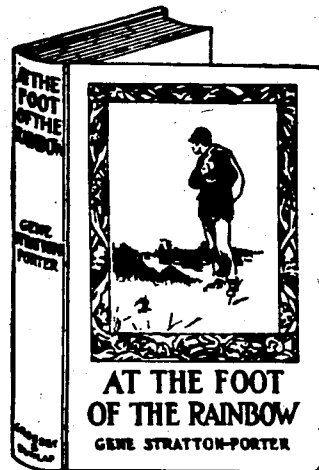


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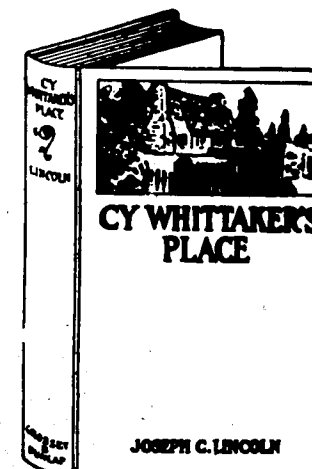
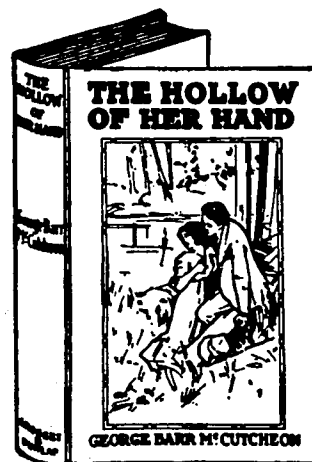
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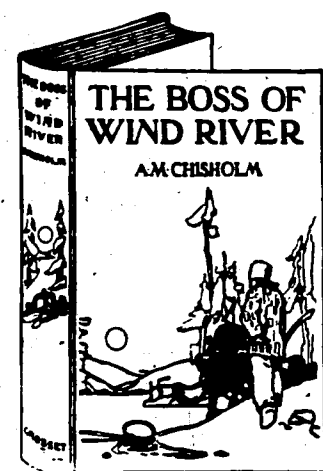
AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW
by Gene Stratton-Porter (Author of "Freckles")

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 BOSS OF WIND RIVER
by A. M. Chisholm

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



THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND by George Barr McCutcheon

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

CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE by Joseph C. Lincoln

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

The SABBATH RECORDER Plainfield, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Child of the boundless prairie, son of the virgin soil,
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them that toil;
God and nature together shaped him to lead in the van,
In the stress of the wildest weather, when the nation needed a man.

Eyes of a smoldering fire, heart of a lion at bay,
Patient to plan for tomorrow, valor to serve for today;
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick as a flash with a jest,
Hiding with gibe and great laughter the ache that was dull in his breast.

Met were the man and the hour—man who was strong for the shock—
Fierce were the lightnings unleashed; in the midst, he stood fast as a
rock.

Comrade he was and commander, he who was meant for the time,
Iron in council and action, simple, aloof, and sublime.

Swift slip the years from their tether, centuries pass like a breath,
Only some lives are immortal, challenging darkness and death.
Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, writ in the star-dust his name,
Glowing, untarnished, transcendent, high on the records of Fame.

—Everywhere.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 3,650

Yes, Peace Some of our exchanges are congratulating the civilized world over the prospects of permanent peace sure to result from the wholesale slaughter now going on in Europe. One religious paper, in speaking of the great gun being made by the Germans to carry a shot of a ton's weight clear across the English Channel and five miles beyond, says: "The invention of such appliances for destroying life and property need not stir us to regret; on the contrary, the more frightful the slaughter connected with modern warfare, the more certainly and swiftly will public sentiment be aroused to condemn martial strife."

This may be true; but what a pity that, after nineteen hundred years of the teachings of the Prince of Peace, when the civilized world had come to regard barbarism as a thing of bygone ages, its most enlightened nations should have to secure permanent peace at such a price! The great, enlightened, educated, cultured nations of earth need to get back to the simple, transforming religion of the Man of Nazareth. Until this comes to pass, it is evident that they are not much better, in some ways, than educated barbarians.

True Promotion How Obtained

We all enjoy being promoted. The desire to excel is a worthy one, and he who would go higher must study well the elements of true success. Recently, a brief item in a certain paper told of a young man who complained because his honesty had not brought him success. The writer who told the story reminded the young man that "office boys are not promoted simply because they do not steal stamps!" This was a terse way of saying that other qualities as well as honesty are essential to success. Some who have made the most miserable failures are perfectly honest. They have been obliged to remain at the bottom simply because they have ignored those other qualifications without which it is impossible to go higher.

Sometimes people express disappointment because loyalty to the Sabbath has not secured for them certain coveted positions in the business world. The stamina that makes a boy true to his convictions and holds him to the neglected Sabbath truth is indeed a most excellent quality of character, but this alone is not sufficient to secure his promotion in a business for which he has neglected to fit himself. To the quality of honesty, or of loyalty to Bible truth, must be added the essential graces of courtesy and fidelity, and the habits of temperance, economy, industry, alertness to master one's business, and a determination to excel by making one's self essential to the success of his employer. A man must have tact in dealing with men if he would be invited to prominent positions among them. These things neglected, and no amount of loyalty to the Sabbath can, alone, secure promotion.

Safety First Put Out the Liquor

As a part of their "Safety First" program, three great companies of iron manufacturers in Milton, Pa., have united to clear their shops of every vestige of rum. Notices posted on their doors and elsewhere give the workmen fair notice that no man who drinks can hold his place in any of the shops. Fully persuaded that liquor has no business in the conduct of modern manufacturing industries because it impairs efficiency and endangers life, these three great plants have taken an uncompromising stand against the liquor traffic. Their men are also forbidden to aid the traffic by signing petitions for license, and thirty of them were preemptorily discharged by the American Car and Foundry Company for so doing.

The great mass of workmen are taking kindly to the new order. They recognize the fact that liquor-drinking is their worst foe and that the shops are made unsafe for all by the drinking habits of a few.

Already the town and the shops see the good results of this movement. The percentage of accidents has been greatly re-

duced, and everybody knows that the legitimate business of any town must be more prosperous with the saloons exterminated. There are many signs that even the black State of Pennsylvania—"black" so far as saloons are concerned—is moving toward prohibition.

Washington Lincoln

These two men stand out in American history like two giants with outstretched hands spanning the first century of a great nation's life. Only ten years elapsed between the death of Washington and the birth of Lincoln, and there are only ten days between their birthdays. It is well that the nation of which Washington was the "father" and of which Lincoln was the "savior" should set apart February 12 and 22 as days in which to commemorate their great deeds. Washington and Lincoln were very different as men, but each was undoubtedly raised up by the Almighty for the time in which he lived. Washington could hardly have done Lincoln's work, and Lincoln would scarcely have been equal to the tasks of Washington's day.

One was high-born, wealthy, and cultured, while the other was low-born, poor, and unpolished; yet each possessed the rare qualities of manhood most essential for a leader in the country's time of need. Out from a mansion came the one, to lead in the struggles that gave birth to the nation; and out from a log cabin came the other, to save from ruin that same nation. Their names shall evermore be linked together in the memories of a grateful people.

"The Revised Washington"

For some years rival writers have striven to exalt Washington, or to cast him down, according to their respective viewpoints. He has been severely criticized by those who have not admired such a character as he possessed, but their criticisms have been all in vain. A man who could be a capable and trusty public surveyor at sixteen, a major of colonial troops at eighteen, who at twenty-seven could achieve world-wide fame as the savior of Braddock's army, and who, while still a young man, gained renown as both statesman and soldier, who could bring about a union of thirteen jealous colonies, and serve his country as pres-

ident two terms, being thus in the public eye for half a century, must have possessed greatness and goodness that no critic's pen can ever dim. In recent years, some papers and magazines, after summing up the criticisms and referring to the discovery of many letters bearing upon the character of the Father of his Country, speak in triumphant strains of "The Revised Washington" as being enthroned in the hearts of men all the more because his critics have tried to tarnish his good name.

What Would Lincoln Do Today?

In these days, when prohibition of the liquor business is becoming a national issue, the question is being asked, "What would Lincoln do if he were now in the President's chair?" He was never known to shrink in the face of a great evil threatening ruin to his country, and now a united nation sings his praise as the "Emancipator." He is honored above all others of his day for his wisdom, his patriotism, his sincerity, his statesmanship. He never asked the mere politician's question, "What is the best policy?" but with him it was always the statesman's question, "What is right?" We never think of him as a time-server, a policy man, but always as a devoted, tireless servant of the people—a genuine *statesman*. North and South alike agree as to the sterling qualities of Abraham Lincoln.

It seems to those who have studied Lincoln's broad-minded views of the things that belong to the welfare of the entire people; his clear perception, honest reasoning, brave utterances, and fearless action for the right, that, if he were here today, he would stand with the broadest-minded statesmen openly and squarely against the liquor traffic. His love for law and order would array him uncompromisingly against the worst business in America. And had he been present when the question of amending the Constitution to suppress this legalized outlaw was squarely before Congress, he would have left no chance to doubt where he stood. A voice from the White House would undoubtedly have had great weight with the legislators when this bill was pending, and we believe Abraham Lincoln, had he been there, would have made that voice heard throughout the land.

Washington's Warning Words

We sometimes hear expressions of solicitude for the permanency of our institutions, and now and then forboding prophecies of ill are made as to the future of the nation. Corruption in politics, greed in the business world, troubles between capital and labor, the spirit of militarism, the craze for worldly amusements, and decline in spirituality lead many to ask, "Whither are we drifting?"

After Washington had retired to private life to enjoy his home at Mount Vernon, upon reviewing the struggles through which he had led the colonies until the nation was established and self-government was well under way, he calmly asked the question: "Is it possible, after all this, that the good ship should founder? Will not the All-Wise and All-Powerful Director of human events preserve it? I think he will."

But to this expression of faith in his country's future, he added these prophetic words: "He may, however, for some wise purpose of his own, suffer our indiscretions and folly to place our national character low in the political scale; and this, unless more wisdom and less prejudice take the lead in our government, will most certainly happen."

Power of Lincoln's Purposeful Life

What can be more inspiring and uplifting to the young men of America than Abraham Lincoln's life of concentrated, purposeful diligence in trying to make the most of his meager opportunities in early years? As men now count opportunities, he had practically none at all. In his humble cabin home in the backwoods country the chances to become president of the United States seemed no better than those of thousands in his native State. But they *were* better, simply because he set before himself a worthy goal, concentrated all his energies upon efforts to reach it, and allowed no opportunity for self-improvement to pass unused. At his work, no matter what it was, he had his book close at hand, so that his resting moments could be spent in study. One day, while thus resting and studying, a man said, "Hello, Abe, studying law? Do you expect to be president some day?" "Don't know," said Lincoln, "but I am going to get ready for anything God may have

for me to do." This was a characteristic answer, and gives the key to Abraham Lincoln's success. Would that every young man who sees these lines might realize the possibilities awaiting every one who determines to make the most of himself, and who faithfully improves his opportunities.

A Word of Appreciation

Early last year the editor sent thirty-one letters, asking as many persons to furnish articles at stated times throughout the year, the subjects to be chosen by the writers. Thirty of these responded favorably and have written from one to five or six articles each. Aside from these, many others have volunteered to write for the SABBATH RECORDER, among them a large company whose help has been solicited by the associate editors and whose writings have appeared in the various departments of our paper. The Secretary of the Lone Sabbath Keepers, too, has done faithful work through our columns. Some have given a series of helpful articles. Among these we mention Mrs. Martha H. Wardner and Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn. We hope all our young people are reading Mr. Van Horn's series now running in the Young People's department. Then there are the associate editors for Woman's Work, Sabbath School Work, Young People's Work, and those who have written for Missions,—indeed, to all the large company who have tried to make the RECORDER interesting and helpful throughout the last year or years, we desire to express our high appreciation of their willing services. Did time permit, we would write each one a personal letter, but since we can not do that we take this way of expressing our thanks.

Things in this respect are quite different now from what they were a few years ago. Some weeks we were then driven to fill up many pages with writings from pens unknown to Seventh Day Baptists, but such a thing is seldom necessary in these days. Look over the papers for the last five weeks, since the new year began—for a year, as to that matter—but just now for the first five issues of 1915, and many may be surprised to see that, out of a possible 155 pages of reading matter (omitting the advertisements), 117 are from our own people, not counting 23 pages of editorial matter. Thus we see that, of a possible

155 pages, 130 pages may be classed as original matter.

When we remember that this is furnished by volunteer writers, who expect no pay, it seems all the more encouraging. The great denominational weeklies pay for their copy, hence we would expect to find a greater proportion of original matter in them.

Alfred Alumni Annual Dinner

The Alfred University Alumni Association of New York held its annual dinner at the Hotel McAlpin, February 11, the eve of Lincoln's birthday. The McAlpin stands on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, and proved to be an ideal place for such a banquet. The two large rooms called the "blue room" and the "green room" were set apart for the use of the alumni. In the blue room, amid growing palms, ferns, and trailing vines, and surrounded by statuary, all reminding one of a tropical garden; between beautifully decorated walls embellished with bronze, gold, and complementary colorings; beneath a canopy flooded with carefully subdued electric lights, a hundred friends of Alfred spent a most enjoyable social hour. At its close, the guests were ushered into the dining-hall—green room—where, under the light of crystal chandeliers, a dozen large tables were spread for the banquet. Ninety-two persons were soon seated at these tables, and for more than an hour enjoyed the feast. Now and then some class yell would break in upon the conversation, making merriment for all. The neat menu contained on the first cover the familiar cut of the Steinheim, President Allen's museum-monument. The names of the guests of honor occupied the second page; then came the menu, and on the last page was Alfred's seal with its motto, "Let There Be Light," followed by the song, "Hail to Thee, Alfred."

