

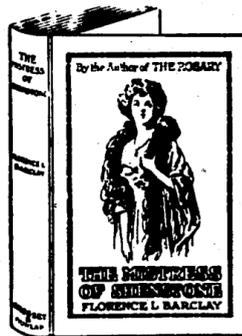
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# The Sabbath Recorder

**BEHOLD, THY KING COMETH.**

M. E. H. EVERETT.

How beauteous on the mountains  
 The runners' feet I see  
 Who bear the joyful tidings,  
 O Zion, unto thee:  
 "Behold the Child once given,  
 Rejected and unknown,—  
 The blessed Son of David,  
 The heir of Judah's throne!"

The Vine the Lord hath planted  
 No hand shall pluck away;  
 And if in him contented  
 Like branches ye will stay  
 Your fruit shall feed the famished  
 And bring the thirsty, wine,  
 And to the soul that fainteth  
 Shall give the life divine.

Well might the Wise Men hasten  
 Who read the stars aright  
 When in the house of Judah  
 A son was born at night—  
 Born in the line of David  
 Whence mighty warriors spring;  
 To win his loving favor  
 Their precious gifts they bring.

The chosen Branch of Jesse,  
 His shadow giveth peace;  
 The radiant star of morning,  
 He biddeth darkness cease;  
 Then hail him with rejoicing,  
 Your gifts and treasures bring  
 Unto the Son of David,  
 Israel's promised King.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 22, 1913.

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## Ordinations at Marlboro, N. J.

On December the thirteenth the editor enjoyed a beautiful, sunny winter Sabbath with his old-time parishioners and friends in South Jersey. The occasion for his going was the ordination of deacons at the Marlboro church, which took place in the afternoon of that day. On reaching Shiloh I found the special meetings still in progress as the outcome of the yearly meeting held one week before. Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn and Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn had been assisting Pastor J. L. Skaggs during the week. Edgar had returned to New York for his own Sabbath services, but Herbert was still with Pastor Skaggs. The meetings during the week had been excellent, and quite an interest had sprung up. Plans had been made for a union meeting of the two churches on the eve of the Sabbath, and Brother Van Horn was to preach. After his excellent sermon, there was a warm testimony meeting, at the close of which several young people came forward, some seeking the Savior, and others reconsecrating themselves to the Master's work. A number of friends remained for an after-meeting of prayer with those who came forward.

On Sabbath morning Brother Van Horn preached at Marlboro, and the editor at Shiloh. The old Shiloh church was well filled. A new generation had grown up to fill the pews. The boys and girls of twenty-three years ago have come to be the fathers and mothers of today. The few now left of the elderly men and women who held up the pastor's hands in 1890 are showing many signs of age and are ripening for the harvest.

There are indications of growth in Shiloh. Brother Skaggs is doing a good work there and is beloved and highly respected by his people. At the close of this morning service he took an expression as to the loyalty of his people to the work in hand, asking all who would support it, and who wished to give a new expression of consecration to the cause of Christ, to stand. Nearly the entire congregation arose, and there were many signs of a deeper

work of grace in the hearts of the people.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the people of Marlboro were joined by many from Shiloh in the service for the ordination of two deacons. The Marlboro church had called to this office Mr. Luther Davis and Mr. Thomas Davis. Luther is the son of Dea. Artis Davis of the Shiloh Church, and is known to our readers as the one who with his wife, Lizzie Fisher Davis, gave a year or so of service to the Fouke School some time ago. They were both baptized by the writer during his pastorate at Shiloh twenty-nine years ago this winter. Six years ago it was his privilege to preach the ordination sermon when Luther's father was consecrated to the office of deacon. Thomas Davis is the son of Dea. Watson Davis and a brother of Rev. Wilburt Davis, now missionary pastor in West Virginia.

The services were in charge of Pastor Jesse E. Hutchins. After the two candidates had spoken of their conversion and religious experiences, the ordination sermon was preached by the writer, the charge to the church was given by Rev. H. C. Van Horn, and the charge to the candidates by Rev. J. L. Skaggs. Then came the laying on of hands and consecrating prayer. The father of Luther, with hands on his son's head, made a most touching prayer. Then followed the fervent prayer of Deacon Henry L. Davis with hands upon the head of Thomas, his nephew, while all the deacons and ministers stood around the candidates. This was indeed a beautiful sight. The large audience was deeply moved, and the service will not soon be forgotten.

The Sabbath sun was just sinking out of sight as the benediction was pronounced. It had been an ideal day, and a beautiful evening was drawing near, with its full moon and clear air soon to invite the worshipers to assemble again in Shiloh for the revival services. But the editor could not stay to enjoy these. The automobile was waiting at the church to hurry him away to the train, and Brother Bowden made good time in getting to it. Nine o'clock in the evening found him again in Plainfield ready for the work on this RECORDER.

**"Fear Not."**

If one studies carefully the story of that wonderful Christmas night at Bethlehem, he will probably find, each time he reads it, some new ray of hope, something to give cheer, which he has not seen before. We have many times dwelt upon the scenes, where the shepherds watched their flocks at night, where Ruth gleaned, and where David sang of the great Shepherd. We have pictured the arrival at Bethlehem of Joseph and Mary, and found lessons of profit in the story of the crowded inn which contained no room for the coming Christ. We have been charmed by the song of the angels praising God, and by their message of peace on earth and good will to men. The magi, guided by the star, bringing gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to lay at the feet of the infant Savior, have taught us many a lesson. Teachers of all ages have found help and inspiration in every phase of this wonderful story, and the world never tires of the message brought to earth on that birth-night of the Christ-child.

And now, as we turn again to read it in view of the approaching Christmas-tide, we are particularly impressed with the first two words of the angel to the shepherds, "Fear not." The men were "sore afraid" as they saw the unusual manifestations in the heavens round about Bethlehem. They were in sore need of comforting and reassuring words to allay their fears. Jehovah knew all about it and hastened to speak to them. It was most fitting that the first words heralding the birth of the world's Redeemer should be hope-inspiring and fear-dispelling. In all generations men have needed encouragement; and we know full well that in our own time there is great need of the reassurance which the heavenly messenger brought to earth in the words, "Fear not." In our day men sorely need to know the depth and fulness and the power of a message from heaven speaking peace and restoring confidence in the things of God. The advent of the child of Bethlehem brought brightness and cheer and courage to earth such as men had never known before. We can now understand what it meant to humanity as they who lived in Judea nineteen hundred years ago could not know. It is remarkable that when the Savior came to his life-work in the days of his manhood, he took up the same message, "Be of good cheer," "Be not afraid," "Fear not," using these and

kindred terms over and over again as he taught the principles of his kingdom.

If fears could be put away from human hearts today, life would be a different thing. If we could realize vividly the fact that God reigns, and trust him more implicitly; if we could feel the presence of him who was born in the city of David, as he intended we should when he said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," life would have a different outlook. Many things that fill our hearts with fears would cease to trouble us. Would that to every one who fears for the faith once delivered to the saints, there might come the message, "Fear not, for God rules in his world and will take care of his truth." Would that, when Christians are fearful lest the theories of a scientific age shall overthrow the Bible that God has so marvelously preserved through ages of darkness, they could hear again the heavenly words, "Fear not," and remember that God did not get to himself a King for his kingdom on that Christmas night all for naught. The blessed fact of the Incarnation is the one thing that should not be forgotten at Christmas time; and the one who sent the message, "Fear not," when "the Word was made flesh," still lives and will not allow feeble man to overthrow his age-long plans.

While we may fill the Christmas time with simple festivities and good cheer, while we may make it a time for gifts and friendliness; while we may make it a day of great joy, we must not forget to look beyond all these, even beyond the songs of the angels, beyond the wise men and their gifts, to see the wonderful Incarnation of the mighty One, Immanuel, God with us. Jehovah, who gave us the Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary, may well say to his children in the presence of all his foes, "Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

\*\*\*

**Bethlehem's Babe Born Anew.**

Real Christmas is more a spirit than an outward festival. A new spirit was given to men when Christ was born. It was a spirit of peace on earth, a spirit of evangelism among men, a spirit of brotherhood such as the world had never known. Indeed, the real spirit of social

**EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES****A Help-Our-Church Campaign.**

A new movement has been set on foot by the Board of Trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. It is called the Help-Our-Church Campaign, and is an organized effort to increase the attendance at regular church services. The hope is that all members may be persuaded to attend the evening services; that each one may be induced to ask some other one to attend, and that all the denominational interests may be promoted by the members of each society. A revival of interest in missions, in Bible-school work, and in the financial welfare of the churches is being sought in this new movement. There are more than one hundred thousand societies with an aggregate of five million members. Who can estimate the power of such an army of Christian workers, if they all respond to this call?

**The Booths Reconciled.**

General Bramwell Booth's visit to this country has resulted in a reconciliation with his brother General Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America. The long estrangement of these brothers began when the Salvation Army was split by the organization of the Volunteers in this country. Everybody will be glad to know that peace has been made between the two armies. This does not mean that an amalgamation of the organizations will follow; but that they will henceforth work in harmony. It was reported that Eva Ballington Booth would leave the work in America; but this report was without foundation. Bramwell Booth wishes to secure American Salvation Army officers for India and China.

**Leaves Business for Philanthropic Work.**

Mr. Nathan Straus, whose brother went down with the *Titanic*, has severed his connection with Macy and Company of New York, in order to give the remainder of his life to the advancement of his philanthropic ideals. His brother and wife were on their way home from Jerusalem when they perished in mid-ocean. They had established a relief bureau in Jerusalem just before sailing, and Nathan has

betterment was born in Bethlehem of Judea nineteen centuries ago. To this fact is due the best things of earth today. And wherever the spirit of Christ, moving in the Christian centuries, has made human hearts more tender and filled them with sympathy for the needy; wherever men have been transformed and hearts have been made new until they have found a deep sense of the nearness of God, there has Bethlehem's Babe been born anew. A new power has been made manifest for the uplifting of the world. Especially in the new awakening of all Christendom for world-wide evangelism, for social and moral reforms, do we see evidences of this new birth of Christ in human hearts. These evidences are greater than ever before since apostolic times.

In another sense is Christ with us today; but we are as slow to comprehend it as were the Jews of other days. According to his own words, he is here in every sick and hungry man, in every suffering one and in every persecuted one. We may see him in the poor who are out of work, in the starving ones of the Bread Line, in the widow striving to support her little ones, and in the poor girl haunted by fiends of vice in city streets. In a special way he presents himself in all the needy and in those living in lands of darkness; and he calls upon his children to minister unto him. These calls are particularly strong and clear at Christmas time. We ought to hear him saying with wonderful pathos, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me." So then Christ is here, not simply in the hearts of those who have been born again, to strengthen and to comfort them; but he is also here to be ministered unto in the poor and needy about us. What are we doing for Jesus on this his birthday? Are we feeding him and giving him the helping hand? Or are we wounding him by neglecting those who stand for him on earth? Are we bestowing Christmas gifts upon the rich, giving where we expect to receive again, or are we ministering unto Christ by aiding those in distress? The real Christmas spirit removes the center of its interest and service from ourselves to somebody else.

The Christmas star has five points: love to God, love to man, thoughtfulness, self-denial, and joy.—*Anon.*

been deeply interested in this. He is also interested in the International Health Bureau, and in the Pasteur Anti-Hydrophobia Institute. Besides these he is identified with the Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station in Palestine. Mr. Straus is to have headquarters in Palestine, but all races and creeds will be included in his public benefactions.

#### First Ambassador to Spain Since the War.

Hon. Joseph Edward Willard was recently received at the Court of Spain as the first ambassador from America to that country since the Spanish war. He was escorted to the palace in a state carriage drawn by six beautiful horses, and accompanied by footmen and outrunners, and presented to the King in the presence of a great assembly. It is said that Mr. Willard and his family are being very graciously received by the Spanish people.

#### A "Go-to-Church Sunday."

December 7 was "Go-to-church Sunday" in Los Angeles, Cal. It was evidently a day of great crowds, to say the least. The movement was set on foot by the *Evening Herald*, a daily paper of Los Angeles; and it is hard to tell which stands ahead in the matter of flattery; the preachers or the paper. Each praises the other for the success of the movement, and it remains to be seen which will reap the most permanent good for the efforts made. It looks as though the pastors might secure a permanent increase to their congregations, and it would be strange if the circulation of the paper should not receive a boom also.

If, out of it all, the fruits of the Spirit are clearly developed in city and country; if temperance and purity and just treatment of foreigners and consistent Christian living, and obedience to the precepts of God's law are secured, no man can estimate the good that will come from the go-to-church movement. According to the paper sent us by a friend, 250,000 people attended church in response to this special call for one Sunday. Every church was filled to its doors, and overflow meetings were held. Such a mighty turnout has never been known in Los Angeles. Crowds who usually tour to the beach went to church instead, and fifty per-cent of the city's inhabitants heard gospel sermons. This is

the first city, so far as we know, to make a special go-to-church campaign for a single day. If the final results are all that the leaders hope they will be, thousands who have not been to church in years will become constant church-goers. And then other cities will try the plan. It will be a great thing, indeed, if the churchless multitudes can once more be turned toward the church. Let us hope it may be so. We understand that a "follow-up" campaign is already inaugurated in Los Angeles.

