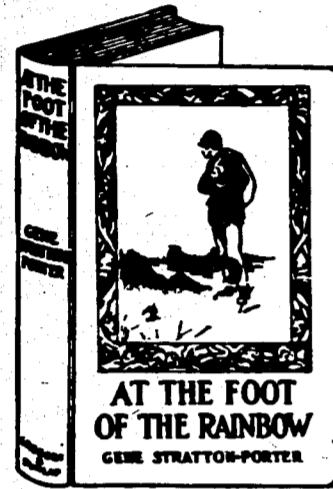


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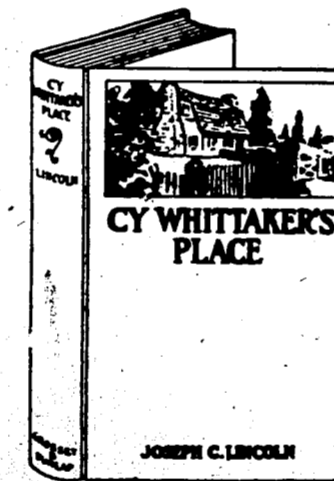
**AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW**  
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The scene of this charming, idyllic love story is laid in Central India. The setting is entirely rural, and most of the action is out of doors. The story is one of devoted friendship, and tender self-sacrificing love; the friendship that gives freely without return, and the love that seeks first the happiness of the object. The novel is brimful of the most beautiful word painting of nature, and its pathos and tender sentiment will endear it to all.



**THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER**  
by A. M. Chisholm

This is a strong, virile novel with the lumber industry for its central theme and a love story full of interest as a sort of subplot. Among the minor characters are some elemental men, lumber men with the grizzly strength of their kind, and the rough, simple ways. How Joe Kent became the boss of these men, by sheer pluck and a pair of strong arms, the author tells us most effectively. Some of his brachial power was derived from the light of a woman's eyes, but to enter into the details here means to spoil the story.



**THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND** by George Barr McCutcheon

A story of modern New York—built upon a strikingly unusual situation. Mrs. Challis Wrandall has been to a road house outside the city to identify her husband's dead body; she is driving her car home late on a stormy night when she picks up in the road the woman who did the murder—the girl who had accompanied her husband to the lonely inn and whom the whole country is seeking. She takes the girl home, protects her, befriends her and keeps her secret. Between Sara Wrandall and her husband's family there is an ancient enmity, born of the scorn for her inferior birth. How events work themselves out until she is forced to reveal to them the truth about their son's death and his previous way of life is the substance of the story.

**CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE** by Joseph C. Lincoln

Cape Cod life as pictured by Mr. Lincoln is delightful in its homeliness, its wholesomeness, its quaint simplicity. The plot of this novel revolves around a little girl whom an old bachelor, Cy Whittaker, adopts. Her education is too stupendous a task for the old man to attempt alone, so he calls in two old cronies and they form a "Board of Strategy." A dramatic story of unusual merit then develops; and through it all runs that rich vein of humor which has won for the author a fixed place in the hearts of thousands of readers. Cy Whittaker is the David Harum of Cape Cod.

The SABBATH RECORDER Plainfield, N. J.

# The Sabbath Recorder

## THE ANGELS AND THE SHEPHERDS

Luke 2: 8-20

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them about this child. And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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VOL. 77, NO. 25

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 21, 1914

WHOLE NO. 3,642

## Praise for the Christ Child

Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord,  
According to thy word, in peace;  
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,  
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;  
A light for revelation to the Gentiles,  
And the glory of thy people Israel.

—Luke 2: 29-32.

## Causes of Lapses in Religion

Notwithstanding the emphasis placed upon evangelistic and mission work among Presbyterian churches for the last decade, the report to the General Assembly this year shows that in five years 255,776 members have been placed on the suspended roll and stand as "backsliders." This shows an average falling off of more than 51,000 a year. We do not wonder the Presbyterians are appalled at these figures, and that earnest efforts are being made to discover the causes and find a remedy. They are by no means the only ones who suffer from loss of members, and we all may profit by their findings as to the causes. Among these we notice: "Receiving unconverted members; religion without God; love of pleasure; craze for amusements; cares of the world; preaching that leaves out God and the hereafter; too low tone in religion; lack of true pastoral oversight; God not honored in the home; and last, but not least, church quarrels."

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## Light at Evening Time

A gang of Italians were paving a road in a West Virginia village, under an American overseer. One morning, after the work had been going on many days, the overseer halted a friend who was passing, to talk about the aged man and his widowed daughter in whose house he and his

wife were rooming. It seemed that his heart was full, and he was anxious to speak to some one about the thing that absorbed his thoughts.

"I want to tell you," said he, "what remarkable people they are. We have been impressed by their beautiful home life. It is just wonderful to hear that old man pray. He seems to talk with God. And then they sing together a song of praise. The other morning I was working on the road near the house, when my wife beckoned me to come to her on the back porch. As I approached, she motioned for me to be quiet, and whispered she wanted me to hear that old man praying in his home. I never heard such a prayer. When he was done, he and his daughter sang together. I tell you, it broke me all up; I couldn't keep back the tears, and have been thinking of it ever since."

The man of whom these words were spoken is ninety-seven years of age. Everybody loves him. He has seen much trouble, and has little of this world's goods; but he enjoys peace with God, and has treasure laid up in heaven. When these words of the overseer were repeated to me, and I realized something of the impression made upon a man of the world by this aged Christian, whose day of life is so near its close, I could but think of the prophet's words, "But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." While this text is often used to show that the sunset of a good man's day shall be bright, I like to believe that it means more than joy to his own soul. It means that, from such a life, light shall shine in the darkness of a sinful world, to show fellow travelers a pathway to that land which he sees with the clear eye of faith. Light at evening time bespeaks a coming glorious morning and a resplendent endless day for the pilgrim who enjoys its sunset glow; and it lights all who behold it to a highway upon which they too may come with songs of everlasting joy.



### A Good Pattern for Evangelists

The papers have had much to say about the spirit and labors of Rev. George Whitefield, both before and after the day (December 13) set apart as Whitefield's day. People of all denominations have vied with one another in paying tribute to the memory of this worthy man.

It is natural that men should look for the source of such wonderful power to win men, and we have been interested in the various reasons given for this power. Certainly there must be something beyond the ordinary in a young man who, on his first voyage across the Atlantic, could convert his "ship's cabin into a cloister, make of the steerage a schoolroom, and the deck a church," until even the toughest sailors bowed in submission to the Lord Jesus Christ. A man who could draw ten thousand people to his outdoor audiences in the cities of Europe and America, and who, when excluded from churches, could go out into open fields and by-ways preaching to the roughest colliers of England until thousands were transformed into loving Christians, must have had communion with some one whose power is above the human. Whitefield's power over the nobility and gentry of England and over the great thinkers of America was quite as wonderful as that exerted over the denizens of Satan's strongholds in London. And it is well that Christian leaders of today should earnestly seek for the secret of such evangelistic success.

Whitefield's printed sermons do not seem to give a clue to his mysterious power over the men to whom he spoke. There was something in his personality, something in his eloquence, something in his spirit, something in his tenderness of heart, something in his deportment as an exemplar of the Christ, which no printed page could give. What was that something?

Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., said of Whitefield, "He studied the proper use of his voice. 'He opened his mouth, and taught them' in clear and perfect enunciation." He threw his life into his preaching. He made careful preparation. He appealed directly to the hearts of men, using Bible illustrations and Bible truths as though he believed everything they taught. He was thoroughly evangelical, and, back of all, in and through all, in his ministry he lived

close to God. He was filled with the real 'power from on high,' without which we can do nothing toward winning men. The evangelism of our day will be profitable to our generation in proportion as it embodies Whitefield's spiritual fervor, social ministry, and educational ideals."

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### Seeking the Waymarks

During the flight of some four hundred thousand refugees from Belgium to Holland, to escape the ravages of war, it was a common thing to see little groups carefully studying the notices tacked upon the trees by the wayside. A writer for the *London Globe* found, upon examination, one of these notices which read, "Pierre —, your wife passed this way; she will wait for you at Rozendaal." About a mile further on, this same notice was repeated on another tree. This writer saw many refugees, broken families, wandering from tree to tree along the roadway, seeking tidings from loved ones lost. In one case it was a father carrying an infant and leading two little children, all crying and hurrying from tree to tree hoping to find news of the missing ones. Joy filled their hearts whenever such tidings were found.

Who can think of this scene where thousands upon thousands are seeking a land of refuge, looking for waymarks to show the path over which loved ones have gone, without being reminded of the highway cast up for the ransomed, upon which millions are passing through a world of trouble to a land of rest. Broken family circles, lonely pilgrims, wayfarers on life's journey are often cheered by reminders that loved ones have passed this way before them. When overburdened with care, and weary with toil; when bereavements darken the home; when sore pressed by the Tempter; when best efforts are misunderstood, and when about to give up in despair, it is a source of strength to think that mother or father, loved one or friend passed this way, knows all about it, and is waiting farther on.

Again, what a blessing for the wayward and thoughtless, that all along their life-journey there are so many of these marks reminding them of the way in which the blest of earth have sought and found a refuge of peace. Every family altar, every child of God in prayer, every church

service, every heavy cross, every glowing face showing sins forgiven, every blessed Christian act, every service for human betterment, every sign of the Christ-spirit in human hearts is but a waymark that reminds the careless and sinful that mother, sister, wife—indeed, all the loyal ones of earth—have passed that way to a refuge of peace, and that they are waiting in a safe home. Friends, are you seeking the waymarks that point to the home of the blest?

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### An Age-Long Mistake

When Christ was born in Bethlehem, the great world made the mistake of not recognizing his presence, because he came in form so unobtrusive and in garb so humble. Faith was blinded by preconceived ideas of what the promised Messiah should be. Worldly pomp and pageantry were the only characteristics recognized as worthy of one who should come to establish a kingdom that would have no end; one who should be called great, and the "Son of the Highest." It required clear spiritual vision to discern in Bethlehem's babe, not a worldly king, but one whose kingdom should have a little child for its most suitable symbol. This vision they did not have, and for lack of it the presence of the Prince of Peace, with the many signs of his divine power, was recognized by only a few.

In all generations since that time the world has made the same mistake. Men have been stumbling over the evidences of Christ's presence among them. They are still blinded by the pomp and pageantry of the world, and many have become discouraged over the apparent triumph of evil, and because the signs of Christ's presence and power have not been more conspicuous and all-convincing. Men forget that the power of the Christ-kingdom is like leaven hidden in meal. It makes no display, but works silently and quietly until the lump is leavened. The kingdom of evil flaunts its banners and makes great display; and because "the kingdom of God cometh without observation," men make the mistake of thinking evil is triumphant.

May God give his people a new vision of Christ's presence and power on earth, and help us to realize that, in spite of the spirit of strife and bitterness so prevalent today, the world does move toward the

reign of peace and good will. If we will open our eyes to see the things of God; if we will cease to be blinded by outward appearances; and if we have real faith in God's overruling providences, we must know that Christ who came to Bethlehem, the one who promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the world, the same who said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth," is still in this world, working in millions of loyal hearts, and that the angel-promise of peace on earth and good will toward men will surely be fulfilled.

Let us not lose sight of the fact, that, notwithstanding the roar and tumult of world-wide strife, there never was a time when so many unselfish, humble followers of the meek and lowly Christ were serving their Master in ministries of love, as there are today. There are too many living the Christ-life, there is too much good leaven working unseen in the kingdom, for men to lose hope now. To lose hope would be to prolong the age-long mistake of the world.

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### Not a Survival of the Fittest

Who can read such calls for soldiers as England makes when she needs more fighting men at the front, without being shocked at the prospects for England's future? And when a glance ahead brings terrible forebodings for this one nation, a second thought almost overwhelms us as we realize that the future of all Europe is also threatened in the same way. Think of it! What does it mean for the generations to come in the kingdom of Great Britain, when the Minister of War calls for 500,000 of "the bravest, the strongest, and the best" to rally to the flag and rush to the front? And this awful call comes over and over again! It means that England is to be robbed, in this war, of her bravest, strongest, and best, leaving only her weaklings, her invalids, cowards, and degenerates to become the fathers of her next generation. What this means to England is also true of Germany, Austria, France, and Russia!

This is the tragedy of the ages! Only by a survival of the fittest can the nations make real progress. God pity those who plan for the survival of the unfit by destroying the strongest and best!



## EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

### War News in Brief

The Kaiser's illness is more serious than was supposed. Dispatches at this writing (December 16) state that an operation on his throat is necessary, and that his fever is so great that the matter is being deferred in hope that he may improve before the operation has to be performed.—The fact that the French Government has moved back to Paris would seem to indicate that confidence is restored in France and that the general staff is able to defend the city. The German invasion has come to a dead halt, and evidently the French expect a German withdrawal rather than an advance.—The details of the largest naval battle of the war have not been given to the public. It wiped out all the German South Atlantic fleet but one vessel, and shows that annihilation of one fleet or the other must be the outcome in naval battles. There can be no such thing as a "drawn battle" on the sea when great navies meet in deadly conflict. The weakest fleet must inevitably go to the bottom.

