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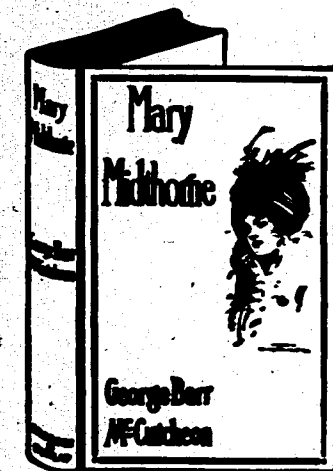
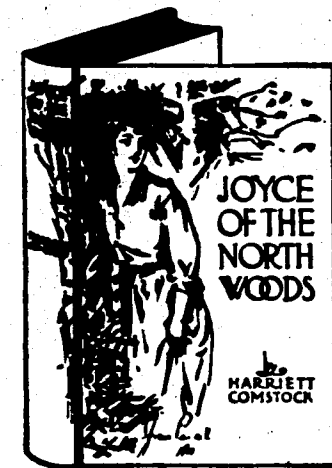
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Service is the Watchword.

Those who study the trend of thought as found in the leading religious and moral periodicals of the day can not fail to see that "Service" is the one word upon the lips of the preacher, the missionary, the teacher and the writer. It is well for the human race that so many Christian leaders have ceased their discussions over dogmas and creeds, and have turned their attention to active service for the world's betterment. Religion has too long been regarded by many as theoretical—a matter of belief or feeling only—to the neglect of the practical side of Christian living. We are now in the midst of a revival along lines of active service, of practical consistent work by which the men who have fallen among thieves may receive attention and help. Good Samaritans are taking the place of those who pass by on the other side, and many a road between Jerusalem and Jericho is being made safe for travelers. Organized charities are vying with each other in practical efforts to protect children by law from the clutches of greed. The wealth and skill of rich men and of worthy physicians are combining to relieve the sick, to stay the ravages of tuberculosis, cancer, hookworm, fever, and every malady that afflicts human beings. Better housing for the poor; comfortable homes for the homeless; asylums for the unfortunate; rescue and restoration for the fallen; educative museums and proper resorts for the common people and the poor; healthful play-grounds and garden-schools for millions of children; protection and safety for workers in mills and shops,—all these and many other reasonable and practicable plans of work for human betterment are filling the hearts and minds of Christian men as never before.

Missions are now organized with sanitariums as well as chapels, with trained nurses as well as competent teachers; churches are being provided with gymnasiums as well as reading-rooms, and with

kitchens as well as Bible schools,—all showing the practical turn toward help and culture for man's physical and social nature, as well as for the spiritual. Practical service for human betterment is indeed the watchword among Christian leaders today. Many a philanthropist has made a New Year pledge similar to that made by Mr. Bryan, as published in his paper: "As life is measured by what we put into the world, I shall make this year more valuable than any previous one by crowding more service into it."

Put Spiritual Power Into It All.

After all, spiritual life is the one thing needful if the modern movements toward practical service and better laws are to retain their impulses for good and helpful work. It is a delusion to think that society can be made over by civil laws, by chartering institutions, and by building retreats for the unfortunate, if the spiritual and faith life are neglected. If the pendulum swings too far away from the spiritual side of the Christian life, it leaves behind the most potent element in the uplifting of society. And so, while we rejoice in the practical-service revival of our time and would not have men abate in any way their zeal for institutional work, we do feel that there is great need of a renewed effort on the part of God's people for a deeper work of grace. We need a renewal of the faith of our fathers—a new hold upon the fundamentals of religion that made the apostles mighty, and that enabled them to bring men to the foot of the cross as well as to bring comfort and healing to their bodies.

We are glad to note that, in connection with the spirit of outward service so prevalent today, there are signs of revival in spiritual life. The tide seems turning once more toward the evangelical in church work. And if this shall reach its flood, it will undoubtedly put new life into all lines of service for the uplift of the race. The new spiritual impulse will give such

force to practical work as has not hitherto been known, and while the masses are made more comfortable outwardly, there will be begun within them, at the same time, a clarifying, regenerating process tending to keep them so. The race can not be built up from without. As of old, the springs of action are within.

The *Outlook* for January 10 contains an article entitled "The Law and the Prophets," which shows how one great denomination feels about this matter.

The recent General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church adopted resolutions to undertake a "preaching mission throughout the United States, which shall be distinctly evangelical in character." A committee of twelve able men was appointed to carry out the program. The belief is expressed that the age demands in no uncertain way "a revival of prophetic preaching." After stating the case, the *Outlook* goes on to say:

Nothing could be more timely, or, if effectively organized and wisely directed, more fruitful, than the revival of personal preaching which shall reach the American people in every section of the country. At the moment the country is going through a period of intense activity of moral life. With this activity the *Outlook* not only fully sympathizes, but believes it to be an expression of a genuine revival of religion in the consciousness of the American people; a new endeavor to put into effect the spirit and principles of the religion of Jesus Christ.

But such a movement needs to be accompanied and enforced by powerful statement of Christian truth, and a definite application of that truth to individual life. Every church that depends on institutional methods necessarily doubles its responsibility; for the institutional church can never take the place of the inspirational church; and work with the hands, or even with the heart, must be always reinforced by work on the human will. There can not be a strong institutional church unless there is behind it a powerful spiritual church. A great extension of a lighting or heating system involves a more powerful dynamo. Nor can ethical and philanthropic activity be long sustained without the reinforcement of a clear and decisive statement of the faith and the constant feeding of the sources of the active impulse with a stream of faith and love. The Church has set in motion great forces. It must stand behind those forces and interpret and direct them. This is its prophetic office; and any revival of this great function on a great scale is to be welcomed, as putting behind the modern movement the spiritual power without which it must sooner or later lose its impulse.

Because this is an active age, zealously seeking for the best methods of helping people practically and providing the best vital conditions, there is danger that it may come to rely on law

and organization instead of the spirit and character which are always the determining forces in every civilization. Forms of government are valuable and effective only as they express national character; organization and laws are beneficial only as they register real public opinion. At this moment many people are cherishing the delusion that society can be made over by making laws; and the statute-books are already crowded with laws, many of which are entirely inoperative. Congress and the Legislatures of forty-eight States are continually making laws, and in many cases the putting of a law on the statute-books marks the end of an effort toward reform. Laws are of value in great part because of their educational effect. There are some abuses which they can remove directly; there are many which they can reach only because they define a new ideal or embody a new principle, and so put before people another standard. But there are many laws which are fatally defective because they endeavor to deal with things which can not be reached by legislative action. Society will never become thoroughly sound and sweet except by the moralization of its members. There must be a change of the heart of society before it will bring forth fruits meet for repentance. The right spirit is a thousand times more searching, exacting, and effective than the most rigid regulation.

The prophetic function in the Church is to declare steadily the will of God; and the will of God is written, not on tablets of stone, but on the heart and in the conscience of men. By all means let the outward reform be carried forward with zeal and courage; but it must be accompanied by the inward reform which makes conscience a light to a man's feet and fills him with the spirit of Christ, which imposes few laws but sheds warmth and light on the whole world.

"Jesus and His Kinsmen."

This is the title of an interesting little tract, or booklet, written by B. A. M. Schapiro, a Christian Jew of New York City. Some four or five years ago we visited Mr. Schapiro, and gave our readers some idea of his work for his fellow countrymen. Since that time we have occasionally received tracts or folders containing matter regarding his work with the Hebrew-Christian Publication Society, a society with an executive committee of twenty prominent men. For some years Mr. Schapiro was editor of *The People, the Land and the Book*, which, while it lived, was a very interesting and readable magazine. The author was in touch with Doctor Lewis and with some of the pastors of the New York Seventh Day Baptist Church. He was educated at Pennington Seminary and at Adelphi College, and is doing a good work for the Master.

In the little tract of twenty-eight pages

he reviews in a clear and simple style the New Testament evidences that God's promise to Abraham—that in his seed all nations should be blessed—found complete fulfilment in the rapid progress of the early church at Jerusalem, and that the New Testament as well as the Old Testament was built up from among the Jewish people. He shows his countrymen that in the Acts of the Apostles, the disciples literally carried out the divine injunction and program, and that, too, as Jews. The synagogue was the constant beginning-place for every mission of Paul and the evangelists. It was "the Jew first," in accordance with the divine command. The early Christians were "Hebrew-Christians." There are many Hebrew-Christians today. Upon this point Mr. Schapiro, elsewhere, writes:

There is another feature, vastly more interesting and edifying, of which the Christian world is still in dense ignorance; that is, the Jew as a Christian. All know that the apostles were Jews, that the first bishop of Jerusalem was a Jew, that the first council ever held by the Christian church and which was the turning point in favor of the great march of Christianity to glory and triumph was held at Jerusalem, presided over by a Jew, and that its deliberations were participated in by Jews, and that a Jew gave the final decision. But they do not know of the many thousands and tens of thousands of Jews who have given up comfort, ambition, places of honor, the homes of their childhood and all that is dear to the human heart, in order to embrace the Christian faith, and who have become the exponents of their new convictions and have exercised a tremendous and enduring influence upon church and state for many centuries.

The crucifixion of Christ was due to a clique of corrupt priests and not to the masses of the Hebrew people. The common people did not cry, "Crucify him," but they "heard him gladly," and flocked around him. Concerning this Mr. Schapiro says:

A general impression prevails among the Jewish people that Christ was crucified because of the clamorous and unanimous demands of the whole Jewish nation. This erroneous idea has been and still is carefully fostered, and propagated by the rabbis for obvious reasons.

But historical facts flatly contradict this fallacy. For none deplored and regretted the death of Christ more than did the rank and file of the Jewish populace, who had been brought into close personal contact with him, to whom he had been a friend and a teacher, and who had been witnesses not only to his miracles, but also to his holy, spotless life and heroic death.

As to the enduring power of the Christ after his ignominious death Mr. Schapiro says:

These men were fully convinced of the divine personality of Jesus. For even in the far distant Old Testament period, when Judaism was the only pure religion—and though it was superior to any other, it did not claim to be either perfect or final,—it was always a prophetic religion that pointed to a future fulfilment, to a deliverance, to a mysterious coming of him that should complete and establish a way to holiness and to a path whereby it was made possible for the whole world to approach God. The rapid and marvelous growth of the first church at Jerusalem was proof of this expectation. Hence the lasting impression made by his teaching, his passion and his death. For even in the shadow of Golgotha Jesus showed himself to be the most heroic, the gentlest, the noblest and the grandest personality of all times and ages.

Ordinarily after the death of a popular personage there follows a reaction, and he is soon consigned to oblivion. Here, on the contrary, the sense of guilt arising from the fact that the people were silent partners in the commission of that great wrong, seemed, as time went on, to weigh more and more heavily upon their minds; and we find, despite the strenuous efforts of the rulers and high priests, that their love to him whom they sacrificed to the clamoring of a brutal, selfish minority, was revived with a hundredfold intensity and the people at large began to realize the greatness of their loss, the enormity of their crime. This regret was manifested in the great number of conversions.

In answer to the Jewish objection that only obscure people from the lower classes among the Hebrews accept Christ, we find the following:

The names of several hundred distinguished men and women of the nineteenth and the twentieth century form a complete refutation of the oft repeated but nevertheless erroneous assertion that the Nazarene does not appeal to the noblest and best of our race. The Messiah whom "the builders have forsaken" has in truth "become the chief corner-stone" in their lives. These names, on account of lack of space, are printed separately, and will be sent on application.

Dr. Arthur Rupp in his book, "The Jews of Today," states that during the first part of the nineteenth century hardly a single famous Jew avoided taking this step. Leopold Zunz himself, who devoted his life to Judaism, describes his fidelity to Judaism as the "great cage of the soul."

Doctor Gottheil says, "Why should we Jews not glory in him? The crown of thorns on his head makes him only the more our brother. For to this day it is borne by his people."

Doctor Friendlander calls him "The divine Son of Man," and says; "It is the glory of Judaism to have produced such a being."

In another writing we hope to give our readers some of the reasons advanced by Mr. Schapiro for the withdrawal of the

Jews from the Christian ranks, after the apostles were gone, and for the beginning of the persecution of the Jews by Christians. Really the question, "Why did not the church, which at first was made up of the Jewish people, continue to be so?" is the most interesting one treated in this tract.

Don't Mistake the Tide for a Wave.

While many authorities in the liquor ranks recognize the significance of the constantly rising tide of prohibition sentiment throughout the land, there are still some who speak of it as a "so-called prohibition wave," which will soon break and recede. There is a big difference between waves and tides; and the one who watches the wave alone, forgetful of the incoming tide, will be likely to find both wave and tide against him in combined and overwhelming force to destroy utterly. When only a wave breaks over a man, he can quickly straighten up after it is spent on the sands; but when to the wave is added the overwhelming power of a flood-tide, he is taken completely off his feet and swept from the face of the earth. There is no mistaking the character of the uprising prohibition sentiment of these years, and he makes a great mistake who regards it as merely a wave. Let the liquor interests remember that it is not the wave but the tide they have to deal with. Some unknown poet has put it in this way:

"On the far reef the breakers
Recoil in shattered foam,
While still the sea behind them
Urges its forces home.
Its song of triumph surges
O'er all the thunderous din;
The wave may break in failure,
But the tide is sure to win.

"The reef is strong and cruel;
Upon its jagged wall
One wave, a score, a hundred
Broken and beaten fall.
Yet in defeat they conquer;
The sea comes flooding in;
Wave upon wave is routed,
But the tide is sure to win.

"O Mighty Sea! thy message
In clanging spray is cast—
Within God's plan of progress
It matters not at last
How wide the shores of evil,
How strong the reefs of sin—
The waves may be defeated,
But the tide is sure to win!"

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

The President at Home Again.

Everybody was glad when the President found a time for his first real vacation since his inauguration. And now when, after three weeks of rest and recreation in the South, he returns much improved in health, ready for work, every one is glad again.