#### Crete Annexed to Greece.

The formal annexation of the Island of Crete on December 15 is announced in the daily papers. King Constantine ran up the Greek flag amidst the great throngs who had come into Canea from the surrounding country and from the Grecian mainland. Great demonstrations of joy, and cheers for the King accompanied the ceremony.

It is also announced that France has accepted the British proposal to allow Greece to keep nine of the eleven islands of which she took possession during the Balkan war. The other two, Tenedos, and Imbros, are to be returned to Turkey.

A new wireless wonder in telegraphy is just announced in the London papers. The Marconi Company has placed on exhibition a wonderful instrument by which it is proposed to detect the direction from which a wireless message comes. As yet no one has invented a way to direct rays from a wireless apparatus sending a message. The sound waves go in all directions alike, and it is impossible to give them direction as can be done with a search-light. But it is expected that by the use of this new instrument the receiver may determine the direction from which waves come to him.

Cardinal Rampolla of the Vatican, Rome, died on December 16 at the age of seventy years. He was Pope Leo XIII's trusted Secretary of State, and was favored by the conclave of 1903 as Leo's successor. But Austria put in a protest against Rampolla's being a candidate, even though he stood ahead in the first two ballots for a pope. Since his defeat the Cardinal has lived in seclusion, in the palace of St. Mar-

tha, just behind St. Peter's in Rome. His defeat only served to strengthen his hold on the affections of his friends and adherents, and he had been mentioned as a possible successor of the present Pope Pius X. Rampolla belonged to a noble Sicilian family of Polizzi.

Hobart College has decided that no student who uses intoxicants can receive the benefit of a scholarship, or any financial aid from that institution. President Powell has announced his determination to drive the liquor evil from Hobart. All night banner "scraps" and college dances are also prohibited. There are thousands of families in this land who will feel better about their boys and girls, if they can send them to such schools.

The liquor men in Maryland over-reached themselves again in their frantic efforts to defeat the movement of the Anti-Saloon League of that State in its fight for a general local option bill. The league opposed the man for United States Senator who had been instrumental in killing temperance legislation in his own State. But the liquor interests pushed the fight so bitterly that defeat came to the Anti-Saloon League. And now as a result of this fight the people have come to see the cloven foot of the liquor interests as they never saw it before, and a strong reaction has set in for state-wide prohibition instead of local option. The grand stand of the national convention at Columbus, Ohio, in favor of national prohibition put new courage into the Maryland workers. And stirred as never before over the recent defeat, the temperance hosts of Maryland are now uniting for state prohibition. With two thirds of the State already dry under piece-meal legislation, and with the people indignant over the perfidy of the liquor interests, it looks as though something will be done. Really it was the saloonist's over-zeal that forced the league to abandon local option and unite on prohibition.

I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts, freely; and so I say, "God bless Christmas!"—*Charles Dickens.*

#### "The Inside of The Cup."

REV. T. J. VAN HORN.

This notice will probably be seen by the unknown friend to whom I am 'indebted for the gift of a famous book which I have taken great pleasure in reading. As it was sent direct from the publisher's office, I have no clue as to the donor of this already celebrated novel by Winston Churchill, "The Inside of The Cup."

As I greatly enjoyed reading this book and was not a little benefited by it, I wish to express, by this means, my appreciation to the sender for this courtesy, and record a few impressions made upon my mind by its perusal.

The hero of the story is a Rev. Mr. Hodder who is called from the pastorate of a church in an obscure New England town to that of a wealthy congregation in a populous city in the Middle West. He is soundly orthodox in his religious views, and preaches them to the great satisfaction and comfort of the majority of his wealthy parishioners. They are deeply gratified in having found as a defender of the traditional views for which the church stands the young, able and eloquent Mr. Hodder.

But Mr. Hodder is not slow in making the discovery that this church is not only worldly, self-centered and complacent, but that his leading vestrymen are promoters of highly questionable financial enterprises. These enterprises, by the manipulation of watered stock, have made at least one of these vestrymen, Mr. Parr, immensely wealthy, while at the same time they have been the financial ruin of other members of the parish.

About the time of this unwelcome discovery which wrought upon him powerfully, he faces a great crisis in his own religious experience. He is led up to this by association with unsatisfied members of his parish who are restless under the intellectual restraints of the traditional views of the church, by the reading of books on modern criticism, and through the influence of Mr. Engle, the public librarian. The romantic mind, however, will be inclined to discount these factors, and regard Alison, the strong-minded daughter of Mr. Parr, as the prime one in bringing Mr. Hodder to consider seriously the reconstruction of his theological system. But never mind the processes. The result is that Mr. Hodder adopts the point of view of

modern criticism, and with heroic boldness preaches his reconstruction beliefs to his astonished and scandalized congregation. Like one of the ancient prophets he meets Mr. Parr in his own home and reproves him for his reprehensible methods in the financing of "Consolidated Traction," and pleads with him to make restitution, as far as he is able, to those whom he has wronged in that dishonest scheme. Mr. Parr, a pillar in "St. John's," astonished and enraged that any one should presume to rebuke him in private and preach against the established doctrines of the church which his munificence has sustained on so high a plane, seeks to force Mr. Hodder's resignation. Failing in this, he withdraws his support and favors a neighboring church with his attendance and contributions.

The author arouses the spontaneous admiration of his reader for Hodder, and enlists his warmest sympathy in the struggle he makes for the social betterment of Dalton Street. It takes moral courage of a high order to bombard sin fortified by wealth and culture, and it requires a deep humility to attack it in the slums. It was a superb exhibition of philanthropy on Hodder's part to try to win alike the soul of the great financier and that of the abandoned woman. His tactical methods may be questioned, however, in the case of each. The ethics of his conduct in remaining at St. John's to preach his new views is a subject worthy of study. Many readers will exhibit a painful sensation that the doctrine of the virgin birth of our Lord was the first point to crumble in the castle of Hodder's theological beliefs. I was not a little mystified that he should select that one doctrine, founded upon the simple historical statements of the New Testament and class it among "ancient speculations" (p. 468).

Moreover, it seems quite incompatible with a man of his independence and intelligence to renounce his belief in the virgin birth of our Lord partly because of the wickedness of certain members of his church who held that as one article in their confession of faith, and because of their callous indifference to the misery and wretchedness on Dalton Street. Yet that is a strong inference from his defense before the bishop for his course in renouncing traditional views. I hate quibbling, and despise to call attention to what seems to

me a weakness in Hodder's mental attitude. But this book, like some other modern novels, gives needless encouragement to a popular tendency to discount, if not to deny, the power of the time-honored faith in Jesus as the divinely begotten Son of God, and to hold aloof from the work of the church, because some prominent Christians dishonor, by their conduct, that belief.

Now, to hold that "doctrine and dogma . . . are fruitless and mischievous," and a cause direct or indirect of such wickedness as Hodder discovered in Mr. Parr is as far a cry from reasonableness in religion, as to hold that the only necessary things in character and salvation are to belong to church and give intellectual consent to her creed. One could feel more confidence in the success of Mr. Hodder in his uneven fight with the demons in the slums if he took with him a divine, as well as a human, Christ.

But it would be difficult for one prejudiced against Mr. Hodder's mental attitude much more than I, to overlook some of the excellent things said in the course of the story where he figures as the hero. "Religion is not to be kept in a private compartment where it will not interfere with the practical affairs of life." And every pastor, by its perusal, will be stimulated in his effort to make the church which he serves a potent factor in the moral, social and religious regeneration of the community where it is set.

Rapid City, S. D.,  
Dec. 11, 1913.

### Origin of the Christmas Tree.

"One star-lit night Martin Luther was going through a dark forest of fir trees. He was thinking of the blessed Christ-child. Through the dark branches of the fir trees he saw myriad stars shining down upon him. This he interpreted as the love of Christ coming to earth, and he determined to make it an object-lesson for his children.

"So when he went home he carried a fir tree with him. On Christmas Eve he brought it into the house, placed wax candles upon its branches to typify the stars, and, calling his family about him, he read to them the beautiful story of the birth of the Savior.

"Such is the German legend of the Christmas tree."

## SABBATH REFORM

### Where We Draw the Line.

An institution of learning supported by the state is a desirable thing, but not for the teaching of a state religion. One of the bulwarks of our American constitution is the complete freedom of religion which it grants to all. Further, institutions that teach religion should not be under state control, but absolutely free from it, whether supported by a denomination or from any other legitimate source. We know what a state religion has done in other lands, and we know how our own forefathers came to this hemisphere to enjoy freedom of worship uncontrolled by state religious domination. Religious education is the sphere of the church, and not of the state. Moreover, history shows that the people who enjoy freedom of religion are the happiest and most progressive. Russia has a state religion and there the church joins hands with the state in persecuting all who differ from it in belief. The same was formerly true in Italy, Spain and Portugal.—*Christian Herald*.

### Wilbur F. Crafts on the Sabbath.

"The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord." It is putting into Scripture what is not there when Saturdarians quote "seventh day" in the commandment as if it read "seventh day of the week." It is the seventh day after the six days of work that were previously specified. Sunday rest is a literal obedience to the commandment. This is constitutional law, requiring a whole community to work six days and then rest one. The Jews' Sabbath was on Saturday but the word Sabbath is no more tied up to one day of the week than Christmas. Nor can any one tell which day of our modern week is the lineal successor of the original Sabbath of Eden. There is no proof that the week has come down in unbroken succession through all the idolatrous days between Adam and Abraham. God does not make anything uncertain a condition of salvation. We keep the fourth commandment both in the letter and in the spirit when we work faithfully six days at our regular task from Monday morning to Saturday night and

devote Sunday, which may be called the seventh day of the Christian week, to worship and rest and altruistic service."

### J. N. Quinn on the Sabbath.

"Nowhere does it say the seventh day of the week."

A flimsy subterfuge, truly. "And he [Jehovah] rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made" (Gen. ii, 2, 3; Ex. xx, 8-11). Was this the seventh day of the month or of the year? There was neither month nor year as yet, there was nothing in existence but a week of seven days, and the seventh day of this week was differentiated from the others by three distinct acts: God rested on it; he blessed it; he sanctified it. In the giving of the manna God again emphasized and magnified the seventh day of the week by forty years of miracles. A double portion of manna fell on the sixth day, not any fell on the seventh day; manna kept over on the first five days of the week "bred worms and stank;" manna which fell on the sixth day and which was kept over bred no worms, neither did it decompose—it was fit for food on the seventh day of the week. God's word, God's example, God's miracles, are more dependable than the biased statement of observers of the first day of the week. And when God was manifested in the person of his Son, he went into the synagogue, as his manner was, on the Sabbath day, the seventh day of the week, leaving us an example, that we should follow in his steps and meet in the assembly [synagogue] of God's children on the only God-blessed, God-sanctified day of worship, Saturday, the seventh day of the week.

And Jesus, the Son of God, "came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read" (Luke iv, 16).

"In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre" (Matt. xxviii, 1).

"And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the sabbath day according to the commandment. Now upon the first day of the week, very early

in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them" (Luke xxiii, 56; xxiv, 1).

These women were Christians; they believed on the Lord Jesus, and were faithful when others had given up faith. Nothing in the Master's teaching caused them to believe that God's Sabbath should be supplanted by the first day of the week. Even though they loved their Lord, they would not embalm him on the Sabbath; they waited until the first day of the week to do this work.

"But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on *the sabbath day*" (Matt. xxiv, 20).

Jerusalem was destroyed A. D. 70; yet almost forty years after the crucifixion of Christ, it is still "*the sabbath day*," not the Jewish sabbath in contrast with a Christian sabbath.

"And the next sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God" (Acts xiii, 44).

"And on *the sabbath* we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither" (Acts xvi, 13).

"And Paul [the apostle to the Gentiles], as his manner was, went in unto them, and three sabbath days reasoned with them out of the scriptures" (Acts xvii, 2).

"And he reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks" (Acts xviii, 4).

Had Paul kept the first day of the week as the Lord's day or Christian rest day, and taught its observance by believers in Christ, how quickly would the Jews have charged him with Sabbath-breaking. There was no controversy in the days of the apostles on the question of which of *two* days should be observed, and Paul's challenge to the Jews emphasizes this, that he did nothing contrary to the custom of the fathers (Acts xxviii, 17), which would not be true if he worshiped on the first day of the week and disregarded the seventh. There was but one day observed in the first century, the seventh day of the week, God's memorial of creation and also of redemption, for Jesus rested in the grave on the seventh day from his finished work. Creation and redemption meet together on the same rest day, the seventh day of the week.

### Some Doings of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council.

At the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, held at Baltimore, December 3-5, the action of most interest to the churches was the selection of Rev. Henry King Carroll, LL. D., as associate secretary to be resident in Washington, D. C.

