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SABBATH RECORDER :: PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

# 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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# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 79, NO. 25

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 20, 1915

WHOLE NO. 3,694

### Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."  
And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Now roll along  
The unbroken song  
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."  
Till ringing, singing, on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime,  
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."  
But in despair I bowed my head,—  
"There is no peace on earth," I said;  
"For hate is strong,  
And mocks the song  
Of 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"  
Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,  
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good will to men."  
—Longfellow.

**Will the People Forget?** Some things in the minutes of the Tract Board will interest you. We hope you will read them, and especially the item in which Treasurer Hubbard reports a balance of \$193.15 on hand and a debt of \$1,000. When you see this, please remember that we are one week nearer the new year, and that the week for bringing "white gifts to our King" is right at hand. Did you read what was said about this in the last RECORDER? If you did not, will you not do it now? Remember, dear people, that the members of the boards are looking your way in these days, and wondering if you will forget them and fail to send your gifts for the Master's work.

**How About a "Sabbath Recorder" Day?** Have any of our churches set apart a SABBATH RECORDER day? If so, we do not hear much about it. Some have a RECORDER night for the prayer meeting, in which good things are

read from the paper and helpful words are spoken. This is encouraging. But the RECORDER day we need is a day set apart, in which each one shall try to secure some new subscriber. Other denominational papers are having such a day, with cheering results, and much is being written about the matter.

The holiday time would be most appropriate for such an effort. The subscriptions for a new year will be due soon, and there should be a strong united effort on the part of our friends in every community to increase the list of subscribers. It would be good missionary work to send the paper into many homes that are now without it.

**Thankful for Sympathy** Sympathy goes a long way when an individual or a society is overburdened and toiling against odds to carry on a good work. It puts new hope into the heart, and nerves one to bear the strain. Many a worthy undertaking has been carried successfully through on the strength given the toilers by encouraging words spoken at the right time. Here is a letter, from one in a small struggling church in the West, that should encourage us greatly. The editor knows the writer well and appreciates his loyalty to the cause we all love:

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER: It gives me pain to know that our Tract Society is in such great need of funds to keep the work going. I often wish I could give more. I am giving my mite through our church this year. I have not much of this world's goods, but am giving more than two tenths of my income for benevolent purposes. We are trying to pay our pastor without asking help from the Missionary Board this year, and we hope to do it, and not neglect other interests.

Yours for success in the work God has called us to do.

**Something Worth While** In these days, when To Pray and Strive For worldliness appears to be overwhelming the church and when many Christians seem to be losing interest in spiritual things, the tendency of the workers is all too great to become despondent and to look upon the

dark side. Sometimes it requires great effort to be optimistic, even when we know that a pessimistic spirit will invariably do more harm than good. It will help us, when days are dark, to cling closely to a few things that are worth while, and pray and strive earnestly to make them ours. You may think of some that seem especially valuable to yourself, of which perhaps no other one will think, but I would offer one or two as being particularly helpful. Let us pray for strength to see the silver lining in every cloud, no matter how dark the cloud may be, and for confidence in tomorrow when things of today are going wrong. Let us strive to appreciate more fully the value of good nature in the face of opposition, and pray for a cheerful spirit when things do not go to suit us. It is better to meet adversity with a smile than with a frown.

**Rev. Willard D. Burdick** After a month spent in Plainfield, N. J. with the churches in New Jersey and New York City, Rev. Willard D. Burdick returned to Plainfield for one more Sabbath and another meeting with the Tract Board. The account of his visit to the Marlboro and Shiloh churches given elsewhere in the RECORDER shows how much the people appreciated his work, especially that of the Sabbath Institute held at Marlboro. Pastor Hutchins of that church writes: "We have had a very nice time here with Rev. Willard D. Burdick and others in Sabbath Institute work. Every one speaks highly of the work as being of great profit."

On Sabbath eve, at Plainfield, Brother Burdick told us about his Arkansas and Oklahoma trip, using a map of these two States prepared by himself to show the locations of lone Sabbath-keepers visited. His story of the parlor conferences wherein he was able to learn the wishes of the people, of public meetings held for preaching, and of the joy with which he was received in homes where the people had not seen a Seventh Day Baptist minister but once or twice in many years, was truly interesting. He found some families who long to live again in Sabbath-keeping communities and deeply regret being obliged to live as lone Sabbath-keepers. Many were hungry for denominational news, and homesick for their old friends.

After two weeks spent in Rhode Island, Brother Burdick goes to his home in Milton, Wis., to spend the holidays, after which his work for the winter will be in the South and Southeast.

**Concerning Amusements** On page 22 of the Eastern Association *Minutes*, just at hand, will be found the report of the Committee on Resolutions. Among these resolutions are the following on the question of amusements:

WHEREAS, The Central Association has submitted the following resolution for our consideration, viz.:

"Recognizing the insidious temptations of the card table, the dance, the low theater, and other questionable amusements, this association recommends that our homes, our churches, and schools study seriously the amusement problem to the end that a constructive policy may be adopted that will safeguard our young people against the temptation of doubtful pastimes. Also, in view of the influence upon our schools and denomination, that we urge the faculties of our schools to use all reasonable means to eliminate themselves from any position of approval or supervision of said amusements," be it

*Resolved*, 1. That we indorse the item which calls for a more serious study of the amusement problem in our homes, churches, and schools, to the "end that a more constructive" program and policy may be adopted which will safeguard our young people against temptations of doubtful amusements.

2. That it is our conviction that this problem should be taken up first by the home, knowing that the problem of amusements arising in our school is a symptom of a condition in the home that needs correction rather than in the school.

3. That so far as consistent, the faculties of our schools shape their policy in regard to amusements in accordance with the higher ideals of those patrons who wish for their children a school free from such amusements.

We are glad to see, in these resolutions, the emphasis placed upon the homes, for we have long felt that schools are too often blamed for conditions for which the home is responsible. In the RECORDER of last week our readers were given a clear and forcible discussion of the general question of amusements, by the late Rev. Gardner C. Titsworth, and in this issue will be found another—one of the best we have ever read—by Theodore T. Munger. These articles were sent us by a teacher of many years' experience, and we are glad to give RECORDER readers an opportunity to study them, especially as they are so much in harmony with the resolutions of the two associations.

Honor to Whom  
Honor is Due  
Bon Voyage to  
Henry Ford

We are sorry to see the disposition on the part of so many to ridicule Henry Ford for his efforts to hasten the return of peace. Are we not over-ready to question the good faith of Mr. Ford? He has a natural abhorrence of war and was therefore ready to respond when appealed to by two distinguished European women to do something to hasten the reign of peace. Whatever the outcome may be, it seems to me we should be slow to impugn a man's motives when they are so apparently good and honest. His peace project should set thousands to thinking in regard to their attitude toward this barbarous war.

There was a time when Abraham Lincoln was regarded as a joke and totally unfitted for any great leadership, but those who ridiculed him had to blush for shame before many years had passed. One thing speaks well for Mr. Ford: he can not be scoffed out of his honest purposes. While we have misgivings as to his being able to accomplish much at this stage of affairs, still we feel that he has as good a right to spend a million dollars on his peace excursion as Carnegie had to spend a million on a peace palace; and even if it accomplishes no more toward ending the war than the Hague Palace accomplished in preventing it, we see no reason why Mr. Ford alone should be made the butt of ridicule.

Here is a man who has built up a great business, "on the square," who has shared the profits with his workmen more generously, more fairly, and on a larger scale than any other man has ever done. He did it voluntarily and gladly. He is making good citizens out of hundreds of outcast, outlawed men—something nobody else has accomplished in any such way—and he is furnishing comfortable homes for those of his workmen who have families. It requires a broad, noble-hearted man to do these things. Now this benefactor of his fellow-men, this truly patriotic American, is willing to bear the expense of chartering a ship and filling it with men and women who are ready to take the risks of such a trip at this time, in order to plead with warring nations to cease fighting and settle by arbitration. We wish him *bon voyage*.

Among the many editorials and "write-ups" that have come to our desk, we find but one or two that seem entirely fair.

From one in the *Christian Advocate* we select the following:

But let us hope for the best. He has been ridiculed, slandered, and even persecuted, but he has gone on his way with a smiling face, a brave heart and an unshaken purpose. The party selected by Mr. Ford is strangely assorted, and it is composed for the most part of people without prominence and without influence.

In the cities of neutral countries peace meetings will be held, and because of the spectacular circumstances these meetings will be largely attended by all classes of people. The unofficial character of the expedition will save our country from any serious complications, and will save the nations of Europe from the necessity of giving recognition to the party. We are not able to see how harm can come of the honest and sincere efforts of well meaning and well behaved people to hasten the conclusion of the war by arousing and spreading the sentiment of peace. We need not fear that Europe will laugh at us because of Mr. Ford's expedition. The neutral nations are too anxious for peace to do much laughing, and a little laugh would do the warring nations good. We hope that Mr. Ford and his party may have a pleasant voyage, and that they may have a pleasant reception in all the countries to which they may journey. Let the people at home cease to ridicule the sincere if mistaken effort of a generous man, who has declared that he would willingly give his vast fortune if he could shorten the war by one day. How much would those who ridicule Mr. Ford give? Let us be done with talking about the advertising value of the trip.

Christianity's  
Greatest Peril

This is the title of a book of 310 pages, by Augustus Conrad Ekholm, published by the Beacon Publishing Company, Atlantic City, N. J. It is written as a warning against the dangers threatened by the persistent efforts of the Roman Catholic Church to control the political interests of America and to unite church and state once more under the rule of the Vatican. In the Preface, the author says: "We are rapidly nearing a critical point in national existence when we must arouse ourselves to overthrow the inimical influence of Romanism seeking to gain control over our political affairs and dominate our intellectual and religious liberties."

The book begins with "The Rise and Fall of Nations," deals with the subject of "Corruptions in Christianity," sets forth what the author believes to be "Rome's Intentions in America," and appeals to Protestants to unite in efforts to stay the tide of evil that moves toward giving a church the control in civil government.

Without resorting to extravagant de-

nunciations and intemperate language, as is too often the case with writers dealing with this question, the author, in a plain, straightforward way, states facts in history and refers to tendencies of present-day activities which lead him to his conclusions.

The book is filled with convincing evidences that Rome still cherishes her ambition to rule the state, and that she allows no opportunity to pass unimproved by which she may gain political prestige. In this book, on page 189, Archbishop Ireland is quoted as saying:

Never, I believe, since the century began, the dawn of which was the glimmer from the Eastern Star, was there prepared for Catholics of any nation a work so noble in its nature and so pregnant with consequences as that which it is our mission to accomplish. The work is to make America Catholic. God wills it, and our hearts shall leap toward it with Crusader enthusiasm.

On page 190, we find this quoted from the declarations of the Catholic Missionary Union:

How near at hand do you think is the time when America will be dominantly Catholic? We must labor to gain the confidence of the American people. This once gained, the Catholic Church, on her way to claim the American heart, may carry a thousand dogmas on her back.

Again, on the same page, the author quotes the *World* (Catholic) as follows:

Protestantism is disintegrating before our eyes. The time is ripe to build a Catholic America, and strong men are now laying the foundation.

In the Syllabus of Pope Pius IX we find these words:

The State has not the right to leave every man free to profess and embrace whatever religion he shall deem true.

The Church has the right to exercise her power without the permission or consent of the State. The Church has the right of perpetuating the union of Church and State.

The Church has the right to require that the Catholic religion shall be the only religion of the State, to the exclusion of all others. The Church has the right of requiring the State not to permit free expression of opinion.

The *Catholic Sun* says:

The Pope has given the order to make America Catholic.

These and several similar statements by those high in Catholic councils are given

to show that the world-wide slogan inspired by the Vatican is: "Make America Catholic."

On page 77, the author presents data from the *Knights of Luther Handbook*, which are most significant when considered in connection with what we have just given. We quote in part:

Thirty-one States now have Catholic Democratic central committees. Twenty-two States have Catholic Republican State committees. The National Democratic Committee is a Catholic body with a Catholic president and secretary. A Catholic managed the national Wilson campaign, and the President's private secretary is a Catholic. Over 70 per cent of all appointments made by President Wilson are Catholics. Ten States have Catholic administrations. Twenty thousand public schools have one-half Catholic teachers, and over 100,000 have a large proportion of teachers of that faith. Six hundred public schools now use Catholic readers and the Roman Catholic catechism in teaching. Eight of our largest cities employ 75 per cent Catholic teachers in their public schools. In all cities of 10,000 in the United States, an average of 88 per cent of the police force are Catholics, and in 15,000 cities and towns the Catholics have a majority in the city councils.

