

The Sabbath Recorder

YEARNING AFTER GOD

Jacob, on his way to meet Esau, well enough knew there was a God above him, but that was not enough, and so he wrestled till daybreak for a revelation that should be more than knowledge. Tell me thy name, show me thy very self, is the cry of his needy heart.

Whether we have come to the hour of conscious need or not, it is the demand of every one of us. There are hours when the whole world, and all it contains, shrivel to nothingness, and God alone fills the mind; hours of human desolation, seasons of strange, mysterious exaltation, times of earthly despair, or of joy; the height and excess of any emotion bears us away into regions where God himself dwells. But even if we have taught ourselves to make the impressions of these hours constant, there is still an unsatisfied element in the knowledge. We long for more, for nearness, for sight of something that stands for sight, for the Father at hand, and the home of the soul. I know that in many and many of God's children there is a longing for God that is not satisfied, because they are children and away from the Father's house. And I know still better that the unrest of this weary world is its unvoiced cry after God.—Theodore T. Munger.

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The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 79, NO. 24 PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 13, 1915 WHOLE NO. 3,693

Profit From Conference Entertainment
Last week we published the report of the local committee appointed by the Milton Junction and Milton churches to arrange for the entertainment of the General Conference. Our readers must have noticed with satisfaction that, after paying all expenses of building, of feeding the people, and for labor, there was left a handsome sum as net profit, amounting to \$135.85.

The faithful services of those who furnished 5,780 meals averaging a little less than 20 cents apiece and giving a net profit of \$135.85, must certainly be appreciated by the people of the denomination. It must also be a great satisfaction to the two Milton churches to be able to give, as a result of this profit, \$40 each to the Missionary and Tract societies and \$55.85 to Milton College, in whose buildings the meetings of Conference were held.

Guard Your Home Against Baneful Literature
As the holidays approach, the reading public is beset on every hand with solicitations from publishing houses urging people to select, from club lists sent them, the papers and magazines that shall find a welcome to their homes for the next twelve months. "Book Numbers" of many religious papers and magazines are publishing lists of books from which one may choose holiday presents for friends.

We should remember that not all these books and periodicals are suitable for our homes or our public reading-rooms, and care should be exercised as to what influences we bring to the young people. A book should be judged not only by what it says, but by what it suggests or insinuates—by the impression it leaves upon the mind. Some books may not appear to be harmful in the language used; no particular expression can be pointed out as being obscene or vulgar; and yet the general trend of influence, the suggestions, are so contempt-

ibly off color that a decidedly bad flavor is left with the reader.

One writer states that magazines given to exploiting sex are multiplying like a plague of frogs, and are no less dangerous because the nastiest things are said in polite language. The morbid, sentimental works of fiction with which some magazines are being filled should meet with the most hearty disapproval of the reading public. Shameful stories of adultery and of family troubles that lead to alienation between husbands and wives must, by suggestion, be doing untold harm wherever read; and every lover of purity, every one who cherishes wholesome home influences should refuse all such reading. It would be a good thing if one hundred thousand homes during this holiday time would refuse point-blank to accept books of this character or renew subscriptions for them. It would be well, too, to tell the publishers plainly why such books are rejected. Magazines and papers should be carefully chosen before inviting them to our homes and making them welcome for a year among our young people.

Homesteads Furnished By the State
By a referendum vote of four to one the State of Massachusetts has decided to go into the home-making business for its citizens. Credit is given, and funds of the Commonwealth are to be advanced to those who want homes of their own and who are unable to pay city rents and support growing families. If the plan is successful, working people, instead of being cooped up in close city tenements, can by some form of public assistance acquire wholesome suburban homes with gardens, and playgrounds for their children.

The amendment to the constitution reads as follows:

The general court shall have power to authorize cities and towns to take land and to hold, improve, subdivide, build upon and sell the same, for the purpose of relieving congestion of population and providing homes for citizens: provided, however, that this amendment shall not be deemed to authorize the sale of such land or buildings at less than the cost thereof.

This was adopted by the people of Massachusetts after a law passed by the Legislature, making similar provisions, had been pronounced unconstitutional. Homestead legislation promises to furnish laborers earning \$12 to \$20 a week with suitable homes, either their own or rented, on terms they are able to meet. On the theory that sanitary, well-lighted and ventilated homes for its citizens are essential to the best interests of a State, Massachusetts proposes to provide them, and even to go further and promote agriculture that will bring its citizens back to the soil. It is expected that agricultural instruction will be given families residing on lands furnished under the provisions of this act.

To me this movement seems full of promise. Some such practical help must be given by the state governments of America if the citizens of our country are to be greatly improved as to health and morals, and if we are to escape the baneful results of congestion in the pestholes of great cities.

How Would It Seem To the Other Side? The *Christian Statesman* of November, in a seven-column editorial, discusses the "Declaration of Principles" as published in the magazine called *Liberty*, issued by the Religious Liberty Association of Takoma Park, Washington, D. C. It criticizes several of the ten principles given, making its usual plea for Sunday laws, and, among other things, it says: "No right of the Seventh Day Adventists is invaded if the first day of the week is designated as the weekly rest day."

This statement may appear fair on its face, and if one did not know the full meaning of the phrase, "designated as the weekly rest day," there might seem nothing in it to fear. But when we remember that the *Christian Statesman's* "designated" means nothing short of a strict Sunday law, with penalties of fine and imprisonment for every one who conscientiously observes the Bible Sabbath and who tries to do legitimate work on the first day of the week, the statement seems quite different. It takes on a look of oppression.

The *Christian Statesman* is published in a State noted for its blue laws, under which Sabbath-keepers of our generation have suffered imprisonment and persecution for laboring in the fields on their own farms,

and that, too, after having observed the Sabbath of the Bible! All efforts to have these oppressive laws modified have been strenuously opposed by the National Reform Association, and so they still stand on the statute books of Pennsylvania. Sabbath-keepers have suffered—their rights have been "invaded"—by oppressive religious laws in several States of the Union. The *Christian Statesman* is doing all in its power to have "the first day of the week designated as the weekly rest day" in just that way. It is working all the time for more rigid laws, compelling people to "rest" on Sunday.

Now we wonder how it would seem to the *Christian Statesman* if the tables were turned, and the advocates of Sunday laws were in the minority; and if keepers of the Bible Sabbath should make strict Sabbath laws, compelling every one to rest on the seventh day of the week, or go to prison? Would no right of the Sunday-keeper be invaded?

A Notable Conference On Church and Country Life On Wednesday, December 8, the Federal Council's Commission on Church and Country Life began, in Columbus, Ohio, one of the most notable conferences ever held in America. It was the first one assembled from all parts of the land in which the interests of the country church and of country life were the main topics for consideration.

The addresses from beginning to end emphasized the fact that rural churches are all too numerous to be efficient; that their membership is too small to give them sufficient support; and that, therefore, their pastors are poorly paid and the influence of the church too much divided to do the good it should do.

The first address of the convention was by Gifford Pinchot, chairman of the Commission. He predicted that the convention in Columbus would prove to be the beginning of a strong nation-wide interdenominational movement to prevent efforts to maintain superfluous sectarian churches in rural districts; and he called upon residents of both country and city to unite in efforts to stay the decadence of country churches.

Vigorous and sound country life is essential to a permanently sound and vigorous life for our nation. The strength of

any civilization is best measured by the soundness of its rural life; and true spiritual ideals of the open country make the most effectual barrier against the laxity and luxury of social life that threaten our ruin. Among other good things Mr. Pinchot said:

I believe we are standing today on the threshold of a great movement which will bring back to the church in the country and smaller towns the greater power for good which it used to have. I do not contend that the church should take the functions of the Grange or the agricultural school, but I do believe that failure of the country churches through their ministers to get into productive touch with the work and needs of the country people is one of the fundamental reasons for the present weakness of the country church. . . . We are not here to advocate the weakening or strengthening of any denomination at the expense of another, nor have we any theory to exploit or any axe to grind. We merely seek the truth about conditions, and remedies that are both wise and practicable.

Noteworthy Sayings By Convention Speakers Big work for rural churches was mapped out, on the second day of the Columbus conference, by prominent agriculturists and church leaders representing more than a score of denominations. If all plans are carried out, rural churches will soon identify themselves with activities looking toward good roads, better farming, extensive agricultural education, public health and sanitation, and temperance reform. They will also become social and recreational centers, unite more than ever in community beautifications, in celebrating religious and patriotic holidays, and in promoting agricultural contests for their boys and girls,—all these in addition to their regular religious work.

To work out these ends, the speakers urged co-operation of churches not only with each other but with Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, with school authorities and such organizations as the Grange. Upon these matters Rev. R. S. Hutchinson, of Pittsburgh, said:

The chief end of the country church is not the raising of crops and flocks. It is the production of men marked for their personal character, and the development of a community civic righteousness. In the present weakened condition of the country church as an institution, co-operation is essential for the maintaining of ideals and standards of civic life. The rural church

should be the center of its community and not only co-operate with other country churches, but with all organizations which aim at the betterment of society.

Miss Jessie Field, of New York, known throughout the land as the "Corn Lady," showed that

prosperous Y. W. C. A. organizations in a rural district would provide means of making girls and women more useful to the community. They will be more content with farm life if there is a community women's club such as the Y. W. C. A.

Rev. Robert C. Herring, of Boston, said:

The country church suffers from lack of the co-operative spirit. It is never easy to get the community to work together. There are many feuds and factions. The sectarian spirit causes some families to attend church outside the parish, but a real get-together movement among churches will remedy this condition.

The difficulty in maintaining churches in communities where most of the farmers are only tenants was ably discussed by several speakers. Men who do not own the homes in which they live, and who are only transient renters, are not likely to take much interest in building up the church or in advancing community interests. Upon this topic Rev. Mr. Ward, of Massachusetts, is reported as saying:

Unless this tenant system is remedied the end is either an inferior, subservient peasant class as in England, objects of charity like the city poor, or a rebellious group of agricultural workers with class hatred growing among them. With the Industrial Workers of the World organizing the seasoned agricultural workers, and farm-owners becoming absentee capitalists, it looks as though the conflict that is developing in this country between those who receive income merely from ownership of property and those who receive it from service rendered, would gather strength in the rural districts.

The question of bad business methods in the churches was ably discussed, as was also a report by a committee which recommended "a campaign of education, involving the instruction of church treasurers and trustees in standard methods of financing, budget systems, adequate methods of securing contributions with regular and definite payments, simple systems of parish accounts," etc.

We shall be greatly mistaken if this convention does not put new life into the important question of greater efficiency for the country church.

Gifts for Our King On another page will "Gold and Frankincense" be found an article from Brother Allen B. West, chairman of the denominational Board of Finance, which every one should read and carefully consider. It is most timely, and, if its suggestions are acted upon by all the people, this Christmas time ought to bring joy to the members of our boards. Think of it! what an offering some ten thousand Christians could lay upon the altar for their King if they would only give as God has blessed them! If all were fully awake to our needs and in love with the Master's work, every dollar of debt would be paid before the year 1916 begins. How glad everybody would be if the people would only remember Christ the King of kings in this practical way.

Is it not significant that the very first offering named as having been given to Christ was a gift of gold? Such gifts, accompanied by the frankincense of our prayers, would bring blessings from above and hasten the coming of that peace of which the angels sang on the birthnight of our King.

We have great hopes that the coming holiday season will reveal most cheering evidences of loyalty and good will on the part of our people toward their boards. Shall these hopes be realized? The answer to this question must come within two or three weeks, and we anxiously wait to see how the people will respond.

Will No-License Cost a Man His Job?

According to the defenders of the saloon one million workmen would permanently be thrown onto the labor market following the introduction of national prohibition. This argument is based entirely upon the absurd proposition that if the liquor dealers fail to get the money now spent for beer and whisky nobody else will get it.

A good deal is being said about the enormous amount of capital invested in the liquor industry, and yet, according to the Statistical Abstract of the United States, for every \$1,000,000 invested in the average industry, practically four times as much raw material is required, four times as much wages are paid and four times as many workers are employed as is the case in the liquor industry.

Let us take five leading industries in the United States and compare them with the liquor business, with reference to the number of wage earners employed. For every \$1,000,000 invested in each of these industries the following number of wage earners are employed: Liquor, 77; iron and steel and their products, 284; paper and printing, 367; leather and its products, 469; textiles and their finished products, 578; lumber and its manufactures, 579.

What is the ratio of wages paid the workers to the amount of capital invested in the liquor business, as compared with each of the industries noted? Here are the figures: Liquor, 5.6 per cent; iron, 17.6 per cent; paper, 21.3 per cent; leather, 23.5 per cent; textiles, 23.8 per cent; lumber, 27.1 per cent. A quick glance at these figures shows how comparatively little the labor man gets out of the liquor business. If the \$2,000,000,000 which we now spend for intoxicating liquor were spent for bread and clothing—the two staple articles in the life of the workingman—it would give employment to nearly eight times as many workers, who would collectively receive five and one half times as much wages as is now the case in the liquor business.

