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AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW
by Gene Stratton-Porter (Author of "Freckles")

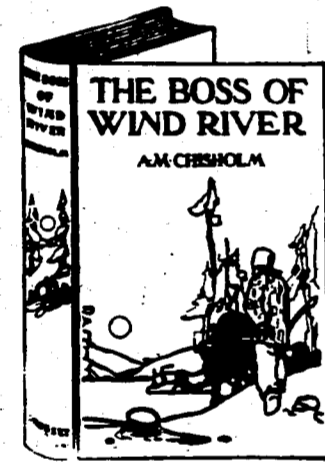
The scene of this charming, idyllic love story is laid in Central India. The setting is entirely rural, and most of the action is out of doors. The story is one of devoted friendship, and tender self-sacrificing love; the friendship that gives freely without return, and the love that seeks first the 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 HOLLOW OF HER HAND
GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

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.



CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE
JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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

ORIGIN AND PURPOSE OF THE SABBATH

MAN when created in the image of the Eternal One became "a living soul" and held relations to the Creator which were not even limited by time. Consequently the six epochs already detailed having revealed the alliance, another day, a seventh, was added, to be used by man for preserving, perfecting and eternizing these relations. The final day was not, however, a day of work or for work, but a day consecrated to man—a day of rest and worship. . . . It is not too much to claim here that a day that comes as the conclusion and end to such a developing series of acts, . . . must have been intended by the Creator to hold a controlling place as the objective work in this record of creation. Like the keystone of an arch, it supports and gives binding effect to all parts of the record—binding the days each to each and making manifest as the purpose of the entire narrative God's desire "to pour his life into man," and help man in "rendering his life to God."
—William B. Dana, in "A Day for Rest and Worship."

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Are We Doing Our Best?

All about our churches, within easy reach, are hundreds who never enter their doors. So far as we can see, they receive no benefits from church work, any more than do those living hundreds of miles away. The churches do not take hold of them in any way for good, and many Christians are troubled about the matter.

This condition should trouble us a great deal more than it does. We ought not to find any peace of conscience until we are sure we have done all we can to remedy the case. So long as we have a lingering fear that we of the churches are responsible for conditions that leave the pews empty while hundreds near by are going unchecked to ruin, we can have no rest of soul. If we really have the mind of Christ, our hearts must be profoundly stirred over the multitudes about us living and dying without the gospel of Christ, and to whom all our churches, in which this gospel is preached, are as though they were not!

For what do churches exist? Is it not to bring the world to Christ? It is theirs to do the works of Christ, to express by word and deed the loving heart of Christ, to show the weary and heavy laden a place of rest, and to hold up the light to those in darkness.

The one great question that should come home to us all is, Are we as faithful in these things as we should be? What is the evidence among our churches that the members have a real passion for souls? The one great question upon which we need to unite and stand together as one man is not so much the question of church polity or of denominational differences as the question. How can we have a revival of pure and undefiled religion, that will take away our cold, critical spirit, remove our indifference, cure us of worldliness, and set us to work fired with the Master's one passion for lost and misguided men? When Seventh Day Baptists really possess this passion for soul-saving, they will forget their sectional differences, prayer meet-

ings resembling ecclesiastical ice-houses will disappear, outsiders will see more to be desired in the churches, young people will have more regard for the Sabbath, and the cause of God will go forward as it has not done for years. Are we doing our best? If not, why not?

Children Seeking for Mother

The papers have been telling of two children, aged eleven and fourteen years, who started on foot and alone to walk from Philadelphia to Chicago in search of their mother. She had married and gone West to live, having placed the children in the care of their grandmother. It seems that the little ones pined for their mother until they could stand it no longer, and without giving any notice of their intention, started off to find her. In a New Jersey town they were driven by cold and hunger to apply for food and shelter, and were handed over to the police to be cared for.

Probably more than one, reading of the incident, thought, "Well, these are not the only children needing a mother, and pining for a mother's love and care." There are plenty of them in America who can hardly find a mother, though she may live under the same roof! Left to the care of some foreign nurse or colored servant, while mother enjoys herself in the rounds of fashionable society, many a child must pine for mother-love and for the comforts and attention that mother can give. In many cases the words of a great general, "This country needs mothers," are true today, and that, too, in more senses than one.

When I see nurses and servants, by the score in a day, trundling babies in their little carriages with faces upturned and eyes looking into the open sky or squinting under searching sunlight, I can't help saying, "That baby needs its mother." Little children on the streets, growing bold and saucy, are proclaiming to the world the need of mothers. Not every little one seems to know and feel its need as did the two who started on the long walk to find

mother—the more's the pity. Thousands are indirectly looking for mother who know it not, and yet, if these could only find a true mother, all their greatest needs would be supplied. What must be in store for a country, where mother-love declines, and where the children grow up without knowing its enriching and helpful influence?

The Grace That Restores

Who can read the two epistles of Peter through without a feeling of thankfulness for the grace that restores? These two brief letters are filled with the most helpful precepts and admonitions for all classes and conditions of men,—parents, children, wives, husbands, masters, servants, and church leaders. Almost every line reveals the spirit of faith, hope, charity, and loyalty to God, which characterized the writer, showing that he had been “begotten again unto a lively hope, . . . to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” Yet, this is the disciple who, in an unguarded hour, fell from grace so completely that he cursed and swore and thrice denied his Lord; and that, too, after he had been a loyal follower of Christ for years!

How glad we should be that Christ, after his resurrection, in sending that message to his disciples, graciously added the words, “and Peter.” What if he had made no mention of the poor, fallen, backslidden one who went out into the darkness, self-condemned, on that night of trial? What if the Master and the other disciples had given Peter the cold shoulder and allowed him to be counted out after his ignominious fall? What if, on the day of Pentecost, John and the others had said, “Peter, you denied your Lord; you cursed and swore and disgraced us, and we think you would better not try to preach today.” What if Peter had not been restored and permitted to go on through Pentecost, and through years of work that brought out the matchless letters written to the churches? The world would have lost one of its greatest sources of encouragement.

We can not excuse Peter's shameful denial of Christ. We can not, while loyal to the Master, make, consistently, any apology for his wicked blasphemy. But we do thank God for the grace that restores such

a one to divine favor, and enables him to become a mighty man in reaching the lost. We are all too prone to make mistakes ourselves; and if we can not abide in the confidence of a Savior who restores the fallen, who graciously remembers the humiliated and heartbroken Peters, what can we do? There are hundreds of earth's stumbling children, who, if they are so fortunate as to get to heaven, will want to find Peter and tell him how much they have been comforted and helped by the story of his life, and the words he wrote.

Satan's Best Helper

Satan has many helpers. Their name is legion. We see them in the common walks of life, in the whirl of fashionable society, in the realm of politics, and in the haunts of vice. But we are not so much surprised when we find them in their natural places as when we find them in the church. When helpers of the evil one are found in Christian ranks, we may well be alarmed for the safety of the cause we love.

If Satan himself should direct to the place where one can most effectively help him and best serve his evil purposes, he would probably say: “Belong to the best church that will take you in, keep up a fair show of Christian activity and zeal for moral standing, and then criticize and find fault with the pastor, denounce the denominational leaders at every turn, and you will be my most effective helper.” There is probably no other way in which one can do more harm to God's cause than by carping at the preacher, and by discrediting the leaders in the eyes of the young people. If one *can not*, himself, be in harmony with the faithful workers, he should refrain from poisoning the minds of others against them.

A Railroad Dry From End to End

On the thirtieth of January, the great Pennsylvania Railroad system becomes dry, both as to train service, and terminal bars for liquor selling. The sale of intoxicants in its great New York and Philadelphia station buildings is prohibited by the company, and we notice that even great dailies of New York, which hitherto have expressed opposition to state-wide prohibi-

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Dr. Van Dyke on Belgian Exiles

Dr. Henry van Dyke, minister to The Hague, has written to the Red Cross headquarters regarding the relief work in Amsterdam, Holland. Referring to the Belgian exiles in that country he says:

The number is far too great to take care of them all in a private way, and through the winter it will be necessary to make provision for between two and three hundred thousand people who are out of work, out of a home, and out of their country. The time is coming, I hope, when it will be possible to put into practical operation the Fund for the Restoration of Belgian Homes and Households, which I had the pleasure of starting here with money which was sent from America.

The work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, into which I have made some careful investigation since my return, is, I believe, going on very well at present. The helpful spirit of generosity in our country is warmly appreciated here and in Belgium. It is enough for a man to say, “I come from America,” to be received with friendly and thankful looks.

It will be remembered that the people of Holland have thrown the doors of their homes wide open to refugees from Belgium, and thousands are being cared for in private families. But Dr. Van Dyke shows that this is not enough, and refers the work of general help to the Red Cross.

At a recent meeting of the presidents of life insurance companies, data was given from the investigations and records of forty-three great companies, made during a period of twenty-five years, showing that the death-rate among men in the liquor business was higher than that in the most hazardous lines of employment, such as locomotive engineers and miners. Among bartenders, the extra mortality was 70 per cent above the normal, that is, lifetime was reduced 6 years, on the average, by the use of liquor. This was for men in the liquor business. In regard to the moderate drinker, the data showed an extra mortality of 50 per cent. That is to say, there were 289 deaths where there should have been but 190. At the age of 35, the expectancy of life is 32 years; and in the first year, instead of 9 deaths, there would probably be 12. This means that 3 men would lose about 32 years of life each. Of

tion, are hastening to applaud the action of the railroad.

We fail to see why prohibition that is commendable in one great industry should not be so in all. It is difficult to distinguish “the difference between prohibition on the Pennsylvania Railroad” and that of the State. One paper says, “Everybody agrees that railroad employees should leave alcohol alone,” and then it goes further to say that the same arguments apply to passengers. This same paper, however, advocates the license system for the State through which the railroad runs, and would have saloons planted in railroad towns, where flasks can be filled and carried onto trains by either passengers or trainmen! Rum bought at the corner saloon will wreck a train or make trouble in the sleeper just as certainly as though bought in a station or on the diner. Why not make prohibition state-wide, and remove all danger to life and limb from other great business enterprises and from public highways, as well as from railroads? If prohibition in the latter case is praiseworthy, why should not prohibition in the former case be more so?

When we read in an address by the new governor of Kansas words like these: “Our material prosperity, our high standards of public morals, our personal well-being are largely due to the fact that for more than thirty years the open saloon has been outlawed in this State,” and furthermore, in regard to national prohibition, “Victory is coming, just as surely as the American people retain their sanity and judgment,” we can not avoid seeing in them the signs of a coming better day. No matter how gingerly other governors may handle the liquor question, or how skilfully some may try to steer between the opinions of prohibitionists and liquor men, it still remains true that the object-lesson being given by Kansas and the burning words of her governor must exert a telling influence over surrounding States. The fact that a majority in Congress now favors prohibition will make people sit up and take notice when such governors speak out.

“Wild oats will take out of your soil what no system of crop rotation can ever put back.”

course, the death-rate with hard drinkers would be correspondingly great.

Alabama wheels into the prohibition lines and will become dry on July 1. This comes about through an overwhelming vote that carries the bill over the Governor's veto. The House vote stood 73 to 29, and in the Senate it was 24 to 10. This re-enacts the prohibition law repealed in 1911. Under local option, all but eight of the sixty-seven counties had already voted dry when the legislature overruled the Governor's veto.

On Friday, January 22, President Wilson listened three hours to pros and cons on the Literacy Bill passed by Congress. Five hundred men and women packed the East Room of the White House and listened to the speakers as the President was urged, in the one case to sign, and in the other to veto, the bill. Mass-meetings have been held in various parts of the country to protest against its passage. This bill should meet the same fate that was meted out, by Cleveland and by Taft, to the same kind of a bill—a veto. The people expect this, and the probabilities are that President Wilson will not approve the measure.

According to the *New York Times*, statistics show that \$315,000,000 was contributed for public benefactions by citizens of this country in 1914. This was a larger sum than was given in 1912 or 1913. America is generous. Many benefactors do not excuse themselves from giving on account of hard times.

Contributions for earthquake sufferers in Italy are not wanted. This announcement is made by the Red Cross people, after having offered aid which was declined, because the Red Cross of Italy has decided to accept aid from no foreign nation.

On January 19, Mrs. Frances Munds, the only woman ever elected to the Arizona Senate, presided over that body during its session on the bill fixing officers' salaries.

In the Oregon Legislature, on January 19, Miss Marion B. Towne, a member of the House, succeeded in obtaining the passage of her bill on ceding to the Federal Government exclusive jurisdiction over

the Crater Lake National Park. Her speech in favor of the bill is well spoken of.

Colonel T. Benton Kelley, who, it is claimed, fired the first gun in the battle of Gettysburg, died last week at the home of his daughter, in Rutland, Vt. His diary shows that he took part in eighty-two battles and skirmishes. Five times his horse was shot from under him, and he was hit four times by bullets and three times by sabers. During his service he captured, single-handed, five of the enemy at one time and two at another.

On February 9, Miss Nona McAdoo, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, and her friend, Miss Catherine Britton, of Washington, will sail for Liverpool to become nurses in the army of the allies. Both have been preparing in leading hospitals of Washington for this work.

The educative value of museums and zoological gardens can hardly be overestimated. Probably it was on this account that the late John L. Cadwalader left \$20,000 to the Zoological Society of New York to be used in purchasing animals. The report recently made shows that more than 2,000,000 people visited the Bronx Park and the Aquarium last year. In the park are 4,353 animals, and the Aquarium has 5,169 specimens.

