his inimitable way, the charge to the candidates; the Rev. Herbert L. Polan, pastor of the Piscataway Church, gave a most appropriate charge to the church; and Dea.

Thomas H. Tomlinson of the Plainfield Church, in well-chosen and fitting language, welcomed the newly ordained deacons to the deaconship.

Another source of encouragement and blessing to us was the baptismal service which followed the ordination. Those who entered the church through this beautiful ordinance were the Misses Mildred Fitz Randolph, Rachel Richmond, Barbara Maxson, Frances Chipman, and Dorothea Coon. Mrs. Maud B. Osgood was also welcomed to church fellowship by letter. As the candidates were led down into the water, the congregation softly sang appropriate hymns, and the presence of the Holy Spirit made the scene one of rare sacredness and beauty.

After this service, Dr. Edward Judson, pastor of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church of New York City, who had been invited by the New York Church to be present, delivered a most heartfelt and forceful message. It is through the courtesy of Doctor Judson that we are permitted to enjoy the use of this delightful place of worship. The most cordial relations exist between Doctor Judson's people and our own.

Then the newly baptized members assembled in the front of the church, and were given the right hand of fellowship by the pastor and welcomed to the service and blessing of church relationship.

Immediately after this, the communion service was administered by the pastor, assisted by Deacons Whitford and Prentice. It seemed a most fitting close for the feast of good things which the day brought to us. As we sang "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," there came to us, not only a new sense of the joy of Christian fellowship, but a larger vision of the duty and responsibility resting upon all to hasten the coming of God's kingdom in the world.

Nov. 8, 1913.

If we could take away from the world all the ill-health, all the poverty, all the wretchedness, all the cruelty, all the crime which had been brought about by drinking too much wine, beer, or spirits, and the like, how much happier, wealthier and brighter the world would be.—*Sir Michael Foster.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Give Thanks.

Oh, hushed as the silence that follows praise
Is the mystic peace of the autumn haze,
That, soft and mellow, and touched with gold,
Wraps hill and vale in its lustrous fold,
Here and there by the sunshine kissed
To violet, amber and amethyst;
Or blown by the breath of the breeze away
From the meadows shorn and the woodlands
gray.

We've heard the last of wild bird's call,
We've watched the loose leaves flutter and fall;
There are empty-nests on the naked bough,
There's a dream of snow on the mountain's brow;
The summer's work is over and done,
And the brown fields sleep in the waning sun;
Fruit of the harvest is gathered in,
And grain is heaped in both barn and bin.

And up from the homes that are richly blest,
Dowered with abundance and crowned with rest,
And up from hearts that in highest mood,
The lowliest bow in their gratitude,
Anthems arise to the Giver of all,
Whose love beholds if a sparrow fall,
Whose matchless grace on the earth hath smiled,
Like a parent's look on a cradled child.
—Unidentified.

Mrs. Wardner Writes of the Winona Bible Conference.

DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

Your department of the RECORDER has been in my mind ever since I returned from the Winona Bible Conference and I am taking my first opportunity to transmit some of my thoughts to you.

First of all I want to say the joy-song is still ringing in my heart. Over and over I have asked myself what I can do for the Lord to show my appreciation of the great blessings he has bestowed upon me. I was almost afraid to allow my mind to dwell upon the prospect of attending the conference lest the blessing be snatched from me as I was about to receive it. Only those to whom such an occasion is a feast and who have been denied such privileges the greater part of their lives can appreciate my feelings. Some times when listening to the experiences of others more favored than I have been, I have compared myself to a bird beating its wings against the cage in which it is imprisoned, while

listening to the glad notes of its free companions. But God is good: in love he withholds, in love he gives; and in his own good time he granted me the desire of my heart.

I must mention the rare pieces of statuary in the Winona Park. They are the gift of H. Z. Heinz, the 57-varieties pickle man. There is a striking model of Venus; a Japanese priest in copper, the only one of its kind in this country; a stone lion, taken from the walled city of Peking, and a statue of Pythagoras.

My circle of vision was quite limited on account of my inability to walk any considerable distance, nor could I form many acquaintances because the greater part of the time aside from the services I attended had to be spent in the retirement of my room.

I have been thinking that the readers of your department will be especially interested in hearing about some of the ladies who were on the program.

A mass-meeting for women was held in the auditorium one Sabbath afternoon. Mrs. Bessen presided at this meeting with dignity and ability.

The first speaker was Miss Wray, a rescue-mission worker from New York City. She was at home on the platform and was listened to with rapt attention by the large audience. As an illustration of the successful work being done in the rescue missions, she told of the remarkable conversion of two men. I shall repeat the story from memory as I have no notes.

The first was of a man she found in the rear of the room at the conclusion of the services. Not only was the man ragged and filthy, but he had suffered a partial stroke of paralysis which had disfigured his face to such an extent that he was a most loathsome object to look upon. Indeed so great was her revulsion that for a moment she thought she must turn from him; but calling to mind that she stood there as the representative of One who never turned away from even the most repulsive specimens of humanity, she addressed the man in a kindly manner. Upon her invitation he went forward to be prayed for and was accepted by the One who waits with outstretched arms to welcome the repentant prodigal.

With the dawning of the new life in his soul there came also an intense desire to

be of service to his Master. One day when alone in his room the thought came into his mind: Jesus healed my soul, why can he not heal my body? Dropping down upon his knees he asked God for bodily healing that he might give his life to him in service. The prayer was answered. Since then he has married and God has given him a beautiful child, whom he has dedicated to the Lord, and he is doing his life's work as assistant superintendent of a rescue mission.

The story of the second man's conversion is also full of interest. Miss Wray had been speaking one evening and at the close of her remarks she walked down the aisle to see if any one could be found who was anxious to be saved. In the back part of the room was a well-dressed, intelligent-looking man who said to her: There is one person present to-night who can't receive your message. I am that person. There is no salvation for me."

"Oh, yes, there is," she said.

He replied: "Wait until you have heard my story.

"My father died when I was young. I was all my mother had and we were very closely bound together. My mother made many sacrifices in order that she might give to me the advantages of a good education. When I came home from college on my vacations, mother used to come to my room after I had retired, tuck me up in bed and give me my good-night kiss as she had done from my childhood days to the present. On one of these occasions as she bent over me I felt tears on my cheek. In alarm I said, 'Why mother, what is the matter, are you sick.' She replied, 'I'm not sick, I am worried about you. I know you are playing cards for money and are drinking.'

"'Dry your tears, mother,' said I, 'I can stop any time and I will do so if it is a cause of anxiety to you.' I was horrified at the thought of doing anything that would cause my mother sorrow.

"I went back to school and to my amazement and distress found I could not break off those habits. The demon of gambling and strong drink had taken possession of me ere I was aware of it.

"Strange as it may seem, a noble Christian girl married me, but her pleadings have been unavailing. I have two beautiful little girls. Sometimes I hear them

praying for papa and whenever I do I'm filled with rage. I rush out into the night and swear by all that is great and good that I will be a man, but it is of no use. When those fatal spells come over me I am powerless to resist their influence."