The Turkish Government has expressed its willingness that an expedition be sent to Jerusalem for the relief of the suffering Jews. The plan is for Hebrews in America to send a ship with supplies through the Mediterranean to Palestine, and Turkey promises to facilitate the distribution of supplies, and that no requisitions will be made on any shipments from the United States. Famine is imminent in Jerusalem.—The historic waters of the Hellespont have recently witnessed a more wonderful adventure than any recorded of heroes of old. A British submarine sailed under five chains of torpedoes into the sea of Marmora, sunk a Turkish gunboat, dodged the fire of many guns, and escaped unhurt. At one time she was nine hours under water.—Gifts for the French soldiers, from their home friends, have become so numerous in view of the holidays, that one hundred freight-cars a day are needed to transport them, and the authorities have had to urge people to reduce their gift-making to a minimum.—One re-

sult of the war is the revival of the manufacture of watch crystals in Morgantown, W. Va. These were formerly made in Germany, and fifteen years ago the Morgantown plant was forced to suspend, owing to German competition. Now the West Virginia plant turns out 12,000 crystals a day.—The Austro-Hungarians have been turned back from their invasion of Servia. A few days ago the Austrians seemed to have Servia at their mercy, but today the situation is entirely changed. The fighting qualities and resources of the Servians are something wonderful. This little nation has a great record for bravery and patriotism.

### Car-loads of Grain for Belgium

Now it is Illinois that comes forth as a giver of grain for the relief of Belgium war sufferers, with the slogan, "A car-load of grain from every shipping station in Illinois." The grain will be transported to the sea coast without cost, and shipped by the Rockefeller Foundation to Belgium.

### Higher Railroad Rates

The increase in passenger fares between St. Louis, Chicago, and other cities, and points in the East went into effect this week. The raise of one fourth of a cent on a mile is allowed, making the rates from New York to either Chicago or St. Louis \$2.00 higher than before. All reduced-rate round-trip tickets are withdrawn, and only one-way-fare tickets will be sold.

### Would Abolish Capital Punishment

As the result of an immense mass-meeting in Little Rock, Ark., one thousand persons signed a petition to the Legislature, asking for a repeal of the law for capital punishment. Nine men are now in the penitentiary under sentence to die in the electric chair.

Probably the executioner in New York State, who resigned the other day rather than perform the sad duty of murdering ten men by state authority, would also be glad to see all laws for legal murder repealed. The time is coming when civilized States will cease to execute men, and will, instead, imprison murderers for life, with the power of pardon removed or properly safeguarded.

### Doings of Federal Council Executive Committee

On December 9-11 the Executive Committee of the Federal Council held a two-days session in Richmond, Va. Two members of our denomination were present, Dean A. E. Main and Rev. Edwin Shaw.

We here briefly name the most important actions of the committee.

It approved the work of the Commission on Relations with Japan and its representative, Dr. Gulick, assisted by the Rev. Doremus Scudder of Honolulu; appointed the president, Prof. Shailer Mathews, and Dr. Gulick as ambassadors to the churches of Japan, to sail January 9, 1915; listened to an address by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in which he expressed gratification at the conferences being held between Dr. Gulick and representatives of labor relative to measures which would conserve the interests of labor and not offend the people of Japan.

It passed a resolution expressing sympathy and prayers for the churches of Europe, authorizing the Administrative Committee to convey the message in such ways as may be found appropriate and effective; received a report from the thirty delegates who attended the Church Peace Conference at Constance, Germany; and instructed the Administrative Committee to communicate with the various ecumenical organizations and the constituent bodies of the council relative to a world congress on matters of general interest to the Christian churches of the world.

It adopted resolutions of the Commission on Evangelism calling for united prayer for a world-wide revival; and also took steps toward the organization of the churches in local communities in the interest of international peace, and approved the preparation and publication of a book by Sidney L. Gulick, to be placed in the hands of all the pastors of the nation in this interest.

It authorized the Committee on Peace Centenary to proceed with the celebration of "One Hundred Years of Peace" by the churches and Sunday schools in February, 1915.

It created a new commission entitled, "Commission on the Church and Country Life," with Gifford Pinchot as chairman,

and Rev. Charles O. Gill as field investigator, its first work to be a state-wide survey of Ohio, with headquarters at Columbus, Ohio; and authorized the Commission on the Church and Social Service to make an investigation of the treatment of government employees by the government. It created a commission to have special consideration of the needs and interests of the colored race and for helpful measures of co-operation between the colored denominations and the other constituent bodies of the Federal Council; approved the plans of the Committee of One Hundred for religious work at the Panama Exposition, urged the churches to respond with financial help, and ordered the continuance of negotiations with the exposition authorities relative to the moral tone of the exposition and its surroundings.

It adopted recommendation of the Commission on Temperance, following the suggestion in the address of Hon. William J. Bryan to the committee, on a campaign for pledge-signing, and approved measures for the elimination of liquor-advertising through the newspapers; approved plans and work of the Commission on Christian Education for introducing lessons on international peace into the Sunday schools and churches; for the use of a part of the public-school hours for religious instruction under the supervision of the pastors in their respective churches, and the correlation of all the church educational agencies through the commission; received a ringing report from the Commission on Family Life on the unfortunate division between the home and religious institutions, and arranged for social surveys in various cities, relative to the moral and religious environment and instruction of children.

### Bad Fire at Salem College

Just as we go to press, word comes from Salem that the old college building has been destroyed by fire, together with most of its contents. All the glass was broken on the east side of the new building. Two pianos were saved, but many useful things, precious in the memory of old-time friends, went up in smoke. This is a terrible loss to the college, as the old building was greatly needed for class-rooms and various lines of work. Everybody will sympathize with Salem.



## Salvation

PAUL E. TITSWORTH

Many people today accept it as a foregone conclusion that true religion is on the wane. They see desertion after desertion from the ranks of the older ideals and the flocking to new standards, which to them are unhallowed. A large number of individuals are indifferent to the claims of religion out of carelessness, others are led away by dangerous heresies. In the face of these facts, many, even in our own denomination, are in a state little short of actual despair.

In my opinion, both the church and those outside are at fault in the matter. The former is to be severely criticized for too long speaking a language which is the outgrowth of the experience of several generations ago and which is a foreign tongue to many of the present time whose experience has been of an entirely different stamp. To take an example: such words as grace, justification by faith, salvation, are not the common property of ordinary men and women. These technical expressions are heard only in church, and are listened to without an inquiry in the hearer's mind as to what they mean. To interpret the meaning of religion to our present life is an imperative need and the greatest opportunity before the church.

On the other hand, those outside the church are in grave fault when they turn away from what the church stands for without a serious inquiry whether the principle for which it has stood for centuries does not have value for them. It is a fairly sane rule that whatever has attracted the attention of people and held their loyalty for any length of time has some permanent value for the enriching of human life and adding to its worth-whileness.

It is with the sincere and humble desire of suggesting some new meaning for an old term that I have chosen for the theme this morning the subject of salvation. Sermons dealing with it are probably less frequently preached than formerly, because the emphasis is now laid—and rightly so—on the present and its duties, in the belief that the future will take care of itself if only the now is well employed. However, it will do no harm to see if this old-fashioned word will not yield something worth thinking about.

What is salvation? How is it attained? How can we know that we are saved? These are some of the questions which suggest themselves to our minds at once. The anxious query which the rich young ruler directed to Jesus has been the subject of meditation—and possibly of despair—of a great host of human beings. By a study of the Bible, by a consideration of the results of human experiences and by taking account of our own God-given instincts we can arrive at a helpful answer to the vexing question.

Salvation might, in general, be defined as that which from the broadest and highest point of view constitutes the spiritual success of a human being in this present life. Notice, I say in this present life. In its widest application the term salvation implies character growth, and that is a process which is not finished here, nay, is only just begun.

We will all agree that salvation is not a reward for spiritual ability. A farmer, educated in all the agricultural schools of the country, but too lazy to till his fields, will never know the joy of filled barns. A carpenter with a chest of tools of the very best make can not earn union wages unless he uses his hammer and saw with skill. A student who goes to college receives no credit for his brilliancy as such. Another illustration of the same idea is the rich young man with his evidently splendid equipment for service, who learned to his great disappointment that mere ability does not bring salvation. We often fall into the error of believing that because others have more ability or more opportunity than we, there is no use of our attempting either self-development or service for our fellow. Let us remember, that Christ neither in theory nor in practice ever taught that the salvation of the individual depended upon any accident of birth or of environment. Ability without performance is like the body into which the spirit of life has not yet been breathed.

Again, salvation is not necessarily gained by the act of confession of belief or of uniting with a religious body. Often the church appears more interested in maintaining its organization for its own sake, failing to recognize that the only reason for its existence lies in its power of helpfulness to each individual within its sphere of influence. A result of this attitude of

the church is that many members appear to believe their eternal welfare for all time secure when they are once within the pale of an ecclesiastical organization. Even the church ordinances are not magic keys to the gate of salvation. The act of baptism, for example, is nothing in itself, and it takes on meaning only as it represents a change for the better in the soul of man. It is one of the symbols which the *Westminster Catechism* well defines as an outward sign of an inner work of grace. The question arises, then, can any ecclesiastical organization bestow salvation on its members by virtue of their becoming such? Unfortunately, it is too easy to call to mind persons who, apparently for show or for policy's sake, come into the church and remain as unregenerate as before. The individual alone is master of his spiritual destiny and no set of forms can better him without the aid of his own will power.

In school life no student receives credit on the books of a college simply because he has registered and paid his fees, even though he may have done it in the most punctilious fashion. There is no greater enemy to bona fide spirituality than the belief that any single act or set of acts, formally accomplished, will settle for all time the destiny of any human soul. They may, provided they are accompanied by the proper inner changes; but salvation is not necessarily the result of a life of church membership—as helpful as that may be—but it is rather the result of something much deeper.

In the third place, is spiritual success to be measured by the amount of good works which we do? This question brings us nearer a solution of our problem. To use again the figure taken from school life: of course, the student who accomplishes most receives the most credit on the school records. There is hardly any other possibility if credits are to be awarded honestly. The carpenter who does the most careful piece of finishing work or builds the best house is certainly the most successful at his trade. In nearly all, if not all, the walks of life a man's worth to his surroundings is measured by the quantity and quality of his work. Whether we like the phrase or not, there is a law of the survival of the fittest operative in the competitive scheme of society. This is about the only standard by which we can judge.

The man of little and imperfect performance is forced to acknowledge his rank among the host of the inefficient. A third-rate or fourth-rate doctor stands no show when he tries to compete, in the same community, with a physician of the first rank.

In the opinion of some, the same standard of judgment is valid in the world of the spirit. The Catholics hold to the doctrine of the efficacy of good works. On occasion many others drop into the attitude that, because their neighbor has greater ability and produces more spiritual values than they, such a person is intrinsically of more value than they. At first thought it certainly appears reasonable that the man who does the most good is from a spiritual point of view the most successful. We can hardly escape the conviction that any one who has set in motion in hundreds of lives the forces of good, who has clothed the naked, fed the hungry, poured oil on many a wound, bound up the broken-hearted and given freedom to those in bondage to bad habits and low ideals—we can hardly escape the conviction, I say, that such a person's spiritual success is one of the highest. Far be it from me to speak slightly of such a spiritual power-house, for we have too few persons in whom great purposes are united with great ability. The point is here: no one is doing his duty unless he is doing all that he can whether that be spectacular or insignificant. It stands to reason that you and I ought to make our capital stock of talents and opportunities bring the very highest per cent of spiritual income of which we are capable. We need to be endued with wisdom and passion for worthy work and to be satisfied with nothing short of the best that lies within our reach.

A man investing \$100 at five per cent is doing better proportionately than a man investing \$1,000 at only two per cent, although the results seem to point to the success of the latter. To be sure, the man with the \$100 can buy only \$5.00 worth of goods with his yearly gain, while the man with \$1,000 can purchase \$20.00 worth, but the former may be much the better financier and more shrewd in letting out his money. Sometimes discouragement depresses us when we compare what we are able to accomplish, with the brilliant attainments of spiritual geniuses. It should shame us if we are capable of as great



things as they and fail to reach the high-water mark of our possibilities only because of spiritual enervation. On the other hand, it is possible that proportionately we are making more from our investment of talents and opportunities than they, although the results for us are small and for them large. Only in the case of equal ability and opportunity can one man be compared with another as to what he has produced. Washington Gladden said once in a sermon that after all there is no justice in treating unequals equally.

We have seen, then, that salvation is not dependent upon mere spiritual ability, nor upon perfunctory compliance with conventional religious standards, nor even upon the good deeds which we do, but rather it depends upon something deeper than all these. This brings us to the consideration of a fairer standard of measurement for spiritual accomplishments. It represents a side of the question which, because of the necessary conditions and relations of the present life and because of our ignorance of the soul life of our fellows, is not always taken into account.

Here are two men: the one has only a pocket-knife, the other a full set of wood-carving tools. They are both set to work and in a given time finish their task. The final results are finished pieces of work of an equal grade of perfection in everything. From one point of view, the man with the jack-knife succeeded no better than his competitor, for his work is no more beautiful or useful than the other; and yet we who know the tools with which each had to work do not hesitate to consider him of the lesser equipment much the better workman and genius. With as good tools as his fellow what might not he have done?