After dinner came the intellectual feast, which lasted until after midnight. John B. Cottrell, of Plainfield, N. J., was toastmaster. The guests of honor were seated with President Davis at a table on the platform; and from platform and floor, for three hours, there came sallies of wit, repartee, and words of wisdom, from a dozen men, until the guests had to rush for their trains, well satisfied over their evening with Alfred friends.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Five Votes Short

The House of Representatives lacked five votes of enough to override the President's veto. This kills the immigration question for this Congress. Threats are being made that the same bill will be presented again in the next Congress. It would seem that, after the same bill has practically been defeated three times, and always by a President's veto, members of Congress might learn wisdom and leave out the objectionable Literacy test.

Carnegie Before the Commission

Mr. Andrew Carnegie proved to be the most sparkling and buoyant witness before the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations at its session in New York. The solemnity that had settled down upon the scene of the examinations was quickly dispelled when Mr. Carnegie began his breezy offhand testimony, and cheers and laughter changed the whole complexion of things. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that the presiding officer had difficulty in keeping order, owing to the laugh-provoking wit of the witness, the testimony given was of great value, and called for serious consideration.

Mr. Carnegie was a pioneer in discovering the most successful method of securing peace between employers and employees, one that others have come to approve in later years: he believed there was nothing like personal acquaintance with his men, and made it a point to keep in friendly touch with them. No wonder, then, that he took pride, when on the witness stand, in showing the commission that the only strike that ever occurred in his great works came when he was in Scotland. Some of his partners thought him too easy with his men, but he proved that employers can well afford to be easy with workmen. In this respect Mr. Carnegie is recognized as having been ahead of his time in the years when he was in active business. He believes in making laborers feel that they are something more than unrecognized labor units in a great industry, that they themselves have some interest in the success of

the enterprise. When Mr. Carnegie began allowing workmen to participate in stock ownership, and devised other ways of securing relief funds for employees, his methods were regarded as innovations. In view of the results of these efforts, the great financier was fully justified in recalling facts in the rapid movement toward unification of interests between labor and capital. We can not help feeling that the work of the commission goes a good ways toward a better understanding between the classes involved in the controversy.

Part of the Morgan Exhibit Sold

The public will learn with much regret that three or four million dollars' worth of the J. Pierpont Morgan collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, has been sold away from the museum by his son. There has been much speculation ever since these antiques fell to the heir of Mr. Morgan, as to what disposition would finally be made of them. Even while the museum was being enlarged at great cost to receive them, no real assurance was given as to how long they would be allowed to remain. But everybody hoped the "loan" would come to be a permanent gift. As yet no one knows what Mr. Morgan Jr. intends to do with the rest of the exhibits. Meanwhile the public will await, with anxiety, the result.

Champ Clark is again chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Claud Kitchin, of North Carolina, is made floor leader in place of Oscar Underwood, who now goes to the Senate.

The Legislature of Indiana now has before it a state-wide prohibition bill, which if passed forbids the manufacture, sale, or giving away of spirituous, malt, vinous, or intoxicating liquors. In Oregon the House voted 58 to 2 to oust rum from the State in accordance with the people's vote of last November. No liquor can be manufactured in the State except for sacramental purposes, and physicians are only permitted to administer liquor personally.

Secretary of State Bryan, at a dinner of Democratic editors in Indianapolis, Ind., said: "The Democratic party can not afford to stand with the brewer and saloon-

keeper against woman suffrage." He severely denounced the liquor traffic and expressed the belief that woman suffrage is sure to come. He thinks the saloon must be driven out of politics.

Miss Kathryn Clark, the first woman senator of Oregon, has just taken her seat. This now makes one woman in each house of that Legislature.

Former Governor Robert Glenn, of North Carolina, predicted in a recent speech that every city in Pennsylvania, excepting perhaps Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, will surely go dry within five years. He also predicted that nation-wide prohibition will prevail within ten years.

Admiral Ewa, of the Japanese Navy, arrived in Washington on February 9, to spend several days as guest of the United States. He left his home in Japan, expecting to represent his government in the formal opening of the Panama Canal; but the change of plan since he left will deprive him of that honor. Nevertheless he expects to attend the opening of the Panama Exposition at San Francisco early in March.

Woman suffrage was carried in the lower house of the Legislature of Pennsylvania by a vote of 130 to 71. The opposition by the liquor interests was most determined and strong, because the saloon men and distillers are afraid of the women's votes. Wherever suffrage is an issue, the liquor lobbies are crowded and money is spent freely to defeat the measure.

A stranger, looking over a country church, asked the old pew-opener who showed her around, who the organist was. "My 'usband," was the proud reply. "Indeed?" "Well," added the woman, "the young lady up at the 'all hits the keys, but it's my 'usband what blows."

In Japan newsboys do not cry their papers on the street, but have little bells attached to their girdles, which jingle as they move along the streets. Peddlers, jugglers and patent medicine sellers, however, beat drums, blow bugles and make no end of noise.—*East and West.*

When "Billy" Sunday Said, "Come"

The Philadelphia daily papers are part of the miracle work of the evangelistic campaign which is sweeping that city with the flood-tides of God. Think of reading the article that appears here on the first page of your Monday morning newspaper! It is from the *Public Ledger*, and is only a small part of the fifteen columns that were given in one issue to Mr. Sunday's work.

"Billy Sunday has called, and the people have answered. Eight great, seething rivers of humanity twice passed down the tabernacle aisles and hurled themselves into surging turbulent seas. The center of the human whirlpools was the man Sunday. For the first time in this city he was calling for converts.

And how they answered his call!

They swept down upon him, grasped his hand for an instant, in so doing "accepting and publicly confessing Jesus Christ as their personal Savior." Then, hustled and hustled by officials of the Sunday party and by the police, they poured into the front benches, where they sat, tense, eager, some weeping, many trembling, looking up at the man who had shouted to them, "The hour is come!"

Twice in one day, night and afternoon, that same scene. Twice within six hours the great rivers hurling themselves up toward Sunday, standing there shouting, "The hour is come!"

At night it was a woman on crutches who first grasped his hand.

After her came two colored women, one of them blind. Behind them, two young women, sobbing in each other's arms and reeling as though about to faint.

Next two sailors from the battleship *Minnesota*. Next an old gray-bearded, stoop-shouldered man, with his bent wife.

Back, back, back, row after row, the hard pine benches filled up. The human rivers surged on, down, down, down upon the evangelist. His face deep-lined, his lips muttering blessings upon the "trail-hitters," he leaned over his platform and grasped hand after hand, smiling mechanically, but with a light in his eyes that fairly burned.

He was the same man to every one, no matter how they grasped his hand. Some barely touched it. Others gripped it as though they would hold on to it forever. The human river poured on. A big athletic man, features bronzed and chest heaving, leaped for the evangelist's fingers. A woman in silk, with diamond earrings and with an ermine collar to her fur jacket, turned her head away as the evangelist crushed her hand. As she was crowded to her seat she kept looking backward at Sunday, as though mesmerized. A young woman, with tossing aigrettes in her chic little hat and costly tawny furs, took Sunday's fingers, then buried her head in her muff and wept as though her heart was breaking.

A boy in short trousers was lifted up by a woman to grasp the evangelist's hand. A woman, a shawl about her head, pulled that ceaselessly moving palm down to her lips and kissed it. A man raised himself on tiptoe and pressed his lips to Sunday's fingers.

"At the Cross, at the Cross!"

Eighteen hundred voices, those of the men in the choir in the great rostrum, thundered out the words of the old hymn. The converts on the front benches started singing it. All over the tabernacle people sang it.

Few in the tabernacle were seated. The building was packed to its capacity of 15,000, and thousands were standing on benches, hanging in vestibule windows, straining every muscle, every nerve, every eye, to witness the wonderful sight.

"Oh! Oh!" shouted Sunday, mounting a chair, and pausing for an instant's rest in his strenuous work, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Pray, you Christian people, pray, and your prayers will shake the world and shake the gates of heaven! Pray! Pray! This is only an indication of what God will do! We verge on the greatest time for God that his Church has ever seen."

Down again from the chair, and the rivers surging on, on, on to him; police and ushers toiling like men in the mines, to herd the vast throngs into the seats for the converts. On, on, on, the seething rivers flowed.

Up and down the benches on which his converts sat rushed Sunday's men, giving every one a card reading, "I now accept Jesus Christ as my personal Savior." Pen-

cils flashed all along the benches while people signed their names below those words. Sunday was up in his chair again, thundering out a prayer, a prayer that the Lord would help every man and woman in this great city battering at the tabernacle doors to hear him. And—

"Oh—Oh—Oh!" he shouted, trumpeting his hands and hurling his words out over the tossing sea of white faces, until it seemed the place trembled from its sawdust aisles to its squat white roof; "O God, we should be ashamed, ashamed that we have not had the manhood and the womanhood to accept thee before."

In unison the converts chanted after Sunday the words, "I accept Jesus Christ as my personal Savior." In unison, and with every one else in the great building singing, they lifted up their voices, as the rivers still swept down upon Sunday:

"I am coming, Lord!"

And still they came. Men in sweaters, men with dirty hands and faces smeared; men in frock coats and ministerial-looking coats and ties; women in shawls and dresses that looked as though a wind would cut clean through them; good-looking people, poorly dressed and not good-looking people; people who had come to the tabernacle in their limousines; people who were going away from it to squalid homes; people of every color and every walk in life.

On, on they surged, singing, "I am coming, Lord!"

Tensely dramatic and powerful was Sunday's surprise call for converts. He had preached his great sermon, "The Hour Is Come," dinning its forceful phrases home upon his thousands. He had scored with every verbal thrust. He had prayed a great prayer for the city's redemption, and it seemed it was all over. Then, electrically:

"The hour is come, O you people! O you ministers! to rescue the perishing, care for the dying. The hour has come to go out into the highways and byways, out in the broad roads of the earth, and bring in souls for Christ! Will you do it? Will you go out in his name?"

Hands flashed up over the whole house. "Oh," he cried, straining his eyes upward and crashing his fist outward over the throng, "will you put my name tonight in your prayers? And will you pray for the

success of this campaign—pray that hell may shake before it and souls stream here to God?"

Another great show of hands and a murmur like a strong wind, "Amen! Amen!"

There was a long pause, a rustling of expectancy in the throng and then the clarion call:

"The hour is come! How many of you men and women will come up to me, grasp my hand and say, 'Here's my hand. I give my heart for God, and will go out to live my best in his name'?"

"How many of you? How many of you? How many of you?"

He was thumping the pulpit until it quivered with every question. Suddenly he stilled his shouts, leaned out over the throng and in a voice—a soft voice, a sweet voice, a voice he had not used in Philadelphia before—he cried:

"Then come!"

He stretched his arms out in invitation. His eyes sparkled—

And the eight great rivers hurled and thundered, surged and swirled, up, up to him.

"There stands Jesus Christ," he cried, "Jesus with the thorn-crowned brow and the bleeding hands, pointing to the unsaved and saying, 'They're lost! They're lost!'" His voice sank to an awed whisper.

"But, O Jesus, we thank you for this great day. We're weak in body, but we're willing in heart. They're crowding the doors. They're so anxious to press through. They're standing there hoping that just a word now and then of thy truth may pass through the walls.

"O Christ, they're hungry for truth, they're sick of sin. They're seeking something to lead them to the glorious liberty of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"Make the multitudes here accept thee tonight. Make this a marvelous time. Lead us and guide us to thy glory. Amen!"
—*Sunday School Times*, by permission.

When the tide rises in the ocean, it rises in a thousand creeks and rivers; and when the sunny sea of God's blessedness swells, it streams through the celestial universe, and fresh music everywhere breaks out like the sound of many waters.—*Wm. L. Watkinson*.

SABBATH REFORM

The Sabbath Day

Hail! Sacred day of gladd'ning light,
What wondrous glory streams from thee!
Thy dawning softly speaks of rest.
Foretaste of that which is to be.
We lift our hearts in grateful praise,
For thy return, thou best of days!

On thee our earth-worn spirits rise
To purer heights; while quickened powers
In holy service find employ
Throughout thy glad and solemn hours.
We lift our hearts in grateful praise,
For thy deep joy, O best of days!

From thee new faith and courage flow,
New strength to bear life's daily load;
By thee uplifted we would go
To tread again our upward road.
We lift our hearts in grateful praise
For all thy gifts, thou best of days!

Soon shall the swiftly flying years
Bring in th' eternal day of rest,
And earthly Sabbaths be no more,
Nor sin, nor sorrow more molest.
We lift our hearts in grateful praise,
And long for thee, O best of days!

Montreal. —E. Frank Miller.

"Bible Teaching and the Sabbath," Again

In the SABBATH RECORDER of January 25, page 106, we gave our readers an article on the Sabbath question, by W. P. Lamcar, taken, together with editorial comments, from the *Homiletic Review*. In the next issue of that magazine appeared two other letters in reply to Mr. Lamcar, one of which follows:

EDITOR OF THE HOMILETIC REVIEW:

I have read with much interest the letter of W. P. Lamcar and your response in the February issue, discussing "Bible Teaching and the Sabbath." Some very excellent thoughts are brought out by this interchange of views. The evident zeal to know and do God's will is most pleasing. It has occurred to me to add two or three considerations not taken into account by either of the writers.

1. The question is one of dispensation: "The law is become our tutor to bring us unto Christ" (Gal. 3: 24). "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death" (Rom. 8: 2). "Let no man judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a feast day or a new moon or a sabbath day; which are shadow of the things to come; but the body is Christ's" (Col. 2: 16, 17). Thus it would seem that something called the "law" had served its purpose and passed away when Paul wrote.

2. The line that separates the old from the new falls, not at Christ's birth, nor at his baptism, nor at his ascension, but on the day of Pentecost for which his apostles were instructed to wait. This was the anniversary of the giving of the law of Sinai, and the new "law of the Spirit of life" could appropriately begin then.

3. Our Lord lived under the old law and therefore kept the Sabbath, in spirit and in letter. He kept the Passover also as did other Jews. But after Pentecost, when the new law went forth, no apostle is found keeping the Sabbath or teaching that it should be kept. On the contrary, they approved of the practice of meeting on the "first day of the week" (Acts 20: 7; 1 Cor. 16: 2).