Doctor Carroll brings to his new office large experience. He was for many years on the editorial staff of the New York *Independent*. He was special agent of the Government of the United States for the census of religious bodies in 1890, corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, secretary of the Western section of the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, chief secretary of the last Ecumenical Methodist Conference, and now secretary of the Western section of the Ecumenical Methodist Commission. President McKinley sent Doctor Carroll as a special commissioner to Porto Rico to investigate conditions there and formulate a system of civil government for the island. He has widely contributed to the literature setting forth the religious forces of the United States and has been a member of five general conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Among the significant items in the report of the secretary of the council, Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, were the plans of the National Committee of One Hundred appointed by the council for a campaign of religious activities and provision for exhibits and congresses in connection with the Panama Pacific Exposition; the endeavors of the council to keep the exposition free from the exploitation of commercialized vice; the recent developments in united evangelistic effort, and a large amount of information relative to the coöperative work among the churches, which has been developed by the council during the year. President Shailer Mathews and Doctor Macfarland have visited all the assemblies of the constituent bodies which have been held.

A memorial from the missionaries in Tokyo, Japan, requested the appointment of a commission to study and report upon our race relationships in the far East, and following a presentation of the subject by

Dr. Sidney L. Gulick of Japan, a preliminary commission was appointed to give the matter careful consideration.

The efforts of the council to secure an adequate number of chaplains for the army and navy were continued by the appointment of a committee to immediately interview the President, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of War.

The Commission on the Church and Social Service reported the development of a new department on Church and Country Life, of which Gifford Pinchot is chairman and Rev. Charles O. Gill, field investigator.

Another new secretary is Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, who will care for the interests of the Commission on Evangelism.

The Commission on Religious Education presented a program for coordinating the work of the Bible-school organizations and the denominational boards on religious education. The meeting of this commission was attended by a representative of the United States Department of Education relative to moral instruction in the public schools.

The Commission on Peace and Arbitration is prepared to bring about a nationwide observance by the churches of the celebration of the Treaty of Ghent.

The Commission on Foreign Missions is coordinating its work with the Foreign Missions Conference of North America; and the Temperance Commission is holding this month a meeting in Washington, at which all the denominational Temperance committees will meet.

The Commission on State and Local Federations reported 21 state federations and 130 city and county federations, a large proportion of which are pursuing active work.

Perhaps the keenest discussion was invited by the Joint Commission on Theological Seminaries relative to the study of social and industrial questions, but the general intent of the report received general acceptance.

Representatives of the Protestant Episcopal commissions and of the Seventh Day Baptist Conference were heard relative to the relationship of these bodies to the Federal Council and denominations composing it.

The Commission on Evangelism was instructed to arrange for an appropriate recognition of the Whitfield Centennial.

Many other similar movements were pro-

jected. The meeting was considered the most significant ever held in connection with the council, and it was ordered that the next meeting should be a joint assembly of the Executive Committee of the council, the various commissions and denominational boards and departments whose interests are common with those of the commissions. It is expected that this assembly will be held at some point in the South, probably at Atlanta, in December, 1914. It will bring together practically all the working departments of the thirty denominations in the council.

Provision was also made for the consideration of a World Congress as soon as deemed advisable, which shall be for the work of the churches at large what the Edinburgh Conference was for the Missionary Movement.

### Origin of the Christmas Stocking.

From Italy comes the legend from which we are supposed to get the time-honored custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking.

Good old St. Nicholas of Padua used to throw long knitted purses tied at both ends into the open windows of the very poor people, and these purses were of yarn, and not unlike a footless stocking. Finally it became the custom of the people to hang these empty receptacles out of their windows on the night before Christmas so that St. Nicholas would put a gift into them as he passed by.

By and by, when the coin of the realm became scarce, toys were put in for the children and useful presents for grown people.

In the north country, where it was rather chilly at Christmas time, the purses were hung on the mantelpiece, and it was believed that the good saint would come down the chimney and fill them. When these purses went out of fashion, stockings were substituted, and have been used ever since.—*Exchange*.

The real Christmas tree is the tree of life, its branches spread over all lands; and its leaves are for the healing of the nations.—*Amos R. Wells*.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

## MISSIONS

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

While I am not through writing you of my journeyings among the churches, I wish to turn aside to write this article which has been called out by what seems to me further answer to our prayers. We have been praying that God would open the way to send some of our young people to Africa.

We have just had the privilege of entertaining at our home a young man who is on his way to Nyasaland, East Africa. His home is near the Berlin (Wis.) church, of which he and his parents are the only three remaining members. He has been a student at Milton College, has taught school, and has spent four years in the West. Among his experiences he took up a claim in Montana. He has been successful. I mean, by this, he has maintained his Christian character, kept the Sabbath, and least of all, been a financial success. He goes abroad and to Africa at his own initiative and expense. He puts all of us men to shame. May God go with him and bless him. He is to visit his father's relatives in England first, and then sails for Africa. He has been in communication with Brother Sayre at Albion, who attempted to visit Nyasaland, and was taken sick. He has also had a conference with Brother N. O. Moore, now of Milton, who was one of the successful investigators in Nyasaland. On his way East he visited Editor Gardiner, who advised him to come to Rhode Island. I had the privilege of introducing him to seven or eight members of the Missionary Board. The question put to him was this: Would it be agreeable to you to have a suitable man join you in Africa as a missionary in case the people made it possible for the board to do so. He replied that it would be very agreeable, but that he did not wish to embarrass the board or make additional or unnecessary expense in connection with this matter.

Now, brethren, we have been praying that we might again be free from debt and God has answered our prayers in sending us a buyer for a piece of property which netted the board more than \$9,000, when the original cost was \$5,500. The board had been carrying this property for some years at a large expense, so this difference

of more than \$3,500 was legitimately placed to the income account and has just about paid the debt.

We have been praying God to open the way that we might respond to the appeals which are constantly coming from Africa. Some months ago God put it into the hearts of two of our ministers to offer themselves for this work. At that time the board was badly in debt. The debt has now been paid, and it would seem that God is prompting one of our young men to go as a missionary to Africa on independent lines. The question before us is, will the people give their hearty approval and support to the board in sending a missionary to join Mr. Walter B. Cockerill of Berlin, Wisconsin?

I am quite sure that Brother Cockerill will pardon the public mention of his plans from the fact that he is willing to risk his life in order to help solve this extraordinary problem which confronts us as a people.

Can we do less than meet this remarkable spirit by sending a suitable worker to cooperate with him?

E. B. SAUNDERS,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

### Letter From China.

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

I fear that I have been very unfaithful in writing to the RECORDER of late. There has been plenty of material but I have not seemed to find time for writing.

When I last wrote I was planning to do some outside clinic work, I believe,—in fact, had already made one trip. If I remember correctly, that was in May. In June I began the regular program for the summer. I had planned to go to the walled city of Kading, ten miles distant, every two weeks, spending two days there. Then there were two smaller places where I would go once in four weeks, going and returning the same day. One of these smaller places, Lok-doo-jau (the sixth big bridge), is on our canal about five or six miles northwest and can be reached by steamboat so that the trip is not so very hard. But the other small place, Sing-daung-z, is five miles to the north and can be reached only by wheelbarrow. We made the trip once. Mr. Toong had gone before and tried to rent a place in town for the clinic. But all either refused to

rent to him or named such high rental that we were forced to go a mile or more into the country to the home of a church-member.

When we arrived we found that our posters had all been torn down, and it seemed as though the people had formed a general plan to ignore us. Even the children on the street scarcely noticed our passing—an ominous sign in China. We had only fifteen patients and our expenses were so much more than our income that we felt discouraged. However, we intended to persevere; but later there was so much wet, hot weather and the roads were so poor at the best that we decided to give it up for the hot weather. This fall I hope to try it again and see if we can overcome some of the prejudice.

The Kading appointment has been kept up without a break excepting once when the city was full of soldiers and in consequence people were scarce. The Lok-doo-jau appointment has also been kept up for the most part.

Doctor Davis has told you of the war in Shanghai. At that time Lieu-oo was well out of the war zone, although several times we stood on our upper porch and heard the cannon roar and saw the flash of search-lights in Shanghai. We also heard many and exciting rumors but we had the paper every day and that told the truth, part of the time, at least.

Later, although we saw no fighting, we saw plenty of soldiers. After the fighting was over in Shanghai, the Northern troops turned their attention to the Wu-sung forts which were held by the Southerners. This, of course, meant more movement of the troops, and in consequence, more excitement among the people, who fear soldiers as they do robbers.

We thought little of it, however, and I went to my appointment at Kading, as usual, early in August. When my helper and I arrived, we found the people very much excited because a small band of Northern soldiers had been there the night before. The merchants had given them a large sum of money to induce them to move on, but the excitement remained and our clinic was small. The next morning early, some of the women of the house came to our room and said that four or five thousand soldiers had come in the night. They had cannon with them and every one was so frightened. The family were going to

leave the city that day. There would, of course, be no patients. We thought that, in that case, there was no use in our remaining, and as we had previously planned to go to Shanghai, we decided to go right away.

We tried to catch the nine o'clock boat but found that it had gone early, probably because of the crowd. The landing-place was already thronged with people and piled with baggage. Every moment added to the numbers. House-boats were coming up, being filled, and moving away. Other boats were being loaded with trunks. Every few seconds we could see boats of various descriptions coming out of the city water-gate, all loaded with anxious people and their possessions. To flee seemed to be the one purpose of all. No matter how, no matter what the cost, only to leave those hateful soldiers behind!

By the time the next boat came the crowds were almost uncontrollable and fairly fought for places on the boat. Those of us who would not fight were left behind, because the moment the boat was full it had to be pushed off to get away from the people.

Finally about 12.30 another boat came and the rest of us were taken on. We reached Naziang at the same time as the other launch, which had taken in tow six other boats beside its two regular passenger boats. Such a scene as was presented when all those people disembarked! Ricksha and wheelbarrow men had assembled from far and near and their prices were simply exorbitant. But what could the poor people do? There they were, all classes and conditions; weak, sick, old women, women with bound feet, women with babies, little children, servants, rich and poor, all alike fleeing from a common terror. It was the hottest day of the year and who could walk that one and one-half miles to the train? My helper and I did do it, however. She was so disgusted with them that she would not pay one cent above the usual price. I told one of them that the Chinese were all robbers, people and soldiers alike. He saw the point and really looked a little ashamed.

But when we reached the station our troubles were not yet over. There was no train until night. It was then 2.30 p. m. This was the hardest waiting I ever did. My Western blood could not take it patiently. There was no water and no food,

even Chinese tea was unobtainable. The thirst and heat were almost unendurable. The Chinese were a marvel to me. They took it all as a matter of course, talked and laughed as if it did not matter. They were out of reach of the soldiers, so nothing made any difference now.

The railway company sent a special train of five or six cars to convey the crowd to Shanghai and it was packed. Think of those thousands of people reaching Shanghai at 8.30 at night, many of them having no friends in the city and no place to go.

I learned afterward that the soldiers who came to Kading were about 1,500 in number and came from the Wu-sung forts. They ran away in the night and let the Northerners take possession. However, it can be said to their credit that although Kading was practically left to them, they did no looting and when the people returned three weeks later they found things as they had left them. Perhaps Kading owes this mercy to the influence of Christianity, for the commander of these troops has a Christian wife and mother. The experience of the people of Nanking was decidedly different as you no doubt know.

While I was away at this time, Lieu-oo also had a share of the excitement. For a time it looked as though there might be fighting at Kading. Northern troops were collecting at Tha-tsaung, a large city a few miles beyond us, and many of them passed through Lieu-oo. Large numbers of the people fled but, of course, Doctor Palmberg did not. There was really no danger. Two days later I came back along through Kading on my bicycle and, although I saw soldiers everywhere, I had no adventures.

But to return to my outtrips. They have been quite successful financially and I hope have done good in other ways.

Just at present I am in Shanghai taking a two weeks' holiday, which I feel very little need of. When I return, we will again take up the outwork until China New Year, at least.

Doctor and I are hoping after the New Year to open a girls' day school. We feel that we need some work for the women and girls and we hope that this will give us an entrance into their homes and a closer heart touch with them.

That small hospital of our dreams would broaden our work. Sometimes we get in a hurry but we know God's ways are not our ways and we dare not be selfish and

urge our own way. There are so many other needs and apparently far too little money for the Master's work. But after all, we know that it is not money or equipment which will convert the Chinese to Christianity. It is the power of God's Holy Spirit in the hearts of his children, and the prayers of the righteous—and only these—which can prevail in the fight. We ask far more earnestly for these than for money and we know that if we have them the Master's name must be glorified.

GRACE I. CRANDALL.

### The Work in South America.

T. L. M. SPENCER.

Since my last I have organized a church at Georgetown with a membership of thirty-five. Others are awaiting reception later on. A meeting-room has been obtained at a rental of \$7.00 a month and the same furnished the best the funds in hand would permit. Our first service in it was held on last Sabbath Day the fifteenth. I preached from Psalms xx, 5: "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners." Rev. J. E. Samuels of the Christian Church was present and assisted in the service. The hall is in a good location in one of the principal streets. I am now in a series of evangelical services which will last for two weeks. The interest is good, and I am hoping for some souls to step out. People are calling for me in other places, but I intend to lay a solid foundation here in the city of Georgetown before going into the country districts.