In this sphere of comparative values our figure chosen from school life leaves us in the lurch. By dint of midnight labor and long hours, such as his more brilliant classmate has no suspicion of, the mediocre student gets no more credit on the books of the college for his effort than his friend; and yet any one who knows the two has no doubt in his mind which has really attained the greater success. With his own perseverance harnessed to his friend's quicker comprehension and more agile mental power what might not the duller man have brought to pass?

Our natural gifts, our surroundings, our

bringing up, in short, those things over which we have absolutely no control, are all so very different that we can not all start the race of life from the same line. The more or less formal standards of judgment are not adaptable to the spiritual life. Each man or woman—if estimated fairly—must be judged entirely by himself or herself.

Does not John Smith with his hard row to hoe, his unfortunate bringing up, his unpleasant natural traits, and no encouragement to speak of, deserve great praise in subduing passions and striving after ideals although the final results are not commensurate with the accomplishments of Tim Smith, who began life higher up and consequently outdid his fellow?

To my mind, then, salvation is our attitude toward life, our point of view according to which we act both consciously and unconsciously in all our relations. To be saved is to have implanted in us a right motive. By motive, I mean a purpose in motion, in action, growing with a life as persistent as that of a garden weed. Salvation is the willingness to do our best and an eagerness to know what that best is. Christ had this idea in mind when he narrated the parable of the laborers who went to work in the vineyard, some early in the morning, some early in the afternoon, and some only an hour before quitting time. The late comers were not tardy at their work because they were lazy, but because they were ignorant that there was work for them to do. Thus it happened that when the Master of the vineyard paid off his men, they all received the same amount. More than his words, however, Christ's whole career aimed to teach men that motive and not outward conformity to religious practices was the key to salvation. This right motive was what the rich young man lacked. Jesus showed how a man might be a murderer or an adulterer, even if he never committed physical crime, by merely cherishing murderous or adulterous desires in his heart. The widow's mite, dropped into the treasury box in the temple, was more acceptable than the larger gifts of the rich, not because it would actually do more good, but because it was an earnest of the woman's motive. It was by overthrowing the spirit which insisted that one could be pleasing to God only by the rigid observance of conventional prac-

tices and by substituting therefor the idea that right motive in actions before God and our fellow men is the only key to real spiritual success that Christ's teaching and example were a veritable good news to the people of his time and remain so for us. It is a teaching that, as far as I can see, can never age.

But what does this point of view mean to us? What are some of its corollaries? Will it yield us anything to better our lives within ourselves and in their relation with the people about us?

Such a standard of judgment ought to give us a broader and deeper sympathy with all our fellow beings. We should remember that it is motive and not necessarily a single act or even a set of acts by which men are to be judged. May it not be possible for persons whom we look upon as bad and unworthy, to have their battles and to celebrate their victories over evil, which we never know of and never can? Some great and unfortunate passion may have gained the upper hand at just the right time to blast their reputation forever and yet there may be good and pure motives in these ostracized individuals, capacity for growth and its actual accomplishment, which the Great Judge can see and estimate, which we, with our inability to discern processes going on in the mind of another, fail to appreciate.

By what I have said I do not want to be understood as excusing wrong action. Whether the injury inflicted occurs through weakness, ignorance or wilfulness it brings sorrow and suffering on its victims to the same degree. Thus it comes about that society, in order to protect itself, is forced to draw certain more or less arbitrary lines and say to its members: "Thus far and no farther," and to recognize everything that oversteps these lines as sin and crime. I repeat that with our inability to understand each other fully, such laws are necessary and right. But our sense of justice should become continually keener as a result of our broader sympathy, so that where today we sentence a man to prison for crime and leave him to rot, in a few years we shall see to it that even there he can have the chance to become a man.

Good literature can render immense service in helping us to see in our fellow men better promptings than their acts would lead us to expect. In good books

we are introduced into the hidden chambers of men's hearts and shown outward actions at their birth hour. We witness all the conflicts between passion and conscience. Thus the conviction is forced upon us that more often than we think, outcasts are unfortunates rather than monsters, and that the nobler human promptings play greater roles in their life history than we realize.

A second corollary of our proposition is that, if we are doing our level best we are not to fret ourselves about what we can not do. On the other hand, it lays a heavy responsibility upon our own consciences, for we must never tire in asking ourselves if we are living up to all the possibilities of our natures and to our opportunities. This point of view should keep us from getting disheartened or becoming self-pleased. If we are one-talent men and women, God will not expect the same results from us as he does from those of five or ten talents. But, on the other hand, let us beware of the sin of the one-talent man of the parable, who perhaps thought the portion allotted him insignificant and not worth improving.

Salvation is, then, not dependent upon spiritual ability, or necessarily upon the confession of faith, or even the accomplishment of a great mass of good works, rather does it depend upon the motive that animates a man's life. A life lived in conformity with conventional standards as well as a bad one may spring from selfish motives, while a man of the best intentions may often fall before the odds which confront him. Spiritual success is the production of a maximum of results from a given capital of talents and opportunities. God must consider *him* spiritually successful who has done his level best, however insignificant or spectacular that best is. It is evident, too, that salvation is not a condition of personal and spiritual rest and contentment, but a longing to grow and develop into the highest attainments of which we are capable. And what is more, I do not believe that the end of this life means the end of the struggle, but in another world, under more favorable circumstances, we shall come nearer to being what we have purposed to be here.

"The history of religion shows that its author is exalted by the wrath of man."



## MISSIONS

### Holland and Java—Correspondence

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

The following letter came from Brother Velthuysen, together with letters written him by Sisters Alt, Graafstal, Jansz, and Slagter, the brave missionaries in Java. It was intended that he should lay this matter on the hearts of our people while he was in America, but his hasty and unexpected return home prevented his doing so. The only way we see now is to give the principal parts of them to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. Of the workers in Java, Brother Velthuysen says: "I am in entire sympathy with them. May the Lord bless these dear people, hear and answer their prayers and ours."

E. B. SAUNDERS,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

DEAR BROTHER SAUNDERS:

In this terrible time our dear country is an asylum for innumerable refugees. At the same time we have to care for our own people, many thousands of unemployed, all through the war. More than 280,000 Belgians have been sheltered in Holland in a very kind and hospitable way; they are slow to return even now. Though the German Government guarantees that no harm will befall them on their return to their native towns and villages, they do not trust this assurance. Our little boy was ill, otherwise we surely would have taken our share too. Brother Spaan went to the Haarlem Committee, saying he was willing to offer hospitality to a woman; but the committee sent a man whose wife had been taken directly from the train to the Municipal Hospital, where she was confined. The man is a joiner and lived in a village near Antwerp. He left everything behind when he fled from the German army. He attended our service last Sabbath morning in our chapel with great attention. Like nearly all Belgians, he is a Roman Catholic. The priests tell a great deal of nonsense about the Protestant religion; now thousands of these people see how they have been misled. I think this war will give a great blow to the Roman Catholic Church.

How greatly I should have appreciated

the privilege of meeting our people in the different churches. I am glad I decided to return immediately after the Conference; it is a hard time here in many respects, and I rejoice I am with my people. There is plenty of work for our Midnight Mission too, principally to prevent, if possible, evil conditions of temptation for the soldiers of our mobilized army all over the country, and to give them useful entertainment and instruction in their leisure time. We are very busy arranging everything. It would take too much time to explain it all.

Meanwhile Brother Vroegop (co-editor of the *Boodschapper*) grew very ill (repeated bleeding of the stomach). We all pray for his recovery. It would be a great loss for our cause and for his family if he came to fall. I have now to care for the *Boodschapper* with the help of my daughter Sarah.

Brother Lucky continues his work for the Rotterdam Church with great love, prudence, and devotion. He has been officially called to the pastorate of the little church during his forced stay in Holland, and is in an admirable manner trying to lead everything in the right way. The church is in good spirits now. If the Lord may grant him to keep it alive, in this period of restoration, there is much hope that a good work will be done and go out from it in different parts of our country.

Brother Lucky now lodges at S. Ourkerk Jr.'s and takes his meals at Mr. Ourkerk Sr.'s. I should very much appreciate if Brother Lucky could combine his life-work among Israelites (there are tens of thousands of Israelites in Holland) with the pastorate of the Rotterdam Church. They all love him. He would be a great help to our cause in Holland, if he could remain here. Still, his heart is with his distressed people in Galicia. But there is little chance for him to return there in these times. Those parts are occupied by the Russians now. It was a marvelous disposition of Providence that Brother Lucky arrived here just before the breaking out of the war. Had I written to him a few days earlier, he would have come before the Conference at Wernigerode and would have returned to Galicia before the war. Now he was barred out and so the Lord used him to restore the Rotterdam Church. The Lord is mighty to give us wisdom to

solve even the hardest problems, or to solve them himself in his own way.

My principal aim, however, in writing this letter was to point out again the need of the work in Java. I inclose four letters, which I have translated: (1) from Sister Alt, dated June 19; (2) from Sister Graafstal, August 10; (3) from Sister Jansz, August 20; and (4) from Sister Cornelia Slagter. These letters speak for themselves. Obviously it is very necessary that a man missionary should go there to organize the common efforts of our dear sisters, lest we lose there all our devoted labors as Seventh Day Baptists for so many years. The right man in the right place there would be able to do a great work. Let all the friends of our holy cause unite in prayer and in help for this needy cause. In this crisis for mission work, we have a double chance to succeed in Java, if the right man could be found just now. He would be welcomed by all if a Christlike man, working for the good of the natives, and a true evangelist. Let our people not wait until it be too late.

I should like to continue still a long time to assure you how pleasant and good are to me the recollections of the days of the Conference and of the stay at your home. We are all well and very busy here. With kindest regards,

Very truly yours in Christ,

G. VELTHUYSEN.

*Amsterdam,  
October 20, 1914.*

DEAR BROTHER VELTHUYSEN:

Of course, you are somewhat acquainted with my plans, but perhaps you do not yet exactly know how all came about. I will tell you everything from the beginning, and hope you will communicate it to the members of the church.

During the last months I was badly ailing at Pangoengsen. I suffered from chronic malaria, which I had got there, and felt worse and worse every day, very weak and tired. Then, after a continuous attack of about six days, I resolved to go to Temanggoeng to seek recovery in the climate there.

Exactly in those days Sister Jansz wrote to you about my feeble health and asked your advice. She then wrote it might possibly be the will of God that I should stay in Temanggoeng as Mrs. Graafstal was so

weak and wanted help, and as the climate at Tajoe was not favorable for my constitution. I did not seriously consider the question then, as I never had thought it lawful for me to leave alone Sister Jansz, she being old and weak. Sister Jansz, however, wrote that perhaps the Lord desired to teach her special lessons in her loneliness. Less urgently than before she wanted help, because the greater part of the people had moved to Bethel.

After Sister Jansz had written in that way, I began to call myself into account about my position, and talked the question over with Brother and Sister Graafstal, who themselves urgently needed help. Sister Graafstal is exceedingly weak, of late. She has been in a hospital for a month, but she was not much stronger at her return. These last weeks she has been lying in a long chair, not able to walk about the house. The noise and stir of the patients is very troublesome to her, as her head is very weak. We then decided to divide the household. I should go to Gambong Waloh with five patients. Sister would only have her own children then. In Gambong Waloh I may do the same work I did in Bethel,—caring for the sick in the desa's (native hamlets) and opening a school, provisionally, at my home, to teach children and adults to read the Bible. I hope also to find opportunity to go to the desa's to bring the gospel, as I was accustomed to do in Pangoengsen. So my work would remain almost the same as it was in Pangoengsen, only with the difference that I would be working *alone* in Gambong Waloh.

Your sister in Christ,

MARGARET ALT.

*Temanggoeng,  
June 19, 1914.*

DEAR BROTHER VELTHUYSEN:

If the war has not changed your plans, then you are now traveling to America; and when this letter reaches you, you will nearly be ready to return. I intended to write this letter about ten days earlier, but I was again confined to my bed. This happens often nowadays to me. I have sufficiently regained health and I shall write to you first of all.

Of course, you received before your departure all letters, mine and Sister Alt's, concerning our plans. She was sorry



there was nothing written about it in your last circular letter, but I calculated it could not be. Sometimes Sister Alt is down, fearing she might be misunderstood, that you might think she wished to leave the work at Tajoe. I observed she would very much like to know your opinion. We know she has very seriously prayed to know the will of God, and although it seems marvelous to us, that God led her in this way, yet I think it is a real gain for our mission work and I rejoice in it. Of course, I am also glad in the expectation of a more quiet life for myself and that I may take more and better care of our own children. If you knew how weak and tired I feel, you might better understand this. But no less because of the work I am very glad too. We have been at Gambong Waloh about ten years now, and should like to work there, but we could not do so successfully; the difficulty was the language. We did what we could to help everybody who desired help, but we could not talk with the natives. Sister Alt is a trained helper and she knows the language too. Now I would ask you something. In America there are friends who regularly support Sister Jansz and Sister Alt. I should like you to explain everything to them, that they may not think there has been some disagreement. I should like very much, too, that you, if possible, might succeed in moving them to send a brother to our help here. I had put my hope on Peter Van den Daele, but when you meet him personally in America, and converse with him, you can better judge.