4. The provisions of an "old" law must be brought over into the "new" if they are to be continued in effect. All of the ten commandments are brought over and may be found in the Christian Scriptures in word and spirit save one, "Remember the sabbath day and keep it holy." It was a shadow leading to the substance Christ and when we get to the substance the shadow ends.

S. S. LAPPIN,
Editor *Christian Standard*,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

In item number one of this letter some well-known passages of Scripture are given. Does the writer suppose that the "law of sin and death," from which we are freed through "the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," is the law of the fourth commandment or of the Sabbath? Is the weekly Sabbath, placed in the very heart of the Decalogue, to be counted with feast days, new moons, and ceremonial sabbaths of the ceremonial law? Was the Bible Sabbath regarded as a shadow of things to come? Was not that "something called the law," which "had served its purpose and passed away," the "handwriting of ordinances that was against us," and not the central commandment of the Decalogue? The writer should have begun his quotation at the fourteenth verse instead of the sixteenth. If the weekly Sabbath had "passed away when Paul wrote," why should he, throughout a mission of ten years among both Jews and Gentiles, leave to the world a record of at least *eighty-four Sabbaths* in which he worshiped in the synagogues "as his custom was," preaching the whole gospel, discussing most thoroughly the resurrection of Christ, yet without once mentioning the "Lord's Day," or making any distinction between the "Jewish Sabbath" and a new "Christian Sabbath"? In all the history of Paul's work, there is no hint of any other specific day than the seventh as the Sabbath. Christ observed it all his life, and the four evangelists who wrote

several years after the death of Christ spoke of the Sabbath as the day before the first day of the week.

There is no record of any difference of opinion or any controversy on the Sabbath question during New Testament times. Is it reasonable to suppose that so important a change as that of the sacred God-given Sabbath to the pagan's day dedicated to Baal could have been made without causing something of a stir? What do our readers think about the statement of the writer that, "after Pentecost, no apostle was found keeping the Sabbath"?

Incorporation of the General Conference

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH

Pursuant to instructions given it at the last annual session of the General Conference, at Alfred, in August last, the committee on the incorporation of the General Conference has had the proposed charter, which was submitted to that body and approved by it, completed under the supervision of counsel. With the advice and approval of the Commission of the Executive Committee of the General Conference, a list of upwards of a hundred and twenty-five names of incorporators was selected in such a way as to represent the churches generally of the denomination as well as the denominational schools and other incorporated Seventh Day Baptist bodies, and the officers of the General Conference. These incorporators represent upwards of twenty States, besides three foreign countries. A board of nine trustees was also named by the Commission of the Executive Committee.

After their consent to use their names for that purpose had been obtained of the proposed incorporators and trustees, the proposed charter was taken to Washington and submitted to the bureau of corporations of the Reference Division of the Library of Congress, for criticism and suggestions. It was finally introduced in the House of Representatives on January 29, by Congressman Matthew M. Neely of the First District of West Virginia. Congressman Neely, who, as a schoolboy, was a pupil of the present writer, grew up side by side with Seventh Day Baptists. He was a student at Salem College in his earlier days,

and several of our West Virginia churches are in his congressional district. He is a college graduate, a lawyer by profession, and a dignified, cultivated gentleman—an admirable sponsor for our proposed charter.

The bill is now in the hands of the Judiciary Committee, but, unfortunately, owing to the brief period of time to elapse before the expiration of the present Congress, as well as to the peculiar conditions prevailing in that body during this session, we can not now hope that the bill will become a law before the next Congress, which may, or may not, convene soon after March 4, *prox.* None of the work done this session will be lost, however; for Mr. Neely will be a member of the next Congress, and will re-introduce the bill immediately upon the assembling of the new House.

The number of the bill is "63rd Congress, 3rd Session, H. R. 21237," and is entitled "A Bill to Incorporate the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference." Any one interested can obtain a copy by addressing the congressman representing his district, and giving the number and title of the bill.

"We Shall Reap if We Faint Not"

LOIS R. FAY

A paragraph in the *Boston Transcript* of January 24 contains information of a nature that may well be sent into corners of the world where the news will be an encouragement to many. It tells that at Harvard College there is a considerable body of students who look with disfavor on the custom of serving beer, cigarettes, and tobacco as the standard refreshments at class gatherings and similar meetings. This movement, at the leading college in the land, in favor of temperance, has become noticeable in the protests that have appeared frequently of late in the college paper. The writers of these protests against a demoralizing custom have sent in letters which have appeared in print almost daily during the middle two weeks of January. These sensible young men seem to represent all the undergraduate classes, and, not satisfied that they themselves are permitted to abstain from partaking of these things, seem to realize the demoralizing effect of such entertainment, and are

agitating that the deplorable custom be discontinued.

For two reasons the information contained in the paragraph mentioned above is repeated here. First, it makes another chapter in the progress of temperance reform which is being carried on to victory in answer to the prayers of unnumbered devout men and women who have mourned the thousands slain under the intemperance curse. What praise will swell the bosoms of laborers in this great harvest to see sheaves of grain garnered in that city of Boston, which has had the name of extending so many senseless fads and follies. In that city where recently the temperate visitor sought in vain for a temperate meal, the wheat is rearing fruit aloft above the tares; and we, who are alive and see the fruits of others' sowing, can not refrain from joining the songs of praise those who rest from their labors would love to sing, as the seed they sowed displays its fruit.

The other reason for repeating this information is to encourage those who, unknown to the world and to others of sympathetic faith, are sowing seeds of other needed reforms. I refer especially to Sabbath reform. In scattered sections of our country there exist a faithful few who have been called to sow the seeds of obedience to that command which begins, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy," and adds, "The seventh day is the sabbath." As they toil along the narrow way in poverty and isolation, the world seems to frown upon the message given and tramples in the dust the seed sown. But from that very dust the Creator causes the good seed sown to spring up, and though long unperceived, at last its fruit of perfected truth is seen displacing the evil about it.

There are certain kinds of bulbs which must be kept in a dark place for some time after they are set out in soil. They are kept out of the warm sunshine and even the shaded light of day, until the time of waiting appointed by the gardener has expired. He will tell the inquirer concerning the reason for this sojourn in utter darkness, that there these bulbs commence to grow roots, and thus will gain a substantial foundation for growth of leaf and blossom, which commences as soon as the bulb is exposed to light. Without this stay in the dark, the scanty and feeble roots are unable to support a perfect

growth of leaf and blossom, and stunted foliage and disappointing bloom result. The lovely, fragrant fronds of wax-like blossoms admired by every one come to perfection only after a stay in the dark. They are "sown in dishonor, but raised in glory."

How true those words, and how we praise the wise Creator that he encourages faith with object-lessons like these. Lone Sabbath Keepers may more patiently endure the days of darkness, because they see the rewards now reaped by temperance workers. As they sow, they shall reap, though now they know not what halls of learning, what cultured circles will witness the outgrowth of those embryo influences the divine Gardener is keeping in the dark till the roots are strong enough to sustain a beautiful, symmetrical and perfect fruit.

"God's ways are dark, but soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil can not brook delay;
The good can well afford to wait."

Their Pitiful Lot

Of all the animals that suffer by war, the horse, naturally, claims our first thought. But, fleeing in terror from their homes in all of the cities and towns devastated by this war, men and women have had to abandon in the majority of cases their dogs and cats and caged birds. Thousands of the former are reported by eye-witnesses as wandering about in an exhausted and starving condition. None but the sad actors in this tragedy of despair can realize what war is.

In the forests of Galicia and Austria, it is said, may be heard many wounded and riderless horses neighing pitifully through the long nights for death or their masters. Many of these are those wonderful horses of the Cossacks, trained to a docility and showing an intelligence so great as to make them almost a living part of the intrepid rider.

It has been said that this was to be largely a motor war, and the motor has been used to an extent scarcely comprehended by those not on the field, but the motor has been useless at a multitude of points where the horse alone could meet the emergency. Mr. Stephen Black writes from Rotterdam, in the *Animals' Guardian*, "In the great decision the horse will be a deciding factor nearly as important as man."—*Sel.*

MISSIONS

Monthly Statement

January 1, 1915, to February 1, 1915

S. H. DAVIS, Treasurer,

In account with

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Dr.

Balance on hand January 1, 1915	\$ 398 17
Ed Ellis	10 00
Four Friends, Dodge Center	4 00
Eld. H. D. Clarke	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Maxson	3 00
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Maxson	2 00
Mrs. J. D. Washburn, Marie Jansz	1 00
Mrs. H. Gillette Kenyon, African missions	1 00
Churches:	
Independence	10 28
Walworth	19 62
Plainfield	17 11
First Hopkinton	16 45
Riverside	4 00
Salem	42 25
Second Alfred:	
General Fund	17 25
African missions	2 60
First Verona	11 05
Elkhart	36 00
Marlboro	7 90
Nortonville	6 13
Hartsville	3 00
Richburg	2 36
Shiloh	84 60
Milton Junction	13 60
Milton Junction, Dr. Crandall	11 50
Chicago	15 00
Brookfield	17 75
Welton	6 71
Auburndale:	
Home missions	9 50
Foreign missions	9 50
Aged and unemployed ministers	5 00
Denver Sabbath School	1 10
Farina Sabbath School	8 07
Albion Sabbath School:	
Home missions	1 00
Lieu-oo Hospital	97
Woman's Board:	
General Fund	25 00
Home field	10 00
Miss Burdick's salary	150 00
Miss West's salary	150 00
African mission	2 56
Memorial Board:	
50% D. C. Burdick Bequest	256 88
50% D. C. Burdick Farm	15 24
Missionary Society Income	14 33
Sarah P. Potter Bequest	29 09
H. W. Stillman Bequest	100 00
E. W. Burdick Estate	32 32
Young People's Board, Dr. Palmborg's salary	25 00
Adams Center Ladies' Aid Society, T. L. M. Spencer	10 00
Income from Permanent Funds	200 00
	\$1,779 89

Cr.

E. B. Saunders, salary, clerk hire, tra. exp.	\$ 116 33
B. E. Fisk, salary Nov. 15—Dec. 31	30 00
J. J. Kovats, December salary	20 00
W. D. Burdick, December salary and trav. exp.	92 49
Geo. P. Kenyon, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	25 00
Angeline Abbey, salary for December	10 00
Geo. W. Hills, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	87 25
J. S. Kagarise, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	25 00
Geo. W. Burdick, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	25 00
A. L. Davis, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	170 54
R. G. Davis, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	25 00
I. E. Hutchins, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	25 00
Ira S. Goff, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	12 50
A. P. Ashurst, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	50 00
R. R. Thorngate, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	12 50
G. H. F. Randolph, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	75 00
Wilburt Davis, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	50 00
F. B. Hunt, salary Oct. 1—Dec. 31	112 50
D. B. Coon, December salary and trav. exp.	107 78

T. L. M. Spencer, salary Jan. 1—March 31	50 00
Marie Jansz, salary Jan. 1—March 31	37 50
Gerard Velthuysen, salary Jan. 1—March 31	75 00
J. G. Burdick, Italian appropriation for January	29 16
H. N. Jordan, traveling expenses	10 00
Industrial Trust Co., education of Chinese girl	40 00
Industrial Trust Co., aged and unemployed ministers	5 00
Exchange	1 20
S. H. Davis, Treas., postage	60
Treasurer's expenses	20 00

Balance on hand February 1, 1915

\$1,340 34

439 55

\$1,779 89

Bills payable in February, about \$ 400 00
Notes outstanding February 1, 1915 2,500 00
E. & O. E.

S. H. DAVIS,
Treasurer.

Letter From Java

To the Sabbath Recorder:

DEAR FRIENDS: I was greatly cheered and encouraged by the hearty greeting from the General Conference, written by Mrs. Davis. Oh, how good it is of you, dear sister, to remember me, not only in your prayers, but also by a good word of encouragement. I do thank you and all who remember me and uphold me by their prayers and Christian love. Sometimes I think that some day in the far future I shall be able to join your Conference and see you all face to face and gather with you to praise our blessed Redeemer. It is only a dream; but sometimes it becomes so real to my feelings, as if it will surely come to pass. Oh, it would be a great joy to me indeed.

Yes, I don't know what joys and blessings our bountiful Father has in store for me, although, for the present, things look very dark and dreary. I get so few donations now for my poor people. I can understand it, because through that dreadful war very many lose their situations, and everywhere donations are asked for the poor Belgian fugitives in Holland. This is surely very urgent. But these poor Javanese need help, too, and their number is increasing, as they, too, feel the result of the war; and when they come to me, saying they have nothing to eat, how can I send them away? At the end of October I had sixty-one to provide for with food and clothes. The total number of my people is about two hundred, but the others could earn their own living and that of their little ones. Now I have seventy-four. And only a few weeks ago, while I was in the meeting (every evening at six o'clock we have a short meeting to close the day with

a little Bible-reading), not longer than three quarters of an hour, perhaps less than that, some one broke open the door of my house, that was locked, and the cupboard where I kept my money, and ran away with over one hundred guilders. The man who did it came to me once with dreadful sores; some of his toes were eaten away. He was healed, helped with a piece of land, with a house, etc. A few years ago I had to send him away for his dishonesty; but after about a year he came back, confessing his sins and promising to behave well. He was married to a girl I had had with me ever since she was a little orphan girl (her father died at my colony); and I loved her so much. So for her sake I took the man back. More than once he said he was converted; but after I had helped him again with a house and all he wanted, I had again to send him away, as he deceived the other people, pawning things belonging to them, and when I would pay them back from his wages, he was angry and would not work. So I sent him away, and a few weeks after he stole my money. He ran away, and the police are after him; but they have not yet been able to catch him. As for the money, that is lost, of course.