Besides this, it would require \$600,000,000 worth of additional raw material to what the liquor industry now uses. It would not be necessary to spend all of the \$2,000,000,000 for bread and clothing if the liquor industry were destroyed, but if the transfer of this money into the legitimate industries mentioned above would produce the results described, is it not fair to say that substantially the same general results would be achieved if the total sum were distributed among all of the industries that would receive the benefit of increased business were men to spend money for the necessities of life, as well as for its legitimate luxuries, instead of for liquor? If this were done the men who make products for use in the liquor business would find jobs in turning out these same materials for other industries.

The figures given by the liquor interests as to the number of men who would be affected by the abolition of the liquor traffic are greatly exaggerated. The census report for 1910 tells us that in all manufacturing industries there were then employed 6,616,046 persons. The liquor in-

White Gifts for the King

Six months of the Conference year are now coming to a close. One half of the year is gone. The apportionment for the second quarter is now due. It behooves us to look over our accounts with the various boards to see if we have fully met our share of the denominational budgets. We should now forward in full the balances due and as much more as we believe is our share. Some of the boards are handicapped for lack of funds; they are handicapped because some of us are slow to respond to the call for funds and because some churches, can not meet their apportionments in full. The strong churches should remember the inability of the weak churches and be liberal and generous in their response to the calls for funds.

The Tract Society should have \$1,000 at once to repay the recent loan. The RECORDER is entitled to prompt renewals and to 500 more new subscriptions. The Missionary Society needs funds to maintain Mr. Coon and Mr. Nelson on the home field and for other home mission work, as well as to maintain the work in Shanghai, Lieou-oo, Java and elsewhere. The Education Society needs funds for the Seminary; the Sabbath School Board for the extension of its field work. We should make ourselves familiar with the various needs of the boards, and having become familiar with them and remembering that their needs are our needs should support them as we have been prospered.

The Christmas season is fast approaching. Soon we shall hear the joyous Christmas bells and the merry Christmas greetings. Young and old alike are looking forward with glad anticipation to the time when families will reunite and Christmas greetings be given. Christmas is the one time of the year in common when we all give gifts, when we all remember our friends. When could we find a time more fitting to remember our great King and his needs in our denominational fields at home and in foreign lands? We recall that on that first Christmas morning the shepherds sought out the Babe in the manger and worshiped him; the Wise Men who had seen his star in the East and laden themselves with treasures were on their way to worship him, the King of the Jews. When they had found him they fell down at his

dustry employed 62,920, or just about one per cent of the total, but of this number only about 15,000 were brewers and maltsters, distillers and rectifiers. The remainder of the 62,920 were employed as engineers, carpenters, machinists, teamsters, bottlers, etc., occupations which are not at all peculiar to the liquor business. There were more teamsters employed than there were brewers and maltsters, distillers and rectifiers.

There are about 100,000 bartenders in the United States. What will become of these when the saloon is abolished? What is it that makes a successful bartender? It is his ability as a salesman, and a man who is a good bartender will make a good clerk or salesman in practically any other kind of business. Furthermore it requires many more people to sell \$2,000,000,000 worth of bread and clothing, for example, than it does to sell liquor of the same value. And it is more than likely that at least as many salaried employees, such as traveling salesmen, bookkeepers and stenographers, will be employed.

But what about the 15,000 or so brewers and maltsters, distillers and rectifiers? They will, of necessity, be compelled to adjust themselves to changed conditions, but this does not mean that they will either go adrift or cause a labor panic. The constantly changing situation in the industrial world in this country often compels men to transfer from one occupation to another, many of them being required to learn entirely new trades.

As a matter of fact, however, more workmen lose their jobs because saloons are open than would be the case were the saloons to be closed. As somebody put it, "When liquor puts a man out of a job it unfits him for another job. When no-license puts a bartender out of a job it makes him a wealth-producing workman instead of a wealth-destroying workman. It is better that the bartender should lose his job and get a better one than that dozens of his patrons should lose their jobs and be unfitted for any job."—*Charles Stelzle, in Christian Advocate.*

Never fear to suffer; but oh! fear to sin. If you must choose between them, prefer the greatest suffering to the smallest sin.—*Guthrie.*

feet and worshiped him; and when they had opened their treasures they presented him with gold, frankincense and myrrh. Following the example of the Wise Men we give gifts to our friends; and following their example in a higher sense we can, as Christmas Day approaches, provide ourselves with gold, frankincense and myrrh and seek our King to worship him. We can go to the house of God on this Christmas for this Christmas is the Sabbath, bearing our treasures, and there worship the King and give him our gifts. We can bring all our tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in God's house, and prove the Lord if he will not open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing.

Dear pastor, will you not arrange for white gifts for the King in connection with the coming Christmas Sabbath service? Spread the news in advance; give all the people the opportunity to share in this great blessing on Christmas Day; give all the people, young and old alike, the opportunity to worship this King of kings and to present him their white gifts, that the King's work as directed by our boards may not be hindered and that all the people may share so fully in the blessings that they shall not have room enough to receive them.

In behalf of the Board of Finance,
ALLEN B. WEST,
Secretary.

The Loyal Lieutenant

REV. G. M. COTTRELL

(General Secretary Lone Sabbath Keepers)

The first gun of the campaign has been fired. South Dakota, as often, takes first honors. Her secretary is first to report receipt of the munitions (the new Directories) for the year's campaign. He writes with the confidence of a German general. If his spirit is a sample and equally shared by the thirty other secretaries, our victory is already assured.

Here is his letter:

MY DEAR COLONEL:

Many thanks for that splendid Directory. It's just grand. Don't see where it could be improved, even by the best of critics. Shall see that all in my "parish" get one. Expect to send them all a letter now, too. See if we can get things to move. Fear

too little has been done since that good Conference. About all I know of is \$2.60 to Missionary Society and \$25 to Young People's Board. Some more \$'s in sight though.

There has been a Sabbath school organized here in town—sort of a federation—most Adventist children. It's held in connection with our Sabbath afternoon meeting.

We study the Adventist lessons. I got the job of superintendent. Must confess I tried to evade duty; but couldn't, and perhaps it was all right. We will hope so anyway. May have more information on this when we get right down to business. At present nearly all energy is taken out of the secretary in the cornfield. We are having splendid weather for our late harvest. Hoping this will find you of good courage—assuring you that I am with you, I am, as ever,

Yours in the work,

TIMON S.

Viborg, S. D.,
Dec. 1, 1915.

We will take it for granted that this letter is an index and harbinger of all that are to follow, whether written or only thought and felt, and a prophecy of the grand work to be done this year among L. S. K's by our noble secretarial band. May we not be disappointed. The inspiration from the Conference, and the evangelistic activity in the churches, should be felt and reflected by the L. S. K's throughout the entire year.

Dec. 4, 1915.

"Just look at the wonderful color of the sea!" exclaimed a tourist on his first Mediterranean cruise. "See how blue it is!"

"That's not strange," growled a traveler who had lately run the gamut of the Neapolitan pensions and was therefore disillusioned. "No wonder it's blue. You'd be blue yourself if you had to wash the shore of Italy!"—Lippincott's.

"Did you see the pleased expression on Mrs. Blank's face when I told her she looked no older than her daughter?" asked Mrs. Brown, after the reception. "No," said Mrs. Jones, "I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face."

SABBATH REFORM

The Sabbath Day

The Sabbath is a bridge between two shores,
White arched, strong girded. Loud on
either side,

Down to the border of the silver tide,
Eager and fain, the noise of traffic roars,
Then falls to silence. Not an echo frets
The lofty span, nor any garish light
Nor sordid shadow flecks that quiet height
To stain at all its snowy parapets.

Caught in a safe, high calm 'twixt strife and
strife,

A little while our hearts are holden here;
Our souls, like tranquil pilgrims softly
shod,

Halt, and forget the weariness of life,
And leaning, find sweet heaven mirrored
clear

In the still river of the rest of God.
—From the British Weekly.

Dr. Main's Suggestion to the Federal Council

We give here the matter contained in a neatly prepared folder, written by Dr. Main and presented by him to the Executive Committee and Commissions of the Federal Council, in its meeting at Columbus, Ohio, December 8-10, 1915. It is entitled, "A Suggested Minute Relating to the Value and Use of a Religious and Rest Day."

The Sabbath of Mosaism was intended to be a blessing to man and beast, not a burden.

An ordained Christian ministry is a symbol of the universal priesthood of believers. So the dedication of times and places to religious uses is a symbol of the essential sacredness of all time and of every place.

The privilege and right of men to assemble for public worship should be sacredly guarded.

One day of rest each week should be secured for all hand and brain toilers, by legislation, if necessary.

It is within the province of human governments to close liquor saloons and other places of evil on the Sunday, and, which is quite as important, on Saturday afternoon and night; and, indeed, throughout the whole week; but it is not the province of human governments to prohibit

wholesome recreations and the pursuit of honorable callings on any day of the week, unless such recreations or employment trespass upon the equal rights of others.

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth. And, in such times as ours, it would seem as if a five-day industrial week ought to be adequate to the making of a living; and that both Saturday and Sunday might be given to the making of a life, in the way of rest, recreation, self-culture, social service, and worship.

One of the mightiest of all moral and social forces is an enlightened public sentiment created by educated consciences, and by leaders and teachers in the fields of knowledge, religion, ethics, good citizenship, and social betterment.

We therefore urge upon the attention of the people of all lands the inestimable, spiritual, ethical, and social value of religiously regarding one day in seven.

We appeal to all employers to make it possible for every hand and brain toiler to have at least one day in the week for true physical and spiritual rest and recreation.

We earnestly appeal to all Christians who count the Sunday as a gift of Providence for rest and worship; and to all Hebrews and Christians who hold to the Sabbath of the seventh day, to use these days more and more for highest spiritual and social ends.

Yours fraternally,

ARTHUR E. MAIN,

Member of the Commission on
Sunday Observance.

Alfred, N. Y.

Amusements

REV. WARDNER C. TITSWORTH*

The First Epistle to the Corinthians has largely to do with questions of casuistry; i. e., questions which depend upon the case at issue for their answers. The killing of a man is a question of casuistry; whether it is murder or not depends upon that particular case. The court has to determine not only the fact of the killing, but the circumstances under which the killing took place as well. If I take another's life in defending my own, or by accident, these

*Parts of a sermon delivered in the First Alfred church, March 25, 1885. Text, "And ye be disposed to go," 1 Corinthians 10: 27.

conditions of the *case* are taken into consideration and I am not adjudged a murderer. But if I take another's life with malicious purpose, I am condemned to death or imprisonment. This is sufficient to illustrate what is meant by questions of casuistry, or questions which depend for their answers upon the case with which they are connected.

The question of casuistry in connection with our text has the following as its circumstances:

Corinth was a heathen city in which were heathen idols and their temples of worship, and it was customary to take the sacrifices from the altars of the idols and sell them for food in the public market places. There were some of the disciples who thought it wrong to buy and eat this meat; and there were others who did not see any harm in it. So a dispute arose about it. Paul refers to it and says, essentially: "If you think it is wrong to eat such meat, do not eat it of course, but I would buy what is publicly exposed for sale without asking any questions to disturb my conscience; for an idol is nothing, and meat that has lain upon the altar of an idol is food as much as ever, and has received no damage, nor has it experienced any change. But there are cases where it would be best to let it alone for love's sake and for appearance's sake." That is, it would be best to let it alone when Christians would be hurt by one of their number eating it, or when the appearances would be likely to be against the cause of the church and of Christ; for there are Christians whose consciences will not allow them to eat such meat, and it hurts them to see their brethren eat it. There are heathen who will say that a sacrifice means worship, and that he who eats of their sacrifice shares in their worship. A Christian will freely give up what others will misconstrue to the detriment and loss of the cause of the Master, whom he follows. Now I believe we will look a long time before we find a nobler and loftier doctrine than that, or a nobler and loftier manhood than that which has these principles for its basis.

The case, in the decision of the apostle about which the text was written, appears to be as follows: It would seem that Christians were accustomed to receiving invita-

tions to banquets at the homes of such of their friends as were idolaters.

Now we wish to make a careful study of the words of the apostle, because we regard the question of amusements, in the sense in which that word is usually used, as belonging to the same category as the case now spoken of. Notice Paul's words: "If one of them that believe not, give you an invitation, and you are inclined to go, eat whatever is set before you, asking no questions about the food to disturb your conscience." That is, if a Christian should decide to go to a banquet given by an idolater, and should so decide in all conscience, he would at the same time also decide to eat whatsoever was offered him there to be eaten, and to do whatever was to be done there, because he had good reason to know about both at the time he decided to go. A Christian had no right to go to a place where he knew the meat offered for food would be that which had been offered in sacrifice to idols, and then make his host and fellow-guests uncomfortable by his scruples about what was set before him on the table. If it was not right for a Christian to do what was done there, it was not right for him to be there at all,—something which a great many people forget. But the apostle throws in a very significant parenthetical clause—"and ye be inclined to go"—quietly admonishing them, as Grotius says, that it would be better if they would not go.

We may be a little surprised at this decision of the great apostle. He boldly asserts the principle of the liberty of the Christian conscience, and appeals to the Christian's loyalty to his brother, to the cause, to the Master, for his governing principle. But to comprehend the full meaning of Paul's decision that a Christian is free to follow his own conscience in such a matter as that of going to a feast in an idolater's home, we must remember that Corinth was notorious for its wickedness; that its religious feasts were marked by scenes of lewdness and intemperance which it would not be right to describe in a Christian congregation. Doubtless, therefore, its private banquets were not altogether decent and pure. But Paul hedges them about with no restraints, and really declares that their own consciences must decide the question, and then as much as says, "I shall be surprised if you determine

to go in view of the case being as it is"; or, to use his exact words, "If any one of them that believes not, invites you, and you be disposed to go." There are two principles, then, plainly laid down in this verse: (a) Christian liberty, and (b) Christian freedom; the distinction between which, I hope, will be made to appear before the discourse is done.