This is a large and needy field. We need an organ and trust that some who read this may be stirred to help us in this way. We are determined to hold up the cause of God here. The Adventists circulated reports that we did not believe in the resurrection but I had a Seventh Day Baptist handbook to show to inquirers that such reports were false. They tried to discourage my people during my absence but only one left and went back and she is sorry for so doing. She attended my service last night. We believe that this work is of God and therefore we mean to do our best and carry it forward.

Georgetown, British Guiana,  
South America,  
Nov. 21, 1913.

### Progress of the Faith and Order Movement.

Since October 30, the Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the World Conference on Faith and Order has received notice of the appointment of a commission by the Church of Ireland.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church sent the following telegram to the Roman Catholic Missionary Congress in Boston:

"The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church sends greetings and asks the guidance of God the Holy Ghost in your efforts to spread the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

To which Cardinal O'Connell replied as follows:

"I am deeply touched by the cordial message of the General Convention and beg to express my heartfelt desire for the speedy union of all God's church under the universal rule of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The National Council of Congregational Churches which met in Kansas City was greeted at the opening of its session by a message of fraternal greeting from the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church assembled in New York. A most cordial message was received by the Convention of the Episcopal Church from the Congregational Council in reply.

An evidence of the deepening desire for Christian unity, and of the recognition of the only power by which it can be brought about, is seen in the increasing efforts for public and private prayer.

The Bishop of New York has authorized for use in his diocese the prayers suggested by the Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Those prayers, printed on a convenient card, and also various publications in regard to the World Conference, may be had free on application to Robert H. Gardiner, Gardiner, Maine, U. S. A.

A Jesuit priest in Bohemia has suggested public services for unity with prayers selected from Eastern and Western liturgies. Two public services of intercession for unity have been held in the Anglican Pro-Cathedral at Buenos Ayres, attended by ministers and leading laymen of various English-speaking religious bodies there.

A clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Rhode Island has suggested week-day evening prayer meetings for

unity. Doubtless many such meetings are being held. A lady in England has suggested the formation of prayer circles. Perhaps other efforts of the same kind can be made elsewhere.

At a meeting, held November 19, of the Advisory Committee with the Executive Committee of the Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the following resolutions were passed:

"That a suggestion be made to each commission to consider the advisability and feasibility of raising a fund from among its constituents of such amount as it may deem proper for the carrying on of its own work.

"That contributors to any such fund should be advised that each commission will feel at liberty to make appropriations to a joint fund in case occasion arises.

"That the time has come to begin the consideration of the steps to be taken before the topics for consideration by the conference can wisely be formulated.

"That each member of the Advisory Committee should recommend to the commission of his communion the immediate consideration of how the following questions should be answered:

"(a) What should be the nature of the bodies or groups which are finally to be charged with the duty of formulating topics for the conference?

"(b) What can be done by each commission in the way of preparing a statement of the topics which that commission thinks appropriate for ultimate consideration at the conference?

"That the statements prepared by each commission be sent in to the Executive Committee of the Episcopal Commission for tabulation, for the information and consideration of the Advisory Committee."

[Furnished by Rev. Edwin Shaw, member of the Advisory Committee representing the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference.]

Christmas is indeed the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.—*Washington Irving.*

Wealth is a trust not to be used for one's personal pleasure alone, but for the welfare of others.—*Helen Gould.*

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### Christmas Hymn.

Sing, Christmas bells!  
Say to the earth this is the morn  
Whereon our Saviour-King is born;  
Sing to all men, the bond, the free,  
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,  
The little child that sports in glee,  
The aged folks that tottering go,—  
Proclaim the morn  
That Christ is born,  
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, angel host!  
Sing of the star that God has placed  
Above the manger in the east;  
Sing of the glories of the night,  
The virgin's sweet humility,  
The Babe with kingly robes bedight.  
Sing to all men where'er they be  
This Christmas morn:  
For Christ is born,  
That saveth them and saveth me.

Sing, sons of earth!  
O ransomed seed of Adam, sing  
God liveth, and we have a King!  
The curse is gone, the bond are free,  
By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed,  
By all the heavenly signs that be,  
We know that Israel is redeemed  
That on this morn  
The Christ is born  
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, O my heart!  
Sing thou in rapture this dear morn  
Whereon the blessed Prince is born!  
And as thy songs shall be of love,  
So let thy deeds be charity,  
By the dear Lord that reigns above,  
By him that died upon the tree,  
By this fair morn  
Whereon is born  
The Christ that saveth all and me!  
—Eugene Field, *Book of Western Verse*.

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### Another Plea for Higher Education.

DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

I was much interested in Helen A. Ingham's article in the SABBATH RECORDER for November 17. But there is one side of the question which is seldom enlarged upon, and perhaps a personal touch will make it clearer. There was a time when I thought the smattering of higher education which I had was thrown away. My family absolutely refused to subsist on Latin roots, or even cube roots with algebraic sauce. They

insisted on potatoes and onions. Knowing how to calculate the distance to the sun was no help at all in keeping up my kitchen fire. My books gathered dust on the shelf while my mind was occupied with growing babies and grocery bills. I thought I had forgotten it all, except that "Cæsar had all things to do at once" (the old egotist), and I had long proved the falsity of that. But time went on and I suddenly found myself the mother of a high school pupil, and before long, another. Not being prodigies, they required a little assistance now and then, and I learned it was not so hard to recall forgotten lore, and with a little study I was able to pull them out of the Slough of Despond on many occasions. If I had known nothing of the studies at all, I should never have attempted it. As it was, where some children went to the teacher or an obliging neighbor for help, my children studied at home. At least, it kept them at home evenings, and that was one good thing.

But the best of the results were perhaps mine, for it kept me in touch with their work as nothing else could have done, and anything which keeps parents in touch with their children is worth something. It did not require more time than a busy mother could expend to understand and be interested in their school work. Besides, it enabled me to advance somewhat in fresh fields which I should never have done without this reawakened knowledge. Moreover, we had another advantage, for my children's father could help them when my knowledge failed; but what is the mother of the next generation going to do, if 95 per cent of our boys leave school in the eighth grade.

Now, I want my children to be smarter and better than I, but I *don't* want them to get clear out of my sight. If they sail in the air in a newfangled airship, I shall follow as far as I can on an old-fashioned kite. We hear much nowadays about eugenics. Science is almost ready to throw love, modesty, and anything else to the four winds in her efforts to build up a race of physical giants. Isn't an intelligent giant of equal importance to the world? If we need a race of athletes, we also need a race of thinkers. And how can we better educate our children to love and desire learning than to acquire some of it ourselves. Example teaches better than precept. It is the uncommon child who boosts himself

up the ladder of learning unassisted, and most of our children are just common average boys and girls.

No, this is not a question just for the young people; to whom it will not appeal until too late. It is for parents. As fathers should go to Sabbath school with their boys, and mothers take their girls into their kitchens, so parents should study with their children, and insist that they have, at least, a high school education for the good of the next generation. More than that, they can be taught to *expect* to go to school as far as possible, just as they are taught to expect to go to Sabbath school each week. It may take several generations to work out a college graduate, but you know, the Almighty always takes more time to grow an oak than a squash. At any rate I am glad my parents gave me the start they did, and I hope to send my own children a little farther.

A NORTH LOUP MOTHER.

### Letter From Java.

[The following interesting letter was received by the Nortonville Missionary Society, whose members are glad to have us enjoy it with them.—ED. W. W.]

*Members of the Missionary Society:*

MY DEAR SISTERS: May our gracious Lord bless you all abundantly for your love and sympathy and the thoughtful gift, also for your kind letter. You really don't know how you cheered me with your words of sympathy. I will tell you how your letter came. It was my birthday, and I was all alone in that part of our work that is far up in the mountains,—the old Pangoengsen. I like to be all alone on my birthday as it is a day of sad memories, so I can not make it a feast, and I want to be alone with my Lord, who knows all about it, and who is the best and most sympathizing friend.

I always make it a day of special prayer, to get more spiritual blessings for myself and for my poor Javanese. Generally it becomes a very blessed day in that way; but this time I had such sad experiences. The day before, one of the men died who had been with me for many years. Once he professed to be converted; but then he had to be scolded for being lazy, and he got cross with the Javanese overseer of the work, who told me about him,—and that

caused him to keep away from the converts' meetings. Now he died all suddenly; he had only been sick for one and a half days, and all that time he had not been able to say one single word. He seemed to be unconscious when I prayed with him. I was so very sad about his poor soul; and the strain of looking after him while he was sick, and then of following him to the cemetery and speaking there, caused me a severe headache on my birthday, so that I was not able to pray properly. But the dear Lord knew it; and although he allowed the sad things to come over me in order to humble me, and to cause me to cling closer to him, yet he sent me your letter on the same day to comfort and encourage me. Now, my dear sisters, I thank you very much for this token of your love; also Sister Alt sends heartfelt thanks. We will keep this money to meet the expenses of printing one of the Gospels in the language the poorest people can understand. There is a beautiful Javanese translation of the whole Bible; but I always find the people in the villages, who have had no education whatever, don't understand it. O my dear sisters, will you pray very, very much for these dark souls around us?

Yes, I should like very much to see you and to tell you about the spiritual needs of these poor Javanese. If once I could come to America to see you, I should be very glad. We don't know what may be, when the Lord gives us a missionary to be at the head of this work. Will you also pray for one who is fit for this work? It will be too heavy for Sister Alt by herself, if it might please the Lord to take me away. I often feel so weak and old. (I am forty-nine now, but I think I look as a woman of sixty.)

Now I must thank that dear, dear sister, (Mrs. ———), Oh, it brought the tears to my eyes, when I read of what you wrote about her dollar. My very dear Sister ———, may our blessed Lord reward you out of his infinite love. He who does not forget a cup of water given out of love to him, must have a special reward for the great interest you have shown in this work among his poor and suffering creatures in far-away Java.

Dear sisters, I have made a little card for each of you, that I enclose in this letter. I wish I had more time to send one for every dear sister who sustains us with love and

prayer. Perhaps by and by I can make more of such cards. Oh, I do enjoy the prospect to be with you some day in the beautiful Paradise. How we shall praise and glorify our dear Saviour there!

With hearty greetings, also from Sister Alt,  
Yours in Jesus' love,  
MARIE JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, P. O. Tajoe,  
Oct. 10, 1913.

### Worker's Exchange.

Farina, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR:

Thinking a letter from the Ladies' Aid society of Farina, Ill., may be of interest to some of the readers of the RECORDER, I will endeavor to speak of some of the things we are doing.

Our society meets every other Tuesday the year round, with a short vacation for spring housecleaning and strawberry time, which finds our ladies so rushed with work that we vote a few meetings off each year.

We always begin meeting at 10 a. m. with the first Tuesday in November and serve dinners in the church vestry, which is suitably furnished with cooking range, tables and dishes. The ladies then come with well-filled baskets. The entire society has had a cordial invitation extended to it from the pulpit by our pastor the previous Sabbath.

If there are those who find themselves too busy or for any reason can't help furnish, it is their privilege to come and buy, paying 15 cents, thus replenishing our treasury and availing themselves of the social part which means much to all who can attend.

Dinner being served at noon, it is very handy for the teachers and pupils to get their dinners here. Often forty or fifty dinners are served on these days.

As we always have quilts in the frames or comforts to tie, every one finds plenty of work to do and many dollars are brought in. This fall new plates, silver knives and forks, and various other dishes for our use were purchased. The society uses its funds for church purposes. An individual communion set was purchased this year.

We are always pleased to have visitors. At our last meeting in November we were honored by the presence of a former church-member and resident of our town, now of Memphis, Tenn. Before going

away she told us she wanted to donate something to use in serving dinners. In a short time a package came containing two coffee pots, silver spoons, butter knives and several dozen paper napkins. We were certainly grateful to her for her generosity.

We are encouraged in having had several new names added to our list during this year, and feel as though our work is not in vain. We hope many more will avail themselves of these privileges to help on the cause of Christ from day to day.

LETTIE C. FERRILL,  
Secretary.

### A Christmas Prayer.

O Lord, there sit apart in lonely places,  
On this the gladdest night of all the year,  
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces  
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no cheer,

For these, O Father, our petition hear,  
And send the pitying Christ-child very near.

And there be tempted souls this night, still waging

Such desperate warfare with all evil powers;  
Anthems of peace, while the dead strife is raging,

Sound but a mockery through their midnight hours;

For these, O Father, our petition hear,  
And send thy tempted, sinless Christ-child very near.

Lord, some sit by lonely hearthstones, sobbing,  
Who feel this night all earthly love denied,  
Who hear but dirges in the loud bells' throbbing  
For loved ones lost who blest last Christmas-tide;

For these, O, Father, our petition hear,  
And send the loving Christ-child very near.  
—Selected.