Such disappointments in the people are the worst. I could much better bear sorrows and losses. Only a few days ago one of the women, baptized long ago, was beating another woman, and only because she was jealous because I had to scold her for telling a lie, while the other told me the truth. She tried first to threaten the other woman; but this one told me what the first had said to make her afraid for telling the truth. I tried to make her feel that she was very wrong in doing so; but this made her hate the other one all the more, and she tried to make me believe the other one had committed a sin, etc. But I found out it was all lies; and now she beat her, and oh, she was a real fury.

My heart feels broken; and it seems the devil is ruining all the work I have done for all these years.

Feeling like that, you can understand how I am comforted by Brother J. Franklin Browne's beautiful letter in the SABBATH RECORDER, dated September 19. Oh, yes, that is the very thing I need, dear brother, that our Savior may abide in me, and fill me entirely with his mighty Spirit. He, the Spirit, will convince the poor souls

of their sins, and make them really repent, and change their lives altogether. I am so thankful you pray for me like that; and I believe our almighty Lord will surely hear your prayers and come and reveal himself to these poor sin-bound souls. He will conquer his foes, and give us a mighty victory. And when you all will keep on praying for a man missionary for this needy field, one who is filled with the Holy Ghost, he will hear that also, I believe. He has always given *mèn* for leaders of churches, so the Bible tells us; I can not believe it is woman's work.

As about my health, he is hearing your prayers already. Indeed, I feel so much better than some months ago; but I am not *quite* well yet. So I hope you will continue praying.

Now I must close, and I do hope next time to be able to give you more cheering news. May our gracious Lord be with you all, and bless you with his *choicest* blessings.

Yours in our Master's service,
M. JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, Tajoë, Java,
December 4, 1914.

Why City Missions Win

HENRY W. ADAMS

Largely because the men who run them have been rescued from the depths, and know that this Almighty arm, that reached down when they were well-nigh past hope, is long enough and strong enough to save even the devil's castaways. Then their faith, and prayers, and expectation of *immediate results* pull them through.

What a tremendous work Harry Monroe did in Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, when God made him the instrument through which Billy Sunday was saved! The seed of hundreds of thousands of saved ones was there. Eternity alone can tell the tale!

One New Year's Day the writer called at Jerry McAuley's Mission in New York. Jerry, as everybody knows, had been a state's prison bird, and one of the most dangerous men of the great city. Jesus Christ had reached down into the very sewers, and raised him to a place that an archangel might covet. Modestly, he said,

"Brother Adams, not one day in all this year has Jesus failed me to win at least one of these poor lost ones to him."

Dan Batey's Mission at 710-712 Wells Street, Chicago, is one of many that are doing a splendid work. In the ten months from January 1 to November 1, 1914, they report as follows:

Total attendance at meetings	59,702
Hopeful conversions	927
Persons fed free	927
Free lodgings furnished	49,585
Clothing given to men	7,296

Mr. Batey had been a noted construction engineer, but had become a "down and out." God saved him in the Bible Rescue Mission on West Madison Street, Chicago, April 23, 1909. The Batey Mission was opened on Chicago Day, October 9, 1912. It is located between a "barrel" liquor house, and an undertaking shop, and Mr. Batey well says, "The one place kills men and the other buries them; but in between the two is the place where the Cross of Christ is lifted up 365 nights in the year, and where men can find food, shelter, shoes, and clothing, and work found for them, as well as the spiritual help so much needed."

TESTIMONIES OF SAVED MEN

I came into Dan Batey's Mission on New Year's Eve, 1913, down and out, went forward to the altar and gave my heart to God. Had never been in a mission before. I thank God I've got something now I can't soak in a pawnshop, and that is salvation. I have been happy on the way ever since.

MICHAEL BYRNES.

On Christmas Eve, 1913, I found myself in Dan Batey's Mission so drunk I could hardly stand upon my feet. I staggered to the front and there gave myself to God. That was the first Christmas Day I had been sober for forty years. God has blessed me and I tell my boys in the mission that it pays to serve God and to play the game square.

TOM KENNEDY,

Supt. Comrades' Rescue Mission.

On February 25, 1914, I wandered into the Dan Batey Mission so drunk I could hardly make my way to the front. I accepted Christ as my Savior that night. My testimony now, after six months' experience, is that it pays to serve Jesus and to play the game square. My favorite hymn is, "God Will Take Care of You." It has been true in my case.

WM. C. MARTIN.

Before my conversion, on March 2, in Dan Batey's Mission, I had been a heavy drinker and cigarette fiend. I wandered into the mission a bum and an outcast, and heard the gospel of

Christ being preached. I arose and went to the front, and when I asked God to forgive me my sins, he did so, and I felt, from that night, that I had something to live for. I am happy in Christ and my old habits are all gone. I am an Italian and expect to prepare my life to be spent in Christ's service. He has done so much for me.

TOBY POLITO (alias "Curly Joe").

My system was filled with booze and evil thoughts. One night I wandered into the Dan Batey Mission, homeless, friendless, and penniless, and heard men give their testimony to the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ. When the invitation was given I went forward, and God heard my prayer. I have now a good paying position, and am surrounded by Christian friends. All my needs are supplied, bless his name.

CHESTER H. GOODRICH.

Only a soldier, but for many years a boozier and a gambler. About seven months ago I strayed into the Dan Batey Mission, strongly under the influence of liquor. I heard men give their testimonies that night—men that I knew—and when the invitation was given I went forward, and now I am in the fight to the finish, praise God.

JOE HART.

The writer knows of no class of men and women who are doing a more taxing and Christlike work than these heroes and heroines who are sustaining our various missions. He bespeaks for them not only the prayers of his readers, but their kind and hearty co-operation in every way. With many thousands of men and women thrown out of work, and with millions of money squandered on pleasure and needless luxury, even by so-called Christians, it is a *shame* that these people should not be splendidly sustained in their helpfulness.

In a little while we shall all stand face to face with God, and the sweetest music that ever swept across human ears will be when Christ says to some of us: "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me!"

By and by I shall hear this music. Will you?

Chicago, January, 1915.

"One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it."

In Bandage

(Parenthetical: I have been threatening myself to "let up," and give the people a rest in the RECORDER; but once in a while word is received like the following which tends to keep the "pot a-boiling": "Dear Friend and Brother, I have been much interested in the work you are doing among the L. S. K's, and the articles you have written for the RECORDER. If a few dozen would write as much as you do the RECORDER's usefulness would be increased 300 per cent. That paper is very short on real denominational copy. Keep up the good work." Whew! I wonder if he knew how big a paper it would take to print it all if a few dozen wrote as much as I do; but I think I see signs of increase, and if I can provoke them to good works, and they will crowd in, I shall be willing to be crowded out. But all this is in parenthesis, and what I started to write about was "In Bandage.")

Yesterday the doctor took the splint and sling off Mrs. C's right arm that had been encased just five weeks, caused by a fracture from a fall on the avenue on New Year's Day. A pretty good for-nothing sort of arm and hand it is, yet; has to be carried around like a delicate baby, and scarcely touched. It can't work—oh, no!—and has to be waited on by the other hand. It's very sensitive and easily hurt. The doctor said it's all right, and gently rubbed and manipulated the fingers and hand, causing some pain, of course. Why, he said if you'd put a well arm in a sling for five weeks it would come out useless, stiff and helpless, just from want of exercise and circulation. Then I knew what was the matter with lots of our religion,—we've got it tied up, "in bandage," till the arm has lost its cunning, the limbs refuse to move, the nerve is nerveless, and the whole body is too nearly paralyzed and mummified to be of service, but is sore and sensitive and needs the care and attention of its neighbor.

I had been thinking it out along this line when I took up the morning paper and read what the preacher said last night, and find he so thoroughly agrees with me that I am going to let him finish this article.

Action is necessary to life, health, growth and progress; and faith is the essential basis of hopeful, intelligent action.

Everything God makes moves. There is not an inactive thing in all the universe. You can't find an idle creature outside mankind, in all creation. Earth, ocean, rivers, air, blood, sap, even the strata under foot, everything is gun by the "Move on" principle. God hates loafing. His gifts are for giving, his inheritance for investing. His decree is that unless you use you must lose. Stop looking and you will soon lose your ability to see. Stop listening and your faculty for hearing will in time disappear. Stop walking and you will become a confirmed cripple. This is the law in the realm of the spirit so many Christians forget. Spiritually overfed and underworked, the church with them is a kind of feeding-place for fattening their poor frail, flabby, flimsy souls. They come once a week to feed on the minister, and God knows that in some instances he is none too fat. I have known some church members who have sat under a minister till they are as flat as a pancake. What such Christians need is a few years' hard labor.

CONFIDENCE IS NEEDED

Uncertainty never succeeds. Even a brick-layer to be successful must be confident of his job. An advocate without self-confidence will stammer and stutter and make pea-soup of his pleading till his case is lost. The leader who succeeds is sure of his case and of his ability to direct it. Wabblers never get a following. An ass that knows the road is better than a genius that does not. The preacher to be of any use to his people must be sure. The undecided note in the pulpit is ruin. Sitting balanced on the rail dealing out pros and cons never built up a church that amounted to a hill of beans. Paul said, "I know and am persuaded." Thousands of professing Christians are as uncertain about their religion as they are about the man in the moon. That is why it is such a pointless, powerless thing.

Faith runs the world. Even seeing is believing, for how do you know the thing you see in the back of your brain is the thing over there. You believe it. Take faith from Topeka and every bank would break in forty-eight hours. We take a long faith to deposit hard-earned cash in the banks run by men we never spoke to. The banks profit four per cent on your faith. Take faith from this world and no one would pay another insurance policy. Up would go the insurance companies. The railways and steamships are built for "Whosoever believeth," and "Whosoever believeth not" is left behind. Only shallow-headed fools sneer at faith. Even the low-down fellow who lives for his belly lives by faith, for he knows precious little about what he eats. He believes it's the genuine article he asked for, and by faith he swallows it. Nothing on this earth has God been at so much trouble to teach as this lesson of faith. Yet in religion nothing is so little, really, practiced. If the average Christian trusted God only half as much as he trusts his neighbors, he would get rich quick in heavenly treasures. Why, there are crowds of Christians in this city who believe the Santa Fe time schedule far more practically than they do the Bible.

REV. G. M. COTTRELL.

Topeka, Kan., February 6, 1915.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Her Change of Heart

Mrs. Stuyvesant, watching the Denver sight-seeing auto one day in October, 1914, heard the driver call out through a megaphone: "On the left hand corner is the residence of John Stuyvesant, one of Denver's millionaire bankers. It is built of Colorado marble and cost—" the voice died away. Mrs. Stuyvesant, who was trying to instil in the minds of her three sons a great respect for work, and who did not wish them to realize their father's wealth, fairly hated the word "millionaire."

The telephone rang almost the instant she arrived home. "Hello, Margaret, can you bring me my bag and see me off on the 3.30 train for Colorado Springs?"

"Yes, but, O John!"

"Must be there tonight. Will be back tomorrow. Better come along. Good-by."

Mrs. Stuyvesant would not accompany her husband on his trip, as it necessitated leaving the boys behind, and she felt a great resentment against the growing business interests, that, in spite of his devotion to her, were taking him away from home more frequently than she liked.

The telephone rang again and in response to Mrs. Stuyvesant's "hello" a voice said: "The Woman's Club has arranged a large reception for next Tuesday, and we want our most patrician and best dressed member in the receiving line. We would also like your auto, if you will kindly loan it, and all the flowers you can send for the table. The committee is to have tea at the hotel this afternoon at four to arrange details. Can you come?"

"I promised to help, so I will come to tea, and you can count on me for the auto and flowers, but I can not be in line. I'll see you at four. Good-by," was Mrs. Stuyvesant's reply.

By five o'clock everything had been settled, and while tea was being served, the socially and politically prominent women discussed the liquor situation in the State.

"Do you think 'Billy' Sunday has helped the dry side?"

"I hope so, but his slangy talk is very offensive to me."

"Do you believe there is any chance of the State going dry?"

"No, it can't with all the money spent by the brewers, the Business Men's League for Home Rule, the Personal Liberty League and all the other organizations."

"Mr. Stuyvesant is in favor of local option. Shall you vote with him, Mrs. Stuyvesant?"

"No, I think I shall not vote at all. I am not interested in politics, and my three small boys and one big one give me problems enough to solve. I must leave now and go home to them. Good-by."

As Mrs. Stuyvesant went out upon the street she noticed a crowd of men gathered around an excited youth. Two porters were holding him by the arms and he was struggling to reach his hip pocket, saying:

"I—I've done nothing. W-where's the p-pro-pri-tor? In-int-ter-fring with a m-man's lib'ty. I'll blow your heads off, and—"

Mrs. Stuyvesant stopped, paralyzed, for as the frightened crowd parted, she recognized Theodore Wescome, a boy she had loved from his babyhood, and the son of a dear friend. He was the boy she had hoped her sons would be like, he had seemed so strong, so thoughtful of his invalid mother and his venerable grandfather.

"Why, Theodore, what's the matter?" she exclaimed, going up to the young man. "Come home with me."

"Why, Aunt Margaret, t-this is n-no place for you. I w-want to s-settle with these r-ruffians, and—"

"Come now, Teddy, with me." Placing her hand firmly on his arm, with the help of the porters she led him with difficulty out to her car, while he muttered, "I'll settle you fellows l-later."

The fresh air helped him, and he said, "Guess I had too many highballs. I don't want to go home to my mother now—and—"

"No, Teddy, you are going home with me, and I'll telephone your mother."

They soon reached the house and the chauffeur helped Mrs. Stuyvesant take Theodore upstairs. He was soon asleep.

"I have never been near a drunken man before. Jackson, what shall we do for him?"

"Oh, nothing, ma'am. I have often helped young gentlemen home. Just leave him to me. He'll be all right in the morning."

"Jackson, I don't want the boys to know he is here. Between us we must keep his presence a secret."

Mrs. Stuyvesant went to the telephone and called "Olive 544." "Hello, Mrs. Wescome. So glad to hear your voice again. John has gone to Colorado Springs and Teddy is making us a call and I want to keep him here for the night. May I? Thank you. Yes, he will be home in the morning. Good-by."