I have chosen this text from which to speak upon the question *Amusements*, because it seems true that with regard to the Christian's relation with them, Paul would answer in the same way as he answers the question already discussed. That is, the apostle would assert the Christian's liberty to *all* amusements which are not wrong on the plainest grounds of morality, and would say that it is a matter of the conscience of no one but the individual directly concerned. At the same time, *freedom* of conscience and life is better than *liberty* of conscience and life.

In the discussion of given technical amusements, it may be best to state some principles upon which we must proceed and by which we must be guided.

1. In the first place, we must try to be as nearly absolutely truthful as it is possible to be. We must not make distinctions that do not exist, nor relate as facts things that are not undeniable facts. We must be governed as little as possible by prejudice, or presumption, or rumor. We must tell the truth irrespective of the consequences to any of our cherished opinions and desires.

2. We must discuss our subject with as much Christian charity as possible, but in all plain dealing as becometh Christian disciples. It will help us a little in the direction of charity if we will try to put ourselves in each other's places; if the older ones will recall the days of their youth, and the younger ones will remember that the experience and observation of the older ones make their judgment maturer and calmer than their own, and at least worthy of respect if it is near the truth.

3. Recreations are as much a part of life as work is, and are necessary to most people. Both the body and the mind need relaxation and relief from the steady strain of toil, and, therefore, recreations are worthy of some attention—a great deal more than they get—in the way of culture and control. Recreations may minister to

strength and manliness, or to weakness and indulgence and lack of manhood.

4. Therefore what recreation we have should be hearty. Not a few people only half give themselves to recreations that are absolutely essential to their well-being. They look askance at pleasure, and only dare laugh with half the mouth at a time. To be forever in a giggle is abominable, but there is a time to laugh and play, and then we ought to laugh and play with all the heart.

5. Life is a great deal more than passing away the time somehow. With many people, living is simply killing time. It is a sad thing when a man or a woman finds the whole meaning of life in its recreations and amusements. You will find, as a rule, that such people are entirely destitute of a high moral or religious purpose, and that they are entirely governed by their own caprices. They do just as they feel like doing, without regard to consequences to themselves or others. The result is flippancy,—absence of high and noble aim and endeavor,—selfishness, petulance, and weakness. The world is no better for their lives: They make miserable homes, unhappy fathers and mothers, and husbands and wives, and are a continual load upon the backs of those who are trying to build up the pure things of human life and society. Obligations, of any kind, are nothing to them if they can get out of the way of them. Life's daily toil is a nuisance except as it furnishes the money with which to follow impulse. Restraints of home and society are irksome and galling, impatiently endured, or angrily thrown off; and at the end they find themselves with untrained wills, unbridled passions and desires, lawless and defiant tempers, weakened and paralyzed consciences, their youth gone and no manly vigor or strength acquired, only poor remnants of purity and purpose left, out of which to build up manliness, while the pleasures of the world are stale and old. Those who unrestrainedly follow amusements will find it true that it is but a step from a life of passion. Our impulses should be under the control of conscience and judgment.

6. There are just two restrictions which the Bible puts on anything: It forbids (a) that which is immoral and wrong, and (b) excess in that which is right. Everything which is immoral is condemned upon plain-

est grounds of moral teaching. Christianity has not made a new moral law, nor has it forced some new chapter into the old one, or is it a code of restrictions upon the pleasures of life.

7. When the Christian disciple has decided upon the essential right or wrong of a given course of life, he is not by any means done with the question. One may always do that which is intrinsically right and be no true disciple of Jesus after all, but live a most selfish life, destructive of the happiness of others, and ruinous of the good name of the Christian religion. Even Jesus pleased not himself, and Paul said, "If meat make my brother to stumble, I will eat no meat while the world stand, lest I make my brother to stumble." Life is more than threescore and ten years long. It extends into the infinite age of God, and we should remember this.

* * * *

But the question is not what *I* would say, but what the *apostle* would say about these things concerning which we have been speaking. I think he would say about them just what he says about accepting an invitation to a feast in the home of an idolater. He would assert the liberty of the Christian to do them all, but he would add, "And ye be disposed to go:" or, to paraphrase again, "You are of course free to go according to your own conscientious judgment, but I would be freer than that, *I would not be inclined that way.*" A very rare thing is a person given to amusements who has also a high moral and religious purpose, or who can be depended upon in the work which the church is attempting to do in the world. The spirit of Jesus is not against amusements by any means, nor is the disciple of Jesus to be forever set in scruples against them, but the work of the kingdom of God languishes and is neglected when Christian disciples are much given to amusements beyond the needs of recreation. It is a rare thing to find a Christian much given to amusements who keeps up a private devotion, or retains a straightforward purpose in his religious life. They furnish material for thought which is not high and noble, and when they absorb the mind, all higher and better things must be crowded out, and the consequence is that the duties of everyday life become tame and distasteful, the

common relations of life are not romantic and exciting enough; and a frivolous, dangerous, and sometimes vicious, life is the result. The more wholesome and serious the view we take of life, the more we are governed by judgment and reason and not impulse, and the less shall we seek for mere amusements. When Paul used the clause—"and ye be disposed to go"—, he well understood that many of the best and purest of the Corinthian Christians would not at all be disposed to go. They would be in too great freedom for that, a freedom in which their inclination to go would be quite taken away. They would not be kept back by scruples or legal prohibition, but by the very Christian freedom which ennobled their lives. They would be at liberty to go, but they would be too free to go. The Christian, in so far as he is a Christian, is not down on the level of one who asks what he may do under the legal sanction of morality. That kind of motive does not have much influence with him; and when you come to him offering certain amusements, he does not fall back upon his conscience, asking whether he may have them, or try to tease his reluctant conscience to let him have them; but more likely he says, "No, I don't want them; I am not disposed that way." And he doesn't do this because he is somewhat soured against the pleasures of life, but because they do not belong to the plane of life on which he lives.

Christian people are set off from other people's amusements, not because they are not right for Christians, because what is right for anybody is right for a Christian, but because the love of Christ constrains them, and they live above these things, not claiming any superior excellence because of it, nor with any greater show of piety because of it, but simply because they have grown too free to want them any more. Shall we then as Christians be continually asking where the harm of this or that is? Is it not better in such things to be free? There is a better freedom than that,—to be so free that these things are not the wheat of life, but the chaff.

One evening little three-year-old Mildred saw the new moon for the first time. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "see the angel's finger nail in the sky!"

MISSIONS

Gifts for Missions

May the spirit of love so clarify our vision, purify our motives, exalt our ideals, that there shall seem but one gift that is worthy to lay at the feet of our Lord—

The fragrant alabaster
O'erflowing with our love!

Thus shall we find the secret of life. For love is life, and they who do not love are not alive. But every soul that loves, lives in the heart of God and hears him speak. Only by the gift of our love can we restore unto God his share.

"Restore to God his due in tithes and time!
Ah! yes, 'to God his due in tithes and time!'
And shall we measure God by tithes? or mark
The line where obligation ends?
Our royal Lord gave much—
Gave heaven, gave love, gave life, that we might
live;
Gave all, that we might nothing lack.

"Oh! Selfish heart! and blind! to be content
With that which only seems. The love of gold
Kills holier love.

Gold's but the shining mask
Death wears, when, with a silken touch, he chills
The fertile springs of life, congeals the warm,
Abounding currents of love's gracious flow,
And over the pathetic stillness throws
His falsely glittering pall.

"Fear not, O true, strong heart!
Tear off the mask, leap to the higher ground!
Reach toward the dominant heights of God's
Wide thought and will!
Wouldst hold Christ's hand? Then clasp thy
brother's close;
Unloose the fettered angel in thy soul,
White-winged beneficence, and speed her forth
With manna for the hunger of the world,
And feel the thrill of universal kin,
'The glorious throb that conquers time' and
wrong.
And know that what is thine is His to spare."
—Louise Kelley, in *Missionary Tidings*.

Evangelistic Meetings at Milton Junction, Wis.

DEAR EDITOR GARDINER:

I feel sure that some word from Milton Junction with reference to the evangelistic effort recently made in our village will be interesting even to those at a distance from this vicinity.

Last summer our church voted to invite Evangelist D. B. Coon and his singer, Mr. Paul H. Schmidt, to come to this village to hold revival meetings sometime during the autumn. It was also the majority opinion of the members that the effort should be a community effort. Accordingly the local Methodist church was invited to unite with our church and all Christian people urged to co-operate in the Gospel meetings.

As meetings preparatory to the regular evangelistic work, there were held four cottage prayer meetings each week besides two evangelistic services conducted by the two local pastors. These services were very helpful to the Christian people, as they prepared the hearts and hands of the people for the greater effort.

The evangelistic campaign began on October 21 and continued uninterruptedly until November 21. It was generally known that the campaign would be hard and laborious because of the hostility of the godless and the non-sympathetic attitude of many who wear the garments of respectability and morality but who are never to be counted on in the mighty struggle for righteousness. Then, too, there was an inner circumstance which seriously threatened to disrupt the meetings. But by God's overruling providence and the united efforts of the thinking, praying people the disaster was averted, though the spirit of the meetings never rose to the height that it promised when the work began.

Evangelist Coon put his whole strength, bodily and spiritually, into the messages he delivered. His sermons were wisely chosen and were plain, direct, faithful presentations of the truths of the gospel of God through Jesus Christ. He made his hearers think and caused some of them to act.

Blessings, at present not fully known nor yet fully appreciated, have come to our village and to individuals. We hope this effort is but a beginning of a future mighty work of God's spirit in this community. Never have the Methodists and Seventh Day Baptists worked together so closely, so unitedly and with such a delightful Christian spirit manifested as during these meetings. Pastor Webster Millar was a splendid, whole-souled team-mate throughout.

We expect to hold a baptismal service at or near Christmas. Eight young people

have offered themselves for baptism. Their thoughtful, earnest expression of faith in Christ is a cause for great rejoicing to us all. Others, some of them adults, are almost but not quite persuaded to give over to Christ the control and use of their lives.

We thank God for favors we have already received from his kindness. We humbly ask of him that we may be prepared for greater divine blessings. In the meantime we thank God and take courage.

HENRY N. JORDAN.

Dec. 6, 1915.

Monthly Statement

November 1, 1915, to December 1, 1915

S. H. Davis,
In account with
THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Dr.	
Balance on hand November 1, 1915	\$ 227 02
Mr. and Mrs. Milford Crandall	8 00
Mrs. D. C. Waldo, Foreign Missions	1 00
Mrs. J. D. Washburn	1 75
Lone Sabbath Keeper, Wisconsin	5 00
Churches:	
Plainfield	23 28
Shiloh	40 00
First Verona	13 05
Milton	27 94
Chicago	22 50
West Hallock	9 00
Welton	6 15
First Brookfield	28 44
Young People's Board, Dr. Palmborg's salary	25 00
Income from Permanent Funds	500 00
	<u>\$ 938 13</u>

Cr.	
Harrison Davis, acct. Eugene Davis	\$ 150 00
C. C. Van Horn, trav. exp.	7 50
Montgomery Ward & Co., acct. J. W. Crofoot salary	9 62
Montgomery Ward & Co., acct. Eugene Davis	50 45
Paul H. Schmidt, account expenses	37 50
Treasurer's expenses	20 00
	<u>\$ 275 07</u>
Balance on hand December 1, 1915	663 06
	<u>\$ 938 13</u>

Bills payable in December, about	\$ 500 00
Notes outstanding December 1, 1915	3500 00

S. H. DAVIS,
Treasurer.

E. & O. E.

For the Quiet Hour

MARY A. STILLMAN

"I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side. The works that I have in hand will finish afterwards. Now it is time to sit quiet, face to face with thee, and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure."

"In the night of weariness let me give

myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee. It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awakening."

"This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart. Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows. Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service. Give me the strength never to disown the poor or to bend my knees before the insolent might. Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles. And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love."

"When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out from beyond, come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest."—Rabindranath Tagore.

It may be of interest to RECORDER readers to learn something of the Bengal poet who was recently awarded the Nobel prize for literature. Rabindranath Tagore belongs to an illustrious family which for ten or twelve generations has been noted for its great men—artists, poets and philosophers. His father, the Maha Rishi, devoted a lifetime to philanthropy and to work for overthrowing idolatry in India. Rabindranath with his young wife took charge of the family estates on the banks of the Ganges. His quiet life here gave time for meditation and for the study of nature. His early poems reflect this influence, and contain the most beautiful love songs in the Indian language. Then came a great sorrow; in a single year death claimed his wife, his daughter and his youngest son.

Instead of alienating him from God this experience only drew him closer to the soul of the universe. He writes:

"My house is small and what once has gone from it can never be regained. But infinite is thy mansion, my lord, and seeking her I have come to thy door. I stand under the golden canopy of thine evening sky and I lift my eager eyes to thy face.