Now it is Idaho that submits the question of constitutional prohibition to a vote of the people. This was determined by a unanimous vote of the House of Representatives after the measure had been adopted by the Senate. The issue will come before the State in 1916.

One dark night, recently, all street lights in Paris and suburbs were extinguished, leaving that great city in utter darkness. This shows something of the distress in which cities of France and England find themselves, in view of airship raids from the enemy.

A German lieutenant was recently arrested in Cloncurry, Australia, charged with espionage. In his possession were found plans of wireless plants, and maps of various parts of that country.

The capital of Australia has recently been temporarily changed from Melbourne to Sydney. The High Commissioner of Australia in London has no explanation of this move, but thinks it probable that the change was made necessary for better defense, as Sydney is the main center of the naval and military forces of the commonwealth.

"Economically Speaking"

REV. G. M. COTTRELL

This year had slim rewards
Fate's treated us' most clammily,
And so we haven't spent
On gifts for friends or family.
But though, like lots of folk,
And spend each nickel warily,
We keep our spirits gay
Our "Merry Christmas" merrily,
And with that greeting—ever new—
We send a "Happy New Year" too.

—Berton Braley.

The above was the holiday greeting to our better half from her old-time Richburg schoolmate, Alta (Jordan) Braley, now of New York City. Berton, the son, is a rising author of note, whose short snappy poems are appearing these days in many leading magazines.

This suggests a variety of things, such as the flight of time, the possible attainments of our children, Dr. Osler's advice to chloroform us when we are forty; but, better still, it suggests that when we are short on Christmas presents to give our friends, we can give something better still out of our own life and work. Who would not rather have this little poem than the more common material gifts? Again, it is a fine example of the "Pollyannic," optimistic spirit—when "we're broke," to still wish our "Merry Christmas merrily."

Some one asked a blue-eyed little girl what she had to thank the Lord for, and she said for her blue eyes. Then to a curly-headed little girl he said, "And what have you got to thank the Lord for?" She said, "For these curls that he gave me." Then he asked a red-headed, cross-eyed, freckle-faced, bow-legged boy what he had to thank God for, and the boy said, "Not a blamed thing. He nearly ruined me." This boy was a pessimist; for if he had

been an optimist, or like Pollyanna, he might have figured that his hair would grow darker and become a rich auburn that so many admire, that his freckles betokened a delicate, transparent complexion, that his cross-eyes might help him in detective work sometime, and that his bow-legs, if he should ever go to war, might save his life by letting the bullets pass between without harm.

My wife's husband received from her a Christmas gift, a beautiful little booklet, "A Message to Garcia," written by Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora, N. Y., in one hour, on February 22, 1899, and printed by him in the *March Philistine* without even a heading. This article attracted immediate attention, and 500,000 copies were wanted by the New York Central Railroad. It went into two hundred magazines and papers. It was printed and distributed among the railroad men and armies of Russia, Germany, Spain, France, Turkey, China, Japan; and now over 40 million copies have been printed—a larger circulation than any other literary venture ever attained during the lifetime of the author, in all history. The idea of the article is "Get there." President McKinley wanted to get a message to Garcia, the leader of the insurgents when the war broke out in Cuba. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba. No one knew where. Rowan was the man to find him if any one could. He strapped the President's letter in an oilskin over his heart, in four days landed by open boat off the coast of Cuba, disappeared in the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and having delivered the message to Garcia.

No young man with a "Rowan" quality need fear he will be without a job today. Efficiency, initiative, preparedness, daring and endurance like his will win out every time. But that's the rub. We are nearly all so deficient in these fundamental essentials. To illustrate, as Hubbard says, ask any one of six clerks to look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum of the life of Corregio. Will he say "Yes, sir," and go do it? Not on your life; but looking at you out of a fishy eye, he will ask one or more of these questions: Who was he? Which encyclopedia? Where is it? Don't you mean Bismarck? Is he dead? Is there any hurry? and so

on. "No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled, at times, by the imbecility of the average man—it is not book-learning needed but a stiffening of the vertebræ, that will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies, do the thing—'carry a message to Garcia.'" Perhaps the next thing we should add to the curriculum for the training of our young people is teaching them how to "carry a message to Garcia."

ANOTHER KNOCK-OUT FOR DR. OSLER

Quoting from President Bryan, of Colgate, "Six hundred of the most important scientists, statesmen, and old world-famous men were selected, and it was found that only 5 per cent of them accomplished their world's work before the age of 40; 10 per cent between 40 and 50; 20 per cent between 50 and 60; 35 per cent between 60 and 70; 21 per cent between 70 and 80; and 9 per cent after 80. Scan this, old men, and take courage." More achieved between 70 and 80 than between 50 and 60; and nearly as much after 80 as between 40 and 50! Youth, of course, is most important as the foundation for all of these.

Billy Sunday closed a six weeks' meeting in Des Moines, Ia., December 20. I had a bunch of their papers with sermons, but have lost them somehow. Nine thousand conversions, and they wanted to double that the last week. Don't know how they came out, but probably 10,000 to 15,000 conversions. And now he is to be in Philadelphia, so near the RECORDER, we will probably hear from him. Doubtless we'd all enjoy a *Sunday* sermon in our SABBATH RECORDER.

A few more receipts for the Ministers' Relief Fund.

Maggie and Ozina Bee, West Virginia \$2 00
L. U. Ayars, Minnesota 1 50
Laura Ayars and Florence Livingston,
N. D. 2 00
Second Westerly-Church (R. I.) 5 30
(This last not to be credited to L. S. K's)

This makes \$251.50 to the credit of the L. S. K's.

What Christianity in her antagonism with every form of unbelief most needs is holy living.—*Christlieb*.

Lone Sabbath Keepers and the Home Department

REV. EDWIN SHAW

I have just received a "hurry call" from G. M. C. to put something in the SABBATH RECORDER for the L. S. K's about the Home Department of the Sabbath school.

1. Is it worth your while to join the Home Department? It is worth while, by all means. You feel that you belong somewhere and are identified with something and are counted as somebody. You are helped to a better study of the Bible with the thought that you are working with others in the same effort. And you are afforded the opportunity of sharing with others in some definite work where you wish to contribute something.

2. What Sabbath school shall you join? Well, that is for you to say. You have perfect liberty of choice. Nobody can dictate to you. Naturally you would join the school where you have friends and acquaintances, I should think. If you are now a member of some Seventh Day Baptist church, I would advise that you join the Sabbath school of that church.

3. How shall you go about the matter to join a Home Department? Write a letter or a post-card to the superintendent of the Sabbath school where you wish to join, simply saying that you are a candidate for membership in the Home Department of his school. He will do the rest. If you fail to hear from him in two weeks, then write to the superintendent of the Plainfield (N. J.) Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath School, and he will take care of you. If he does not in two weeks, then let me know.

4. By writing this letter or card will you become a member or in any way commit yourself to anything? Not at all. You will simply be sent information, blanks, directions, etc. These you may throw in the waste-paper basket if you like and let the matter drop there. Or you may fill out the blanks and follow directions and become identified with this branch of the Sabbath-school work.

Courtesy of temper, when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

SABBATH REFORM

Please Make Reservation

May 22, 1915

The Advisory Committee of the Tract Board asks all Seventh Day Baptists to unite in a Rally Day for the Sabbath on May 22, 1915. This is the first notice. Please reserve all the appointments of the churches of that week for this special service.

"Seventh Day Baptists are the People"

(Letter from a new Sabbath-keeper)

The following letter addressed to the Corresponding Secretary of the Tract Society will be of interest and encouragement to many readers of the SABBATH RECORDER.

"You have my sincere thanks for the Sabbath and denominational literature you sent me a few days ago. I have gained much valuable information by reading the same, and am now determined to renounce the Sunday and embrace the true Bible Sabbath.

"I do not say that your literature alone has been the means of leading me to this final and important decision, for I have read the Bible quite carefully and have not found a sentence in that blessed book in support of the First Day theory. Neither have I found even the semblance of a suggestion that we are permitted to ignore any one or more of the laws of the Decalogue by substituting man-made decrees. My honest conclusion is that *all* of the Ten Commandments must be faithfully and lovingly obeyed by every true follower of Christ.

"I am a Missionary Baptist. I love these good people. I was converted under their preaching, and the heart experience I received shall ever be remembered as the glad time when I 'passed from death unto life'; but their tenacious clinging to the First Day theory is a real offense to me. Therefore, for sake of truth, as I see it, I want to unite with a people who practice the true Bible doctrines. The Seventh Day Baptists are the people. Since reading the literature you so kindly sent me, I am

thoroughly convinced of this fact. But as there is no church of this faith within hundreds of miles of my home, what am I to do to secure membership? Any assistance you can give me in regard to this matter will be greatly appreciated. Certificate of membership I can furnish, also ministerial license from the Missionary Baptists.

"Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I am

"Yours in Christ,

"M. G. MARSH.

"F——, Tennessee."

"In The Name"*

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH

In a very brief little treatise of which the above caption is the major title, the author, in the preface, states his purpose as follows:

"The aim of the present essay is to explain an expression which, maybe, some will think requires no explanation.

"In view, however, of the conflicting judgments that prevail on the subject, it is clear that 'Prayer in the Name of Christ' demands careful examination.

"Holding that the expression is capable of concrete treatment, in the light of Jewish prayer-customs, I have not hesitated to set forth an interpretation, which, as I believe, lifts the 'Asking' and 'Receiving' from the region of the haphazard and capricious, and exhibits their basis and warrant in the Person of the glorified Christ.

"There is much more to be said on the larger subject of Prayer; but the fact that all can not now be said, is no reason why this brief exposition should be withheld."

To the treatment, by way of explanation of "the expression 'in the Name' as belonging to prayer," a very peculiar interest attaches to chapter iv, under the caption *Jewish Prayer Formulae*, wherein the writer points out that in teaching his disciples to ask in "His Name," Jesus was referring to a custom common among the Jews in Bible times and perpetuated down to the present day; as, for example, may be seen in the following "from *Festival Prayers of the Synagogue* for the Day of the Atonement":

"He who answered our father Abraham on Mount Moriah—
He will answer us.

*IN THE NAME: THE WARRANT OF PRAYER. By James William Thirtle, LL. D., D. D., M. R. A. S. Small 16mo; pp. 100. Published by Alfred Holness, 13-14 Paternoster Row, London, [1914].

"He who answered Isaac his son when he was bound on the altar—
He will answer us.

"He who answered Jacob in Bethel—
He will answer us.

"He who answered Joseph in the dungeon—
He will answer us.

"He who answered our fathers at the Red Sea—
He will answer us.

"He who answered Moses in Horeb—
He will answer us."

"and so on, naming in a like manner, in labored succession, Aaron, Phineas, Joshua, Samuel, David and Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, Jonah, Hezekiah, the three Hebrew Children in the fiery furnace in Babylon, Daniel in the lions' den, Mordecai and Esther, and finally Ezra, concluding in these words:

"He who answered all the righteous and pious, the perfect and the upright—
He will answer us."

"* * * and then still more to the point of our present subject, they say:

"Do it for the sake of those who love Thee, who sleep in the dust;
Do it for the sake of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;
Do it for the sake of Moses and Aaron;
Do it for the sake of David and Solomon;
Do it for Jerusalem's sake, Thy holy city;
Do it for Zion's sake, the tabernacle of Thy glory;
Do it for the sake of the desolations of Thy temple;
Do it for the sake of the ruins of Thine altar."

"In other words, the great personages with whom God had made covenant, the various places concerning which He had made promises, and other scenes and occasions which were regarded as near to the heart of God, were specifically named in prayer. The people can not believe that their desires, as such, will be granted; so THEY PRAY IN THE NAMES OF OTHERS, and support their prayers by PLEADING THE COVENANTS AND PROMISES OF GOD, concluding in these terms:

"Do it for Thine own sake, if not for ours;
Yea, do it for Thy sake, and save us."

"Thus we see how Israel has been accustomed to pray in the name of others; and on this account, for their sakes, to seek covenant-blessings from God."

The lifework and offices of Christ are now briefly reviewed, from which the author reasons that Jesus was laying down a command well understood by his disciples, since it was analogous to a familiar, long-established custom of the Jews, when he said to his followers, "whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father IN MY NAME, he may give it you."

To any one interested in the history of prayer, this little volume is particularly in-

teresting, and if Doctor Thirtle should publish an extended treatise upon that general subject, it is very certain that it will command a careful, reverent reading by devout worshipers.

Sweet Old Chapters

Selected for Sabbath Recorder by Mrs. B. F. Rogers

For 'whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.—Romans 15: 4.

Whenever the heart is aching
And the days are thick with care;
Whenever the worry and trouble
Seem more than the soul can bear;
Whenever it's dark and dreary
And the way seems rough before,
To one of the sweet old chapters
I love to turn and pore—
To one of the golden chapters
Where the dew and sun and sweet
And the blossoms of peace and comfort
Seem springing around the feet.

Never a downcast spirit
That can not rise and go
When the words of a sweet old chapter
From the Holy Scriptures flow;
And the glory of God's great heaven
And the streets of the heavenly way
Stretch forth through dreary shadows
That cloaked you and kept you gray.
The voice of a tender message,
The word of a higher trust—
How the sound of a sweet old chapter
Can lift us from the dust.

Whenever the feet are aching
That have traveled their many miles,
Through the light of a sweet old chapter
A valley of beauty smiles;
And the flowers are blooming gayly,
And the birds sing in the trees,
And you walk in the peaceful pastures
With the green grass to your knees.
The sunshine follows the shadows,
And the sweet hills lift their crest,
And each word of the sweet old chapter
Is the sound that lulls to rest.