Margaret Stuyvesant could not eat any dinner that night and as her boys chattered, her mind wandered to the heavily breathing form upstairs. Theodore was so good-looking, so athletic, the head of his team, and was to graduate next June, she reflected, then he was to study law and be junior partner in the business of Wescome, Howard and Black, a firm made famous by his father. How did it all happen? Why?

All the week long the Stuyvesant boys looked forward to Saturday evening, when it was their mother's custom to read aloud to them. Each in turn would choose a story, and in this way the mother was able to read their minds somewhat and look ahead into the future. John Junior was to be a lawyer, he asked so many questions and wanted to argue every subject. Wallace planned to be a doctor, and David, who was only seven, his mother thought would be a farmer, he was so interested in his garden and all out of door life.

On this particular evening the boys were breathlessly interested in Jack London's "White Fang." As she read the thrilling narrative mechanically, Margaret Stuyvesant was thinking, "It might happen to John Junior, or Wallace, or little David. How can I save them? Teddy had the best father and the finest mother I ever knew, and neither mother love, home influence, nor the prospect of the brightest of futures has kept him from this. What can I do? All the things I believed in have failed."

"And White Fang crept closer and—"

"Why, mother, you read that page before."

"Excuse me, boys; mother is tired tonight. Let's close the book now and finish the story tomorrow."

The next morning, just after the boys had started to Bible school, a very pale Theodore came downstairs. "Aunt Margaret, I've been awake and in torment for five hours," he began at once. "If you had not stopped me, I would now be in a murderer's cell. I can feel the shadow of the gallows over me and the rope around my neck." With a shudder he laid a revolver on the table. "I wanted to kill them. I wanted to show how easily I could do it. I would have been glad to have seen them dead at my feet." He sank into a chair and covered his eyes with his hands. "Oh, how can a few glasses of beer and a little whisky make such a fiend of a man? I forgot my mother—everything—and only murder seemed glorious."

"My poor Teddy! Teddy, how did it happen?"

"I don't know. Four of us went to a fraternity meeting in Fred Stone's machine and as we were coming home that afternoon, one of the boys gave me that revolver to take along. The wind was stinging, we stopped several times to 'warm up,' and I asked them to let me out on Seventeenth Street to walk home. The next thing I remember I was threatening to kill some one—anybody—because I was refused another high-ball at the hotel bar. If you had not brought me away, I would have gone back and—you were such a brick, Aunt Margaret. I can't try to thank you, for I should break down, and—"

"Don't try, Teddy, but thank me by helping to save my boys from an experience like yours."

"If I can be the lawyer my father was, I am going to work for a law against the sale of firearms. What's the use of a law against carrying them, when at any pawnshop, for a dollar, any one can buy a revolver? If that thing hadn't given me the power to kill, I—"

"Teddy, the whole blame belongs to the saloon. It's liquor that was your undoing. I, too, spent many sleepless hours last night, and thought of many things. In this wonderful, beautiful, free land of ours, I have been told that ninety per cent of the murders, crimes and suicides are due to alcohol. A great sense of responsibility has come to me, Teddy. I have served cocktails in this very room, but from now on I am going to work for a dry Colorado. You can help me, Teddy."

"I promise to do all I can, Aunt Margaret." The two shook hands solemnly.

That afternoon as Mrs. Stuyvesant rode from Capitol Hill to the station to welcome her husband home from his journey, she read with new meaning the many huge signs displayed in the streets, some of them in letters three feet high with electric lights above them:

"Don't Imitate Bleeding Kansas. Keep Colorado on the Map." "Don't Let Cranks and Reformers Ruin Your Business." "Rule Yourself. Don't Be Ruled by Outsiders. Prohibition Means Tyranny." "Taxes Will Increase. The State Will Lose Hundreds of Thousands of Revenue." In a saloon window appeared a placard reading, "Hush, little saloon, don't you cry. You'll be a drug store by and by. Not if the people of Colorado have any sense."

"What will John say to my change of attitude?" thought Mrs. Stuyvesant. As she watched from the auto, her husband came out from the station. Many in the crowd turned to look after him, for he had a commanding air. He handed his bag to Jackson and springing in beside his wife, turned to greet her.

"Why, Margaret, such a grave face. What's the matter? Anything happened to the boys?"

"No, the boys are all right; but, John, did you ever know of a person's whole view of life being changed in twenty-four hours?"

"Yes, wasn't my view of life changed the first hour I met you—"

"O John, I am going to vote and to vote for a dry State, and if you will vote dry, I'll vote all the rest of the ticket any way you want me to. I—"

"So you have become a grafter and a trader as well as a politician," laughed her husband. "What wonder worked this miracle?"

"O John, I have never been so near a tragedy," and with tearful eyes she told him her story.

"John, in the eleven years we have been married," she finished, "I have always wanted to stand squarely with you on every subject, but now, I must work for a dry State. I even think I could make street speeches. O John, help me to protect our boys and thousands of other boys."

And on election day, November 3, John Stuyvesant's vote made one of the glorious

majority of 11,572 for a dry Colorado.—
Mary Janet Shultz, in Union Signal.
Denver, Colo.

The Woman's Hour at the Pacific Coast Association

MRS. G. E. OSBORN

The annual meetings of the Pacific Coast Association, at Riverside, are always sources of inspiration to us, and this year was no exception. Not the least interesting of these meetings was the "Woman's Hour," which was held Sunday afternoon. The service was opened by singing, after which Mrs. Charles Coon read a few appropriate passages of Scripture and Mrs. West led in prayer. Miss Veola Brown then sang for us in her usual pleasing manner.

Following a few introductory remarks by the corresponding secretary, who presided, Mrs. Polly Hurley read a splendid paper on "Our Mission as Seventh Day Baptists." After an appropriate song, we listened to a symposium, consisting of a number of short papers or talks on different phases of our mission as Seventh Day Baptist women.

Mrs. Lucy Sweet, of Long Beach, who is always so interested in work for the children, spoke on "The Little Folks." After this we sang "Bring Them In." Mrs. Metta Sweet read a paper, written by Mrs. M. G. Stillman, on "The Adolescent Girl," and Mrs. Moore gave us some good thoughts on "Our Boys." Another verse was sung, and we listened to a splendid paper on "Our Neighbor," by Mrs. Balingier, of West Riverside.

Mrs. Osborn read a stirring account of personal city missionary work done by Mrs. Gill, of Los Angeles, and the old song, "Rescue the Perishing," was sung with feeling.

Mrs. Severance summed up the symposium by a paper on "Our World-wide Mission." After another familiar song, copies of the annual letter were distributed and the secretary urged the ladies to aid the Woman's Board in carrying out the plans for the present year. After this she read an earnest plea by Mrs. Hills for the hospital at Lieu-oo. After singing "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," the service closed with a word of prayer. We hope to give the readers of the Woman's Page a chance to read some of these excellent papers.

Worker's Exchange

New York City

Annual report of the Woman's Auxiliary Society

Owing to long distance in our parish and to the fact that the members are away from the city during the summer, we held only nine meetings during the year, but these were all-day meetings.

We have a membership of twenty, and for these nine meetings had an average attendance of nine members and four visitors.

The president and former secretary were present at every meeting, three members attended no meeting whatever, and two members attended only one meeting of the year.

This year we sent several garments to Fouke, and at Christmas sent two barrels of new and repaired articles of clothing; at an estimated value of one hundred dollars, to the Italian colony at New Era.

At the December meeting a special committee was appointed to collect funds for the hospital at Lieu-oo, but on account of the many other interests at this season of the year it was thought best to carry this report over into 1915.

The table collections for the year were about fifteen dollars and the expenditures for material amounted to about ten dollars, leaving a slight balance on hand which is under the direction of the directress, Mrs. A. C. Prentice.

From thank-offerings and membership dues \$49.12 has been received, and through the Woman's Board we have paid \$20 on Miss Burdick's salary; to Miss Marie Jansz, Java, \$2; Twentieth Century Endowment Fund, \$4; Missionary Society General Fund, \$3.14; Tract Society, \$3.14; Retired Ministers' Fund, \$3.14; Hospital Building Fund, Lieu-oo, \$1.75.

Though our membership is not large, the women of our society are loyal and enthusiastic workers, interested in all forms of denominational activity and willing to do their share in every way.

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"In the Vanguard"

An Appreciation

REV. A. J. C. BOND

"In the Vanguard" is a three-act, nine-scene drama of real merit. It has not only literary and artistic merit, but it carries a timely ideal which it impresses most beautifully and emphatically.

The play opens with a gay scene on the village green where a bevy of girls agree in declaring their admiration of the military hero. War has been declared by their country, and no young man can hope to ingratiate himself with these vivacious maidens who will not enlist and go to the front. Philip and Jack, who later arrive on the scene, fully realize this fact. Jack has already enlisted. Philip has not, or at least has not made it public.

Finally Philip joins the company as a private, partly that he may become the hero of the charming Elsa, and the "captain of her soul."

Philip proves himself a brave soldier and wins his commission. But he has an experience with a wounded and dying "enemy" who sees, and makes him see, how ridiculous it is "to blow a man to pieces in the name of patriotism, and then to patch the pieces together in the name of humanity."

Philip gives up his commission and returns home. He is denounced by his comrades, who cower in his presence, however. He disgraces his parents and the rector, whose traditional loyalty to the church will satisfy the most orthodox, but whose lack of logic amuses the good Mr. Greart.

Philip by actual painful experience, and Elsa by a wonderful vision, come to the same conclusion which Mr. Greart, long ago reached by simple logic, that all war is wrong, and that the only true soldier is the "Soldier of the Durable."

"In the Vanguard" was copyrighted in 1914 by the Macmillan Company, and the price of the book is \$1.25.

The Church Peace Union had a special edition printed and distributed widely among the ministers of the country, as a part of their nation-wide peace propaganda. The writer was the recipient of one of these copies, and enjoyed it very much.

I believe that if every young person in our country between the ages of ten and twenty-five years could read this book thoughtfully, or could witness a successful presentation of the play by young people who believe in the practicability of the ideal set forth, it would do an immeasurable service for the cause of peace. It would make us more peace-loving, and would fit us for constructive work in the promotion of peace on the one enduring basis of Universal Brotherhood.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Home

O, Home—restful Home! theme of praise
and of song!
Where the heart has its refuge, unfailling and
strong;
Where the cares of the world sign a partial
release,
And the soul can lie down to a sweet sleep
of peace!
The mine whence we dig out affection's pure
gold,
The fire where we warm our poor hearts
when they're cold!
The grand, tender chorus, by love's fingers
stirred,
Where all the sweet tones of the soul-life are
heard!

—WILL CARLETON.

Young People and Their Problems

The Problem of Marriage and the Home

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN

No. V

And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee . . . and Jesus was also bidden and his disciples to the marriage.—*John 2: 1, 2.*

Among all the problems that young people have to settle, there is no more important problem than the problem of marriage and the Christian home. And why this step in life should be made a matter of jokes and jesting is more than I can understand. It ought not to be treated as a joke, but a matter of serious thought and earnest prayer. Three fourths of life is spent in the marriage relationship and is fraught with eternal consequences. In it happiness may forever be destroyed or completed; in it character may be weakened or strengthened; in it children are born to a life of ignorance, poverty, and degradation, or of Christian culture, refinement, and the unfolding life; in short, in the home and marriage relationship is realized the misery of hell or the joys of heaven.

Marriage and the home are primal institutions. *In the beginning* God sanctified the marriage tie and founded the institution of the home. And since it is of divine origin and sanction we should seek divine

guidance in forming these sacred relationships. It is quite customary for the minister in performing the marriage ceremony to advise the contracting parties that "marriage is not to be entered into lightly or indiscreetly, but thoughtfully and reverently." This is good advice but is a poor time to give it when the contracting parties are actually "plighting their vows." It is a relationship for which thorough and serious preparation should be made with a full knowledge of its opportunities and consequences, and therefore should be begun years before young people come to the marriage altar and assume the duties of home life.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING

Marriage is the union of two lives which to be successful should have common ideals and purposes. Whatever the personal habits and freedom of these two spirits before marriage, life now is a partnership and their interests are merged. This inevitably means a modification of each life, in which there will necessarily be much of personal sacrifice. If *love* rules, these sacrifices will gladly be made and the result will not be personal loss but *gain*. There will be a deepening of harmony, an expanding of the soul and a growing unity of viewpoint and purpose. While it may mean the yielding of individual wills and personal ambitions, it also means the joy of new and added responsibilities. The pleasure of personal achievement is not to be compared with the joy of united achievement and, after all, this is the ultimate goal of married life. Two lives at the time of their union may be very different, even incompatible, for success lies not in the beginning but in the end. If there is true love in the union and a spirit of patient endurance, a willingness to assume jointly the responsibilities of life, and a sanctified willingness to fulfil the natural functions for which God created man and wife, in the end those lives will be eminently successful. On the other hand, a marriage which is effected with mere beauty, or happiness, or selfish indulgence as its object will necessarily prove a failure. God's blessing will not rest on such a union.

Dr. Furbush has very truthfully said: "The marks of a successful Christian marriage would seem to be the eventful partnership of two noble wills, the acquirement of noble virtues, the mutual guardianship

and education of children for the sake of the kingdom, the enlargement of the life of every member of the family, and service to the state and the kingdom of God."

I therefore urge upon you the necessity of treating this question with greater seriousness and fuller appreciation of what it means to take up its responsibilities. Learn to reverence and exalt its ideals. We may not know what the future holds for us, whether we shall be permitted to have a home of our own, but of this we may be sure, our success and happiness in life depend in a large measure upon the sanctity and the integrity of the home and married relationships, for our homes are the foundations of our social and religious life.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL

Throughout his whole career as a teacher and leader of men Jesus moved in an atmosphere of domestic interest, and his best thoughts were colored with his respect for the family. Being the product of deeply devout parents, he revered parenthood and honored their wishes and teachings. "His attitude towards women was marked by both insight and by courage. . . . He honored them in conversation and deed. He speaks to one unresponsive woman his momentous words, 'God is a Spirit: . . . I that speak unto thee am he.' He interprets and welcomes the affection which prompts another woman to lavish on him her costly offering. . . . In his doctrine of marriage he explicitly guards the rights and enforces the duties of the woman." These with other deductions from the teachings of Jesus lead us to emphasize the following duties:

1. It is the duty of every young man and woman who expects to enter this sacred relation to bring to that union all the strength and vigor of mind and body which can be cultivated. The responsibilities of that life demand that each shall be able to bear his part and not have to be carried by another. But more than this each must bring a pure soul, and a record free of sin and shame.