Miss Wray said: "He paused for a moment, and to my dying day I shall never forget the expression of his countenance as he said to me, 'And now do you tell me there is any hope for me?' He looked into my eyes as if he would look into my very soul for an answer to his question. For a moment I was staggered and then remembering what a Saviour I represent I said: 'What your mother's tears, your wife's pleadings and your children's prayers can not do for you, Jesus can.' 'Then,' said he, 'If there is any hope I'll try.' He went forward to the altar, knelt at the feet of the crucified One and was every whit made whole."

The second speaker was Mrs. Booth Clibbarn, daughter of General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Clibbarn is not as pleasing a speaker as Miss Wray, but the woman and her wonderful life's work appealed deeply to all hearts.

Mrs. Clibbarn has worked under a great inspiration. When her mother was dying she said to her: "I have no fears, my child, but that you will meet me in heaven, but when you come I want you to bring your sheaves with you." Such mothers are the redemption of the world.

Mrs. Clibbarn has worked a good deal in France and she is sometimes troubled to find the proper English word to express her thought. She is the mother of ten children. She also adopted a little girl who was born in a house of ill fame, taking her before she was old enough to know evil. This child is now a woman presiding over a happy Christian home of her own. In addition to this she has influenced thousands of persons for a better life.

It certainly is a great blessing to come in contact with the lives of such people as Miss Wray and Mrs. Clibbarn. It clothes one with humility and fills him with zeal.

Two years ago Miss Fredrickson said to us, "Life is real in Burma." Miss Mithoff returned home from her work among the Indians with the same words in her mouth. Miss Wray from New York City, Mrs. Clib-

barn from France repeat the same, and I am finding out more and more as the days go by that life is real in our beautiful La Port.

A few days ago a sweet-faced lady, whose voice was tremulous with suppressed emotion, said to me, "Death is such sweet sorrow." Bitter, indeed, are the trials that wring such expressions from hearts that have experienced the sorrows of death.

Beloved sisters, there is but one remedy for sin-sick souls and for bleeding hearts and that remedy is the Christ. Are we awake to the honor God has conferred upon us by appointing us to be lights to those who sit in darkness?

Most earnestly yours,
MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER.

1007 Jackson St., La Port, Ind.,
Nov. 6, 1913.

Rev. F. F. Johnson's Autobiography.

A neat little book of three hundred and fifty pages bound in cloth entitled, "Life and Works of F. F. Johnson, M. D., Stonefort, Ill., has reached the SABBATH RECORDER by mail. It contains a good picture of Doctor Johnson as frontispiece. On the title-page we read this explanation: "Being an autobiography of the author, his life and achievements in the medical profession, and in the pulpit, and his record as assistant army surgeon during the Civil War, contains also valuable information relative to health and diseases of the human body, and many interesting miscellaneous articles taken from various writers and speakers."

The book bears the following inscription: "To my relatives in the state of Illinois, and in the state of Tennessee, Wilson County, where I was born, and also to the old veterans of the Civil War, and to the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination, is this volume affectionately dedicated by the author."

At the end of the volume there are given the names and regiments of sixty veterans of the war who subscribed for the book in advance. The price is \$1.50. The autobiography proper takes about half of the book. Then follow a medical department, and a miscellaneous department of stories and anecdotes. There is a brief genealogy of the Burnett family, of which Doctor Johnson's wife was a member. The

last few pages of the book are blank for a family record.

Doctor Johnson was a convert to the Sabbath in about the year 1870, and for many years has been one of the leaders of our little Stonefort Church in southern Illinois. He is also an ordained minister. We give something of the story of his conversion to the Sabbath in the Sabbath Reform pages of this RECORDER. He is eighty years of age. Any one who enjoys hearing a dear old grandfather tell the story of his boyhood and school life in a frontier county, telling it in his own quaint way, will appreciate Doctor Johnson's life sketch; and those who knew him as physician, as school-teacher, school superintendent, and finally as a preacher, will enjoy his book.

Suggestions.

For State Secretaries of the Lone Sabbath Keepers' Work.

DEAR READERS:

As we are aiming for 400 new RECORDER subscribers and \$10,000 for benevolence, I believe it would be well for each state secretary to get out a card to send to each member on his list, with such questions as these:

1. Of what church are you a member?
2. Do you take the RECORDER? If not, will you subscribe now?
3. As it is desired that we raise \$10,000 among the lone Sabbath-keepers this conference year (or an average of \$10 each) how much will you pledge for this purpose to be paid before July 1, 1914? State for what causes you wish it to go. (This can be sent direct by the donor, to the person or cause for which it is subscribed).
4. What suggestions have you to make as to the best way to advance the interests of our cause, personally or denominationally, in your locality or in the State?

During the year the secretaries will need to be revising their lists by dropping out such as they find are really within the borders or reach of some one of our churches, and adding any others that they may find belonging to the isolated list. Probably a new list should be printed before another Conference. Each secretary should supply the General Secretary with his reports, so that a complete general summary may be kept.

Ladies' societies, or local churches may be

enlisted with profit in the effort to secure subscribers for the RECORDER.

In reference to our state secretaries, I wonder how many know they have been appointed. I wonder how many really read their RECORDERS. The reason I write this is because I have not heard from one fifth of those appointed, and whom I asked to drop me a card accepting (or refusing) the appointment. Did you know that you were on the list? You can find out, by turning to your RECORDER of October 27, page 541.

If these do not all look, can not some of their friends tell them that their names are there? If there are any of these who can not possibly act, we desire to know it quickly so that some one else may take the place.

In addition to these suggestions each secretary may discover work fitted to his field, such as occasional meetings, joining the nearest church, securing members for the home department of some of our Sabbath schools, etc. An occasional letter of special interests and happenings, for the RECORDER would be appreciated.

Time is passing, and the work is really great. We are anxious that the workers get buckled down to the business in hand and redeem the times.

Yours in and for His service,
G. M. COTTRELL.

General Field Secretary.

Topeka, Kan.,
Nov. 15, 1913.

Free Christian Training for Mission Work.

Rev. W. W. Ketchum, for several years a member of the faculty of the Bible Teachers Training School, New York, has become associated with the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago as director of the practical work. This means not merely instruction in the class-room, but the oversight of the actual work of the students in churches, Bible schools, missions, settlements, tents, gospel wagons and in the homes of the people, native and foreign born. Mr. Ketchum is an expert in several of these lines and he will now have an average of eight hundred students of both sexes who will pass through his hands annually in preparation for their life-work at home and abroad. This instruction, in

common with all the training of the Moody Bible Institute, is offered free to Christian men and women of every denomination and every nation.

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting in yourself.—F. W. Faber.



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YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

The Relation of the Young People to the Church.

HANNAH AMELIA STILLMAN.

Paper read at Young People's Hour, Eastern Association.

It is said that the way any subject is handled depends almost entirely on the point of view of the writer. If a pastor, a deacon, or a teacher were given this subject, he would probably devote almost all of his time to the attitude of the church toward the young people. A young person naturally thinks of his own attitude toward the church. Of course, I shall discuss this from a young person's point of view.