I feel the touch of that healing,
That boon and that gift of love,
When I read in a sweet old chapter
Of the mansions that shine above;
And my shoulders rise from their burden
And my heart forgets its care,
For the dews of God about me
And the sweet and pleasant air.
The words of a sweet old chapter,
Ah, wonderful cure are they
For the pain of a weary spirit
And the cares that infest the day.

—Baltimore Sun.

MISSIONS

Quarterly Report

Report of E. B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, for the quarter ending December 31, 1914

At the commencement of the quarter, October 1, we arrived in Andover, N. Y., having come from the Northwestern Association. Teams met us at Andover and took us to Independence in time for the morning session of the Western Association. The messages were strong and the attendance good throughout. The closing session, on Sunday afternoon, was most remarkable in spiritual power. I understand that additions to the church have followed as a result. The time between this and the next association was used in visiting the Hebron field, in company with Brother J. H. Hurley. On Monday night he spoke to a good-sized and deeply interested congregation at the Second church. Since this field had previously been left in the hands of your secretary with power, arrangements were made to employ Eld. B. E. Fisk, temporarily, on this field.

The Central Association was held with the church at Leonardsville. In addition to our regular work at the associations, a canvass was made regarding Evangelist Coon's coming there for special meetings.

The Eastern Association convened with the Marlboro (N. J.) Church. A heavy rain-storm did not prevent the attendance upon this meeting. Immediately following this meeting was the regular October session of this board. The work of tabulating the quarterly reports, preparing the list of appropriations for the coming year, together with other preparations for the meeting had to be done, principally, while traveling.

The day following this meeting the Southeastern Association met with the Middle Island Church, W. Va. This of necessity made us one day late in attendance at the meeting. Heavy rains and bad roads did not prevent people from attending the

meeting from the first session to the closing one on Sunday afternoon. Your secretary was asked, with Brother Hurley, to remain and hold services on Sunday night. This Brother Hurley did. On Tuesday we assisted in an ordination service at Farina, Ill. On Wednesday we attended a council of the Conference Committee, at Chicago, Ill.

This brought us one day late at the Southwestern Association, held with the Gentry (Ark.) Church. This was another good association, and closed the series of six meetings. I hope it will be arranged next year that the Northwestern will follow this one, in order to save time and expense.

At all six of the meetings, missions were accorded a large place. A good interest was taken in not only the pictures shown of the South American field, but in the work on all our fields. Your secretary was often asked to preach, and at one of the associations was asked to conduct revival services at the evening sessions. The three weeks following were spent at Nortonville, Kan., with correspondence and resting. The next three weeks were occupied, in company with Eld. J. H. Hurley, assisting Pastor T. J. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, Minn., in a special series of meetings. On the way to Rhode Island, Milton, Chicago, and Battle Creek were visited.

Our reports show several changes. Welton, Iowa, and Scott, N. Y., ask for no appropriation after January 1. Salemville, Pa., has reduced theirs from \$100 to \$75, while Hartsville has asked a raise from \$50 to \$100. Nineteen people are engaged in this country at work. Sermons and addresses, 504, to congregations ranging from 20 to 100; prayer meetings held, 292; calls made, 1,040; number converted, 26; added to the churches, 47; by baptism, 25; by letter, 22; Sabbath converts, 5; pages of tracts distributed, 5,413; papers and books, 3,000.

Your secretary has visited 17 of our churches; spoken on missions 15 times, in all 30 times; written and sent out 300 communications and received 275; traveled 5,000 miles.

Respectfully submitted,
E. B. SAUNDERS.

The Work at Elkhart, Kan.

DEAR BROTHER SAUNDERS:

I have returned from Elkhart, Kan., and now that I have gathered up the loose ends of the work here will write you something of the meetings.

I began meetings at Elkhart, Friday evening, November 13. On the evening of the twenty-fifth I was called home by the death of Brother E. E. Sutton, a brother much beloved in our church here. The work was left in such a stage of incompleteness that it seemed best that I should return. Accordingly after one week's absence I was again on the field. The revival meetings were brought to a close on Sunday night, December 6. But feeling it my duty, especially after I had been requested by several Sunday-keepers, I remained until Tuesday night when I preached to a good-sized congregation upon "Why We Are Seventh Day Baptists." The interest was splendid, and at the close I distributed about 1,250 pages of tracts to those who came to the front asking for them.

During the series of meetings I preached 21 sermons to congregations ranging from 15 to 125, with an average attendance of 50, which, considering the general apathy of the village to things religious, was fairly good. The other churches of the village gave up their regular preaching appointments and joined with us in our services.

However, the best part of the work lies in the fact that some found Christ in the meetings. On the last Sunday of the meetings, between the morning and the evening service, we went to Mr. Muncy's tank, where I had the happy privilege of baptizing two young people,—one a young woman, a convert to the Sabbath, the other a young man, youngest son of Dea. E. D. Stillman. These were later received into fellowship of the Seventh Day Baptist Church.

The traveling expense, necessitated by my being called home, was pretty heavy, but over two thirds of the entire expense has been borne by the people at Elkhart, so the expense chargeable to the board will, after all, be light. However, I shall charge the entire expense to the board and send total contributions to the treasurer, that the church may receive proper credit.

The people are in better spirits than usual. They have had splendid crops, kaf-

fir corn, millo maize and broom-corn being the principal crops. While I was there one man threshed and marketed twelve hundred thirty dollars' worth of maize (about 2,500 bushels) off seventy acres. There will probably be more broom-corn shipped from Elkhart this fall than from any other shipping point in the United States, due to the large territory served. It is at the terminus of the railroad and is the shipping point for many miles of country in three States,—Kansas, Colorado, and Oklahoma.

It is not always easy to see the justice of some things. While broom-corn on the eastern market is quoted as high as \$125.00 per ton, it was selling in Elkhart at from \$25.00 to \$65.00 per ton. And while kaffir corn at the car was selling from 85 to 90 cents per hundred, I today paid \$1.75 per hundred for some for my hens.

I believe Elkhart would be a strategic point for quartet work next summer. I should like to see such a campaign undertaken. Yes, I should like to have a part in the campaign. Such a campaign would assure us of a splendid hearing, even by people who are now wholly indifferent to the church. In the second place, there is not any great hostility toward our people, most people are friendly toward us, and many are interested in us and the Sabbath. To me it seems like an open door. May we not enter it?

Fraternally yours,

A. L. DAVIS.

Boulder, Colo.,
December 18, 1914.

Evangelistic Committee

Your Evangelistic Committee would respectfully report as follows:

After the decease of Brother George B. Carpenter, and the appointment of Mr. Frank Hill, your committee met, September 8, 1914, and reorganized. The following members were present: Mr. Wm. L. Clarke, Mr. Paul M. Barber, Mr. Frank Hill, Mr. Ira B. Crandall, and E. B. Saunders. Mr. Ira B. Crandall was chosen chairman, and E. B. Saunders, secretary.

Correspondence was read from Hammond, La., and from Dodge Center, Minn. The work of our missionary evangelists, Eld. W. D. Burdick and Eld. D. B. Coon, was discussed at length, and, among other

things, the question of securing a singer to assist them. Some general plans were made, while the details were left in the hands of the secretary to carry out and direct the work by consulting with other members of the committee.

An effort was recently made to call a meeting of the committee, but it finally resulted in a consultation of separate members, and the decision that Mr. Coon should accept a call to assist the Marlboro (N. J.) Church in a series of meetings. His work at Leonardsville, N. Y., resulted in much good. Fourteen people were baptized and united with our church. The work of Eld. W. D. Burdick in the Northwest has extended over several fields, among them, Grand Marsh, where a revival was held. He will continue his work in the Northwest, partially under the advice of the Missionary Committee of that association, with whom your secretary has had a meeting. It is expected that the work of Mr. Coon will extend to other places in the East.

Respectfully submitted,

IRA B. CRANDALL, *Chairman*,
E. B. SAUNDERS, *Secretary*,
WM. L. CLARKE,
PAUL M. BARBER,
FRANK HILL,

Committee.

From the Field

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

The semi-annual meeting held at Grand Marsh last November was followed with special meetings for a week. The weather and moonlight nights were ideal for holding meetings, and our people were very faithful in their attendance. The little church was greatly refreshed and encouraged in these meetings, and several will go forward in baptism in the early spring.

This church not only has a splendid opportunity to hold, encourage, and build up in the faith our own people, but it has a large field that can be worked outside our own people,—and many of the people about there have but little interest in Christianity.

The following Sabbath I spent at Exeland. While there I preached twice,—on Sabbath Day and on Sunday night. Their Sabbath school and Christian Endeavor society are maintained with good interest. The Exeland people show conclusively that

a small Sabbath school and a small Christian Endeavor society can do splendid work.

Most of our families in the Exeland society are living on the north and south road a mile and a half east of the village of Exeland. The schoolhouse in which our people hold services is about one half mile south of the road from Exeland where it crosses the north and south road. A little ways back of the schoolhouse is Windfall Lake—a beautiful body of water covering about one hundred and sixty acres. Skating was splendid while I was there, and the young people were enjoying it. I was happily surprised on Sunday night when from a dozen to twenty of the skaters came into the schoolhouse and gave most excellent attention while I preached, and then returned to the lake. Most of these were young men.

It seemed best that I should spend the greater part of my time at Exeland in calling rather than in holding a series of meetings, and so I kept busy in this way till Thursday night.

Land at Exeland has rapidly increased in value during the past year, and the best farms are being taken by people who are clearing and improving them. Brother Irving Freeborn and family moved there from New Auburn while I was there, which will encourage and help our people. Other Seventh Day Baptists have bought there and expect to move there in a year or two.

The New Auburn (Wis.) Church is about seventy miles by railroad to the southwest of Exeland. By previous arrangements I spent the next two Sabbaths at New Auburn, holding several evening meetings in the church, and two at the Pine Grove schoolhouse. As the weather was severe, and most of our people live quite a distance from the church, and as there are no horse sheds at the church, the attendance was small. The Pine Grove schoolhouse is near the northeast corner of our society, and in the vicinity of several of our families, so these meetings were better attended.

There were several encouraging signs in these meetings. Interest in Christian living and Christian work was intensified on the part of several, while others took such a part as I hope will help them to accept baptism and church membership in the near

future. The general expression to me of anxiety for the spiritual life and activity of the church promises much for the future of the church. With one hundred already in this society and others anticipating moving there in the near future, this church ought to become one of our strongest rural churches.

At each of the three places that I visited on this trip I saw splendid farms. It seems to me that a poor man can go to any of these places and, by hard work, good management, economy, and perseverance, secure a comfortable home and do a lot of good as a Seventh Day Baptist. At each of these places our people have superior advantages of leading in religious work. And more depends on the faithful, tactful, loving, and united efforts of the people living on these fields—or on any field—than upon the occasional visits of quartets or evangelists.

Milton, Wis.

The Preachers' Magazine

If merit be the sole test of a magazine, then the *Homiletic Review* certainly measures up to that requirement. For material that has the real human touch, the modern point of view, scholarly and helpful, we commend a reading of the February number of this finely edited journal. The general articles in the front part of the magazine are intended for the preacher's and student's cultural material. They are as follows: "From Day to Day in a South China Mission," by the Rev. Frank Eckerson, Amoy, China; "My Neighbor," by Willis Boyd Allen, Boston, Mass.; "The Holy War," by Professor Richard Gottheil, Ph. D., Columbia University, New York City; "The Bible and the Children," by Professor William James Mutch, Ph. D., Ripon College, Ripon, Wis., and an illustrated article "Three Babylonian Documents."

Two brilliant editorials follow this section, one on "Thinking Straight," and the other on "Our Duty to Japan."

The usual departments dealing with the different aspects of the preacher's ministry are replete with contributions from experienced and able writers.

The selective ability in the department of Sermonic Literature is beyond criticism.

The sermons are contributed by John Balcom Shaw, D. D., Los Angeles, Cal., on "Sowing or Storing One's Life—Which?"; the Rev. Herbert Booth Smith, Knoxville, Tenn., on "Three Great Elements in Religion"; the Rev. Elmer W. K. Mould, New Haven, Conn., on "Isaiah's Vision of God"; the Rev. W. T. Reynolds, Wantage, England, on "The Price of Life," and the Rev. James Learmount, Totnes, England, on "A Communion Meditation." Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays are both remembered by two brief but very edifying contributions.

The preacher and student who wants to keep pace with modern religious and theological literature should consult the department of "Notes on Recent Books" in the *Review*.

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Ecce Homo

M. E. H. EVERETT

His tattered robe with carmine splashed,
Still from his brow red drops fall down;
His scepter is a slender reed,
And plaited thorns his crown.

And they who mock him point and cry,
"Behold the Man, your Chosen One!
Among ten thousand princes fair!
Bright as the morning sun!"

He slowly turns from those who scoff
And lifts his eyes to you and me,
And with that look binds heart and soul
For all eternity.

That look saith, "None compelleth me;
I choose this in my deathless love,
That I may lift the souls of men
To the pure courts above."

We knew he was a mighty king,
Chosen of God from David's line,
For we had seen his wondrous works
And read aright the sign;

But now we bow our heads in shame,
Adoring at his feet we fall;
"O Lord most merciful," we cry,
"Have mercy on us all!"