He was compelled to remain much in seclusion during his stay at Pass Christian, Miss., but just before leaving there he gave the residents an opportunity to meet him face to face at Herndon Cottage, the "Dixie White House," and two thousand visitors shook hands with him. The reception is spoken of as being a most remarkable one. It took place on a sunny afternoon, in the spacious veranda of the cottage, which is surrounded by palms, native shrubbery, and blooming plants, with great spreading oaks hung with waving festoons of tropical moss. The throng that surrounded the President is spoken of as composed of "stylish gowned belles, humble women in common apparel, Confederate soldiers proudly wearing the gray, modishly attired young swells, prosperous business men, planters with sombreros, little girls carrying flowers or fruit as gifts to the President, and last but not least, old 'Aunt Lucy,' ninety-five years old and for threescore years the village washer-woman."

The President had words of good cheer for each one, cordially accepting the tokens from the children. One little boy in his mother's arms gave a tiny flag, and the President pinched his little cheek and clasped his chubby hand. When the handshaking was over, the women started "America" which was sung as a closing exercise.

Special arrangements were made by the Louisville and Nashville road to guard the President's train from harm. Every switch over which it was to pass was specially manned, and every section hand was ordered on duty for any emergency. Every possible precaution was taken to put the train over the road without mishap and on schedule time.

The morning of December 13 found the

President at home and ready for his work. Congress is also said to be fresh and eager to take up the administration's legislation, much of which has to do with the anti-trust bills.

A Situation Without Precedent.

The present situation on American soil along the Mexican border is one for which we know no precedent in military annals. Never before has an army of the United States been called upon to surround, disarm, hold in custody and care for a large body of aliens, refugees from overwhelming defeat by rebels in a neighboring nation.

After the complete Federal routs and rebel victories at Ojinaga the vanquished army stampeded for the United States line, across which they came by thousands for refuge. Many of them knew that certain death awaited them if once they were captured by the rebel Villa, who was executing many of their leaders and comrades. Twenty-eight hundred Federal soldiers, six generals, with arms and 200,000 rounds of ammunition, two cannon, four large field pieces, 1,500 civilian refugees, and many hundreds of women and children are now under guard by United States troops as a result. The distress of these people is intense. Food is very scarce, and shelter is impossible. Several acres are crowded with human beings of all ages and descriptions, intermingled with horses, cattle and chickens, and surrounded by such household goods and baggage as they could carry in their flight. The scenes along the route were beyond the power of pen to describe. Scores of mothers had lost their children in the scramble and were wailing out their grief. Many were without sufficient clothing to protect them from cold, and when they arrived in the corral all were drenched from fording the river. Federal and rebel wounded, alike, crawled to the river's bank side by side, and sought the help of Americans in crossing.

It is remarkable when we think how fewer than five hundred cavalrmen of our army handled this panic-stricken mob of almost ten times their number. Many of the Mexicans had loaded rifles and well-filled cartridge belts; but the American cavalry had no trouble in rounding up and disarming them without serious mishap.

General Mercado, who is among the ref-

ugees, says there was no lack of loyalty and bravery among his soldiers, but the women of the town would not flee and leave the men alone, and many loyal men were sure to be executed when captured, so he had no alternative but to order the retreat. "I saw," said he, "there was no hope, and I had to command the soldiers to leave. I chose to place the lives of my men in the care of the United States rather than to risk them to the rebels. We are grateful for our hospitable asylum here."

Yes, Huerta Must Go.

The "Huerta must go" program of President Wilson is likely to be carried out in a way that could hardly have been foreseen when the President's policy was first announced. While General Villa was away in the north, and the Carranza insurrection had affected only a small territory, the dictator Huerta in the city of Mexico had little to fear from Carranza's determination to drive him out. But now all is changed. The capture of Juarez, Chihuahua and Ojinaga has completely shattered the hopes of the Huerta government. With Huerta's generals fleeing as fugitives, with the country open for Villa's advance upon the capital of Mexico, and with the entire section seized with panic, we know "Huerta must go." Indeed, before these lines reach their readers, the murderous dictator may meet his deserts.

But we can have little hope that the formidable fighter and murderous bandit, Pancho Villa, though he may be the instrument in putting Huerta out of the way, will be likely to organize and hold a provisional government and give Mexico a chance to choose her own ruler. His previous bandit life can hardly qualify him to rule in equity the Mexican people, even if he could succeed in quieting the smaller uprisings now in progress. Others may think they can do just what he has done, and so there will be no end to the trouble. Who the coming man in Mexico will be no one can foretell. Only one thing now seems sure, and that is, the one man who is now most likely to drive Huerta from the Mexican field is General Pancho Villa, the bandit. The world can thank him for this, if for nothing more.

Charles W. Morse, who deceived President Taft, and thereby obtained pardon from his just punishment in the Federal

prison at Atlanta, was not so near death's door as some supposed. He now has the effrontery to ask Congress to investigate charges to the effect that he was sent to prison through a conspiracy by certain business men to put him there. We understand he has been informed that no move will be made in the matter until he brings forward some substantial evidence in support of his claim. People have not much sympathy with this man who has made the pardoning power a laughing-stock in the eyes of the world and turned justice to a farce through a disgraceful deceit.

Right Kind of Philanthropy.

Some days ago the papers announced that Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer of Detroit, Mich., had determined not to die rich, and was making plans to divide his millions of income from the business with the employes in his great shops. According to reports constantly published, his idea is to help the toilers to help themselves. He could found libraries and endow schools, but by so doing he would fail utterly to reach and benefit the poorer classes, because their very poverty would practically debar them from fine library rooms and schools. He therefore devised a plan by which the men in his shops should begin with January, 1914, to share largely in all the profits of the business. This plan was entered into with great enthusiasm by Mr. Ford's wife, and they together are happy in the good work. Mr. Ford's sons are well-to-do and excellent business men, able to make their own fortunes, and he says he prefers they should do so rather than to inherit millions for which they have not toiled.

This plan means the distribution of \$10,000,000 profit from the business, in 1914, among 25,000 to 30,000 employes, over and above their regular wages. Thus, from the beginning of January to the end of this year, no laborer—not even the shop sweeper—will get less than \$5.00 a day. These men are scattered around the world. Some are working in the branches in Canada, Mexico, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa. Some are even in the Fiji Islands. The women employed in the offices, too, are to have a substantial raise in their salaries.

The working time has been reduced to eight hours a day, thus making three divisions of men in twenty-four hours. This

calls for the employment of 4,000 more men. It is not surprising that, as soon as the news of this movement went abroad, men flocked to the Ford shops for employment, and on one day a throng of 10,000 men besieged the place clamoring for a chance to work.

The State Charities Aid Association of New York makes the announcement that three times as many girls as boys are wanted for adoption. People used to say, "It costs more to raise a girl than a boy," but it seems that this makes no difference with those now desiring to adopt children. Of the 4,754 applications to this society in fifteen years, 3,011 of them were for girls. Only 190 applicants expressed a willingness to take whichever came handy at the time.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Civil War fame, once governor of Kentucky, and, later, candidate for Vice-President on the gold Democratic national ticket in 1896, died January 8, at his home in Hart County, Ky.

The Work in Holland.

To Secretary American Sabbath Tract Society:

DEAR BROTHER SHAW:

It has been a great disappointment to me that in so many months I have not been able to write to you and to the secretary of the Missionary Board. The reason was not, there was little to mention that would interest the board; on the contrary it has been a very important time for the cause in Holland. In a certain sense these last six months appear to me to have been decisive for the history of the Seventh Day Baptist cause in Holland, and if the proverb is true, "All is well that ends well," we have every reason to rejoice at the closing of this year. Let me—as they say we Sabbatharians are wont to do—begin with the end. On Sunday night, December 21, our dear chapel, recently restored (cordial thanks be to the Memorial Board and our friends in Holland), was crowded with a very earnest audience, come to witness the baptism of a bright young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Andreae.

One day, a few months before, Mrs. Andreae, having been searching during several years for peace and for the divine assur-

ance of the forgiveness of sin, saw our meetings announced in the local church news, and decided to go and hear us Seventh Day Baptists. I distinctly recollect the rare fact of seeing an entire stranger to us entering our morning service. She went home, having received some food for her hungry soul, and came back the next week, and in the Sabbath school took a lively part in the discussions. She made acquaintance with us and when the evening services began she brought her husband with her. He was employed at the office of a large engine manufactory and, being overworked, the doctor ordered a few weeks of rest for his mind. This time Mr. and Mrs. Andreae used to search the Scriptures and pray together, with the result that they came to the joyful consciousness of the forgiveness of their sins, and of their acceptance with God as his children, through faith in Christ. As our people had been instrumental in their conversion and they had learned to love us, in their sincere desire to know the way of the Lord, they came to us to ask why we kept the seventh day of the week, and why we had a conception of baptism so entirely different from that of the Reformed Church. We explained these questions plainly and gave them some literature to compare with the Bible for testing if these things were such as we Seventh Day Baptists taught them. Not long afterwards they wrote to me the heart-moving news that it had become clear to them, after earnest praying and investigation, that the Lord required them to keep his holy Sabbath and to confirm their confession by baptism and joining our church. I immediately visited them and found it all true, and our hearts were overflowing with thankfulness. Going to his office to ask leave on the Sabbath, his chief asked him if he had become a crank, as he knew perfectly well Saturday was the busiest day of the week for his department, on account of the drawing up of the lists of wages. The doctor was kind enough to lengthen his furlough until the first of January, 1914, but at that date he probably will be without employment. It appears very difficult to get a situation at an office and have Sabbath free. Still, a wonderful peace and joy reign in the hearts of these true children of God.

It made a deep impression on the au-

dience when I told them this plain story before the baptism of these young friends. I used for illustration the example of the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch, comparing the work of the Holy Spirit in both cases, and preached from Galatians iii, 27. We trust there will be more to follow, for we all felt the mighty presence of the Lord and the Spirit working convincingly in our hearts.

A young servant girl, eighteen years of age, well acquainted with us for some years, asked for baptism. Her parents and patron are religious people, but much opposed to the Sabbath.

The things that troubled us have been removed and the old spirit of unity again reigns among us. Every Sabbath is a real feast unto the whole church, whether we are together in our dear chapel or enjoying the fellowship of the saints in our homes. With the spirit of mutual fellowship and confidence prevailing, old friends outside the church have returned to our meetings.

Conditions in Rotterdam remain about the same. I told you of the joyful news that a Seventh Day Baptist church of about twenty members had been founded in Bompland, in the Argentine Republic. Most of the members are Swedish Baptists. Brother Van Ysseldyk, an old friend of my father's, was instrumental in building up this church.

Outside the church it has been very interesting for me, by reason, first of all, of the preparatory work and my attendance of the International Congress for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic in London, July last, about which I wrote you before.

When we had the great pleasure of seeing Brother Titsworth here a few weeks ago, I told him about this grand congress and showed him the speech I delivered there on the remarkable history of our work in the Purity movement in Holland. If at any time I may have the privilege of meeting our brotherhood on the other side of the ocean, I hope the opportunity will be offered to me to say something about the same subject. There is a very essential coherency between our work for the Sabbath and our work in the Purity reform: the holy love for the Law of God. The Midnight Mission from men to men in Holland, which had such a wonderful

effect, was born in our small Haarlem Seventh Day Baptist Church and everybody knows that I am a Seventh Day Baptist. In November last the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Midnight Mission was commemorated in Amsterdam. With my friend, John Van der Steur, I was called to initiate this mission and I am the only man who has continued in it for all these twenty-five years. It was a glorious jubilee and I scarcely can imagine a more striking contrast than the terribly difficult beginning of this mission and the conditions under which we work now, the results attained in different aspects, especially in our legislation, which has been entirely revised in accordance with our principles. If you like to insert it in the RECORDER, I shall be glad to send you my speech at the London congress referring to this subject. The most striking moment for me at the jubilee of the Midnight Mission came with the words by which the first speaker at the huge meeting on Tuesday night, November 18, in the New Church (the same church where the Queen is inaugurated, about 4,000 people attending) began his oration. "Though Paradise is lost," he said, "for fallen humanity, God left it through the ages two celestial flowers: Sabbath and Marriage." He then pointed out the intimate relation between both. It sounded like a divine testimony, a prophecy, this idea so essential to the history of our work. The last orator was the late Secretary of State, Minister of Labor, A. S. Talma.

Times may have changed for the better but we still have our great difficulties; for when success dawns, it is much more difficult to secure men as leaders in different parts, who are driven by the pure motive of the love of Christ, and not by the love of honor or gain.

As national secretary of this movement I continually greatly need the wisdom which our Lord promised to those who trust entirely in him.

I pray for you and for all dear to you by spiritual or parental ties, that this divine wisdom and love, hope and faith, may grow abundantly among our whole brotherhood in America and all over the world, in the year to come.

With cordial thanks and Christian greetings to the board, I remain, dear brother, Very sincerely yours in Christ,

G. VELTHUYSEN.

Quarterly Meeting of the Memorial Board.

The quarterly meeting of the Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund was held January 11, 1914, in the church parlors at 10 a. m.

Present: Henry M. Maxson, David E. Titsworth, Joseph A. Hubbard, Joseph D. Spicer, Orra S. Rogers, William C. Hubbard and Accountant Asa F. Randolph.

The minutes of the October (1913) meeting were read. Correspondence was read from Al. S. Childers, Treasurer of Salem College, bespeaking our continued favorable consideration toward that institution.

The Finance Committee's report showing change in securities for the quarter was read, and on motion, approved, with the request that the Accountant fill in the appraised values, and an abstract of same was ordered on record.

The Treasurer's quarterly report was read in detail and having been duly audited was approved and ordered placed on file.

The monies of the Fund are all invested, all new loans being at 6 per cent per annum, and interest on outstanding mortgages is, in the main, promptly paid, notwithstanding the let-up in business and the temporary depression.

The George H. Babcock Fund, which is discretionary with the Board, was voted as follows: \$200 for the use of Alfred Theological Seminary; \$821.67 to Salem (W. Va.) College.

The Henry W. Stillman Fund, which is discretionary with the Board, was voted as follows: \$100 to American Sabbath Tract Society; \$100 to Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society; \$456.63 to Milton (Wis.) College.

To each of the five young men in Alfred Theological Seminary, to Herbert L. Polan, of New Market, N. J., and Peter Taekema of Haarlem, Holland, was voted \$50 to help them continue their studies.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Secretary.

Disbursements for the Quarter.

Alfred University	\$4,301 78
Milton College	3,110 25
Salem College	775 01
Missionary Society	470 63
Tract Society	1,571 47
Education Society	200 00

SABBATH REFORM

"Great Peace Have They."