First of all, young people, let us consider it our duty to attend all the services of the church whenever possible. It is our duty to ourselves if we wish to grow spiritually. You may say that we will accomplish that by Bible study and prayer. We may to a certain extent, but we can not grow into the broad-minded Christians that we all want to be, unless we talk with others, and get their ideas. Then let us come to the prayer meeting, and hear the experience and thoughts of others, and let us also tell others of our thoughts. Let us come to the Sabbath morning service and listen carefully to the sermon. Did you ever go to a play or a lecture, and think wearily as you were leaving the building, "What is the use in all this? What good has it done me? I have brought nothing away with me worth remembering?" If you listen, you will never leave the church with that feeling (not this church, at least). It may be that there has been some question in your mind which something in that sermon will help you to settle. It may be that months after you have listened to a sermon, when you think you have forgotten all about it, something will happen that will recall it to your mind, and you will feel glad then that you have heard it. The Sabbath school is the place for Bible study. Let us by all means attend the Sabbath school; and the Christian

Endeavor too, for that is our own society.

It is our duty to the church to attend its services, especially if we are church members. We may think that we do not count; that no one will know or care whether we are there or not. Nine cases out of ten this is not the case; but whether it is or not, does that prevent us from doing our duty to ourselves? Does that release us from our obligations to our church? Let us come to church in the spirit of worship. Let us take part in the service by reading the psalm, repeating the prayer, and singing the hymns, and always keep in mind that we are gathered together to worship God, and not for the express purpose of chatting with our friends.

In many churches the young people are spoken of as "a problem," and one constantly hears: "We must do this to interest the young people, and we must do that to keep their interest." I am sure we do not intend to be a care to the workers of the church. We wish, rather, to lighten the burdens which rest on them. Of course, we will do what we can financially, but that is not the most important thing for us just now. It may be that we shall be asked to substitute as teacher in the primary department. It may be that we shall be called upon to assist in furthering the social activities of the church. If we are called upon to help in any branch of the church it is not drudgery, but a privilege. Let us look at it as such and not begin to look about for a reasonable excuse for refusing to do something the minute we are asked to do it.

Briefly, these are our duties to the church, and to ourselves:—to attend the services of the church, to take part in these services, and to help and support the church in any way we can.

The Christian's Rewards.

REV. HENRY N. JORDAN.

Christian Endeavor Topic for December 6, 1913.

Sunday—Serenity (Isa. xxvi, 3).
Monday—Safety (Ps. xci, 1-16).
Tuesday—Christ's friendship (John xv, 10-17).
Wednesday—Crown of life (James i, 12-20).
Thursday—Fruit of toil (1 Thess. ii, 17-20).
Friday—Secret delights (Rev. ii, 17).
Sabbath day—Topic: The ideal Christian. XII. His rewards (Ps. i, 1-6). (Consecration meeting.)

LESSON NOTES.

v. 1. "Happy is the man." The ideal Christian finds occasion for delight in abstinence where the worldly man seeks pleasure in indulgence.

v. 1 "Walketh . . . standeth . . . sitteth." I once heard a man say that these actions represented stages of a downward course to one who followed them.

"Walketh not." The course of evil persons has no influence over desires, choices, or resultant actions of him who "walketh not."

"Standeth not." There is a way that must be shunned. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and walk not in the way of evil men."

"Sitteth not." To linger with scoffers might justly be interpreted as sanctioning their opinions and as encouraging their blasphemous schemes. The Christian must not place himself in a position where his name, character, influence will be compromised.

"Goodness will avoid the slightest conformity with evil, as knowing that if the hem of the dress or the tips of the hair be caught in the cruel wheels the whole body will be drawn in."

v. 2. "God's law," the full expression of his nature and truth, furnishes healthful, adequate, nourishing, delightful food for mind and soul. Constant meditation on his word opens the way to enlarging visions of God, goodness, joy, service.

v. 3. "Like a tree." The one who is in the way of righteousness is certainly placed amidst the most desirable and wholesome surroundings. Seasonable fruitfulness, perennial vigor, and abounding prosperity are assured by his being rooted and grounded in God. The relation is close between God and the Christian. "I am the vine, ye are the branches."

v. 4. The wicked resemble the rootless, fruitless, soon-to-perish plant. There is no substance in them. There is no permanency in their endurance, no reason for their existence; for their life is as chaff, of no value to God or man.

v. 6. "The path of the just is as the dawning light, which groweth more and more unto the full day."

It is perfectly right for the Christian to look forward to and to receive rewards. Only the reward should not be striven after

for its sake alone. The highest motive back of the effort should be, "This is for Christ." The recompense should represent to the recipient a commendation of his interest and joy in service, a testimonial of his faithfulness to principle and duty.

The one reward of supreme desire, of unsurpassed value, is Christ. With Paul we ought to be so filled with the spirit of our work that we say, "That I may gain Christ."

But there are other gifts offered as inducements which make service for Christ inviting and pleasurable. While Jesus remains the chief incentive, these other rewards are legitimate; they nerve the workers on to greater exertions and faithfulness. "We get our pay as we go along."

It is not that the task has been well done, the service painstakingly rendered, that alone counts. In it all, and above all, is the attitude of the Christian to his duty, the motive that prompts him to discharge his duty. Also the reward will be conditioned on his—

1. Faithfulness. Persistent application of one's attention to the trust reposed in him is sure of high commendation. Whether the end to be gained carries with it an earthly or heavenly reward, the faithful performance of duty is the same. The ability may be less than another possesses, but don't worry about that; it is faithful devotedness to the Master's interests that brings the blessing. "Be thou faithful (even) unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

2. Diligence. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The slothful, the careless, the inefficient are not rewarded with a prize. They deserve not to be. To reward them would be putting a premium on laziness and slovenliness. Earnest, thoughtful, well-applied efforts always win approval. Those who mock our application to duty now will applaud us later on.

3. Loyalty. That is, being so devoted to the Master's cause that we regard the task the same as our own and put our heart and soul into the work to secure the greatest returns. One with such a spirit is always rewarded. He has qualities that make him indispensable to his Lord.

It is a wise considerate Master who distributes the rewards for efficiency throughout the service. The act is an evidence of

an appreciative Lord and serves to encourage the laborer. The gifts are no trifles, neither do they possess temporary value. Some of these rewards for consecrated service are—

1. Increased ability for service. We sometimes hear of the "multiplied man." It is he who has used his opportunities, his faculties, his means so prudently and constantly that his powers for *doing* and being are infinitely increased. "God gives larger opportunities, fuller measures of the Spirit, more important work to those who have increased their ability to use them." "Add common sense to genius, and the man is multiplied many fold. Add to these consecration, zeal, love and grace, and you multiply him manyfold more."

2. Larger fields in which to serve. This is a reward worthy of supreme effort and involves opportunities for the employment of larger abilities. This is a joy to the faithful servant, for hath not the Master given him signal recognition? "Faithfulness in the smaller sphere ever leads to a larger sphere, to new activities, to grander opportunities, to more splendid achievements."