There is still a third question. We have to pay several expenses when Sister Alt will go to settle at Gambong Waloh. The house and other buildings there are uninhabitable and must be repaired. Our plan was to pay this from the yields of our vanilla crop this year. That would have been in August. But now the war has come and so our plans miscarried. The vanilla trade stands still, just as every trade here, and we can not sell. Nobody knows how long we shall have to wait. Of course, under these circumstances, we can not afford a penny for Gambong Waloh and have much trouble to make both ends meet in our own family. Perhaps you may meet in America some friends of mine or of Sister Alt. (Nobody there knows my husband.) Will you be so kind as to ask

them to help us in these days? We have delayed Sister Alt's moving till there will be money for the repairing of the house.

I hope my letter will not come too late, and that you may agree with all these requests. My husband gives his love to you, and to all the people in America who know us. The Lord be with you in everything.

Your brother and sister in Jesus,  
GRAAFSTAL.

*Temanggoeng, Java,  
August 10, 1914.*

DEAR BROTHER:

I thank you very much for your circular letter, in which I was much interested. With all my heart I am always praying for the church and for your work. I was continually praying that God might bless the Conference in America. I trust you brought with you a great blessing for your own heart and for your work.

Some one, who might think of coming to help us here, might be discouraged by the thought of the climate being unhealthful and the food imperfect—how might one be healthy there! The food is very good here, but simple. Rice is our chief food and it is nutritious. We nearly always can get fish and Javanese vegetables, which are very tasteful. We have milk of our cattle, and eggs of our hens; and when the hens do not lay enough, we can buy eggs. My kind sister in America continually sent us plenty of oatmeal, smoked beef, salted tongue, Dutch preserved vegetables, evaporated apples and prunes, etc. There grows a tree here, the rind of which is even a better cure for malaria than quinine. I myself usually take that remedy, and it does me a great deal of good. When somebody would like to come here for the work, he need not be afraid of the climate and not at all of imperfect food.

In everything we observe here too the influence of the great war in Europe. Sister Davids (a Seventh Day Baptist sister in Soerabaja) is afraid her husband will lose his employment. May God help them! I am prepared to see that the people will not longer be able to send gifts for the poor and distressed here. When the Haarlem Church will send her contribution for the work of Sister Alt only, I shall be entirely satisfied. Probably, however, there will be a very few among you who can afford anything in this dreadful time.

Our capoc (Java cotton) harvest, of which I had great expectations, will be of little value because of the war. But our heavenly Father lives and will take care of us.

Sister Alt arrived here to fetch her things, almost without a penny, and she asked me for help. These fifty guilders may be sufficient for her journey and the transport of her goods, which must be carried on a steep mountain. I gave her also twenty-three guilders from the money I received from America. She may use it for the repairing of the house at Gambong Waloh, but it is not sufficient. I do not know how it will be in the future. Sister Alt thinks God has assigned her this new labor. She looks very weak, although she has been now for about half a year in a cold and healthful climate. For a month she has kept perfectly quiet and she has had restorative food in the hospital at Magelang. And now she will begin a work of her own, far away from other Europeans, and at the same time take care of the feeble-minded patients of Brother and Sister Graafstal, and also evangelize among the natives while helping the sick, etc.

Your sister in Christ,  
MARIE JANSZ.

*Pangoengsen, Tajoe,  
August 20, 1914.*

DEAR BROTHER:

Having been at Tamenggoeng with the Graafstals, I will write to you now. My intention had been to go to Tajoe to Sister Jansz. I had packed my luggage, but I could not go because I was again troubled by eye disease. So I was obliged to stay here, in the asylum, and when I could leave, I did not venture to go to Tajoe, because there is no physician there, in case the disease should return. The Graafstals were very much surprised to see me. Sister Alt had just been at Tajoe, and met me here on her return. Sister Graafstal looks haggard and almost broken down. There is little food that agrees with her. Sister Alt is about to go to Gambong Waloh, but she looks very weak, too. It is a pity. The house must be repaired. Because of the war, the vanilla trade (the business of Mr. Graafstal) stands still, so they have no money.

How do you do in Haarlem with the

sending of money? Perhaps there will be nothing left at all in this dreadful time, but otherwise I should say, let everybody send something. Do, however, write to Sister Jansz that the money is for the colony, for herself and for Sister Alt.

Sister Alt intends to go to Gambong Waloh. She will take with her the five children for whom Sister Graafstal has cared many years. She gets a little money for these children and so she will start. As she has learned the language, she will preach the gospel there, where it never was preached. At Gambong Waloh the missionaries can not trouble her about the Sabbath and thwart her, for those parts belong to no missionary society. She could not, so she thinks, stay at Tajoe, as she was suffering from malaria.

Yours in Christ,  
CORNELIA SLAGTER.

### More Words From the Field

REV. D. BURDETT COON

Yes, I have written several articles before on this subject. But some of you have forgotten them. You may forget this one. Well, the sooner we forget some things the better. But no matter. It will do me good anyway to write a little more. Perhaps I owe you an apology for not having written long ago concerning Exeland and other places I have visited and worked since I wrote for these columns. But matters of vital importance to us as a people have crowded in so fast that I have found no time for writing them up for RECORDER readers.

Just now we are entering the fourth week of a revival effort in Leonardsville, N. Y. Attendance was small for two weeks. Since then attendance and interest have been increasing. Voices of backsliders returning to God, and of sinners seeking the Lord are now being heard. Our hearts rejoice to see these manifestations of the workings of the Spirit of God. Prayers are being answered. God is reviving his work and saving men as in days of long ago. We praise him for it.

But I wanted to write about the work in other places just now. I spent four Sabbaths in Exeland, Wis. This little town is on the "Soo-Line" railroad, about



ninety miles southeast of Duluth. It is in the midst of a comparatively new country, having been worked but little for agricultural purposes. It was once covered with heavy timber. Now most of the section about there is covered with brush and small timber and stumps. There are but few pines there now. The soil is productive, growing vegetables and timothy and clover in great abundance. I never before saw a place where clover grew so naturally and abundantly. It is a good place for stock-raising, dairying, and the growing of potatoes. Some other crops do fairly well. Some corn is grown. Land is cheap, ranging in price according to location, improvements, etc., from \$10 to \$40, or even from \$60 to \$70 an acre. The wild land can be cleared and put into a state of cultivation quite easily. If you want some of the cheaper lands before prices go up, and you think you can stand pioneer experiences while you grow up with the country and help make our cause strong in a new field, try Exeland. I think it is a hundred fold more promising financially and every other way than many of the schemes some of you are entertaining now. Don't separate yourselves from our people and work, when you can find such a place as Exeland in which to live and do for the Lord. My fear (?) is that the soil there is too good to hold Seventh Day Baptists after they once get it subdued and ready for comfortable living. But it is not the soil of northern Illinois, or Iowa, or southern Minnesota, or southern Wisconsin.

The Milton College Quartet did excellent work there last summer. They proved that they did not go there simply to sing and entertain the people, or to be entertained by them. They went for business in the name of the Lord. They pulled off their coats and went after things, and accomplished things. They baptized twenty people, eight of whom became charter members of our little church there. Seven others, all but one of whom were once members of our churches in New Auburn, Wis., or North Loup, Neb., or Gentry, Ark., united with these, making a little church of fifteen members. They meet in a schoolhouse. They had a good little Sabbath school that was doing good work under the leadership of Mrs. Ruth Watts, formerly of North Loup. Edwin

R. Maxson and George Maxson and their wives, whom I knew some years ago in Arkansas, are now doing good work in this little church in leading the singing, and assisting in leading the Sabbath services. The quartet also assisted in organizing a neighborhood Christian Endeavor society. While I was there the Christian Endeavor meetings were attended by from thirty to fifty people. The interest in these meetings was far, very far ahead of that found in such meetings in many of our old established churches. But some of the members of our church were not keeping the Sabbath as they ought to keep it. I have heard it suggested that some in some of our older churches who were brought up in the midst of Sabbath-keeping influences are living as though the Word of God is all but silent on the Sabbath question. One of the young women converts of last summer is now in Milton College, I am told. I expect to know of others going from that field to Milton for school within the next few years. Some of those, who are boys there now, may become pastors of our churches, and may be telling us in after years what the Bible has to say about the Sabbath and several other questions that we are tempted to treat lightly now.

But Exeland is in great need of our sympathies and prayers and efficient missionary efforts. Now is the time for the planting of seed there that will ripen into a spiritual harvest. By giving them the right encouragement now, I can see the possibility of our having a strong and vigorous and spiritually minded church there in a few years. But this is only one of many such places. While I was there, some married men and women and others indicated in our meetings and in their homes real new interest in the cause of Christ and the Sabbath. While there I preached three times a week, attended two prayer meetings each week, taught a Sabbath-school class each Sabbath, often walked from six to ten miles a day in calling on the people, preached on the Sabbath question at our regular service, and talked the Sabbath in many homes, and did a hundred other things, and kept fat and happy every minute. I might say more, but this letter is already too long. I want to tell you some more another time. Forget this if you will, but remember that more is coming.

Brethren, pray the Lord to stir up all our hearts till we engage all our powers in missionary and evangelistic work that will lead precious souls to the saving Christ for further power and service in his great cause.

Leonardsville, N. Y.,  
December 8, 1914.

### Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, December 13, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, J. A. Hubbard, W. C. Hubbard, C. W. Spicer, Edwin Shaw, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, H. M. Maxson, T. L. Gardiner, J. B. Cottrell, J. G. Burdick, H. L. Polan, E. D. Van Horn, R. C. Burdick, Charles P. Titsworth, H. W. Prentice, I. A. Hunting, Arthur J. Spicer, F. S. Wells, A. L. Titsworth.

Visitor: Antonio Savarese.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Edwin Shaw.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported 2,595 pages of tracts sent out, and an increase of ten subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER.

The Committee on the Italian Mission reported the distribution through Mr. Savarese of 500 copies of "Pro and Con" in the Italian language during November, and twelve sermons to an average congregation at New Era of twenty-nine.

The Committee on Revision of Tracts reported progress in securing manuscripts for new books and tracts, and on motion it was voted that the committee present to the Board, at the next meeting, an estimate of the probable monthly or current expense of pursuing the work of the committee, with the view of securing the necessary appropriations for the same.

The Treasurer reported having received notice of a bequest to the Society by Agnes F. Barber, of Norwich, N. Y. The amount of the bequest is not determinable at this time.

Correspondence received during the

month was read by the Corresponding Secretary.

Pursuant to correspondence from J. J. Van Yesseldyke the Corresponding Secretary was authorized to inform him that there would be no charge for the tracts sent him, but that any contributions from his church would be acceptable at any time.

The Committee on Indexing the SABBATH RECORDER recommended that through the Supervisory Committee each volume of the RECORDER be indexed as published, and the same be preserved for future use.

Recommendation adopted.

Brother Savarese being present spoke hopefully of the work at New Era, N. J., noting some of the obstacles and discouragements, but being confident of healthy growth and ultimate success.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,  
Recording Secretary.

### The Spirit of Christmas

When you feel your helplessness to bring about that joyful day of peace which Christ pledged and prefigured, do not admit despair. In your own heart make room for the spirit of good will. Make that your gift to God and to the brotherhood. The least cherished hate will spoil for you the heaven of Christ's peace. By every thought of ill or evil will you postpone the coming of God's kingdom.

God's gifts and ours are valued by the spirit of good will that prompted them.

Are your gifts but obedience to a fashion of the world? How, then, shall they have worth? Do you look on what you have received without delight in the friendship of the giver? Will that put you in harmony with the Christmas spirit? Suppose God had given us Christ in carelessness and not as the expression of his love!

O happy day of the good will of God our Father and of man our brother! Bring us, O Lord, into the spirit of brotherhood, that our hearts may be at one with thee in giving and receiving.—*The Congregationalist*.

Some of the friends to whom you give an embroidered sofa pillow for Christmas will be secretly wishing that it was a bushel of potatoes.—*Plainfield Courier-News*.



## WOMAN'S WORK

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

"Good friend of mine,  
For thee I pray  
All goodly things  
This Christmas day.  
All goodly things thy life to bless  
In these two words—  
Just happiness."

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

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

### The White Gift

#### A Christmas Story

Sidney Elliott, seated at one of the long tables in the reading-room of the public library, laid down one heavy volume with a sigh of relief and picked up another.

"The last one, thank goodness!" she said to herself, glancing at the list of references she was to consult and make notes for her mother's club paper on "Early Venetians." She looked at the tiny watch fastened to the front of her shirt waist and fell to work with a will, thinking: "I'll have time to run into Morris's for half an hour and look around a little. Then when I come down town again I shall know exactly what I want."

She scribbled away busily, turning leaves and dipping into the book here and there in a way which betokened a high school girl's skill and practice in the "gentle art"

of taking notes. Halfway through the book her eye caught a paragraph which she read with more interest than she had bestowed upon any item so far recorded.

"How quaint!"

Seizing her pencil and a sheet of paper, she wrote rapidly until it was full, and turned it—to discover that she had been making notes on her carefully prepared Christmas shopping list! For obvious reasons, it would never do to turn it over to her mother as memoranda of the "Early Venetians," and Sidney proceeded to copy the paragraph again, after folding the shopping list into a minute square and depositing it for safe-keeping in the steel-beaded bag that dangled from her belt.