In the letter from Brother Velthuysen of Holland, found on another page, we see something of the peace that comes to those who, through love to God and loyalty to his law, embrace the Sabbath of the Bible, and are willing to suffer material loss, if need be, in obeying the law of God. "Great peace have they that love thy law," is no idle assurance, and we do not wonder that the husband and wife mentioned in the letter are exceedingly happy in their new experience. Their eyes were opened through Bible study and prayer to the truth about baptism and the Sabbath, and without hesitancy they yielded all, obeyed the word of Jehovah, and followed the example of Christ. Did any one ever know of a case where such surrender was made and such obedience given and the soul did not find peace? If one instance could be given where a man or woman has become perfectly teachable and has surrendered completely to the Master's will in loyal, loving obedience, and then has not received the blessing of peace as the evidence of God's approval, we could not again preach the gospel with the full assurance that every true seeker shall find rest of soul.

Many professed followers of Christ come short of the full measure of peace simply because they do not yield when the light of truth comes to them. Even the suspicion that we may be wrong detracts somewhat from perfect soul-rest, and must continue to do so until we yield the point and accept the truth. There are many who are not satisfied upon the question of the Bible Sabbath—many who feel that there is a discrepancy between their attitude and that of God's word toward it, who would find a new joy of soul by yielding to the divine teachings and accepting the Sabbath that Jesus kept. This same rich experience that came to the two persons named by Brother Velthuysen, has come to many others who, even after years of Christian life, have accepted the truth. And we trust that many more now in doubt and filled with misgivings will yet come to the light and enjoy a new-found peace.

What Are Seventh Day Baptists?

Seventh Day Baptists are essentially Baptists, and do not differ radically from the great body of Baptists, except that the former observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, while the latter observe the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday.

NOT ADVENTISTS.

Seventh Day Baptists must not be confounded with Seventh Day Adventists. It is true that both observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath; but the former are essentially and distinctively Baptists, while the latter are essentially and distinctively Adventists, whose interpretation of the Bible differs radically from that of other Christian churches, and whose church polity is in no sense that of the Baptist Church—*Booklet, The Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists.*

Let us remember that the Sabbath is only a means to an end. Even keeping the Sabbath punctiliously did not save the Pharisees from condemnation or in any degree palliate their sin. Only he that doeth the will of God abideth forever No statement recorded in Holy Writ with reference to the Sabbath makes any alteration in the conditions man was originally made subject to, or in man's relations to his Maker. Whatever reasons existed for the Sabbath appointment in the beginning exist still, the purpose sought when encasing the day in the week continues as when the plan originated; the Almighty's opinion of the peculiar utility of the day to man. . . . is as unqualified as ever.—*William B. Dana.*

"How do you like your teacher, dear?" little Mary was asked, after her first day at school. "I like her real well," said Mary, "but I don't think she knows much, for she just keeps asking questions all the time."—*Exchange.*

"Five-year-old James was temporarily deprived of the use of one eye by a painful sty. As night approached, he said to his mother, "Mamma, I'll have to go to bed early to-night, because I haven't got but one eye to sleep with."

The Thirsty Traveler.

REV. EDWIN SHAW.

A Story-sermon, preached at Plainfield, N. J.

As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.—Ps. xlii, 1.

"Which would you rather be, good or intelligent?"

It was Philip who spoke. The boys, or men rather, for they were both on the farther side of twenty-one years, were sitting by the table in the little northwest room at Aunt Deal's boarding house. The small sheet-iron stove was getting red-hot from the fire of dry hickory rails, and Philip had risen up to turn off the damper in the stovepipe. They had been sawing and splitting wood on the hill for Evan Davis from two o'clock till sundown on Friday, and now after supper they had come upstairs to their room. There was a double bed in the corner between the two windows. A rag carpet covered the floor. A table with a red cloth, a small rack for books, a kerosene lamp with a green paste-board shade, two chairs, a trunk, and a wood-box made up the furnishings. In a narrow alcove was another trunk and from nails were hanging several pieces of men's wearing apparel. Yes, you have guessed it. You are right. They were college students of a generation ago, working their way through school.

"Which would I rather be, good or intelligent?" answered Fremont, as he laid the book he was reading down on the table, and rising up took off his coat and threw it on the bed.

"I was just reading a bit of a story here in this book I got out of the Oro's library this noon. It is called the 'Thirsty Traveler,' and it tells of a fellow who lost his way last summer on the prairie out in southwestern Kansas on a hot scorching day. But why do you ask such a question?"

"Why, in this birthday book that Frank wants me to write my name in there is this quotation for today, February 9. It is taken from the writings of Charles Kingsley and it says, 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.' And it made me think what Miss Bond said this morning in English literature class about the

heroines in the plays of Shakespeare. She said that the really lovable women, like Ophelia, and Juliet, and Cordelia, and she named several more, were lovable for other qualities than intellect. And then she named another lot, like Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra, and Goneril, intelligent,—and wicked. And then she asked us to notice in English literature, in the writings of such authors as Milton, and Dickens, and Scott, and so on, whether or not goodness was a characteristic of people who, if not actually stupid, were at least not over-intelligent: and that intelligence and wickedness were pictured as going together. I forget just how she said it, but that was the idea; and here is this line from Kingsley, 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,' and so I ask you, here we are in college, almost three years more of hard grind yet before us, trying to improve our minds, you know, trying to get an education, and I want to know, would you rather be good or intelligent?"

Fremont picked up the book he had been reading, and slowly turning over the pages he remarked, "I do not know as there is any connection between your question and this story, but this man tries to picture the experience of one who made a trip on horseback from Syracuse, Kan., on the South Fork River, sixty miles south to the Cimarron River near the border of Indian Territory across the prairie. There was a trail, a stage road, with taverns about fifteen miles apart where water could be secured from wells, deep wells, that had been dug. In some way the traveler lost the road early in the morning, and the story is the experience of that day. He had no compass, but directed his way by the sun, feeling sure that he would soon recover the trail. It turned out to be a burning hot day. The sun was dazzling to the sight, and the wind that came up across the stretches of dry, sear buffalo grass was like the breath from a furnace.

Presently he saw off to his left, in the distance a mile or so, a lake where the water glistened in the sunshine. Beyond the lake was a stretch of trees. He turned and eagerly started in the direction but soon discovered that the lake had vanished, and that the trees were but a species of prairie weed no larger than good-sized cabbages, such as he had seen before along the way; and he realized that the mirage

of which he had heard and read had deceived him,—that queer reflection of the sky upon the prairie which has the exact appearance of water, and which elongates objects so that a settler's shanty looks like a tall mill and a pony, half a mile distant, looks like a giraffe.

And now the lake suddenly had moved and was sparkling an inviting welcome off in another direction. But he no longer heeded its beckoning. He had been told that there was not a drop of water anywhere on this prairie, and he should not have been deceived, but now he bent all his mind and thought and strength on keeping directly south, so as to reach the Cimarron River, for water was what he and the horse most needed. But from ten o'clock till five he struggled on, with no shelter for himself or the horse and no water, while every instant of the time, on one hand or the other, could be seen clear and plain these limpid lakes and pools, temptations to turn aside, almost irresistible. But his knowledge of the situation kept him going south, south.

He says he can not describe the sensation, the experience of that day, but a Scripture text kept running through his thoughts: "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." And as he struggled on he lifted up his heart in prayer to God for help and guidance.

As the sun lowered towards the horizon, the heat became less intense, but the burning thirst continued. After sundown a cooler breeze came up from the highlands of Northwestern Texas, and in the light of a full moon, guiding the way by the polar star, about ten o'clock horse and rider came down a little incline to the river Cimarron, and there found,—a dry bed of sand, no water. And again he thought, "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Presently the horse lifted his nose and turned towards the right, sniffing the air as he went, and the man saw a darker piece of ground some distance away. This they found to be a patch of green grass. The horse eagerly began cropping at it, while the man, knowing that green grass could grow on sand only where water was near the surface, with a pocket-knife and with his fingers soon excavated out a hole

about two feet deep into which in a few minutes there filtered through from the underground river, plenty of water for himself and the horse, and man and animal knelt down and drank from this life-saving fountain, man at least thanking God for this guidance and help, and for his own knowledge of things which had enabled him to keep in the right direction and dig the earth in the right spot.

As Fremont ceased his telling of the story and laid the book down, Philip turned and looked at the little alarm-clock on the table and said, "I think I see the point and I am thirsty; come on. It is time for college prayer meeting in the Davis room, and tomorrow is the communion service, and tonight is the covenant meeting at the church; come on. And then when we get back, we will study the Sabbath-school lesson, and learn how to travel by the Sun of Righteousness, and how to dig in the right place, at the foot of the cross, for the water of life, and to answer my question. Which would you rather be, good or clever? Let this be our answer, *Why not be both?*"

[It has been said of this story that it is not true to life, for college boys do not talk after this fashion. I am not so sure about that. Possibly all boys do not talk thus all the time. Then it must be remembered that these were not modern high-school graduates, but men whose early education had been among the hard knocks of early pioneer times beyond the Mississippi—THE AUTHOR.]

Teacher—"Now do you see the difference between animal instinct and human reason?" Bright Boy: "Yes'm. If we had instinct, we'd know everything we needed without learning it; but we've got reason, and have to study ourselves mos' blind or be a fool."—*Good News.*

"Don't you think peace would be promoted if nations could be persuaded to talk things over deliberately before going to war?" "Possibly. But sometimes the more you talk things over the more you find to fight about."—*Washington Star.*

A friend asked little Hilda how she liked going to school. "I like the going and the coming," she replied, "but I don't like the staying."—*Exchange.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Coronation of Character.

Where are the swelling majesties of old,
The kings who built on skulls and emptiness?
Where Ninus, with the dove upon his shield?
His name is now a whisper from the dust
That once was Nineveh, that once was pride.

And where is Rameses, the king of kings?
He has gone down to nothingness and night.
One sunken stone beside the dateless Nile
Stammers to Time his ineffectual fame—
And Jamshid—name for Splendor—where is he,
Whose palaces did purse the precious brass?
With all his towers now faded like the clouds
That lightly blew above Persepolis.

Lo, all these crowns were only whirls of foam;
The amaranthine crown is Character.
When the whole world breaks to ashes this will
stay;

When punctual Death comes knocking at the
door,
To lead the soul upon the unknown road,
This is the only crown not flung aside
By his fastidious hand. To the crowned soul
The path of Death is but an upward way.

The beggar, he may earn it with the king,
And tread an equal palace full of light;
Fleet Youth may seize his crown; slow-footed
Age

May wear its immortality. Behold!
Its power can change bare rafters to a home
Sweetened with hopes and hushed with mem-
ories;

Can change a pit into a holy tomb
Where pilgrims keep the watches of the night;
Can change an earthly face until it shine,
Touched with unearthly beauty. It can turn
A prison to a temple of the soul.

A gallows to an altar. In its might
A reed did once become a scepter—yea,
A cross became a throne; a crown of thorns
A symbol of the Power above the world.

—Edwin Markham.

Just Among Friends.

Well, the good ship Time has put into
port again to take on a new cargo of good
resolutions, earnest resolves, and patented
schemes, before setting sail for the shores
of a distant future.

Do you never feel like calling out to the
galloping years to come to a halt? This
breakneck race of time is going to land us
all too soon over the border, because we've
not learned how to live and are handicapped
by the ills and indiscretions of our an-
cestors.

For my part, I'd like to slow up for a
while. It used to be a good long time
from New Year's to New Year's, but now
it is like the dip of a swallow's wing or
the shadow of a cloud. The seasons are
constant, but they are in a greater hurry.
Spring used to take off her things and sit
awhile; now she only stops to throw a
bunch of lilacs in at the window and flits
away. Summer and autumn used to make
themselves at home and linger long and
pleasantly, but of late years the former
weaves a garland, which is hardly finished
before the latter breaths upon it and it
drops to pieces. As for winter, he barely
takes time to show us his wares of dia-
monds and ermine and laces before he is
summoned back to the land of nowhere.

God bless us, every one! Where shall
we be this time next year? This moment
the something called "I" sits here with me,
but where will it be tomorrow, next year,
or when eternity, never begun and forever
unending, is a billion ages on its course?
Before this present day's completed span
is run, it may exist no longer in all the
spaces of the sentient earth; within a
week, it may be laid away under the frozen
turf; as the years drift by, it shall be as
completely forgotten as the petals of Sap-
pho's rose.

Where will it be gone? They can never
bury it, however deep they dig its grave.
Will it slip away, like a ray of light, to
mirror itself, perhaps, within the trans-
lucent tide of eternal life, or lose itself
with other sun-sparkles in the fine radiance
of illimitable ether? Who knows? I do
not.

As the years go on, how full they grow
to be of ghosts. Who of us, after first
youth, have failed to find our holidays and
our anniversaries haunted by restless mem-
ories and sad associations that stalk like
sheeted specters from the tomb? And
when once the ghosts get to coming into
our lives, oh, how fast they throng. We
can not take a journey, but they go with
us. We can not lie down to rest or rise
to take up life's multiform duties, but they
lie down and rise up with us. Only at
the door of death shall we leave them and
enter in, to find the better part of life in
the shadowy land of dreams.

How needful, then, that our memories
be pleasant ones. Let us resolve, then,
with the new year, to do our best. Let us

learn the extreme value of human life; let
us strew it with flowers. Save every hour
for the sunshine; let your labor be so or-
dered that in future times the loved ones
may dwell longer with those who love
them; open your minds; exalt your souls;
widen the sympathies of your hearts; face
the things that are now as you will face
the reality of death; make joy real now to
those you love, and help forward the joy
to those yet to be born. Remember that
death is not of old age, which no one liv-
ing in the world has ever seen; remember
that old age is possible, and perhaps even
more than old age; and beyond these earth-
ly things—what? None knows. But let
us look earnestly and constantly for some-
thing better, seek for something higher,
and lift our souls to be with the more than
immortal now.

This may be the last year of our work.
The good deed we do today may be our
last. The last time! Did you ever stop
to think of it? It is coming, perhaps it
has already come, and you did not know
it. You have read the last journal, and
closed the covers of the last book you shall
ever read on earth. You have looked for
the last time into eyes that never failed to
answer love with love. You have looked
your last at sunset sky and morning's
roseate flush of dawn. You have taken
your last journey, written your last letter,
eaten your last meal, slept your last sleep.
The story is told; the play is ended; the
lights are burning low; the music is hushed.