2. The standard which you expect and demand of another must in turn be your own standard of purity. To cultivate in youth a high and chivalrous ideal of manhood and womanhood is the best guarantee of an affection worthy of this sacred relationship.

3. Have a very clean-cut ideal of what

you wish your husband or wife to be, then deliberately choose that ideal. Do not leave it to blind fate or chance. Thousands of lives are ruined by failure to observe this caution and judgment. If you admire the qualities of openness, sincerity, refinement, along with the higher qualities of social purity and spiritual living, make these a part of your ideal both in your own life and in the one you expect to choose. Happy will be the home where these qualities are offered by husband and wife.

4. Let the thought of home-building enter into your plans now. In your school do not avoid the courses on domestic science and art, but gain at least a theoretic knowledge of the art of home-making with its varied branches. A well-ordered household is fundamental to peace and happiness. Many a home is cheerless and unattractive, simply because parents do not know how to make it otherwise. Such a home is not a home—it is a failure. Then, so far as possible, put this theoretical knowledge into actual practice in your present home; for it has been well said that our present homes are the laboratories of our future homes, and much of the training and experience which we need for the future home may be gained here. There are a thousand and one things we may learn in the home,—the preparation of wholesome and nutritious foods for the family, the art of making clothing, the decorating and beautifying of the home, the love and care of children, the care of the sick, and providing for the home. Fortunate are the young man and woman who bring to their home-making some knowledge at least of their undertaking.

SOME THINGS TO GUARD AGAINST

The tragedies of wrecked homes so often occurring in American life today should put us on guard against certain things. Love of luxury and freedom from responsibility are leading many, many into grievous errors and sins. The temptation to go beyond one's means is leading many others to set up a false standard of living and to take up habits and social obligations which later prove disastrous. These must be carefully guarded against.

The unfortunate tendency to leave the farm and seek the city in which to start the home leads to many false standards. Living in the rented house or flat does not lend to the feeling of stability and per-

manency. The custom (a growing custom) of buying food, provisions, and clothing ready prepared has greatly decreased the burden of housewifely duties. But it has also led the way to complete abandonment of the housekeeping idea and in thousands of instances the home has ceased to be. Families have become "roomers" and "boarders." Deprived of that privacy which is the right and blessing of every home, the finer and nobler qualities which are the natural products of the home have been stifled.

On the other hand, we should remember that these labor-saving means may and ought to be turned to the upbuilding and blessing of the home. If instead of their leading to the neglect of home duties and relations they lead to a more beautiful ordering of home life, to increased companionship, then we may rejoice in their use. But God pity the homes where the husband spends his time at the club, and the wife at afternoon teas, where the duties of fatherhood and motherhood are avoided, where children, if there are any, are left to the care of careless nurses, where there are no hours of delightful companionships between the husband and wife, between mother and child, and, what is just as important, between the father and his children. The home which has been robbed of these happy hours has been robbed of its richest experience.

Another internal foe of the home is the tendency towards irreligion. The giving up of the family altar and the failure to love and reverence God as a family in the present day is a forerunner of swift decadence in home life. No young people can afford to neglect this safeguard to the integrity of the home. Especially if the home is blessed with children is it important that religious instruction and nurture come from the heart of father and mother. To leave it to the Sabbath school, needful as that is, inevitably means the weakening of the home.

Let us never forget that the home is the cradle of the world's purest thoughts and highest ideals; here are born and nurtured the purest and noblest sentiments, here are fostered and consummated the most beautiful and helpful relationships of life, here is realized the highest type of manhood and womanhood, here character reaches its noblest development, here all the Christian

virtues find the fullest fruition. And finally, let us not forget that the home "furnishes the only possible shelter and adequate school of training for the coming generation."

Improving Prayer Meetings

ETHLYN M. DAVIS

Christian Endeavor Topic for February 27, 1915

Daily Readings

Sunday—More prayer (Luke 18: 1-8)
Monday—More consecration (Phil. 3: 7-14)
Tuesday—More fellowship (Mal. 3: 16-18)
Wednesday—More co-operation (Neh. 4: 12-18)
Thursday—More faith (Jas. 1: 1-8)
Friday—More service (Jas. 1: 22-27)
Sabbath Day—What will improve our prayer meetings? (1 Cor. 14: 1-12, 26). (Led by the Prayer Meeting Committee.)

This chapter written by Paul to the Corinthians is devoted entirely to the manner in which people should take part in public worship. He makes it very plain to us that we should speak with the language that can be understood by all, and not only that, but we should speak with the spirit and understanding.

Why do we need prayer meetings at all? Surely, if they were only to give opportunity for a few eloquent speakers to give forth high-sounding speeches, they would do almost no good. There are some in our time, as there were in the days of Paul, who delight in using words and phrases of little meaning to the masses. Paul's advice is to speak in language that is intelligible to others; for the purpose of the prayer meeting is the edifying or building up of our spiritual lives.

Do you remember what helpful elements entered into the best prayer meetings you ever attended? Think a moment. Was it not that each one spoke simply and right from the heart? That the songs chosen were in harmony with the thoughts and feelings, and were sung with understanding?

Do you not think, too, it is strange to call them prayer meetings when there is very little praying in them, when the leader will occupy most of the time? Let us make our prayer meetings true to their name. Genuine Christian Endeavor prayer meetings are those in which every one takes

part. Do you help to make yours like that?

It seems to me that better topics for our daily readings this week could not have been chosen. Those are the essential requisites for true Christian living—more prayer, more consecration, more fellowship, more co-operation, more faith, more service. If every member of our societies would pray and *strive* for these qualities, there would be no problems confronting us about the success of our society, church, or denominational work.

If our meetings are lagging in interest, they will improve as soon as there is determination to improve them. Make that determination now.

Amos R. Wells says, "The fundamental success of a prayer meeting is the presence of Christ. Bring him in your heart to the meeting and you will do your best for it." (This—your best—you can not do by trying to furnish fun or amusement to gain better attendance, as is encouraged by some workers.)

"If only one person—you—makes up his mind to do his best for the meeting, from that nucleus the contagion of best doing will spread through the society.

"One testimony of unusual fervor, one prayer of unusual feeling, is enough to render any meeting notable. *Make it!*"

"A prayer meeting is like a picnic dinner, to which every one contributes the best he has and from which every one takes enough to satisfy his appetite.

"A prayer meeting is like a feast—it does you good in proportion as you are hungry for it."

When God has given us voices to use, and the ability to think good, helpful thoughts, let us not deny him by keeping silent in prayer meeting or any other place where we may speak a word "In His Name"; but resolve, with Charles Mackay, to use the powers God has given us for the betterment of those about us.

"If I were a Voice—a persuasive Voice—
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the Right—in blame of the
Wrong.

"If I were a Voice—a consoling Voice—
I'd fly on the wings of the air:
The home of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from Despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

"If I were a Voice—a controlling Voice—
I'd travel with the wind;
And, whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them a Christian Brotherhood."

QUESTIONS TO THINK ABOUT

How should we prepare to take part in prayer meeting?

What spirit should we bring to the meeting?

What makes a prayer meeting successful?

—*Endeavorer's Daily Companion.*

APPROPRIATE HYMNS

Showers of Blessings.
Revive Us Again.
Take My Life and Let it Be.
More Holiness Give Me.
Serving Jesus.
Something for Thee.
Fill Me Now.
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

The Prayer Meeting Committee Chairman's Creed

Here we are again with ten "I wills." This time they are for the chairman of the prayer meeting committee who is trying to lead the society in an ever-deepening and broadening devotional life. Every prayer meeting committee should be proud of the privilege of making the prayer meetings so interesting and so profitable that people will count on them from week to week for help in meeting their daily struggles. Every committee would rejoice in having every member take part regularly, both in speaking before the society and in leading in prayer. But we will not accomplish this victory unless we have a definite aim, and work vigorously toward this aim. The following "I wills" will prove a great help in securing the desired result:

I. I will make the work of this commit-

tee one of my first duties for my Master, and give some time each day to its work.

2. I will strive to instil into each committee member a hearty and wholesome interest in the great privilege of service that is his.

3. I will not fail to meet my committee regularly each month.

4. I will direct the committee in wisely choosing leaders for the prayer meetings.

5. My committee and I assume the responsibility of having the leader present to open each prayer meeting on time.

6. I will not be satisfied in permitting any leader to come before the society without a carefully planned program and a definite preparation for the meeting.

7. I will endeavor to hold a very brief prayer service before each meeting.

8. My committee will, by personal work, labor to lead each member to take part regularly in testimony and prayer.

9. I will count my committee responsible for such wholesome variety in the plan followed in society meetings.

10. With the help of my committee, I will diligently promote the Quiet Hour among our society members.

As you who are prayer-meeting and devotional-committee workers read these ten points, you may conclude immediately that this is not your creed. I am not anxious that this creed shall be adopted, but my ambition is that you shall be inspired to have your own creed, and live up to it. Draft a creed of your own, let the society know what it is, and expect the membership of the whole society to help you reach your standards.—*William Ralph Hall, in Forward.*

Our Mission as Young People

ETHELYN HURLEY

Paper read at Young People's Hour, Pacific Coast Association

For one as far removed from the centers of denominational activity as myself, it is rather difficult to write on our mission as young people.

The young people of our denomination undoubtedly have a greater mission than those of any other denomination and one to which we should all be consecrated—that of propagating the Sabbath truth both by example and precept, and of living such

lives that we may shine as lights that can not be hidden.

Paul says, "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men," and as such how very careful we should be to keep our lives blameless, that others may look to Christ as their pattern and guide.

Those who do not believe in Christ or who do not hold to our belief regarding the Seventh Day are constantly watching us to see whether we are putting our beliefs into practice.

For instance, quite recently I asked a friend to make some calls with me on the Sabbath—the only day I had free for the purpose. She looked at me and said, "Haven't you forgotten that it's your Sunday?" Now the same girl would not hesitate to go to a ball game or a picnic on Sunday, but she expected more of a Seventh Day Baptist. My conscience hadn't reproved me about making the calls on Sabbath, but I concluded that if others were watching my actions so carefully it would be wise to be more careful in all respects.

Why should those who keep Sunday expect more of us who regard the Seventh Day as the Sabbath? This is the reason, I believe: They realize that they are keeping Sunday through custom and as a matter of convenience, while at the same time they realize that if we keep the Sabbath *contrary* to custom and often, as in the case of lone Sabbath-keepers, at great inconvenience, we must have deep convictions that we are keeping the day set apart by God for that purpose.

Hence they look to us to uphold the standard of conscientious observance and are quick to see any deviation from what they know is a matter of principle with us. Therefore we, as young people who are being so closely watched, should be exceedingly careful that our professions and practices be consistent.

Still, I have found that, even while expecting so much of us, they respect our beliefs and are usually very careful to do nothing to hinder our observance of the Sabbath. Of course, this is just what I have observed in my own personal experience. In fact, I am afraid this paper is simply personal testimony.

At the time I took examination for life

diploma, four of the subjects came on the Sabbath; and when I wrote to the state superintendent about it, he allowed me to take them on Friday, giving me a set of questions used the year before, after securing my word that I had no knowledge of the questions.

This surprised the county superintendent, who had refused my request for a special examination and had referred me to the state superintendent. When he gave me the questions he said: "This surprises me very much, but I am glad of it, for one's religious convictions should be respected."

Afterward, when thanking the state superintendent personally, I was told practically the same thing and that only one other person had ever made a similar request, though he was quite sure many Sabbath-keepers had taken the examination on Saturday rather than ask for any favors.

This convinced me, that we should never hesitate to take a stand on the Sabbath question or any other conviction, but should make our position on the subject clear to all with whom we may come in contact. By so doing we show we are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ or our beliefs, and hence increase our influence and power for doing good.

Another way in which we should let our lights shine is in refusing to countenance any conduct, conversations or amusements contrary to the ideals set us by Christ. In so doing we shall be laughed at by some for our "narrow-mindedness," but we shall have the assurance within our hearts of God's approval, and our influence will be much greater than it would be if we lowered our standards.

Still further, it is our mission to make the lot of those around us happier by "doing all the good we can, in all the ways we can, to all the people we can." We can better do this by facing life and its problems with bright faces and a happy outlook; for a "merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Meeting of the Young People's Board

The Young People's Board met January 17, 1915, at one o'clock, at the home of Prof. L. H. Stringer. The members present were H. E. Davis, L. H. Stringer, W. D. Burdick, A. L. Burdick, George Thorngate, C. B. West, Zea Zinn, and Ethel Carver.

Prayer was offered by Professor Stringer.

Minutes were read and approved.

Treasurer's report was read.

Brief reports of the committees on various lines of special work were given and plans for the furthering of these activities were discussed.

Adjournment.

ETHEL CARVER,
Recording Secretary.

Employment Wanted

SABBATH RECORDER:

A man who is perfectly harmless but a trifle visionary wishes a place on a farm. He would I am certain make a good worker and for wages not large. His idea is to leave present surrounding trusting under environments he might recover both health, strength, and mental equipoise. He is single, accustomed to farm work, 30 years of age, a Sabbath-keeping Christian, cleanly habitually. Should he be employed, this I have told you should never be alluded to. It is not the result of any love affair but of falls; it may be partly prenatal. Never had a bad habit of any kind as one understands present terms. A good, kindly home with comforts of a home would be expected.

Trusting to hear from you if you wish to secure his services, I sign Fay Printing and Publishing Company.