3. Joy in service. A recompense that produces great satisfaction. He whose soul is in his task finds genuine delight in the well-wrought product of his toil and skill. The industrious farmer finds keen enjoyment as he looks over the abundant harvest. The machinist is pleased with the closely fitting, smoothly working piece of machinery. The student finds joy in the truths which are unlocked to him because of the close application of his thought to his subject. The Christian worker feels the secret joy that comes from a trust well served, a duty well done. This joy is permanent.

4. Warm commendation of the Father. "Well done" is the welcoming word with which the Lord shall greet the faithful. I know of no welcome more pleasing, more gracious, than this word from the Christ. "The approval of God is the chief reward of the Christian, for it carries with it eternal joy and peace in heaven."

5. Victorious crown. Men labor for earthly commendation, the applause of people, for a name, for places of preferment and for gain. These are their earthly crowns. "Now they did it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

It is God's loving tribute to the fact, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

The Christian's rewards are greatly to be desired, for there is the certainty of their bestowal. God hath promised and he can not deny himself. They yield complete satisfaction. They are substantial in every way. They are adequate. They are God's expressions of love to the faithful.

"And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

"The deeds which selfish hearts approve
And fame's loud trumpet sings
Secure no praise where truth and love
Are counted noblest things;
And work which godless folly deems
Worthless, obscure, and lowly,
To Heaven's ennobling vision seems
Most godlike, grand and holy.

"Then murmur not if toil obscure
And thorny paths be thine;
To God be true—they shall secure
The joy of life divine
Who in the darkest, sternest sphere
For him their powers employ;
The toils contemned and slighted here
Shall yield the purest joy."

The Quiet Hour.

COURTLAND V. DAVIS.

Paper read at Young People's Hour, South-eastern Association.

The Quiet Hour is a time set apart each day for direct personal communication with God. It is expected that part of this period will be spent in reading *with meditation* devotional passages of the Bible, part perhaps in reading some devotional book; part in petition for special blessing. However the disposal of this time, each one must decide for himself, but some part of the time should be spent in sitting quietly before God, realizing his presence, opening the soul to him, listening to his voice.

"But," I hear, "is there not danger that the practise of this idea will cultivate a morbid introspectiveness, or separate life into sacred and secular periods?" I can not think so. For me at least it has made *all* of life more wholesome and better worth living, and has brought the presence of God into every daily task.

The Quiet Hour does not mean a literal hour of sixty minutes, but, in the language of the pledge, "at least fifteen minutes," preferably a half-hour, at any rate, enough time genuinely to realize the presence of God and quietly to talk with him. No definite time in the day has been set aside for the Quiet Hour, though the first hour after rising is preferred by many, and is in fact the only time of which busy men and women can be sure. It will mean fifteen minutes less sleep to many but ten times fifteen minutes refreshment and physical, mental, and spiritual tonic.

You should be a Quiet Hour comrade because your soul needs it; because your work demands it. The heavier your work the more you need it, because otherwise it is only too likely that God will be crowded out of your busy life; because Christ's example commends it; because one should take time to talk with God as well as for business, school, or pleasure; because we must listen to God before we can do his will; because it will give a new meaning to prayer, and make of the Bible a new book to us; because it will bring joy and sweetness and power for service into our lives, and make them infinitely fuller and richer.

OUR COVENANT.

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I will make it the rule of my life to set apart at least fifteen minutes every day, if possible in the early morning, for quiet meditation and direct communion with God."

Treasurer's Report.

From August 15 to November 16, 1913.

L. H. STRINGER, Treasurer,
In account with
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD.

Dr.	
August 15, 1913, balance on hand	\$149 86
Riverside C. E.	9 00
Battle Creek C. E.	3 00
Second Alfred C. E.	5 00
Walworth C. E.	10 00
Sale of topics	75
Western Association	5 93
Riverside C. E.	1 00
Eastern Association	10 41
Salem C. E.	10 00
Farina C. E.	5 00
Gentry C. E.	2 20
North Loup C. E.	20 00
	\$232 15

Cr.	
Rev. Wm. L. Burdick	\$ 61 45
Dr. Palmborg's salary	25 00
Fouke School	10 00
Postage	3 00
F. I. Babcock	60 00

Davis Printing Co.	4 95
Dr. Palmborg's salary	25 00
Dr. Palmborg's salary	25 00
	\$214 40
Balance on hand November 16, 1913	17 75
	\$232 15

"The church that delights only in addition is very liable to find itself floundering in subtraction at no remote date."

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.

Idle Thoughts of a College President.*A Suggestion to Alumni.*

The paper tonight tells about the success of Senator John Duncan. He has carried his reform bill through Congress and is famous. I questioned whether he was our Jack Duncan until the article said he had been graduated from Mountain College. He is now a great statesman and orator. I wonder if he remembers the stammer of his speech when he first came to us; if he ever thinks of the day I told him of the thrilling quality of his voice; of the times in the chapel hall when I heard him recite and tried to teach him the principles of oratory. I then discovered his power; and in those hours together, it was my purpose to give him judgment and conscience to use that power for men. Of course he could not wholly forget me, but he has never written a line to say that the old college did anything for him. But he is a very busy man and to write to me would not have helped his cause at all. I am glad he used his time to make himself powerful. I am glad he did not take time to write to me. I think I am glad.

And last week we heard of little Tommy, now Thomas Baker, the millionaire. Mountain College started him in the study of natural sciences; and when he left us I found him a place as chemist in the iron mill. He owns it now. Last year I wrote to him to tell how much we needed a science building. I suppose he was saving then to buy the mill, for he was unable to help. I thought it was a secretary who wrote the letter until I saw it was Tommy's signature just as he used to write it. To be certain I found the old card he signed upon entering Mountain College, and it was the same writing except a little bolder.

Well, they are my boys; I must claim them. And there are Wilson, who bids fair to become a bishop in his church; and Henry Adams, "Red," the boys called him, who is the physician that saved the President's life. I think he would have gone back to the farm but for the talk we had one day in my office. And Brown and Reed and Watson—yes, I call them all up in my mind. But I can not think of them as men growing gray, with families and wealth. Brown is touring Europe with his family, and I once loaned him money to buy shoes.

It is enough to make me proud. It does thrill me, for they are my boys. How glad I am I came to Mountain College instead of continuing in the law. I think I am glad. Probably I would have lived in a big house and maybe would have been in Congress. I am sure that wife and children would not have worked so hard. But we are getting on and the children will have an education, even if wife and I must wear cheap clothes a long time.

"Yes, I am glad I came here, for Duncan and Adams and Baker and all the boys are my boys. I taught them and fathered them and maybe helped them. I know I loved them.

But I wish they had not forgotten me.
—*The Christian Advocate.*

Song of Thanksgiving.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

With songs of glad thanksgiving,
O Lord, today we come
To bless thee for thy bounty
And for the harvest home.

We praise thee for the springtime,
The beauty of its flowers,
The songs of birds that nested
In quiet woodland bowers.