Yes, all this is possible; so, do not let
the chance go by to be gentle, to be kind,
to be honest, to be strong. Do not
let love's opportunity go by unchallenged,
remembering always that it may be the
last you will ever know.

Remember, it is not always youth time,
any more than it is always May; and grafts
and shoots that grow readily in spring will
take no root in bleak midwinter. Cultivate
your smiles and your simple services
of love now, and old age shall be but an
afternoon trellis hung deep with perfumed
roses, as beautiful in the sunset glow as in
the dawn.

Like an unwritten page, the new year
lies before you in untrodden fields of shin-
ing snow. God grant the footsteps of
Death be not the first to track the unbrok-
en path that lies before you. May joy and
peace and love, like the roots of the violets

under the snow, quicken and blossom for
all of you as the year advances, and may
your progress be, like January's, right
steadily onward into June!—*American
Journal of Clinical Medicine.*

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Executive Board met in
Milton with Mrs. A. R. Crandall on Jan-
uary 5, 1914. There were present, Mrs.
A. B. West, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. J. B.
Morton, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. W. C.
Daland, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. A. E.
Whitford, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Miss Phoebe
Coon, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. Maxson.
Mrs. West read Psalm cxv and Miss
Coon offered prayer.

The minutes of December 1 were read.
The Treasurer's report for December
gave the receipts of the month as \$256.50,
disbursements, \$414.80. On motion the
report was adopted. The Treasurer's re-
port for the quarter ending December 31,
1913, was also read and adopted. Mrs.
Whitford read a letter which she had re-
ceived from a lone Sabbath-keeping sister
in West Virginia, also letters from Cali-
fornia and New York.

The motion was made and carried that
an order be drawn on the treasury for
\$2.50 for payment of the year's subscrip-
tion to the *Missionary Review*.

The Corresponding Secretary read a let-
ter from Mrs. M. G. Stillman, our member
of the Nashville Territorial Commission
of the Federation of Woman's Boards, en-
closing a letter from Mrs. Cobb, Secretary
of the Nashville territory. This letter in-
volved some discussion. Mrs. Babcock re-
ported having made arrangements for a
meeting to be held in Milton at the home
of Mrs. Crosley, on the day of Prayer for
Foreign Missions, January 9, 1914.

After the reading and approval of the
minutes the Board adjourned to meet with
Mrs. J. H. Babcock on February 2.

DOLLIE R. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report.

For three months ending December 31, 1913.
Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Treasurer,
In account with
The Woman's Executive Board.
Dr.
To cash on hand, September 30, 1913 \$298 23
Leonardsville, N. Y., Miss Agnes Bab-
cock:
Board expenses 5 00

Milton Junction, Wis., Mrs. Dollie B. Maxson:	
Miss Burdick's salary	\$ 5 00
Miss West's salary	5 00
	10 00
Milton Junction, Wis., Church:	
Miss West's salary	8 75
Brookfield, N. Y., 2nd Brookfield Mis-	
sionary Aid Society:	
Miss Burdick's salary	\$20 00
Board expenses	5 00
	25 00
New Auburn, Wis., Woman's Missionary	
Society:	
Unappropriated	10 00
North Loup, Neb., Young Ladies' Mis-	
sionary Society:	
Unappropriated	10 00
Dodge Center, Minn., Mrs. E. L. Ellis:	
Unappropriated	1 00
Alfred, N. Y., Woman's Evangelical So-	
ciety:	
Board expenses	\$ 8 00
Fouke School	5 00
	13 00
Friendship, N. Y., collection at the West-	
ern Association:	
Educational Fund	7 40
New Auburn, Wis., Mrs. J. H. Hurley:	
Unappropriated	2 00
Lost Creek, W. Va., collection at the	
Southeastern Association:	
Educational Fund	15 31
Davidson, Mich., Lucius Sanborn:	
Unappropriated	10 00
Jackson Center, Ohio, Mrs. L. M. Bab-	
cock:	
Miss West's salary	\$ 5 00
Unappropriated	5 00
	10 00
Plainfield, N. J., collection at the East-	
ern Association:	
Educational Fund	10 41
Plainfield, N. J., Woman's Society for	
Christian Work:	
Tract Society	\$25 00
Missionary Society	25 00
	50 00
East Providence, R. I., Mary A. Stillman:	
Theological Seminary	\$10 40
S. S. Board	7 80
Tract Society	10 40
Missionary Society	10 40
	39 00
Alfred Station, N. Y., Ladies' Industrial	
Society:	
Tract Society	\$ 3 00
Missionary Society	3 00
	6 00
Nortonville, Kan., Woman's Missionary	
Society:	
Miss Burdick's salary	25 00
Walworth, Wis., Circle No. 2:	
Fouke School	5 00
Earlville, N. Y., Mrs. J. D. Washburn:	
Tract Society	\$ 1 50
Missionary Society	1 50
	3 00
Milton Junction, Wis., Ladies' Aid So-	
ciety:	
Tract Society	\$15 00
Miss West's salary	50 00
Marie Jansz	5 00
20th Century Endowment Fund	25 00
	95 00
Welton, Iowa, Woman's Benevolent So-	
ciety:	
Missionary Society	\$ 5 00
Miss West's salary	5 00
	10 00
Gentry, Ark., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Unappropriated	6 00
Battle Creek, Mich., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Marie Jansz	10 00
Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. John Kolvoord:	
Marie Jansz	5 00
Plainfield, N. J., Woman's Society for	
Christian Work:	
Tract Society	\$25 00
Missionary Society	25 00
Miss Burdick's salary	20 00
Miss West's salary	10 00
Board expenses	5 00
	85 00
Albion, Wis., Willing Workers' Society:	
Ministerial Relief Fund	5 00

Albion, Wis., Church:	
Ministerial Relief Fund	2 00
Wausau, Wis., Mrs. Emma Coon Witter:	
Ministerial Relief Fund	\$ 5 00
Fouke School	3 50
Home Missions	3 00
	11 50
Yonkers, N. Y., Woman's Auxiliary So-	
ciety of New York Church:	
Board expenses	\$ 5 00
Fouke School	5 00
	10 00
Milton, Wis., Circle No. 3 of Woman's	
Benevolent Society:	
Miss Burdick's salary	15 00
Long Beach, Cal., Miss Lucy E. Sweet:	
Marie Jansz	2 00
	\$820 59
	Cr.
C. E. Crandall, Treasurer, Milton Col-	
lege	\$ 10 00
J. A. Hubbard, Treasurer, Memorial Board:	
Ministerial Relief Fund	17 00
P. E. Titworth, Treasurer, Education	
Society:	
Theological Seminary	10 40
W. H. Greenman, Treasurer, S. S. Board	
S. H. Davis, Treasurer, Missionary Soci-	
ety:	7 80
Miss Burdick's salary	\$ 75 00
Miss West's salary	150 00
General Fund	69 90
Home Missions	3 00
Marie Jansz	25 00
	322 90
F. J. Hubbard, Treasurer, Tract Society	
	79 90
	\$448 00
Cash on hand, December 31, 1913	312 59
	\$820 59.

Mrs. A. E. Whitford,
Treasurer.
Milton, Wis.

American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasurer's Report.

For the Quarter ending December 30, 1913.	
F. J. Hubbard, Treasurer,	
In account with	
The American Sabbath Tract Society.	
Dr.	
To balance on hand October 1, 1913	\$1,989 37
To funds received since as follows:	
Contributions to General Fund	
as published:	
October	\$235 94
November	163 71
December	256 57
	656 22
Contributions on Debt as published	11 00
Contributions for African Investiga-	
tion as published	5 55
Interest on Bank Balances	17 57
Income from Invested Funds:	
October	\$425 93
November	45 00
December	160 00
	630 93
Publishing House Receipts:	
Recorder	\$519 63
Visitor	137 72
Helping Hand	237 90
Tracts	5 60
	900 85
	Cr.
By cash paid out as follows:	
G. Velthuysen, appropriation \$151 50	
George Seeley:	
Salary	\$75 00
Postage	30 00
	105 00
Joseph J. Kovats, salary	60 00
Marie Jansz, appropriation ..	37 50
E. H. Socwell, salary	37 50
Los Angeles (Cal.) Church	

\$4,211 49

appropriation, through	
George W. Hills	112 50
T. W. Richardson, salary	75 00
Italian Mission, through Jesse	
G. Burdick	87 50
	666 50
Sabbath Reform Field Work, Edwin	
Shaw, expenses to Battle Creek,	
Mich.	29 80
Theodore L. Gardiner, expenses to	
Associations	69 31
E. S. Maxson, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y.,	
tract distribution among the	
Jews	10 00
S. Albert Lewis, Stone Fort, Ill., haul-	
ing tent from Delwood, Ill., and	
storing same	5 00
B. Logan & Son, binding 19 vol. Sab-	
bath Recorder and shipping same	
to Salem College	59 00
Benjamin F. Langworthy, acct. serv-	
ices in re. Marilla B. Phillips'	
Est.	100 00
Publishing House Expenses:	
Recorder	\$1,385 57
Visitor	259 04
Helping Hand	10 44
Tracts	40 87
Tract Society, proportion	
of Year Book	84 99
	1,780 91
By balance cash on hand	\$2,720 52
	1,490 97
	\$4,211 49

E. & O. E. F. J. Hubbard,
Treasurer.

Plainfield, N. J.,
January 4, 1914.

Examined, compared with books and vouch-
ers and found correct.

Asa F. Randolph,
Theo. G. Davis,
Auditors.

Treasurer's Receipts for October, 1913.

Contributions to General Fund:	
Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Schoon-	
maker, Bradford, Pa.	\$ 15 00
Mrs. Phebe E. Phillips, Brook-	
field, N. Y.	1 00
Hosea Rood, Madison, Wis.	5 00
S. C. Maxson, M. D., Utica, N. Y.	5 00
Lucius Sanborn, Davidson, Mich.	10 00
Milton Ford, Garwin, Iowa ...	1 00
Churches:	
North Loup, Neb.	19 00
Riverside, Cal.	3 35
Plainfield, N. J.	19 27
Adams Center, N. Y.	20 00
Milton Junction, Wis.	16 00
Farina, Ill., Sabbath School ..	7 98
Farina, Ill.	12 57
Petrolia Mission Sabbath	
School, Wellsville, N. Y.	5 00
New Market, N. J., Y. P. S.	
C. E.	5 00
Little Genesee, N. Y.	15 00
First Brookfield, Leonardsville,	
N. Y.	14 00
First Westerly, R. I.	3 00
Salem, W. Va.	5 77
Hammond, La.	3 35
	\$186 29
Collections:	
New Auburn, Minn., 1/2 collec-	
tion	1 80
Northwestern Association, 1/2	
collection	15 00
Western Association, 1/2 collec-	
tion	6 53
Eastern Association, 1/2 collec-	
tion	20 94
Southeastern Association, 1/2	
collection	5 38
	49 65
Contributions on Debt, and Af-	
rican Investigation:	
Ethelyn Hurley, on Debt	1 00
Little Genesee Church, African	
Investigation ..	25

Mrs. Mary E. Fillyaw, Fayette-
ville, N. C. 30

Income:	
Eugenia L. Babcock Annuity ..	\$125 00
Tract Society Fund, Int. S. D.	
B. Mem. Fund	11 11
D. C. Burdick Bequest, Int. S.	
D. B. Mem. Fund	60 81
Geo. H. Babcock Bequest, Int.	
S. D. B. Mem. Fund	151 01
Orlando Holcomb Bequest	30 00
George Greenman Bequest	30 00
Joshua Clarke Bequest	9 00
Russell W. Green Bequest	4 50
Miss S. E. Saunders, Gift in	
memory. Miss A. R. Saun-	
ders	4 50
	425 93
Publishing House Receipts:	
Recorder	\$162 41
Visitor	9 09
Helping Hand	95 31
Tracts	4 00
	270 81
	\$934 23

Treasurer's Receipts for November, 1913.

Contributions to General Fund:	
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hardy, Ports-	
mouth, Va.	\$ 10 00
J. H. Coon, Milton Wis.	10 00
Mrs. Susan Loofboro, Janes-	
ville, Wis.	1 00
Churches:	
Plainfield, N. J.	26 55
Nortonville, Kan.	22 99
North Loup, Neb.	36 00
Milton, Wis.	53 81
Second Brookfield, N. Y., Sab-	
bath School	3 36
	\$163 71
African Investigation:	
Matie E. Green, Berlin, N. Y.	5 00
Income:	
I. H. York Bequest	\$ 3 00
George Bonham Bequest	3 00
Greenmanville, Conn., Church	
Fund	4 50
Mary P. Bentley Bequest	4 50
Relief A. Clarke Bequest	24 00
E. Sophia Saunders Bequest ...	3 00
Susan E. Burdick Bequest	3 00
	45 00
City National Bank, interest	17 57
Publishing House Receipts:	
Recorder	\$139 80
Visitor	10 95
Helping Hand	62 57
Tracts	1 50
	214 82
	\$446 10

Treasurer's Receipts for December, 1913.

Contributions to General Fund:	
Mrs. Mary T. Maxson, Tulsa,	
Okla.	\$ 3 00
Edgar C. Davis, Sarasota, Fla.	1 00
Woman's Executive Board	79 90
Churches:	
First Verona, N. Y.	10 00
First Alfred, N. Y.	19 62
Albion, Wis.	6 85
Albion, Wis., Sabbath School ..	2 50
Plainfield, N. J.	13 07
Milton, Wis.	27 43
Piscataway (New Market, N. J.)	
.....	25 00
Little Genesee, N. Y.	4 24
First Westerly, R. I.	4 30
DeRuyter, N. Y.	9 77
North Loup, Neb.	13 10
New York City, N. Y.	36 79
	\$256 57
On Debt:	
Mrs. E. L. Burdick, Milton	
Junction, Wis.	10 00
Income:	
Sarah C. L. Burdick Bequest ..	\$ 3 00
Lola Babcock Bequest	1 50
Eliza M. Crandall	30 00
Martha G. Stillman	3 00
Elizabeth N. Maxson	1 50
A. Judson Wells	1 50

Deborah Randall	48 00	
John G. Spicer	6 00	
Parsonage Fund, Berwin, Wis.	6 75	
George S. Greenman Bequest ..	3 75	
Mary Rogers Berry Bequest ..	15 00	
George Greenman Bequest	15 00	
I. D. Titsworth Bequest	12 50	
Sarah E. V. Stillman Bequest ..	12 50	
<hr/>		160 00
Publishing House Receipts:		
Recorder	217 42	
Visitor	44 30	
Helping Hand	153 40	
Tracts	10	
<hr/>		415 22
		\$841 79

E. & O. E. F. J. Hubbard,
Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 4, 1914. Treasurer.

Team Work.