#### Home of J. Franklin Browne Destroyed by Fire

This morning, December 14, a card came to hand bringing bad news from our good friend, J. Franklin Browne and his family, Brimfield, Mass. Their home and all the outbuildings were destroyed by fire on the evening of November 18. The fire broke out while Brother Browne and his wife were at a friend's house, but he reached the burning building in time to help save most of the furniture and clothing, though not all. The loss of goods in the house was considerable, and all but seventeen out of fifty-two hens in the outbuildings were lost. Their two cows were saved. There was only \$900 insurance on the buildings and none on the goods.

Brother Browne, though in distress, begins his note by assuring us that God's promise, "In the midst of trouble I will revive thee," comforts now. After describing his loss he adds: "So much to be thankful for. We are housed for the winter." Beyond this he does not know what they can do, for he does not feel able to rebuild. He says: "The future is uncertain but not dark; it has the everlasting light in it."

Brother Browne is in feeble health and his wife is not well, and all

readers will regret that they must face a rigorous New England winter so poorly prepared to meet its cold. He offers to send some two or three hundred books from his library to Salem College if some one will pay the freight. We wish he could find something to do in the South and so escape the cold of our Northern winters.

### Our Opportunity

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is proving as true today as it did in the time when Paul wrote to the Galatians. The no-law teachings of past decades are bearing their harvest; and it is abundant.

The no-law theory was aimed at the Sabbath of Jehovah. It hit its mark. The world turned far from it. Attempts were made to anchor the drifting world to the pagan Sunday. Failure marks the attempts. Holidayism and vice reign.

Frantic efforts are being made to save Sunday from full and complete annihilation. Ball games, open business places, boat races, excursions, and the swarms of people at the resorts on Sunday declare these attempts utter failures.

Bodies of people, calling themselves Christians, organize to do the unchristian act of persuading the legislatures and cities to grant the authority to compel Sunday observance. Fortunes are being spent in this attempt.

Church standards are being lowered; unchristian methods are being followed; Christian principles are ignored. Eyes are closed to the teachings of the divine word. Ears are deaf to the voice of justice and fellow-sympathy, while the crusade is being pressed.

The world has not only turned from the Sabbath of Jehovah, but also from other fundamental and vital teachings of the Book of God. The no-law teachings of the past have had no small influence in this movement. Isms, ologies, and numerous substitutes for churches have sprung up all over the land, until the one who loves the Old Book is appalled, and religionists of every stamp are bewildered.

God and his word are not changing to accommodate these bewildered and be-

wildering conditions; yet many who claim to be the representatives of God and his word in the world are changing to meet the world's demands, while they overlook the world's needs.

Is it not the greatest need of Seventh Day Baptists, under this testing pressure, to study the divine Book anew and to take less of man-made theories and teachings about the Bible? Do we not need more of the spirit of the true disciple, that we may better know the will of him who is its author? Do we not need to turn all our powers and shrewdness of criticism upon our own lives and heart-conditions, under the light of the Holy Spirit, using the Bible as our standard of test, that we may know how much or how little our lives conform to the will of God? Is not this the vital knowledge that we need?

Ever since the call of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, God has been in search of a "peculiar people," made peculiar by close adherence to his leadership, that he might use them for his own peculiar service. Can we not see and accept our opportunity?

### From Lost Creek

REV. M. G. STILLMAN

I lost one pair of glasses this morning. About noon I found them right under my nose in another pocket. It was a pleasant surprise to find them so near.

There were surprises on the recent round of associations. It would not do to tell all that surprised me but I venture with some of it

At Little Genesee in one of my speeches I attempted to show that we should have national prohibition to more completely have even state prohibition. I had made a surprising failure. One of those good old radical free-soil souls that can not bear to have the loaf sliced, must have the whole loaf or nothing, took occasion to tell me, "You haven't got prohibition in West Virginia." Never till my time in my coffin will I cease to rebuke myself for not immediately asking, "Have you got religion up here in York State?"

At DeRuyter it was a happy privilege to meet some very interesting friends and acquaintances and get some new ones. We had very pleasant experience at all the places. The attendance for the first two

days was just about the same at each place, only thirty or forty people including the ministers and delegates from long distances. This would be surprising to me had I not seen the same for some years. I might not do better as a farmer since time is money on those two days, and money is in great demand. However, it would certainly suit the delegates better to have a half-hour at such time as the people would attend. If they will only attend on Sabbath, our number of delegates and representatives should be restricted, or sent at such time as the people will hear. I say this the more freely because no one need say that I was in any disappointment on this round, but I have for years seen how some had plenty of reason to be disappointed.

At DeRuyter we walked on the ground of some very interesting history. It is one of the churches in which some of our most useful men of the past received culture. It was our leading educational center back in the generation that went to Wisconsin in the 30's and early 40's to found the Milton, Albion, and Walworth churches. DeRuyter has good reason to be a strong church holding glad memories of the firm and loyal men in its history.

We three rounders took occasion to see some of the biggest works of human hands on Manhattan Island. I thought my fellow-travelers were surely grounded when we came along Park Row and saw, right over the statue of Horace Greeley, a platform on which were two men, one holding telephone connection with a diamond down near the Schuylkill River, the other with a crayon marking the progress of the battling and fanning. We American citizens were spellbound for two innings. The police showed some impatience with the clogging of the street and held us in contempt. But really, now, it was a nice way to see the game, for you could not tell by any noise who were the biggest fools. There was no partiality in the cheering, no firing at the umpire, no holding of the visitors in contempt, no barbarous, selfish yelling for ourselves. I could preach a little right here but who would believe? We learned new and interesting lessons in the big city and made our way in bright sunlight on through Barnum's old town and Yale's brainy atmosphere, on across the famous Connecticut River and State until

we could see Watch Hill and knew we were now to be all out for Westerly. We were just in time for the elegant dinner in the basement of the church. At supper time we were making new and pleasant acquaintances in Ashaway. Here again was a rich and pleasant experience. One of the surprising events might not seem to you to partake of that quality, but let me tell it.

It seemed to me a good and proper privilege to utter some words of appreciation for our publications, a little special emphasis upon the *Pulpit* because at this time that had come up as a new interest. A good brother who has known me a good while, and who has often proved himself skilfully facetious, asked me whether I expected a free subscription to the *Pulpit* for what I had said. Indeed I was surprised. What fool thing have I done now? I know I have done many, but I like some free enthusiasm. I would not think things must be so split up into little slivers of truth and each man take one sliver of a particular color and no man touch another man's sliver. A minister is expected to stand for and do all things possible for our denominational work. The Bible says be in season and out of season. Here is a place where I surely fit. Ashaway never looked brighter.

October is certainly a lovely month and was exceptionally good this year.

After the Little Genesee sessions we did not have a day in which people were kept away by bad weather. The Southeastern was way ahead of all this year in its attendance in proportion to our numbers. Their farm work was not driving, and they have a strong appreciation of the event because they are more isolated from the many public attractions. Our sessions seem more welcome to them, and many of other faith were in attendance.

A neglected Bible means a starved and strengthless spirit, a comfortless heart, a barren life, and a grieved Holy Ghost. If the people who are perpetually running about to meetings for crumbs of help and comfort would only stay at home and search their Bible, there would be more happiness in the church, and more blessing in the world. It is prosaic counsel; but it is true.—*F. B. Meyer.*

## SABBATH REFORM

### From "Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question"

#### Recapitulation and Summary

Jesus the Christ was made a member of the then dying Jewish Church; but he became the Founder of the Christian Church. Naturally much of his thought, speech and action was under Hebrew forms; but, for him, these forms could not imprison the spirit or hide the face of eternal Truth, and when he spoke he spoke for the world to hear. Man is greater than the Sabbath, he said; and in harmony with this rational utterance, he taught that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath (Mark 2: 27-28). Thus in carrying the Sabbath back to the "beginning," as he did in the case of marriage also (Matthew 19: 3-8; Mark 10: 2-9), he gave to the doctrine of its universality his divine sanction. There is no hint at its abrogation; but in teaching and practice he sought to lift it into the realm of reason and life and out of the swamps of Judaism where, among a hundred and one instances, it was thought worth while to inquire whether an egg laid on the Sabbath were unclean or not. Our Savior is Lord even of the Sabbath day and so our Example in the use of this hallowed time. How he was employed on that day the Gospels tell us again and again. Therefore to keep the Sabbath according to the law of its Lord would be to testify every week that God is, and that he is our Maker; and that the Son of man is Lord over all of life's activities and relations.

The Seventh-day position is not contrary to any New Testament reference to the First day; to the apostolic history; to Paul's attitude toward the Old Covenant; or to his doctrine of liberty under the New Covenant.

No mention will be made of any Bible scholars or of any historians as though their opinions were decisive, but to show, upon first-rate authority, that the case is not so clearly against our doctrines as many suppose.

Luke 24: 33-38; John 20: 19, 26.—It

was natural for the disciples to come together on the evening of the day of the resurrection, and again after eight days. They were in fear of the Jews; strange things had taken place; some doubted the Resurrection news; and according to Luke they were terrified and affrighted when the Lord first spoke to them. I rejoice with all believers in these appearances of the risen Christ, and in all that they mean of spiritual blessing and power; and do not wonder that they who religiously regarded the First day look back to those meetings with special interest. But there is no indication that the disciples had gathered together to celebrate the Resurrection day; and that Christ desired by his presence to sanction such a purpose.—*Meyer and others.*

Acts 2: 1.—That the day of Pentecost was on the First day is by no means certain. It may have been on the "Jewish Sabbath."—*Hackett, Hastings, Purves, and others.*

Acts 20: 7-11.—This passage, for many people, is proof of the religious observance of the Sunday at that time. It is also the opinion of many writers that this breaking of bread was on our Saturday evening, and that the ship was to sail on Sunday morning.—*Hackett, Conybeare and Howson.* And it is a fair question whether they met to break bread, that is for an evening meal accompanied by the eucharist, because it was the First day, or because Paul had planned to leave Troas the following day.—*Meyer, Neander.*

1 Corinthians 16: 2.—There is absolutely no reference here to a public meeting for worship.—*Expositor's Bible*, and many other Commentaries. Marcus Dods says: "This verse has sometimes been quoted as evidence that the Christians met for worship on Sundays as we do. Manifestly it shows nothing of the kind. It is proof that the first day of the week had a significance, probably as the day of our Lord's resurrection, possibly only for some trade reasons now unknown. It expressly said that each was to lay up 'by him'—that is, not in a public fund, but at home in his own purse—what he wished to give."<sup>1</sup>

Revelation 1: 10.—That the phrase "Lord's day" came to be applied later to the Sunday is not questioned; but proof is

<sup>1</sup>. *Expositor's Bible, First Corinthians.*

wanting that the first day of the week had yet received this name.<sup>2</sup>

I have no desire whatever to rob these few New Testament references to the first day of the week of all possible religious significance. But, supported by many modern, eminent, and devout scholars, I insist that these instances are not to be pressed into service, unduly; and that they ascribe absolutely no sabbatic principle to the Sunday. I am willing however to take all these Scriptures at any fair value, and to unite with my brethren of every Christian faith in any fitting annual celebration of the resurrection of our one Redeemer and Lord.

Acts 10: 1, 2, 22, 23, 34, 35; 13: 16, 26, 42, 44, 48, and 17: 17.—Of far greater significance to me are these passages in the Acts of the Apostles, and kindred references in the Gospels. The persons spoken of here as devout, fearing God, and working righteousness, including such men as Cornelius, and the centurion of Luke 7: 2-9, and forming a numerous class, were non-Jews who, religiously restless and believing no longer in heathen gods, had found intellectual and spiritual satisfaction in the lofty ethical monotheism of the Hebrew religion. They attended synagogue worship and observed Jewish laws of food, purity, and the Sabbath, without, however, entering the Jewish community by circumcision. These people worshiped God, were acquainted with the Old Testament, free from the traditions of Judaism, and prepared to welcome a gospel of equal privileges for all believers. That the presence of such men and women in all the great cities of the empire must have meant much to Paul we can easily believe; and among them Christianity had its most rapid spread.—Hastings, McGiffert, Neander, Newman, and others.

This explains the now recognized fact that the Sabbath was kept for centuries by both Jewish and Gentile Christians, East and West.

2 Corinthians 3: 1-11; Romans 3: 31; 6: 14-16; 7: 7-16.—We have here and in related Scripture Paul's doctrine concerning the Old Covenant, the Decalogue, and the Law. The Mosaic "ministration," method, and work, have come to an end in Christ and the Cross. We are under the

<sup>2</sup> H. D. B., article "Lord's Day," *Expositor's Bible, Book of Revelation*.