We bless thee for the summer,
Its promise rich and rare,
Its broad fields clothed with verdure
And sunshine everywhere.

We bless thee for the autumn
With gifts that never fail;
The vineyard on the mountain,
The fruitage of the vale.

We praise thee for the winter
With days of rest and peace,
When labors in the vineyard
And fields of harvest cease.

But most we love to praise thee
For tender watchful care
And for a heart that heareth
Thy children's praise and prayer.

Denominational News.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Shaw will leave the coming week to spend the winter with their son, Rev. Edwin Shaw, at Plainfield, N. J., and their daughter, Mrs. Herbert Polan, at Dunellen, N. J.—Pastor and Mrs. C. S. Sayre were the recipients of a surprise "donation shower" Sunday evening; they received a generous amount of provisions and a sum of money.—*Milton Journal-Telephone.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE**Five Little Brothers.**

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day,
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do you say?"

And the wee one began to pout,
"Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped—
When somebody found the carriage of leather,
Oh, my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoes, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Queen Who Came to the Farm.

Paul and Pearl were spending the first week of vacation at Uncle John's farm in Topsfield. Uncle John was always jolly; and when he was not too busy with his farm work, he was glad to entertain his little guests with stories and games. He had a funny way of telling stories about real things in such a way that it sounded very wonderful and almost impossible, and yet it would be really true.

One evening, as they were sitting on the piazza after supper, Pearl asked Uncle John for another "truly story."

"Would you like me to tell you about a queen who once came from a far country to live in our own little village of Topsfield?" asked Uncle John.

"Oh, yes, uncle," said Pearl, very much surprised. Then, seeing a twinkle in her uncle's eye, she asked, "Do you mean a really, truly queen, uncle?"

"She is really a queen," answered Uncle John. "She has a great many loyal subjects who would fight hard to save her from any danger. She came from Italy, from a country where there are beautiful flowers and olive trees and long, sunny days with no clouds to darken the blue sky. This

queen may have been something like the fairy queens in old stories, because she never did the least bit of work or waited on herself at all. She always had attendants to bring her food. In fact, if there were plenty of food, of the kind she liked best, on a table near her, and she were left all alone, she would starve to death before she would go and get the food for herself. She simply must have it brought to her by others in the way she is used to.

"When this little Italian queen was about to cross the ocean to come to my farm last summer," Paul and Pearl both sat up very straight in surprise at this, "she traveled in a special compartment with a store of food and two of her countrymen to serve her on the journey. The little queen—she was so small you could put her in an English walnut shell—had some gauzy wings, almost like fairy wings, and she had three golden bands about her body, so that she did not look like the common queen bees we have here."

"Oh!" Paul tumbled off the edge of the piazza as he shouted, "Queen Bee! Queen Bee! She was only a bee."

"Yes," said Uncle John, "but she was a very wonderful little queen just the same. When she came, I put her gently in a hive with some common wild black bees I had found in the woods here, and, as I had taken away their own queen, they soon learned to like the little Italian queen, and they went to work to take care of the hive and make honey for her. And she had a great many children, oh, ever so many; and some of her babies turned into worker bees who made lots of honey, and some were lazy bees, drones, we call them, who never make any honey at all. And she had two or three babies who were better cared for than the other babies, and were fed on richer food, and they grew up to be queen bees, too.

"To-morrow we will look at the bees again, and I will show you one hive where all the bees are children of the little Italian queen mother who came across the great ocean last summer with her two worker bees shut up in a little box to feed her on the way. And perhaps tomorrow your Aunt Myra will give us some of the bees' honey to eat with our hot biscuits."—*Ida Kenniston, in Every-Other Sunday.*

The Story Teller.

Away up in the cold north, in the town of Odense on the island of Funnen, was born a little boy. Now it happened that his papa was very poor and could not buy him nice things to eat—often indeed his little son went hungry to bed.

In that country one had to pay to go to school, so Hans—for that was the boy's name—sang in the choir to earn money to pay for lessons; so he worked—singing when he could, and studying. He tried to sell stories he had written, but no one would buy them.

At last he met some kind friends who sent him to school. During all these years Hans would spend his money for books rather than candy or clothes. Thus he studied and worked till he grew up. By this time he had learned to write such lovely stories and fairy tales that everybody in his country and even England and America liked to read them. He was treated as a great man and honored by his townspeople.

I doubt not you've often read the stories he has written, for his whole name was Hans Christian Anderson.—*Unidentified.*

Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

Quarterly Meeting of the Executive Board.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Wm. C. Whitford.

Members present: W. C. Whitford, A. E. Main, B. C. Davis, A. B. Kenyon, Wm. L. Burdick, P. E. Titsworth, C. R. Clawson, J. N. Norwood, E. P. Saunders, Curtis F. Randolph, Waldo A. Titsworth and Frank L. Greene.

Prayer was offered by B. C. Davis. Curtis F. Randolph and Waldo A. Titsworth were chosen Auditors for the current year.

The Treasurer presented the following quarterly report, which was adopted:

Treasurer's Report.

First Quarter, 59th Year—August 1, 1913, to November 1, 1913.

I.—REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE.

<i>Dr.</i>	
Balances, August 1, 1913:	
Alfred University	\$387 85
Alfred Theological Seminary ..	687 77
Alfred Univ., Natural Hist.	
Department ..	10 26

Young Men Preparing for Ministry ..	5 13	
Salem College ..	3 42	
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund ..	4 62	
		\$1,099 05
<i>Interest:</i>		
<i>Mortgages:</i>		
W. C. Belcher Land Mtg. Co.	\$ 42 00	
A. J. Clark	30 00	
Jay Van Horn	150 00	
		222 00
<i>Bonds:</i>		
Denver & Rio Grand Ry. ..	50 00	
Imperial Japanese ..	87 66	
		137 66
<i>Loan Association Stock:</i>		
Alfred Mutual Loan Ass'n ..	52 00	
		52 00
<i>Theological Endowment Notes:</i>		
Mr. and Mrs. George N. Burdick	\$ 20 00	
S. G. Crandall	5 00	
S. P. Hemphill	5 00	
Ellen A. Williams ..	1 25	
C. J. York	5 00	
		36 25
<i>Contributions for Theological Seminary:</i>		
<i>From Churches:</i>		
Milton Junction, Wis. \$	2 80	
Plainfield, N. J.	22 91	
Salem, W. Va.	20 65	
		\$ 46 36
<i>From Conference and Associations:</i>		
Conference ..	\$ 56 91	
Western Association	6 53	
Northwestern Association ..	15 00	
Eastern Association ..	20 94	
		99 38
<i>From Individuals:</i>		
Mrs. Maude Osgood, Brentwood, L. I. ..	1 00	
		1 00
		146 74
		\$1,693 70
<i>Cr.</i>		
Alfred University	\$ 387 85	
Alfred Theological Seminary ..	687 77	
Alfred University, Natural History Department ..	10 26	
Salem College ..	3 42	
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund ..	4 62	
Recording fee, mortgage transfer	90	
Salary of Treasurer, Aug. 1, 1913, to Nov. 1, 1913	25 00	
<i>Balances on hand, Nov. 1, 1913:</i>		
Alfred University	\$206 60	
Alfred Theological Seminary ..	355 67	
Alfred University, Natural History Fund	1 88	
Young Men Preparing for Ministry ..	6 07	
Salem College ..	1 88	

Twentieth Century Endowment Fund ..	84	
Special Betterment Fund, Alfred University ..	94	
		573 88
		\$1,693 70

II.—PRINCIPAL.