"That will liven up the venerables a bit," she remarked with much satisfaction. "It's such a dear little bit of sentiment, preserved like a rose leaf in salt. No offense, Signor Marco Polo. Salt is a very excellent thing, as everybody knows, but not so sweet as roses. 'White gifts!' Mother'll like that, I know. But who would ever have suspected Kublai Khan of any such amiable idiosyncrasy? Though 'it's greatly to his credit'—m-m-m-m-Kublai Khan."

Quite unabashed by her utter failure in adapting a strain of "Pinafore" to the exigencies of the moment, she gathered up her notes, folded them inside her music roll, and hurried down the broad stairs to the street. The extra copying had clipped a precious ten minutes from her half hour at Morris's, but she made the most of her time in the art room and the needlework department. When she left the big store there were a dozen bright new Christmas ideas stowed away under her jaunty walking hat, destined to take shape in the near future in dainty gifts for the circle of friends which, at Christmas time, Jack, Sidney's lawyer brother, declared was as elastic as "a rubber band or an alderman's conscience." Sidney never dreamed of denying the truth of the statement, but stoutly defended her conduct, saying: "I can't help it—and I wouldn't if I could! When once December comes, that Christmasy feeling just goes to my head. I'd like to be able to stand on the corner of Broad Street and Wealthy Avenue on Christmas morning with a gift for every man, woman and child that passes by!"

"Precious little your head has to do with it!" retorted Jack. And since to tease is

considered the special prerogative of big brothers, he did not add his thought: "It's your heart that manages the job, sis; and that's all right, too."

Sidney turned over her notes on the "Early Venetians" that evening, but the ringing of the door bell prevented her telling her mother about the "dear little bit of sentiment" she had discovered, and she never thought of it again until several days later, when she fished the shopping list out of the depths of the bead bag to consult it before starting down town.

"Banish every thought of care,  
Let every heart be gay;  
Deck your homes with garlands fair  
To greet the King's birthday."

she hummed as she released the paper from its many creases. It was a strain from one of the choruses the Bible school children were practicing, but the lilt and the swing of the music had caught Sidney's fancy. A phrase on the paper repeated "the King's birthday," and she paused to read again the rose-leaf tale which quaint old Marco Polo has preserved: "This strange country is called Cathay, and the ruler thereof is one Kublai Khan, a mighty warrior, who by reason of his strong will and trusty sword has made himself lord of the whole land. His government is both wise and just, and is administered to rich and poor alike, without fear or favor. On the King's birthday the people observe what is called the White Feast. Then are the King and his court assembled in a great room of the palace which is all white, the floor of marble and the walls hung with curtains of white silk. All are in white apparel, and they offer unto the King white gifts, to show that their love and loyalty are without a stain. The rich bring to their lord pearls, carvings of ivory, white chargers, and costly brodered garments. The poor present white pigeons and handfuls of rice. Nor doth the great King regard one gift above another, so long as all be white. And so do they keep the King's birthday."

Smiling to herself, Sidney turned the paper and read her Christmas shopping list.

"And so do we keep our King's birthday," she said softly, a note of tender reverence in her voice. Then, as a sudden thought flashed into her mind, she reread the list. Her face, grave as a girlish coun-

tenance can be, looked back at her from the question: "But where is the 'white gift'?"

Where, indeed, was it—the gift which had in it no thought of self, the gift which was solely for love of the King? The list abounded in love—unstinted love for kindred and friends, sweet and beautiful and holy. Nor were the poor forgotten. Sidney looked eagerly forward to the moment when she should see with her own eyes the ecstatic capers of the seven little Haggerties as they cut the brown-paper crust of the Christmas pie she was preparing for their delectation. And in crocheting the little shoulder shawl for "Grandma" Judson had she not smiled a dozen times in anticipation of the delight the poor old creature would feel—and show—in having for once a gift that was absolutely new and pretty? For the lacy black web was enlivened with an edge of "lavender" in memory of grandma's comment on the eternal fitness of colors. "Blues an' pinks for young things like you, my dear; but when a body's a leetle along in years, there ain't any color that gives such a nice, genteel air as lavender."

Giving for the pleasure one has in seeing the happiness of others is certainly a mild form of selfishness, and one not common enough to cause anxiety among students of social economics; but, with spiritual vision suddenly made clear, Sidney knew that her Christmas giving, loving and generous as it was, was weighed in the balance and found wanting. There was no "white gift" for the King.

The little bag that glittered at her side held a precious Christmas hoard, not large and long in accumulation. Sidney was no pampered child of fortune, and the modest sum which she had gathered represented many girlish sacrifices and economies. She knew to a nicety just how it was to be expended to make it go the farthest. Not for nothing had she planned to make dimes—assisted by deft fingers and clever wits—do the work of dollars. Disarrangement at that hour meant more than she cared to think. Indeed, she did not stop to consider the plans at all! When was an eager young heart ever known to haggle over ways and means when challenged to prove its love and loyalty? A birthday gift for the King—a "white gift"—this was the one thought in her mind.



A goodly silver coin was transferred from the bag to a little vase that sat on Sidney's desk underneath a photograph of "The Adoration of the Magi," but the prayer that accompanied it rose fragrant as incense to the very throne of the King: "Not gold, nor frankincense, nor myrrh—only a little gift, a pigeon, a handful of rice; but it's white, dear Lord, all white."

Then, though she had added materially to her Christmas responsibilities by subtracting the coin from her hoard, Sidney danced down the stairs with a heart as light as air.

"That Christmasy feeling seems to have gone to your heels this time," remarked Mr. Jack Elliott, as he struggled into his overcoat preparatory to walking with his sister as far as the office.

"Heels, head, hands, and heart," answered Sidney, nodding blithely; "I feel absolutely saturated with it, Jacky. Oh!" as a gust from the west met them at the front door; "isn't this a glorious wind, though?"

"A sane person would call it cold, I imagine," grumbled Jack, turning his storm collar up around his ears. And cold it undoubtedly was. But Sidney only laughed, bent her brown head a little, and pressed forward joyously, as became one "absolutely saturated" with the spirit of Christmas and blissfully impervious to all atmospheric freaks.

It was Christmas morning and the Elliotts, as was their custom, lingered over a tempting breakfast, admiring and discussing the many beautiful gifts which each had received. It always seemed the happiest hour of the day to Sidney, and usually she was the gayest of the party; but this morning her gladness was tempered with a certain gentle gravity which Jack was quick to notice.

"What's the matter with you, sis?" he demanded. "Has that Christmasy feeling evaporated, or are you suffering from the reaction?"

"No, no," Sidney shook her head vehemently; "I think this is the very loveliest Christmas we ever had. I was just thinking."

"A 'herculean effort' it must have been," teased her brother. "Thinking—and on Christmas morning? Preposterous!" He put on an expression of great severity and continued: "Prisoner at the bar, you have acknowledged yourself guilty of a grave

misdemeanor; but in view of your youth and since it is your first offense—and likely to be your last—the court is disposed to be merciful. You are therefore sentenced to straightway reveal the nature of your alleged thoughts, and I charge you to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Sidney hesitated, flushing a little under the laughing scrutiny of three pairs of eyes. Jack reached out one long arm and swept her gifts into a promiscuous heap which he guarded skilfully from Sidney's attempts to recover them.

"Forfeit until the sentence of the court has been complied with," he laughed, slipping her marquise ring as far as it would go on his little finger and filling his pockets with books, bonbons, handkerchiefs, and gayly beribboned trifles of many sorts.

Still Sidney hesitated and her cheeks grew very pink. In her allegiance to the King she stood alone in the family circle, and she did not belong to the class of converted children who preach to their own parents, save as her sunny-hearted, unselfish life was the witness of her religion. Yet here was an opportunity, almost forced upon her, to offer to the King another "white gift," the rare pearl of courage in his cause. Should she withhold this tribute?

"I was thinking," she said at last, "of a story I read the other day." And then, in her own words and in her own way, she told them the beautiful Old World tale of Kublai Khan and the "Feast of Whiteness."

Very sweet and tender it sounded, told in a girlish voice that would tremble a little in spite of brave efforts to control it. But when the story was ended Sidney's courage had risen to the emergency, and she added: "I was thinking that we, too, should keep the King's birthday with a 'white gift'—something which should be all for love of him. We give to each other because we love each other—and we have as much enjoyment in the pleasure we give others as in receiving our own gifts. It's right to love each other and do for each other—I know that; but can't we do something—just for the King? Can't we?"—she caught her breath as a sudden inspiration came to her—"can't we do something to help that Boys' School in China? That would be a real 'white gift.' And it is—

the King's birthday," she added softly and with shining eyes.

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Elliott bent her dignified gray head above the pattern of the tablecloth which she outlined with the point of her fruit knife.

"It is a beautiful story," she said, and her voice was very low; "a beautiful story, dear, and I think—"

The rustle of a paper made her look up to see her husband tear a leaf from his check book and hand it to Sidney, saying with suspicious gruffness: "There, child, there. If you are so set on it, take that and send it to China, or anywhere else you please—and give me another cup of coffee; this is as cold as a stone. But," he added gravely, "perhaps it's the only real Christmas gift we've made."

Jack had deposited Sidney's belongings on a chair and made his escape. It marred her happiness a little to see that he looked bored and uncomfortable, but after breakfast he waylaid her in the upper hall and slipped a bill into her hand, saying: "Take that for your precious pigtails, sis, if you can manage to transform a dingy green-back into a 'white gift.'"

For answer Sidney threw both arms around her tall brother's neck and looked up into his eyes.

"The King can," she whispered; "and O Jack, it's Christmas—the King's birthday. Can't you—won't you give him something else?"

For one long moment John Elliott looked through his sister's eyes deep down into her loving heart, and what he saw there made him say very gravely: "Yes, I can—and I will. It isn't white, God knows, but perhaps he'll make it so."

The check, the bill, the silver coin joined forces to aid a Chinese boy through his last year at a Christian school. Every year at Christmas time the Elliotts make ready their "white gift." "And so do they keep the King's birthday."—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Let us go back to fundamentals. If your house is rickety, you do not repair it by papering the fourth story, but by mending the foundation. Too long have the leaders of the church been investing in wall paper.—*Rev. Herbert B. Smith, in Homiletic Review.*

### Yearly Meeting at Berlin

The yearly meeting of the New Jersey, New York City, and Berlin churches convened with the church at Berlin, Sabbath evening, November 27, 1914, it being the first session ever held with the Berlin Church.

The meeting was called to order by the chairman, Rev. H. L. Cottrell, pastor of the Berlin Church, and an inspiring prayer and praise service was conducted by Rev. J. E. Hutchins, pastor of the church at Marlboro, N. J., closing with a selection, "Help Me to be Holy," by Male Quartet No. 1 of the Berlin Church.

Rev. Edwin Shaw read the Scripture and offered prayer, which was followed by an anthem by the choir, entitled, "Holy Spirit, Dwell with Me." Brother Shaw then preached, using the blackboard as a means to impress more deeply the truths that he set forth. The speaker used two Scripture texts as the foundation of his remarks: "Four Anchors," and "Blessed are your eyes, for they see."

The message was full of hope and comfort, and left many impressions for good. The congregation sang, "At the Cross," and Rev. H. L. Polan took charge of the conference meeting, in which about a score took part.

The services Sabbath morning began with an organ voluntary by Miss Matie E. Greene, organist of the Berlin Church, which was followed by singing, "Holy, Holy, Holy," by choir and congregation. Pastor Cottrell offered the invocation and led in responsive reading of Psalm 116.

After a hymn by the choir, Rev. Edwin Shaw read portions of John's Gospel, and led in a fervent prayer. Rev. J. E. Hutchins sang, during the offertory, "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own." The choir rendered the anthem, "O, Be Joyful," and Rev. E. D. Van Horn preached from John 10: 9. Theme: "Salvation.—From what are we saved and for what?"

"Salvation is not being saved from a future state, but being saved from the present state."

The sermon was aglow with encouragement and help, and bore a message of love and hope to every believer in Jesus Christ. Male Quartet No. 2 of the Berlin Church



sang, "Rock of Ages," and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Edwin Shaw.

Sabbath afternoon the Junior Hour was conducted by the Junior superintendent, Pastor Cottrell, with Blanche Bentley, leader. The exercises consisted of songs, responsive reading of Psalm 96, prayer by Mrs. Cottrell, and roll-call with passages of Scripture in response. Several of the children repeated verses from helpful favorite poems, and four of the boys furnished music. In response to questions upon the Bible-books, divisions, etc., the children replied in a manner that should put some older ones to shame. An exercise in finding Scripture passages, conducted by the superintendent, was vigorously engaged in by the Juniors and showed considerable training along this line. The session was full of interest. It was enjoyed by all, and was a credit to both children and superintendent.

The Sabbath school was in charge of the superintendent of the Berlin Sabbath School, and opened with an organ prelude by Miss Matie E. Greene. Prayer was offered by the assistant superintendent, Mrs. F. D. Vars. The lesson was read responsively and discussed, under five divisions, by Pastor Cottrell, Rev. H. L. Polan, Rev. E. D. Van Horn, Rev. Edwin Shaw, and Rev. J. E. Hutchins. The exercises were interspersed with singing by the school, a quartet and a duet.