"I have come to the brink of eternity from which nothing can vanish—no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears.

"Oh, dip my emptied life into that ocean, plunge it into the deepest fulness."

From this time his poems, plays and essays took on a religious character.

The Triumphant Christ

REV. IRA LEE COTTRELL

Substance of Address on the last evening of Conference at Milton, Wis.

Of the thirty-four Conferences I have attended, it seems to me this is the best one of all. I have been wondering how the mighty uplift, the enthusiasm, the consecration, the love and spiritual power manifested here can be conserved, to be used in the years to come, to bring forth the results that we all wish to see.

In the first place we need a definite object in view, in order to attain our best. A few years ago President F. E. Clark suggested that the United Christian Endeavor Society should try to gain 1,000,000 new members and 10,000 new societies in the following two years. It looked for a time as though they would not succeed in doing it, but they did. This year President Clark said: "Here is what I ask you to achieve, in the name of the Master, and trusting in him for strength, during the next two years: 1,000,000 new Christians; 1,000,000 new members for our societies; 1,000,000 new church members; 1,000,000 new dollars for missions; 1,000,000 advocates of the Peace Union," etc. "Then let us set our standard at 10,000 new societies before the summer of 1917. We can do it if we will. We must do it if we can."

The united temperance organizations have adopted as their goal, and resolved to win, by the blessings of God,—National Prohibition in the United States by 1920. See the fright of the enemy! A liquor authority has predicted National Prohibition two years earlier—that is, in 1918. It has been proposed to make Prohibition world-wide by 1930.

The Methodist Episcopal Denomination has made 250,000 new members their goal for the next year.

Now let Seventh Day Baptists get in line. Our Conference has passed resolutions making our goal for the next three years 500 new members added annually to our churches, above all losses; 500 new members added annually to our Sabbath schools, above all losses; and approved the plan of work outlined by the Young People's Board for the next Conference year, namely: "To secure 125 converts; 200 new members of Christian Endeavor societies; 125 new church members from the Christian En-

"Gitanjali, Song Offerings" are love songs of the soul to God. Many of these hymns are sung in the Indian churches to Mr. Tagore's own music, for he is a musician as well as a writer. They might refer either to human or divine love, and have much the style of the Psalms or the Song of Songs. These poems bring us face to face with the Creator, bridging over our half-belief, and touching the very springs of our existence. They reveal in sunshine and in darkness, in wind and in water, in all the manifestations of life, the living spirit of God. "The morning light has flooded my eyes, this is thy message to my heart." It is as if our own souls were singing and appropriating the joy of existence.

In "Sadhana" lectures on the realization of life which the poet delivered at Harvard University and in England he points out that one can not have joyous communion with the eternal spirit if the heart is full of selfishness, greed and pride. "The free spirit is one who can have measureless love for all creatures, even as a mother has it for her only child."

It is surprising that poems written in a foreign language translated into English prose can retain so much delicacy and rhythm.

"Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well.

"Oh thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colors and sounds and odors.

"There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth. And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest.

"But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form, nor color, and never, never a word."

To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over the plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray,—these are the things that make men happy.—Ruskin.

deavor societies; 125 new dollars for missions; 1,000 new members of the Peace Union; 10 new societies; 500 new comrades of the Quiet Hour; 50 new members of the Tenth Legion; 75 Christian Endeavor Experts; 50 Life Work Recruits." "We can do it if we will. We must do it if we can." Our people have done it in the past. According to Elder Bailey's *History of the General Conference*, page 318, in the year 1831-32 there was a net gain of 535 members when the whole membership was only 3,775. From 1829 (with 3,047 members) to 1832—three years—there were annual gains of 461, 267, 535, or 1,263 net in three years, an average of 421 annually. This was a remarkable increase, and we have heard tell of the wonderful revivals of those times. It seems to be nearly double what we are attempting to do, but I think we shall do well, *very well*, if we reach our goal in our time. With God's help may no failure come through our neglect. I see from the same source there is recorded a gain, in the year ending with 1843, of 717 members. It may be well for us to notice that, for eighteen years after 1843, there were only six Conferences, or one in three years; also that in these eighteen years there was not so great an increase as in the one year previous to 1843. In that year there were 717. In the eighteen years, with triennial Conferences, there were 616 additions.

In the year ending in 1914, there were reported 501 additions, but only 214 above all losses. In the three years to come let us attempt something more than in the past. Let us "do our best" and put forth more consecrated work than ever before.

The world, the past year, has witnessed a demonstration of what may be called consecration on a large scale. Germany and Austria have manifested what human beings may accomplish by being devoted to a given task that perhaps has no parallel in history, and they have astonished the world. If this can be done for the sake, as it seems to the outside world, of material power and national aggrandizement, by an attempt to crush the powers about them, what consecration may be manifested by those serving under a leader who has given his life for his followers, and promised a country of more beauty and glory than earth has ever seen, and assured us of a life that surpasses this as the life of a

noble man or woman surpasses that of a mere insect of a day. And, too, he, our Leader, calls his followers to begin the life and the work he came to live and do, in helping to carry on his grand and noble work of saving men. May this work call all of us to consecrate ourselves as never before, and be assured, we shall at eventide come with rejoicing, bringing the harvest of life's sheaves with us, to enjoy, with the noble of earth, eternal life.

That we may realize all this and more, let us "mobilize, vitalize, and evangelize" our forces, and "Keep rank, keep rank, make Jesus King."

A Pleasant Surprise

On Sabbath afternoon, November 27, at the close of the Christian Endeavor meeting, Pastor Skaggs with his band of loyal Endeavorers crossed the street and very unceremoniously and uninvited entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Delos Babcock. As Mrs. Babcock could not see their faces, each member was introduced to her, and cordially welcomed. They were soon seated, with Miss Iva Davis at the organ. At once they proceeded to give a fine sacred concert, singing many of the old-time hymns which will never wear out, and closing with "In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet."

Mrs. Babcock assured the Endeavorers that her fondest anticipation in life is the glorious meeting in that beautiful beyond—fondly hoping to await their coming and to meet each one of them there.

Mr. and Mrs. Babcock expressed heartfelt thanks for the cheer and inspiration their coming had brought. When their good-bys were said, they departed leaving pleasant memories of their sweet music and genial presence, which, like the fragrance of beautiful flowers, will linger with their aged friends as they journey to the setting sun of life. Surely

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as Christian love.

*

You may think you see farthest in the daytime, but you don't. At midnight you see the stars. You would be dreadfully short-sighted if you had to live always in daylight.—*Continent*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Bill Jones' Neighbors

I got all kinds o' neighbors where I'm livin' by
the Crick—
Some Yankees and a Polock, and the Dutch is
pretty thick,
An' there's seventeen Norwegians that haul milk
along the road,
An' the's Irish, some; an' others, I ain't figgered
whar they growed.
An' some of 'em is diff'rent in their livin' ways
to mine—
I reckon it's their raisin'—an' I never got a line
On the half a dozen lingoos hearn around a
threshin' bee,
For I was born a Yankee, an' that's good enough
for me.

But somehow, when my wife was sick an' I was
mighty blue,
Then Hilda—she's my neighbor's gal—come up
and pulled us thru;
An' when I broke my laig last fall, an' huskin
not begun,
The Polock brought the Dutchmen and they
cribbed 'er number one.
And when my neighbor's horse got cut, an' laid
up plowin' time,
An Irishman he lent Bill one, an' never charged
a dime;
An' take 'em here and yander, as fur es I can
see,
The lot of 'em together is just like you an' me.

I'm proud that I'm a Yankee, an' Pete's proud
that he is Dutch,
But the lingo makes no differ, an' the creeds
don't matter much,
Fer we're goin' to pull together—Yank an'
Swede an' Mick an' Finn—
Till we've sowed a crop of Brotherhood, an'
brought the harvest in.
Fer that's the way we figger that our boys an'
gals 'll git
Their chance as we've had our'n, an' we'll help
to fashion it!
An' the' ain't no man can stop us, and the' ain't
no one can say
That the neighbors down on Farmer's Crick
ain't pullin' all one way.

—F. S. and H.

An Indian Dinner Party

The following letter was written for the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Deborah class of La Porte, Ind. Mrs. Martha Wardner is the teacher of this class.

MY DEAR FRIENDS OF THE DEBORAH CLASS:
The sun had dropped like a great ball of fire behind the western hills, leaving the sky tinted in deep amber, when we stopped before the postoffice, a low, unpainted and dilapidated building, and from the small battered desk I received a handful of letters. One bore Mrs. Wardner's familiar handwriting, and brought a request, or perhaps I should say an invitation, to have a part in your anniversary exercises; and since I never refuse either Mrs. Wardner or the Deborah class anything that I can give, I began to wonder what I might say that would be of special interest to you. Then the inspiration came; an Oklahoma sunset is enough to inspire the dullest mind. All that day I had been at an Indian "big eat" and I was sure you would want to hear about it. Such an occasion is always a most unique affair, and you would have opened your eyes and stared just as I did at first, could you have been there.

Sunday the word was passed around that Tone-mah, one of the deacons, was to give a dinner at his home on Monday. All were invited, and no regrets were handed in. The day dawned clear and sunny, with a brisk wind. We started early—think of going to a dinner party immediately after breakfast—but even then the Indians were ahead of us; for as we drove into the yard, it was filled with hacks, buggies, wagons, and vehicles of all descriptions. Three tents had been put up together, making a room as long as a house. In the kitchen of their home Tone-mah's wife, daughter and some intimate friends were setting tables and cooking dinner. All the guests were assembled in the tent. As many times as I have seen the Indians on festive occasions I never cease to marvel at their way of entertaining. It is so different from that of the white people. If there were those present who were not Christians, we might consider it courtesy to keep our religion hidden; not so the Indians. Tone-mah had invited many unconverted friends. As I took my place at one end of the tent, Lucius, the interpreter, whispered: "Give a good Bible lesson to the unconverted." Knowing what to expect I had prepared a talk from Jesus' first miracle at Cana—turning water into wine; and after telling the story of the "big eat" where Jesus was a guest, I spoke of his transforming power, and then gave some

plain, strong talks, as the Indians call it, to the unsaved. Testimonies followed. Many of them were urgent appeals for the unconverted to come into the "Jesus Road." At twelve o'clock Tone-mah's wife announced dinner. An old Indian arose and said, "Now we who are Christians must stay behind and let all of our unconverted friends have seats at the table first; then we can go in"—a little, I thought, of the spirit that must have been in our Master's heart when he said something like this: "When ye go to a feast, choose not the chief seats, etc."

I wish you could have peeped in at the doors and seen the four long tables set—one reaching the entire length of the house. All were decorated in fancy colors, and were filled with good things. There were the cakes that the young women proudly told me they had made, the beef that had been dried in the sun, the fried chicken, the fruits and candies, besides many plainer dishes. The women and children ate on the floor; the men and the missionaries were seated at the tables. Lucius gave thanks and then the food began to disappear with amazing rapidity. When the natural capacity for carrying food had been exhausted, sacks of all sizes were brought forth and what remained was taken away by artificial means. It would have been considered extremely impolite to leave on the tables any of the good things prepared by the hostess.

After dinner the guests scattered everywhere in the bright sunshine. The groups of gaily dressed Indians sitting here and there chatting happily together made a most picturesque sight. After the dishes had been washed, the house put in order, and digestion aided by much fun and laughter, a few of the Indian men gathered again in the long tent and began to sing. The Indians came from all directions—the mothers with papooses on their backs, the fathers leading little children, and soon the meeting place was again filled with Indians great and small. There was another Bible lesson, many more testimonies and prayers, and the afternoon was well spent before the service closed. There were many expressions of gratitude to our host and hostess, then the horses were hitched up and the long procession drove away turning in every direction to their homes. It had truly been a "big eat" for both body and

soul, and who can tell what seed had been sown that might in some future day bring forth fruit.

We look upon the Indian with pity—he is so far beneath us. And it is true that he has much yet to learn. But I think that these simple children of nature, crude and unlearned as they are, can at times teach us a lesson. And I wondered that day, as I drove home through the soft, hazy autumn light, if we had as truly learned to do all things "as unto the Lord" as had our simple-hearted Indian brothers and sisters.

* * * * *
May God's choicest blessing rest upon the Deborah class and the dear teacher as you enter another year of service for him.

Lovingly yours,

GERTRUDE MITHOFF.

Saddle Mountain, Okla.,
Oct. 14, 1915.

Baked Beans

REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS

Baked beans and ice cream,
Isn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?

What king, and what about it? The King of Glory, the Lord Jesus, who is served with a plate of beans and a dish of ice cream.

The church comes to the end of the year with a large deficit. At the business meeting a committee is appointed to solicit the members and attempt to raise the money. After a sweating time of it the committee confer together and find that they are still quite a sum behind.

They come to the next church meeting and the chairman of the committee begins to tell of all the trials and tribulations of Brother So-and-So, how he has had a little misfortune this year, and his bumper crop did not turn out so well as he had expected, and he has not received as high a price as he had hoped to receive, so that it is impossible for him to pay all that he would like to. Then there is that other So-and-So,—he has lost one of his best horses (one that ought to have been dead and converted into fertilizer years ago) and he has had to spend the money he was saving for the church to help buy a new horse, so that it is impossible for him to give anything at present. Then that other brother

from whom they expected so much had an accident to his automobile while out on a pleasure trip Sabbath Day and it took all the ready cash he could scrape together to put the car in running order again. There was also a good sister who had counted on raising chickens to help the church, but the eggs didn't hatch good and the rats got in among the few that were left, so she hasn't much to give. And so he goes through the list. Consequently there is still quite a deficit.