Wanted

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

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

THE SABBATH RECORDER,
Plainfield, N. J.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Thread of Gold

"I've brought the carnations, Millicent, two dozen of them, and they're unusually pretty," called Betty Rae from the foot of the stairs. "Where shall I put them?"

"Anywhere, Betty, and thank you so much. Now please hurry right up here as fast as you can, for I'm in a bushel of trouble, as Billy Brent says."

"No, it's not the dress," she added, as Betty hurried up the stairs. "How do you like it?" And Millicent stood in the doorway and waited for Betty's opinion.

"Why, it's very pretty and very becoming too." Betty hesitated just the tiniest bit. "But isn't it rather dark? I thought it was a lighter blue, like mine. How daintily it is made. Did your mother do it?"

"Not a stitch of it. Aunt Anna did it all herself, and furnished every bit of the material too. She calls it my birthday present, though it will be a long time before I have another birthday. But own up, Betty Rae, you are disappointed; I can see it right in your eyes. And you needn't shake your head like that, for I was disappointed too, at first. But look." And Millicent stepped back where the light would fall on the soft, clinging material.

Betty Rae gave a little shriek of delight. "Oh! Oh, it's beautiful, Millicent," she said when she had recovered from her surprise. "But what makes it so different? It doesn't look at all plain or dark now, and I don't understand it."

"Look a little closer, then, Betty. There, don't you see that tiny thread of gold that runs through the cloth every once in so often? That is the secret of it all. But, O Betty, I mustn't talk about it any more, for there's not a minute to spare. I didn't dare wait any longer about dressing for fear some one would come. And, do you know, mother isn't here? I tried to telephone you before I went to town for my music lesson this forenoon, but the line was busy. I haven't been in the house more than twenty minutes, for the car was late, and everything has seemed bound to bother today."

"But where is your mother, Millicent?" Betty asked anxiously.

"At Grandma Brown's. She fell this morning and dislocated her shoulder, and they sent for father and mother. They thought they could get back by two o'clock, but they haven't come, so they probably won't get here before six o'clock. Just think of it, Betty! I'm afraid our chain tea will be a miserable failure, and lots of the girls are coming. It seems queer to be entertaining without mother."

Betty was very sympathetic. "I'm sorry, Millicent," she said, as she tried to think of some one whom they could call to their aid. "I wish mother could come and tell us what to do, but she isn't a bit well. Why, Millicent Harding, we'll just have to manage some way. Think of charging ten cents for tea and wafers, and then not making your guests have a good time! Are the refreshments ready?"

"Yes, all but getting them together and making the tea. That is to be iced, you know. And, Betty Rae, I haven't washed the breakfast dishes yet. And those little cups and saucers must be perfectly clean and shiny. There, I'm ready at last, even if the house isn't. Now I must run down and dust the piano. Oh dear! What would mother say if she knew how I have had to neglect things today."

Betty was already hurrying down the stairs. "Give me an apron," she called back over her shoulder. "I'm a master hand at dusting, especially in somebody else's house."

This chain tea to be given by the members of the Swastika Club was to be an unusual one, for Miss Helen Gladding, Elnora Winship's aunt, a noted writer of books for girls, was to be present and talk about girls in general and story-book girls in particular. It was just by the merest chance that Miss Gladding was in Waverly at this time, and the Swastika girls meant to make the most of her visit.

"I almost wish Theodora Prescott wasn't coming, don't you?" asked Millicent, as she hunted around for the dish-towel. "She always towers so far above me, and makes me feel so little. Does she affect you that way, Betty?"

"Why, yes, I guess she does. Sometimes I feel about as big as a hoptoad, when she is around. I can't understand it, for she isn't pretty or bright, and she doesn't seem to make friends very fast."

"And when it comes to catching a ball

or playing the piano, she's a regular butterfingers," added Millicent. "She is so fussy too. If there's a speck of dust hidden away anywhere, she'll be sure to find it. Really, I'm more scared of her this minute than I am of Miss Gladding. And Betty Rae, I'm almost sure something horrid will happen if mother doesn't get back before six o'clock. I'm scared almost stiff right now. O Betty, there goes the door-bell and you'll have to answer it. I just can't, so there. Your hands are clean, and mine are not, and it's time I fixed that tea."

So Betty threw over the back of a chair the gingham apron she had been wearing and hurried from the room. From her place at the kitchen range, Millicent could see nothing of her guests, but she could hear the light, happy sounds that soon began to come from the other part of the house. Yes, she could distinguish Elnora Winship's voice, so Miss Gladding must have arrived, too. And she, Millicent Harding, one of the hostesses of the afternoon, instead of welcoming her guests at the front door, with Betty, was trying to kindle a fire and wipe dishes at the same time. The oil-stove was out of commission, something had happened to it only the evening before.

Tears came to Millicent's eyes as she thought of the many little plans she and mother had made for this afternoon and now every one of them seemed destined to be spoiled. But suddenly a soft little tap on her shoulder made her reach for her handkerchief before the telltale tears should have a chance to show.

"Oh, do go back, Betty," she begged without looking up. "You are hostess almost as much as I am, and you must help me out. I'll come just the minute I can leave the tea on the ice. Please, that's a dear, Betty."

"But it's not Betty," a queer, hoarse, kind of a voice said, half hesitatingly. "It's I, Theodora. And, O Millicent, please do let me help. I love to make tea, and my fingers are just aching to get hold of those pretty little cups."

"But you mustn't, Theodora," Millicent protested. "You're my guest, and you'll spoil that pretty new dress. It wouldn't be fair for me to let you work, and I'm not going to, either. Thank you for offering. Please hurry back to the others, or they'll all be coming out here, and I couldn't stand

that." Millicent's nerves were all on edge. She had had a trying day, and it was beginning to tell on her. "Please hurry back, Theodora," she pleaded for the second time.

But Theodora was doing something to the kitchen range, something seemed to have a wonderful effect on it, for a bright, cheerful blaze was rewarding her efforts. "There, now," she said as she unbuttoned Millicent's gingham apron for her, and transferred it to her own slender form, "You must run right in there, this minute, for they're all asking for you, I know. And don't you worry one bit, for everything will be all right. Now run!"

Millicent was very much surprised to find herself obeying Theodora Prescott, of all persons; not that she ran, oh no, but she did hurry into the living-room just in time to welcome several new arrivals. They were a merry crowd, these Swastika girls and their friends, from jolly little Betty Rae even to the noted Miss Gladding.

Millicent and Betty finally stole away to the kitchen. Everything was in perfect order. The lemons were sliced and ready for use, and the tea was cooling very fast. Millicent began to feel that a great load had been lifted from her shoulders.

"Theodora Prescott," she said, as she suddenly put her arms around the older girl, "I don't know how to thank you. And if I try, I'm afraid I shall cry. There! I didn't mean to make poetry, but you are a dear, and I won't forget it very soon. Now we must go in and listen to Miss Gladding's stories. She is even nicer than I thought she would be."

"Then I may help you after that?" whispered Theodora, as she arranged the last plate of wafers.

"Yes, thank you," Millicent replied softly.

For nearly an hour Miss Gladding talked to her enraptured audience. She made her story characters so real that every one felt sorry when she had finished.

"Why, I almost believe I have been in Dreamland," sighed Betty, when the last story had been told, and the last applause had been given. "I don't know whether I can come down to iced tea and wafers or not."

Millicent and Theodora had already risen, for it surely must be time to serve the refreshments; but not one step did they

take just then, for there in the doorway stood Mrs. Harding, and Millicent was too glad to speak. Mother had come back in time to meet Miss Gladding—mother, who always made every one have such a good time that they wanted to come again.

"Oh, but wasn't it splendid that she could get back in time!" exclaimed Betty, after the guests had gone, and she was hunting around for her white shawl.

"Of course it was," agreed Millicent. "It's always splendid to have mother share in our good times. But, O Betty, it was perfectly splendid and worth all the trouble and bother of the first part of the afternoon just to get really acquainted with Theodora Prescott. And Betty Rae, she isn't queer a bit, and she isn't a butterfingers, and she doesn't peek into things, as I thought she did. Why, I don't believe we ever knew her at all. Even if she was all these things, her unselfishness would make up for every one of them."

"It's like the little thread of gold running through your dress, isn't it?" asked Betty, who was unusually thoughtful. "I thought it was so plain and dark until I saw that; then it was beautiful."

"I wonder if every one hasn't a little thread of gold in them," said Millicent, after a moment. "Anyway, I'm just going to see if I can't find one before I make up my mind that I don't like them. Yes, I am, Betty Rae, and you'd better do it too."

"I guess I will," agreed Betty, as she hurried down the front walk.—*Alice Annette Larkin, in The Girl's World.*

Memorial Board Meeting

The Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund met in regular session January 10, 1915, at 10 a. m., at the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J.

Present: H. M. Maxson, Jos. A. Hubbard, J. Denison Spicer, Orra S. Rogers, Edward E. Whitford and F. J. Hubbard and Accountant Asa F. Randolph.

F. J. Hubbard was elected secretary pro tem.

Minutes of October meeting were read. Communication from Rev. George B. Shaw under date of October 30, 1914, concerning loan to the North Loup (Neb.) Church, together with Secretary's answer

to same under date of November 8, 1914, was read.

The report of the Finance Committee showing changes in securities was read and was placed on file.

The quarterly report of the Treasurer was received and ordered placed on file.

The Discretionary Funds were on vote divided as follows:

George H. Babcock Fund: to Seventh Day Baptist Education Society for Theological Seminary, \$200; to Salem (W. Va.) College \$693.48.

Henry W. Stillman Fund: to American Sabbath Tract Society \$100; to Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society \$100; to Milton (Wis.) College \$605.45.

Disbursements from income in addition: Alfred University \$4,006.80; Alfred Theological Seminary \$285.15; American Sabbath Tract Society \$1,358.64; Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society \$347.86; Salem (W. Va.) College \$29.03; Milton (Wis.) College \$2,605.04; Mary E. Babcock \$75; W. M. Stillman, Treasurer, \$29.07; Ira A. Newey, Treasurer, \$15.03; A. E. Main, for three students, \$150; H. L. Polan \$50; Peter Taekema \$50; Martha H. Wardner \$12.70; M. B. Vars, Treasurer, \$60; four heirs E. W. Burdick, each \$64.62, \$258.48.

By vote \$50 was appropriated to each of the men studying for the ministry named in the October minutes, on their submitting proper credentials, said amount being indicated in the above list.

On motion it was voted to transfer funds from each income account to a new fund to be known as a salary account, sufficient funds to pay the salaries to the end of the fiscal year.

The Treasurer reported the expenses on property of Estate of Paul Tate, 47 Woodbine Avenue, including the original loan, costs, taxes, repairs and interest to November 1, 1914, as amounting to the sum of \$2,758.53.

On motion the offer of Lewis Bird to pay \$200 May 1, 1915, and \$200 May 1, 1916, was received and referred to the Finance Committee with power.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

F. J. HUBBARD,
Secretary pro tem.

It is infamy to die and not be missed.—
Carlos Wilcox.

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

For Primary Workers

Heard at the convention at Grand Rapids,
Wis.

Ten P's for Primary Workers, most of
which are applicable to all.

BE { Present
Punctual
Prepared
Polite
Pleasant
Pronounced
Patient
Practical
Progressive
Prayerful

Every superintendent ought to have a
written program for each Sabbath session.
Never have things exactly the same two
Sabbaths in succession.

The successful superintendent is the one
who gets others to doing things.

Every class session ought to open by
prayer by one of the class after the Junior
age.

Have some sort of organization in the
class whereby responsibility can be shared.
Give the boys and girls something to do
during the week. Often you can get closest
to the heart of a boy or girl while on a
walk or around a camp-fire.

Don't stand before your class and shoot
hot air at them and then expect them to
come and sit in the same draft next week.

D. N. I.

Good Score for Albion

The Albion Sabbath School is an ex-
ceedingly interesting body. Like other
schools it has its workers and its shirkers;
its fair-weather members and those who
come rain or shine; those who come with a
prepared lesson and those who don't know
what it is about.

But it is a good school, a progressive
school, a working school, one very loyal to
its leaders. Where they lead it tries to fol-
low.

We had a "White Christmas" celebra-
tion, and offerings of self, service, and sub-
stance were made to the King. We have

no needy among us and so our offerings of
substance were of money, the greater share
of which went to the Ministers' Relief
Fund. The other objects were also re-
membered. If the pledges of service are
sacredly kept, this year will show consid-
erable advance in church, Sabbath-school
and Christian Endeavor work.

At the annual election of officers, Mrs.
C. S. Sayre was unanimously rechosen
superintendent. The other officers are:
assistant superintendent, Harold Babcock;
secretary, Margaret Dates; treasurer,
C. M. Sheldon; chorister, Hazel Stewart;
organist, Mrs. Clara Green; cradle-roll
superintendent, Edna Emerson; home de-
partment visitors, Mrs. Sayre, and Mrs.
Maud Humphrey.

This year the Berean graded lessons were
introduced into the beginners' and primary
classes. Being loyal to our own publica-
tions, the Juniors and other classes use our
own helps, excepting a class of fourteen
young ladies taught by Mrs. Harold Bab-
cock. These are taking a course in teacher
training, using Hurlbut's Teacher Training
Lessons, as a text-book. They will take
the examinations sent out by the State
S. S. Association, and it is hoped that each
will be successful in securing the diploma
given by the association.

We have a home department of which
we are justly proud. Fifty-five were on
our roll last quarter and half of these were
star members,—that is, had studied every
lesson the required time. The department
paid \$27.58 into the treasury of the Sab-
bath school during 1914.

The Home Department

WHAT IT IS. The Home Department of
the Sabbath school is a department that
seeks to enrol those who feel unable to at-
tend regularly, and yet are willing to study
the lessons, and be considered as members
of the school.

OBJECTS. To secure regular weekly
study of the current Sabbath-school lessons
in the home.

PURPOSE. To bring the home and the
school closer together, and thus secure fam-
ily interest, and parental co-operation.

WHAT IS NEEDED TO ORGANIZE A HOME DE-
PARTMENT?