New Covenant, the fundamental principle of which is grace not legalism. The only "freedom from law" that the New Testament knows is freedom from its condemnation experienced by believers in Jesus. Truth and law can not be abrogated. But there is another *ministration*; grace and love are revealed more wondrously; there is a new Priesthood; and the Spirit works more within, where the new life from him feels the law written on the heart. Had Christ and Paul been understood there would have been no hierarchy, anti-nomianism, legalism, ascetism, or mysticism; for saving and living faith establishes law, and confirms, in Christ, the universal priesthood of believers. Sin in Paul, that is, Paul himself, was in the sleep of moral death; but the law cried, Thou shalt not covet, and awakened him to a sense of "the body of this death," physical and eternal. He had "sat for his own likeness"; but when deliverance came through Jesus Christ our Lord, he found that the commandment which had been unto death was now unto life. The law was holy, and the commandment holy, and righteous, and good. The newness of the spirit had brought infinite expansion to the oldness of the letter just as the Savior taught on the mountain.

For further discussion of the following group of passages see Neander, Purves, Sanday, *New Century Bible*, Hastings, Meyer, and others.

Galatians 4: 10; 5: 12.—We have here a white-heat protest against contemporary Judaism, and the work of those false teachers who sought to rob the Galatians of the freedom that had come through Christ.

Romans 14: 5.—This passage is a rebuke, always needed, of religious scrupulousness concerning food, drink, and the regard of mere days.

Colossians 2: 16-23.—This is a condemnation of Judaism, asceticism, and an existing insidious, false philosophy of supernatural relations.

If these passages are against all external observances, as such, then Paul is self-contradictory; for outward things have a place in both his teaching and practice.

If they oppose sabbatizing on the Seventh day they must also be against sabbatizing on the First day; for the fetters of a Christian ordinance would be no better

than the Jewish yoke.—Adeney in *Biblical World* for November, 1906.

The rational and true interpretation of the doctrine of Paul and the Master seems to be that it swept away dead formalism; the teachings of contemporary, legalistic Judaism; lifeless theology and superstitious philosophy; and the outward observance of any ordinance as though one's salvation depended upon it. No set of minute rules is given; but principles that may include the Sabbath, baptism, the Lord's Supper, prayer, praise, creeds, ordinances, the Sunday, Easter, Good Friday, Lent, and so on, are plainly and strongly enforced.

My aged mother has come to live with me. Imagine one coming with a statute book saying, "Here is a list of nineteen things that you must do for her with scrupulous regularity, in order to become her son." My indignant answer would be, "Away with this letter that killeth. I am my mother's son by the laws of life and love; it may be that the exacting law of love and life will require not only nineteen but a hundred and nineteen things of filial service."

Imagine one going to the apostle and saying, "Now, Paul, in order to become a servant of the Lord and a member of his kingdom, you must keep the Sabbath, practice baptism, join the church, pay tithes, observe circumcision, drink no wine, abstain from meat offered to idols, and so on." The apostle would have exclaimed, "Away with this spiritually and morally deadening letter. I am a child of God and a bond-servant of my Lord by the laws of eternal life and love. And if the spirit of loyal obedience; if love to God and man; if the increase of religion, righteousness, and peace, require it of me, I will joyously keep the Sabbath, teach baptism, unite with the Christian community, give as the Lord prospers me, observe circumcision as in the case of Timothy and forbid it in the case of Titus, and I will not eat flesh, or drink wine, or do anything whereby my brother stumbleth. For we are not under law—a régime of legalism with a long code of commands and prohibitions, but under grace—a régime of the Spirit and the principles of love; and the list of love's commands is infinite in length."

The boys and girls of our Sabbath schools can see the difference between these two ways of saying things: First—I love

my father and mother, my brother and sister, my grandfather and grandmother; and am trying to do everything I can for their comfort and happiness. And; second—I do not want to be punished, or lose my home, food and clothing; and so I will do for father and mother and the rest, only what I must do that I may not in any way be punished.

Theologically, the first is "under grace," the second "under law," that is, legalism.

The Church needs the service of representative and royal priests and prophets, and some religious forms to promote worship, teach truth, and guide to right doing. The problem is how to balance, rationally and spiritually, their claims and labors in the realms of ceremony, knowledge, and life. Holy love to God and man, good character and conduct, fellowship in spiritual realities—these are the supreme things. Both Jesus and Paul opposed legalism and formalism—not law, beauty, and order; human authority in matters of religion; and externalism as a substitute for the essence of Christianity. Ritual finds its true meaning and worth only as it helps to warmth of piety and purity of life.

According to the teachings of Jesus and Paul concerning law and liberty, one of the highest grounds of obligations,—and there can be none higher,—is "*Christian expediency and a dictate of Christian feeling*."<sup>1</sup> When one becomes a Christian, a child of God, one should understand that the whole will of our Father is to be done voluntarily and joyously, out of love and gratitude, and because the doing of that will promote individual spirituality and righteousness and extend the kingdom of heaven.—*Arthur Elwin Main, D. D.*

<sup>1</sup> H. D. B., article, "Decalogue."

Suavely pertinent is the criticism of age. Old Mr. Blank, who was the guest of a gay grandniece at Newport, had watched her on her social round for a month.

One day, unexpectedly, she said to him, "Well, Uncle Dan, what do you think of it all?"

"My dear," he said, after a delicate pause, "I am constantly reminded of the sage saying of a clever Frenchman: 'Life would be quite bearable if it were not for its pleasures.'"—*Youth's Companion*.

## A Christmas Miracle

MILDRED FITZ RANDOLPH

### I

"Who is he?" asked the New Boarder, eagerly, when, with an abrupt "Excuse me," he had risen from the table and left the room. "I don't mean his name," she continued, "but who is he? He has such a distinguished air that he seems interesting, even though he does act reserved and unfriendly. Is he always so?"

"Interesting indeed!" It was the Young Reporter at the end of the table who spoke. "He and I have boarded here together for five years, and during the whole time, our acquaintance has never passed beyond a curt 'Good morning' and a barely civil reply to a direct question; or, very occasionally, some cynical remark when the general conversation has taken an especially cheerful turn."

"It is rather hard to see him here every morning and night, looking so gloomy, but I suppose he is naturally so, and can't help it," suggested the Elderly Spinster, opposite.

"He is disagreeable," volunteered the Young Girl, "but perhaps his life has been ruined by some great calamity; perhaps it is a secret sorrow that makes him what he is." The Young Girl was very young, and given to romance. "But he might be half-way friendly, even then," she added. And so the table talk rambled on.

And the Disagreeable Man? Out in the hall, putting on his overcoat, he could not fail to hear. He stood still, in surprise at first, then in anger. Those people whom, until now, he had barely noticed, were discussing him, criticizing him. But his anger was mingled with regret. Even a very Disagreeable Man may feel sorrow. Closing the door softly behind him, he stepped out into the snow.

For a long time he walked, occupied only by his own thoughts, and they were not pleasant thoughts. The Young Girl was right. Something had happened, years ago,—what it was, matters not here—to take all the joy out of life for the Disagreeable Man. Tonight his thoughts persisted in calling up the past. Among the boarders he had felt strangely alone. He realized, in a vague way, that it was Christmas Eve, and Christmas had once meant

much to him. Now he would walk alone and forget the season.

The spell of Christmas is not to be set aside at will—at least not always. The Disagreeable Man never could remember how it happened, but as he found himself in the midst of the thronged shopping district among the good-natured crowds, his anger gave place to sorrow. It is not pleasant to be alone on Christmas Eve.

All at once he felt a small hand in his own, and a small voice piped:

"After you have taken me to see Santy, I'm going home with you."

Looking down, he saw a poorly dressed little boy of four or five, smiling confidently up at him.

"Why, I can't take you, little boy," he said, not unkindly. You had better go home at once. It's too cold for you to be out without an overcoat."

He started on, but the hand still clung to his. He felt in his pocket undecidedly. Perhaps the child was a beggar—

"Here, youse boy, quit that beggin' or youse'll spend the night in the station house," and a policeman took hold of the child's shoulder roughly.

Then, much to his own surprise, the Disagreeable Man picked up the boy and turned to the officer. "The child was not begging. I'll take charge of him," he said, and then stepped into a large department store near by.

"Now the question is, what am I going to do with you?" he pondered. "I suppose we had better get you an overcoat, first of all," and he passed into an elevator.

### II

Back in the Boarding House the discussion had lagged, and finally stopped.

"It's odd," at length observed the Young Reporter, yawning and folding his paper, reverting to the conversation earlier in the evening, "It's odd, when you come to think of it. Only this evening we were complaining that his presence spoiled everything; yet, now he isn't here, we really miss him."

"It is strange," replied the Elderly Spinster. "I wonder what business he could have out on a stormy night like this,—and Christmas Eve, too."

She received no answer, for the Young Girl, who was sitting at the window, suddenly rose and pulled aside the curtain.

"Just look! Surely it can't be—yes, it is. Do go to the door, somebody, quick! and let them in."

Crowding to the window, they gazed in great astonishment at a procession which was making its way through the snow toward them. A tall man carrying a little child in his arms was first. Behind him were two large messenger boys laden with packages of various shapes and sizes, while a small boy carried a mass of mistletoe in one hand, and pulled a sled after him in the other. Tied securely fast on the sled was a large Christmas tree, whose top trailed several feet behind the sled. Piled on the top of the tree were several holly wreaths.

By the time they reached the house, the door was wide open, and every boarder was as near it as he or she could get. But the Disagreeable Man, who, in a few hours, had become a palpably agreeable man, was not in the least disconcerted by this sudden popularity. As he entered, he gave the child to the nearest boarder.

"Just put him on the couch in the sitting-room," he said, "I shall have to attend to my purchases here. Perhaps you young men will be willing to help bring things in, and then we can all trim the tree together."

Later in the evening when the Elderly Spinster had hung the holly wreaths in the windows, and the Young Reporter had suspended the mistletoe from the chandelier, and the tree sparkled and shone with a wealth of bright decorations, the Disagreeable Man came down from the step-ladder where he had stood to fix a silver star on the topmost twig, and said:

"You people can finish alone now. The boy ought to be in bed."

As he started upstairs with the child in his arms, some one called out:

"Won't you tell us how you found him?"

"Oh, he found me. Then I was fortunate enough to find his aunt without much trouble; a newsboy took me to her. She says his parents are both dead. She has children of her own, and is glad to let me take him, as she is very poor."

On the first landing, he stopped again to say:

"If we can conveniently, we had better get up early tomorrow morning. Children like to see their presents early, and we don't want to keep the boy waiting."

"It's just like a story," exclaimed the Young Girl.

"It doesn't seem possible," said the Young Reporter.

But the Elderly Spinster expressed the real thought of every one when she said softly:

"It wouldn't be possible at any other time. It is a Christmas miracle."

*Barringer High School,  
Newark, N. J., 1910.*

## The Christmas Spirit

Have you caught the Christmas spirit? Your Christmas will be a merry one only as it is a holy one. The Christmas spirit is the spirit of love. As the Bible is God's great love story to man, so it seems to me Christmas is God's great love day. All the love of the eternal Godhead was gathered up and let down from heaven on that first Christmas day, in the form of the manger babe. We can show our appreciation of God's great gift to the world, and can show the Christmas spirit, by opening the soul's door and letting all the graces of the soul be bathed in the pure air of heaven.

Christmas is the time when you should let faith, hope and love have just a little more freedom in the parlor of your soul. Too many of us live down in the cellar of the soul. Faith, hope, charity may grow down in the damp, dark cellar, but their life, like the mushroom, is only for a day. These graces to live must be exercised. The glorious thing about Christmas, God's great love day, is that many who open their souls to the sweet influence of Christian benevolence and charity keep the rooms open all the year.—*New York Observer.*

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. . . . It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity. . . . But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is keeping Christmas. . . . Are you willing to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life? Look about you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness. Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you keep it for a day, why not always?—*Henry van Dyke.*

## MISSIONS

### From the Field

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

I am continually meeting people who ask for more news from the churches and the mission fields through the pages of the RECORDER. This is not mere curiosity on their part, but it is a manifestation of their interest in our denominational work.

Many people shrink from the publicity of writing often for the RECORDER about conditions around them, but such accounts are needful to increase interest in our work, and to get the people to pray and give for the extension of the kingdom of God. It is because I feel the importance of acquainting the people with the conditions of the fields that I visit, while in the service of the Tract Society, that I write so often for the RECORDER.