The people thus collected talk about stocks and bonds, farms and crops, cattle and hogs, styles and fashions. Finally some one thinks of the Ladies' Aid as a means for raising the debt, and promptly a motion is made to ask the Aid Society to help the church out of the difficulty.

The ladies call a meeting and vote to have a baked-bean supper. They get to work. Each woman spends from fifty cents to two dollars to get some baked beans and accessories together, which they serve for twenty-five cents a plate. The whole general public is appealed to to help pay somebody else's debt and at last the deficit is met. Thanks to the Ladies' Aid which has so generously "given" to the public a fifty-cent supper for twenty-five cents, and has received enough to pay the debt. "But it is the Lord's work, and we had a good time. 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Next Sabbath the pastor announces that he is to be away the following Sabbath and that a visiting brother will occupy the pulpit. It happened to fall to proud Brother Committeeman to introduce the visiting brother. While he is sitting there in the pulpit he is much chagrined to notice that the carpet is getting very badly worn and thinks that the preacher can not help but notice it. The last note of the bell dies away and the preacher is introduced, but the committeeman can not get his mind on the splendid message which is being delivered. On the next Sunday the regular business meeting of the church is held and the need of a new carpet is brought before the church. A committee is again appointed, and of course, since this man was the one who first noticed the worn carpet and had talked so earnestly for a new one, he is put on as chairman,—also because he was so *successful* in raising the money for the debt.

Again a thorough canvass is made with like results—there is a little lacking. Again the matter is gone over laboriously, reviewing the straitened circumstances of each individual member who has spent his money for everything from a new trotting horse to a pair of lace curtains. A great dilemma confronts the church. A happy thought,—some one thinks of the Ladies' Aid, which is again asked to help out. A meeting is called at once and the Ladies' Aid votes to have some more baked beans and ice cream. The process of baking and freezing and furnishing is all gone over again, and a big supper is held, and everybody gets tired out, and the next day is Friday, and the children hide all day long while the work is being done—except while their mothers are out leaning on the back-yard fence going over the whole performance again. At last the quiet Sabbath eve draws on with its restful, blissful moments, and the old church bell calls them again to the blessed hour of prayer. "Prayer meeting? Well, I guess not! We have all been too busy doing the Lord's work. We shall have a new carpet. 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

It is not long before it is noticed that the old cushions are about gone. Oh, no, I'm not going to go over that same story again, which by this time has become so familiar to every church community in the country. It is a good thing for church people to come together occasionally for a social evening and supper, but does it not seem unnecessary in the work of Christ's church that the only way that it is possible to get some of the most able to give is for some one else to give twice as much in provision and then pay the same as others, and have the pleasure of seeing some eagle-squeezer come to the table acting as though he had been fasting for a week, and then make up for lost time? After he has finished a bountiful supper he turns to the president of the Ladies' Aid and remarks, "I really don't see how you can put up such a supper for a quarter." She smiles and thanks him for the compliment, but thinks to herself, "I really don't see how you can put down so much for a quarter."

Moral: How does your church raise its money?

"Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants."

Letters to the Smiths

To George Smith.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: Let me change your question from, "What is a Christian?" to "Who is a Christian?" and I will reply that he is a near neighbor of mine, one whom I have known well for years—a Scotchman from the north of Ireland, yet a genuine American. About the first thing he did after coming to this country was to enter the Union army, and thus become a sturdy boy soldier for the freedom of man and the integrity of our government. Ever since those days he has continued to be a good soldier of our republic, contending with voice, example and ballot for civic righteousness. Though a lover of peace, I suspect that he would go to war again, if need be, against injustice and oppression. He is as Christlike as any man, I know, and Christ once wielded a whip in the very temple of God to express his righteous indignation against greedy grafters.

This neighbor of mine is human—intensely human—so I can not say that he is perfect. He would declare himself far short of his own ideal of Christian manhood, yet to us who know him in his everyday life he seems Christlike. An old schoolmaster of his has told me that John was a genuine boy, full of fun and sometimes unduly mischievous.

And now, my dear nephew, I am wondering if the carpenter's Son of Galilee was not himself a genuine, wholesome boy—so much so as to enjoy fun and sport, even to relish a joke now and then. The Bible story of him is necessarily short and lacking in many little details of his boyhood that I would like to know about. I like to think of him as a real boy, yet growing in knowledge and truth and wisdom until, by and by, the great purpose of his life took possession of his strong nature and he became able to triumph over the temptation in the wilderness. I think that sometime, somewhere, my neighbor may have had a similar struggle with the tempter, and that he too came out of the wilderness a conqueror—able to enter with courage the age-long conflict of right against might. As it is with all of us he had first to subdue himself—to bring his strong nature under subjection to higher ideals. Thus was his tendency toward fun and mischief transformed into a genial, kindly

humor. He has now at hand a rich storehouse of anecdotes and reminiscences—many of them humorous—that make him the life of any company of which he is a part; yet never does a story of his suggest an evil thought. Like the parables of the great Teacher they contain half-hidden moral truth.

This neighbor of mine is every inch of him a man—stalwart of body, large of heart, sturdy of purpose, and strong of conviction, yet gentle and modest of demeanor. Through a long life of earnest service for humanity he seems more than most men to have brought his faculties and emotions under subjection to a higher power, and to have acquired the strength of one who has overcome evil with good.

This neighbor of mine is in business—is a real estate dealer. I feel that I could trust him implicitly as such. I have heard others say the same thing. He seems to take the golden rule into his business. He is not wealthy—just has a good home and earns enough for an honest, comfortable living for himself and family. He has earned, too, what some men never get—the genuine respect and confidence of all men and the love of us who know him best. Moreover, his house is always kept in order for the message to come up higher.

This neighbor of mine seems possessed in an unusual degree of the spirit of Paul's charity chapter in his letter to the Corinthians. Though he has for nearly half a century been a leading and loyal member of a Protestant church, I do not believe that any devout Catholic has a better friend than he. I have heard him say that he would by no means undertake to undermine the faith of any one—especially a young person—and to draw him away from the church of his choice. No one respects me as a Seventh Day Baptist more than he. Though he hates sin he is apt to have a feeling of sympathy for the weak, erring mortal who has wandered away from the path of rectitude. He is a valiant temperance worker, yet says that he can realize why the man who depends for the support of himself and family upon the making and selling of intoxicants can not readily see how bad a business he is engaged in. I have heard him say that as a Christian he must love some men he does not like.

This neighbor of mine is a man of prayer, and I have heard him speak from

the pulpit. Because of his daily life his prayers and his sermons are wonderfully impressive. If some person in our community should ask me what a Christian is, I would attempt no abstract definition. I would ask him to observe the life and study the character of this neighbor of mine—a real, concrete, flesh-and-blood embodiment of what I understand Christianity to be.

I suspect, George, that you and I, if we have the faith, the charity, the moral purpose, and the consecrated will of this neighbor of mine, we may be as Christlike as he seems to be.

UNCLE OLIVER.

The Time of the Associations

Number 2

REV. A. J. C. BOND

In a former communication I gave some of the reasons why the Southeastern Association voted to continue to hold its annual sessions in the autumn. These reasons may be considered as those peculiar to our local circumstances, perhaps. I feel that I would not be fair to myself, however, if I did not mention another reason which was very strong with me in considering the matter; a reason which would apply equally to all the associations, if it will stand the test of the good judgment of the wiser heads in the denomination.

There are some among us, of course, who look upon Conference as a closing climax to the year's work in the denomination. In a sense this is true, and the Conference should bring to us, through the annual reports of the societies, and through messages from the field, something of the results of the year's work. A little hot air, and other frills and thrills, such as were indulged in on "Stainless Flag Night" of our late Conference, may be allowable, perhaps serviceable. But there is another and more important service that Conference can do us. That is, to make out and present to the denomination a program of activities for the new church year, upon which the churches enter in the fall. The work of the Board of Finance is in line, and some of us are very grateful for the thorough manner in which they did their work this year. The launching of the "Forward Movement" is a case in point.

The logical as well as the most practical way of getting these interests before the people, is through the associations, held soon after Conference. The association at Berea this year demonstrated the value of the present order.

The conception of the absolute, eternal, unmovable sovereignty of the Infinite, and nothing less than this, is the ultimate and fundamental of a real religious faith. The man is not worth his weight in dust who does not stand in awe of God. In all history and biography, in every age and clime and nation, this has been the spirit that has hated iniquity, broken tyranny, induced righteousness, wrought liberty, and made men worth making. And there never was an iniquity hated nor a tyranny broken nor a righteousness induced nor a liberty wrought nor a man worth making made without it. A good-for-nothing God in theology means good-for-nothing prophets in the pulpit and good-for-nothing men in the pews and on the street. Does this impair the heavenly Fatherhood? Will a true father encourage his children in their sin by countenancing it? Is God a seller of indulgences? The Fatherhood of God calls for the forbidding of sin, and if he ignores it he is no true Father. God is so good and loving that he is supremely concerned for the moral welfare of his children. He wants them to be righteous. He has placed the barrier of retribution between them and evil that they might turn from evil. Judgment, retribution, punishment, belong among the evidences of love.—*Rev. Charles S. Macfarland; in "Christian Service and the Modern World."*

Rejoice if in the Book of Life thy name is spelled;
If in thy thought a dream is held
Of rapture on ahead when thou art free
Across the vistas of immensity—
Thy name, thy very own, inscribed midst words
of light
Beyond the vale of death and night!
Rejoice; but as thou dreamest apart,
Be sure the Christ-name burns across thy
heart. —George Keightley.

'Tis the grandest theme thro' the ages rung;
'Tis the grandest theme for mortal tongue;
'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung—
Our God is able to deliver thee.
—W. A. Ogden.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Many Recruits for the Seventh Day Baptist Tenth Legion

Over 200 already enrolled!

Although the Tenth Legion department of the Young People's Board has only been organized since September, already 217 members have been definitely enrolled, most of whom were gained at Conference. There are, without question, hundreds of others in the denomination, but these have been recorded definitely with the Young People's Board. Corresponding secretaries, please send in the names of all of your Tenth Legion members to Carroll B. West, Milton Junction, Wis., and state whether or not they are enrolled in the United Society at Boston, and as such, have received their enrolment cards. Individuals who wish to be enrolled in this progressive movement, and to declare their intention of giving at least one tenth of their income to Christ's work, please send in your names also. Be sure to read over carefully the Tenth Legion Efficiency leaflet or catechism, which will be printed in these columns. The Riverside society recently reported eight Tenth Legion members. They are coming in fast. The following are only a few of the large list, parts of which will be published occasionally.

Angeline Abbey, Chicago, Ill.
Blanche E. Babcock, New Auburn, Wis.
Ella Babcock, Grand Marsh, Wis.
Fred I. Babcock, Kaukauna, Wis.
Grace I. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
James O. Babcock, Welton, Ia.
John T. Babcock, New Auburn, Wis.
Lillie Babcock, Grand Marsh, Wis.
Mr. and Mrs. Lou Babcock, Milton, Wis.
O. W. Babcock, Delmar, Ia.
D. Fern Barber, North Loup, Neb.
Herbert Barnes, Milton, Wis.
Adelaide Bartholf, Milton, Wis.
Elston L. Belknap, Oberlin, Ohio.
Mizpah E. Bennett, Milton, Wis.
M. E. Bigelow, Battle Creek, Mich.
Susie D. Bivins, Bridgeton, N. J.
Tehje Blume, Milton, Wis.
Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Salem, W. Va.
Stella M. Boss, William's Bay, Wis.
Isabella Brown, Milton, Wis.
Alice Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Allison L. Burdick, Milton, Wis.

C. A. Burdick, Westerly, R. I.
Clifford L. Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Mrs. Ella M. Burdick, Westerly, R. I.
George W. Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Grace Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.
Harold Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Marjorie Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Mrs. M. W. Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Russell Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.
W. D. Burdick, Jr., Milton, Wis.
Vina Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Ethel Butterfield, Chicago, Ill.
Ethel Carver, Milton, Wis.
Beulah Clarke, La Grange, Ill.

The Call of the Country Church to Young Men

GLENN L. FORD

Paper read in Young People's Hour, Southeastern Association

The call to any vocation is the call of service. The greatness of the call can be measured only by the needs of the field from which the call comes. It seems to me that there is no call to young men from any field unless there is an appreciation of the opportunities for service. Consenting to take this part on the Young People's program has brought me face to face with the call from the Country Church, and what I have written is the result of my reflections on the needs of the Christian Country Church.

I could give you statistical evidences of the decline in religious ardor in the Country Church if empty pews and vacant pulpits count for anything. Different denominations have authorized committees, and given money freely, for the purpose of collecting statistics showing the number of pastorless churches and abandoned houses of worship—taking the religious temperature as it were—and in almost every instance the results have shown a decline in outward expressions of religion. This does not prove that people are less religious, but it does prove that there is not a vital connection between their interests and the interests of the church which is in their midst. Perhaps I had better say that the people have acquired interests which are vital to them but do not see their relation to the church. Not that the church is less vital in its possibilities but it has through inactivity lost its hold upon the people. We can not have a live church in the midst of

an indifferent people. The church and the people are one.