1. A school of which it may become a
part.

2. A home with some one in it who does
not attend Sabbath school.

3. A lesson paper, and a record en-
velope.

4. Some one to carry the paper to the
home, and get the person to agree to study
the lesson.

5. Faith in God and his word, and a de-
sire to be instrumental in bringing others to
love him through his word.

Who are needed to organize?

A general superintendent, and a visitor
for each district.

*What is the Correspondence Depart-
ment?*

All non-resident church members who
wish to still be considered members of the
home school, who agree to study the les-
sons and report quarterly to the school.

This department is of special interest to
Home Sabbath Keepers.

What are some of the benefits?

It opens the closed Bible in many homes,
and has helped in some instances to set up
the family altar and reclaim backsliders,
and in all cases strengthens the bond of
Christian fellowship with the home church
and school.

Who are eligible to membership?

The aged and infirm who are not able
physically to attend the regular sessions of
the school, all invalids, and the mother who
is kept at home with the little babe, or ail-
ing children. Every one who can not go
to Sabbath school.

*Does it decrease the attendance on the
main school?*

It does not decrease the attendance on,
nor the interest in the main school. It
prepares the way for entrance into the
school. The relation to the school is ex-
actly the same as that of the Primary and
Intermediate departments.

*Does it increase the expense of the
school?*

It does not. It is more than self-sup-
porting. It is a money-raiser for the
school.

What will keep it alive?

Attention.

What will kill it?

Neglect.

If you have not a Home Department in
your school, *why not?*

Until you have studied the question care-
fully and prayerfully, do not say you do
not need one.

If you would like to get copies of the
above in leaflet form, write to the denom-
inational superintendent of Home Depart-
ment, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
"Search the scriptures."

Lesson IX.—February 27, 1915

SAMUEL THE VICTORIOUS LEADER. I Sam. 7: 3-17.
Golden Text.—"Hitherto hath Jehovah helped
us." I Sam. 7: 12.

DAILY READINGS

1. Samuel the victorious leader (I Sam. 5: 3-17)
 2. Terror in Philistia (I Sam. 5: 1-12)
 3. Return of the Ark (I Sam. 6: 7-16)
 4. Samuel's farewell (I Sam. 12: 1-12)
 5. Exhortation to faithfulness (I Sam. 12: 13-25)
 6. Trust and deliverance (Ps. 123 and 124)
 7. Thanksgiving for deliverance (Ps. 116)
- (For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*.)

Deacon Lester Rogers Davis

Lester Rogers Davis was born near Shi-
loh, N. J., May 3, 1850, and died in River-
side, Cal., January 22, 1915.

He was the third of six children—three
daughters and three sons—born to Jeremy
and Keziah Davis Davis. His father had
also two sons by a former marriage. Mrs.
C. B. Hull, of Chicago, is the only sur-
viving member of the family. When Lester
was but a small child the family moved to
Wisconsin and a few years later to Tren-
ton, Freeborn Co., Minn. When thirteen
years of age he was baptized by Rev. Joel
C. West and united with the Trenton Sev-
enth Day Baptist Church. On July 4, 1873,
he was united in holy wedlock to Eva A.
Pierce, also of Trenton. To this union
have been born six children, four of whom
are living: Edna, wife of D. E. Furrow, of
Los Olivos, Cal.; Lula, wife of Jessie Van
Meter, of Riverside; and Charles and Eu-
gene, who are still at home. These, with
the widow, are left to mourn the loss of a
kind and loving husband and father.

In the early eighties, Mr. Davis removed,
with his family, to Cartwright, Wis., where
they resided about seven years. While liv-
ing there he was ordained by the Cart-
wright Seventh Day Baptist Church, now
the New Auburn Church, to the office of
deacon.

Mr. Davis and family were members of
the colony of "our people" who settled in
Mississippi about 1879. The church or-
ganized there was first called the Beaufort

gard Church, afterward changed to Hewitt Springs. The family also lived some years in Colorado, both at Calhan and Boulder, coming to Riverside about ten years ago from Milton, Wis.

As his pastor for a little over a year, I wish to express my grateful appreciation of the faithfulness and co-operation of Deacon Davis. He was deeply interested in all lines of church work and ready to do his part to the extent of his ability.

The following appeared in the *Riverside Daily Enterprise*:

"In the death of Lester Rogers Davis there passed away a man long connected with the cross and mission bells on the summit of Mt. Rubidoux. Funeral services for Mr. Davis were held Sabbath afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from the parlors of W. C. Clatworthy & Co., Rev. R. J. Severance officiating.

"The greater part of the past ten years Mr. Davis had been the official photographer on Mt. Rubidoux. Thousands of people from all parts of the earth had stood before his camera to have their photographs taken as they leaned against the cross or one of the bells.

"The deceased at the time of his death had been away from his post on top of the mountain three weeks. He had written and dedicated a poem to the old mountain, where he worked so many years. Mr. Davis was the inventor of the Marvel oven for gas, gasoline, and oil stoves. The oven is now manufactured by the Riverside Sheet Metal Works."

R. J. S.

Tribute of Respect

In the death of Mrs. Eliza Bassett, which occurred at her home in Andover, N. Y., January 26, 1915, the Ladies' Aid Society of the Andover Seventh Day Baptist Church lost another of its first members.

Mrs. Bassett worked for the organization of the society and was the loved president for several years, with a kind word and smile for every one. She endeared herself to every member. We hope her mantle of faithfulness and consecration may fall on every one.

To the sorrowing children, who have lost a loving mother's counsel, we extend our sympathy and can only commend them to their mother's Friend, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That this slight tribute be inscribed in our minutes and requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER, and that a copy be sent to the family.

MRS. ADDIE COLEMAN,
MRS. IDA WILLIAMS,
MISS ALICE CLARKE,

Committee.

HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The new year of 1915 was auspiciously begun by the Milton Junction Church with the annual meeting, which occurred on January 3. At this meeting reports were received, not only from the regular church officers and committees, but from nine auxiliary societies as well. These were the Sabbath school, including the main school, intermediate and primary departments, cradle-roll, and home department; the Y. P. S. C. E., including the Junior society; the Brotherhood, and the Ladies' Aid Society.

These reports showed healthy activity along the various lines and were listened to with interest and appreciation.

The election of officers resulted as follows: moderator, R. T. Burdick; clerk, H. M. Burdick; treasurer, A. B. West; chorister, E. M. Holston.

On the recommendation of the Advisory Committee of the church, the matter of the appointment of deaconesses was taken under consideration and freely discussed. The result was that it was decided that such a movement would be in harmony with the example of the early church and helpful in promoting the work of the local church; and after giving the matter prayerful consideration, Mrs. A. S. Maxson and Mrs. R. C. Maxwell were elected deaconesses. On Sabbath Day, January 16, they were consecrated to this work by a special service arranged for that purpose. At the close of the business meeting of the church, the annual dinner was served to about 170 people, a pleasant social event enjoyed by all. Following this a trustee meeting was held.

In connection with the Methodist Episcopal church, services were held during the week of prayer,—four evenings in the Methodist church and four in the Seventh Day Baptist church, the interest in the meetings increasing toward the close. During this time, the young people of the two churches held two union services, which were well attended; one being held in the Methodist Episcopal church and one in the Seventh Day Baptist church.

The Sabbath school was reorganized at the beginning of the year, but was fortunate in retaining the same superintendent, Mrs. E. M. Holston. The school has entered

upon the study of the new series of lessons with interest.

January is the month for paying taxes in Wisconsin. At the instance of one brother, who though over eighty years of age has not forgotten to be helpful, members of the church were given opportunity to assist in paying the taxes of one of their number who, being left a widow and in poor health, was finding it a struggle to make both ends meet.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor started the year with an addition of seven members from the Junior society. Special services were held in recognition of this event.

In financial matters also, the Y. P. S. C. E. took a forward step, at its first business meeting by adopting a budget and a plan of systematic benevolence, with pledge cards and envelopes, and a follow-up system that should bring good results.

The following are the officers of the Endeavor society elected at the beginning of the year: president, Carroll West; vice-president, George Greenman; recording secretary, Ruth Schrader; treasurer, Marion Coon; corresponding secretary, Mercy Garthwaite.

On January 22 and January 23 evangelistic meetings were conducted by Rev. W. D. Burdick, from which much help was derived, spiritual life being quickened.

On January 24 the Milton Junction Brotherhood were guests of the Milton Brotherhood at a supper at the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton.

On January 9 the Ladies' Aid Society joined the Missionary and Aid societies at Milton in observing the Day of Prayer for Foreign Missions in afternoon services at Milton. An account of these services has already been given on the Woman's Page of the RECORDER.

January 15 was observed by the W. C. T. U. as National Prohibition Amendment Day, by a parlor meeting at the home of one of the members. An interesting program was given, including a written account of the discussion and vote on the Hobson-Shepherd bill in the House of Representatives, December 22, 1914, by Pastor A. J. C. Bond, of Salem, W. Va., who was present in Congress on that day. Plans were laid for a series of monthly public temperance meetings, to counteract the efforts of the liquor element that has al-

ready begun to show activity, looking forward to the coming spring election. The liquor interests blame the Seventh Day people for their defeats in the past, and it is the ambition of these people ever to be counted as their active opponents.

The hearts of pastor and people have been gladdened by the offering of eight to the church for baptism. It is expected that this ordinance will be administered on Friday evening, February 6.

Under the auspices of the Mission and Outpost Committee of the Brotherhood, three prayer meetings have been held during the week in different homes at Rock River. It is expected to continue this work during the winter months, when the weather is suitable.

The month of January closed with the quarterly meeting at Milton, with which the Milton Junction Church joined most heartily. Though weather conditions were unfavorable for the Sabbath-afternoon and Sunday meetings, the attendance and interest were very good.

H. E. W.

ANDOVER, N. Y.—The Ladies' Aid of Andover begins the new year with renewed courage, although we have lost a good many in the past two or three years.

We all regret losing our pastor and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Ehret, but we send all good wishes to their new home in Adams Center, which they start for today, February 3.

The ladies held a church supper on February 2, from which they received \$9.14.

We have added to our list two new members this year, Mrs. Edna H. Langworthy and Mrs. Frank Witter.

LELIA D. LIVERMORE,
Secretary.

VERONA, N. Y.—Our Ladies' Benevolent Society has maintained its regular sessions, held once a month, with good interest and attendance. Four 10-cent socials have been held at the homes of the different members. The last one was at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Thayer. A short literary and musical program was given, and was much enjoyed, after which refreshments were served. These have proved very enjoyable social gatherings and have also helped financially.

Some home work has been done. At our last session a contribution was made

for the suffering Belgians. Our Sabbath school held a fine Christmas entertainment, consisting of a cantata, well rendered by young people and children, followed by the unloading of a Christmas tree, heavily laden with gifts for the children and older ones too.

F.

SALEM, W. VA.—The Salem Seventh Day Baptist Brotherhood enjoyed a big oyster "feed" at the church last Sunday evening, to which the "sisters" were invited. After the supper Toastmaster O. S. Bond introduced P. R. Randolph, M. H. Van Horn, A. J. C. Bond, and the honored guest of the evening, M. G. Stillman, of Lost Creek, who presented an inspiring and interesting talk on Henry IV of France.

Pastor A. J. C. Bond spoke at Salem College chapel exercises last Monday morning in accordance with the plan made for the last of the year that weekly chapel talks are to be given by prominent men of this city. His talk was an address on the gospel ministry.—*Salem Express*.

ALFRED, N. Y.—Professor Norwood finished his course of lectures in Hornell last Wednesday afternoon. His last two lectures were upon "The Trust Problems," and "The Political Program of the Progressive Party." Professor Norwood's lectures have been very enthusiastically received in Hornell and he has been very highly complimented on the course. He will undoubtedly be engaged for another series next winter. Professor P. E. Titsworth will give a course of lectures before the same club, during the remainder of the winter.—*Alfred Sun*.

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In Mexico, in a place where there are not many trees, some ravens have built a funny nest of telephone wire. The telephone people counted the things this one was made of and found pieces of rusty iron wire, tire wires, and large twigs covered with cow's hair.—*Mayflower*.

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher. "I can, teacher," shouted Tommy. "Well, Tommy, what is it?" "An upholstered worm."—*Our Animals*.

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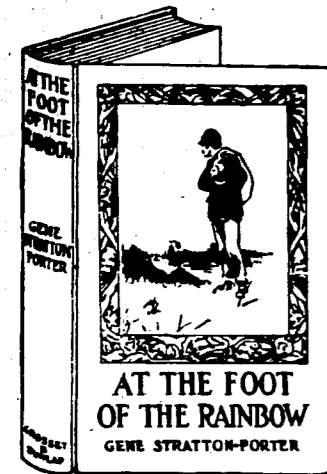
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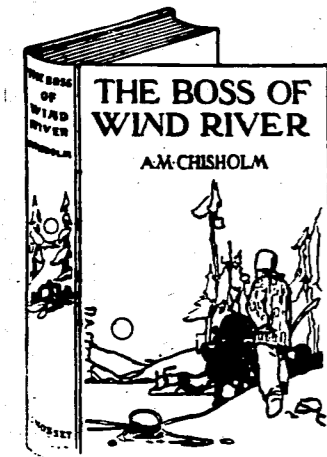
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AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW
by Gene Stratton-Porter (Author of "Freckles")

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 BOSS OF WIND RIVER
by A. M. Chisholm

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

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND by George Barr McCutcheon

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

CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE by Joseph C. Lincoln

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

The SABBATH RECORDER Plainfield, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

THERE IS NO END

GEORGE I. SILL

Uplift Time's curtain and look back—
Behold the man!

A savage—murder his pastime,
Blood his desire.

Yet, in his breast lies hidden deep,
A spark from heav'n;

Its source is God—and by his breath
It springs aflame—

Out of the night of ages past,
Man's day is born.

In strife and pain and stumbling oft—
Onward, his course.

His prize ahead! Of time to win—
There is no end!

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