REV. G. M. COTTRELL.

(Secretary Lone Sabbath-keepers.)

We hear a great deal about team-work in these days. There is the team-work in football, baseball, college yells, Y. M. C. A. work, Y. P. S. C. E. work, and team-work in business corporations, etc. The latest and best team-work of which we know is that being organized for religion and the church.

Last Sunday such a team visited Topeka from Wichita. It consisted of about a dozen men, including bankers, merchants, politicians and newspaper men, the most prominent of whom was Henry J. Allen, a well-known citizen, newspaper man, and possible candidate for governor on the Progressive ticket. These men were scattered around among the churches in the morning, and all together held a men's meeting at the Baptist church in the afternoon, and again, a mixed meeting in the evening.

Mr. Allen was converted in revival meetings in Wichita about two years ago. He appeared to have the real article and wasn't ashamed to show it and confess it. In his morning talk he emphasized the binding force of the Ten Commandments, though he got tangled up some in calling the seventh day the Lord's Day. His personality and manner of speech remind one of Wm J. Bryan. For two years he and his team have been doing religious work in Wichita and the country about, with blessed and wondrous results. When they began, he said, there were something over five thousand Protestant Church members in his city, and through their efforts during the past two years, some twenty-nine hundred more have been added to the churches.

One of their number, a Mr. Peterson, had been turned from home by his father because of dissipation. He had gone from bad to worse until he was down and out, and reduced to the bread line and soup house for a living. Religion got him in those public meetings, and after two years he has risen to be auditor of the Cudahy's Packing House in Wichita.

It was claimed that over fifty went forward in the meetings held here, and the purpose seems to be to organize business men into religious working teams, and make religion more popular with and among men; to organize teams in the cities and in the different churches, for the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Christianizing of the world in a single generation will not seem so impossible if all Christian men can become thoroughly enlisted in this kind of endeavor. We are all tending in this direction. Our lone Sabbath-keepers' work is only another expression of this same purpose and spirit; only this is broader, as it includes both the men and the women, and aims to give every one a chance for the greatest and widest endeavor.

So, brothers, sisters, if we have a spark of Christian life and hope and purpose and enthusiasm, let us not be ashamed or slow to throw ourselves, body and soul, into this great work of redeeming men.

Topeka, Kan.,
Jan 10, 1914.

For almost three centuries Mexico was ruled by Spanish viceroys. Since then Mexico has enjoyed "independence" under the despotic domination of Porfirio Diaz. Politics has been a sham. The Mexican representative system has been a paper system merely. The will of the people has been accomplished only when it chanced to coincide with the will of the president. No wonder the Mexicans regard law not as an instrument in their hands, but a sword over their heads. No wonder they avoid it and defy it as much as possible. No wonder they esteem brute force as the only effective means of accomplishment. No wonder they have developed the mental and moral characteristics of the slave. All this is but the logical outcome of the rule of oppression.—*Correspondence of Christian Herald.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

How Much Are You Worth?

A Message From the Young People's Board.

FRED I. BABCOCK.

"We are worth to the world what we do for the world." If this is true, and I believe that it is, some of us are not worth very much. Yet we can be worth a vast amount if we will. If every Seventh Day Baptist Christian Endeavorer would do as much for the world as he could, our future as a denomination would be bright indeed. The real truth of the matter is that we have got into such a deep rut that we haven't the courage to get out and help in the great work we have to do. We are content to look up and see an occasional star, while we ought to be out viewing the whole heavens. By stars I mean opportunities for service. They are all about us, but the walls of selfishness and indifference keep us from seeing them. Christian Endeavorers, let us get out and do something for the world. There will never be a better time than during the year 1914.

A Message From One of Our Vice-Presidents.

W. D. BURDICK, JR.

To the young people of the denomination, greetings, and best wishes for the next year's work. While we are making preparations for better work along other lines, let us not overlook the Christian Endeavor society. What is to be our policy during this year? If Christian Endeavor is worthy of our support, as we all believe it is, then we must build it up on a solid foundation of practical Christianity. Our testimony meetings are valuable as recording the spiritual temperature of our societies, but our acts are what speak most forcibly for or against Christ. James tells us that "faith without works is dead," and whenever we find a Christian Endeavor society that is "dead" we may be assured that no aggressive work has been attempted

there. Is your society one of this class? If so, begin to *work*, remembering that only by effort do we gain strength. Let each person feel his individual responsibility in the work of the society; for no chain is stronger than its weakest link. Give every member some particular thing to do. And here let me urge the necessity of Executive Committee meetings at least once a month. I would suggest that they be held at the beginning of each month after the different committees have submitted their reports. Let each report be thoroughly discussed, suggestions made where the work might have been bettered, and plans carefully considered for the next month's work. By thus reviewing the work of the previous month, you may see where you have advanced, and where there has been neglect. Keep in close touch with every phase of Endeavor activity, and adopt whatever suggestions may be of help to your society. Let "C. E." mean to you "Christian Efficiency" along every line of endeavor, and may success crown your efforts.

Perhaps these suggestions may be helpful to the stronger societies also, as we all need more efficient work and workers. Let us all stand together for Christ and the Church.

Milton's Students Aggressive.

A few weeks ago the students of Milton College organized a movement to be known as the "Milton Forward Movement," the object of which was to be the promoting of the welfare of Milton College. The movement was thoroughly organized and did not effervesce in mere college enthusiasm. The aim of the movement is clearly set forth in a letter which is being sent out under authority of the movement as finally perfected. The letter, in part, reads:

"Our greatest aim at present is to get more students. With the faculty and equipment we have, we ought to be accommodating twice or three times our number. We feel that it is a shame for great men, like President Daland and others of our faculty, to waste their talents on so few. It is almost like wasting 'sweetness on the desert air.' We think they should be exerting a far greater influence, and we wonder why more students do not attend col-

lege here. Is it because they do not know that we have a good school, a good faculty, etc.? Do not Sabbath-keepers in general know that Milton is a sabbath-keeping community, and that the majority of the students here are Seventh Day Baptists? Do not people know that Milton College is the only college in Wisconsin that is situated in a 'dry' town, and that not only the rules of the school but the very moral atmosphere is such that smoking, dancing, and card-playing, so common in most schools, are practically eliminated? These things, of course, are not allowed on the campus, but it is important to note that the student sentiment is such that these rules are seldom broken outside the school grounds. We also wonder if people know of the high grade of scholarship in Milton College: of our School of Music, our glee clubs, etc.; our splendid gymnasium, the able physical director, and our clean and sane athletics, of which every student here is so proud. If people do not know all these things, we feel that it is our duty and yours to tell them of these excellent opportunities for an education in such an ideal Christian community. We ought to have more students. This is the greatest need of Milton College. We need students more than any other Seventh Day Baptist school. An increase of two hundred students would put every department here in the height of prosperity."

This letter has the right sort of moral fiber in it. It should compel the admiration and attention of every loyal Seventh Day Baptist person, especially those fathers and mothers who have young people who are about to enter college. It is an enviable reputation for any college when its student-body can say of it, "The very moral atmosphere is such that smoking, dancing, and card-playing . . . are practically eliminated;" and more, "The student sentiment is such that these rules are seldom broken outside the school grounds."

More and more the things referred to, that is, smoking, dancing, card-playing, and so on, are influencing the moral atmosphere of both high schools and colleges, because of a growing tendency to look upon them as harmless social diversions. The oldest and largest denominational schools have allowed themselves, because of the popular demand of students and members

of faculty, to permit, and plead the necessity of allowing, stated college dances. The closing commencement event is the college dance. In some cases these dances were not at first given publicity, but gradually came to be a part of the college's sanctioned social activities.

Now dancing is avowedly contrary to Seventh Day Baptist principles and ideals, and it is not right that any one of our denominational schools should permit the very things that many pastors with aching hearts are trying to save their young people from. It is not out of place in this connection to quote in part from a former article relative to the college social life of our young people, published in this department, in the RECORDER of October 27, 1913, pages 534, 5. The paragraph referred to reads:

"If it be true that the schools [denominational] are the children of the church, the churches have a right to demand that their young people be protected during their college life from those recreational features that are questionable, and from social functions that have a known harmful influence upon the moral life of all, whether young or old. And if any one of our denominational schools is permitting those things, in the way of either athletics or social functions, that are avowedly antagonistic to Seventh Day Baptist principles and ideals, even though these things are allowed under the plea that non-Sabbath-keeping students and members of faculty demand them, the churches have a right to demand that they be eliminated. And if they be not eliminated, the schools no longer have a right to claim denominational loyalty and support. No one of our denominational schools has a right to permit those things which it would not be willing to unqualifiedly sanction and recommend to the young people as morally wholesome. Under no circumstances has it a right to permit those things which every pastor finds it imperative to contend against for the best interest of his young people. And when parents send their young people off to our schools, they have a right to expect that every possible safeguard will be thrown about them, rather than that they should find themselves in the midst of those influences that tend to pervert rather than induce religious and spiritual life."

Christian Endeavor Progress.

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON.

Christian Endeavor Topic for January 31, 1914.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Progress in numbers (Acts ii, 42-47).
Monday—In union (Eph. ii, 14-22).
Tuesday—In knowledge (Heb. v, 11-14; vi, 1, 2).
Wednesday—In effective service (Rom. xvi, 1-5).
Thursday—In team-work (Rom. xii, 3-8).
Friday—In mission fields (Acts viii, 14-25).
Sabbath day—Topic: Christian Endeavor progress (Mark iv, 26-32). (Christian Endeavor Day.)

THOUGHTS ON THE SCRIPTURE LESSON.

vs. 26, 27, "So is the kingdom of God." What Jesus has said about the seed sown upon good ground is illustrated by this parable. The doctrine of the kingdom received in a good honest heart is like seed sown by a man in his ground, properly prepared to receive it; for when it is sown he sleeps and wakes day after day, and looking on it he sees it spring and grow up through the virtue of the earth in which it is sown, though he knows not how it is brought about. So is it here: the seed sown in the good honest heart brings forth fruit with patience; and their fruit daily increases, though we know not how the word and Spirit work that increase it.

We little think how much is always going on in what we call the underground of life; and how much more we have to do with those secret processes which underlie everything, than at first might appear. For we are all, whether we realize it or not, always casting seeds, and those seeds, dead though they look, are always alive. Every word we say, every act we do, goes down into somebody's mind, and lives there; and there it has its influence.

v. 28, "Bringeth forth fruit of herself." The kingdom of God, which is generated in the soul by the word of life under the influence of the Holy Spirit, is at first small. There is only the blade, but this blade is full of promise; for a good blade shows there is good seed at the bottom, and that the soil in which it is sown is good also. What is said of the kingdom in individual life is also true of the growth of the kingdom in the world. After the blade comes the stalk and finally the ear. The faith and love of the believing soul in-

crease abundantly, and are perfected in Christ Jesus. The growth is orderly in the kingdom as well as in the grain.

As we make our study of Christian Endeavor we find that its growth has been orderly; there has been no forcing; our enthusiasm has brought forth fruit. If you begin to ask the when and the where and the why and the how, we can only say, "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground. . . . for the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself."

v. 29 "But when the fruit is brought forth." When the corn is ripe, it is reaped for the benefit of him who has sowed it, for it can be of little or no use until it is ripe; so when a soul is saved from sin, it is capable of being employed in the work of the Lord. It is then, and not till then, that one is fully fitted for the Master's work. God saves men that they may here perfectly love him, and magnify his name.

vs. 31, 32. "It is like a grain of mustard seed." This parable is a representation of the progress of the gospel in the world, and of the growth of grace in the soul. The thing which leads the soul to salvation may begin, and often does, by a word spoken, an act performed, or a wish to be better, and after lying buried there a year it may be, or two years, or ten years, it will suddenly and unexpectedly vegetate, so that the forgotten and apparently dead grain shoots into a plant of conversion and righteousness.

We think, calculating probabilities by our imperfect arithmetic, that Christianity, as soon as published, might have been expected to start into an unlimited empire. So we as Christian Endeavorers need not be discouraged if our society does not grow as rapidly as we think it should, for it may in time shoot out great branches and make wonderful growth. Let the little seed that has been planted grow. Look at the wonderful progress made in Christian Endeavor since its beginning. The little seed has brought forth a great tree.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

"Christian Endeavor has enjoyed a steady progress in numbers. In every land the societies have multiplied faster than any other religious movement has grown.

"Christian Endeavor has progressed in the variety of work undertaken, in the

number of different committees, in the subordinate organizations, in the adaption to different ages.

"Our society has grown steadily in men's favor. The early criticisms and misunderstandings have all passed away, and Christian Endeavor is an accepted aid of the church.

"The society has grown in depth of purpose. Its evangelistic fervor, its zeal for social service, its missionary enthusiasm, are stronger today than ever before.

"The outreach of Christian Endeavor is ever widening. It extends to every land, every race, practically every denomination.

"The interdenominational fellowship of our society has marked its progress. It has been a real help to the mighty movement for church union.

"Christian Endeavor has grown steadily in practical efficiency. It knows better every year how to be helpful, and better carries out its knowledge.

"If the progress of the past is to be held, we must continue to make new progress.

"The direction in which new progress is to be made is to be left to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and we must constantly keep ourselves under his influence."—*The Endeavorer's Daily Companion.*

The Fundamental Question in Mexico.

The conflict between international law, pecuniary interests, and common ethics makes it extremely difficult to speak dogmatically of the present situation in Mexico. Since the execution of Maximilian in 1867, the history of Mexico has until most recently revolved around Porfirio Diaz, who ousted his predecessor and became president in 1877. Under the ruthless despotism of this tyrant Mexico was reduced to a condition of industrial peace, but her people to a blighting slavery. The reaction against this despotism found expression in the Maderist movement in the north of Mexico—a movement which finally unseated Diaz and sent him from the country. Madero, scholar and idealist, set himself the task of restoring order in the place of anarchy. He was shot to death, however, before the world had time to judge him fairly. By what is called a "coupe d'état" in some quarters, General Huerta became the head of the professional army at the capital, and of the government itself.