<i>Dr.</i>		
Balance, August 1, 1913	\$1,375 74	
Loan Association Stock Matured	400 00	
General Fund	5 00	
Overdraft ..	275 26	
		\$2,056 00

Cr.

Sun Publishing Association Mortgage ..	\$2,000 00	
Loan Association Stock:		
Interest transferred to Rev. and Expenditure acct.	50 00	
Dues on 3 shares, Sept. and October ..	6 00	
		\$2,056 00

III.—A. CONDITION OF FUNDS.

General Fund	\$ 105 00	
Alfred University	23,373 64	
Alfred Theological Seminary	22,570 79	
Alfred Univ., Natural History Dep't ..	200 00	
Young Men Preparing for Ministry ..	100 00	
Salem College ..	200 00	
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund ..	90 00	
Special Betterment Fund for Alfred University ..	100 00	
Overdraft ..	275 26	
		\$47,014 69

B. HOW INVESTED.

Bonds ..	\$ 7,052 35	
Mortgages ..	35,100 00	
Loan Association Stock ..	446 00	
Theological Endowment Notes ..	2,815 00	
Real Estate Contract ..	1,600 00	
Washington Trust Company ..	1 34	
		\$47,014 69

Respectfully submitted,
PAUL E. TITSWORTH,
Treasurer.

Alfred, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1913.

Examined, compared with vouchers, and found correct.

CURTIS F. RANDOLPH,
Auditor.

Nov. 16, 1913.

The Treasurer was authorized to borrow sufficient to meet the overdraft in the Principal Account.

The Treasurer was instructed to pay over to Alfred University, Alfred Theological Seminary, Alfred University Natural History Fund, and to Salem College the items of income due them as shown in his report.

The Treasurer reported two cases of arrearage in interest, and these were referred to the President and Treasurer with power.

The following report introduced by A. E. Main was received and placed on file:

This Society and the Seminary were represented, this year, at the Northwestern Association by Mr. Wm. M. Simpson, a student in the Seminary, and an associational delegate; at the Western Association by President Davis and the Corresponding Secretary; at the Eastern Association by the Secretary; at the Southeastern, by President C. B. Clark and the Secretary; and at the Southwestern, by Rev. H. C. Van Horn, an associational delegate.

On motion of A. E. Main it was voted: That Professor Whitford, President of this Society, Professor Titsworth, Treasurer, and Presidents Davis, Deland, and Clark, be a committee to suggest to the Committee on Denominational Activities through its chairman, Dean A. E. Main, not later than June 1, 1914, such educational questions as, in their judgment, should be considered at our next General Conference in connection with the annual report of this Society.

Voted that W. C. Whitford, A. E. Main and P. E. Titsworth be reappointed Twentieth Century Endowment Fund Committee for the current year.

Minutes read and approved.

WM. C. WHITFORD,
President.
FRANK L. GREEN,
Recording Secretary.

*Alfred, N. Y.,
Nov. 16, 1913.*

Cardinal Gibbons is out for church union. He recently said: "The reunion of the scattered branches of Christendom is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and I would gladly sacrifice the remaining years of my life in lending a helping hand toward this blessed result." Could anything be finer than that? But read a bit further: "The first essential requirement is the recognition of the Sovereign Pontiff as the successor of St. Peter, the divinely appointed head of Christendom." Many thanks, Cardinal, for your kind invitation, but you may count us out!—*Watchman-Examiner.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE,
Contributing Editor.

LESSON X.—DEC. 6, 1913.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

Lesson Text.—Josh. v, 10—vi, 27.

Golden Text.—“All things are possible to him that believeth.” Mark ix, 23.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 2 Kings ii, 1-22.

Second-day, Mark x, 35-52.

Third-day, Luke x, 25-37.

Fourth-day, Luke xix, 1-10.

Fifth-day, Josh. v, 1-15.

Sixth-day, Josh. vi, 1-14.

Sabbath day, Josh. vi, 15-27.

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

Worship in the Sabbath School.

The Sabbath school is commonly regarded as a place of instruction rather than as a place of worship. This impression is brought home to one after visiting many schools, for one must usually search far before finding a school or a superintendent that makes a conscious effort to train the boys and girls in habits of worship. And yet quite as important as instruction in the facts and truths of the Bible is the influencing of young and old to thoughts and habits of worship. The Protestant churches in their reaction against the formalism of the Roman Church have neglected too much the helpful influences of worship. Far too many church services are barren of those elements of gratitude, good will, loyalty, faith, meditation and reverence which enter into the thought of worship. What is true of the church service is more fully true of the Sabbath school. How many of the superintendents and Sabbath-school workers who read these lines think of the opening services of the Sabbath school as more than a pleasing introduction to the lesson-study hour, the closing services as more than an easy transition from the lesson to the scramble for hats and coats? Do you superintendents study the effect of the hymns and the Scripture reading and responsive reading upon the devotional attitude of the school? Many an unruly and

restless class of boys get their cue from the attitude of the leader and the content of the opening services. The character of the music and the manner of the superintendent and leader and teachers determine in no small measure the conduct of the whole school. This atmosphere of the school nurtures the feelings and these in turn touch the springs of life. No leader in religious education can afford to neglect directing attention to the worship elements in the Sabbath-school hour.

The International Sunday School Convention.

It is not too early for our Sabbath-school workers to be planning to attend the International Sunday School Convention which is to meet in Chicago, June 23-30, 1914. The preliminary announcements give promise of a most inspiring and helpful convention. It is probable that twenty-five hundred regular delegates from the states and provinces of North America will be present. Talk up “Chicago-1914.” If we take the Chicago convention motto many of us may be there: “Where ‘We Will’ there’s a Way.”

More Sabbath School Books.

I. ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT.

After the Primary, What? McKinney.
Beckoning from Little Hands, DuBois.
The Natural Way, DuBois.
The Unfolding Life, Lamoreaux.
Primary Problems, Principles and Methods, Williams.
Practical Primary Plans, Black.
The Training of Children in Religion, Hodges.

II. TEACHER TRAINING.

Talks with the Training Class, Slattery.
Teachers and Training, Trumbull.
The Making of a Teacher, Brumbaugh.
The Seven Laws of Teaching, Gregory.
The Teaching of Bible Classes, See.
Education in Religion and Morals, Coe.
The Pedagogical Bible School, Haslett.
Any of these may be had by addressing, The Circulating Library of Alfred Theological Seminary, Alfred, N. Y.