### The Minister's Guest—A Christmas Parable.

[The following beautiful Christmas story by Willard King Spencer appeared in *The Interior* four years ago. It is so suggestive of the real Christmas spirit that we publish it in full.—ED.]

It was the morning before Christmas; and John Lee, the minister, sat in his study with an open Bible in his hand. At family prayers he had been reading how Jesus was born in a stable, "because there was no room in the inn." As he knelt with his loved ones, he had prayed that the Savior might not be crowded from their lives by the pleasures of the coming holiday, but

that his presence might be with them through its joyous hours.

Then the children scattered to their play; his wife went to her household duties; and John Lee, still under the influence of the pathetic words, "There was no room for them in the inn," sat in his study alone.

"I wonder," said he half aloud, "if he would be crowded out so today? I wonder where he would find room and welcome? In the homes of his professed disciples? Or in the churches where his love is preached? Or would it be in some strange place where we would not expect to meet him? I wonder who in all this city would make the Lord his guest?"

THE SAVIOR SEARCHING FOR A CHRISTMAS HOME.

He was brooding over thoughts like these when some impulse caused him to look up. A Stranger stood before him. He had the face that Hoffman has so often painted, but with a look of majesty and love that the artist never put on canvas. Faint rays of light flickered around his head in dim suggestion of a crown. A robe fell to his sandled feet. Instinctively John Lee exclaimed, "It is the Lord!" and speaking, sank upon his knees.

"O blessed Master, why dost thou thus honor thine unworthy servant? I never thought to see thy face this side thy heaven."

"John," said the Savior, "I have come to be your Guest. I knew that you would welcome me. Today we will walk the streets together, and see how men rejoice over my birth. Not all who call me Master will admit me to their hearts. The lives of many are so preoccupied that I am crowded out."

As they left the house John Lee noticed two wonderful things which at the time seemed natural. No one was conscious of their presence, but spoke and acted as if alone. But the light of the Master's face revealed the thoughts of everyone they met.

In the home of a prominent family in the church they found a little girl sobbing.

"I wish that Christmas was over, for I'm so lonesome, and everybody's so cross. Mamma says, 'Go 'way, Jennie. I'm too busy to be bothered now.' And when I go to Sister Mary's room, she says, 'For mercy's sake, don't come in here; I've got to work every minute if I get this present done in time.' And Bridget says, 'Get out

of here, you little torment; I've got enough to do without you bothering under foot.' I wish somebody loved little girls at Christmas time."

The minister and his Guest went into the room where the child's mother sat with a piece of needlework in her fast-flying fingers. An anxious look was on her face.

"I know I was cross to Jennie just now. Yet how could I help it, with thirty-five presents to send off by six o'clock? Then comes the Christmas tree at the church and the children's gifts at home. I shall be glad when Christmas is over. Why, Carrie Bigelow, what an awful thought—to be glad that Christmas, the Savior's birthday, is over! Well, I can't help it; I shall be.

"I've been trying at odd times for four weeks to make these presents—working when the children were at school and after they had gone to bed. And I've been getting more irritable every day, until this morning my husband said, 'It's strange that a church-member should be more nervous at Christmas than any other time in the year. One would suppose that peace on earth and good will to men would be apparent then if ever.' He says it's nonsense to spend time making presents for people one doesn't care a cent about. But they send presents to me, and in decency I must pay them back. Oh, dear, I wish there was a way out of the fix! Poor little Jennie is so lonesome and wants her mamma so much."

IMPATIENT WORDS THAT BETRAY AN EXCLUDED CHRIST.

The minister's Guest said: "John, the gifts these friends are making have crowded me out of their home. And yet they love me. But they are so blind, so blind!"

They went next to the business part of the city and entered a department store. Holiday symbols hung on the walls. The counters were covered with costly articles, which a crowd of buyers were examining. Clerks were busy making sales, and the click, click, click of the cash trolleys was constantly heard. But in one corner they found a young woman leaning on another's shoulder:

"I'm better now," she said, "but just for a minute everything grew black, and I'd have fallen if you had not caught me. You know we were here fifteen hours yesterday; and I did not sleep well last night. And my last customer grew tired at what she

called my stupidity, and said she'd report me to the manager."

"I saw the woman," said the other girl. "She goes to the same church that I do. And the other night at prayer meeting she asked prayers for the working girls who did not take any interest in religion. And then for her to talk to you like this! I wonder that any of us clerks are Christians. If it was not for the example of my mother, I should call the whole thing a humbug."

The minister saw a look of pain upon the face of his Guest, and caught two low, sad words, "Crucified afresh!"

He spoke impulsively: "O Master, how we heap sorrow on your heart!"

The Guest replied: "John, I have borne such loads for nineteen hundred years."

Just then a third clerk stopped in passing long enough to say:

"O girls, I've just been waiting on Mrs. Case; and after she had done her buying, she said, 'I want to thank you for your courtesy to me. It must be very hard to wait on people all day and not get irritated. I hope the Lord will make you very happy on his birthday.'"

Then she went on to her counter, while the one who fainted said:

"Mrs. Case is what I call a Christian. Whenever I get a chance to wait on her, I feel good-natured all day."

The shadow on the Master's face was replaced by a look of peace. "That woman keeps a place in her heart for me," he said. "To her the angels' song is true."

#### SANTA CLAUS IN THE PLACE OF THE MASTER.

It was the early evening when they went down to the church. John Lee thought: "The Master always loved the children when he was on earth; surely he will be glad to see them happy."

The pulpit had been taken from the platform and a stage built out into the room. The pews were filled with merry people laughing and talking with each other. Soon the curtain lifted and a company of fairies marched in; then while they stood about in graceful groups, old Santa Claus with his attendant elves appeared. They took a pile of presents from a hollow log that lay upon the ground, and the elves ran through the aisles distributing them.

"Plagued mean Christmas," said a twelve-year-old boy; "nothing but candy and a ten-cent picture card. I'll not come here another Sunday, if this is all they give a fellow." And he flung a piece of candy

at the next elf that ran by. Others imitated him until the room was filled with flying pop-corn, and the amusement became boisterous. The minister had seen such times on former Christmas nights without any sense of their unfitness; but in the presence of his Guest he was shocked at the irreverence of the scene. He said, "Master, I never understood till now! Forgive them, for they know not what they do." The Lord replied:

"The children mean no harm. But surely a better picture should be given to them on my birthnight than a group of dancing fairies and gamboling elves. Should not the little ones be taught to make their hearts a cradle for the new-born Christ? John, John, you have let them crowd me out!"

The minister dropped to his knees in very shame and cried:

"O Lord! forgive my grievous sin. My eyes have been unsealed tonight. I never thought how it would seem to thee."

He felt the gentle pressure of a hand upon his head and heard the tender words:

"I knew you did not understand; and so I came to be your Guest. Your error is forgotten in my boundless love."

Great tears stood in the minister's eyes; and it was long before he dared to look at his Companion's face. But as they left the church he heard him say:

"I have some in this city who keep my birthday worthily. Let us also visit them."

They went into another home. The mother with a baby in her arms sat by an open fire, while close beside her was her husband with two children on his lap. "Tell us the Christmas story, father," said a curly-headed little fellow, just old enough to wear his first pair of pants. "Yes, papa, tell us about the baby Jesus," said Mary, who was cuddled against his breast. And so he told the ever new tale of Jesus' birth, and how they laid him in the hay, because there was no other bed.

"And were the cows there too?" said little Jim. "And maybe a tiny lamb," Mary broke in. "I fancy so," the father said, "for Jesus was to be God's Lamb and die that we might be forgiven."

"I wish I could have seen the Baby," Mary said; "I wonder if he looked like ours." The mother looked at her sleeping baby very tenderly and whispered to her husband, "I wonder if Jesus' mother loved her baby more than we do ours." In answer the father only kissed the hand she

held out to him, but to the boy and the girl he said:

"Have you forgotten, children, how the wise men gave the Baby presents? Would not you like to make a Christmas present to the Savior? You know tomorrow is his birthday."

"I haven't anything that he would like," said Jim, "except my knife." But Mary whispered, "Papa, he can have my dolly."

"Now listen, little ones," the father said. "The Savior told us when he grew to be a man, that if we wanted to do anything for him, we were to find some folks in trouble and help them in his name. To-day down in the flats I found a woman with two children just as old as you. But she is so poor that she gets hardly enough to eat. I wonder if you would not like to please the Lord by giving them a Christmas gift tomorrow."

Jim took his knife out of his pocket. It looked very bright and sharp. And not until Mary cried, "Oh, goody, I'll run and get my dolly right off," did he make up his boyish mind to say, "Yes, father, I'll give that boy my knife, if you'll let me take your old one when I want to whittle."

When Mary came back with her dolly in her arms, the mother said: "Dear hearts, would not you like to have papa tell Jesus about the presents you are giving him?" So they knelt, with the husband's arm about his wife, while she gathered the little ones close to her side; and in simple words of prayer the knife and doll were given to the Lord for the other boy and girl to have. John Lee was weeping at the tender scene; and on his Companion's face was an expression of great joy. In blessing the Master lifted up his hands; and then the silent watchers went away.

#### SUFFERING CHILDREN LONG FOR THE CHRIST.

Soon they entered the children's ward in a great hospital, where long rows of little beds stretched through the room. They were having Christmas even there; for a white-capped nurse said:

"Little ones, it is Christmas eve; so we will have some music before we go to sleep."

Then in a sweet voice she sang—

"There's a song in the air;  
There's a star in the sky;  
There's a mother's deep prayer  
And a baby's low cry;  
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King."

When she finished the song a dozen childish voices cried, "Won't you sing us another, Miss Grace?" "Just one more and then you must go to sleep"; and so she sang that beautiful carol—

"Holy night! Peaceful night!  
All is dark, save the light  
Yonder where they sweet vigils keep  
O'er the Babe who in silent sleep  
Rests in heavenly peace.

"Silent night! Holiest night!  
Wondrous star! O lend thy light!  
With the angels let us sing  
Hallelujah to our King!  
Jesus Christ is here."

At the close of the song she went from bed to bed, saying: "God night, dear." Most of the children replied, "Good night, Miss Grace." But one little fellow said, "I wish I could see Jesus, Miss Grace. You sang that he was here."

"Why do you want to see him, Charlie?" asked the nurse rather unsteadily. For the boy was very sick, and the doctor had said that afternoon that he must die.

"If I could only see Jesus, I would ask him to stop the pain and take me with him back to mother. You know mother is in heaven, Miss Grace."

"Well, perhaps you may see him before very long, Charlie. You know this is the night that he was born. Perhaps he will come to the hospital to see you children. You know that Jesus always loved the children."

"Miss Grace"—and here the little fellow's voice sank to a whisper—"won't you bring me that bunch of holly in the window and tie it on my bed? Then if I'm asleep when Jesus comes he'll know I want to see him."

"Yes, Charlie, you shall have the holly, if you like."

So she hung the green wreath on the bed; and with a smile on his pale face the little sufferer went to sleep. And the Lord's angel came to the hospital that night, and found the sleeping boy and took him to his mother. No word was spoken by the minister as he stood with his Guest in the children's ward; but he thought of the babes of Bethlehem as he saw the look of loving tenderness on his Companion's face.

#### THE HEART'S DOOR OPEN FOR ITS LORD AND KING.

They made one other visit on that memorable night. In a small room of a board-

ing house they found a young man about twenty-five years old reading a letter. Soon, laying it open on the table, he leaned his head upon his hand as if in serious thought. The Visitor motioned to the minister to go nearer. He did so, and read the following words on the unfolded sheet:

"My boy, you can not know how much your mother loves you; but if you never see me again, remember that I have been praying for you every night since you left home. I don't know why I write these words tonight. But I wish you would send me the best Christmas present you have ever given me. It would be a letter saying that you had determined to live a Christian life. Won't you send your mother such a Christmas gift?"

"It seemed to John Lee that they waited there an hour; and he understood as never before how the Master's heart is stirred with all that happens to men. For he saw that in wordless speech the Lord was saying:

"Brother, gratify your mother's longing. Write that letter to her now."

Suddenly the young man began to pray: "My mother's Christ! I give myself to thee. Help me to conquer my temptations and forsake my sins. Help me for mother's sake. For she has prayed for me so long."

Then he took pen and paper, and began to write:

"Dear Mother—I have read your letter and will do what you have asked. God helping me, hereafter I will serve your Christ. I hope this letter will make you as happy as you thought it would. I only wish I might come home and hear you say once more, 'My boy! my boy!'"

He sealed the envelope and hurried to drop it in the letter box. His unseen watchers followed him; and the Lord said in glad tones a single sentence:

"The letter will reach her just in time."

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

REV. ARTHUR E. MAIN.