The United States has watched the conduct of affairs in that unhappy country with increasing concern. The Maderists under General Carranza in the north seem to be increasing in power, and the issue between tyranny and democracy is becoming more clearly drawn. The Wilson administration has refused to recognize General Huerta. It ordered a presidential election there, with instructions to General Huerta that he must not be a candidate for the place. Other demands have been made by our government that constitute technically acts of intervention. In a sense they have been in violation of the Hague Convention of 1899 and of the principle of international law that each state is an independent sovereignty. It is directly counter to the principle that intervention can be admitted only upon one ground and that of self-preservation.

Fundamentally, however, the question in Mexico is not one of protection for our citizens there. It is not a question of the rights of property and property interests, established ruthlessly by the iniquitous system of "concessions." It is not a question whether the present dictator of Mexico is or is not a murderer. It is not a question of party politics. It is not even a question of international law. It is rather the ages-old question of what can best be done to overcome peonage, to raise the Mexican people out of serfdom, to promote self-government in a country stifled by worse than a feudal tyranny. There can be no good government but self-government in Mexico or anywhere else. General Huerta is undoubtedly in the way of the onward growth of such government in Mexico. The ultimate question, therefore, is, How far has the United States a duty in the premises? Our frank answer to this question is, We do not know. The government itself does not seem to know. Of this we are convinced, however, that the motives of the Administration are of the highest. Only time can reveal the wisdom of its course.—*The Advocate of Peace.*

Real joy comes not from ease, not from riches, not from the applause of men, but from having done things that were worth while. That was Christ's joy.—*Wilfred T. Grenfell.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Friend I Met.

I met a friend, the other day,—
He wore a cap of red;
Yet as I passed he did not deign
To lift it from his head.
Instead, he gave a saucy quank,
With head ailt, for he
Was just a downy woodpecker
A-tapping on a tree.
—*Nellie M. Coye, in Our Dumb Animals.*

Presence of Mind.

"Mother, what does 'presence of mind' mean?" asked Hortense, looking up from the big book she was reading.

"It's what you didn't have when the minister from Great Falls asked you what your name was and you couldn't tell him," spoke up nine-year-old Robert.

Mother sighed and shook her head reprovingly at Robert. Hortense's face was already flushed, and there were tears in her eyes. Pauline and Richard had begun a boisterous laugh which stopped when they saw that Hortense was really hurt.

"Presence of mind is merely keeping one's wits about one in a time of danger," mother explained. "Put away the book now dearie. You have read too long as it is. Father had presence of mind that night the lamp caught fire and he threw it out just before it exploded. Now you're to go over to Mrs. Graham's, every last chick of you, after that butter, and if you don't have a single disagreement by the way, there will be waffles for supper. Go and come both by the short road this time, because I don't want you to be late."

She sighed again, to herself, as she dropped into a chair to watch the merry, rollicking brood out of sight. How did shrinking, timid little Hortense, she wondered, happen to be born into such a family of fearless, sturdy youngsters? She knew that three of them were happy as young animals at the prospect of a brisk walk over the prairie, but that to one of them, the little maiden, too tall and slight for her ten years, it meant a constant fight with her timidity and the fear that wild animals might be lurking behind every roadside bush.

It was well, she reflected, that Montana was not now as in the days when she came

to the great State as a bride, or she could scarcely feel so easy at letting her children go off for a two-mile walk. She shuddered as she thought of the wildcats and cougars her husband had killed the first few years of their married life.

The hands of the kitchen clock pointed to half past five, twenty minutes after the time she expected the children back, when she went to the door and looked anxiously down the road. She listened, but could hear nothing. Presently, however, far in the distance, came the sound of voices, and in a short time the children appeared. Robert's face was very red, and Pauline and Richard were tired and hot.

"I don't care whether we have waffles for supper or not," Robert burst out. "Anyway, I'm going to tell on Hortense. When we came to the big, high stump where the road forks, she made us take the long way that you said we shouldn't come. She started that way herself and we had to follow or have a disagreement."

"Yes," added Pauline, "and she went so fast we almost had to run to keep up."

"I got a stone in my shoe and she wouldn't let me stop to get it out," complained Richard.

Hortense listened quietly to these complaints without offering a word in explanation of her disobedience. Her face was white and drawn and she dropped limply into a rocking-chair. Before mother could say anything, Mr. Hopkins, a neighbor, hurried into the back yard. He had a gun over his shoulder.

"Children get home all right?" he called, anxiously. "We just shot a big wildcat up at the Forks. It was lying on the top of that big stump and Ezra Peters and I had just gone back after our guns. I saw the children turn and take the other road, but I knew they'd be pretty well scared."

"Wildcat! On the big stump!" the children cried in chorus. Every one turned toward Hortense.

"I didn't want to say anything," she faltered. "I saw it crouching there on top of the stump and I was afraid it was going to spring at us." She gave a little shudder. "I didn't want the children to see it."

Robert went over to his sister. "Hortense," he declared, "you're a hero, and if you don't know what presence of mind means, we do now."—*Congregationalist and Christian World.*

On the Bars.

Mary, aged seven, was found hiding behind the piano at the hour of her music lesson, from which refuge she was dragged forth, an unwilling victim.

"Why Mary, don't you like your music?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"No," sobbed the small delinquent: "I just hate those little black things sittin' on the fence."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Dutchman's Name.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

Over the ocean the Dutchman came
From one of the Hollands, I know not which,
The shortest Dutchman that ever you saw,
With a pipe-stem long as the moral law.
Right merry he was and also rich
And my father taught me his little name:
"Lambert Lambert Lunx
Van Dunx
Peter Jacobus Nockem Vanlevendolph,"
That is all of the name I ever heard;
I have told it to you word for word.

The Year 1915.

Men and women appointed for the purpose of promoting the celebration of one hundred years of peace between England and our country met in Richmond, Va., December 3 and 4. Committees were soon organized from the large number present, which went at once to work to frame a practical program. The celebration will begin next December—probably on Christmas Eve—the centennial of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent. Since the Treaty of Ghent marks the beginning of permanent peace between England and the United States, the peace demonstrations, lasting through several months, promise to be the most noteworthy of recent years. It is not planned to make the demonstrations exclusively Anglo-Saxon, but to enlist all nations in the participation in a great international peace festival. The national capital, state capitals, other leading cities, and remote hamlets will be given an opportunity to celebrate in their own way. It is interesting to note that England and Canada are making preparations on even a larger scale than we have yet undertaken.

The year 1915 is also the centenary of the beginning of the peace movement, a fact of far more significance than that of

one hundred years of peace between Anglo-Saxon peoples; for it was out of the homes of David Low Dodge and Noah Worcester, in 1815, that came the forces which have given to our generation its stirring and hopeful faith in the ultimate abolition of war. This event will be appropriately celebrated. Besides, it is still hoped that the Third Hague Conference may meet next year. Then, too, there is the Panama Exposition, which will certainly be held, with the probability of a national and an international peace congress thrown in. Pacifists may expect a veritable renaissance of peace interests and activities in 1915.—*The Advocate of Peace.*

Mark Twain's Hard Luck.

The number of anecdotes that foreign papers print about Mark Twain show how world-wide is the famous humorist's popularity. Here is an amusing story from a German paper, *Das Buch fur Alle*:

In the course of one of his lecture trips, Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barber shop to be shaved.

"You are a stranger?" asked the barber. "Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here."

"You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture tonight. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Oh, I guess so." "Have you bought your ticket?" "Not yet."

"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."

"How very annoying!" Mark Twain said with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."—*Exchange.*

Eddie, not quite three, wanted to ask his mother for a fan one very warm day. To think of the word "fan" was too much for his little brain, so with his little hands he went through the motion of fanning himself, and said:

"Mumsy, tin Eddie have one of them things to brush the warm off with?"—*Exchange.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON V.—JANUARY 31, 1914.
THE UNFRIENDLY NEIGHBOR.

Lesson Text.—Luke xi, 1-13.

Golden Text.—"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Luke xi, 9.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Dan. vi, 1-18.
Second-day, Ps. v, 1-12.
Third-day, Matt. vii, 1-12.
Fourth-day, Matt. vi, 1-18.
Fifth-day, John xvii, 1-26.
Sixth-day, Luke xviii, 1-14.
Sabbath day, Luke xi, 1-13.

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

Minutes of the Sabbath School Board.

The regular meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton, Wis., Sunday, December 21, 1913, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

The meeting was called to order by the president and prayer was offered by the Rev. C. S. Sayre. The following Trustees were present: Prof. A. E. Whitford, Prin. R. V. Hurley, Prof. A. B. West, Dr. G. E. Crosley, Rev. L. C. Randolph, Rev. C. S. Sayre, Prof. D. N. Inglis, Rev. H. N. Jordan, W. H. Greenman and Dr. A. L. Burdick.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read. The Secretary reported that notices of this meeting had been regularly sent to all the Trustees. The report of the Publication Committee was presented and upon motion it was adopted.

The Editor of the *Junior Quarterly*, Rev. H. N. Jordan, reported that Mrs. T. J. Van Horn of Dodge Center, Minn., had been secured to furnish the notes for the *Junior Quarterly* for the first quarter of 1914.

W. H. Greenman, Treasurer, presented his quarterly report as follows:

Treasurer's Report

From September 21, 1913, to December 21, 1913.
GENERAL FUND.

1913	
Balance on hand September 21, 1913	\$129 05
Sept. 27 Chas. Maxson, Milton, Wis., S. S.	10 00
" 27 Iseus Randolph, New Market S. S.	2 50
" 30 Chas. Maxson, Milton, Wis., S. S.	9 66
Oct. 1 Dr. E. S. Maxson, Syracuse, N. Y., S. S.	1 30
" 2 P. B. Hurley, Riverside, Cal., Church	2 50

Oct. 4	Leona Sayre, North Loup, Neb., S. S.	8 69
" 5	A. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis., Church	2 25
" 8	Mrs. E. J. Crumb, Brookfield, N. Y., S. S.	10 60
" 8	Wm. H. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J., Church	21 46
" 9	N. C. Clarke, Farina, Ill., S. S.	2 14
" 21	Luella Snay, Nortonville, Kan., S. S.	1 00
" 22	Eda R. Coon, Leonardsville, S. S.	5 00
" 27	Mabel E. Jordan, Nile, N. Y., collection from Western Association	6 16
" 27	Arthur J. Spicer, Plainfield, N. J., collection from Eastern Association	10 41
Nov. 3	I. C. Jeffrey, Nortonville, Kan., Church	4 09
" 3	Anna L. Crandall, Independence, N. Y., S. S.	1 72
" 12	Luella Snay, Nortonville, Kan., collection from Northwest-ern Association	5 12
Dec. 1	Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis., Woman's Board	7 80
" 8	Wm. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y., Church	8 25
" 8	Irving A. Hunting, Plainfield, N. J., S. S.	5 84
" 8	M. Crosley, Albion, Wis., S. S.	2 15
" 8	M. Crosley, Albion, Wis., Church	75
		\$258 44

Cr.		
Sept. 30	D. N. Inglis, Milton, Wis., printing and postage	\$ 6 85
" 30	Dr. A. L. Burdick, Janesville, Wis., balance on Conference expenses	4 38
Nov. 3	Mrs. C. M. Burdick, Long Island, editing Visitor, October and November	20 00
Dec. 1	L. A. Worden, Plainfield, N. J., Year Book for 1913	39 00
" 1	W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis., postage	1 00
" 8	A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis., expenses to Wis. S. S. Convention	6 99
" 10	Mrs. C. M. Burdick, Long Island, editing Visitor for December	10 00
Balance on hand December 21, 1913		\$ 88 22
		170 22
		\$258 44

JUNIOR QUARTERLY FUND.

Dr.		
Balance on hand September 21, 1913	\$224 74	
Oct. 8	M. T. Greene, Plainfield, N. J., receipts	6 40
Nov. 10	Mary T. Greene, Plainfield, N. J., receipts	8 55
Dec. 8	M. T. Greene, Plainfield, N. J., receipts	14 34
" 18	M. T. Greene, Plainfield, N. J., receipts	19 75
		\$273 78

Cr.		
Oct. 2	L. A. Worden, Plainfield, N. J., 1,225 copies Junior Quarterly, fourth quarter	\$ 91 44
Nov. 12	L. A. Worden, Plainfield, N. J., acct. book slips	2 44
Balance on hand December 21, 1913		\$ 93 88
		179 90
		\$273 78

Upon motion the report was adopted. Prof. A. E. Whitford, our delegate to the Wisconsin S. S. Convention, held at Sheboygan, Wis., November 10 and 11, 1913,

presented a report of that convention. The report was supplemented by remarks by Pastor Jordan and Prof. D. N. Inglis, both of whom attended the meeting.

The Committee on Field Work presented the following report, which upon motion was adopted:

To the Sabbath School Board:

The Committee on Field Work would report that since the last report two meetings have been held. The committee, through the correspondence of Rev. H. N. Jordan, has arranged for three institutes to be held as early as possible in the year 1914. These institutes are to be held in the following churches: Ashaway, R. I.; Alfred Station, N. Y.; Milton Junction, Wis. The committee wishes to ask the Board for an appropriation of \$2.00 to carry out special work along the line of "Home Department" work.

In behalf of the committee,

D. N. INGLIS,
Chairman.

Bills were allowed as follows: to the Secretary, for postage, \$2.50; to H. N. Jordan, for telephone expense, 30 cents.

It was voted that the Secretary, President and the Rev. H. N. Jordan be a committee to secure printed stationery for the use of the committees. Upon motion of the Rev. H. N. Jordan, it was voted that we ask Mrs. T. J. Van Horn to furnish the material for the second quarter of the *Junior Quarterly*.

Upon motion it was voted that an appropriation of \$17.50 be made to Mrs. T. J. Van Horn for editorial work on the *Junior Quarterly* for the first quarter.

The minutes were read and approved.
Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK
Secretary.

The Home Department's Relation to the Bible School.