Men turn their faces to hell, and hope to get to heaven; why don't they walk into the pond and hope to be dry?—C. H. Spurgeon.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"O God," I cried, "why may I not forget?
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle throng
me yet.
Am I their keeper? Only I to bear this con-
stant burden of their grief and care?
Why must I suffer for the other's sins?
Would God my eyes had never open been."
And the thorn-crowned and patient One replied,
"They throng me too; I, too, have seen."

"Thy other children go at will," I said, protest-
ing still.

"They go unheeding. But these sick and sad,
these blind and orphan,

Yea, and those that sin, drag at my heart; for
them I serve and groan.

Why is it? Let me rest, Lord; I have tried."
He turned and looked at me—"But I have died."

—Author unknown.

Activities in Shanghai

To the Woman's Board,
Milton, Wis.

DEAR FRIENDS: In looking forward to this afternoon I said to myself that this was to be a free afternoon and I might find an opportunity to write the much-put-off letter to you. But the unexpected happened and it is already evening before I begin.

You haven't heard much about our school family this fall, have you? We have such a fine family—just the finest since I came—at least, so it seems to me. The older girls grow dearer and the new ones were such an attractive group. Don't you want to know them too? There is, first, "The Twinkler," a live, wide-awake child, who smiles and dimples and twinkles every time you speak to her. Then there is tiny Juin-yung (June would be a most proper name for her). She is a combination of shyness and eagerness,—a frail child with a pale face and a winning smile. She comes with a cousin just her size, a still shyer but most loving little body who first came to us last year. Their fathers are both in consular employ in foreign lands—one in Spain and the other in Holland, I believe.

Yoch-ngoo is a bit older. She is the pretty child with the big, expressive eyes,

who is just as capable and independent as you would expect her to be otherwise. Her adopted father, who was in the employ of the German Medical College here, died suddenly this summer. While the Germans would naturally have looked after the family, their hands were full with their own dependent nationals, and a friend of Miss Burdick's brought her to us. And we are glad, for she certainly has possibilities.

Another, Me-me (little sister), is the adopted daughter of a former pupil here—lovable, but not very bright. Miss Burdick says, "Let us make grooves in her brain as fast as we can." Early training or rather neglect (before her adoption) has somewhat hurt her.

Then there are three older girls—about fourteen—who have studied in day schools and are alert pupils. One of these is "Clever Pearl." She seems to have been suitably named!

There are others just as interesting but you won't remember them, I fear, if I introduce you to too many at one time. It truly is an interesting school and so much more so with Miss Burdick here in it too.

Almost three weeks ago Dr. Davis had his seventieth birthday, and his Chinese friends gave him a celebration that was a celebration indeed! It was my first "birthday" experience over here and consequently most interesting to me. The invitations were issued for the friends to assemble at the church at two o'clock on a Monday afternoon. Such a new and unexpected sight as greeted me when we stepped into the church. The front and side walls of the church were quite covered with scrolls—red satin, red woollen, lavender, and bright green silk, blue and red paper ones—all with gilt characters on them. Of the characters I could make out only a few, but the girls explained their meaning and told who the donors were. The big red satin one at the left in front was presented by the church members; the big red woollen one by some friends; the lavender silk with the narrow bright green ones on either side, by some former schoolboys. The narrow paper ones on the north and south walls were from the day schools and from the newly organized evening schools for men. Before I had found out all about the scrolls, the singing and speech-making began, the former by the schoolboys and

schoolgirls, and the latter by former pupils and friends. They were all full of tribute and loving praise, and showed how much these Chinese friends appreciate Dr. Davis and what he has done for them.

After this program, photographs were taken in the church, and then we were invited to Mr. Crofoot's lawn, where a juggler and a small boy tumbler awaited us. The tumbling was clever. The boy seemed without bones in his body, and the juggler excited the children's lively curiosity and unbelief. The serving of refreshments, when the Chinese small boys proved their kinship to the boys across the sea, closed the afternoon's entertainment.

Thanksgiving week was not without other events of interest, for it was the week of the Eddy meetings in Shanghai; but Miss Burdick, who, as a member of the committee planning them, has had part in the work for women, says she will write about them later when she can find the time.

Christmas is almost upon us. Our plans now are for the schoolgirls to invite in their mothers and sisters, and they will entertain them with the "Birds' Christmas Carol" (in Chinese). Wouldn't you like to see them give it? They have taken hold of the play with a great deal of eagerness and appreciation and I think it will be good fun.

With Christmas greetings to you all and wishing you a blessed new year, I am

Lovingly yours,

ANNA M. WEST.

West Gate, Shanghai,
December 23, 1914.

The Message of a Life

Many years ago, in an old French church in Berne, a great choir under the famous old leader, Father Reichel, was having its final rehearsal for the production of the Messiah. The chorus had triumphantly sung through to the place where the soprano solo takes up the refrain, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The singer was a beautiful woman, whose voice had been faultlessly trained. As the tones came out high and clear, the listeners were filled with wonder at her perfect technique. Her breathing was faultless; her note plac-

ing perfect; her enunciation beyond criticism.

After the final note there was a pause and all eyes were turned toward the old conductor to catch his look of approval. Great was the surprise, however, when a sharp tap of the baton was heard, as a command for the orchestra to pause, and with a look of sorrow Father Reichel said to the singer: "My daughter, you do not really know that your Redeemer liveth, do you?"

With a flushed face she replied: "Why, yes, I think I do."

"Then sing it," he cried. "Sing it from your heart. Tell it to me so I and all who hear you will know, and know that you know the joy and power of it." Then with an imperious gesture he motioned for the orchestra to go over it again.

This time the young woman sang with no thought of herself or of technique and applause from her hearers. She sang the truth that she knew in her heart and experienced in her life, and that she wished to send home to the hearts of the listeners. As the last notes died away there was no wonder at the craftsman's work, but there were quickened hearts that had been moved by the glorious message they had received. As the singer stood forgetful of applause, the old master stepped up and with tears in his eyes kissed her on her forehead and said: "You do know, for you have told me."

Are there not many of us who bear the name of Christ, who say that we know that our Redeemer liveth, the motive of whose lives is not to give this message to the world? It seems a rather supreme struggle for perfect technique, in performance of life, with the object to attain a standard and to win applause of men. The world may wonder and praise, but the Master is disappointed, for he sees that we have failed. If our lives are to carry a true message to make other lives better we must have this truth in our hearts and then live it in our daily lives. Then the technique will be natural and applause will be a minor consideration. Our Redeemer *lives*. He is *our* Redeemer and a Redeemer for all the world. We can not truly know that our Redeemer liveth unless the whole motif of the song of life is this glad refrain.—*Josephine Norville, in Missionary Review of the World.*

A Correction

Two mistakes crept into the Treasurer's Report printed in this department January 18 and the treasurer wishes them corrected. Under the Lieu-oo Hospital Fund, Milton (Wis.) Church and Society \$100, should read, Milton Junction (Wis.) Church and Society \$100. Westerly, R. I., woman of First Westerly Church \$15.00, should read, women of First Westerly Church, \$15.00.

Atlanta and Convention Echoes

MRS. GEORGE H. TRAINER

Atlanta is called the gateway to the South. It has one hundred and forty-two passenger trains daily going in and out the city. Its altitude is ten hundred and fifty feet above sea-level. It is said that a drop of water falling on the comb of a house may divide, one half going into the Atlantic Ocean, the other half into the Gulf of Mexico.

During the battle of Atlanta, 1863, the place was well-nigh wiped from the map. But the people rallied, and Atlanta has rapidly come to the front and is now one of the leading places of interest in the South. Atlanta has a population of about two hundred thousand; has one of the federal prisons, and one of the federal reserve banks; has beautiful avenues, boulevards, streets, and auto roads, in and out the city. One of these leads out to Stone Mountain, the largest monolith in the world. It is a solid gray granite boulder nearly a mile high and seven miles in circumference at the base. It is said that the first owner of this monolith traded it for a pony. The present owner has an income from it of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a day. He lives in a beautiful home of gray granite taken from this mountain.

Atlanta has one hundred and twenty-two good hotels, and many auditoriums; and as it is so easy of access to all parts of the country, it has become the convention city of the world. The president of the Federation of Women's Clubs of the city told us that they had had one hundred conventions in the city already inside the year and others booked.

Atlanta is the home of Mr. Kimball, the man who owns the largest chicken farm in the world. It was the home of the late Joel Chandler Harris, the author of the

"Uncle Remus" stories, and the man who is known the world over as the little children's friend. The little mail box with its wren's nest, the rose garden, the chinaberry tree, the snap-bean farm, remain the same as formerly. The property has been bought by an association of philanthropic women, and they expect to use the snap-bean farm as a playground for children, and the whole property is to be kept as Mr. Harris left it, as a memorial to him.

My husband and I felt that we were very fortunate indeed to have been made delegates to the National Good Roads Congress, and the National W. C. T. U. Convention, held in Atlanta. The Good Roads Congress set the eighth of November, and the National W. C. T. U. Convention set the twelfth of November and lasted six days.

The Good Roads Congress had a registered delegation of twenty-two hundred and forty-three. The programs and many things connected with the congress were very interesting. We were especially interested in a paper by Mr. Hughes, professor in the department of civil engineering, Harvard University. He spoke especially of the need of a broad and liberal education before specializing and of the great necessity of being thorough in preparation for one's life-work.

The W. C. T. U. was much blest in being able to obtain the use of the Broughton Tabernacle, with its massive pipe organ and commodious auditorium, for the convention.

The convention met in Atlanta twenty-four years ago. Miss Frances E. Willard was at its head, with Mrs. Stephens as her vice-president. Many remarked the wonderful changes that have come since then. Twenty-four years ago the city had licensed saloons. Temperance forces were looked on as fanatics. Their conventions were not wanted. When Miss Willard finally found a church in which to hold the convention, she got it with a promise to the pastor that the subject of woman suffrage should not be mentioned in the convention. But this year what? Atlanta is a dry city, though it was admitted that drinks hotter than water could be found in secluded places. And the welcome? My! The White Ribbon special, which came in, bringing the executive officers and many others, was met by the people of Atlanta

with luxurious automobiles and the city's best brass band, and escorted to the W. C. T. U. headquarters, Hotel Ansley, and other hostleries. Hotels, churches, homes, all were thrown open, and, as they said, the keys to the city turned over to the women of the great convention.

It certainly was interesting to the on-looker from the corridors above to watch these women in the hotel lobbies as they gathered and conversed together,—well-groomed, white-ribbon bedecked, consecrated, purposeful in expression and movement. One hotel clerk was heard to exclaim: "I never saw so many women in all my life. Where did they all come from? Why, I did not know there were so many women in all the world." There were about two thousand women, in all, in attendance. It was the second largest convention (of the forty-one) ever held, having a registered delegation of seven hundred and five.

On "welcome night" they were welcomed by the State, by the city, by the churches, schools, clubs (women's), and by the state and local unions. The convention was given a reception in the home of the late Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, where about one thousand had the privilege of shaking hands with Mrs. Harris. They were given a reception at Cox College, where about fifteen hundred met the president, and were entertained with a program given by the students of the school. They were entertained by the women's clubs at a one o'clock luncheon. Every article served at the luncheon was raised in Georgia. One of the most attractive delicacies of the luncheon was roast possum.

From Friday morning until the next Wednesday night three sessions a day were held, all so full of interest that the on-looker could but wonder how they could do so much. In the memorial service held in memory of our late president, Mrs. Stephens, and her comrades who had passed away within the last year, many were touched to tears.

Much of the work of the convention is done in committees. The Executive Committee nominates officers, and the convention elects them. Miss Anna A. Gordon was elected president to fill the vacancy made by the departure of Mrs. Stephens. Mrs. Ella A. Boole, of New York, was

made vice-president. Other officers were re-elected.

On one program the music was furnished by a chorus of one hundred trained voices of young people of the congregation of Broughton Tabernacle. Another program had a chorus of one hundred trained voices of young people from Colombia Congress, a colored institution in Atlanta. Another program had the young ladies of Cox College, and the young men of the School of Technology, hard by, in the choir loft. It was a beautiful sight to look into the faces of all these young people, and see the expression of purposeful lives as they sang. Even the ebony-colored choir sang, with white voices, their beautiful melodies.

One program had a peace demonstration, another a women suffrage demonstration. On "superintendents' night" we heard thirty-six rousing speeches by thirty-six women in seventy-two minutes.

On "state demonstration night" Ohio carried off the laurels, when her delegation came in carrying a large rain umbrella with red, white, and blue strips of bunting pinned to the umbrella all the way around, the opposite ends being carried by the delegates; all crowding to get under the umbrella. The banner carried said, "Trying to get out of the wet." When the delegation reached the platform, the spokesman said: "We are not defeated; we gained the victory, but they stole our ballots. The fight for Ohio dry has just begun." Then the yell, "Ohio dry," was given and the speaker left the platform.

Among interesting characters seen at the convention we would mention Mr. Daniel A. Poling, of Ohio, a young man who is becoming famous as a temperance and Christian Endeavor speaker. Another is Mr. Upshaw, the little man on crutches, who attends all great temperance gatherings, and flourishes his crutch and yells for the temperance different from any one else you ever saw. And then the National parliamentarian, who is always right on the ground to see that everything is done in the convention according to the laws of parliamentary usage. Although she is eighty-two years old, Mrs. A. S. Benjamin is a clear, concise speaker; knows just how and just when to close. It is said that she is one of the best parliamentarians in the United States; that in giving parliamentary drills she absolutely can not be confused.