This council is a delegated body representing about thirty Protestant Christian denominations and 16,000,000 communicants; and meets once in four years. The Executive Committee meets yearly unless special meetings are called. The Administrative Committee meets monthly in New York City. Some sixty members of the Executive Committee met in Baltimore,

December 3-5. Among the members present were Mr. Wm. C. Hubbard, of Plainfield, and Rev. Arthur E. Main, of Alfred, N. Y. How to promote such causes and interests as the following were among the subjects considered with greatest care: the spirit and work of evangelism throughout the entire land; the improvement of industrial, housing, domestic, civic, prison, and other human conditions and relations; religious education by means of all the agencies that the church can employ; an increase in the number of chaplains in the navy; a better understanding between China and Japan, and the United States, in view of certain California legislation, the sense of being unjustly treated, among the Asiatics, being deep, and spreading; the promotion and protection of religion and purity in connection with the Panama Exposition; the right of all men to a weekly rest-day; and in general, an increased cooperation of all Christians in the work of building up righteousness and the kingdom of God in all lands. In one of the addresses this normal principle was eloquently emphasized; the strength of associated life is in the associating individuals; the strength of associating individuals is in the associated life. Being interpreted, this means that Seventh Day Baptists, in the associated life and work represented by the Federal Council, should expect both to give and receive spiritual power. The writer was given an opportunity to state the difference between the Seventh Day Adventists and ourselves. The adopted Declaration of Principles that will be published far and wide was one of the noblest utterances ever sent forth from a body of Christian men; and the whole meeting was one of great moral and religious fellowship and inspiration. Secretary Macfarland, in his annual report, said that there were two notable things in connection with his visit to our Conference,—our evident loyalty to convictions, and our interest in the work of our brethren of other denominations. The Church, in united endeavor, faces one great task, that of overthrowing evil in the world; and we go to our task in the power of one gospel, one Saviour and Lord, and one Holy Spirit.

To keep his commandments is to abide in him; and to abide in him is to have strength to keep his commandments.—*Campbell Morgan.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

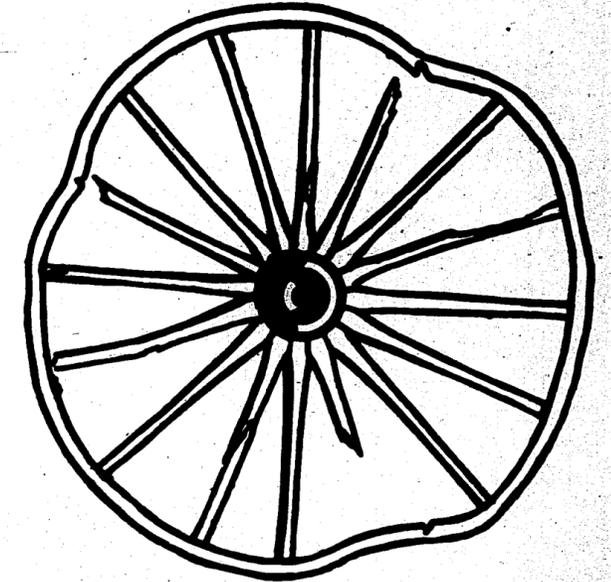
### Which Spoke Does Your Society Represent?

Among other things which made up an excellent program when quarterly meeting was held with the Walworth (Wis.) Church some weeks ago, were a number of excellent papers or addresses relating to young people's work. The readers of the Young People's department have already had the privilege of reading one of the bright, thoughtful papers that were presented. This week it is possible to give the abstract of an address by Prof. L. H. Stringer of Milton. His subject was: "The Relation of the Young People's Board to the Societies." He spoke in part as follows:

"It seems that the Young People's Board has about the same relation to the various societies as the hub of a wheel has to the spokes. Let us carry the comparison further. There are two kinds of wheels—good wheels and bad wheels. Good wheels are round. They run smoothly with little jolting and friction. They are capable of great endurance, great speed and of carrying heavy loads. Their spokes are sound and all of the same length and there is little danger of a breakdown. Bad wheels are not always round. Some of the spokes have been broken off and are shorter than others. They travel slowly with great jolting, and there is danger of a "smash-up" at any moment. How about our Christian Endeavor wheel? Is it a good wheel or a bad one? I am sure we will all agree that it is not as good as it might be. Let us see how much we can strengthen it this year. First, through prayer; second, through giving of our lives; third, through giving of our money. Where our treasure is there our hearts are."

Professor Stringer illustrated his talk with a diagram of an irregular wheel of thirty-four spokes, which is an apt illustration of the relation our thirty some societies sustain to the Young People's Board—the hub of our denominational young people's work. Examine the diagram of the wheel. The hub is true and sound in

every particular, but some of the spokes will be seen to be too short or cracked or entirely broken off, which means an inefficient wheel. Which spoke does your society represent? Study the diagram. It is most suggestive.



Which Is Your Spoke?

### Christian Endeavor Week.

(Continued.)

RECRUITING DAY.

On Monday the canvass begun on Sabbath should be continued. Get the Endeavorers to give up to this work all the time they can take from their studies and their regular duties. The chairman of the Lookout Committee will be the general in charge, and he will keep in close touch with his forces throughout the day, directing them and spurring them on.

Devote the evening to a *Recruiting Social*. The Social Committee, in sympathy with the efforts of the Lookout Committee, and in an earnest, consecrated spirit, should make plans for this social long in advance. The object of the social will be to exemplify the cordial, brotherly spirit of Christian Endeavor. Choose such amusements as, without being trivial, will mix up the company and get every one acquainted with every one else. Simple refreshments may well be a part of the evening's enjoyment.

To this social the Endeavorers should take pains to bring the young people with whom they have been laboring for the past two days to obtain them for new members.

Whether they have agreed to join or not, invite them to the social; and *go after them*, accompanying them to the social. Then devote yourself to them, and try to get them to fall in love with Christian Endeavor. Near the close of the evening ask them, "Now won't you join us?"

Here are brief hints for the evening's entertainment:

Each person as he enters is to receive on his back a placard bearing the name of a Christian Endeavor officer or committee. He is to discover what he is by talking with others about his duties. When the discovery is made, the placard is removed to the front of the coat (or dress).

A bright speech of welcome, by the president of the society.

Little samples of a mixture to be given to all present, with pencils and slips of paper, each to make a list of the supposed contents of the mixture. This may include salt, sugar, cloves, pepper, cinnamon, tea, coffee, peppermint, wintergreen, vanilla, etc. The person whose list is nearest correct may receive some reward, of no money value.

Each person is to receive a piece of paper bearing a number, the numbers to be from 1 to 5. Place paper rosettes on all of the group first formed whose numbers total 21—or any other number fixed upon. Continue changing the number to be formed three or four times. The person who wins most rosettes may receive some simple reward, of no pecuniary value.

Portraits of well-known men and women pinned around the room, numbered but not named. The person who writes the most correct list will receive a framed picture of some Christian Endeavor leader.

Divide the company into groups of, say, ten each. An umpire keeps time. Each group has a leader who speaks for it, but all members of the group help. The contest is in giving Bible proper names beginning with A, then B, etc. The group that holds out longest with the most letters is to sit together and be waited on first with the refreshments. No books are to be consulted.

Close with a "sing," using the society hymnal. After that, the benediction.

Speak of the purpose of the social in the prayer meetings well in advance, so that the Endeavorers will make a special effort to become acquainted with all strangers present.

#### LOCAL-UNION DAY.

The fourth day, Tuesday, is dedicated to that great branch of Christian Endeavor work, the local union. If a county or district union is substantially a city or local union, then it will be the union to celebrate; but if the county or district union comprises two or more local unions, let each of the latter observe the day in its own community.

In the evening a union mass-meeting should be held, well advertised in the societies and churches and newspapers and by pastors. Get the best speakers and the best music. Make thorough preparations well in advance. Decorate the meeting-room. Have ushers. Throw yourself heartily into the occasion.

Here is a program that may be used, with changes to meet local conditions:

1. Singing, by a chorus choir, leading the congregation.
  2. Devotional exercises, by the pastoral counselor of the union, if you have one; if not, by any Christian Endeavor pastor.
  3. A hymn, three stanzas, each sung by the members of a different society, warned in advance; the fourth stanza sung by the congregation.
  4. Statement of the work of the union, by the union president.
  5. Two-minute talks by all the Christian Endeavor pastors who can be brought together; testimony, encouragement, advice, inspiration.
  6. Another hymn, sung as No. 3, but by three more societies.
  7. Address, "Increase and Efficiency," by the best speaker available. Thirty minutes.
  8. One-minute suggestions for the Union Executive Committee looking to advance steps for the union; a symposium by presidents of societies.
  9. Singing: a song by the chorus choir and one by the congregation.
  10. Sentence prayers of purpose and consecration, by the Endeavorers.
  11. Closing song and benediction.
- In advertising this program, get in all the names you can, including all who will speak under Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7, and 8. Also advertise the chorus choir.
- The presiding officer *must* hold the speakers strictly to time. Warn them of this when they are invited.

#### JUNIOR AND INTERMEDIATE DAY.

Wednesday is suggested for Junior and Intermediate Day. It may take the form of a mass-meeting of all the Junior and Intermediate societies. One of the many delightful exercises published by the United Society may be given by the children. There may be a bright talk to the children, an illustrated talk if possible. The Juniors and Intermediates may meet in the vestibule, and march in the church, to their places, their banners flying. Close the exercises with an earnest plea for more interest in the children and more work done for them, addressed to the older persons present. This should not occupy more than five minutes, and should be by a very effective speaker. Aim to give each Junior and Intermediate society some definite part in the program.

#### UNITED SOCIETY DAY.

Thursday will be devoted to the larger, world-wide work of Christian Endeavor. The meeting in the evening will be given up to an entertainment, suitable to Christian Endeavor, for which an admission-fee will be charged. The entertainment will be furnished free by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, on condition that half of the gross proceeds, that is, half the money taken in, shall be given to promote Christian Endeavor in this land and throughout the world—25 per cent of the whole to be given to the United Society for extension work, 15 per cent to the state or provincial union, and 10 per cent to the local union, thus making 50 per cent of the whole. The other half of the gross proceeds may be used to promote the work of the local society or devoted to any other cause the Endeavorers choose.

A paid entertainment is suggested for this evening, not only because of the money that may thus be raised for the extension of Christian Endeavor in your own vicinity and throughout the world, but because it gives our younger members, and those who have little or no money to contribute, an opportunity to earn some money for Christ's cause by giving time and effort in preparing an entertainment which will of itself be helpful to Christian Endeavor.

This entertainment will furnish pleasure to the Endeavorers that give it and to all their friends. It will serve still further to advertise the society and add to the interest of the week. It will make a break in the

more serious exercises of the week, and will unite all in a hearty fellowship. At the same time it is expected that the entertainment will have a serious and instructive side, and will be well worth while.

(To be continued.)

#### The Salvation Verse.

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for January 3, 1914.*

#### Daily Readings.

- Sunday—Salvation by grace (Eph. ii, 1-9).  
 Monday—By faith (John v, 24-29).  
 Tuesday—By obedience (Heb. v, 5-9).  
 Wednesday—By works (Jas. ii, 14-26).  
 Thursday—From selfishness (1 John iii, 16-24).  
 Friday—To service (1 Thess. i, 4-10).  
 Sabbath day—Topic: Twelve great verses.  
 I. The Salvation Verse—John iii, 16. (Consecration meeting.)

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.—John iii, 16.

#### SOME BIBLE HINTS.

In reading this great verse let us substitute the first personal pronouns for the third: "God so loved *me*, that he gave his only begotten Son, that I, believing on him, should not perish, but have eternal life." Our salvation is a personal matter and God's "whosoever" comes to each of us personally.

This verse contains the two beautiful words "love" and "give." God loved us so much that he gave his Son that we might become his own true children. We can not be true children of God unless Christ is in the life.

#### THE LESSON.

As one of the wisest of the heathens said, everything has two handles—one by which it may, and one by which it may not, be taken hold of. The handle by which this blessed truth of Salvation should be taken hold of is that which Christ himself pointed out to us. It is the moral—it is the practical handle of it, not the theological nor the speculative. We need the doctrine, surely, as a comfort, and not as anathema. We need it as an incentive to holiness, not as a source of argument. We need it as a bond of unity, not as a test of difference.

There is a side of the doctrine of Salvation which, when we study, we can understand, and not only understand, but

adore; for it is revealed to us not only on its transcendent side, but also on its human side, not only in its relations to God, but also in its effect on man. And on this side you will see, if you search your Bibles, that there are four principal terms to set forth the Salvation through Christ. Christ is described as an offering for sin; as our reconciliation to God; as our ransom from slavery; as our release from a debt which is wholly beyond our power to pay. Now here we have no doubt, no mystery, as to the power of Christ to save, but blessing and peace. Christ is our sin-offering. When the ancient Israelite had brought his sin-offering, and seen the flame consume it on the altar, he believed that in some way, he knew not how, his sin would be forgiven; but for us, Christ, by the Eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God. Christ is our reconciliation, not in type and shadow, but in the very truth. He, as a mediator, stands in the presence of God making intercession for us. Christ is our ransom. Would we not be grateful to one who, finding us chained in a dungeon, should break our chains and fling open our prison doors? Here is a redemption which delivers from the captivity of sin and Satan, the worst of all captivities. Christ has paid our great debt. If with hearty repentance and true faith we turn to him, the debt—the debt of the horribly wasted and desecrated past—the debt of the miserably blighted and wasted present—is canceled, and we are free.