I want to make this plainer. Let every one ask himself or herself, What does the church really mean to me? As you hear the word, I imagine your thoughts go back to some particular church nestled down in one of these valleys; it may be the church of your childhood around which cluster many beautiful memories, and I would there were more who had such memories. But stop, we must think in larger terms. The church is more than wood or stone or pleasant memories. The church is composed of human souls; people are the parts of the whole which is the church. The church building is but a symbol that strife and envy are at an end, that harmony and unity prevail, that the Christian spirit has its abiding-place in the valley. Yet we forget that it is through us that the church expresses itself.

Let us add another C to the Country Church; the Christian Country Church, the three C's. What a world of meaning that third C carries with it, suggesting to us the spirit of the Christ. This spirit is beautifully expressed in these borrowed words: "His great intellectual power combined with an attractive modesty; his tenderness with courage; his meekness with boldness; his self-sacrifice with a great manly spirit; his enthusiasm with patience; his humility with self-respect; these elements so mixed in him, that nature could rise up and say, He was a man"; that men of all ages can point to him and say, Behold the Prince of men.

We as a church stand for these elements which characterize the life of the Master. As Christians they are a part of us, but we measure up so woefully short. As individuals, on the last provocation, we, like Peter of old, deny our Lord. Why do we deny him or forget his teaching? Are the conditions under which we live such as to favor the development of this Christian spirit, this life for which the church stands, this life which Jesus lived? Are leaders lacking? Must there be some one for us to follow, some one to show us the Christ, so that—

"One look on that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness,"

until again, like Peter, we go out and weep bitterly? We have the advantage of two

thousand years of experience and struggle over Peter, so why should we not be more loyal and steadfast?

Let us examine the foundation of the country life. Do all its phases favor true Christian living? Surely man is not born with tendencies antagonistic to Christian influences, at least not normally so. Then we must look to his environment for influences which lead him astray. Is there anything in his natural environment which hinders the development of the Christian spirit? There can not be. On the contrary, I think there is everything to awaken and develop it. The natural is the doorway to the spiritual. We who live in the country are especially blessed with our natural environment, suggesting as it does faith, hope, patience, endurance, and unselfishness. Yet with this advantage our Christian living is cold and indifferent. Why is it? Are our eyes blinded to the beauties about us because the struggle of maintaining a respectable existence is too strenuous? Is there no time for the culture of the spirit? Or is the struggle too easy? Sometimes I think this greatness of soul, this spiritual culture, is rocked to sleep in the cradle of self-sufficiency. The independence of the farmer is exalted, but it is a dangerous possession. He does not know the bonds of union which come with a vital common interest with his fellow-men. Neither does he know the strife, envy, and hatred which are the outgrowth of close competition. The ties which bind him to his fellows can not be based on anything selfish or utilitarian. These ties must be based on the principles back of the life of the Master. It must be the result of a condition with and prompted by only the purest motives.

The farmer is hospitable to strangers and accommodating to his neighbors, but he is becoming unsocial. Many communities will go for six months without coming together for a common purpose. We even get so far apart that we fail to respond when there is a call for a community meeting. We Seventh Day Baptists who live in the country have lost in a measure the habit of visiting our neighbor. We haven't time to spend an evening now and then by our neighbor's fireside. His plans and purposes are unknown to us. We want comradeship, but have forgotten how to be friends. Hoping to find this comradeship

we have gone to the cities. Our children become restless and seek for pleasures in outward things. We want to enjoy the world without becoming a part of it. We want a knowledge of things without paying the price. This may be a natural result of conditions in the country, but it is not normal. The conditions must be changed.

To facilitate better social conditions we need better roads, better agricultural methods, better schools, and live churches. Of these I haven't time to say much, even though they are vitally connected with my subject. If, because of methods used in farming, success is impossible, and life could be made easier and success made possible by other methods, some one whose life is not grounded in the old ways should warn of the dangers and encourage new and better ways. Such a leader ought to have the broadest foundation in his preparation; in addition he should have a scientific knowledge of farming, road-building, and school methods. Our theological seminaries ought to provide for such training. Better farming will demand better roads and better schools. When the farmer realizes this, these community interests will be mutual and social conditions will improve.

Every child of the farmer should have the opportunity of being educated in a free high school, in which the teachers are deeply religious. I believe there can be no true education unless it leads to deeper religious expression. To separate intellectual culture and spiritual culture is impossible. It is a sad blunder to think it is the preacher's business to look after the spiritual side of life and the teacher's business to look after the intellectual side of life. A so-called spiritual person without intelligence is a stumbling block and intelligence without a corresponding spiritual vision is as dead as an encyclopedia of facts. We need more preachers with intelligent spirituality, and more teachers with spiritual intelligence.

How much easier and how much more could be accomplished by teacher and preacher if the homes of the country were more ideal; if there were more who really knew the meaning of home. "The holy service with its words: love, comfort, honor, serve, keep in sickness and in health," and etc., ought to be studied and

its meaning allowed to sink deep into the heart of every home-maker. Divorce after divorce, and the union by intelligent ministers of couples whom they know have no conception of the meaning of home-making tend to cheapen the significance of the marriage relation. Yet I think most men and women are sincere and feel something of the meaning of home-making when they enter into this sacred relation; but when the tests of unselfishness come, the self-denials, the self-sacrifice, how easy it is to let sad changes come over us.

"Years following years steal something every day
Until at last they steal us from ourselves away."

Let us make another picture; the test comes but it is a means of growth; toil, care, and pain are mutual, the fruits of which are patience, fortitude, and courage. But that this may be so, the home must be a religious home, a home where the Christian spirit dwells. The truest expression of religion is the religion of the fireside. "It is far easier to keep the true religious spirit in the home if in some simple way the fireside be made an altar, and the father and mother God's priests." To forsake the home means to forsake the church and the things for which it stands.

This seems to be an age in which it is hard to hold young people in the church. There seem to be so many outside attractions, which are not so apparently wicked, but which, if participated in, will draw us away from the keeping power of the Christian religion. We do not have time, nor are the conditions favorable, for reflection upon the true meaning of life. We live in a fast age and the glamour of it all makes it hard for us to see the real meaning through the confusion of a constantly changing order. I believe there are few who deliberately plan to oppose Christian influences. We younger folks need to know the way that leads to the joy and peace of living in the service of the Master. We need to know that any service which the world needs and which, when rendered rightly will make the world a safer and a saner place in which to live, is service for the Master. The dignity of the labor when we are co-workers with him will bring us the peace of Jesus Christ—the peace which comes not through some mystical contemplation or vague experi-

ence, but by our sharing the spirit of the Master, by the earnest following of duty, the noble facing of responsibility, the bold confronting of difficulties, the quiet endurance of persecution, the brave carrying of sorrow, and the prayerful sanctifying of our joys. The way of the cross is the price of this spirit. Rest can only follow labor. The overcoming of outward things is by the condition of the inward. The reign of Jesus must come through the power of love and service. This reign must be brought about by preacher, teacher, lawyer, farmer—in fact, every individual must be included. Perhaps the greatest task, and with the task the greatest opportunity, comes to the preacher. He is the pointer of the way. The several occupations and different view points of other men, narrowed into the channel of their own interests, make it impossible for them to see the whole of life. They may lead men in a profession like their own, but to advise and lead all men they are incompetent and unsafe. The minister in these times must know all of life. He is asked to be pastor of all people. The call from the Country Church is a call for young men with special preparation for service in this field. The business of being a Christian is the same business everywhere, but the conditions which make it a successful business are not the same in every place. So to be a leader in the Christian life anywhere the preparation must be broad, deep, and thorough; and in addition the leader should be a specialist in the kind of work the field needs. But in every field the greatest need is for men who will point men to Jesus by their own life, who know the bypaths leading to the suppression of his spirit and can warn men of this way; who can help bring the home, and the school in the church, and the church to a deeper appreciation of its mission; men who, like Jesus, go about doing good.

The Indignation of Our Master

REVA VAN HORN

Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Churches of Iowa

I think, without doubt, we picture Jesus with a wan, sad face, his actions emphasizing meekness and humility, and quiet peacefulness as the dominant quality of his character.

Wrath is a part of every character's equipment, even of the greatest characters. Was Jesus ever wrathful? Yes, he was. I will try to mention a few times when his indignation was aroused. Jesus was indignant at the selfishness of Dives. Perhaps the excuse Dives made for himself was that he did not cause Lazarus' poverty and that, therefore, he was not responsible for it.

If we see some one in trouble and do not make an effort to help him out, does not Jesus consider us partners with the one who caused the trouble?

Let us ask ourselves this question: "Am I doing all in my power to make the moral life of my community the best possible? I think if more of us would put this question to ourselves we would realize how we need to try harder to raise the standard of our community. Stop and think, What can I do to help?"

Another time when Jesus' indignation was aroused was when he entered the synagogue and found the money changers misusing the house of God. Jesus' indignation was aroused until he even used a whip of cords to drive the money changers out.

Why are we so often ashamed of our outbursts of anger? Don't you think it is because our wrath is altogether selfish? I do. Was Jesus' wrath ever selfish? Was his indignation ever aroused except over others? Paul says: "Be ye angry and sin not." What does that mean? Perhaps some of you know. I will not endeavor to answer that question.

I am attending the Y. W. C. A. conference at present. The other evening I passed a group of five or six girls. My attention was drawn in particular to a girl who was bent on leading another girl to a public dance in a town somewhere near by—I do not remember its name. The rest of the group were thoroughly aroused and angry. Finally a very indignant girl spoke out to the tempter, "You go immediately and don't let me catch you coaxing Anna to any more dances or anything of the kind." I wonder if such anger as those girls showed ever calls for remorse.

I wonder if Jesus were to walk into Welton, Garwin, Marion, or any of our home towns, would there be anything in our social lives that would cause the Mas-

ter's indignation to rise as it did when he went among the Pharisees.

Jesus never was selfishly indignant. Never let your indignation rise except for the sake of others, is the simple thought I wish to leave with you.

Welton, Ia.

The Up Grade

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

Christian Endeavor Topic for December 25, 1915

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Reject unworthy things (Matt. 5: 29-30)
Monday—Attention to good (Titus 3: 8)
Tuesday—Meditation (1 Tim. 4: 13-16)
Wednesday—Prayer (Jas. 1: 1-8)
Thursday—Following Christ (Rev. 14: 4)
Friday—Conserving gains (Rev. 3: 10-12)
Sabbath Day—How to keep on the up grade (Phil. 3: 12-16). (New Year's meeting)

Paul was past middle life, but still in the race. Forgetting the "On the mark, get set, go," and the hallooing at the bystanders, and the fatigue from the race, he was still running; the goal was not yet attained. Has your society reached the goal set by the Young People's Board? Keep a-going. This is a three-year campaign. Keep in training. This is not merely a forty-yard dash. There will probably be something to run for after the three-year mark has been reached.

The sprinter's posture is not one of equilibrium to one standing still. The force spent in running is what keeps him from pitching headlong. So do not try to look as if you are going when you are standing still. If you do you will fall. Spend your energies in sending your body towards the goal. It is up grade all the way. There are two essentials to keeping on the up grade—energy and direction.

What habits lead up grade? Down grade?

What are some of the benefits of the difficult up grade way? What are some of the dangers of the down grade?

How can we keep in training for the upward race?

Who wins in the race?

What is the "prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus"?

Milton Junction News Notes

November is the Thanksgiving month, and our church and Christian Endeavor society are very thankful for the many good things that have come to them.

Union Thanksgiving services were held in our church Thanksgiving night, and although we were treated to a hard thunder shower, there were about fifty people present to enjoy a most helpful sermon by Rev. Mr. Millar, pastor of the M. E. church. At the close of the sermon he asked the people to tell just one thing for which they were thankful. Thirty took part, and it was indeed a fitting close for Thanksgiving Day.

The Junior Christian Endeavor society remembered the poor on Thanksgiving eve with good things to eat and some clothing.

The Good Literature Committee has sent a box of papers to the Fouke School.

The union revival meetings closed on November 21. Several are ready to offer themselves for baptism and church membership. The union meetings of the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor have been helpful to the young people.

Preparations are being made by the Sabbath school for "A White Gift for the King" Christmas exercise.

A mission study class is being organized. The members will use "The New Era in Asia," by George Sherwood Eddy.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Milton Junction, Wis.

Do you believe in nailing up a horseshoe on your house for good luck? If you do, you're up to the standards of the heathen who lived in Ur of the Chaldees when God called Abram out of that land because he had something better for him. Archeology has dug up the Chaldean clay substitute for the luck-bringing horseshoe.

Dr. Melvin Grove Kyle, one of the best known of the archeologists, writes every month in the *Sunday School Times* a review of the latest archeological discoveries and their bearing on Bible truth. This is a sample of the many notable discoveries that are constantly being made by the archeologists,—the men who dig up ancient records in Bible lands. A specimen copy of the *Sunday School Times* containing one of these interesting and informing articles will be sent on receipt of a postcard re-

quest addressed to The Sunday School Times Company, 1031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Home News

WESTERLY, R. I.—The gentlemen of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church served an oyster-stew supper last evening in the vestry of the church on Main Street. The church vestry was crowded at the supper hour and the seats at the tables were soon filled. It was necessary to reset the tables, as there were 175 people served. A. H. Langworthy was at his old post as chef, and he had an efficient staff of assistants in the kitchen. William H. Browning was in charge of the force of about 20 waiters. Only the highest praise was heard of the supper.