And there is great reason that we become better acquainted with conditions, needs, and prospects of the fields in which our Missionary and Tract societies are specially interested. We shall in this way come to feel the need of supporting the work, and not permit these societies to be continually embarrassed with debt.

The treasurer of the Tract Society tells me that twenty-seven of our churches failed last year to make contributions for Tract Society work, and that nearly all the churches failed to give as much as the denominational budget called for. This indicates a lack of interest in the work that our denomination especially stands for,—Sabbath reform work.

But I started to write something more about our interests in West Virginia. Pastor M. G. Stillman has written about the ordination services at Lost Creek, and I will not write more about that enjoyable service.

I spent several days in getting better acquainted with this people. Often the people told me how much they thought of Pastor and Mrs. Stillman, and how glad they were to have them stay longer with them. Another hopeful sign was that several said that they wished evangelistic meetings might soon be held in our own church.

I hope that several of our young people who are now in Salem College will return

after awhile to Lost Creek, so that the beautiful and rich hills and valleys about there may not all pass from our hands, and that this church may long be kept alive.

I next went to the Greenbrier Church, holding meetings on Thursday and Sunday nights. This rural church has been weakened by deaths and removals, but those still living there feel that they have a mission, and by their prompt and tender responses in the conference meetings that we held after the preaching services, caused me to feel that they intend to be true to that mission. I called on all the Sabbath-keepers, and some of the Sunday people who live near that church.

The first Sabbath in November I spent with the church at Middle Island, preaching both morning and evening to attentive audiences. As the people are scattered I was not able to call on all of the families in this society, but I did call on about a dozen of them.

The following week I closed my work in West Virginia and started for New Jersey.

What are my impressions about our cause in West Virginia? First of all, each of these societies is still good territory for Seventh Day Baptists to hold and work. They have been good territory in the past, as is evident when we think of the men and women now in active service among us. Besides the Sabbath-keeping teachers, business men, farmers, and consecrated women who have been reared in West Virginia, we have the following ministers now in active service who claim this State as their early home: President B. C. Davis, Pastors R. G., A. L., and W. L. Davis, E. E. Sutton, A. Clyde Ehret, Ira S. Goff, and A. J. C. Bond.

And I believe that there are now just as promising boys and girls and young people in the homes and in Salem College as were these I have mentioned when they were being trained in their homes, and churches, and college.

I am anxious that many of these young people shall not only make splendid preparation for efficient service in life, but return to Lost Creek, Roanoke, Greenbrier, Middle Island, and Berea, and in truly Christian homes build up these churches, and at the same time make their influence felt in bettering business and society interests.

Such would be Life Recruit work, I believe.

To help in this splendid work West Virginia needs two more men as pastors in our churches. One of these should be located at Berea. This church is known as the Ritchie Church. There is a host of young people in that section, many of whom are in our society,—and such a pastor could help the Sunday-keeping young people a great deal. The people need a new church building, and are anxious to build it out of lumber they have on hand, together with the present building. The other pastor should take the field immediately after Elder Wilburt Davis leaves in the spring. With headquarters in the parsonage at Middle Island this pastor would find enough work to keep him busy at Middle Island, Greenbrier, and surrounding country.

I was pleased to learn while on the field that Elder Seager was working this plan out with the people. I believe that it is the wish of those especially interested in this plan to secure help from the Missionary Society to the extent of \$200 each year for each of the two missionary pastors. I sincerely hope that this can be done, and that two consecrated, tactful, and aggressive men can be found for the field before it suffers from neglect. I am confident that if this is not done we shall look back in ten years upon another one of our serious mistakes in not working for permanent results. Are the people in West Virginia as serious about their future as they ought to be? Will the denomination respond as loyally as they should to the needs of West Virginia, so that the Missionary Society can assume responsibilities in this State as it is asked to do?

Plainfield, N. J.,  
Dec. 9, 1915.

### From Secretary Saunders

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

The second letter on the Forward Movement has been sent out to our churches, and a number of replies have been received. In the First Hopkinton Church we are, this week, making a house-to-house canvass to learn what the church can do for the entire community. The village and surrounding country has been divided into about seven or eight districts, and will be

canvassed by as many of our interested Christian workers. We are meeting each week at the various homes for consultation. The following, in substance, has just been received from the clerk of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church:

"The church has unanimously approved the Forward Movement, and has appointed a committee of nine, representing the church, the Sabbath school, and the Christian Endeavor. It has prepared the following resolutions, which were presented by Pastor C. A. Burdick, and approved at the morning service.

"First. A forward movement must begin with the members of the church itself. Individually we must move forward in our own life. It is suggested that if each member spends more and regular time in prayer and meditation, in relation to this movement we plan, and for all our work, it will prepare us for success.

"Second. More prayerful study of the Bible, not only in connection with our Sabbath-school lessons, but more than that, of a wider acquaintance with the Scriptures—not the outward form of the word, but the inner life of what it would bring.

"Third. A willingness to stand more earnestly back of all the appointments of the church, giving at least as much time to the work of God as to our own pleasure, and willing to be used of the Master in any work he may suggest to our mind.

"Fourth. That we start at once holding cottage prayer meetings.

"Fifth. That we suggest a monthly meeting of the officers and teachers of the Bible school, in charge of the superintendent, to talk over matters of interest and perhaps glance at some of the lessons.

"Sixth. That we unite in any movement in the community which has back of it the plan for the improvement of the religious condition of the people.

"Seventh. That each one do all that he can in the line of work suggested by the superintendent for all other work of the church as well as the Sabbath school."

From the Farina Church:

"I think our people have started in the right way when they inaugurated this movement. I am in sympathy with it. We are doing what we can. We had one meeting some time ago of those interested, and we talked over some plans. We hope to be able to do something at the beginning



of the year. The Sabbath school is working on the plan to get new members. This will be easier for us than to get one new church member for every twenty. The first of the year we added twenty-two new names, but that was before the campaign began. You can depend on us to cooperate with you in the work."

From the Riverside Church:

"The Advisory Committee of the church, consisting of the pastor as chairman, the deacons, the superintendent of the Sabbath school, the president of the Dorcas Society, and the president of the Christian Endeavor met one week ago tonight. We meet from place to place every alternate month, beginning with January; have supper together about six o'clock and spend the whole evening making plans and discussing problems. At this last meeting we talked over the plan as outlined by the Conference Committee for the Forward Movement and voted to undertake our part in the matter; heads of each department to have charge of this department. Every one was enthusiastic in the matter and there was a splendid spirit. We are now in the midst of a union evangelistic campaign and some of our young people have already made a start in the Christian life, and we are praying for many more. There is a deep interest on the part of many in personal work for the salvation of souls. Pray for us that we may have a real Pentecostal feast."

We wish to thank the churches and their pastors for the way in which they are taking hold of the Forward Movement.

E. B. SAUNDERS,  
Corresponding Secretary.

### Letter From Holland

Rev. E. B. Saunders,

Secretary Missionary Society.

DEAR BROTHER:

I was greatly rejoiced when I received your kind letter of October 26 and the good news it contained for Brother Boersma. During the month of October he traveled by means of a season ticket all over the country to visit our isolated members and to hold meetings wherever he found an opportunity. They were very glad to see him, and especially the last Sabbath of his journey, in Groningen, was wonderfully blessed. There were about

twenty Sabbath-keeping friends together: six non-resident members of the Haarlem Church; one former Adventist (who joined our denomination at that time); and several young people. At the end of the meeting, at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, it was as if the Holy Spirit fell upon the young people and, quite unexpected, seven of them rose and asked in sincerity of their confession and probably they will be baptized next week in Haarlem. Then the little church in Groningen will number fourteen members. May the grace of the Lord remain with these dear young souls!

It was a great privilege for me to serve the Arnhem Church for two Sabbaths in October during the absence of Brother Boersma. The audience numbered about thirty persons on the Sabbath. On Sunday evening there were more. Of course they have their difficulties there in a young church, some of whose members were formerly living far from God, but it is blessed work Brother Boersma is doing. Let us pray for him that he may be contented in the humble work of serving our small churches and testifying for the precious truth entrusted to our care. Brother Boersma is more in his element when addressing large meetings than as a pastor of a small church, but I believe the latter work is just the best spiritual school for him. There is a great work to be done and new doors will be opened at our prayers, but there are many adversaries and the Adventists are everywhere trying to thwart his influence.

Brother Lucky is in England at present. I trust he will return next week. I do not exactly know what his plans are. I will hand to him the document you sent me. It is almost impossible for him to return to his scattered and distressed flock in Galicia. Brother Lucky is persevering faithfully in his pastoral care of the Rotterdam Church. Let us pray the end will be to the glory of God.

In our family all is well. As I wrote to you before, we took little Peter Boersma, a boy of eleven, into our family to lessen the care of his father. Brother Boersma has a lonely life now, but living in the near presence of the Lord we are never alone. The decision of the board to send him \$25 a month is a great relief to him

and to all of us. We trust the work will grow, and we pray and work to make it self-supporting in the future.

Of course, it will be always a pulling against the stream, but in the long run ways may be opened for young people to keep the Sabbath and earn their livelihood without care. Man proposes, God disposes. Let us pray that the signs of his grace on our work as Seventh Day Baptists in Holland may be multiplied and continued.

Within a few weeks we hope to see Brother Kelly here from Battle Creek. It will be a great joy for us just now. Brother Boersma may learn a great deal from him, as Brother Kelly was living at the headquarters of Adventism. We are very thankful to the Missionary Board for the new proof of your love. *May the Lord reward it a hundred fold.*

With kindest Christian greetings to the board and to you and your dear family,

Very truly yours in Christ,

GERARD VELTHUYSEN.

Amsterdam,

Nov. 22, 1915.

### Among the Churches

REV. G. M. COTTRELL

One of the suburban M. E. churches recently dedicated their new \$30,000 church. The sermon was delivered by Bishop W. A. Quayle, of St. Paul, a former Kansas boy, born in this county. His text was, "My Church," from the Master's words.

He told of having often traveled by the base of Mt. Tacoma, Washington, but always the mountain was obscured by mist and clouds. But one day, when he had climbed up the slope and onto the church steps, he turned and beheld the mount in perfect vision in all its glory. So it is from the Church Door that we get the clearest and truest views of all of life.

Here we get the only true view of the Cradle. It was Christ that glorified childhood. He took the babes in his arms and blessed them. Every baby was sacred to him. Christ was the first true democrat. Democracy is the child of Christianity. We are naturally all aristocrats. No man is fully democratic. No woman is a democrat. Every mother thinks no other baby is quite as nice as hers. It is my cus-

tom, when baptizing babies, always to kiss them on the forehead. Once it was a little colored baby (and do you know, I think there's nothing looks quite so cute), and of course I kissed it; and afterward I was sharply reprov'd by a sister of the church for kissing a black baby. "Why, I said, 'it didn't come off!'"

It is from the Church that we get the true view of the dignity of labor, and the laboring man. I don't like this distinction. We should not speak of "the laboring man," but of "men who labor," and that includes everybody but the ~~hob~~. I know it is often charged that the Church is not a friend to the laboring man. It isn't true. Kneeling at the same communion, I have seen the multimillionaire and the multipoverty-aire. I have no fault to find with the secret orders that seek the uplift of their brothers, but they got their inspiration from the Church. They are a product of Christianity and didn't know it. And I assert, there is no organization that is so much interested in, or doing so much for, the well-being of the man who labors, and of every man, as the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why, Jesus, himself, was a workingman, and out of the carpenter shop at Nazareth he came with the shavings hanging to his garments, which of itself is an invitation (and passport, shall I say?) to every carpenter and laborer to come into his Church. I like to ride in the smoker on the train, so that I can rub elbows with men in the rough, as nature made them—even the foreigner in his coarse clothes, eating his black bread and limburger, though I am not partial to this kind of cheese.

I once saw in a magazine the reprint from a great picture, that I never can forget. It was a picture of hands, nothing but hands; no faces, no bodies; just outstretched and up-stretched hands. All kinds of hands: thin hands, old hands, wrinkled hands, calloused hands; hands—hands! praying, pleading, lifted to heaven for help. No help came. There was a face looking down from above,—cold, stern, harsh, without sympathy or pity. But this was not the face of Christ or his Church. When he saw the multitude he had compassion on them, and invited all that labored and were heavy laden to come to him and he would give them rest.

From the Church we get the right mean-

ing of the Cross. The awful fact and consequence of sin; the mighty love of God through Jesus Christ; the vicarious sacrifice for man's redemption,—all of these are to be learned nowhere as from our Lord's Church.