All sessions of the convention began with song, Bible, and prayer, and closed with the Aaronic benediction. All sessions held full audiences from the first to the last. How could it be otherwise, when every program was so interesting? As an organization, the W. C. T. U. is different from any other in the world; has a membership of nearly half a million women. In the last twenty-four years it has made a decided gain every year but two. Last year the membership gain was thirty thousand seven hundred and eighty-three. Last year the *Union Signal*, the National paper, at \$1.00 a year, paid all expenses of publication and cleared \$3,000.00.

The W. C. T. U., as an organization, is the best worked out in detail, and its machinery works the smoothest and with the least expense for its size, of all organizations in the world. It is doing organized work in every State and dependency of the Union, and in almost every country of the world. It has forty different departments of work, for the uplift of humanity, so there is absolutely no danger of its dying out for want of an inspiration for work. In no other place that we know could any one put a dollar that would come nearer reaching around the world in doing good than in the W. C. T. U. A part of the money coming from the membership fees—each one dollar a year—is kept in the home treasury, a part is sent to the county, a part to the State, a part to the National, and a small part again to the World's organization. It is an organization where all women may meet on one level, with a common interest in the welfare and uplift of the one great human family.

Denominational News

Rev. S. R. Wheeler in the Boulder News

In order to help the religious life of the community, the *Boulder News* has begun publishing "sermonettes" in its Sunday issue, Rev. S. R. Wheeler having had the honor of furnishing the first one. Below we give that paper's words regarding Elder Wheeler, and on another page will be found the sermonette, "Adam's Sin and the Penalty."

"Our sermonette this morning is by Rev. S. R. Wheeler, for twenty-two years a resi-

dent of Boulder and the organizer of the Seventh Day Baptist church at the corner of Twelfth and Arapahoe. Rev. Mr. Wheeler is eighty years old, and owing to the infirmities of age has been confined to his home for eighteen months. Although he has been unable to preach, his mental faculties are wonderfully preserved, and by his pen he is able to continue his ministerial labors. It is with great pleasure that we publish his sermon this morning on 'Adam's Sin and the Penalty.'

"Rev. Mr. Wheeler has spent fifty years of his life in the ministry, four and one-half of them in New Jersey amid boyhood scenes, where he occupied the pulpit his father preached from forty years before. Read his sermon, for it contains many truths and reveals the mind of a scholar, and of a servant whose work has inspired him for a half-century."

The evangelistic services conducted by Rev. W. D. Burdick for the past two weeks closed Sunday evening. There was fair attendance, and good interest was manifested throughout all the services.

Rev. H. E. Davis, of Walworth, was here Sunday to attend a meeting of the Young People's Board. He has resigned his pastorate at Walworth, to take effect September 1, to accept a call to the Seventh Day Baptist church at Little Genesee, N. Y.—*Journal-Telephone*.

At a meeting of the Salem College Building Committee, held Wednesday evening, the committee considered suggestions made by the faculty in regard to what the proposed building should contain and submitted these suggestions to Architect Ford, of Clarksburg, who is to prepare a tentative sketch of plans for the consideration of the committee in the near future. It is understood that the work is being pushed as rapidly as possible by the chairman of the committee, Jesse F. Randolph.

Receiving the Gift

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee
Thy soul is still forlorn.
The cross on Golgotha
Can never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole.

—From the German.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

The Harvest Field

MARGARET E. LA MONT

(Written for a union mission meeting of the First and Second Alfred Christian Endeavor societies)

There is a harvest field whose bounds
Are wide as earth and sea,
And white for harvest droops the grain,
A call to you and me—

A call to seize the sickle hung
In idleness away,
To scour its rusty blade, and go
To reap the grain today.

It may be on a lonely isle
Or a darkened continent,
It may be at our very door,
Our labor shall be spent.

But far or near, the need is great,
And there is work for all.
O Master of the harvest field,
We answer to the call.

Life's Solid Foundations

ETHLYN M. DAVIS

Christian Endeavor Topic for February
13, 1915

Daily Readings

Sunday—Building on Christ (Jude 1-3, 20-25)
Monday—The words of Christ (Matt. 7: 24-29)
Tuesday—Truthfulness (Eph. 4: 25)
Wednesday—Love (1 Cor. 13: 1-7)
Thursday—Mercy (Matt. 5: 7)
Friday—Honesty (Prov. 11: 1-10)
Sabbath Day—The solid foundations of life (1 Cor. 3: 9-15). (Consecration meeting.)

THOUGHTS ON THE LESSON

"For we are laborers together with God" (vs. 9). Blessed privilege! We do not need to bear the burdens of life and of the church alone. Remember we are co-workers with the great I Am.

I was thinking only today of some friends for whom I have great anxiety. It seems so hard for them to leave the tempting pleasures of the world and give their whole-hearted service to God. They want to hold onto God with one hand and onto the world with the other. This is the beginning of a weak and treacherous foundation. But this comforting thought came

to me, that God can influence their hearts more than we; and since we are co-laborers with him, we can plead in their behalf to him and then do our utmost to make Christian work so attractive that it will crowd out all desire for unworthy things.

Every life is God's building. What a sacred duty it is to make our foundations deep and secure. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (vs. 11). A mason, when building the foundation for a large structure, must be accurate in calculating dimensions, corners, straight lines, and in leaving no weak places; so we must be just as accurate in laying the foundations of our lives. How different from the haphazard life many of us live! Let us make the first years of our lives wise and strong.

Paul speaks of himself (vs. 10) as a "wise master-builder," meaning that, through the grace of God, he had been the builder of those early churches in Corinth and other cities and that Christ was the foundation on which he had builded. He accepted the honor of being the father of the church, but ever kept before their minds the truth that Jesus Christ was the head of the church, and that it was the divine One who had given his life a ransom for them. This foundation is the best and only sure one. Now it is our work to build such a perfect superstructure that no storm, however severe, can mar its beauty or perfection.

Many people try to lay new-fangled foundations, some of the late and popular "isms." But Jesus said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

If our building is of gold, silver, or precious stones (vs. 12), well and good (vs. 14); but if we are satisfied to have our house built of wood, hay, or stubble, when the building is tested in the eternal fire, we shall "suffer loss," but "shall be saved; yet so as by fire" (vs. 15). That is, we may possibly gain heaven by a hair's breadth, but miss much of the real joy which comes by building of the non-combustible, everlasting qualities which make up the true Christlike life.

Have you ever thought how much health has to do with our Christian lives? Let us put it the other way: Have you thought how much true Christian living has to do

with our health? Think about that! Talk about it; then live it!

Amos R. Wells says: "Character is the chief course in one's life foundations; and character is Christ within us." Can we not aspire to higher and better living with Oliver Wendell Holmes as he draws his lesson from the life of the Chambered Nautilus?

"Build thee more stately mansions O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

ILLUSTRATIONS

Buildings in New York can be raised to an unlimited height because the core of the island is solid rock; in Boston, on the contrary, buildings must be placed on piles, and only a limited weight may be placed upon them. Our Christian building may go as high as heaven.

Chicago foundations must go down through the sand for scores of feet, but solid rock is to be reached. One great store rests on steel piers which are thrust through the sand. Thus our lives may get to a solid foundation through all obstacles.

For rearing a large office building about half the time and cost are required for obtaining a good foundation. It is not otherwise in life.

A building is erected on the plan of the foundation. If changes are to be made after the foundation is laid, it is only with extreme difficulty. Start cautiously.—*Taken from Endeavor's Companion.*

TO THINK ABOUT

When is a life foundation laid?
How are life foundations laid?
Why is Christ the only safe foundation of a life?

QUOTATIONS

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

—*Longfellow.*

The best use we can make of our life is to live so that we shall be a benediction to every one we meet.—*J. R. Miller.*

We must conceive of life not as an opportunity for sport but as a sphere for duty.—*Robert E. Speer.*

Christian Endeavor, without its union work, would be like an iron bar; with its union work, it is like a chain. The union, like the chain, consists of many elements brought together. It is united, yet flexible. No one of its links must be broken, or the whole chain is spoiled. A crack in one link weakens all the links. Every society is a link in the union. Every member of a society is a part of a link. Is the place where you should be a crack?—*Amos R. Wells.*

SUGGESTED HYMNS

I am Thine, O Lord.
Build on the Rock.
The Solid Rock.
Rock of Ages.
Walking in the Light.
Blessed are They that Do.
Cling to the Bible, my Boy!

An Alfred Local Union Meeting

MARGARET E. LA MONT

On December 26, 1914, the Christian Endeavor societies of the two Alfreds held a union meeting at Alfred Station. Fifteen young people from First Alfred bade defiance to the half-frozen mercury, and either walked, or rode in the big sleigh furnished by Mr. Lowell F. Randolph.

The theme of the meeting was Missions. Miss Edith Burdick and Miss Margaret Stillman acted as leaders.

After an opening song service and the reading of appropriate Scripture, letters from some of our missionaries in China were read, and prayers for our missions there were offered by the pastors present—Rev. W. L. Burdick, Rev. I. L. Cottrell, and Rev. I. S. Goff.

Slips were then given out, on which each person was asked to write an answer to the question, "Do you believe in missions, and why?"

A poem, "The Harvest Field," written for the occasion, was read; and a recitation and song, "The Baby's Lullaby," by Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, was given by the Misses Gertrude and Lennora Ford.

Lowell F. Randolph and Edward Saunders presented echoes from the Student Volunteer Convention, held at Geneva, N. Y., Mr. Randolph giving general impressions and Mr. Saunders telling of mission work among lepers in India.

At this point, the slips were collected and read. Among the reasons for belief in missions were these: "Christ commanded his disciples to go into all the world."—"Since we have such a good thing as the religion of Jesus, we ought not to be selfish but should tell others of the good news."—"The church has always been the greatest power for better education and higher civilization. Therefore all nations that have this influence should feel duty bound to give it to those who have it not."—"Missions can help to mold the awakening peoples of the East into Christian, God-fearing nations." Two persons expressed disbelief in foreign missions on the ground that there was "so much to do at home." This objection called forth several additional arguments in favor of foreign missions.

Miss Nina Palmiter then read from the RECORDER of December 14 the poem by Rev. Riley G. Davis, "Are You Willing to Serve?" "The Morning Light Is Breaking," was sung as a closing hymn, and the Mizpah benediction ended a most interesting meeting.

Letters From Our Far-away Missionaries

The letters which follow were written by our missionaries in China, in response to the request for "good news" from our mission there, to be read at a union meeting of the two Alfred societies. An interesting account of this meeting precedes these letters, and it is through the desire of the two Alfred societies to share these letters with our other Christian Endeavor societies that it is possible to publish them. While there is a little in them that is local and personal, it only adds to their interest, so they are given in full just as written. There are four of the letters, written respectively by Miss Susie M. Burdick, Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Davis, Miss Anna West, and Dr. Grace I. Crandall. These letters ought to put us into closer and more sympathetic touch with our faithful missionaries and their work in China. Miss Burdick's letter is given first, then follow the others.

MY DEAR MR. SANFORD:

Your letter asking me to write you and to ask the others of the mission to write you letters for the union meeting of the

Alfred and Alfred Station Y. P. S. C. E. societies has just reached me this evening. There is a steamer going out tomorrow, and if we can get letters off by that there is a chance of their reaching you on time and several chances of their not doing so. I have asked others of the mission to join in a budget of letters and hope some will be able to respond. Fortunately, Dr. Grace Crandall is here and can write for Lieu-oo.

I have asked Miss West to write you about the Girls' Boarding School, which has been under way nearly two weeks. The day schools opened two weeks before and are very well filled. In the city there are thirty-five children, and in the Zia-jau school there are thirty boys. I say boys, for we are trying to take only boys in that school, but two or three little girls insist upon coming. We have opened a new school here, near us. Last term there were fourteen girls who persisted in coming to the boys' school and we felt we ought to provide better conditions for them; so this new school has been opened and there are seventeen children and one of them is a "little brother." Two others have bespoken admission.

It has been said that the war and the throwing out of work of so many Chinese would reduce the number of the pupils in the schools, but it has not seemed to work that way with us. Three girls in the boarding school have gone back to their Ningpo home because their people were frightened when Japan joined this wicked war. They left, saying they would not return until Tsing-tao was quiet. We suppose the Japanese are at this time putting forth their efforts to take that German stronghold which seems so near us. No one knows how many lives will be needlessly sacrificed.

You ask for "good news" from our mission. I wish I could tell you of a great awakening and of many conversions, but it seems to be of the good opportunities to work that we must write instead of much accomplished. Last week I went to see a woman, who, as a girl several years ago, attended one of our day schools. She has been married several years. Three or four years ago, after three days of intense headache, she suddenly went blind. In spite of her affliction she is a careful home manager and she sits in her blindness and

one is impressed with the clearness of mind and memory with which she recalls her former associates in the school. In the home with her is a woman, the wife of the proprietor of the house, who in the hospital near us has, as she says, often heard the gospel and she seemed to welcome a fresh hearing of it. That is one of the very hopeful conditions of the time, that people who have heard want to hear again the story of our blessed Savior.

As to things in general in China, opinions seem to differ widely. There are those who speak very discouragingly of the advancement of the new republic of China and again those in a position to know much think China is going on very favorably and, given time, will make good. Just now her weakness is being shown up in her inability to make any stand against her aggressive and ubiquitous neighbor, Japan, as she violates China's neutrality and brings distress and destruction upon numbers of China's helpless subjects in her effort to reach Tsing-tao to put in her unnecessary share in this altogether unnecessary and selfish war, or War of Selfishness. Any one must know China is in no condition to make a stand against any outside foe.