On the evening after the Sabbath, the services began with a prayer and praise service led by the Rev. H. L. Polan, who read from Ecclesiastes and gave some explanation of the passage selected. This introductory service closed with singing, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go."

Mrs. John Millard and Mr. Jesse Vars sang a duet, and the address to the young people by Rev. E. D. Van Horn followed. Subject: "Preparation for a Successful Life."

The necessity of digging deep and laying the foundation upon the Rock was strongly emphasized. The construction of the foundation for the "sky scrapers" in the city was used as an illustration. If you would become "sky scrapers," you must lay well and deep the foundation of your lives. The address was laden with good thoughts and suggestions to the young people, and was listened to by all with the closest attention.

The choir sang an anthem, entitled, "The King of Glory Shall Come In." Then came the sermon by Rev. J. E. Hutchins, who took as his text First Samuel 4: 3. He spoke of some of the "its" we are offering the world in place of spirituality. Many are using spiritual things to gain worldly positions. It was a strong sermon, full of practical truths.

The congregation sang, "He Lifted Me," and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. E. Hutchins.

On Sunday morning the prayer and praise service was in charge of Rev. Edwin Shaw, and was begun by singing, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." The First Psalm was repeated in concert. In response to an invitation, members of the audience repeated passages of Scripture. The hymn, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," was taken as a leading thought, and different members of the congregation were asked to make brief prayers for the things expressed by the first two words of each verse: O Love, O Light, O Joy, O Cross. After each prayer the whole verse was sung.

Following this came the business meeting, in charge of Rev. H. L. Cottrell. A mixed quartet sang, "All Thy Works," and Rev. J. E. Hutchins delivered his address on "The Mission of the Country Church." A few thoughts were gathered from the many excellent ones expressed: "The natural mission of the country church is to save souls and unite them in spiritual communities." "The church hasn't kept pace with the world in material things." "We haven't made the social life of the church attractive enough. There is need of spiritual leadership." "Our mission is to teach the young people where they can go and what they can do." It was an address that would benefit any rural church.

After the singing, Rev. H. L. Polan preached from John 19: 5—"Behold the man!" "There are many men and women, boys and girls, who do not see the difference between the material and the spiritual." "Plants will grow where the atmosphere is right." "We develop according to the atmosphere that is about us." This was a warm and impressive sermon.

On Sunday afternoon a prayer and praise service was led by Pastor Cottrell. Rev. Edwin Shaw gave an address on

"The Vital Needs of Our People." The speaker dwelt upon "unity." "We need unity of information, and unity of purpose in our work." The address was interesting and educational.

"Tarry a While with Jesus," was sung by a quartet, and Rev. H. L. Polan read a paper prepared by Mr. J. G. Burdick, on "Co-operation in Sabbath school Work." This was a good paper, by one of experience.

A paper by Rev. J. E. Hutchins, on "Worship in the Sabbath School," was full of needed suggestions, and could be read with profit before every school in our denomination. These papers were followed by an interesting discussion of questions on Sabbath-school work.

On Sunday night the song service, conducted by the Berlin choir, consisted of gospel songs, quartets, and a solo. Rev. Mr. Connors, of the M. E. church, read Matthew 7: 1-14, and offered prayer.

Rev. E. D. Van Horn's sermon was founded upon Matthew 7: 13-14. He said, in part: "The claims of Christianity are for the best in one's nature." "Christ's appeal is to the strong and heroic in you, and not to the weak and cowardly." "If we want the highest and best in life, we must pay the price. Are you willing to pay the price, or are you seeking something for nothing?"

Following the sermon, Rev. J. E. Hutchins sang, at the request of some of the young people, "Cling to the Bible, My Boy." A short prayer service was conducted by Rev. Edwin Shaw, who also pronounced the benediction.

Thus closed a very interesting and profitable season, and the people of the Berlin Church are glad that the meeting came to them. The weather was ideal throughout the meetings, but the delegation in attendance from sister churches was very small.

The next meeting will be held with the Piscataway Church at New Market, N. J.

F. J. GREENE,  
Secretary.

Sacrifice is a force to be wielded in the work of missions; and the power of sacrifice finds its supreme example and its highest attainment in the life and death of Jesus Christ.—*Continent.*

## Russia Has Closed Up Saloons During the War

*Farm and Fireside*, the national farm paper published at Springfield, Ohio, contains in its current issue an editorial calling attention to the fact that the Russian Government has always derived a large income from taxes on vodka, the principal drink used in Russia. At the opening of the war, however, Russia decided to close all vodka shops. Following is an extract from the editorial:

"When the war opened Russia found in power certain men who had seen that the vodka evil was sapping the very life of Russia, and all at once, as a war measure, the liquor shops were closed. For the first time in their lives the peasants remained sober. They may have been intoxicated with the war fever sedulously preached to them by their priests at the behest of the Czar, but as for alcoholic intoxication, they were free of it.

"The results are said to be marvelous. Even in the midst of the dreadful struggle of the war the peasants are better and happier than when they had the open vodka shop. They find that of the two evils war is less than drunkenness. They are living better, saving their small earnings in part, becoming better and more efficient men.

"If this experiment in prohibition is carried on to success as a permanent policy in Russia it will be the most complete demonstration of its benefits ever given to the world. It will show just what the evils of vodka were. It will show, too, the extent to which prohibitory laws can be enforced under an absolute despotism. And it may make some of our more enthusiastic prohibitionists look longingly towards the Czar's dominions as they see the difficulties which beset the enforcement of such laws in a country in which the officers in charge of it are elected by local popular vote."

That spirit which counts no cost too great if only the life of the feeblest may be saved—that is the very spirit of the cross. The cross is a scene of boundless prodigality; of a love that deemed no sacrifice too great. The cross is God's gift of all that was most dear to him that you and I might be empowered to live.—*G. H. Morrison.*



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### A Series of Articles for Young People

It is with more than ordinary satisfaction that the editor of Young People's Work is able to announce a series of articles dealing with the problems of young people. These articles are to be written by Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, pastor of the New York City Church, who has given much thought to this subject. There will be some five or six of these articles, covering the following subjects: "The Problems of Young People," "The Problem of Christian Discipleship," "What Does It Mean to be a Church Member?" "The Place of Young People in the Church," "What Calling Shall I Choose?" "Christian Ideals of a Home." The first article in the series will be found in this issue, immediately following this notice, and the others will follow from time to time, as the author finds time to prepare them. They deal with problems of vital interest to young people. Do not fail to read each one of them. It will be a help to you.

### The Problems of Young People

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN

The above mentioned series of articles were suggested by a book which the writer read recently and which in a measure reflects his own experience. It is hoped that as you read these articles, you may not only interpret better your own experience, but be encouraged to so relate yourselves to the facts of life that you may work out your problems to the glory of God and the helpfulness of mankind.

The story is told of two young men who went into business in their own home town. As the town grew and business demanded larger facilities, each decided to build a six-story business block. One not only took into consideration present needs but the needs of the future. Anticipating that the town would become a city some day and there would be a demand for higher buildings, he laid his foundation accordingly. The other considering the pres-

ent only built less wisely. When in the history of the town's progress each saw the need of enlarging their plants they went to their architects. The first was told that he could add as many stories as he wished as he had laid his foundation deep on the solid rock and built it wide and firm. The other was reminded that his foundation was designed for only six stories and would not bear another one. Additional weight would endanger the usefulness of those stories which he had already erected. He saw his mistake, but it was too late.

Now the most serious question confronting any young man or woman is that of laying the foundation of life. Some are wisely laying the foundations wide and deep with a view to the growth and development of the future years when life will bring its added responsibilities and demands; while others are building thoughtlessly for the present alone. To which class do you belong? Are you satisfied to extract from life just what the present may yield you? Does selfishness blind your eyes to the greater opportunities for usefulness and service which the future will offer you? Or are you laying wide and deep to meet the needs of that larger life? Some one has very wisely said, "What we are going to be *we are now becoming*." "Oh, no," I hear some one say, "when I grow up I'll be different." Now that is an error which many a young man has made. The fact is, when you grow up you will be just what you are now, with this exception, *you will be more of it*. That's all. "Like begets like"—only it is multiplied, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold. Your present life is a prophecy of what you are going to be, unless a revolution takes place. Wheat produces wheat. Foul seeds produce a crop of weeds. If you are thoughtless now, if your conduct is characterized by weakness, vacillation, cowardice, you will be more weak and vacillating and cowardly in the coming years. If you fail to take the manly or womanly course now, the time is coming when you will find yourself the slave of the same whims and passions which tempt you now. There is a logical and vital connection between the *now* and the *then*. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." This is not the utterance of a weak

visionary. It is the simple statement of a law as unavoidable as the rising sun. "Lust, when it hath conceived, beareth sin; and sin, when it is full grown, bringeth forth death."

### On the Lord's Side?

ETHLYN M. DAVIS

Christian Endeavor Topic for January 2,  
1915

#### Daily Readings

1914  
Sunday—Moses' challenge (Exod. 32: 19-28)  
Monday—A fine example (Josh. 24: 14-21)  
Tuesday—The Master's call (Matt. 4: 17-22)  
Wednesday—Great opportunity (Acts 22: 12-16)  
Thursday—My decision (John 21: 15-17)

1915  
Friday—A negative answer (Acts 24: 22-27)  
Sabbath Day—Who is on the Lord's side? (Matt. 10: 32-39). (Consecration meeting, led by the pastor.)

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

"To confess Christ before men is to acknowledge him as one's Savior and Leader, and to follow up this acknowledgment with one's life." This may sometimes take a great amount of courage. Then is a good time to breathe the prayer, "Lord, help me to be true." If we are keeping fast hold of the Savior's hand, we shall be able to speak in his defense when we hear his name ridiculed. He has promised to speak to the Father in our behalf if we are loyal to him. Let us be true for the love we have for him, and not merely for the reward; then he will pour out a rich blessing on us. But if we fail to show our colors, or actually reject him, he will not be able to intercede for us. Let us watch and pray that we do not deny our Lord in word, in deed, or simply in keeping silent when we should speak.

By looking only on the face for the meaning of verses 34-39, we can not help feeling that the Savior's words are almost heartless. To think that he came to bring sorrow and discord into families, instead of peace and love! But wait! Those very conditions exist today in homes where God does not reign. We have heard of people who have been driven from home because they have accepted Jesus, or the Sabbath, or both. These verses are to impress on our minds that Jesus must stand first in everything in our lives. He really does not mean that we shall not love fa-

ther, mother, brother and sister, for we remember, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long, etc."; and again, in his own words, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another." But we must leave all, if necessary (if they will not go with us), take up our cross and follow him.

Oh, that we might better realize what wonders could be accomplished for the Lord if all who profess him could feel the deep responsibility resting on our shoulders of letting the world know that we are "On the Lord's Side" and work earnestly for him!

#### SUGGESTIVE HYMNS

"Jesus, I my cross have taken."  
"Who is on the Lord's side?"  
"Where He leads me I will follow."  
"I'll go where you want," etc.

#### SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

"Lincoln said once that he was not worried about the Lord's being on his side; he was only anxious that he should be on the Lord's side."

"There are two sides to everything in life, Christ's and Satan's. If you try to find a midway position, you will end on Satan's side."

"Christ wants your youth, all your years, strength, and vigor. Is it not a shame to plan to give him only your decrepit old age?"

"You are responsible, not only for your own allegiance to Christ, but also for all whom your allegiance might help to win."

#### ILLUSTRATIONS

"The portions of a country that try to be neutral in a civil war suffer the most, being ravaged by both sides. There is no safe neutrality in the war between Christ and Satan." Describe the condition of Belgium in this connection.

"After a soldier has enlisted, there is no need for him to consider with each act whether it is for or against his commander; he has only to follow his commander's orders."

Are you a Democrat or a Prohibitionist? Prove which side you are on by your vote. Which one do you think Christ would choose? Are you a follower of him? Prove it.

"If you are on the side of a political candidate you are eager to wear his campaign button, carry his banner in the pro-



cession, attend his meetings, shout for him and argue for him. If you are on Christ's side you will seek opportunities to show it."

#### TO THINK ABOUT

How are you to show others that you are really on Christ's side?

Why does Christ require open statements of allegiance to him?

How can we in this society win others to Christ's side?

#### A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS.

"The best explanation of 'come' is just 'come.'—D. L. Moody.

"I do not know how God won me, but I know he did it; and that is enough to go on with."—Gipsy Smith.

"A man who has never himself put away sin can not be used by God to call other men out of sin."—John Balcom Shaw.

"It is the office of every disciple to be a witness for Christ."—R. S. Storrs.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.—Lowell.

### Twenty-third Annual Report of the Christian Endeavor Society of Plainfield, N. J.

Twenty-three years ago, on the ninth day of December, the Christian Endeavor society of this church was organized, and for most of these twenty-three years the work has proceeded along the same general lines. However, it is a pleasure to report, today, that in consonance with other similar societies, we have, within the past two or three months, adopted new ideas and are taking up the task with greater activity than heretofore.