The sale of fancy articles and candy conducted by the ladies of the church proved to be a great success. The booths and tables were appropriately decorated for the occasion and filled with an array of attractive gifts and useful articles, while the candy corner, with its pleasing variety of homemade candies, was very popular.

It is estimated that over \$225 was cleared from the supper and the sale of fancy work and candy.

MILTON, WIS.—A total sum of \$51 was given by the students to the World Student Federation, which will go towards making up a Christmas gift for the students of the warring nations. This gift was raised as a result of an appeal sent by John R. Mott to the local Y. M. C. A., which appeal was responded to very liberally and with more or less sacrifice on the part of the students.

The Christian organizations are very grateful to all who gave, and hope that they will receive as much blessing as the unfortunate students to whom it goes.—*Milton College Review*.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—J. S. Nelson accompanied Rev. D. B. Coon to New Auburn, Wis., last Thursday evening, where he will take charge of the singing in the revival meetings Rev. Mr. Coon will conduct there. Professor Paul Schmidt, who formerly had charge of the singing, has resigned for the present.—*Milton Journal-Telephone*.

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.—It is not because we do not enjoy the Home News department of the RECORDER that something does not appear more frequently from Adams Center, but we have been enjoying, so much, the reports of Conference and the associations that we did not wish to crowd out any such matter with something of less interest.

The services of the church are maintained with a good degree of interest. Isolated as we are from the other churches of the denomination, we miss many of the good things they enjoy, but we are glad to report that some of these good things have been coming our way of late. Dr. S. C. Maxson, of Utica, was with us November 13. He addressed a men's meeting on Sabbath evening, and spoke on Sabbath morning. The following week President Davis, of Alfred, preached, and also gave us a lecture the evening after the Sabbath.

An event that is looked forward to with a great deal of interest, is the annual harvest supper and sale given by the ladies of the church. This was held in Grange Hall on the evening of October 12 and was largely attended. It was a success in a social way and also financially, as the ladies added upwards of \$70 to their treasury. In addition to the teas and thimble socials which they hold, they have planned five day socials, to which the men are invited, to be held at the homes of those living in the country.

Seven years ago the town of Adams voted no license by a small majority, either 25 or 27, and has remained dry since then. The hotel-keepers succeeded in having the question submitted to the people at our last election and all four propositions were voted down by about 4 to 1. The majority this year was 450, much more than we had even dared to hope for. No doubt it will be some time before it is again brought before the people.

Several of our people were in Syracuse on November 30 to hear Billy Sunday.

At present we are having nice winter weather, with the snow from one to two feet deep. Sleighing fine. W. P. J.

The man who won't keep his promises to you is just the sort of a man who will get mad if you don't keep yours to him.—*The Christian Herald*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The "T. M. T's"

ANGELINE ABBEY

Mary Martha had invited nine of her friends to come to her home for "something very special." She had asked them, "Please do not dress up," and they had come with clean hands and faces, newly combed hair, and neatly attired in fresh gowns of gingham or percale.

"I didn't dress up, but I just had to change my gown, for I had been playing in the sand all the morning," explained Genevieve Johnson, who was apt to apologize for many things which others would not mention.

The other girls smiled sympathetically, and looked conscious, as though they had all gone through the same experience.

"Just changing our dress when it is soiled, isn't 'dressing up,'" replied Mary Martha. "I am glad you all have on clean dresses, for I have asked you here to talk of business for the King, and I think we should be neat and tidy to show respect to him.

"First of all, I think we ought to pray. We need our heavenly Father with us to guide us in making plans for his work. Will you all please join with me in praying the Lord's Prayer?"

All knelt down and repeated the Lord's Prayer reverently, after which Mary Martha made a short prayer:

"Dear Father, guide us in our plans today. Help us not to make mistakes. Grant that we may be able to do something to help to bring thy kingdom upon earth. Forgive us our sins for Jesus' sake. Amen."

At the close of the prayer, she said: "Girls, I've been thinking, ever since the Conference, of what that minister said about tithing, and I've come to the conclusion that I ought to practice it. Just as soon as I made up my mind to do it I thought of the rest of the class, and I wondered if some of you wouldn't like to tithe too, so I asked you to come here to talk about it, and see if we couldn't organize a club."

"Capital!" said Nellie Gowen. "I'm in for it. I think that will be just fine!"

"Why, what do we have to tithe? We

haven't any money or income." This from Ora Reynolds, a very practical little girl.

"Well," said Genevieve, "Grace and I have an allowance for candy, gum, and other little things, and I am sure we ought to be willing to spare part of that, to help bring in the kingdom."

Here Rose White, who had often said she wanted to be a foreign missionary, spoke up: "I do not think it is right to buy very much candy and gum, anyway, when people in the cities and foreign countries are starving for real food. One thing that minister said I haven't been able to forget. It keeps coming over in my mind. He said the people of the United States spent, in one year, twelve million dollars for foreign missions, and thirteen million dollars for chewing gum, and then asked, 'Do the people care more for the working of their jaws than they do for saving the lost?'"

"I guess the most of us do have more gum and candy than we need. We might buy less, and give that little to missions. It wouldn't be much, but maybe it would help some," said Nellie Gowen.

"Of course it would help," said Mary Martha. "If ten of us pay five cents a week, that would be fifty cents from all, and would be twenty-six dollars in a year."

"Let's do it, girls,—but I don't know as my father would give me the same money if he knew I was going to send it to some foreign country. He doesn't go to church, and he laughs at mother for going to the Missionary Society," said Rose.

"Oh, he laughs, does he?" said Kittie Jones, who hadn't spoken before. "Then he'll be easy to manage. I'm not afraid of people's laughs. It's their frowns that I'm afraid of. I think if you tell your father all about it, he won't care."

"It's just this way, girls," said Mary Martha, "I think we all spend more money than we realize. If we have a dollar, can we not spare ten cents of it for God's kingdom? If we have a dime, can we not spare one cent of it, and get along with nine cents' worth of candy?"

"Shall we start a tithing club? All who are in favor of it, and want to join, please stand up."

Mary Martha was standing. Eight of the other girls immediately rose to their feet. Only Lily Jackman, a pale, sober little girl, kept her seat. The others looked

at her, and her face got just a little rosy as she said:

"Girls, I am sorry, but I don't have any money—I just don't have any at all!"

"That doesn't make any difference. You can give a tenth of what you *do* have. You can do other little things to help bring in the kingdom—lots of little things. Don't you remember what our Sabbath-school teacher said about our being stewards of the money, time, and talents which God has given us? You could probably give a tenth of your time to doing good—we all could—and maybe if you would pray for it, God would send you some money. We want you to join, if you believe in this, anyhow," answered Mary Martha.

"All right, I'd love to help," said Lily, getting up.

"Now," continued Mary Martha, "what shall we call ourselves?"

"The 'Tenth Legion' is the Christian Endeavor name, but I think we want something different, don't we?" ventured Mildred Monroe, a thoughtful little girl who had not spoken before. "How would 'Ten Tithers' do?"

"That would be nice, and have the letters 'T. T.' painted or embroidered on some badges. My brother paints beautifully. Maybe he would put the letters on for us," said Genevieve.

"That would be fine, but don't you think, girls, that we ought to have something about missionary in our name?" asked Nellie.

"Yes," "Oh, yes!" "Of course!" answered several girls at once.

"How would 'Ten Missionary Tithers' do, and have the letters 'T. M. T.'?" asked Lily Jackman.

"I think that is as good a name as we could get, and I make a motion that we adopt that name," said Kittie.

"Second the motion!" promptly spoke Nellie.

"The motion is," said Mary Martha, "that we adopt the name, 'Ten Missionary Tithers.' All in favor, please raise the right hand."

Nine girls voted.

"The vote is unanimous. You know the chair doesn't usually vote," explained Mary Martha. "Now who will we have for president?"

Every one shouted, "Mary Martha Bowen!"

Genevieve Johnson stood up. "Let's

have a regular motion and vote. I will put it, as it might be embarrassing to Mary Martha."

A motion was promptly moved and seconded. The chosen one said: "Girls, I think some one else would make a better president."

"I don't," said Mildred. "You are just the one, because you thought of it. You have plans for the club, probably. You will be a good leader."

"You had better be the first president, anyhow, and help us get started," said Grace Gordon, who was Genevieve's chum.

The vote was unanimous for Mary Martha Bowen to become the president of the "Ten Missionary Tithers." A secretary and treasurer were next elected. Then the question of dues came up. Should they pay a nickel or a penny at each meeting? One of the girls said she thought it would be better to take up a collection at each meeting, paying as they could; adding, "Sometimes we might not have it, and then we would be getting in debt, if we had regular dues."

Every one seemed to be thinking of Lily Jackman; but all studiously looked in other directions.

"I think the collection should not come out of our regular tithe, but be extra," said Mary Pratt, a very generous little girl.

"So do I," said Nellie. "Wouldn't it be a good plan to have some banks to put our tithes in, and open them in about three months?"

Genevieve asked: "Why not have some homemade money boxes with the letters 'T. M. T.' on them?"

A motion was made that the president appoint a committee to make the boxes, and to see about the badges.

She at once named Genevieve as chairman, and asked Grace Gordon and Kittie Jones to help her, as the other members of the committee.

"Shall we have a secret society?" asked Grace.

All agreed that it would be a good plan to keep the name secret until they had found out whether they could make a success of their plans or not; but that they ought to tell their mothers,—and fathers, if they wanted to.

Then the girls decided to meet twice a month, on the Wednesday which was nearest to the tenth and twentieth dates.

When they were through with the business which completed the organization of the "Ten Missionary Tithers," Mary Martha invited the girls out to play croquet, and to swing.

After they had played about an hour, Mrs. Bowen appeared with sandwiches and lemonade. Ten little girls sat in a circle on the grass. As they ate and drank, they discussed plans for earning, or for saving, money for the Missionary Club. They separated to go to their respective homes after agreeing to try to find out ways to earn nickels and dimes, and to report at the next meeting.

How their parents received the news, and the experiences they had, pleasant and otherwise, is another story.

Confession of an Ex-Convict*

Bill Stiles, One of the Last Members of the James and Younger Brothers' Gang

It was on the evening of October 30, 1913, in the Union Rescue Mission, 145 North Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal., that I was *arrested by the Holy Ghost* and gave my heart to God.

This was the first time I had been in a church service since a small boy, nearly forty-four years before.

My criminal life began when I was fourteen years of age back in New York as a pickpocket. I had Christian parents and a lovely home. My father was a practicing physician. They did all they could for me, but the devil got hold of me in some way, and I seemingly could not keep from doing wrong. They sent me into the country, but I did no better there. I overheard them talking of sending me aboard the Schoolship St. Mary, and then I ran away.

I drifted westward, and in 1876 joined the James' gang with the Younger brothers, and was with them in the Northfield robbery. I escaped the vengeance of the law, and made my way to Omaha, Neb. I had served three terms of one year each behind prison bars. In 1900 I was convicted of a crime and sentenced to life imprisonment. When those doors closed upon me it was terrible; no one can know my feelings but those who have passed through such an experience. It is a life of torture; a living death.

*Published by the International Free Tract Society, 730 San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

On the 19th day of March, 1913, I got my release from prison, and friends took me to the State of Washington, where I found employment in a lumber town. I did not like it, however, and soon found a friend who gave me work for two months; but when he came to me one day and said that he could not employ me longer, I knew my past had been revealed, and became discouraged. At last I gave up trying to be good; I found it impossible, and determined to go back into my old life of crime. I knew it meant death to me, so I began to prepare for what I knew in the end would be the taking of life before they would get me. I was desperate, and once more the old outlaw spirit was upon me and I was becoming a demon at heart. I went to Tacoma and Seattle and looked up some of my old pals—men who did not care for their lives. With them I planned to go back into my old work of train robbing.

I came to Los Angeles on the 19th day of July, 1913, and began to look up this country, both along the Santa Fé and Southern Pacific railroads, preparatory to "striking" and then striking again. I went into the mountains for a month, in the vicinity of what is now known as Pisgah Grade, and drew my maps and laid my plans. I came back into the city and put my men (as they had bad records and were wanted by the police) in hiding. The night before the intended robbery I walked down Main Street, thinking over my plans and the course mapped out, when I found myself in front of a mission. Just then I saw a policeman coming down the street, and naturally feeling suspicious, I stepped inside to avoid him and walked way up front.