In her attempt to rid the nation of opium it seems to be agreed that China is making good. At our union prayer meeting tonight Mr. Arnold Foster, of the London Mission of Hankow, called attention to Shanghai's failure to do her share in this undertaking. True she closed the dens some months, or years, ago but at the same time allowed the shops where opium can be retailed to be increased in number and it was shown that now the International Settlement is receiving from the license of such shops a monthly revenue of fully ten thousand taels. There is no promise from the council that they will do anything about this until the ratepayer's meeting in March of next year, but Mr. Foster rightly maintains that a campaign of information and enlightenment should begin at once. That China has taken up such a work of deliverance for the nation ought to encourage any one, not only for China but about any other undertaking in the line of righteousness.

With my mind's eye I can see the meeting at the Station—or is it to be held at Alfred? I suppose there will be new faces there, but there will be many which come freshly to my mind. I am glad the

union meetings are held, and wish and pray for them great success and usefulness. May the Lord establish and strengthen you all.

Very sincerely yours,

SUSIE M. BURDICK.

West Gate, Shanghai,
September 21, 1914.

Mr. Mark Sanford,

Little Genesee, N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND: Your letter "requesting good news from our mission field" arrived in Shanghai last evening and was handed me this morning. There is scarcely time to write for a mail that goes out this afternoon and it is a little doubtful about this letter reaching you by October 24, the date of your meeting. If the steamer is not delayed by typhoons or war troubles or something else, she may possibly cross the Pacific in time for the letter to reach you.

I shall be able to mention only a few things which may come under the head of your subject.

We as a mission have been greatly blessed during the year in that we have been able to continue our work without any interruption. In so many places throughout the world and in different parts of China there have been wars and rumors of wars, famine and floods, and devastation. I think especially of the northern provinces of China, where White Wolf for many months pillaged scores of towns and killed hundreds of innocent people; and again of the recent floods that have destroyed the crops of a vast section of the country, and thousands of people are in a starving condition; and just at this present time I think of the merciless cruelty of the Japanese troops in the Shangtung province in their attempt to attack Tsing-tao, the German concession, where they have no right to be, China being a neutral power. We in this section have been spared from sufferings of this nature except as we suffer for others in our sympathies.

The war has greatly affected the commercial interest of Shanghai. It has also affected the mail communications with the whole world. We join most heartily in the universal prayer of Christians that God will move on the hearts of the rulers of the nations now at war and that peace may soon be restored.

It was my privilege a few weeks ago to

visit our station at Lieu-oo and baptize six persons and receive them into the church there. There are a number of others who are inquiring and we hope they will also soon be ready to unite with the church.

Since the opening of the schools I have resumed my class of inquirers in Shanghai. We take for our study, in connection with the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress. There are also a number in this class who, I trust, will soon become Christians.

There has been quite an increase in our Sabbath Day congregations since the re-opening of the schools and the opening of a new day school. There was present, last Sabbath, 160 in our congregation. Of course, the most of these are pupils in the schools. But during the summer, when the schools were not in session, we had a very good attendance at the services.

The summer in Shanghai was one of the hottest we have had for many years. We are very thankful that we were able to go through it without any serious illness.

We are so thankful that we have the new chapel in which to hold our services. It would be impossible for us to hold the services that we have now were it not for the chapel. We also rejoice in having the new mission home so that the old dwelling can be used for the enlarged work of the Girls' Boarding-School.

We solicit an interest from all Christian Endeavorers in the work we are trying to do for the boys and girls and the people in China. And may God bless you each in all that you attempt for him.

Fraternally,
D. H. DAVIS,
S. G. DAVIS.

West Gate, Shanghai,
September 22, 1914.

DEAR MR. SANFORD:

Miss Burdick has asked me to write and tell you about our boarding-school work. You may or may not know that we are one of a half-dozen or more missions which have boarding schools for girls here in Shanghai. You might think there would scarcely be opportunity for so many without some encroaching on the others; but this year, even more than ever before, it is evident they do not, for all the schools, about here at least, are crowded to the utmost.

Because of the size of our building we are necessarily limited in the numbers we can accept, so our school is smaller than most of the rest. When I first came, three years ago, the school was filled with twenty-five pupils while we are receiving forty this year. This is because we were able to enlarge when Dr. Davis moved into his new house. I have just drawn a rough sketch of the school and house, thinking perhaps it might help to make your idea of our situation more clear. The two recitation rooms and the Chinese guest or reception room toward the south are the rooms the Davises formerly used. You see this gives us now a main room about 30 by 15, four recitation rooms and two dining-rooms, beside the guest room, on the first floor. The second floor is used entirely for dormitory. There are four rooms in the long school (original) building, and two in the main house. There is where we are most crowded. We could put in a few more seats in the schoolroom; classes could just as well be much larger; but there is no space for more beds. To accept forty girls this fall we have had to take two into our own rooms.

Our school work is what you find in a graded school at home with one year of high-school work. The studies are Bible, arithmetic, geography, physiology, elementary physics, English reading, writing, and grammar, and their Chinese reading and writing. Music and sewing have their regular place in the work, and we hope to teach some drawing this year.

There are three Chinese assistants: one gentleman, who teaches the Chinese language, and two young women, who have been educated in this school and who now teach most of the Bible, science, and arithmetic classes. We find them efficient helpers though, of course, not equal to normal trained teachers. Just now two neighboring schools and ours are uniting in teachers' meetings, hoping to exchange ideas and suggestions to the advantage of us all.

Our girls are of all ages, of course, up to about twenty. The Chinese girl, it seems to me, is much younger for her age than our American girls. This is only what could be expected from their past seclusion. We find them an eager, earnest, and zestful set of pupils. I have felt it more than ever these last few days as I

have gone into the classroom and seen enthusiasm and interest writ large on their faces. They are not *sent* to school, but come because they *want* to learn.

I wish I knew how I might answer questions that are in your minds about the school. We are very grateful for your interest and we seek your continued interest and prayers.

Wishing you a most interested union meeting, I am,

Sincerely yours,

ANNA WEST.

West Gate, Shanghai,
September 22, 1914.

Mr. Mark Sanford:

DEAR FRIEND: Miss Burdick informs me that a letter must be written to you today, and I realize that if you have it for your meeting it certainly can not be delayed.

I do not know that I can write anything new of our work in Lieu-oo. Of course, when I first came, my chief business was to get some of the language as soon as possible. I can not say that I have conquered the language, but I have a little working knowledge of it; I can work to a little better advantage, so that now we can begin to broaden our work somewhat.

Before I came Dr. Palmberg taught English every forenoon and held the clinics afternoons. Besides, at one time, she had a small day school taught by a Chinese gentleman, who died just before her furlough. This day-school was almost free, the tuition being only the merest trifle.

Now we have opened a girls' day school, which we hold in the town in a rented building. We are charging a reasonable fee and are getting a different class of pupils. We have only nine or ten pupils as yet, but they are mostly girls of rather good families—not the wealthiest, nor yet the poorest. Several of them are young women, eighteen to twenty years old, who have never been at school at all before. They are bright, refined young women, and are most diligent pupils. I am having charge of this school and shall spend two or three half-days a week assisting in the instruction.

Dr. Palmberg spends every forenoon, excepting of course Sabbath, with her young (men) English pupils.

Until cold weather I expect to spend a

day or two each week at outpost work, as I was doing last year. That will take up all my extra hours. Afternoons, of course, we always have our clinic at Lieu-oo. The numbers vary greatly. In bad weather, there are often only two or three. In good weather and when the people are not too busy, we often have twenty-five or thirty patients. In the spring, we have had up to sixty or seventy, and often have forty or fifty. In my out-clinic work I have sometimes had larger numbers, my largest record being one hundred and fourteen in one day. But, of course, this is where I go only once in two weeks. On the whole, the medical work is gaining all the while in numbers. Last year was better than the year before, and this year to date is ahead of last year at this time.

Without a hospital our opportunities are limited. Five minutes with a patient, with no opportunity to watch the course of the disease or the effect of the medicine, is, at the best, unsatisfactory. However, it is often the entering wedge of influence.

The evangelistic work goes steadily and hopefully forward under Mr. Toong's guidance. The attendance at church is good, must average thirty or more. There are often sixty present, and for the most part they give glad attention. In our school work we push the gospel teaching and hope in that way to reach the homes more.

All in all, the outlook is good. The Chinese are not an impulsive people and will not come with a rush. Selfishness and deceit are too much an every-day thing among them for them to quickly embrace a new doctrine. It is hard for them to believe in unselfish love for a brother man. Unfortunately, we missionaries, who are mortal with all our high aspirations, have some difficulty in living up to the perfect standard we teach. Also the so-called Christian nations fall so far short of the Christian standard! And the Chinaman, even though he often can not read, knows the news and has the brains to reason out things. Oh, he is so quick to see inconsistency!

Please pray for us that our lives may teach, as well as our tongues.

Sincerely,

GRACE I. CRANDALL.

Shanghai, China,
September 22, 1914.

Statement of Treasurer of Young People's Board

There are over fifty churches and societies that are supposed to contribute to the Young People's Board. Out of that number only fifteen have sent any money to the treasurer. Two of these have paid their full apportionment. The others have paid less than half. There are about thirty societies that we have not heard from since Conference. Do you belong to one of these? Remember we agreed to raise \$1,200 this year, \$100 a month. Five months have passed and we have received but \$205. There must be something wrong. This is a personal matter for every young person in the denomination. Let each one do his part and we will have \$1,500 before Conference.

L. H. STRINGER,
Treasurer.

Milton, Wis.,
January 22, 1914.

News Notes

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Sabbath afternoon, January 9, "welcoming" service was held for the seven new members, graduates from the Junior. This means much to us—not only new faces, but new ideas, more enthusiasm, and much help in all lines of work for the new year.

Sunday afternoon was the annual business meeting. New officers and committees—excepting the president and the corresponding secretary—were elected. A budget of expenses was presented and the pledge card and envelope system will be used to raise the money. Eight of our members are comrades of the Quiet Hour, and seven are tithers. We hope to increase these numbers to many more soon. We are very hopeful for the year 1915. Wisconsin's slogan, "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength—I will!"

January 14, 1915.

"Preach the Word"

Never before has the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ needed proclamation in its simplicity and purity so much as today. There has been altogether too much "theorizing and temporizing and compromising." In view of this situation,

an eminent minister well says: "Let us now begin to preach the gospel of Christ with the conviction of Athanasius, with the fidelity of Chrysostom, with the volcanic fervor of Savonarola, with the unction of Knox, with the power of Calvin, with the courage of Luther, with the enlightenment of Pastor Robinson, with the passion of Wesley, with the vigor of Edwards, with the enthusiasm of Spurgeon, with the insight of Matheson, with the splendor of Phillips Brooks, and with the grace of Maclaren."—*Baptist Commonwealth*.

Immanuel

"They shall call his name Immanuel."—*Matt. 1: 23.*

Earth's Egypt night has seen a wondrous dawning;

A glorious light is shining from afar;
Angelic voices sing glad news from heaven,
And tell of One who's born—where shepherds are.

Peace on the earth! good will to men is given!
"Peace on the earth!" the mighty angels tell;
Born unto all by sin's wild tempest riven,
Immanuel! Immanuel!

Though some slept on, a few knew glad awaking,
Their lone hearts filled with gladness, peace,
and rest.

Forevermore, through Him shall ev'ry nation
And ev'ry family on the earth be blest.
"Peace unto all!" the chorus now is swelling.
Hear thou, my soul, the message angels tell;
Find in my heart a place to make Thy dwelling,
Immanuel! Immanuel!

He'll fill the saddened heart with songs of gladness;

He'll loose the captive's iron chains of sin;
The thirsty soul shall drink of life's pure fountain,

The weary find Immanuel within.
Peace on the earth! Oh, sound the joyful story!
"Peace unto thee!" the mighty angels tell.
All and in all—"God with us" now and ever,
Immanuel! Immanuel!

Peace on the earth! who'er shall hear the story!

Peace unto all, help me, O Lord, to tell;
Be Thou our hope, our soul's rejoicing ever,
Immanuel! Immanuel!

—*Flora E. Warren.*

The grand question of life is, Is my name written in heaven?—*D. L. Moody.*

WANTED

Single man to work on farm in Iowa, Sabbath-keeper preferred. Address M, SABBATH RECORDER.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Dream-Ship

A sweet little ship stole up from the South
With a cargo of baby dreams;
Of dolls and kittens and warm little mittens,
And rose-colored peppermint creams;
A wee wind wafted it on its way,
And it sailed along, at the end of day,
Down the sleepy streets where the lights were lit,
To leave each child some wonderful bit.

"Oh, hush, little child; if you want a dream,
You must close your eyes—ah, yes!
For the dream-ship carries a gift for you
More lovely than you could guess;
Perhaps a moon will shine all day,
Perhaps a gown of color gray,
Or a queer little fish
In a silvery dish—
Sail away, little boat, and away!"

—*Miriam S. Clark, in St. Nicholas.*

Mr. Squirrel

Marion was Edward's baby sister. One cold morning in the fall their father said: "Come, children, if we want any of those fine hickory nuts that the wind blew down last night, we must get to work. I saw Mr. Squirrel and his family up early this morning. He disappeared in a little hole under the eaves. I'll have to mend that hole one of these days."

They worked a long, long while, until they had a basket full of nuts. Then father carried it upstairs to the attic. "They will be sweeter when they are dry," said he; "so we will leave them here for a few weeks. Then mother will make something nice for us."

One morning mother said: "Go up to the attic, children, and bring me some of those nice hickory nuts. I'll make you a nut cake. Father likes nut cake too." Away the children ran upstairs to get the nuts. When they reached the basket, there were only three little nuts left in the bottom of the basket.