On August 29 last, while Rev. H. Eugene Davis, president of the Young People's Executive Board, was in town for a few days, he explained to us, in a very clear and enthusiastic way, the scope and methods of the Efficiency Campaign which is being conducted by the United Societies of Christian Endeavor; and at a subsequent meeting, September 16, it was voted to take up that work, in so far as it could be adapted to our society.

This new system utilizes all our former committees, together with another one named the Information Committee, which shall keep the society in touch with the methods of our own societies, as well as those outside our own denomination.

In connection with this Efficiency plan, folders outlining the duties of the officers and members of committees have been given out; our first test is to be taken soon, and we are awaiting the result with great anticipation.

It has been a pleasure to welcome to our ranks ten new members within the year, eight of whom have come to us from the Junior society, so that we now have an active membership of forty-five, two associates, and an ever-increasing honorary list of those who for some very good reason have asked to be transferred, and thereby show, by their affiliation, their interest and co-operation, though no longer able to meet with the society.

As usual, our society has contributed to our denominational objects, as you will see by our Treasurer's report, but we have also shown our interest in outside work by our co-operation with the state, county, and local Christian Endeavor unions.

All our committees have done their usual good work during the year and are to be commended for their faithful service; but as a result of this Efficiency plan, we hope to be able to do better work in all our various departments in the future than we have ever done before, as we shall fully appreciate what our duties are.

The report of the Junior society under the capable direction of Mrs. Edwin Shaw, will follow.

Inasmuch as no person should ever feel satisfied with his attainments in the past, neither should our society with its former achievements; therefore, we hope the year ahead will find us accomplishing greater things than ever before for our Lord and Master, whose we are and whom we serve.

Respectfully submitted,

DOROTHY POTTER HUBBARD,

Recording Secretary.

Plainfield, N. J.,

December 12, 1914.

#### Summary of Treasurer's Report—Young People's Society

Receipts	
Balance on hand, December 1, 1913.....	\$ 44
Consecration Day collections .....	6 88
Special collections .....	27 70
Christian Endeavor Anniversary Day collection ..	15 25

One half Children's Day collection .....	9 25
From the Social Committee .....	40 15
<b>Total receipts .....</b>	<b>\$100 70</b>
Disbursements	
For socials .....	\$ 12 80
Supplies and incidentals .....	8 10
State and county work .....	5 00
S. D. B. Missionary Society .....	10 00
S. D. B. Tract Society .....	10 00
S. D. B. Education Society .....	10 00
Dr. Palmberg's salary .....	20 00
Young People's Board .....	20 00
County C. E. Fresh Air Camp .....	3 00
<b>Total disbursements .....</b>	<b>\$ 98 90</b>
Balance on hand, December 1, 1914 .....	1 80
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$100 70</b>

Respectfully submitted,  
HAROLD W. SPICER,  
Treasurer.

### Annual Report of the Plainfield Junior Christian Endeavor Society

The number of Juniors on the roll January 1, 1914, is 32. The following members were lost by removal: Roger Williams, to Berlin, N. Y., and Laura, Frances, and Harold Stillman, to Alfred, N. Y. Six of our older girls, Beatrice Cottrell, Violet Johnston, Margaret Kimball, Stephana Shaw, Helen Dalberg Titsworth, and Marion Worden joined the Christian Endeavor society in September, and our two older boys, Ernest Stillman and Witter Clawson, joined the society November 11.

At present there are nineteen members on the roll, all active.

The superintendents are working hopefully and prayerfully to help extend the kingdom of God through our little band of Junior Christian Endeavorers, and we ask your prayers and sympathetic encouragement in our efforts.

The Sabbath afternoon meetings are led by the Juniors, in turn, and the regular Junior Christian Endeavor topic for the day is taught by one of the superintendents.

Miss Greene is a great help in directing the music, and the Juniors are learning new songs. Harold Whitford is the pianist.

We have a very promising little Missionary Committee composed of the youngest members of the society.

In November they sent Christmas cards to our missionaries in China and to Miss Marie Jansz in Java.

Copies of the SABBATH RECORDER, kindly furnished by subscribers who do not preserve them, are mailed by the Juniors to

those unable to pay for them.

May I ask, in this connection, others of our congregation who have copies of the SABBATH RECORDER to spare, or who may know of deserving ones who can not pay for the SABBATH RECORDER, to notify the superintendent, that the homes without our denominational magazine, and the magazines that could serve more readers, may be brought together, through the medium of the Missionary Committee of the Junior Christian Endeavor society?

Respectfully submitted,  
NELLIE R. C. SHAW,  
Junior Superintendent.

Assistant Superintendents:

MR. A. W. VARS,  
MISS A. MILDRED GREENE.

Plainfield, N. J.,

December 10, 1914.

#### Summary of Treasurer's Report—Junior Society

Receipts	
Balance in treasury, January 1, 1914 .....	\$ 1 18
Weekly offerings, January 1 to June 6 .....	4 79
One half Children's Day collection .....	9 27
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$ 15 24</b>

Disbursements	
Incidentals .....	\$ 2 45
Milton College .....	2 00
Salem College .....	2 00
Permanent Fund for Aged Ministers .....	2 00
North Linn Church Building Fund .....	5 00
Charity Organization Society, Plainfield .....	1 75
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$ 15 24</b>

Weekly offerings, September 26 to December 12, \$2.07, same being the amount in the treasury at the present time.

### WANTED! TO ENLIST! YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN!

The Young People's army of Seventh Day Baptist Volunteers will mobilize at Milton, August 24-29, 1915, and drill on the campus and in the college gymnasium. **RIGHT NOW** is the time for you to plan to enlist. No cowards need apply.

The Young People's Board is planning to make the 1915 Conference, distinctively, a **YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE** as much as possible. Special plans are being made along this line. A Young People's Headquarters, special entertainment and social gatherings, early morning hikes and open-air vesper services, inspirational and enthusiastic mass-meetings, for the **YOUNG PEOPLE**, will feature the program.

The one thing necessary to make this a great **VICTORY** is that we get a large number of **VOLUNTEERS**. **WILL YOU VOLUNTEER?** Mark off those days, **AUGUST 24-29**, on your new 1915 calendar as "reserved," and get a "bunch" from your town to do the same.

Bring a whole regiment and storm the town.

**BE PATRIOTIC TO YOUR DENOMINATION!**



## The Second Coming of Christ

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

For some time I have felt a desire to write an article for the RECORDER on the Second Coming of Christ, not to provoke controversy, but to give expression to the feelings of my heart.

I believe in the premillennial return of our Lord to this world, for I can not conceive of a millennium with its prime factor wanting.

The belief that Christ's second coming is fulfilled by his coming to the individual at conversion does not satisfy me. The two men arrayed in white who appeared to the disciples as they stood looking wistfully after the beloved Master who had vanished from their sight said: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Nothing in his coming to me at my conversion answered to these words, but rather he came to me through his word and by the still small voice whispering peace to my soul. He came to me with a fuller revelation of his presence when I embraced the Bible Sabbath, and he has come to me many times since when the dark storms of adversity were sweeping over my life.

Let me illustrate. If we are alone in a still room and another person enters, we become conscious of that presence, although the person is neither seen nor heard. I have been as fully conscious of my Savior's presence with me as of that of any other person. Yet none of these visitations satisfy me as being that to which Jesus alluded when he said: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." While he came to me, he did not receive me unto himself in a place prepared for his disciples. His presence with me was indeed blessed, yet I was fully conscious that I was still in a world of conflict and that his presence was to strengthen me for the conflict, and my soul responded: "I can endure all things if thou wilt strengthen me." Nor does the belief in his coming to the Christian at death satisfy me as being a fulfilment of his promise to the disciples

in the words quoted above. To me his coming again means life and not death.

A few years ago, while spending some time in my native State, I visited a little cemetery that was laid out in "the early days." As I walked around its narrow limits, I counted twenty-seven graves where relatives, including my parents, grandparents, and little brother, reposed. Three of this number were committed to the grave at one burial service. The cemetery was in a secluded spot and silence, broken only now and then by the humming of a bee, reigned supreme. As I stood there alone in that awful solitude, the scene that met my eyes did not appeal to me as being the result of the coming of the Son of Man, but rather it seemed to me that the King of Terrors held full sway. The memories of the different occasions when these graves had been made, united in one volume and rolled in a mighty torrent of woe over my soul. Instinctively I raised my eyes to heaven, while from my heart came the agonized cry, "Why am I left behind?" No answer came back, but as I lowered my eyes they fell upon a sloping hillside covered with springing grass and budding trees. Like the lightning's flash, that parts asunder the thick black cloud that hangs in the sky, came the consoling thought: "In this scene of desolation, behold, God has placed a beautiful type of the resurrection morn yet to come. At the appearing of Jesus these graves will be opened and these loved ones emerge with bodies like unto Christ's own resurrection body—not changed, but glorified. Death will flee from his presence as the shadows flee from the earth at the appearing of the sun in the heavens, and sorrow and sighing shall be no more."

Last spring, while preparing a Bible lesson from Luke 12: 35-48, my impression concerning our Lord's return and its significance to his followers were materially increased. In these verses Jesus uses an Oriental custom to illustrate the facts connected with his return. He introduced the story by saying to the disciples, "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he shall return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately."

The story, briefly, is as follows: The

master of a house attends the wedding feast of a friend, leaving his household in the care of his steward, the servants not knowing whether he will return in the second or third watch. As the feast occurs in the first watch, that is not mentioned.

Before an Oriental engages in any kind of activity he girds his long, loose, flowing garment about his loins; otherwise it will impede his progress. By alluding to this fact Jesus taught his disciples to be ready for service at the unknown hour of his return.

Watchfulness for our Lord's return must be inspired by love if it is acceptable in his sight. Do we long for the return of one whose absence we mourn, how much more should we long for the appearing of the One who is more to us than all other friends. We often feel, when listening to the sayings of Christians on this subject, that Christ must suffer pain because there is so little love for his return in the hearts of those who bear his name. To me the great hope of the church centers around the person Jesus Christ and his coming to take his bride, the church, out of the world.

At the close of John's apocalyptic vision Jesus said to him, "Surely I come quickly." Centuries would intervene between the two events, but Jesus' love for his bride, and the consummation of the time when she should be made ready for his appearing overleaped the boundaries of centuries and he poured out his soul to John in the words, "Surely I come quickly"; and John, who was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, responded as the representative of the bride, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

In explaining the story of the Oriental master Jesus says that the faithful, wise servant whom the master finds doing his bidding upon his return, shall be made ruler over all that he hath. Listen! the reward for faithful, watchful service when Jesus comes, will be an opportunity for greater service.

O time-worn servants of God, indwelt by the Holy Ghost, loving the work better than life itself, yet bending under its burdens because of the weakness of the flesh, lift up your heads and rejoice. Often our hearts have bled because of our seemingly insignificant and barren service for the Master. Disease with a relentless hand has kept many from a life of active serv-

ice, while their soul-anguish has far exceeded their bodily suffering; and to only the few have come life's so-called great opportunities. But if we are faithful in the little duties, lovingly watching for our Lord's appearance, upon his return he will throw open to us the door of enlarged opportunities. Ah, these words of Jesus fall upon the drooping spirits of the plodders in the vineyard with the revivifying power of the dew upon the grass, and "the small rain upon the tender herb."

But there is more. The climax is reached in the thirty-seventh verse. I shall quote it literally:

"Happy are those servants, whom, when their master arrives, he shall find watching! I assure you that he will gird himself, and cause them to recline, and going forth he will serve them."

The force of this illustration lies in the fact that our Master upon his return will serve his faithful servants, in contrast to the Oriental master, who did not serve his servants, and who in only a very few recorded instances served his guests.

As we caught a vision of this coming event, we closed our books; for our heart was too full for further study. Memories of bygone days flitted rapidly through the mind, days when we had refused Christ service, and other days when we had long contended with our convictions before saying, "Here am I; send me." Shall he upon his return serve us? Often have we prayed to be clothed with humility, but if this truth contains not the answer to our prayers, where shall it be found?

But this precious truth is closely linked with another one, equally as precious. Jesus says the master will cause his watching servants to recline—rest. Do we grasp this truth? This must be spiritual rest. How our souls wrestle now with temptations from evil influences around us and still worse within us. Mighty indeed is the conflict through which some souls struggle up to holiness, every advance step being hotly contested. Sometimes we grow faint and almost ready to give up the battle; but—O glorious truth!—when Jesus comes, spiritual conflict will be at an end; for he will cause us to recline while he himself with girded loins shall serve us.

This thought of mutual service between Jesus and his chosen ones is carried out still further in Revelation, where, in speak-



ing of those who have come up through great tribulation, it says (literally):

"On this account they are before the throne of God and publicly serve him day and night in his temple: and the One sitting on the throne pitches his tent over them.

"They will hunger no more, neither will they thirst any more; nor will the sun fall on them, nor any heat.

"Because the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne will tend them, and will lead them to fountains of waters of life; and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes."

When God wipes the tears from our eyes, we shall have a clear vision; we shall see eye to eye, and all misunderstandings and misapprehensions will be cast into the sea of oblivion; we shall be able to look back over our earthly life and see that the mysterious way in which we were led was best for us; we shall see that the uneven, winding, stony path over which our bleeding feet have trod was the only one by which God could lead us to the place where "the One sitting on the throne" could pitch his tent over us.