At a recent conference of Home Department workers the question was asked, "What is the right relation of the Bible-school superintendent to the Home Department?" In the responses which followed it became evident that in some schools this department had not been put in quite the place where it belonged, with reference to the rest of the school, and that some were inclined to regard it as a sort of outside feature. It is true, however, that many superintendents are waking up to the importance of this work and are taking the right attitude towards it.

The superintendent who appreciates rightly the Home Department will have it on his mind so constantly that he will frequently mention it at the sessions of the main school. That will help the members to know that the Home Department exists, and will give them a little insight into what it is accomplishing. One superintendent, at least, makes it a point to mention this department in his opening prayer at every session of the school.

Treat all Home Department visitors as teachers in the Bible school. A faithful visitor thinks of her work in that way. At the conference referred to above, a visitor introduced a friend to one of the speakers as "one of my pupils." The visitors should be eligible to a place in the teachers' meeting, and thus they will be brought into constant and helpful relations with the superintendent.

One of the most successful Home Departments in the country is the one connected with the Tremont Temple Church in Boston. Rev. F. C. W. Parker, the superintendent, is very enthusiastic over the value of recognizing it as a real part of the school. "In our school," says Mr. Parker, "we do everything possible to bring the Home Department in touch with the main school. There is a special place reserved for it 'under the clock,' and on review days when Doctor Henson conducts the review for the whole school, a special effort is made to secure the attendance of Home Department members. All entertainments and special services of the school are open to members, and we do all we can to secure their presence and to make them feel at home when they come. The members feel very deeply the benefit and fraternity of this attitude of the main school. Only a few days ago I had a new reason to strengthen my belief in the value of this close relationship. In the last program which we had printed for a Bible-school entertainment, the names of all the visitors, thirty of them, were printed just below the list of teachers, thus for the first time recognizing the Home Department in this way as a regular part of the school. It had just become necessary for me to secure four or five new visitors. Formerly it has been somewhat difficult for me to obtain them, as there were many who knew but very little about the depart-

ment, and they did not realize its value. But in sending out these requests I enclosed a copy of the program and made a pencil circle around the list of visitors. Then I asked, 'Will you become one of these workers?' The answers came back one after another, 'I will! I will! I will!' Now it is recognized as an honor to be invited to become a worker."

Thus it is easy to see that the more the superintendent recognizes the Home Department the greater will be the value of it to the main school and to the whole community.—*John Riverdale, in Cook's Executive.*

Our Needs and Our Possibilities.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

Written for the Annual Sabbath School Rally at Ashaway, Rhode Island.

This is the age of efficiency,

Strong men are wanted and true;

No one will ask you, "How much do you know?"

But rather, "How well can you do?"

This is true not alone in the business world but in every walk and condition in life as well. If Mother can make good biscuit, or cake, or pies, the members of her family will soon know it. She need not sit down and tell just how much she knows about cooking; the proof of her knowledge will be in the delicious, healthful food she prepares from day to day. The traveling salesman need not tell how much he knows about his business; the goods he sells will speak eloquently for him.

This is the age of efficiency in religious work. Strong men are demanded in the pulpits of our churches. Our Sabbath schools are calling for well-trained consecrated teachers.

A little less than a year ago we observed Rally Week. What have we accomplished since that time, and what may we accomplish in the year that is to come?

If we have not been as efficient as we might have been; if we have had many failures and discouragements to meet, let us not sit down and mourn over these, but rather let us strive still harder to make our future work count. We should never stop and pity ourselves.

A recent number of *Forward* tells the story of some small boys who were out in a field playing ball. There was quite a

little rubbish on the field, and one of the small players stubbed his bare toe.

"Oh-oh-oh!" commiserated a little friend, looking at the bruised and bleeding toe. The owner of the toe screwed up his face in a spasm of pain but bravely swung his bat.

"That's right, Johnny, you do a little howling for me," he grinned. "Haven't time to do it myself. Got to win this game."

His was a wise theory. Let us follow his example and look to the ways in which we can improve our school and not to any failures of the past. What do we need to make us more efficient?

First, do we not need a greater interest in our school—a greater realization of what it is to our community? What if we had no Bible school! Yes, I know that some of our boys and girls drift away from it, but not all. Many a boy has received from his Sabbath-school teacher inspiration that has sent him forth into the world as a preacher, a missionary, or an evangelist. As a result of mission schools among the Indians the sons of the great chiefs were all subscribers to foreign mission funds at a recent meeting held among the Indians to raise money to send the gospel to the heathen. If religious instruction can do that for the children of savage warriors, what can it not do for our own boys and girls?

We need more enthusiasm. Even if we can do but little real work, we can at least help in the cheering. If a boy can not be the captain, or the pitcher, or the catcher on the baseball nine, he can stand on the other side of the fence and cheer. Many a game has been won because some one stood outside the ranks and just cheered.

We need more courage and more faith in the One who can help us overcome every obstacle. Of course there are many giants in the way. The ten spies came back from the land of Canaan and said to the children of Israel, "We are not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we are." We need to dare to do the things that seem to us to be impossible. Rev. John F. Cowan says that the grasshoppers of the Sabbath school need not fear the giants in their way if they will only do as grasshoppers always do—all stick together. We need greater cooperation in our work. When the little girls play

"London Bridge is Falling Down," one side pulls one way and the other side another. We can not do that in Christian work and meet with any success.

We need to be more generous in giving. "God loveth a cheerful giver." This may apply to the gift of time, of money, or of self. Are our offerings for the Sabbath-school work all that they might be? In the earliest days men were asked to give a tenth part of their incomes to the Lord. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye rob me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. . . . Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that there may be food in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Are we teaching the children in our homes and in our Sabbath-school classes to give in the right way?

The *Christian Endeavor World* once printed the following story:

"In 1885 the Methodist Episcopal Church sent out the cry, 'A Million for Missions!' Chaplain McCabe went forth to arouse the churches. Charles Cardwell McCabe Howe was the little four-year-old son of Lieut. W. C. Howe, a fellow prisoner with the chaplain in Libby. The lad became greatly interested in Chaplain McCabe—also he caught some of his enthusiasm for missions.

"A few days after the chaplain had gone, the little fellow ran to his mother, and said, 'Mamma, I've got five cents; I want to send it to Chaplain McCabe. I want to send it in a letter and I want to write the letter myself. You hold my hand, and please write just as I tell you, and write it printing, so I can read it.'

"The mother helped the boy with the following letter:

"DEAR CHAPLAIN MCCABE:

"I am glad you are getting a million dollars for missions. I send you five cents to help; and, if you want any more, just write to me.

"Charles Cardwell McCabe Howe.

"The Chaplain made frequent use of this little letter, and he often told the boy that his five cents had gathered a harvest every time he told the story."

Some one has wisely said—

"Give as you would if angels waited at the door;
Give as you would if the morrow found you
where giving all is o'er;
Give as you would to the Master, if you met his
searching look;
Give as you would of your substance if his hand
your offering took."

So much for our needs. What are our possibilities? The Master tells us that "all things are possible to him that believeth." Then it is possible for us to make our school a wonderful power in this community—a power that shall be felt not only here but elsewhere. It is possible to unite the men and women, the boys and girls, in one glorious endeavor for Christ and his kingdom. It is possible to so carry on this school that from it shall go forth preachers, missionaries and evangelists, bearing the tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ. Are we ready to do our part? If we are, let us do it now. Procrastination is the enemy of all good works. We mean to do so many things sometime.

The Master is calling for workers,
For those who are earnest and true;
His fields are all white to the harvest,
So what are you going to do?
The days are all passing so swiftly,
Go forth and no longer delay;
Take this as your motto and watchword—
Our School for the Master today!

Dawn.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

"Look eastward over the wide veiled plain
To the mountains grand and gray:
What seest thou from thy high walled tower?
I bid thee, watchman, say."

"Eastward I look o'er the wide lone plain
To the dim hills far away,
And a day I see, O prophet of God,—
A night and another day."

And the prophet laid in the dust his face;
"O King of the worlds," he cried,
"Two thousand years ere the dawn of peace
And thy wrath be satisfied."

And now the day-star hangs in the East
Fended round with shafts of light,
The promise of Him whose word is truth,
That the day shall follow night.

Thrice blest are we though our hands are weak
With the crowding tasks of years;
Though our hearts are faint with the burdens
borne,
And our eyes are dim with tears.

Thrice blest are we, for our eyes behold
The vision to seers denied,
The dawn of the glorious day of peace,—
And His wrath is satisfied.

Heloise and the New Year's Monitor.

Heloise held the tea towel with a weary droop and stood first on one foot, then on the other.

"How I hate doing dishes! First the glasses—polish bright; then cups and saucers—careful not to break; silver next—do not scratch; then plates—how the grease sticks; and pots and pans—I loathe them!"

In an agony of disgust Heloise threw the dampening tea towel at the cat, and not deigning even to mop up the pools of water on the kitchen table, dropped on to a chair, with mouth drawn down, in a fit of sulks.

Heloise was eighteen, yet she was acting like a spoiled child of twelve. It was a kind of a pleasure to let one's self go once in a while. Fortunately there was no one around just now to be injured by having such an unpleasant companion. Only pussy, who had fled nearer to the stove, out of reach of tea towels, was contentedly washing herself with long stretches of her tongue.

"Oh, if I were only just a cat!" groaned Heloise as she looked enviously at her. "Then I would not mind anything. Only just to eat and sleep and purr in the sun—and life would be full and complete!"

The sun was dazzling as it shone over fields of snow and then streamed into the clean kitchen. It was the third of January, and her low spirits seemed all the worse in contrast to the gaiety and happiness of the season.

A PRISONER AT HOME.

As our girl sat there gazing stupidly out of the window at the great white, silent stretches; the shrill whistle and rumble of a train cut the air. The station was only a few blocks away and she could plainly hear the sounds incident to her village's twice-a-day connection with the outside world. The heavy fall of baggage, the quick roll of wagon wheels, the cries of the conductor and brakeman, and then, presently, the ringing of the bell and the slow starting of the cars, gathering momentum as they passed along the track at the bottom of her yard and finally died into the distance with a hurry of machinery.

Only a faint line of smoke remained, which blew softly upward and melted into the snow mist. Heloise watched it stolidly and dry-eyed till it was all gone, and then

burying her head in her arms gave herself up to a passionate fit of weeping.

Was not the train carrying Helen Gilder, her best friend, back to college? It was not so much for lack of her friend that Heloise wept as for the fatal irony of fate which was keeping her from college.

She, who was much brighter than Helen, and had stood above her on graduation day at the high school; she, who had such dreams, who wanted to be famous and play a great part in the world; who nursed within her breast wild broodings of future greatness which would have startled the little town of X had it been possible ever to disclose them to it—she was denied college!

GENIUS PUTS ON ITS THINKING CAP.

The bitterness of it and an anger against the conditions of life were very real to Heloise as she sat there. Her father, a country lawyer, could not afford to send her to college, nor could she be spared from home even should she attempt to earn her own way. There was no question about these things; it was simply fate that was against her.

She would stay in this village till the children were grown and no longer needed her, and her mind would become fallow and useless. She felt that her old keenness in study had already slipped away from her in the year and a half since she had left the stimulus of school.

The worst of it was, no one around her seemed to realize they had a genius in their mist. She was only an ordinary girl, keeping house for her father; perhaps more quiet and less understandable than the general run of girls, that was all.

But Heloise was not left long to brood. Soon the children came stamping in, and there was dinner to get, and the house to straighten, and a thousand other things to do. With apathy she went through the daily routine, and it was not till the late afternoon that she found time to take a little stroll through the town for variation, and to get away from the house where uncomely thoughts had been pounding in her ears all day.

Her way led her down through the main street of the little town, past the dingy shops and quiet cottages, and out on the soft, white country road. Everything seemed so prosaic and so unsuggestive of a career.

Heloise's heart burned and ached within her; yet something seemed to say to her, "Is there no way in which you can help yourself? Think things over, and let us come to some conclusion."

So, led by this inner Monitor, she began to think, to add up her debit and credit column.

"First, in the way of blessings, I suppose I must count the children. They are a care, but so dear—and how I should miss them if I went away! And Father, he is often abstracted and seems not to notice what we do. Yet I know if it were not for us—and for me in particular—his life would be much more somber than it is. It is quite a career, I suppose, to be able to cheer up Father."

But the debit column surely claimed the housework. "Yet," mused Heloise thoughtfully, "how I have longed to take a course in domestic science if I could go away." And here her truthful Monitor showed her in a flash the dozen or more cook books piled up in a pantry drawer; the housekeeping magazine which came every month stored with the best home-making brains of the land; and, yes, there were all those chemistry books in Father's library. She *might* mark out a course for herself and learn to cook scientifically instead of in the slipshod way she had been doing in the hurry of night-school work.

"But house-keeping, even at its best, won't develop my higher faculties, and I meant to be a writer, and a musician, and —"

Heloise was walking very slowly now, and looking straight ahead of her. Her eyes were very bright. The inward Monitor saw its chance.

CONSCIENCE GETS ITS SPECTACLES.

"Heloise," it remarked steadily, "you know very well that you have a perfectly fine piano which you do not open from one week's end to the other; and a set of splendid new music books that Father got you Christmas, full of hundreds of pieces by the best composers, which would be an education to you if you would practice reading then by sight just one or two each day during this new year, to say nothing of the volumes of musical biography you have not even glanced into yet.

"And—and there is that new set of

Ruskin in the library—and those old histories you have always been waiting for a chance to study. And, yes, Father has some new books on psychology and philosophy—and there's a good encyclopedia in the library—

"And all your old text-books in French and German you know you never did justice to—why, my dear girl," continued the now hopeful Monitor, "there's an education for you right there in that house, right here in this town, if you choose to see it. Talk about college, and travel—what's the use of trotting about from place to place if you have never learned to use and appreciate your own faculties? It is concentration of thought and will that does the business. Salvation comes from within, my dear, whether you are here or in college with Helen."

THE REWARD OF WISDOM.

Heloise wheeled about and turned suddenly homeward. By the time she reached the dear old place she had mapped out a course of training for herself. So much music and science, so much literature and cooking, each day. Suppose the latter *did* demand three sessions! To the practical Heloise in her new scheme of things this seemed quite fair.