"Now, who could have done that?" said Edward. "Now, who could have done that?" said Marion. "No nut cake for us," said Edward. "No nut cake for us," said Marion.

Now, who do you suppose had been there? . . . Yes, for father had forgotten all about that hole.—*Julia D. Stevens, in Primary Education.*

Jenny Lind's Rival

Years ago in Sweden lived a little girl named Jenny Lind. She loved to sing about her work and play, as other children do, never thinking then that she was to be famous when she grew up. When she was still a little girl, however, people who understood music happened to hear her sing, and saw that she was more than an ordinary childish singer. She had lessons from a master called Crœlius, who helped her in every way he could, and before she was any more than a little girl she was working very, very hard and singing a great deal. As she grew older everybody loved to hear her, not only, I think, for her beautiful voice, but because she was a loving, sincere, unselfish girl; and all these things show, you know, in a person's singing.

She was a member of the church in her native place, and loved to do good, and many stories are told of the lovely things which she did with the great sums which people paid for her singing. After she had sung all over Europe and had a great reputation she had a long engagement in Sweden. When this was filled she offered to give a concert for the benefit of poor Swedish girls. It was a great success, and when she was told what a large sum of money her voice had earned for those girls in whom she was so interested, her eyes filled with tears and she cried out: "It is beautiful that I can sing so."

Perhaps, your grandfather or your grandmother may have heard her when she came to the United States on a concert tour. Ask them, and see. She married a German gentleman named Goldsmith, and died on November 2, 1887. Her last public appearance was just forty-five years ago this last month, January 20, 1870, when she sang in the oratorio "Ruth," at Düsseldorf.

She was called "the Swedish Nightingale," and during her public life was probably without a rival in the hearts of people who loved music, but somebody tells a pretty little story that shows that she not only knew when she was surpassed, but could acknowledge it, too:

"One day she was riding in the country with some friends. A bird of brilliant plumage perched near by as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as astonished her.

The coach stopped, and, reaching out, she gave one of her finest roudades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and listened deferentially and then, as if to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clasp her hands in ecstasy. Then quickly, as though she was before a critical audience, she gave some Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying, whereupon the birdie took it up and sang and trilled till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly out-caroled 'the Swedish Nightingale.'—*The Little Christian.*

The Sleep of the Birds

How would you like it if your mother told you to draw up one foot and go to sleep? Well, that is the way the wading birds, such as the cranes and herons, do. They each hide one foot in their feathers, instead of their heads.

The manner in which different birds sleep is an interesting study. Perching birds—our little songsters, go to sleep on a twig and the hind toe bends around to meet the front toes; when the birds sit down, the muscles draw the toes tightly around and the bird is safely "locked" to the twig! Then birdie fluffs out her feathers, hides her head snugly under her wing and goes to sleep.

Woodpeckers, in their holes, cling by their feet and brace themselves by their stiff tail feathers. Chimney swifts do the same thing. Hawks, and also owls, stand upright when they sleep, as if it were beneath their dignity to bend in the least. Ducks float on the surface of the water with their heads tucked beneath their wings, and are often carried for quite a distance from where they first go to sleep by the wash of the water, especially if a strong wind comes up in the night.

Hens and turkeys like a fairly wide perch because they like to rest breasts, as if their bodies were rather heavy.

But perhaps the most curious are the parrots. We have often noticed them as they climb around in their cages, getting here and there by using their beaks for clinging to places. What would you say if I told you that they actually "hang themselves up" by their beaks, reaching up and

holding on to a projection way above them when they go to sleep? That is how they sleep!—*Walter K. Putney, in Sunday School Times.*

The Biggest Ever

I am going to tell you about the biggest pie ever made. I did not see it, nor did I have the pleasure of tasting it, but I read about it, and it has become a part of history. It was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson and it was sent as a gift to Sir Henry Gray, Baronet, London, in January, 1770.

Here are some of the ingredients Mrs. Patterson put into the pie:

Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipe, four partridges, seven blackbirds, six pigeons.

The pie was nine feet in circumference and weighed 168 pounds. It was served on a tray on wheels, for the convenience of passing it to Sir Gray's guests.

I wonder whether the little boy who once said that he never would be served with a pie large enough to satisfy his appetite would think he had enough pie for once, had he eaten the above pie.

Try the recipe the next time you expect company for dinner and then invite me to help eat it. I love pie.—*Jewish Exponent.*

An Appeal to L. S. K's

REV. G. M. COTTRELL

Just let us gather together here a few moments for a little sermonette. I wish to talk a little about one feature of our finances. If you will notice, this year is proving unusual in the *special* demands upon us, outside the regular channels.

First, there is the rebuilding of the North Loup church, destroyed last August by lightning, which means something like \$7,000 extra to be raised. Then there is the \$2,000 voted for the hospital in China; then \$1,400 that has been raised for the Ministers' Relief Fund; and, finally, the burning of the old Salem College building spells a new need of several thousands more.

We are, doubtless, all of us glad to help one or all of these causes as we feel able. Often the special call is the one that ap-

peals to our sympathies more than all the others combined, and therefore gets our aid. This is all right, and no one of these causes is ever likely to get more help than it needs. But what we should *not* forget in these times is the constant and pressing needs of the regular societies that are carrying on the great work of the denomination. These oftentime suffer in proportion to our interest in special features. Especially is this true of the Missionary Society, that we so often allow to come to Conference with an accumulation of debts.

Now, I wish to figure out with you how we can avoid this danger. I want to urge all of you L. S. K's to try, this year, the Scripture plan of *tithing*. There are quite a good many of us who agree to give only \$2 or \$3 a year. Of course, if a person is not a wage-earner, and has no income, even this may be more than his tithe; but if a wage-earner, even a hired girl, who should receive not less than \$2 a week, earns \$100 or more a year, a tithe of which would be \$10. And a very indifferent farmer, business or professional man he must be who doesn't make a hundred a year. Well, that very poor showing means a \$10 tithe.

Now, why can't we count on getting at least \$10 from these who thought to give only \$2, \$3 or \$5? In this way you will at least be carrying your own burden and not leave it for some other to carry for you, as the standard that we aim at is at least \$10 a member. From those whose income isn't more than \$20 a year, we shall be satisfied and thankful indeed for their \$2.

Now for the \$10 donors. Many of us are in this list. I wonder if we all belong here. I can hear many of you boasting, when the collector or assessor is not around, how much you made this year; and it runs all the way from \$500 up to \$2,000, and some, of course, more. Brother, lay the Scripture rule down upon it—*one-tenth to the Lord*. That means \$50 from the \$500 man; \$100 from the \$1,000 income; \$150 from the \$1,500 man; \$200 from the \$2,000; and so on.

There are altogether too many that we don't find on the list at all, and some of these the financially able. I am sorry to say that too many take advantage of their isolation to "hide out," who wouldn't think of doing so if within the boundary of their

home church. Let me urge these to *tote fair*. The Christian and church vows are still binding, whether we are in the home society, or under the palms of Hawaii, the orange groves of California or Florida, on the plains of Texas, or in the timber belts of Wisconsin, New England, or Canada.

The secretaries should also be examples to their state members in the matter of giving. If we preach tithing to them, let us tithe, ourselves. But we are not expected to do more than our part. One secretary thought he was hardly eligible for the office, because, on account of limited means, he thought he couldn't set a good example in giving.

Did you read "Our Money Power" in RECORDER of December 11? Won't you be proud when our people raise over seven hundred thousand a year for the Lord? We can't do it without you, and we can't do it without a method as generous as tithing. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," and it's a long, long way from the way some of our people give, to "tithing"; but we can make it, if we will, and the joy of achievement will pay for the trip. Let's try it, brother, this year, if you never have before.

Hawaii is again one of the first to report: \$67.50 for two members. If we all gave at that rate, do you know what it would mean from the L. S. K's this year? Some \$30,000.

Two dollars more received for the Ministers' Relief Fund, from Mrs. Elma A. Cockerill, Berlin, Wis.

Topeka, Kan.,

January 23, 1915.

The Gospel Herald

The *Gospel Herald*, published by the little mission church in Georgetown, British Guiana, South America, can be obtained by sending twenty-five cents in stamps to the undersigned. There are six numbers a year, for the twenty-five cents. If you are interested in seeing this paper, and thus learning about the work down there, send your subscription to Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.

"Resolutions precede revolutions. Great changes are the result of great purposes."

Adam's Sin and the Penalty

REV. SAMUEL R. WHEELER

And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.—*Genesis 2: 16, 17.*

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.—*Genesis 3: 19.*

This scripture teaches that Adam's sin was disobedience. It also tells the result of his sin upon himself.

Unfortunately all of us are affected in the same way.

"GOD COMMANDED THE MAN"

Nothing is more reasonable than that the Creator—God—should command his own creation—man.

Human law may not always be just and right, and the penalty may be arbitrary and unreasonable. But the commands of God and the penalties attached are perfect.

All that may be said, thought or imagined about the forbidden tree should not cause any one to question the wisdom of God in placing it in the garden.

It seems fully right that Adam should be tested as the representative of the race. He was created upright—no taint of ancestral sin. If from his vantage ground he failed, it is evident that any one of his posterity would fail.

The universe is kept from confusion, anarchy and ruin by obedience to law. Man could not possibly be exempt from law, and certainly could not be excused from paying the penalty for violating it.

THE PENALTY—DEATH

"In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

May heavenly wisdom lead us to a right understanding of this far-reaching sentence. The sacred record of Enoch and Elijah is exceedingly helpful.

They did not die. "Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him" (*Gen. 5: 24*). "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was found, because God had translated him" (*Heb. 11: 5*).

Elijah's record reads:

"And it came to pass, as they still went

on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it" (*2 Kings 2: 11, 12*). "They sent therefore fifty men; and they sought three days, but found him not" (*v. 17*).

The same change will come to the bodies of those living at the time of "the coming of the Lord" (*1 Thess. 4: 15-17; 1 Cor. 15: 51-53*).

These two very extraordinary cases of Enoch and Elijah show the effect of Adam's sin upon his body and the very, very great loss to himself as a spiritual being.

Before the sin God pronounced death as the penalty. After the sin the sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," interprets the meaning of this death as affecting the body.

Thus we learn that sin changed Adam's body from an immortal—never-dying condition—to a mortal or dying condition. Without sin Adam would have enjoyed the constant assurance that at the end of his earth life his body would be changed from "flesh and bones" to a spiritual body, and thus clothed he would rise to join the heavenly throng.

Also without sin the close companionship of God would have continued through all his earth life the same as when in the garden of Eden—a favor beyond anything the tongue can tell, the mind can conceive, or can enter into the heart of man.

Sin made such a tremendous change in Adam it must have thrilled through his whole being. No doubt he felt his body affected by the change from immortal to mortal even as one feels the effect of taking poison into his system.

He at once came to feel and know that his "earthly house of this tabernacle" would be dissolved and crumble back to earth and dust, whence it came.

But what God breathed into Adam was not dust. It did not come from the ground. It came from his own divine self. Christ said: "God is a Spirit" (*John 4: 24*); also "A spirit hath not flesh and bones" (*Luke 24: 39*). Breath comes from within. Surely there was nothing within God to breathe into Adam, only his own spirit life.

Christ breathed upon his disciples and they became partakers of the same power Christ possessed (*John 20: 22*). God

breathed into Adam and he became a partaker of the same nature God possessed. This close touch with the omnipotent One made the very dust, which was used to form Adam's body, immortal.

Thus "man became a living soul," a spiritual being, so much akin to God that Paul agreed with the heathen Athenian poet, "For we are also his offspring" (*Acts 17: 28*), and Christ taught us to say "Our Father," and the prophets understood his instructions very much as our children understand a father's instructions.

So nearly akin to God that from Adam to the present time, blessed be God, men, learned and unlearned, in all walks of life, have communed with him, prayed and made known the desires of their hearts, received answers and messages from him and worshiped him in spirit and in truth (*John 4: 24*).

Adam's sin did not eradicate his spiritual nature. But it did deaden him toward God, even as disobedient children deaden themselves toward their parents. Also it did withdraw the grant of immortality from his body, as told in *Genesis 3: 19*: "Unto dust shalt thou return."

Thus came physical death—the body changed from immortal to mortal.

Thus also came spiritual death—alienation from God by sin is death. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth" (*1 Tim. 5: 6*). "Alienated from the life of God" (*Eph. 4: 18*). Thus came the twofold death to Adam the very day he ate the forbidden fruit.

This same great loss which came to Adam settled upon the whole human family. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (*Rom. 3: 23*). Come short of that exceeding glory which man would enjoy with an immortal body and with the assurance of being translated to heaven as were Enoch and Elijah.

O Adam! Adam! from what a sublime height didst thou fall! Of all the myriads of mankind not one, except the world's Savior, came to earth so exalted as thou.

Six thousand years have passed, and yet, O Adam! progenitor of the human family, our earthly father, our hearts are stirred with deep sympathy and pity for thee as we think and think what an indescribable depression must have come upon thee when thou wast standing before thy Creator, hearing him narrate the deadly conse-

quences of thy sin upon thyself and upon thy posterity!

Whoever thinks to censure thee, let him remember his own sinnings and consider whether he himself would have stood the test better.

Now let us express thanks to God that he forgave Adam and allowed him to continue in his mortal body. Also that Adam's spiritual life was revived, and that he became the father of righteous Seth, the progenitor of the godly nation which gave to the world Enoch, who "walked with God," and Noah, who built the ark for the saving of the human race.