Little Helen had been very noisy all day long. Her papa asked her to stand in the corner to punish her

After crying a while she very indignantly said, “I do wish papa had never married in this family.”

HOME NEWS

LOST CREEK, W. VA.—This crooked little tributary of the Monongahela River would have gone dry this season except for a few springs along the hillsides and a few showers. Yes, how true that must be. It is also true that our brick church would have been all quiet last Sabbath except for the very few that did go, not fearing a little rain. All the rest lost the opportunity of a good meeting. Of course people should keep dry, especially on Sabbath. The people do many things for the benefit and encouragement of their pastors, but not enough for themselves in Christian growth, and this fact of weak personal responsibility must give to any pastor some degree of heaviness of heart. Note this as a general statement. Lost Creek people are very much like other people as a group.

Last Sunday we had nearly a two-foot fall of snow. It was exceptional for this region. It took the new trolley, which has been doing good business for about three months, quite unprepared for such a snow. They had nothing attached to clear the rails. The snow under the wheels hindered the electric effect. The service ceased for nearly two days. It is also true that a little coldness between church members will cut off the divine power of the Gospel and prevent their pulling together for the great cause of the church.

This has been a season of some new enterprises. You who have a good bunch of money might come and buy or build. Some good new homes have been built.

There was quite a hope for a while that we should start a township high school here, but a rival village included in our district or township went strong against it; then we had twelve votes against it at home here. We lost by only eight votes. See how a few selfish or blinded voters can block progress. There is something very cheap about a man that will vote against the high school for a township with so good a financial backing as we have here. But then not all cheap men or obtuse minds have left Lost Creek yet. We hope to get the school before long by some favorable change in the geography of our school district.

The Methodists have called in another

minister for four of the circuit of eight churches which one man served formerly, so that there is preaching service twice a month now.

One of the pleasantest events of the season was the concert in the village church by our ladies' quartet, that served at Conference. It was appreciated, for the response in the free offering was liberal. We told them we needed twenty dollars and the throw-in counted twenty-eight dollars, and our friends here and at Salem put in a few dollars more. The ladies of the quartet told us it was the largest free offering they had received in their travels, and it was on a Sunday night when, in the new Methodist church, the ladies were not free to excite laughter. There was no cheering, but the people put in their evidence of knowing good music by the liberal offering. We were certainly thankful that the quartet came our way. The Methodist people very kindly gave us the use of their church. They expect to build a new parsonage soon for the new minister. The parsonage for the circuit of the eight churches is two miles up the creek. There is a fine site for one here on their church lot.

Our village has Farmers' Institute annually. Our own church people took part in the music and gave some recitations to vary the program. Two men and a woman came along for a two-days' program. One man talks soil. The other man talks live stock, and the woman talks “Home Arts.” This one said we may drink all we wish at meal time. She meant of course, that you must wish the right drink and not make to much food swim down your neck in the drink.

Now there is enough left to fill a book that I must not stop to write lest the “copy” will exceed any space that may be allowed me. We have much for which we should be very thankful. We read the RECORDER and some other good papers every week. We saw a man at Conference who had so many wheels in his head that he had contrived himself a home-made auto that would run away. Then he bought another on which his imagination has been speeding. But I must close.

M. G. S.

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.—Early in October I sent an article to the RECORDER stating that we had just instituted a series of cottage prayer meetings. The plan was to

hold two meetings each Friday night in different parts of the village under the direction of the pastor and myself. We hoped by this method to help awaken an interest in spiritual things that would prepare the way for a general revival work this winter. Those meetings have been held each week with growing interest and increased attendance. I soon felt the importance of going out into the country for such a meeting one evening in the week, that the influence of the work might be extended. I went to the Green-settlement neighborhood and started a meeting there. After two meetings held it was decided to have the meetings in the schoolhouse as a more central place and with the hope of interesting the larger number. A good spirit is here manifest and the question of having three meetings in the schoolhouse each week instead of one is being considered. The church appointments are well attended and surely there seems to be a revival spirit manifest. Definite arrangements have not been made as yet for holding a series of meetings. Several of the youths are asking after the way of life and are planning for baptism. We are seeking to follow the lead of the Spirit and feel assured that the revival will come.

The Ladies' Aid begin this week their mission study for the year. They are to study mission work in South America. We have a very interesting Study Club in the community which is studying South America and Mexico this year. Besides this we have a very good lecture course for the season that is bringing to us some good things. These aside from the work of the churches are the helpful entertainments we are having.

E. A. W.

Nov. 16, 1913.

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to her brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting, "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted, "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sidewise, and in a very surprised tone gravely asked, "Two of 'em?"

MARRIAGES

McCLURE-BABCOCK.—In the Seventh Day Baptist church of Nortonville, at the conclusion of the preaching service on Sabbath day, September 27, 1913, by Pastor M. B. Kelly, assisted by Rev. E. D. Van Horn, Mr. Thos. E. McClure of Kingman, Kan., and Miss Ruth Babcock of Nortonville, Kan.

CROUCH-LANGWORTHY.—At the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Crouch of Nortonville, Kan., on November 12, 1913, by Pastor M. B. Kelly, Mr. Ansel B. Crouch Jr. and Miss Jessie B. Langworthy, both of Nortonville, Kan.

DEATHS

COON.—Morell Coon was born in West Edmeston, N. Y., August 3, 1834, and died at his home in Leonardsville, N. Y., November 8, 1913, aged 79 years, 4 months and 5 days.

While attending DeRuyter Institute in the winter of 1855, he made a profession and was baptized by Eld. Joshua Clarke, who was assisting Pastor James R. Irish in revival meetings at that time. On his return home, he united with the West Edmeston Church, in which fellowship he lived a faithful and consistent member until called to the church triumphant.

In February, 1862, he was married to Miss Emmar R. Burdick of DeRuyter. To them were born two children: Dea. A. M. Coon and Eda R. Coon of Leonardsville. He also leaves two grandsons, one a senior and the other a freshman in Alfred University.

For twenty-six years after their marriage, they lived on the old farm south of West Edmeston, until in 1888 he came to Leonardsville where he has since made his home.

The company of neighbors and friends gathering to pay their last respects, as well as the many testimonies of individuals, all attest to his worth as a Christian neighbor and gentleman. He will not only be missed by his family and his church, but he will be missed in reform circles, for he was not only an anti-slavery man but an anti-liquor man as well, and his voice and work were for the betterment and uplift of humanity.

We feel that we can truly say of him, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." J. T. D.

WATTS.—At the home of his son, H. A. Watts, in North Loup, Neb., on November 9, 1913, Frank Watts, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Frank Watts was the son of John and Sally Collins Watts, and was born in Trumbull County, Ohio, on November 7, 1835. He was the ninth in a family of eleven children. One sister survives him.