Beloved reader, have you a heart for the return of our Lord, the event toward which the whole creation moves, the consummation of the ages? "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

1007 Jackson St.,  
La Porte, Ind.

### From a Christmas Sermon of Rev. Dr. Talmage

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You can not get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen; the brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts whose moan and plaint have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and

the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood. Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a robbed bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on tow path, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow pen, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable, surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer he heard in their pitiful moan he will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat them.

\* \* \* \*

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night, with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, Look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat, or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wing there may be three or four prima donnas of the sky in traifing. And in your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

In the December *American Magazine* David Grayson, beginning his new novel entitled "Hempfield," comments as follows on life:

"It is one of the provoking, but interesting, things about life that it will never stop a moment for admiration. No sooner do you pause to enjoy it, or philosophize over it, or poetize about it, than it is up and away and the next time you glance around, it is vanishing over the hill—with the wind in its garments and the sun in its hair. If you do not go on with life, it will go on without you."

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### An Easy Question

"The acorns always grow on oaks,"  
The teacher said to Flo,  
"And apples grow on apple trees,  
In every place, you know.

"And where do cones grow? Tell me that.  
I think you know," she said,  
But little Flo looked quite at sea,  
And shook her curly head.

"Well, what grow on the Christmas tree,  
The tree that's always green?"  
"Why, candles," answered little Flo,  
"That must be what you mean!"  
—Doris Webb.

### The News in Jerusalem

That evening, before sunset, some women were washing clothes on the upper step of the flight that led down into the basin of the Pool of Siloam. They knelt each before a broad bowl of earthenware. A girl at the foot of the steps kept them supplied with water, and sang while she filled the jar.

While they plied their hands, rubbing and wringing the clothes in the bowls, two other women came to them, each with an empty jar upon her shoulder.

"Peace to you," one of the new-comers said.

The laborers paused, sat up, wrung the water from their hands, and returned the salutation.

"There is no end to work," was the reply.

"But there is a time to rest, and—"

"To hear what may be passing," interposed another.

"What news have you?"

"Then you have not heard?"

"They say the Christ is born," said the newsmonger, plunging into her story.

It was curious to see the faces of the laborers brighten with interest; on the other side down came the jars, which, in a moment, were turned into seats for their owners.

"The Christ!" the listeners cried.

"So they say."

"Who?"

"Everybody; it is common talk."

"Does anybody believe it?"

"This afternoon three men came across Brook Cedron on the road from Shechem," the speaker replied, circumstantially, intending to smother doubt. "Each one of them rode a camel spotless white, and larger than any ever before seen in Jerusalem."

The eyes and mouths of the auditors opened wide.

"To prove how great and rich the men were," the narrator continued, "they sat under awnings of silk; the buckles of their saddles were of gold, as was the fringe of their bridles; the bells were of silver, and made real music. Nobody knew them; they looked as if they had come from the ends of the world. Only one of them

spoke, and of everybody on the road, even the women and children, he asked this question, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?' No one gave them answer—no one understood what they meant; so they passed on, leaving behind them this saying, 'For we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.'

"Where are they now?"

"At the khan. Hundreds have been to look at them already, and hundreds more are going."

"Who are they?"

"Nobody knows. They are said to be Persians—wise men who talk with the stars—prophets, it may be, like Elijah and Jeremiah."

"What do they mean by King of the Jews?"

"The Christ, and that he is just born."

One of the women laughed, and resumed her work, saying, "Well, when I see him I will believe."

Another followed her example: "And I—well, when I see him raise the dead, I will believe."

A third said quietly, "He has been a long time promised. It will be enough for me to see him heal one leper."

And the party sat talking until the night came, and, with the help of the frosty air, drove them home.—*Lew Wallace in "Ben Hur."*

"Where there's so much smoke, there must be some fire." But with a better fire the smoke would be less. The finest enthusiasm burns with slight display.—*Continent.*



## SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. L. C. RANDOLPH, D. D., MILTON, WIS.,  
Contributing Editor

### S. O. S.

This is the international call for help which is used by vessels in distress upon the sea. These are not the initial letters of words; but various appropriate phrases have been fitted to them, such as "Save, oh, save!" "Save our souls," etc.

#### Spur Old Shirkers

Suppose that you ingenious people send in watchwords for the Sabbath school, using these initial letters. I can think of several; but I will give you a chance. Send on a watchword and *enlarge* upon it. Must I hurl at your head a personal note—busy man as I am—in order to get you to write some items for this department? You know that I mean *you*. There you are hiding behind a heap of breakfast dishes, or commentaries, or milk-cans, or text-books. *I see you*. Now, if you do not come across with the items, I am liable to call you by name right out in meeting.

#### Save Our Sons

You must not think that the boy's mind is going to be a vacuum. It will be filled with something. His intellect and body are active. Who was it that said, "Do unto others as they would do to you—only do it first"? That is rather a twisted version of the Golden Rule; but the last three words make a good key-note for work with boys: "Do it first." Let the boys become enthusiastically engaged in clean, wholesome activities, and we will snap our finger at the barroom and the brothel. Multitudes of the finest boys are growing up to stalwart, self-respecting manhood, in the midst of manifold temptations. What kind of a gang organization for boys have you? The lads have one of their own, you may be sure, if you have been asleep. It may not have a name or a definite organization, but it is there. The vital thing is leadership. Get on the inside with the boys and be a good comrade. Link the organization up in some way with the Bible, and keep as close to home life as possible. Delightful work!

### Send On Scribblings

This is the farewell word this morning. I hope you will be wakened tonight with the S. O. S. call ringing in your ears, and that you won't be able to go to sleep again until you have promised your conscience to write those items *tomorrow*. I have confidence that you really mean to do the right thing, and that you won't force me to resort to extreme measures. You will not disappoint that confidence, will you? Right on the spur of the moment I can think of people whose surnames begin with C, S, I, W, M, D, J, B, H and R. Others would come trooping rapidly as fast as my pen could fly over the paper, if I did not shut the gate forthwith. Come on now, you and all the rest of the alphabet. Just a few short paragraphs of news, experiences, observations, gleanings, thoughts, suggestions for this page.

#### Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 2, 1914

GOD'S PATIENCE WITH ISRAEL

Lesson Text.—Judges 2: 7-19

Golden Text.—"I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely." Hosea 14: 4.

#### DAILY READINGS

First-day, Judg. 1: 1-21

Second-day, Judg. 1: 22-2: 5

Third-day, Josh. 23: 1-16

Fourth-day, Judg. 2: 20-3: 6

Fifth-day, Josh. 24: 1-15

Sixth-day, Josh. 24: 16-33

Sabbath Day, Josh. 24: 16-33

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

### Why Educate Children Away From the Farm

A contributor to the current issue of *Farm and Fireside* says:

"What is wanted in the rural districts is the kind of school that will meet the needs of today. If we want to educate our boys and girls away from the farm our course is plain, for we can send them to the city schools. I don't believe we want our children educated away from the farm. What we do want is a broader conception of what rural education means. We do not want our boys and girls educated to think there is nothing but hard work on the farm. Rather do we want them taught to see and appreciate their wonderful advantages."

## HOME NEWS

### Dr. Platts Made Pastor Emeritus

At the close of Pastor Randolph's sermon at the Seventh Day Baptist church, Milton, December 12, on the theme, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever," he read the following resolution passed at a church meeting, January 6:

"In public recognition of the thirteen and a half years of noble pastoral service given to this church by him, and as an expression of the love and honor in which he is held by all our people,

*Resolved*, That we confer upon Rev. Lewis A. Platts, D. D., the honorary title of Pastor *Emeritus*."

J. L. Shaw then expressed in heartfelt words the people's appreciation of Dr. Platts' "uplifting power and influence in this pulpit, in this church and community and in our homes. We think it better to say these few words of approval and appreciation now than to give many beautiful flowers when it is too late. It seems to us providential that he is again with us in his quiet, helpful way. We believe it is the earnest prayer of us all that our loving Father may let his choicest blessings fall on Dr. and Mrs. Platts."

Dr. Platts responded in words of simple sincerity which touched every heart. He said that this office did not require public service, which was fortunate for him, as he was no longer able to give it. It did not require compensation from the people, which was fortunate for them. He expressed his love and loyalty to Christ, his earnest desire to honor him and to do all he could to help in his work.

It was a most impressive and inspiring service, one that will never be forgotten by those present.

The Salem (W. Va.) Seventh Day Baptist Church at its regular business meeting last Sunday afternoon, contracted for a church pipe organ to be installed by the Estey Company by the tenth of March. The church re-elected its officers for the coming year.

"Christmas is most enjoyed by those who are ready for it. They only enjoy Christmas who have a Christmas spirit."

## DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. Edwin Shaw of the Seventh Day Baptist church returned yesterday (Dec. 11) from a few days' trip to Richmond, Va., where he attended a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. Today Rev. Mr. Shaw exchanged pulpits with Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, of New York City.—*Plainfield Courier-News*.

Dean A. E. Main, of Alfred, was also in attendance at the Federal Council meeting in Richmond, Va.

At the church meeting, Sunday night, a unanimous call was extended to Rev. Eugene Davis, of Walworth, to become the pastor of the Little Genesee (N. Y.) Church the coming year.

Pastor Simpson has decided to remain with the Nile Church another year, which seems to be a very satisfactory arrangement. He will receive an increase of salary.—*Alfred Sun*.

The October *American Educator*, Albany, N. Y., contains on its cover a picture of President Boothe C. Davis, of Alfred University, and on the inside is an interesting article of more than a column, giving a life-sketch of the president, with which Seventh Day Baptists are familiar. The article describes his work in Albany to secure the locating of the Agricultural School and State School of Ceramics in Alfred, and speaks words of commendation for the president of Alfred University as an educator in the Empire State.

If you haven't any little ones in your home; borrow one or two for Christmas. Neither you nor they will ever forget it."

### Wanted

A copy of *History of Sabbatarian Churches*. By Mrs. Tamar Davis. Philadelphia, 1851.

Any one willing to dispose of a copy of the above named book for a reasonable price, will please address, stating condition of book, and price,

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## 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 the Yokefellows' Room, third floor of the Y. M. C. A. Building, No. 330 Montgomery 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, pastor, 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, 1153 Mulberry 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.

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, except in July and August, 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.

Don't be content with spending all your time on your faults, but try to get a step nearer to God. It is not he who is far away from us, but we from him. If you ask me the best means to persevere, I would say, if you have succeeded in getting hold of Almighty God's hand, don't let it go. Keep hold of him by constantly renewing ejaculatory prayers to him, acts of desire, and the seeking to please him in little things.—*Mother Francis Raphael.*

## The Sabbath Recorder

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

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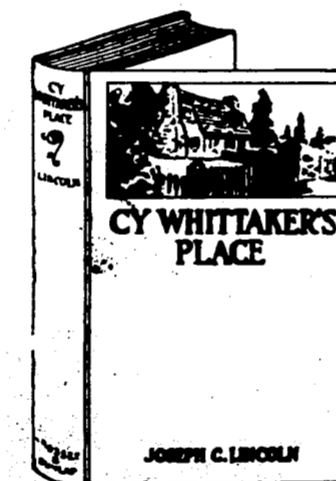
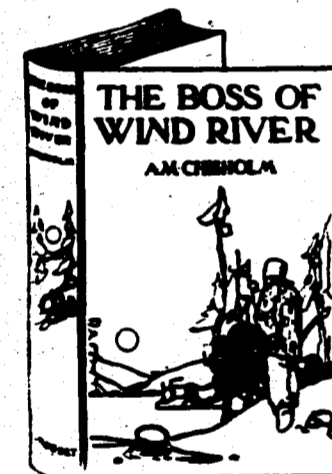
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The scene of this charming, idyllic love story is laid in Central India. The setting is entirely rural, and most of the action is out of doors. The story is one of devoted friendship, and tender self-sacrificing love; the friendship that gives freely without return, and the love that seeks first the happiness of the object. The novel is brimful of the most beautiful word painting of nature, and its pathos and tender sentiment will endear it to all.



### THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER by A. M. Chisholm

This is a strong, virile novel with the lumber industry for its central theme and a love story full of interest as a sort of subplot. Among the minor characters are some elemental men, lumber men with the grizzly strength of their kind, and the rough, simple ways. How Joe Kent became the boss of these men, by sheer pluck and a pair of strong arms, the author tells us most effectively. Some of his brachial power was derived from the light of a woman's eyes, but to enter into the details here means to spoil the story.



### THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND by George Barr McCutcheon

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The SABBATH RECORDER Plainfield, N. J.

### A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

A friend stands at the door;  
In either tight-closed hand  
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and threescore;  
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land  
Even as seed the sower.  
Each drops he, treads it in and passes by;  
It can not be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp  
This warm shut hand of thine,  
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half grasp,  
That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine:  
Ay, whether fierce its grasp  
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know  
That it was blessed; let the Old Year go.

Comfort our souls with love,—  
Love of all human kind;  
Love special, close, in which, like sheltered dove,  
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;  
And love that turns above  
Adorningly; contented to resign  
All loves, if need be, for the love divine.

—Dinah Muloch Craik.

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