Finally, from the Church we get the right view of the Graveyard. Here we learn that the grave is not the goal; that if a man die he shall live again; that the soul is immortal, therefore that the carnal nature is to be kept under, that the spiritual may have its highest development and triumph.

Following the sermon a half-hour was set apart to the work of raising the \$3,800 still needed to dedicate the church free of debt. In thirty-two minutes over \$4,000 was subscribed. Methodism is strong in Topeka and Kansas. The bishop had to dedicate another church in southeastern Kansas the next night. Protracted meetings are being held in this new church since the dedication.

Dr. Young of the First M. E. church has added about ninety to his church in the last two or three weeks by the "still hunt" method—that is, by house to house work. Very effective in this case. Why should not all of our churches enjoy such revival this winter, if they can't have the more public kind? This is what I understand Brother Saunders is commending in his RECORDER article of December 6.

Two more Methodist churches have their plans for enlarging, and erecting new buildings. Three or four years ago the First church added a \$60,000 Sunday-school temple to their already fine church. The foundation for another M. E. church is laid in the suburb of Highland Park. The Christian Church is planning a new church on the West Side—outgrowth of a Sunday school.

The Catholics have laid the foundation of a third church in the city.

Last Sunday I heard a very clear and exhaustive discourse from the Second U. P. church, by an evangelist from Philadelphia, upon Second Corinthians 9: 15,—“Thanks be unto God for his *unspeakable gift.*”

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, after two or three years' absence, is back again with the Central Congregational church, having the help of an assistant pastor. He is nearing the close of his winter Sunday-evening

story, which has been of gripping interest under his theme, “*Of One Blood.*” I noticed on their last program their financial budget for the coming year. For its possible inspiration or suggestion I hoped to quote, but find I haven't the paper; will give what I can from memory.

Total to be raised, \$10,000, of which, in round numbers, \$8,000 was for the church and \$2,000 for various missions; \$4,300 for the two pastors; \$600 for music; \$500 for the Sunday school; \$200 for printing; \$100 for boys' work; \$100 for girls' work; \$100 for clerical work. Then there was janitor, heat, interest, parsonage, and miscellaneous. And the mission fund went to the American Board, Woman's Board, Church Board, Sunday School Board, Education, and Ministerial, with the largest amount—\$500 or \$800—to Kansas home missions.

Topeka, Kan.,  
Dec. 11, 1915.

### Notice

Sabbath Day, January 1, 1916, will be the time of the annual roll call of the Second Hopkinton Church and it is hoped that all the members will make a special effort to be present in person or by letter to make response to their names as they are called.

We are specially anxious for this service as there are so many of the members of the church we have not yet met. Arrangements have been made to observe the week of prayer beginning January 1. We would like to believe that all who read this notice will remember us in their prayers, praying that this first week in January shall be the beginning of a real spiritual awakening. Let us pray for the strengthening of the stakes of Zion.

E. ADELBERT WITTER,  
Pastor.

The Christ Day is to bring us closer to the great brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God—to lift humanity from the darkness of selfishness into the light of the Bethlehem Star of love, peace and good will.—*Magee Pratt.*

Anything that will help to send a man from his sins to God is a godsend.—*The Christian Herald.*

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### Today

O night of nights! O night  
Desired of man so long!  
The ancient heavens fled forth in light  
To sing thee thy new song;  
And shooting down the steep,  
To shepherd folk of old,  
An angel, while they watched their sheep,  
Set foot beside the fold.

It was so long ago;  
But God can make it now,  
And, as with that sweet overflow,  
Our empty hearts endow.  
Take, Lord, these words outworn,  
Oh, make them new for aye,  
Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"—  
Today, today today!

—Jean Ingelow.

### The Story of the Old Fir Tree

It stood near one corner of an irregularly shaped vacant lot, containing about fifty thousand square feet of land. On two sides of the lot were built, in an almost unbroken line, garish rows of three-flat houses. This lot was a dump for the tenantry; empty cans and household articles of all sorts lay about in confusion, while here and there was a huge boulder, ground down in the glacial period, for the children to hide behind, and in wet weather small pools gleamed darkly. It was a portion of an old estate and a few of the ancestral elms had been spared along with the massive Old Fir Tree. Here and there an elm tree came within a backyard enclosure, throwing a cooling shade over the hot brick wall in the afternoon. The lot was the common playground of the children who swarmed in the tenements. The smaller ones played on the dump, cutting themselves with the broken glass and jagged tin cans. The older boys built small fires on cold days at the front of the big boulder that lay near the foot of the Old Fir Tree. Here they played "Injuns," burning willing victims at the stake, or formed an orderly ring around two contestants who had a score to settle. Thin cats slunk stealthily around in the daytime, wary of the sure arm of these apparently

vicious youngsters, but were much in evidence after nightfall.

The Old Fir Tree cast a cooling shade and healthful fragrance over the children when it was too hot to play in the naked street. Infants in broken-down baby carriages, nursing at blue milk bottles, fell asleep under its murmuring shade.

Summer days passed, the frost came, leaves from the old elms lay stark and cold rattling about their feet, the stalwart branches transfixed against a cold sky; but when the night wind arose they scratched with uncanny fingers against the houses, frightening peevish babes into quiet with the threat that Something would Get Them if they didn't go to sleep right off!

But the Old Fir Tree did not change, its familiar dress comforted them unknowingly, it was ever their friend, and they built small fires beneath its great branches that were grateful to their ill-fed, ill-clad bodies. The babies stayed indoors now, the older girls staying also to tend them, for many of the mothers went out by the day or took in washing, as the man was frequently out of work and sometimes both were the worse for liquor. Occasionally a cheap little casket was carried out, the certificate stating death was occasioned by pneumonia or marasmus,—these terms are not so shocking as "cold" and "starvation."

But now came thrills of Christmas in the air, stores took on a gay appearance, evergreen and holly blossomed out, each responsive soul absorbed unconsciously the over-glow of kindly sentiment that was like an emotional nectar. All but the dwellers in the lower world—there was only a faint reflection of the glow; but even there the child mind will speculate and imagination carry them over high places where their elders can not follow. So it came to pass one day as the boys played around a fire at the foot of the tree, that one of them spoke of Christmas and the dandy skates he had seen in a store window. Another said, a sudden idea striking him,

"Hully gee, fellers, wot a Christmas tree this old fir would make!"

The suggestion fired the imagination of all at once as they glanced up at its breadth and altitude.

"Wouldn't it be a joke, fellers," continued the first speaker, "if we looked out of the winder Christmas Eve and see this old

tree all lit up and loaded down with the best! Say, s'pose we all make a big wish fer it, or try prayin' like they do at the Mission. That tree would hold enough fer the whole block!"

"Aw, go chase yerself—pray nawtin!" said a little "chicken breasted" cripple in a high voice, "I tried de stunt once me-self!"

"Wen wuz dat, Chick?"

"Wy, wen I wuz sellin' papers last winter after de big fire, me feet wuz fros' bit an' me back hurt like 'ell, but I had to stay to it."

The boys closed around this little Ther-sites with delight, his sharp tongue and wit pleased them no matter who it fell on. He was privileged to speak his mind in safety. They would rather hit a girl than "Chick," for all he was inclined to get "to fresh."

Chick regarded them with a cloud in his sun-clear eyes, the perpendicular line between the delicate golden eyebrows deepened in the pearly forehead as he went on passionately as one naked and unashamed.

"I got down on me marrer bones under de skylight an' I prayed like a son-of-a-gun! Youse fellers never see me cry."

"No!" they interpolated as one man.

"Well, I cried then. I couldn't help it, wen I wuz prayin' de good Lord to cure me feet an' crooked back!"

"Didn't do no good, eh, Chick?"

"Naw!" said Chick, "dat's all a fake, don't yer never take no stock in dat spiel!"

"Aw, Chick, I think yer a 'Jonah.' It won't be no harm to try de prayin' stunt at Christmus. Something might drop our way!"

In their absorption the boys had forgotten the fire, it had gone out and in the silence that followed the very air seemed congealing so they scurried homeward.

It was bitter weather the few remaining days before Christmas, the high northwest wind penetrated to the core of the cheaply built tenements. Little Chick gave his papers to another boy.

"He must feel pretty rocky to do that," one said, "he's such a plucky little cuss!"

The same night his wornout mother was wakened by his labored breathing and short, sharp cries of distress. Chick had pneumonia, and Christmas Eve the frail, misshapen little body lay at rest in a cheap casket, his sensitive mouth and sharp, pro-

fane little tongue still, the waxen hands folded over the brave little heart that dared to challenge the "goodness" of God as it was manifested to him.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth the cold wave was broken. It passed after midnight. Unconsciously the starveling sleepers stretched their cold-cramped limbs and slept peacefully. At daybreak the snow began to fall in soft feathery flakes and fell until the unsightly dump and backyards were transformed into a white wonderland. The Old Fir Tree was laden with the soft whiteness and stood out in the clearing sunset like a Christmas benediction!

The hearts of the little ones who talked with Chick when they built their last fire were oppressed with the near mystery of his death, but they watched the tree with a fearful fascination, for who could tell what might happen in a world so strange as this! The first, distant pale stars looked out and saw the wistful eyes of the little ones fixed on the tree, but—no Sleigh with Reindeers made a snowy dash with silver bells attendant.

Yet, as the night deepened, God hung a crescent moon of Hope with one rare star dependent in the clear, cold azure above the Old Fir Tree. And in the frosted fronds the Voice of the tree softly said, "O patient little watchers, the Father has provided a glorious springtime and harvest for all children, but man's injustice—Jacob still taking advantage of his brother's hunger—leaves you portionless and intercepts the bounty of Nature. Each Christmas Eve is Christ crucified anew on the Fir Trees men adorn."

And like a sigh from the far-off heart of the universe came the soft sound as of grieving over a world still in travail.—*Winifred B. Cossitt, in La Follette's.*

### Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting

The Woman's Board met as per adjournment at the home of Mrs. Babcock, December 6, 1915. Members present: Mrs. West, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. A. E. Whitford and Mrs. Babcock. Visitors: Mrs. O. D. Green and Mrs. O. U. Whitford.

Mrs. Crosley read Hosea II: 1-II and Mrs. West offered prayer.

The minutes of the November meeting were read. Mrs. Maxson not being present on account of illness, Mrs. Babcock was asked to take the minutes in her place.

The Treasurer's report was read and adopted. Receipts for the month, \$108.70; disbursements, \$32.91.

The Corresponding Secretary reported letters sent to the Associational and Territorial Secretaries, according to the instructions of the Board at the last meeting, in the interests of our pledges to the Tract Society and Twentieth Century Endowment Fund, and the date of the Day of Prayer for Foreign Missions.

It was voted that the Board share equally with the other Boards of our denomination located in Wisconsin the expense of purchasing a mimeograph.

Voted to instruct the Corresponding Secretary to procure the usual amount of stationery for the use of the Board correspondence.

The minutes were read and approved.

Voted to renew the subscription to the *Missionary Review of the World*.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Whitford on January 3, 1916.

METTA P. BABCOCK,  
Secretary pro tem.

### Amusements

THEODORE T. MUNGER\*

I would prefer to avoid entering on the question as to the right or wrong of certain amusements, because I think it a very poor and profitless discussion. It were better to take the subject out of the plane of scruple and allowance,—so far and no farther, this much and no more,—and lift it up into a nobler atmosphere. Instead of haggling over the proper allowance or kind of amusements, I would have one rather indifferent to the whole subject—above it, in short. If you are animated by right principles, and have awakened to the dignity of life, the subject of amusements may be left to settle itself. It is not a difficult, unless it is made a primary, question. When, however, amusements dominate the life; when they consume any considerable fraction of one's time or income; when they are found to be giving a tone to the thoughts; when they pass the line of

\*From the author's "On the Threshold," a book for young people—young men especially.

moderation, and run into excess; when they begin to be in any degree a necessity, having shaped the mind to their form, they grow vexatious, and become a difficult factor in the adjustment of conduct.

There is a famous saying of St. Augustine, "Love and do all things," that covers the subject, though its generalization may be too broad for common use. Still, I hate to descend from the lofty principle that should guide us in the matter to its details. I wish young men were so devoted to their callings that they would feel but slight interest in the technical amusements of the day. . . . I wish you had so much of that fine feeling called *aristocratic* that you would decline to mingle socially in company that is open to all on the payment of money,—a doorkeeper and a ticket the only introduction and barrier. I wish you had so lofty an ambition, such a determination to get on and up in the world, that you would give all these things the go-by for the most.