No one is in earnest about his salvation unless he believes that there is something he needs to be saved from. We are not reading, in this lesson, an interesting phase of early Christian thought; we are reading of God's great gift to the human race. There is such a thing indeed in our time, at this very hour, as conviction of sin. There is such a thing now as a human soul, struck dumb amidst its apologies, its doubts, its denials, by the message of God's gift to save. There is such a thing at this hour as a real man, strong and sound in thought, healthy in every faculty, used to looking facts of daily life in the face, yet broken down in the indescribable conviction that he is a poor, guilty, lost sinner, and that his overwhelming need is the assurance that his sin is forgiven. He must somehow be justified, or he dies.

Is this "somehow" possible?

Listen, guilty and silent soul, to a sound

which is audible now. In the turmoil of either secular indifference or blind self-justification you could not hear it; at best you heard but a meaningless murmur. But listen now; it is articulate, and speaks to you. The earthquake, the wind, the fire, have passed; and you are indeed awake. Now comes the message from God himself through the mouth of his own Son: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

#### SOME THOUGHT FOOD.

If we are to get salvation, we have got to get it upon God's terms and not upon our own.—*D. L. Moody.*

The penitent thief turned to Jesus when of the whole world he alone was praying to Christ. Do not wait to see what others do.—*Andrew Murray.*

Without Christ, we are slaves to sin; and the only salvation for a slave is—not a soft bed or an easier task—but freedom.—*Amos R. Wells.*

### An Inspiring Union Rally.

MISS HELEN M. COTTRELL.

The Christian Endeavor societies of Milton and Milton Junction, including the two Seventh Day Baptist societies and one Congregational society, recently held a very successful rally. The rally began Friday evening, November 28, and continued until the following Sunday evening. The Rev. Dr. Farrill, field secretary of the Wisconsin State Christian Endeavor Union, and Pastor H. Eugene Davis of Walworth, who is the new president of the Southern Wisconsin Christian Endeavor Union, were both present during the rally, and won the hearts of the young people by their enthusiasm and deep interest in the work of Christian Endeavor. Doctor Farrill is a man of wide experience in Christian Endeavor work. He brought to the young people a fund of helpful information concerning methods and plans for work. Pastor Davis is full of enthusiasm for the work which he has just taken up, and we young people should feel proud that the president of the Young People's Board has also been chosen to lead the Southern Wisconsin Endeavorers in their striving onward and upward for Christ and the Church.

Friday evening Doctor Farrill addressed

### A Civil War Christmas Story.

*The American Magazine* has been offering prizes for the best letters entitled "My Best Christmas." In the December number the prize-winning letters are published. The following true Christmas story won second prize:

"My best Christmas was in the year of 1863, during the Civil War. My father had enlisted at the beginning of the war and I, a young girl of fifteen, together with a brother of thirteen, lived with our mother in a small cottage in the outskirts of a little village in Illinois.

"We had been taught from infancy to ask God to help us in all things, so in our dear father's absence we called upon God each day to watch over him and bring him home to us.

"The days followed one another very slowly but at last Christmas Eve came. We had become discouraged and had not made many preparations to celebrate, for we felt we could not endure life much longer without some word from our loved one.

"At last evening came and we gathered for evening prayer. Our mother, who always conducted these services in our father's absence, could hardly read the chapter selected. Then we knelt and took turns in praying for our loved one, though we were all weeping so we could scarce understand one another.

"At last the prayers were finished and tears dried and we arose to our feet—to see our father rising from his accustomed place near mother. He had stolen in unobserved and taken the place he loved so well in our evening worship.

"Words can not express our joy and happiness over his return. He told us he had been severely wounded and had lain in a hospital for three months, and although he had sent us word when he could of his whereabouts, the letters had never reached us.

"Although this was fifty years ago it seems but yesterday, and though I have seen many happy Christmases since that time I am sure that was 'My Best Christmas.'"

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother:

"O, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath!"—*Exchange.*

the young people of the two towns in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton Junction. His subject was "Efficiency," and he urged upon his audience that they prepare themselves more thoroughly and carefully for their work as Christian citizens. He said: "The great breweries, railway systems and manufacturing establishments are demanding daily more efficient men to carry on their work. Then, why should not the church demand and have men and women who are becoming more and more capable of working out the problems of the greatest institution of the world?"

Sabbath morning Doctor Farrill preached in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton, and in the afternoon gave a very interesting illustrated talk to the Juniors and Intermediates in their union services at Milton Junction. At that time Mrs. L. H. Stringer also spoke to the children.

On the evening after the Sabbath a very enjoyable social hour was spent in the church parlors at Milton, where about fifty young people gathered. A light luncheon was served during which time soft music was played on the pipe organ. The remainder of the hour was given over to toasts and music.

On Sunday morning Doctor Farrill preached in the Congregational church in Milton, and in the afternoon gave an interesting and helpful talk on the "Efficiency Campaign" which so many societies are taking up at the present time. At that meeting Pastor Davis set forth in clear and definite terms the challenge which the northern Wisconsin district has made to the southern district. He urged upon the societies of these churches that they make a special effort to meet this challenge by perfecting their work along certain lines during the coming months.

The rally closed Sunday night with an inspirational meeting, when Doctor Farrill gave another of his stirring addresses. The young people of the two towns feel that the rally was a success in every way, and it is hoped that in the near future results in their Christian Endeavor work will prove that this is true.

No prodigal ever yet become a saint who could not have been a better saint if he had never been a prodigal.—*S. Edward Young.*

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### Christmas Day.

Las' night I thought I'd lay awake  
 An' watch for Santa Claus;  
 I knowed he'd come 'at very night,  
 I knowed he would because  
 My pa and ma they both said so,  
 An' I guess they ought to know.

An' bye an' bye I heard a noise  
 An' I lay awful still,  
 'Cause noises scares ol' Santa Claus,  
 (My ma she says they will.)  
 An' nen the door it opened wide  
 An' nen somebody comed inside!

An' nen he comed right to my bed  
 An' I just hollered "ma!"  
 An' nen w'en he got right close up  
 Why it was only pa.  
 I guess 'at what he comed to do  
 Wuz jus' to watch for Santa too!  
 —Richard Braunstein.

### Meets Santa in Person.

Every floor of the big store, like those of all the other big stores in town, was thronged to the doors with busy, smiling holiday shoppers, struggling good-naturedly to get at the counters and to make their purchases. In the struggle a little boy lost his grip on the mother's hand and within a second was swept away from her side by the stream of people.

But he did not weep and scream; he moved along in the crowd from counter to counter and he seemed to enjoy it immensely, for he was in the toy department.

Everybody else was making a collection of pretty things from the big supply and the little lost lad was as anxious as any one else to possess some and he saw no reason why he should not help himself as the older folks seemed to be doing. He did not see them pay for their purchases and, in fact, he knew nothing about the paying side of life.

So he began to make a collection and soon he had a doll carriage, a doll, a Teddy bear, a scarlet trumpet, a tricolored rubber ball and some other things. He was busily engaged struggling to pack the things into the doll carriage and striving to keep his feet with the great throng surging about him, when he was discovered by a kindly but businesslike store detective.

The child and his carriage load of plunder were carried to the office, where wicked shoplifters are taken to await the city police. The detectives put him in a chair and then began to take away his "presents" and return them to their respective counters. Instantly there was a turmoil. The boy screamed as if his heart would break and nothing could console him.

A smiling kindly man of whom all in the office seemed to stand in awe, walked out to the yelling youngster from his private office and, in a glance, took in the situation and realized what the trouble was. "Give the child his toys," he said. The toys were put back within the lad's reach, and he stopped weeping. "Fanks, Santa Claus," the lad said as he smiled and gazed into the man's eyes. "Youse a dood man an' I loves 'ou."

Then the man became a child again, and he sat down beside the youngster and talked with him and played with the toys as he was wont to fifty years ago.

In the meantime the gongs in every corner of the great store clanged a din that meant a lost child was found. The employes asked all customers they met if they had lost a child, and in this manner the mother of the lost lad was found, and she was sent to the office to rejoin him.

The youngster was told that only naughty children touch things which do not belong to them, but he carried his plunder with him when he left the big store.—*Boston Globe.*

There is an old Celtic legend that I have heard. It tells how on every Christmas eve a wandering beggar woman, with a little child in her arms, comes knocking at the half-door of some one old and poor, asking for a "handful of meal." Many a time have I listened breathless to how the beggar woman was asked in "for a heat of the fire," while the meal was being scraped painfully from the meager chest in the chimney corner, and how her beauty filled the little house with wonder, of the light that glowed about the little child who smiled from her arms; and how after their departure the angel throng would sweep rejoicing past on the frosty night, following them, and the meal chest be found brimming full.—*Frances Campbell, in The Measure of Life.*

## HOME NEWS

DODGE CENTER, MINN.—I am under contract (with myself) to furnish at least one letter for this department of the RECORDER during the year. I shall have to bestir myself if this contract is honored before the year closes.

Many times before this the impulse to write up this locality has been checked by the pressure of other duties. I have found the people of this place too busy doing things to take much time to write or talk about them. To illustrate, when, last night, in the "Brotherhood" meeting I was taking too much time to convince a brother who calls himself a pessimist that the work of the past year had been worth while, I was courteously reminded by the chairman that the subject for discussion was "How to make the organization of the brotherhood more effective." This incident is only one of the indications that assure me that if you find out what is doing here—about you must get it from some one who has no more to do than I have. This may be sufficient apology for the undersigned's assuming the role of reporter, and may illustrate that I can not be repressed in the reporter's tendency to tell things.

The State of Minnesota has the opportunity this year to tell some wonderful tales of material prosperity. And Dodge Center has received her liberal share.

Your readers learned a year ago something of the great industry of this section, the raising of onions, cabbage and sugar beets. These are by no means the only crops which Dodge Center can produce. But these are specialties to which considerable attention has been directed for a few years past. I should like to have taken you into a certain cabbage field of seven acres which, this fall, yielded to its owner the prettv sum of \$1,500. Potatoes, onions and beets were also bountiful and prices were good. Any one who desires a small farm and is willing to put in the labor required for trucking will find few places superior to Dodge Center. Pop-corn is also receiving attention and it may be but a brief time before North Loup will be finding a close competitor.

Should any one be seeking further information about the possibilities of Dodge Center as a home, he will find a courteous

correspondent in K. Robert Wells, the chairman of the Department of Business Opportunity, of our Men's Brotherhood.

Coming down to our immediate circle, there have been things doing in the church and society that indicate that the hearts of the people turn with warm affection to the interests of the church. A most vigorous and effective Women's Benevolent Society took up the matter of a new steel ceiling for the house of worship and before the summer was over the interior of the church was beautifully renovated. With effectual assistance from the brethren, the work of repairs has been carried on until the entire church property is in excellent condition.

During the year several new families have come here to make their home, a recent arrival being the Rev. E. H. Socwell, who has purchased a fine farm not far from town.

Last week occurred the annual election of officers of the Sabbath school, when those of the preceding year were returned to office under the skilled leadership of Supt. Elvan H. Clarke. Our Sabbath school has a fine reputation in the county as one of the very best. Attendance is excellent, classes are full, several of them being organized, and doing good work.

The work of the Women's Benevolent Society was mentioned above, but the tale would be too long to relate their manifold labors. The latest achievement was a supper and sale of fancy articles which netted them about \$75.00.

Union Thanksgiving services were held in the Congregational church in the evening, and it was worthy of note that notwithstanding two moving-picture shows in town there was a good-sized congregation.

There has been but little said in this letter, touching the spiritual interests of our Zion, but they are still dear to us. Our hopes are strong for the blessing of God on our own church, and all our sister churches. May these winter months see many hearts all over our land, seeking "first the kingdom."

T. J. V. H.

Dec. 10, 1913.

"The man who spends his life in 'getting even' for real or supposed injuries is a torment to himself and generally a bore to his friends."

## SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE, ALFRED, N. Y.  
Contributing Editor.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 3, 1914.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

Lesson Text.—Mark ix, 30-41; x, 13-16.

Golden Text.—“Gird yourselves with humility, to serve one another: for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.” I Pet. v. 5.

### DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Luke xv, 1-24.

Second-day, Matt. xx, 17-28.

Third-day, Matt. xxv, 31-46.

Fourth-day, Matt. xviii, 1-20.

Fifth-day, Matt. xviii, 21-35.

Sixth-day, Matt. xix, 13-15; Luke ix, 43-50;

xviii, 15-17.

Sabbath day, Mark ix, 30-41; x, 13-16.

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

### Training the Present Teaching Force.

The needs of our earnest teachers who are now doing their best, but want something better, must not be overlooked. Some of the schools that are doing fine work for the future teachers by means of the class within the school have also another class for those who are busy at the Bible-school hour. Full provision can be and should be made for these.