The winter passed into spring and spring into summer. Heloise had made a college of her home, and by training her mind to be its own teacher she had added several other qualities, such as self-reliance and originality, to her mind, which was naturally studious.

She was sitting on the porch under the blooming roses, looking over some advertisements for a correspondence course she was intending to pursue. The children were in bed. Her father had put down his paper and was looking at her thoughtfully. Then he said:

"Daughter, it seems to me you have improved a great deal these six months. I don't just see how you have done it either, with all the work."

Heloise responded brightly. "Yes, Father, I know I have. The Monitor came two days after the new year."

Father looked somewhat mystified and turned again to his paper, but the Monitor shook hands with itself.—*Edith R. McCombs, in Farm and Fireside.*

HOME NEWS

THE TWO MILTONS, WIS.—At Milton the annual dinner in the college auditorium was a very happy occasion, well managed and largely attended. Nearly four hundred were present. The annual society meeting was held in the church at 10.30 a. m., and continued after dinner in the auditorium. Prof. A. E. Whitford, chairman of a committee appointed at the annual church meeting for the purpose, reported that a basement could be put under the church, equipped for Sabbath-school classes and the social needs of the church, for \$1,700. It was voted that this committee be requested to canvass the society for subscriptions and suggestions, and report to a special meeting in the church Sunday, January 17, at 2 p. m. A committee is to present to the same meeting a plan of reorganization of the church and society merging the two into one, if practicable.

At Milton Junction the annual church meeting was held in the forenoon when officers were reelected and the annual reports of the officers and auxiliary societies were given. At noon 103 persons were served to an excellent dinner, after which the business of the society was concluded. The church finances were reported in good condition.—*Journal-Telephone.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—The services next Sabbath will be held at the Adventist church on Forty-sixth Street, when Doctor Daland will administer the ordinance of baptism.—*Journal Telephone.*

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—Leslie O. Greene, who has been attending a student missionary meeting in Kansas City, representing Alfred (N. Y.) University, is the guest of his relatives and many old-time friends at this place. He will preach for the Seventh Day Baptist people tomorrow.

A few weeks before the annual meeting the church was about \$400.00 in debt. Now all debts are paid and there is a small sum in the treasury.

The annual dinner held New Year's Day was well attended, it being estimated that about 350 were fed. There was enough and to spare, so that the left-overs brought about \$8.00.

Pastor Geo. B. Shaw left Monday morning for Plainfield, N. J., to assist his brother in a series of meetings. He expects to stop off at Milton, Wis., for a few hours' visit with old-time friends.

The Music Committee has arranged for several instruments to assist in the music. Paul Hemphill plays the violin, Dell Barber the cornet and Horace Crandall the tuba and some of our many pianists the piano. Arch and Celia Moulton lead the singing.

SALEM, W. VA.—Business of unusual importance was transacted by the church at the meeting Sunday. Among other things the church voted to pay the pastor's expenses in visiting non-resident members of the church, and at the request of the American Sabbath Tract Society, to grant him six weeks time for work under the direction of that society in the Southeastern Association.

There was a good spirit in the meetings during the week of prayer which closed Tuesday evening. Let us make this a year of prayer, that this spirit of devotion and fellowship may be deepened and extended throughout the year.

President Clark has been busy helping to get his family located in their new home. They are now at home in the "house on the hill."—*Salem Express.*

If you think you are loaded up with all the indignation you can stand, against the liquor business, don't read this item. Mail-order distillers have been sending circulars to postmasters all over the country offering prizes to those whose offices issue the greatest amount of money orders remitting for liquor. The Postoffice Department at Washington has of course posted warnings that postmasters must not fool with any such business. But doubtless in many smaller towns, where postmasters are on conversational terms with their patrons, it will be next to impossible to prevent the sly hint passing along that to buy whiskey of such and such a big firm in the city will help to get a nice prize for a good fellow. The plan is diabolically ingenious in its certainty to work where the postmaster himself is not man enough to despise it—*The Continent.*

MARRIAGES

SHOWERS-ALEXANDER.—At Milton, Wis., December 16, 1913, by Pastor L. C. Randolph, Claude H. Showers and Miss Pearl Alexander, both of Milton Junction, Wis.

GREENE-STILLMAN.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Stillman, parents of the bride, on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1913, by President Boothe C. Davis, Mr. Clarence E. Greene and Miss Veda T. Stillman, all of Alfred, N. Y.

JONES-BURDICK.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke T. Burdick, in Alfred, N. Y., December 24, 1913, by Pastor William L. Burdick, Mr. William R. Jones of Andover and Miss Fredora Burdick.

MITCHELL-SPENCER.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Edgerton, Wis., December 25, 1913, by Pastor L. C. Randolph, Clarence Mitchell of Woodland, Wash., and Miss Elma Marie Spencer.

JORDAN-BURDICK.—In Nile, N. Y., at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Laverne Burdick, on December 31, 1913, by Rev. Wm. C. Whitford, assisted by Pastor Wm. M. Simpson, Mr. Carl L. Jordan of Jersey Shore, Pa., and Miss Zora F. Burdick.

HURLEY-BURDICK.—At the home of the bride's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Geo. W. Burdick, in Welton, Iowa, at high noon, January 1, 1914, by the father of the bride, Mr. Archie Ray Hurley and Miss Bernice Arloine Burdick, all of Welton.

BASSETT-KIRK.—In the village of New Auburn, Wis., on January 5, 1914, by the Rev. J. H. Hurley, Mr. L. W. Bassett of New Auburn, Wis., and Mrs. E. R. Kirk of Minneapolis, Minn.

DEATHS

MOLAND.—At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Fred. D. Hoard, in Wellsville, N. Y., December 17, 1913, Mr. James W. Moland, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

James W. Moland, the son of Daniel and Mary Callen Moland, was born in the town of Alfred, N. Y., and here he resided throughout his life except a few months spent in Bradford, Pa., and Michigan. Though in failing health for a number of months, he bravely kept to his tasks as superintendent of highways of the town of Alfred, a position which he filled with great satisfaction to the town and credit to himself. He leaves one son, Harold C. Moland of Alfred, one daughter, Mrs. Fred. D. Hoard of Wellsville, N. Y., an aged stepmother, two brothers, three sisters, and many warm friends.

Funeral services, at which gathered many Masons, Odd Fellows, neighbors, and friends, were held at his home near Alfred, December 20, and burial took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery. Pastor William L. Burdick conducted the usual farewell service, after which the Masonic lodge of Andover, of which Mr. Moland was a member, conducted a service and concluded with a committal at the grave. WM. L. B.

BROWN.—Datus Fitch Brown, oldest son of Deacon Erastus and Maleta Davis Brown, was born November 28, 1858, on a farm four miles east of Milton, and died at his home in Denver, Colo., December 21, 1913.

His boyhood days were spent on the farm and he was educated in Milton, graduating from Milton College in 1881. Soon after his graduation he went to Dakota, where he entered business in Redfield. He was married at Waukegan, Wis., February 3, 1882, to Ellen E. Zuill of Rock Prairie, who has been a loving and devoted wife, tenderly caring for him up to the hour of his death. To them were born three children—Leta Mary, who died in infancy, Edith Mary, and Cleon Datus, who with the wife and two sisters, Eva S. Brown and Mrs. Bertha B. Osborn of Long Beach, Cal., mourn his loss.

He held positions of trust in St. Paul, Cleveland and Albany, but in October, 1909, the family removed to Denver where, in partnership with his son, he entered the wholesale hardware business.

He was taken ill with blood pressure and hardening of the arteries and after seven weeks of patient suffering his spirit took its flight to the eternal home.

From infancy he was blessed with a kindly, winsome, sunny disposition. None knew him but to love him. In the home he was everything that a faithful husband and devoted father could be. To his sisters and younger brother Darwin, who preceded him to the better land but two years before, he was both father and brother, and the esteem in which he was held by all his friends and associates was testified to by the many, many beautiful floral tributes sent both before and after his death; also by the many letters and telegrams sent to the bereaved ones, which have been such a comfort to them.

He was baptized by Eld. Darwin Maxson when but eleven years of age and united with the Seventh Day Baptist church of Milton. In his last days he talked of his heavenly home and expressed his willingness and readiness to go if it was the Father's will.

Short but beautiful funeral services were held at the home, conducted by Rev. Mr. Coyle of the Presbyterian church, and the loved form was tenderly laid to rest in Fairmount Cemetery near Denver.

HIS SISTERS.

New York City with its 800,000 Jews is the capital of Jewry; it has twice as many Irish as Dublin, more Italians than Naples, more Germans than any city except Berlin; it speaks a different language for every book in the Bible, and publishes fifty newspapers in foreign languages—*Christian Work*.

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.

JEWELER WANTED.

If there is a good jeweler who would like to change his location to be with Sabbath-keepers in a good growing new town and community, let him correspond with the writer, E. D. Stillman, Elkhart, Morton Co., Kan.

WANTED

A woman, young or middle aged, able and willing to do general housework, in a comfortable home, with kind treatment, and fair wages. Mrs. Arthur E. Main, Alfred, N. Y.

Senator Sheppard Introduces Amendment in Upper House.

The resolution proposing constitutional prohibition was introduced in the Senate Wednesday afternoon by Senator Sheppard of Texas. After discussing at length the advance which prohibition has made in this country and elsewhere in recent years, Senator Sheppard said:

"Responsibility for the miseries and the crimes of men rests far more largely with society than may be generally supposed. People who keep their own lives blameless have by no means entirely met their duty to humanity or to God. A man may be a drunkard and never drink; a thief, yet never steal. We who permit conditions to exist that make thieves are thieves ourselves. We who permit conditions to exist that make drunkards are drunkards ourselves. We who permit conditions to exist that make murderers are murderers ourselves. We who permit a traffic to continue that fills the penitentiaries, the jails, the asylums, the hospitals, the poor houses and the potter's fields are criminals before an impartial heaven. We who permit a traffic to continue that will make chaos of government and beasts of men are anarchists before the bar of truth.

"We are as much the authors of woe and tears and ruin as any follower of Alaric who immersed his sword in the blood of mothers and of babes. And until we begin an affirmative movement against evils that threaten to engulf mankind, until we terminate the terrible partnership between the government of this country and the liquor trade—a partnership whereby the revenues that sustain the republic—yea, our very salaries as senators of the United States—represent men's broken bodies, men's wasted lives, the widow's and the orphan's cry, the white slave's bartered shame—we shall invite and we shall deserve any disaster that may overwhelm the nation or the race."—*The American Advance*.

The total foreign missionary contributions of American Protestant churches in 1913 were \$16,398,000, according to a statement made to the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City, Mo., on January 3. An appeal was made for \$50,000,000 a year for foreign missions from American churches—*The Christian Advocate*.

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor.

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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Around the World in Five Minutes.

Two men are sitting side by side on the shore of the Philippine Islands, and before them, on a table, are two instruments of curious design that continually write a straight line in ink on a roll of paper. Sometimes the line became wavy instead of straight, and the men have to work alertly and quickly. The room in which they sit is the halfway communication house of the modern world. Both their instruments are connected with London by a copper wire, but from one instrument the wire runs eastward across the Pacific Ocean, the continent of North America, and the Atlantic Ocean to England, while the other wire dives into the Indian Ocean, curves up the coast of Africa, and passes through the Mediterranean Sea on its way to London. So that when these two wires are connected they entirely circle the earth, and the two operators, sitting side by side in a little room in Manila, in the Philippines, can by working quickly together, flash a message around the world in four or five minutes.—*Postal Telegram.*

At a time when Cardinal Manning was suffering great depression of soul and a darkening of faith, he had to go to the shop of a bookseller for one of his own books, entitled "Faith in God." While waiting for the book to be sent from the storeroom, he heard a voice from up there, "Manning's 'Faith in God' all gone." It made a deep and valuable impression on Manning's heart.—*W. R. Clark.*

Still Running.

Edwin, aged four, owned a picture-book in which a fierce-looking cow was running after a small boy. He looked at it a long time, then carefully closing the book he laid it away. A few days later he got the book again, and turned to the picture. Bringing his chubby fist down on the cow, he exclaimed in a tone of triumph: "She ain't caught him yet!"

RIVERSIDE For S. D. B. General Conference 1915

Write the committee

A. E. Babcock, Lock Box 1163

R. C. Brewer, 129 Penrose St.

P. B. Hurley, 1985 Park Ave.

NEW

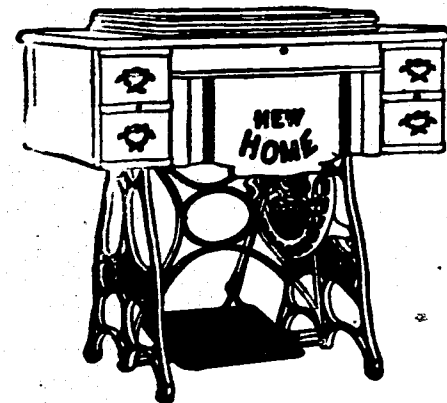
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The Board will not obtrude information, help or vice upon any church or persons, but give it when asked. The first three persons named in the Board will be its working force, being located near each other. The Associational Secretaries will keep the working force of the Board informed in regard to the pastorless churches and unemployed ministers in their respective Association, and give whatever aid and counsel they can. All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries will be strictly confidential.

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HE UNDERSTANDS.

We do not know why Marah's waters flow
Before the place where Elim's palm trees grow,
To cool the desert sands,
Nor why when Canaan looks so sweet and fair,
Strong deadly foes are waiting everywhere,
But then *God* understands.

We can not see why Jacob, all night long,
Must hold his feeble arm against the Strong
To get his high demands,
Nor why e'en now some souls in anguish plead
When God is waiting to supply each need,
But then *He* understands.

We can but wonder why some lives are bound
With chains of steel, nor hear a sweeter sound
Than toil's severe commands,

While Time makes melody for other ears,
As perfect as music of the spheres,
But then *He* understands.

There must be purpose in our pain and strife,
And when rue mingles with the wine of life,
If we are in *His* hands,
So when we can not conquer with the strong,
We need not with the vanquished suffer wrong
Because *He* understands.

Sometimes I look upon the glowing west,
And think I see some shining mountain crest
In distant Eden lands,
And grateful for the way my feet have trod,
I care not which the path if close to God,
Because *He* understands. — *Myra Goodwin Plants.*

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