But these wishes are keyed too high for realization, and I must speak in another way, coming nearer to the casuistry of the subject, though I dislike that view of it. Your demand is for the distinction and drawn lines, and definite rehearsal of the innocent and forbidden. Well, if we make distinctions, let us at least make true ones.

The present perplexity largely comes from accepting, in a hereditary way, distinctions that once may have been necessary, but are so no longer. The amusements and vices of English society under the Stuarts were so interwoven that it was easier to sweep out the whole by a single act of heroic protest than it was to enter upon the nice work of separation. It may have been wise social economy, but it was a mistake to insert this indiscriminate cleansing of society into the fabric of religion. The attitude of the Puritan was,—I will forego all pleasures till I have crushed out Cavalier vices. It was so akin to religion that it became identified with it. Vices and pleasures were put in the same category. . . . But the stress that constrained the Puritan passed away, leaving a set of distinctions as to amusements, all interwoven with religion, but forming no essential part of it, and having no basis in clear thought. Hence all moral training in New England has had a large negative element; its sign has been the *not doing*

certain things. Meanwhile we have been learning that our Faith, which ultimately regulates such matters, is not keyed to such a note, but is a gift, and a spirit that transforms all things. Our traditions and our knowledge have come into conflict. One side says, it has always been held wrong to do this or that, and therefore we must abstain. The other side denies the binding force of such logic, and, as always happens when barriers are thrown down, rushes into extremes. On one side is bigotry, on the other license. Each mistakes—one in applying the restrictions of religion to things not essentially evil, the other forgetting that innocent things may not be the best, and may be used as very bad things. All the grand emphasis of religion, however mistaken, has been on one side, all the eagerness of human nature on the other side. It is not strange that, in such a state of the question, young persons do about as they choose. Truer distinctions will be made when we fully learn that our Faith is not a system of restriction, but a bringer-in of higher life; not a rule, but an inspiration. When the order and habits of the Faith are established, the question of amusements will be a very easy one to settle practically. It tells us that whatever is not in itself evil, whatever is not in excess, and whatever does not naturally minister to vice, are free. It does not, however, say that it is best to use this liberty to the full, nor that you are not to come into ways of thinking that shut amusements out of all power to tempt or injure. The President of the United States is wholly free to pull in a boat-race, but higher considerations may render it unwise that he should do so; and, having weightier matters on hand, it is not probable that his desires run strongly in that direction. . . . Nothing so tends to break down all sense of right and wrong, as basing conduct on false reasons. . . . All application of truth to society is a matter of faith. . . . The technical amusements should not be made *habits*; it is recreation—a very different thing—that is to be made habitual. . . . The straight question may be asked: Would it not be better to make it a matter of rule and principle, and abstain altogether? We can make rules, but not principles; they are made for us. The principle here consists in distinguishing between use and abuse, between the bad and the innocent, and not in a blind

rejection of the whole matter. As to the rule, it is a nobler and wiser way of treating young men to ask them to observe rational distinctions, than to shut them up to rules they have no mind to observe.

I have said so much on amusements, chiefly to get them into a region of clear thought; but I have another and more difficult end in view, namely, to take you altogether away from them, or to lead you to regard them as but trivial and secondary matters. They are not of the substance of life, they do not face the heights of our nature, but are turned toward the child-side of it. They are not the stuff out of which manhood is built, nor must they enter largely into it.

\* \* \*

I wage no crusade against amusements; I am only solicitous lest you rate them too highly, and weigh them too carelessly. It is painful to see a young man of sound conscience in a flutter of question if he may engage in this or that amusement.

\* \* \*

It is not without reason that I call you to the severer estimate of the subject. As matters are going, society seems to be shaping itself into an organization for generating the greatest possible amount of pleasure. The commonest figure today—I fear he is almost typical—is the young man demanding, as first of all considerations, that he shall be amused; amused he must be at whatever cost, and if society and education and church are not shaped to that end he will have nought to do with them. Meanwhile church and college and social life hasten to comply, suggesting that the main business of each is to keep up a "show." One wishes with Douglas Jerrold "that the world would get tired of this eternal guffaw." Let me say to the young men who read these pages, that while the many are amusing themselves, a few earnest ones turn aside and seize the prizes of life. I would have you of this number. I would persuade you to extricate yourselves from the giggling crowd, and hold that life may be worth living even if it does not provide you with a stunning amusement every twenty-four hours. I would have you strong and clear-headed enough to enter the protest of your example against the insidious, emasculating idea so prevalent, that the main object in

life is "to have a good time." I would have you realize that a "soul sodden with pleasure" is the most utterly lost and degraded soul that can be. When pleasure rules the life, mind, sensibility, health shrivel and waste, till at last, and not tardily, no joy in earth or heaven can move the worn-out heart to response.

But shall a young man have no amusements? He is not shut off from any that sound sense and a high ambition admit of; but if these governing principles are not kept at the fore-front of life, *nothing* is admissible. Just now amusement seems to be primary, while, in truth, it is the last thing about which we need to concern ourselves. What does a bird, or an angel, think of it? Each wings his way, and his flight is his joy.

Mr. Ruskin touches our theme most aptly: "All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to hope, to pray; these are the things that make men happy." Mr. Ruskin is too lofty, to severe, you say; he is playing his *role* of grand gambler. We find ourselves after this long discussion simply exhorted to nobler feelings and ambitions, and left befogged in clouds of high sentiment; life, after all, is made up of real acts; we want to know with what form of pleasure we may offset our toil of brain or hands,—how we shall let off this exuberance of vitality that bubbles within,—how we may gratify this instinct of play—natural as laughter itself. I will make what answer I can.

Technical amusements are not to be regarded as true recreation or play. They do not rest one, they consume vitality rather than furnish a channel for it, and they can not, from their nature, be closely enough ingrafted with daily life. They may serve as an occasional pleasure, but they can not afford constant recreation, which every one must have, and can hardly have in excess. I would make the broadest and most emphatic distinction between *pleasure* derived from these amusements and *enjoyments* drawn from other sources. I mean, by the distinction, getting our own natures at work in simple and pleasurable

ways instead of looking for external excitement.

I may seem to have reached a very prosy conclusion, but I claim that motion in the open air, under clear skies, and in close contact with nature, is the finest and keenest recreation possible to a healthy-minded, full-blooded man.

When it is not so regarded, it is because neither mind nor body is in normal condition. The distinguishing mark of those who are devoted to the amusements, as contrasted with those who delight in open-air recreation, is *listlessness*,—a very common thing as we note the gait, air, and voice of many young men. The grandest figure of a man seen in Great Britain for a hundred years was Christopher North. We have him described as running amongst the Highlands for hours, exulting in what De Quincey calls "the glory of motion." Wilson knew what pleasure was in other forms, but he knew nothing higher than this—a glorious manhood intoxicated with the wine of overflowing life.

When Doctor Wayland was asked what pleasures he would recommend, he said, "Take a walk." It was not so very prosy advice, nor will it seem so to any one who has not sunk into a prosy state of mind and body. Thoreau considered a walk the height of felicity. My point is, if you would get into close contact with nature and cultivate the intimacies and sympathies that look in that direction, you would win an enjoyment far finer than that to be got from the technical amusements, with their feverish accessories. Climb the hills about you. What do you know of the ravines and waterfalls within a ten-mile radius? Do you know the haunts and habits of the animals that live in the forests? Do you know the trees, the flowers and their times? Do you know the exultation that comes with standing on mountain tops, and the tender awe that dwells in thick woods and deep glens, and the music of waters in these still heights? And do you know how profound and sweet is sleep after a day in the woods? An hour, or a day, spent in the open air, in saddle, or better, on foot, with cheery company, or alone with an easy, care-discarding mind, yields recreation that will be satisfying just in the degree in which the nature is sound.

If any say: This is well, but not enough, or it is not practicable, let me suggest that

they find a *hobby*. There is a provision for one in nearly every man; seek it out, and gratify it wisely. If a horse, let it be that, steering wide of all jockeying and the vulgarity of the race-course; if animal pets, nothing is more wholesome. And there are the athletic sports and the broader field of art, fine and mechanical, the turning-lathe, the garden, music, pictures, books, science,—the keen and un-anxious joy of the amateur awaits you in each.

As our last and weightiest word on the subject, I would press the distinction between amusements and enjoyment. One is a pleasure manufactured and served up for us; the other is the satisfaction that flows from the sportive action of our own faculties. In other words, amuse yourself instead of depending upon others. Learn the joy of the exercise of your own powers rather than offer yourself to be played upon from without for the sake of a new sensation.

*From within out* is the order of all life, from smallest plant to man. And because it is the order of life it is also the order of joy.

### The Incarnation

"Unto us a child is born." The first in the list of births in every family record—sacredly enrolled and treasured, it may be, for generations in the old Bible—I inscribe with amending pen the name of Jesus. Unto us—to every race and tribe and family and individual—a child is born; a child revealing all childhood and potential of all manhood; the first fruits of Earth's harvest of sons; the type of all; the normal child—Immanuel, God with us. Blessed to the soul as clear sunshine and crystal fountain and azure-tinted hills—this perfect child—of the prophets, of the angels, of the shepherds, of the manger; the divine Child whose divinity needs no other evidence than the sun of its regenerating power, or the fountain of its life-giving elixir, or the everlasting hills of their supernatural charm.

This Babe of Bethlehem through all the centuries has kindled in the hearts of men the divine flame of Godhood, causing the soul to spring up into new tenderness and sympathy, and pity and love; calling it

forth into rich fellowship within the unseen; rousing it to the endeavor of untried heights of living and of brotherhood; and bowing every knee at last before the consciousness of the God-presence in the hearts of the children of men.

And so the "great unknown," out of which we come, is irradiated at Bethlehem by the glories of the Eternal Purpose. And the "great darkness" that receives us is all aflame with the Glory of the Infinite.

Unto me this divine child is born this day! I will not expose him to perish on the bleak hillside of blind indifference; but welcome to the warm sanctuary of my life this messenger of my God!—*Florence Morse Kingsley, in Nautilus.*

### Now Wake, All Ye That Slumber

M. E. H. EVERETT

Now wake, all ye that slumber!  
A message dear we bring,  
For in a wayside manger  
Is laid your newborn King;  
Rise up in haste to seek him  
Nor rest till he be found,  
For peace to earth he bringeth,  
Heaven-sent and angel-crowned.

The footprints of the shepherd  
Shall show the way to go;  
For light, the Star of Morning  
Hath left its fadeless glow.  
Ye shall not fail to find him  
If heart and soul ye bring  
To seek with adoration  
Your Lord and rightful King.

In Bethlehem of Judea's King  
The morning hath its birth—  
The light in darkness shining  
That lighteneth the earth;  
Then wake, all ye that slumber,  
And smile, all ye that weep,  
For in a wayside manger  
The Child is fast asleep.

A political speaker, warning the public against the imposition of heavier tariffs on imports, said, "If you don't stop shearing the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg, you'll pump it dry."

"She—Anyhow, you must admit he is a well-read man. Did you notice his knowledge of Aristotle?"

"He—I did; and, if you want my candid opinion, I don't believe he's ever been there."

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### Treasurer's Quarterly Report

L. H. Stringer, Treasurer,  
In account with  
The Young People's Board

Dr.	
Balance on hand, August 23, 1915	\$ 60 04
Hammond	5 46
Alfred Station	11 00
Friendship	50
Stone Fort	25
Ethel Butterfield	5 00
Marian Ingham	5 00
Walworth	10 00
Garwin	10 00
Battle Creek	7 50
South Dakota L. S. K's	25 00
Marie Stillman	5 00
Farina	10 00
New York City Church	2 68
H. C. Stillman	2 00
Western Assn.	9 65
Central Assn.	8 50
Eastern Assn.	3 33
Milton Junction	3 00
	<hr/>
	\$183 91

Cr.	
Rev. R. R. Thorngate	\$ 10 00
Dr. Palmberg's salary	75 00
Fouke School	75 00
Davis Printing Co.	8 15
Zea Zinn	60
Allison Burdick	26
Religious Education Assn.	3 00
Balance on hand December 1	11 90
	<hr/>
	\$183 91

Milton, Wis.

L. H. STRINGER,

### Social Life in the Rural Community

MAY DIXON

Paper read at Young People's Hour, South-eastern Association

The farm is the corner-stone of our national prosperity. One third of our entire population is made up of farmers, and all of us depend upon them for sustenance.

The problem of keeping the youth of the present generation upon the farm, and preparing them for country life in its fullest and richest sense, is one of national importance. We must build up a country life that shall be satisfying. Man is a social animal and likes to live in crowds. One of the chief drawbacks to social life in the country is the isolation due to bad roads and mud.