Pastor or superintendent, invite the teachers and officers to spend an evening with you in your home. Have a half-hour social feature, to be followed with a clear and forceful address on the need and the plan of teacher training. If time will permit, teach a sample lesson from the text-book. Endeavor at that meeting to secure at least a few people who will agree to enter a class, and will promise to do personal work to secure other members. Place your own name down as a member. Do not be discouraged if the class should be small. A class of two wide-awake people will be a fine thing for your school. You may find it helpful to adopt a pledge; if so, the following, which has been used by some of our classes, may meet the need:

“We the undersigned hereby enroll as members of the teacher-training class, and we further severally agree to study the lessons carefully, to be present whenever possible, and to aid in building up the regular attendance and interest of the class as well

as a healthy sociability among all the members.”

The time for holding the class meetings is usually a problem for all excepting those who take the work in the school hour. One of our most successful classes meets at four o'clock Sabbath afternoon; others meet on the Sabbath before or after church. An evening during the week is a desirable time, and a whole evening could be profitably spent on the studies. It is not easy, however, to find an evening that is not already occupied. If better arrangement can not be made, the class may meet for the study in connection with the weekly teachers' meeting or before or after the mid-week prayer meeting. A time can be found in every church.

### WHAT COURSES OF STUDY?

The experience of some years has convinced me that the best results will be reached by starting with one of the First Standard Courses and building any advanced work on that foundation. The first course consists of fifty or more lessons on the Bible, the Bible school, the pupil, and the teacher. The Advanced Standard calls for at least one hundred lessons covering the same subjects, with the addition of church history and missions. There are a number of excellent books from which to select the course your present and prospective teachers will need. All the books are helpful, but some are fuller in treatment and some are more simple than others. The First Standard books in general are free from any denominational teaching. The history, doctrine, and polity of the different branches of the church are presented in the advanced books.

### CHOOSING THE TRAINING CLASS LEADER.

Secure the best equipped man or woman in your church for leadership of the training class. Often the pastor must do this work. If another can be found the pastor should be very close to him, ready with suggestions and sympathetic interest. Scholarship or ability to impart knowledge should not be the only consideration in selecting a teacher for the class. He should be a Christian of spiritual force, sympathetic, tactful, patient, persevering, who will have the confidence of the class.

Often the only thing to do is to select some earnest-hearted leader whose only special qualification is his Christian character and his ability to lead others to do

things. Such a leader will study the lesson with the class and will see that it perseveres to the end.

It is well to name a president and a secretary-treasurer for the class who will keep the roll and look after necessary expenses. A membership committee would be useful in securing new members and looking up the absentees, and a committee on sociability could add to the attractions of the class associations.

### THE TRAINING CLASS AT WORK.

Require every student to own a copy of the text-book. Let it be clearly understood that the class is organized for business, and that every student is expected to apply himself to diligent study. Aim to make a splendid record for *thoroughness*. Plan to master the course of study. Do the work as unto the Lord. Far better to have two students who are dead in earnest than to have a dozen who will do the work half-heartedly.—C. A. Oliver, in *S. S. Times*.

### Live Heroes.

The heroes are not all dead yet. From time to time we read of one or another of them counting life not dear in sacrifice for others. One is Miss Nellie Connor, forewoman of the Binghamton factory where so many were killed by fire a short time ago. She was one of the first to reach the door, but stood aside to let the crowd of girls go first while she urged them forward. “Hurry, girls,” she cried, “it is all right if you hurry.” That was like the captain

of the wrecked ship who will be the last to leave. Miss Connor's own turn never came and her body was found in the ruins with the bodies of eleven girls who had crowded around her after escape was cut off by the flames. On the same page of the *New York Tribune* which records the story of Miss Connor we find an account of C. G. Eaton, engineer at a factory in Brockton, Mass. A hole in the pipe near the boiler filled the building with steam. Mr. Eaton waded through boiling water and the escaping steam, banked the fires and opened the steam valves, preventing an explosion. He escaped with severe burns, we are glad to say. It helps us to think well of our humanity with its potential heroes all about us when we see how most serious emergencies bring a self-forgetting man or woman to the front.—*Exchange*.

### Notice.

There will be a Roll Call Meeting in the Adams Center Seventh Day Baptist church the first Sabbath in January. This will be the beginning of the new year and it would give great cheer if we could have some word from all the members of the church both absent and at home when their names are called.

Arrangements have been made to begin a series of Junior Evangelistic services in our church January 1. Is it too much for us to hope that God's children in all our churches will pray that these meetings will result in a great awakening?

E. ADELBERT WITTER.

## For Sale, Fine Sewing Machine

Champion, drop-head, with full set of attachments; has vibrating shuttle and latest improvements; five drawers; beautiful, finely finished quartered oak woodwork. Made by New Home Sewing Machine Co. and fully warranted.

TERMS—\$18.00 cash; or, \$5.00 with order and seven monthly payments of two dollars each.

This is a brand new machine and is first-class in every particular. Shipped direct from factory to you.

*Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, New Jersey*

## DEATHS

**POTTER.**—Mrs. Sarah Potter, widow of the late Stanley Potter of Farina, Ill., died at her home in Santa Monica, Cal., October 25, 1913. She was the daughter of George and Maria Potter Irish and was born at West Genesee, N. Y., July 24, 1843.

Mrs. Potter was bereft of a mother when two years old and was brought up in the home of her paternal grandparents, George Irish and Betsy Babcock Irish of Ashaway, R. I. Many friends there will remember her as Sarah Maria Irish. On April 7, 1866, she was married to Mr. Z. Stanley Potter of that place and together they went to Farina, Ill., and made their home. Three children were born to them: Edwin, who now resides in Los Angeles, Cal.; Lucy Ann, who grew to womanhood; and Harold, who died in infancy. Mrs. Potter's husband passed away in 1892. Her daughter died two years later and her son went out to make his own way in the world.

Then with broken health and heavy heart Mrs. Potter made her way alone, at an age when most women desire only quiet and rest. In her girlhood Mrs. Potter had learned to make wax fruit as fancy work, and now she thought to turn that early craft to advantage. She possessed a love for the beautiful, an artist's eye, and faith in her own ability. The Illinois Board of Agriculture gave her an order to make two hundred samples in wax of the fruits and vegetables of that State for the world's fair exhibit in Chicago, and she did it well. Michigan also gave her an order for four hundred pieces, and on this group she won a world's fair medal for her skill in workmanship as an artist. This with the exhibit is still at the College of Michigan. Later she did much work for the college at Storrs, Conn., and also for a like school in Illinois. Her best work is at the Ontario Agricultural College, at Guelph, Canada. She remained there eight years, creating in the fruits of her labor a monument that will long keep her in remembrance. Here, we learn, she won a wide circle of friends, who esteemed her highly not only for her ability but for her conscientious adherence to what she believed was right, and for the cheerful spirit in which she bore up under her bodily sufferings, working on bravely when others would have given up in despair. Three years ago Mrs. Potter gave up her position and went to California, and in this far-away place she again made new friends who stood by her faithfully in times of need.

She was baptized at Farina, Ill., February 19, 1870, and joined the church there. From that time, throughout her checkered life, she faithfully kept the Sabbath and was true to her convictions of right. Her last days were passed in the Adventist faith. The Bible was her close companion. The exalted poetry of the Psalms so filled her mind by day that in hours of wakefulness and pain at night she would repeat correctly from memory the most precious Psalms until sleep returned.

Mrs. Potter knew the critical condition of her health but was very hopeful. As the days advanced she grew more fond of every beauty

around her, from the blooming vines and fig tree in her seaside cottage yard to the booming waves of the Pacific. Her last letter to a friend was full of cheer and is best expressed in these words:

"I know not the way I am going,  
But well do I know my Guide;  
With childlike trust I give my hand  
To the mighty Friend at my side."

**BURDICK.**—At his home, Burdick's Bridge, near Clarence, N. Y., December 10, 1913, Daniel H. Burdick, aged seventy-eight years.

Mr. Burdick was the youngest son of Rowse and Martha Maxson Burdick. He was born September 24, 1835, on the farm adjoining that on which he has spent nearly fifty-three years since his marriage to Jane L. Brown, April 10, 1861.

He is survived by his wife, a son, Robert B., at home, and a daughter, Mrs. O. S. Rogers, of Plainfield, N. J. A large circle of friends will miss his presence.

He had been an invalid, and a great sufferer for several years.

Services were held at the home, December 12, conducted by Rev. A. G. Wall of the First Baptist Church of Clarence. A solo rendered by Mrs. R. B. Hull, "At Home Forever," seemed particularly appropriate.

"The silver cord is loosened,  
And broken is the golden bowl;  
The pain, the struggle over,  
Now dwells in peace the immortal soul,  
He's gone—but fragrant memories hover near,  
He's gone—and yet his voice we almost hear;  
Patience just a little longer, my soul,  
Patience just a little longer  
And thou, too, shalt go,  
To be at home forever.

"'Tis but the old, old story  
Of "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
The weary hands are folded,  
The hands that hold no broken trust.  
He's gone—but just inside the gates of gold,  
He's gone—but 'tis the same old tale retold;  
Patience just a little longer, my soul,  
Patience just a little longer  
And thou, too, shalt go,  
To be at home forever.

"Why should we mourn the absent,  
And why should bitter tears be shed?  
He is not lost forever,—  
He's but asleep,—he is not dead!  
He's gone—but yonder on the golden shore,  
He's clasping hands with loved ones gone before;  
Patience just a little longer, my soul,  
Patience just a little longer  
And thou, too, shalt go,  
To be at home forever."

The interment was in Pioneer Cemetery.  
R. B. B.

To keep his commandments is to abide in him; and to abide in him is to have strength to keep his commandments.—*Campbell Morgan.*

## 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. Frank Muncy, 1635 Pine Street, at 10 a. m. Christian Endeavor services at the home of Lester Osborn, 351 E. 17th Street, at 3 p. 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.

### A Child Hero of Finance.

A delivery boy brought a package up to the house one day, not long before last Christmas. We bought a great many things from his store, and mother knew him by sight. She opened the door to pay him, and suddenly I heard her speak. "Why, Jimmy," she said, "how terribly tired you look!"

"I am tired," answered the boy simply. "I haven't slept for ages! Last night I didn't get home till after two, and then—well, you don't know where I live, but it's a pretty rough place, and I had a thousand dollars in my pocket. It belonged to the store, and I was responsible, for I had collected it. I sat up all night, but I had to drink black coffee to keep awake.—*The Christian Herald.*

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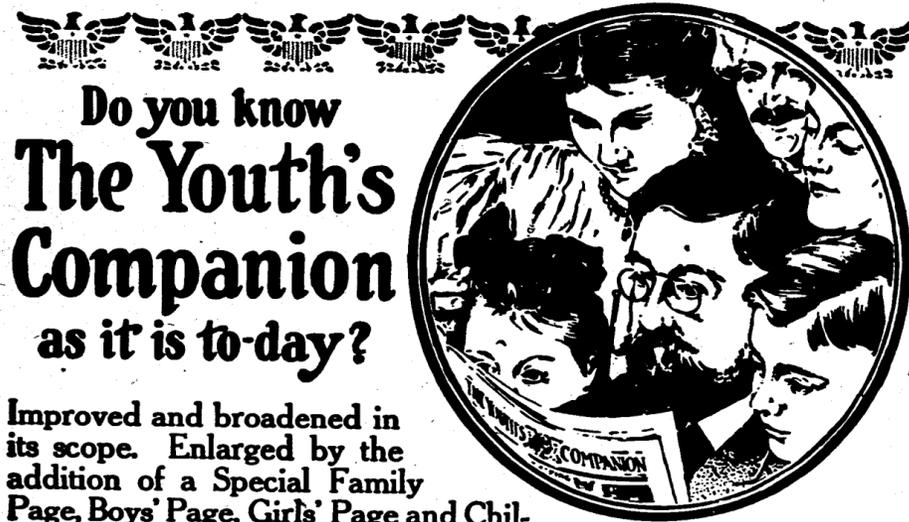
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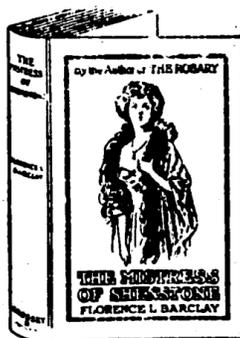
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Good night, Old Year! We lay thee down to rest,  
 And fold thy passive hands upon thy breast.  
 Thy brow is furrowed deep with care and pain;  
 No loss we grieve, nor wish thee back again.  
 For thy dead hopes and for thy love of right  
 We give thee a caress, and say, Good night.

Good morning, glad New Year! The dawn of grace,  
 Of courage, hope, and cheer beams in thy face.  
 Few more good mornings lie 'twixt us and heaven,  
 Yet for our good this new delight is given,  
 To greet with joy sincere,—thy smile adorning  
 Our simple life of love,—and say, Good morning.

—Worthie Harris Holden.

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