Also now, O God, we praise thee and magnify thy holy name, that the doctrine of forgiveness of sin and coming into spiritual life has been verified in every generation by many who once "were dead in trespasses and sins" (*Eph. 2: 1*).

And again, our heavenly Father, we worship thee and adore thee for the "unspeakable gift" of thy beloved Son, our Savior, and for his soul-cheering invitations and assurances that stand firm in the sacred record.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (*Matt. 11: 28*). "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (*John 6: 37*).

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

—*Boulder Morning News.*

The Gift of Laughter

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, the celebrated Brooklyn divine, was visiting the famous London preacher, Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.

After a hard day of work and serious discussion, these two mighty men of God went out into the country together for a holiday. They roamed the fields in high spirits like boys let loose from school, chatting and laughing and free from care.

Dr. Cuyler had just told a story at which Mr. Spurgeon laughed uproariously. Then suddenly he turned to Dr. Cuyler and exclaimed, "Theodore, let's kneel down and thank God for laughter!" And there, on the green carpet of grass, under the trees, two of the world's greatest men knelt and thanked the dear Lord for the bright and joyous gift of laughter.—*Pacific Baptist.*

MARRIAGES

LAWHEAD-DAVIS.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Davis, of Jackson Center, Ohio, January 9, 1915, Wm. C. Lawhead and Nina R. Davis, Pastor Geo. W. Lewis officiating.

DEATHS

SCHENCK.—John C. Schenck was born in Weymouth, Atlantic Co., N. J., April 16, 1842, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Mickel, near Marlboro, December 3, 1914.

Mr. Schenck spent the greater portion of his life in the vicinity of Marlboro, where he worked at his trade of sawyer, winning by his kindly spirit and wide contact with men a great many friends. He was an earnest Christian, although he had little to say about it. He has been a member of the Canton Baptist Church since January 11, 1884. This was several miles away from his home, so that he did not attend regularly; but he was so broad-minded in his views that the Marlboro Church has had the benefit of his services, and he was a most regular attendant at the Sunday-evening services. Mr. Schenck was a soldier in the Civil War. He was twice wounded, once in the arm. But as soon as this was healed, he returned to his regiment, the 4th New Jersey Volunteers, Co. H. He served eighteen months and was again wounded, this time in the ankle. A permanent wound was left, which finally resulted in his death. He was once captured and confined for six weeks in Libby Prison, but was exchanged on Belle Isle and again joined his regiment. An only surviving brother, Rev. Mr. Schenck, of Vineland, has remarked that his brother was one of the most calm, courageous soldiers in the company.

Funeral services were held at the home of Herry Mickel, December 5, conducted by the pastor of the Marlboro Church. Interment at the Roadstown Baptist Cemetery, by the side of his wife, whose death preceded his by sixteen years.

J. E. H.

DAVIS.—Sara S. Davis was born July 3, 1898, and died December 13, 1914, aged 16 years, 11 months, and 6 days.

Sara Davis was the oldest child of Vernie and Kate Schenck Davis. She was a very lovable girl and had a wide circle of friends who mourn her loss. She was baptized, January 7, 1912, by Pastor Skaggs, and united with the Shiloh Church. Soon after her baptism she became infected with the dreaded consumption, which gradually overcame the young life; but her faith and love for her Savior increased. In her last days her great delight was in having the Bible read to her. Before her former pastor left, she looked forward eagerly to his weekly visits, and when he left, none missed him more than she.

She was the granddaughter of Mr. Schenck, whose death is also noticed in these columns. When she learned of his death, whom she dearly loved, she began to fail rapidly. In ten days the end came.

Services were conducted at her home by the pastor of the Marlboro Church, and the tired body was laid to rest in the Shiloh Cemetery.

J. E. H.

CRANDALL.—J. Clark Crandall was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., June 27, 1823, and died in Westerly, R. I., December 14, 1914.

Brother Crandall was the son of Deacon Henry C. and Esther Wells Crandall. Early in life he removed from Cazenovia to DeRuyter, where for a half-century he followed the business of stock dealer and farming. In 1847, on September 22, he was married to Samantha Newton, who died March 5, 1892. In 1881, Mr. Crandall and wife moved to Westerly, R. I., at which place he had since lived. In youth he united with the Seventh Day Baptist church at DeRuyter, of which body he remained a member through life. He had two brothers, Alonzo and Jerome Crandall, and two sisters, Mrs. Joel West (Rev.), and Mrs. J. B. Hoffman, of Shiloh, N. J., who only remains. Of his own family, Dr. Henry N. Crandall died in Westerly years ago. There remains one son, Bernie Duane Crandall, who lives on the homestead at DeRuyter, N. Y., and Mrs. Charles H. Stanton, of Westerly, at whose home Brother Crandall passed away. Mr. Crandall had been through some severe accidents, which left him somewhat crippled, but he remained in fair health until within a few months of his death. The life flickered out very quietly and without pain.

Funeral services were held, December 17, at the home of Chas. H. Stanton, Elm Street, Westerly, and were conducted by Rev. C. A. Burdick.

C. A. B.

SATTERLEE.—Horace Walpole Satterlee, grandson of Elder William Satterlee, for many years pastor of the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Church, and son of William and Rowena Satterlee, was born at Berlin, N. Y., November 5, 1829, and died at Rome, N. Y., December 25, 1914, aged eighty-five years, 1 month, and 20 days.

He was baptized by Elder James L. Scott, who was pastor of the Berlin Church from 1847-1849, and united with the church in March, 1848. On May 30, 1857, he was married to Melissa R. Gavitt, who died March 29, 1871. There were four children by this marriage: Charles M., William H., Alice M., who is Mrs. C. E. Rogers, of New Market, N. J., and Ernest, who died in infancy. Later, October 3, 1872, he married Harriet F. Benedict, who died July 31, 1901. There was one daughter, Laura, by this last marriage, who lived with her father until a few weeks before his death.

Mr. Satterlee lived at Berlin until about 1874, when he moved to Verona, N. Y. After living at Verona, Brookfield, and Norwich, N. Y., he moved to New Market, N. J., where he was made deacon of that church, March 6, 1887. A few years ago he came back to Berlin, his birthplace and boyhood home. He frequently referred in

appreciative terms to his grandfather and seemed glad that he was the grandson of such a great and good man. He often spoke with pleasure of the privilege which he had enjoyed of being deacon. Thus there were many things in his life which show that he was striving to keep his mind and heart upon those things which are above.

About one and a half years ago, he and his daughter Laura went to Verona, N. Y. On Christmas morning, Mr. Satterlee passed away from the earth and its toilings to his eternal home. His body was brought back to his childhood home for burial.

The funeral services, conducted by Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, were held at the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist church, December 27, 1914.

H. L. C.

MAXSON.—Welcome Reynolds Maxson was born in Little Genesee, N. Y., November 4, 1834, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Bell, in Little Genesee, December 11, 1914, aged 80 years, 1 month, and 7 days.

He was the son of Zaccheus R. and Temperance (Coon) Maxson. His grandfather, Deacon Zaccheus Maxson, served five years in the Revolutionary War and was also a soldier in the War of 1812.

On March 20, 1856, he was united in marriage to Sophronia Grow, of the town of Wirt. To them were born five children, three of whom survive: Frank H., of Talent, Ore.; Sherman U., of Bolivar, N. Y.; and Mrs. John Bell, of Little Genesee.

Mr. Maxson was for many years a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church of Little Genesee, having been baptized by Rev. Thomas B. Brown and uniting with the church in 1871. He will be greatly missed by the church and a large circle of friends, and especially by the children, whom he loved with a fondness seldom seen in one of his age. He was for years a great sufferer, but through it all was patient and resigned. For the last seven years he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Bell, who cared for him as only a loving daughter could.

Funeral services were conducted in the home on Sunday, December 13, by his pastor, Erlo E. Sutton. Burial was in the Little Genesee Cemetery.

"A hero has fallen, a soldier has gone,
The battle is over, the victory won."

E. E. S.

COOLEY.—Mrs. Mary Alzina Cooley, the only daughter of Grant and Arvilla Burdick, was born April 4, 1880, in the town of Lincklaen, N. Y.

When thirteen years of age she was converted and with her brother, Benjamin Burdick, was baptized and joined the DeRuyter Seventh Day Baptist Church, August 21, 1893. At the same time their father and mother joined that church by letter. Her after life developed into a living testimony of her Christian character. July 22, 1903, she was united in marriage to William Frank Cooley. Six little ones, three boys and three girls, added to the joys of their wedded life. All too soon, judging by our human ideas, came to her the call to pass from earth to the

heavenly life. The call came suddenly. Almost without warning, a heart trouble took away the loved wife and mother. There are left to mourn her loss, beside her husband and children, one brother, B. L. Burdick, of Otselic; her father, Grant Burdick, of West Edmeston; and a large circle of relatives and friends who will always fondly cherish her memory.

December 28, 1914, farewell services were held in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Lincklaen Center. Her pastor, Rev. L. A. Wing, preached an excellent sermon from Ps. 23: 4—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The hymns, "Sweet Be Thy Rest," and "No Night There," were tenderly sung by the quartet, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Saunders and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Coon. After the services closed, her remains were laid to rest in the cemetery near by.

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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. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Ave.

Services are held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Saunders, 14 South Grant Street, Denver, Colo., Sabbath afternoons, at 3 o'clock. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

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.

Not as men of science, not as critics, not as philosophers, but as little children, shall we enter into the kingdom of heaven.—*J. C. Shairp.*

There are a great many virtues that are hen-like. They are virtues, to be sure; but everybody in the neighborhood has to know about them.—*H. W. Beecher.*

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
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Lesson VII.—February 13, 1915

SAMUEL CALLED TO BE A PROPHET.—I Sam. 1:

24-28; 3: 1-21

Golden Text.—"Speak, Jehovah; for thy servant heareth." I Sam. 3: 9.

DAILY READINGS

First-day, Luke, 1: 1-25

Second-day, Acts 22: 3-21

Third-day, I Sam. 1: 1-18

Fourth-day, I Sam. 1: 19-28

Fifth-day, I Sam. 2: 1-17

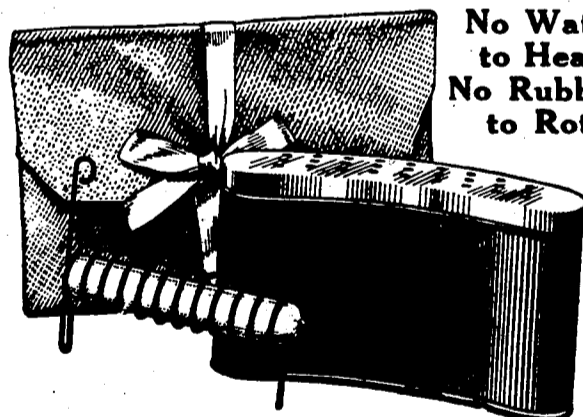
Sixth-day, I Sam. 2: 18-36

Sabbath Day, I Sam. 3: 1-21

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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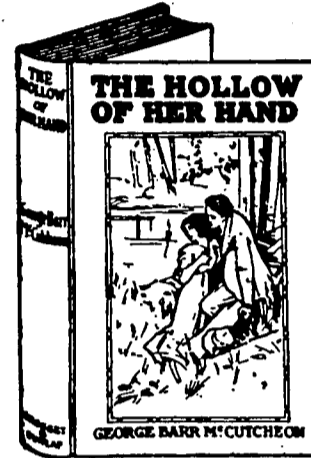
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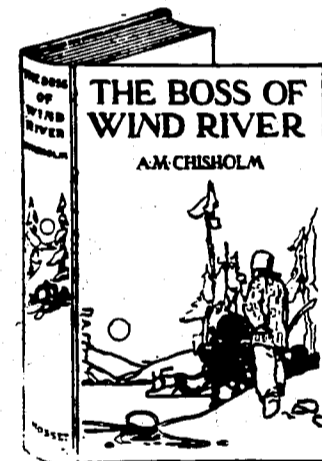
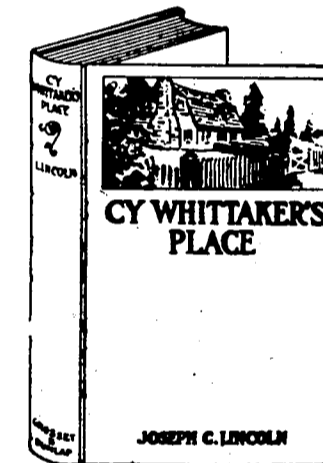
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THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND by George Barr McCutcheon

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.

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When defeat stares men in the face everywhere, when they have lost their "nerve" for living, they become men of stone, or are ripe for suicide, according to their temperament. The sense of having botched life, of being down and out, is as prevalent among those who recline upon ivory couches as among the poor who cry at the gate. Never does it become more manifest that man does not live by bread alone than when a rich man, the president of an insurance company, commits suicide because he no longer can have the trust of his fellows. You cannot restore the belief in life by reducing the price of gas, by having cleaner streets, by building bigger navies, nor by introducing direct primaries, but by infusing into the man a new enthusiasm for life, by giving him power to control himself, by recharging the exhausted cell with strength from other units of human energy. The charged embers of the life grown cold must be rekindled by a return of the confidence of its fellows. by witnessing other men who, under more precarious circumstances, have snatched triumph from defeat. It is only by laying hold on the store of this excess spiritual energy generated by others, in the stress and strain of life, that a defeat may be turned into a signal victory. If you look behind human joy and attainment you will find human batteries.—Paul E. Titsworth, Ph. D.

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