The effects of isolation in country life are manifested in various ways. The well-known conservative attitude of the farmer on all new subjects is the most noticeable

effect. This is shown in the hesitancy with which he accepts suggestions for improved methods. Neighborhood strife, jealousy, and lack of a community spirit are also due to isolation.

All advance, then, in rural districts, it seems to me, is dependent upon the highways. Every phase of rural life is affected by them. Church and school attendance, marketing, and social gatherings are well-nigh impossible for a greater part of the year.

Farmers need to develop a community spirit. All differences should be put aside. Co-operation should be the keynote and all should work together for the betterment of rural transportation.

Road-building is often in charge of county officials who know nothing of the work. Roads are worked at the wrong time of year, or loose material is allowed to accumulate upon hard roadbeds and the constant freezing and thawing cracks the underlying stone. There is \$17,000,000 spent upon roads annually. Most of this expenditure is overseen and disbursed by officials who have no especial training along that line. By sending to the Office of Public Roads, Washington, D. C., one may obtain, free of charge, a printed lecture, illustrated with lantern slides, on the subject of Roads and Road Building.

The teacher should institute a good-roads sentiment among the children of the community. Ravenel's Road Primer, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, should be in every school library. The school may and should become a community center for the dissemination of knowledge.

It should be the aim of every teacher to cultivate a civic pride in her pupils. This may be done by forming literary societies which shall discuss good roads, best methods of agriculture, social betterment, labor-saving devices in the home, conservation of energy in the kitchen.

The development of a new and better country life is largely a question of education and guidance. New knowledge, new ideals, guidance and direction are needed. There is a call for young men and young women who like the country and will live there and work for agricultural and community advancement. To the teacher and the preacher the call comes with especial significance and force.

I think every teacher and preacher in the rural community should study the subjects that throw light on the rural problem. They should take advantage of the university extension courses in the interests of agriculture. They should make themselves acquainted with the various bulletins issued by the State Board or by the Agricultural Bureau at Washington. There should be a union of the country school teacher, the agricultural college professor, the rural pastor and the farmer. The country people have a right to insist that their schools should fit their boys and girls for country life, and more than that, inculcate in them a genuine love for country life.

In 1910, a teacher in North Carolina organized a Girls' Tomato Club. One thousand girls are now enrolled. Each girl tends her own plot of ground and cans the produce. One girl cleared \$130 from one season's crop raised on one quarter of an acre.

As an example of what the country minister can achieve, Rev. Matthew B. McNutt, of Plainfield, Ill., came to his present pastorate in 1900. He studied his field, organized singing schools, granges, and literary and debating societies for the purpose of bringing the people together in a spirit of helpfulness and sympathy. In a short time they were able to erect a building with all modern improvements.

The business of the church is not merely to save the souls but to fit them for usefulness in life. Rev. George Brown, of Paris, Ill., has hit on a novel plan. On Saturday, at the church, was arranged an exhibit of corn. During the day, lectures and demonstrations were given on the subject of corn. On Sunday, the sermon was closely allied to the economic studies of the day before. Make your country church a center for the entire life of the community.

Kenyon L. Butterfield, president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, says: "We need preachers who will consecrate themselves to a lifelong service in the country parish. The church needs men who believe that here is a great task, requiring thorough preparation. We must root out the idea that only inferior men can find work in the country parish. It needs our strongest and best men. We make the appeal to strong young men who want hard places." We must persuade them that here is a man's work—a work worth while.

## Ambassadors for Christ

F. MARIE HILLS

*Paper read at the Pacific Coast Association, Los Angeles, Cal.*

"We are ambassadors therefore on behalf of Christ, as though God were entreating by us: we beseech you on behalf of Christ, be ye reconciled to God." 2 Corinthians 5: 20.

### REGARDING THE SABBATH

No one can be fully reconciled to God who is not obedient to his will as he reveals it in his law. Great blessings come to us by obedience, but our favor with God is forfeited when we disobey.

But rigid obedience on our part is not enough. To be reconciled to God is not enough. We must bear the message of obedience and reconciliation to others by doctrine and life. They, too, need to be reconciled to God and his law, as offered by divine grace to all who trust and obey. This gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth" (Rom. 1: 16).

### DIFFICULTIES

The great First-day world is prejudiced against the unpopular truth of the Sabbath of Jehovah. Prejudice is one of the greatest hindrances we meet. It is allowed to shoot the bolts and turn the keys that lock many hearts and darken many minds, and forbid the entrance of eternal truth. By this locking-out process, many are compelled to grope and stumble in the darkness along the way of life's experiences.

They appear to think that the fewness of Sabbath observers is a sure proof that our cause is beneath their notice. But can the cause of truth be weak? Truth is an attribute of God. Is he weak? Truth will ultimately prevail, whether they assist in supporting it or not. Has truth ever been popular?

A candid investigation and honest decision on their part would make their life's burdens lighter and shed sunshine and brightness upon their path of daily experiences.

But the prejudices of others do not excuse us from our task in bearing the message of truth as ambassadors for Christ. We are not to be frightened out or discouraged by difficulties and the unfaithfulness of those to whom we are sent. Our part

is to bear the message in his spirit. The results rest with him.

Prejudiced minds, intolerant spirits, and self-pride blind the vision of many, and a candid investigation can not be followed until the heart is freed from them. So the first step is to lead them to Christ, to a full surrender of life to him. The truth will then appear dear and valuable to them, and worth their effort and sacrifice to secure. The fear of what others will think of them for adopting the truth will disappear, for they will have the willing spirit of Saul of Tarsus as he met his Lord on the Damascus road, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

The Sabbath of Jesus and the Bible is in great disfavor. A substitute day crowds it out of most minds and hearts, but it can not crowd it out of the Decalogue.

Another great difficulty is "tradition of the elders" and preachers. Because the masses keep Sunday and because it has been observed and taught in the past, they teach that we must be loyal to the past and to the popular teachings. When our Lord was here on earth, "the traditions of the elders" had, for generations, been taken to be of equal value with the Scriptures. It is so now with many on this question.

Many who claim to be ambassadors for Christ teach that the true Sabbath is for the Jews only, and that all who observe it are legalists and Judaizers, and fail to realize that those who refuse to be divinely led are not in divine favor, whatever their professions may be.

All sorts of excuses are offered and personal convenience consulted, and, with many, church membership is for revenue only, and this blinds many eyes and kills much spirituality.

### OUR PREPARATION

Our preparation for our work as ambassadors must be the same as that of our King. When he was tempted he replied, "It is written." We, too, must be so familiar with the Scriptures that we can "give a reason for the hope that is within us," and tell what the Bible says about the Sabbath.

We must have a "Thus saith the Lord" for our Sabbath-message, and be able to wield "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

Almost equal in importance is our own

living. We must faithfully and consistently observe the Sabbath ourselves. No matter how ably we may argue for the Sabbath with logic and texts, if our lives are not loyal and consistent with the Sabbath laws of God, their force for good is destroyed. So our first duty is to make our lives all we profess and try to teach.

### Information Desired

The Tract Society voted at its December meeting to send me this winter into the States south of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi, to visit our churches and the lone Sabbath-keepers in the South and Southeast, and to do such work as opportunity offers.

I desire to obtain as soon as possible all the information that I can get about the people and places I should visit, and the opportunities for evangelistic and Sabbath reform work on the field, so that I can plan to reach as many as possible at the least expense.

RECORDER readers are asked to help by writing me about Sabbath-keepers on the field; persons who once were Sabbath-keepers, or were brought up in Sabbath-keeping homes; people who have shown some interest in the Sabbath question; and any other information that will likely aid me in this anticipated work.

Information will do more good now than it can do after I return from the trip, so please send it on as soon as possible to my home address.

WILLARD D. BUDRICK,  
Sabbath Evangelist,  
Milton, Wis.

A sailor was called into the witness-box to give evidence. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?" "I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor. "What! Not know the meaning of 'plaintiff' and 'defendant'?" continued the lawyer. "A pretty fellow you to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the ship it was the man struck the other?" "Abaft the binnacle," said the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle," said the lawyer. "What do you mean by that?" "A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor. "to come here as a lawyer and don't know what 'abast the binnacle' means!"—*Ex.*

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### Something Must be Done

RUTH MARION CARPENTER

"I think it is simply dreadful, and something must be done," cried Hilda as she rushed along the campus and caught up with her friend and roommate Alice.

"What are you worrying over now, Hilda?" asked gentle Alice, at once all attention.

"Oh, I mean about Grace; you know how she is lately, so preoccupied, half dazed, missing recitations most of the time and cutting classes until I should think she would be ashamed to meet the teachers. And she has borrowed notes and even the completed lectures,—why, it is terrible and I just know she will fail in the mid-year's. It has all happened, too, in about a week or ten days, I should think. Somebody has got to wake her up, and I think it is our place to do it before the professors get on to it. Something must be done, but what, I do not know."

"Well, dear, just let me think it out and in the meantime you get all the girls in Corridor 3 to come to our room tonight immediately after supper and we will see what we can do, for I agree with you that something must be done," and as Hilda thanked her she thought she saw a mischievous twinkle in her quiet roommate's eyes. They separated at the chemistry building, Hilda going to laboratory class and Alice to her room to think.

Hilda was eager to get the fifteen girls belonging to Corridor 3 together; however, when they met, there were only fourteen because, of course, Grace had not been asked. After they were all in Hilda's room she called the meeting to order and in rather an excited voice told the girls what she had said to Alice earlier in the day and they all agreed that something must be done. "Come, Alice," urged Hilda, "tell us what you have thought of, for I know that it will be just the thing; you always do have the best ideas."

Then Alice in her quiet way asked each girl to go to her own room, get her sewing materials and return. Eager questions were silenced by Alice's mysterious smile and wave of hand. A moment later the

girls trooped back with their work bags and baskets, and their curiosity fully aroused. "You girls are to follow me," she said, "and we will try to fulfil that statement of Hilda's 'Something must be done.'"

Alice led the way down to the end of Corridor 3 and rapped gently on Grace's door. As the door was thrown open the girls were still more surprised to see the room prepared for company. "Come in, girls, and find a seat somewhere," was Grace's eager welcome and they soon seated themselves in real college girl fashion on cushions, bed, couch, floor, etc.

"Grace," spoke up Alice, "your plan is an entire mystery to these girls of Corridor 3 and without doubt it would remain a mystery if I hadn't rushed in here so unceremoniously to borrow your skates yesterday. So, Grace, please tell them all about it, for I know they are full of curiosity."

"Do, do, Grace," the girls cried in chorus. "We can't wait any longer for this mysterious 'something—'" "Sh-h-h," whispered Alice in an aside.

"Well," began Grace modestly, "I think I will first give you all something to do, and while you are busy I will tell you my story." Alice and Grace soon had work for each girl and as they were busily sewing, some on little dresses, some on dainty childish underwear, and others on dolls' clothes, Grace in a very low impressive voice told them the following:

"My sister, Nellie, whom the most of you met a year ago when she spent Thanksgiving with me, was married at Christmas time to a young man whose business firm had him make a trip into the Kentucky mountains to investigate some lumber business. He made this trip last October and took my sister with him for the pleasure of the trip. She enjoyed the new and strange scenes, although she couldn't help but be saddened by the life of the poor, whites who live up on those mountains. She says that many of the people have spent their whole lives there, and have never even heard the whistle of a train or seen a real house—nothing but dug-outs and cabins. They have very few of what we call the necessities of life. While my brother was busy each day with his work, Nellie would spend the time visiting these backwoods people, bringing some cheer and comfort to their empty lives.

"One day she was with a poor woman when a real mountain thunderstorm came on, and she was detained longer than usual. The poor woman was led to talk of herself and told the story of her whole life. Then the conversation drifted to the neighbors and she told Nellie of a poor woman who was a stranger in the mountains and who at present was very ill. Nellie was at once eager to go to her, so as soon as the storm cleared, she was led to a poor little dug-out of a home, scarcely fit for a dog. The neighbor went in and told the sick woman that she had brought a friend. When Nellie looked at the poor woman, ill, dirty, emaciated and without hope, she felt that this was the most heart-rending scene she had yet come upon. But imagine her startled surprise when the sick one said,—

"O Mees Grant, have yez come to see the likes of me? Yes, certainly—the angel, but I am beyond help now, and I be going to die soon. Oh, but I be glad to see yez dear face again, God bless ye."