I did not hear much of the service, for my mind was upon the work for the next day. I felt a little uneasy, for I had left my suitcase in my room, and in it some of the "soup" (nitroglycerine), some high explosives, and my guns. I had everything ready, and so far my plans had gone smoothly; but as I say, I felt worried, and was just getting up to leave when one of the workers came to me and asked me to give myself up to God. I told him that I did not believe in a God. The life I had lived did not allow me to believe in a God. I do not remember his reply, for when I attempted to get up I had no control over my legs. I do not know what

you think, but I know my legs were fastened to that floor by a power not of this earth. I kept trying to get up, when a woman came and sat down beside me, and urged me to go up to the altar. I listened to her pleadings for a time and then consented to go, thinking it would do me no harm anyway. What seemed so strange to me was that I did not have any power to resist. It was not the woman, for I have been a woman-hater since my early life; it was the power of God. As soon as I gave my consent my legs were released, and I went up and knelt at the altar. I heard them praying, and a strange feeling came over me. It seemed as though something in my heart was loosening up, and I began to feel happy; then a warm light came from above and made my whole body burn. How sorry I began to feel for my past life of crime! I could not keep back the tears—tears of real repentance. I heard them tell me to repeat a prayer, but I had found the Lord before that. Oh, what a joy came into my heart!

I went out of the mission knowing the first real joy and happiness in the Lord, for I was conscious that my sins were forgiven. I could not go to bed for joy, but walked the streets for hours. I forgot all about the train robbery I had planned for the next day; forgot the suitcase and guns. Next morning after my conversion, I told my companions what I had done and they said I was nutty. I told them if I was, I hoped God would give me more. I then separated from my old pals and they went their way. I am sorry to say that two of them have paid the death penalty already—one was killed in a raid in the north, and the other in Arizona. For a number of days I sat in the mission. I was happy—happy for the first time in my life. Finally I began to come to myself and to think about the law, knowing that I was liable to be arrested, for I had revealed my past life. I thought about going away, but was held from doing so by a feeling of love that seemed to draw me closer and closer; and such a delight was in my heart and soul that I knew I was in the presence of God's Spirit. I was experiencing the greatest joy I had ever know, and the peace of God flooded my soul. I kept getting happier and happier, until it seemed as though I loved everybody and everybody loved me. I knew no

evil, and thought no evil—I was "a new creature in Jesus Christ."

That heart of mine was as hard as stone; nothing had ever melted it, and my soul was black with many a crime, but the Lord took me and washed me as white as wool. There is nothing but the power of God that can take the wickedness of a life out, and keep it out. During all my life I had walked in the valleys and through dark paths, until up from the depths below he lifted me out—of darkness into his marvelous light. I know that a man who has lived the life that I have can never reform, but through the power of God he can be transformed and given a new nature: it is the birth of a new spirit. I would not take the whole world for the joy the Lord gives me.

I broke my mother's heart, and sent her to her grave in disgrace. A dear old father and sisters and brothers have all passed away, and their last thoughts were of me. I think I can see them now, their faces shining with the glory of God as they look down upon me from the glory-world beyond the skies, and rejoice, for "he that was dead is alive again, and he that was lost is found." Now in place of carrying guns to destroy life, I carry the word of God that gives life—eternal life.

There is no such thing as reformation for one like me. It takes the power of the blood of Jesus Christ to blot out transgression and clean one up. Nothing else can take away our sinful appetites and set us free from the power of the evil. "He that is free in Christ Jesus is free indeed."

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. 7: 25). The promise has been made and stands sure, but you can sit there until doomsday and it will profit you nothing until you *come*. Six hundred and forty-two times in his word, God has invited men to come. "Whosoever will may come." The "whosoever" covers every man, but the "will" may leave some of you out; "Whosoever *will* may come."

I have had repeated offers to go back into the old life since my conversion. Men have even offered to supply the money for necessary outfit or equipment. But it was the strength that I got from God alone that helped me to stand.

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

It is a remarkable sign of the times that secular journals are giving so much space to moral and religious topics. We could wish that many things were omitted of course, but let us think of our mercies. In the *Ladies' Home Journal*, for instance, a series of articles is being published on "The King's Business: How It May Be Done More Effectively." The special subject in the current number is, "Suppose they did: Suppose one thousand men decided tomorrow to give up their lives to the churches to do active Christian work. What would the churches do with them?" The author goes on to tell the story of how he tried to break into Christian work for several years without any real satisfaction. The program seemed to be to go to things, vote, and listen to speeches calling on men to give themselves to God's work; but he did not find anything definite to do.

I should like to see an article written in answer to that by my friend, Marshall A. Hudson, the founder of the Baraca Class, who gave up a fine flourishing crockery business in Syracuse to devote all his time to Christian work among and with young men. He aims to be a millionaire—that is, to get a million men studying the Bible in Baraca classes, and he has approached very near his goal already.

If the writer of the article in the *Journal* had fallen in with some church where they had a live organized men's Bible class, he would not have stumbled along in the dark as he seems to have done. These classes are doing a great work. They reach one section of the great evangelistic field which lies before the modern Bible school. Let every man say in sincerity, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and he will find his field all about him.

If you want to know more about the Organized Bible Class, write to Professor A. B. West, Superintendent of the Adult Department, Milton Junction, Wis. The Sabbath School Board has put him in charge of that department. Ask him questions. Or write to Marshall A. Hudson, The Windemere, Syracuse, N. Y. Or

write to any up-to-date Bible-school worker. Plan to go to the next convention that occurs in your section or State. Get into the procession. "There's lovely fighting all along the line."

Lesson XIII.—December 25, 1915

THE SABBATH, SOCIAL AND ETHICAL.—Amos 8: 4-10; Hos. 2: 11-13

"The Savior of Kurdistan"

Waist deep in the waters of the upper Tigris stood a poor Kurdish washerwoman, plying her vocation. Although her pay was but a pittance, she wrought daily at her hard task for her own livelihood, the education of her bright little boy, and for charity. In winter, when blocks of ice from the streams in the Taurus mountains came floating down the river, she still was there, laboring with strong arms and a strong love.

The missionary from Kharput, making his annual visits, saw in his congregation a face that fascinated him. In it suffering and sorrow and hope and patience and passionate devotion seemed to have wrought their perfect work. At the close of the meeting he said to the native pastor, "Bring that woman to me."

In mean attire and trembling, the woman stood before him, holding with one hand her little boy. The missionary spoke Armenian; she understood the Kurdish. He addressed her through the native pastor.

"Mother, do you love Jesus?"

"I do," she said, "I do."

"How much would you give to him?" asked the missionary.

"O missionary," she cried, "I have nothing. Yet all I earn I give, saving only enough for food for this little boy and myself."

"Would you give your little boy?" he asked.

"He is my all—my life!" she cried.

"Think well of it tonight and pray," said the missionary. "I return to Kharput tomorrow."

And the widow went out sobbing: "My only son, my Thomas!"

The remaining hours of the missionary's visit were very busy ones, and when the morning came and his horse was saddled,

he had forgotten about Thomas. He reproached himself afterward, but it was true—he forgot. The journey was long. The mountain torrents were raging. The hills were full of brigands. There was so much of preparation for the journey, so much of necessary adjustment of the work of the mission, so much of admonition, direction and advice, that Thomas and his mother, with the wonderful light in her eyes, passed wholly from his mind. But as he was about to start, the group of mission workers and converts who had assembled to bid him farewell divided to make room for her to approach him—and there was the mother and Thomas.

At the missionary's feet she laid the little bundle of clothing on which she had worked all night. She laid one hand on her boy's head, and with the other pointing upward, said two words: "Thomas—Christos." Then she went back to her lonely home. But not to a narrowed or mournful life; hers was the joy of one who had made the supreme sacrifice.

Thomas developed all those powers which the missionary had discerned in promise in his face, and had seen in full development in the face of his mother. He led his class. He advanced by leaps and bounds. He was valedictorian at his graduation. He pushed straight on in his Bible study, and when he graduated he went back to his old home, where the mother waited for him, and then far beyond into the Kurdish mountains to a town which, for its Christian faith in early ages, had been named Martyropolis. There he began anew the preaching of a gospel that once made its followers faithful unto death, and they called him "The Prophet of Kurdistan."

The black year 1895 came round, and with it the awful massacres. Many thousand Christians gave their lives for their faith. Eight hundred of the members of the churches centered close to him perished. Twenty-seven teachers and preachers died at their posts; Thomas was shot and cruelly cut, and left for dead. With bleeding wounds and broken bones and a fractured skull they bore him fifteen hours' journey—two long days—to where he could have the protection of a British consul and the care of a European surgeon. And Thomas, against all probabilities, recovered.

Back he went into the mountains where he had worked before. He gathered the

scattered, frightened Christians, and inspired them with new courage and hope. He protected the widows; he fed the orphans. He gave himself without fear or thought to hundreds of widows, and to a work that brought new life to crushed and broken hearts. The sacrifice of his own mother bore its abundant fruit in the comfort he gave to orphans, and they called him "The Savior in Kurdistan."—*The Youth's Companion*.

Marriages

STRAIT-BURDICK.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Strait, at Berlin, N. Y., October 9, 1915, by Rev. H. L. Cottrell, Mr. Fred L. Strait, of Petersburg, N. Y., and Alice D. Burdick, of Berlin, N. Y.

GREENE-ARMSBY.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Armsby, on November 15, 1915, by Rev. H. L. Cottrell, Carlton L. Greene and Blanche Belle Armsby, both of Center Berlin, N. Y.

Deaths.

WHIPPLE.—George Arnold Whipple was born in Coventry, R. I., August 27, 1832, and died at Ashaway, R. I., July 26, 1915.

He was the fourth of seven sons born to Christopher and Edey Tarbox Whipple, and the last to pass away. He took up his residence in Ashaway in 1854, and lived there continuously until his death. September 10, 1857, he was united in marriage with Abby Maria Ennis, of Richmond, R. I., who died May 28, 1911. Two children were born to them—Herbert G. Whipple, of Yonkers, N. Y., and Mary A. V. Hill, of Ashaway, both of whom survive, together with Eola H., the wife, and F. Hamilton and Georgeola, the children, of their son. In 1863, he sustained a shock of paralysis which left him a cripple, and in November, 1911, he sustained another shock which totally deprived him of the use of his lower limbs for the remainder of his life. Notwithstanding his physical troubles, he was cheerful, patient, and uncomplaining in disposition, and a steady, continuous hard worker so long as he was able to work. He was well informed on current topics of state and national interest, concerning which he held sound, well-reasoned opinions. He was kindly and indulgent in his family life; reserved but friendly and obliging in his relations with his neighbors; a quiet, unassuming citizen of high standards of life and conduct.

Lady (engaging nurse): "Have you had any experience with children?" Applicant: "Yis, mum. Shure, Oi used to be a child meself."—*Tit-Bits*.

SPECIAL NOTICES

The address of all Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in the Yokefellows' Room, third floor of the Y. M. C. A. Building, No. 330 Montgomery Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 36 Glen Road, Yonkers, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. Preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d St.

Persons spending the Sabbath in Long Beach are invited to attend church services at the home of Mrs. Frank Muncy, 837 Linden Ave. Sermon at 10 o'clock; Sabbath school at 11 o'clock; Y. P. S. C. E. and Junior C. E. at the home of G. E. Osborn, 2077 American Ave., at 4 o'clock.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry St.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium), 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Ave.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

"Bill," the poet gasped, as he entered his friend's room. "Why, what's wrong?" the friend inquired. "Wrong! I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began the first verse with these lines: 'My son! My pigmy counterpart.'" "Yes? Yes?" The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket. "Read!" he blazed. "See what that compositor did to my opening line." The friend read aloud: "My son! My pig, my counterpart!"—*The National Monthly*.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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Christ is the Son of God in a threefold sense: by birth, by adoption and by inheritance. He is the Son of two Kings, and the King of two worlds—the Son of God and the Son of David. In consequence he is the legitimate heir of two thrones—the throne of earth and the throne of heaven. He was as human as Adam, as Jewish as David, as divine as God. To sympathize with us he must be human; to save us he must be divine. Take away his human nature and he is not man; take away his divine nature and he is not God. In either case he is not the Messiah, the Christ of prophecy and history. It is the mystic union of humanity and divinity, the representation of universal man and the universal God, that makes him both the Son of man and the Son of God.

—J. J. Haley.

We give much blame, and it may be well. Let us give more gratitude, and it will be better for the world. It is very sore with many sorrows, many blows; and we know not how much good a tender voice and a soft hand may do. We have so short a time to live, let us feel and give all the gratitude we can. We shall never regret that in the world beyond, where God is grateful for all who have been kind to his children here.—*Stopford A. Brooke*.

"Pa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?"

"We are told so, my son."

"Then, if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"—*Exchange*.

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The Sabbath Recorder

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

On this Christmas Day, my Father, I come to thee with a glad heart. Help me to observe the day fitly, with loving remembrance of the lowly birth in Bethlehem and the sorrows of him who came to bring redemption, and with grateful thanks to thee for thy great mercy.

May this be a true Christmas in my heart. Save me from all selfishness. While I gratefully receive the Christmas blessings, may my heart be opened toward all the world in sympathy and kindly interest. Make my life a song; may I go everywhere with joy on my face and on my lips.

I pray for those to whom Christmas brings gladness, that their joy may be enriched by thoughts of the divine love; for the multitudes of little children to whom the day means so much. I pray for those to whom the day brings little joy—the very poor; the lonely and solitary; those far away from their homes, whose hearts will not be warmed by human love; prisoners in their prisons, sailors on the sea, and those who know not thee. I pray for the bereft and sorrowing to whom Christmas brings painful memories, making more real their sense of loss. May they find comfort in the thought of Christ's unfailing love. Amen.—*The Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.*

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