In early life he was a great traveler, especially upon the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri rivers. In 1858, while living at Onarga, Ill., and en-

gaged in the shoe and harness business, he was married to Mary Louise Maxson. Mrs. Watts would be best known to readers of the RECORDER as a sister of the late Rev. Darwin E. Maxson. In 1873 this family located in Valley Co., Nebraska. The homestead was one mile west of that of Eld. Oscar Babcock, where the village of North Loup now stands. Mrs. Watts died in 1909. Since the death of his wife Mr. Watts has made his home with one of his sons, of whom there are three: H. Arthur Watts of North Loup, Earl A. Watts of Muncy, Wis., and Lester Watts of Scotia, Neb.

As a young man Brother Watts became a Christian and was baptized by Rev. D. W. Morgan at Onarga, Ill., on April 16, 1865. The writer does not know how long he had been keeping the Sabbath when he came to Nebraska, forty years ago. During practically all of his life he has been an interested and enthusiastic member of the Seventh Day Baptist church of North Loup.

G. B. S.

GREENE.—Imogene Greene, daughter of Morris and Marguerite Langworthy, was born in Verona, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1852, and died at the home of her son, DeChoice Greene, in Adams Center, in the early morning of November 12, 1913.

In early womanhood she came with her father's family to this township. She was converted and united with the Adams Center Seventh Day Baptist Church April 23, 1870. On November 28 of the same year she was married to Eugene D. Greene, who began with her the Christian life, having united with the church the same day with her. They lived together their life of faith and toil. Mr. Greene passed on to the other world nearly seven years ago after having endured much suffering for many years. There were born four children to this union, all of whom have spent most of their lives near to mother and were present to mingle their tears as the mother was laid away. Did I say laid away?—no, not the mother, but the tenement of clay in which they had known the mother.

Hers was a life of toil, but not for self alone. Filled with interest for others, she toiled on to the limit of her strength in their behalf. Possessed of a hopeful disposition, she was a stranger to the blues, so far as others know. During the last years of her life she spent most of her time among her children and they bear cheerful testimony to her thoughtful helpfulness.

In her death the family have lost a loving, self-sacrificing mother; the church a loyal devoted member; the community a tender-hearted, sympathizing friend, one who, in no small sense, was touched with the feeling of their infirmities, always having in use the cloak of charity.

She leaves, besides the family of children, a brother, Caleb Langworthy, of Adams Center, and a host of friends.

Burial services were had from the home of DeChoice Greene, November 14, conducted by Pastor E. A. Witter.

E. A. W.

"When one becomes too good for the church, and too wise for sermons, he invariably is the first to discover it."

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, 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.

Missions are the chief end of the Church. The chief end of the ministry is to guide the Church in this work, and fit her for it. The chief end of the preaching in a congregation ought to train it to take its part in helping the Church to fulfil her destiny. And the chief end of every minister in this connection ought to be to seek grace to fit himself thoroughly for this work.—*Andrew Murray.*

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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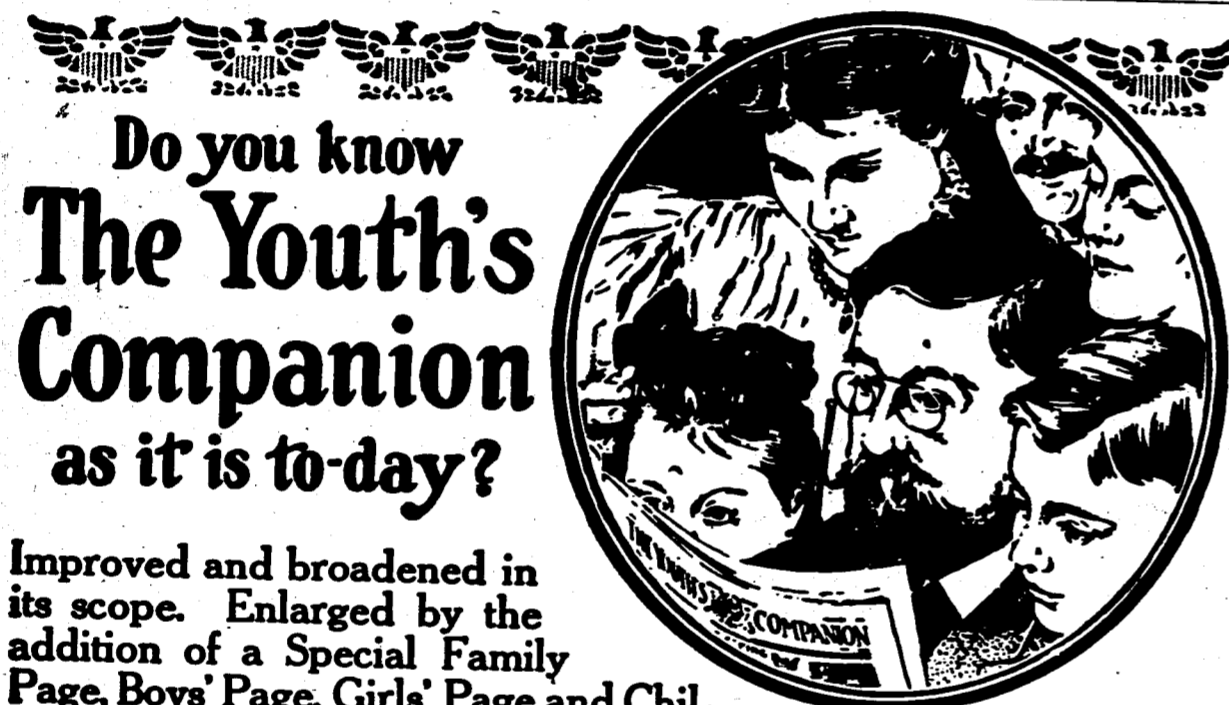
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To take things as one finds them is to kneel
In dumb obeisance to the idols old;
It marks the man as cast in pigmy mold.
Such spirit doth no godlike traits reveal,
And augurs sadly for the nation's weal.
The great man has the courage to be bold
When all his fellowmen support withhold,
Fearing the future of his new appeal.
Only through those who dare, do we advance;
The men who shatter idols lead the race.
Such men, enraged at present circumstance,
In their hot anger ancient gods deface,
And build for us a new inheritance,
Enriching slowly all the populace.

—Harry Randolph Blythe.

—CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—Is the Failure All With the Church? "Will I Be Welcome?" Welcome the Stranger; And What Should the Stranger Do? Not So Very New After All; A Lincoln Highway; A Home for Friendless Girls; The White House Wedding	673-677	Exchange	689-691
Organization and Mission of the Church	677	Milton College Forward Movement	691
SABBATH REFORM—The Sabbath and the SABBATH RECORDER	685	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—"He Gave Some to be Teachers;" The Fouke School: Its Work, Needs and Prospects; Bible Men and Women; Will I Be Welcome?	693-697
MISSIONS—A Letter From Java	687	Yearly Meeting of the New Jersey, New York City and Berlin (N. Y.) Churches ..	699
Duly Provided	688	CHILDREN'S PAGE—A Boy That Would Not Give Up	700
WOMAN'S WORK—Jesus Was There (poetry) "Let's Talk About Bumblebees!" Workers'		A Place For All (poetry)	700
		SABBATH SCHOOL—Religion in Education ..	701
		DENOMINATIONAL NEWS	702