"The effort of the poor woman to say this was almost too much for her and she lay back quite exhausted. While she had been talking, Nellie was searching her face for a familiar look, for surely it was some one who had known her. She finally recognized her as Maggie O'Reen, one of a class of girls whom she taught in a mission about five years before.

"The girl had married a poor fellow, who though clean and good had no power to raise himself in the business world, and he had sunk to the lowest depths of poverty, dragging his family with him. A few months before, the man had been killed in the lumber woods, and since then Maggie and her children had been dependent upon their neighbors, who were scarcely better off than she.

"Maggie had two little girls,—Nellie, aged four; and Maggie, aged one and a half. They were so ragged and dirty that Nellie said they hardly looked like human beings. It was evident that their mother would not live long, no doctor could save her, so Nellie tried to make her few remaining days happier. She found that Maggie was worrying over her babies,—what would become of them, and who would ever be good to them?

"Nellie had been greatly touched by the fact that Maggie had named her first-born

for her. After talking the matter over with Jack, they agreed to take the children and care for them if the mother should leave them.

"Maggie, dear," Nellie said to her one day, leaning over the sick one on her bundle of a bed in the corner, 'would you die easier if I promised to look after the babies for you?'

"O Mees Grant' (for she was Miss Grant still to Maggie), 'I could die happy if I could belave the darlints were with yez. Oh, the good God bless ye,' and she sobbed her poor self to sleep.

"Before Nellie left the mountains she provided a good motherly neighbor to care for Maggie and the babies, and Jack arranged with the authorities that, as soon as the woman died, the children should be sent direct to Nellie's home. Since then, however, Nellie has found Maggie's sister, who has fairly comfortable means, and although she has five little ones of her own, she insists upon adding Baby Maggie to her brood.

"Faith, and what is one more when ye have five already,—just another jewel.'

"So the baby will go to her auntie and little Nellie is to be legally adopted by my sister and brother. Last week the word came that the mother had passed away, having lived much longer than they expected, probably on account of the care and food that Nellie provided. The two little ones are coming North next week with a friend who is to spend Christmas in New York. They will arrive the morning before Christmas.

"The poor little babes have never had any proper clothing and although Sister expects that they will be fixed up some way for the journey, she knows they will not be dressed as she wants them to be. So as soon as she got the word she bought materials and sent me a part because I insisted that I wanted to help dress my first niece.

"Nellie is to have a Christmas jollification for them Christmas Eve and Maggie's sister and five children are included. You see these little ones have never heard of Christmas or Santa Claus, or seen a doll or a toy of any kind, so we hope it will be a happy time for them. But, girls, I never could have done my part if you hadn't come in to help; you are certainly good to me—why, just see how many little

garments are laid up there already. You see when Alice came in yesterday, I was just swamped with work and beginning to be discouraged for fear I wouldn't get through, and I knew my lessons were suffering dreadfully besides. And then, when she came in this afternoon and proposed a bee, I was delighted, for I felt that something must be done."

All the while Grace had been talking, the girls had been very busy and one or two were pretty sober, but now their tongues were loosed, and there was such a chattering and asking of questions that work began to suffer and fudge to disappear. At the sound of the retiring bell, the work was so well along that Grace could easily finish it in the two days that remained before vacation and Christmas.

The girls returned to their rooms with more of the real Christmas spirit in their hearts. Hilda, especially, was deeply touched and as she crawled into her bed beside her roommate she said, "Alice, as usual I am completely ashamed of myself, and when I so crossly said that 'something must be done,' I might have known that you in your own gentle way would be the one to do it. Good night."

*Alfred, N. Y.,  
Dec. 14, 1915.*

### The Way of the Lonely Heart

Always at the holiday season I had followed the way of the Loving Heart, and my fellow-traveler had been One who laughed with me and sang to the chime of Christmas bells. But the day came when I was left alone, and I knew that never again should I fare joyously, and that henceforth my pilgrimage should be along twilight paths.

And it was thus that I learned of the Way of the Lonely Heart, which is a shadowy way, somewhat steep and stony, and many who travel it need help to reach the heights.

And, following that way, I came first to Jean.

"May I breakfast with you on Christmas morning," I wrote, "and help with the tree-lighting?" And her answer came: "You dearest dear, the morning would have been the hardest, and yet I must keep my sadness from the boy."

At nine o'clock I found them, waiting for me, the boy with the scarlet of his cheeks matching the holly in his white blouse, and Jean a tense black figure behind him.

"Last year father lighted the candles," he said, as I came in.

"Yes, dear." Jean's hunted eyes sought mine.

I took the boy in charge after that, and while the little lights starred the tree with pink and green and yellow, I talked of the days when Jean and I were little girls and went to school together.

"She was such a pretty little girl!"

His eyes shone. "With long curls?"

"Yes, I remember the day that she was naughty and cut them off."

"Tell it."

And I did. And once Jean laughed, and the hunted look went out of her eyes. And when I went away, she said, "You dearest dear, now I can get through the day."

My pilgrimage took me next to Penelope, who writes stories, and who has a little fame and much beauty.

I found her prone on a couch, her face a white oval between bands of dark hair.

"Don't say 'Merry Christmas!' to me," she cried, sharply.

So I kissed her in silence and laid against her cheek a bunch of valley lilies.

She clutched at them and asked:

"How did you know that he always sent lilies?"

And then she sobbed and sobbed.

"My heart is broken."

"But he loves you," I said.

"He loves money more."

"No—he loves you too much to put you into a poor setting, and he is too proud to share your money."

"What is pride against love?"

"Put yourself in his place. If you had lost everything, would you ask a woman to share your poverty?"

"If she were willing—"

"Look at it from a man's standpoint. He has told you that he must wait until he has recovered part of what he has lost. He is sore, sensitive; don't doubt him, dear—"

"Ah," she caught my hand, "talk to me—make me have faith—"

And I preached a little of the doctrine of self-forgetfulness. "You have dreamed so much, and your search is for the ideal.

He is a real man. Be patient, and some day he will understand your need of him and his of you."

Gradually hope came to her, and she sat up. "I am going to put a spray of lilies in a letter and send it to him," she said. "I wrote so bitterly this morning."

It was a long way from Penelope's apartment to the tenement where an old man lives who kept books for the One who had traveled with me the Way of the Loving Heart.

I took a basket with me and spread a little table, on which I set out roast chicken and celery and bread and butter, and I made his tea and heated gravy and mashed potatoes and mince pie over his little gas stove.

He sat in a big chair, all crippled with rheumatism, and watched me.

"It's mighty good of you," he said, over and over again; "the woman downstairs cooks my things. But I can't pay much, and she is careless."

When everything was ready, I pinned a bit of mistletoe in his lapel and stuck some holly in a vase. And then we had our lunch together. For the old bookkeeper is a gentleman, and he talked of the One we had both loved.

"He had such a great heart," he said, and I assented eagerly, for I was hungry to talk of my sorrow, and yet I feared to sadden other friends. But my little bookkeeper was not saddened. He lived in a land of memories, a pleasant land, where he walked and talked with those who had gone before.

And as he was refreshed in body by the food that I had brought him, so was I refreshed in soul by the spiritual manna which we shared.

"I will come often," I told him, as the afternoon waned. "It helps me to talk to you."

"One lonely heart can always help another," was his simple philosophy, and he was smiling when I left him.

The house to which I came next was a house of Discord. There was a son, and a daughter, and the son's mother. A trio of unhappiness. And the fault lay with the son's mother; and yet she was my friend, and I knew that hers was a lonely heart, and that loneliness had made the bitterness, and the bitterness discord.

She sat alone in her big front chamber, although there was a merry party in the rooms below. But the son was not merry, nor the son's wife, for over them lay the shadow of the unhappiness upstairs.

"Why don't you go down and join them?" I asked, when I had presented my little gift.

"I am not wanted," stiffly; "they have each other."

And then I took her hand in mine. "Dear Margaret," I said, "is life to go on this way to the end?"

"Is it my fault?"

And, wondering at my courage, I told her, "Yes."

"Oh, how can you!" she flung out. "It is they who are selfish."

"They are young—and it is we who know more of life who can show them the beauty of unselfishness. You can never win this way; you can only win by following the Way of the Loving Heart."

Her eyes questioned, and so I told her of that Way, and how each year we had tried to follow it, and of how love had always won love, and bitterness would always be repaid with bitterness.

"Peace on earth, good will—" I finished; "why not show good will to your own—to your little boy, who, after all, is still your little boy, and to his wife, who at heart is a little troubled girl? It is you who must bring harmony into this home, Margaret."

"If I might," her voice was wistful.

Then she stood up and smoothed her hair, and in the mirror she nodded at me.

"I am going down," she said.

And as I passed the door of the living-room I saw the light in her son's face as he welcomed her.

The Way led next to Mazie, who works in a department store, and who lives in a dingy hall-room. She is dear and sweet and good, but life has brought her nothing but drudgery. Her little face, as I saw it, during all the hard weeks of the pre-holiday season, at the ribbon counter, had haunted me, and when I found that she was an orphan and alone, I asked her to dine with me on Christmas Day.

But we did not dine at home. I knew what young girls like, and I had a big bunch of violets to pin on her shabby coat and my gift to her was a set of furs, and



so it was a transformed little maiden who went with me in a taxicab to a certain famous hostelry.

"I have never seen anything so lovely!" Mazie kept saying as she sat at a table in the corner of the great dining-room and looked upon the golden-lighted rooms, gay with poinsettia, and throbbing with music. "I have never seen anything so lovely!"

Her delight in the dainty service, her healthy appetite, which reveled in the delicious food, her eager interest in the people at the other tables, took me out of myself.

"How good you have been to me!" she said, as we went out.

"It is you who have been good," I told her; "you have given more than you have gained."

"Why, what could I give you?"

"You have youth and hope," I said, and as she tucked her hand in mine I knew that my friendship with little Mazie held the promise of many good things for both of us.

When I had taken Mazie home, I came back to Jean.

It was late, and the boy was in bed, and Jean sat before the little open fire reading the Book of books.

"Read to me," I told her, and she turned to the Twenty-seventh Psalm.

"It isn't exactly a Christmas chapter," she said, thoughtfully, "but it belongs to you and to me. 'Wait—be of good courage—and he shall strengthen thy heart—'"

I stretched out my hand to her and told her of my day.

"After all," she said, thoughtfully, when I had finished, "it was the Way of the Loving Heart, dearest dear."

And I saw that it was, for all love me and I love them—storm-tossed Penelope, and the old bookkeeper, and Margaret, and little Mazie, and Jean, my best-loved friend.

And because this Way of Loneliness led me to un hoped-for heights, I have told of it, that others, following, may, in the joy of Christmas service, find again the Way of the Loving Heart.—*The Outlook.*

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils.

"Darkness that may be felt," replied the budding genius.

## HOME NEWS

ALBION, WIS.—The annual dinner and business meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist church was held Sunday. It was well attended and by a unanimous vote Pastor C. S. Sayre was asked to remain another year.—*Journal-Telephone.*

SALEM, W. VA.—The Seventh Day Baptist church of this city held an every-member financial canvass over the week-end, and when the reports were called for at the meeting of the church last Sunday night, it was found that the church was in a good way toward the raising of the annual budget. All the auxiliaries of the church reported at the meeting and the officers of the church were chosen. The Hon. Jesse F. Randolph was chosen moderator.—*Salem Express.*

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Seventh Day Baptist church served another of their popular chicken-pie suppers at the church dining-room Monday night. About 120 were served, adding more than \$30 to the treasury.

A. B. West was present at the monthly meeting of the Janesville Methodist Brotherhood Tuesday evening and spoke in favor of the county agricultural agent, which was the topic of the evening.—*Journal-Telephone.*

SOMERSET COUNTY, PA.—The German Seventh Day Baptist Church of Somerset County, Pa., situated near Cairnbrook, which fell into a state of decay many years ago, recently enjoyed a season of refreshing under the ministrations of Rev. William A. Resser, one of the pastors of the Snow Hill German Seventh Day Baptist Church. On the evening after the Sabbath, November 13, a love-feast was celebrated at the home of Elder Emanuel Specht. Subsequently, other meetings were held in the Graves Lutheran Church, near Cairnbrook, not far away. A party of twenty-four friends came from the "Cove" (Salemville and vicinity), and assisted in the singing.

(Continued on page 800)

## MARRIAGES

WHEELER-LUGUHIHL.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Luguhihl, Pandora, Ohio, October 19, 1915, by the Rev. Albert Schumacher, Mr. Ernest Wheeler, Nortonville, Kans., and Miss Edna Luguhihl.

## DEATHS

PERRY.—Mrs. Nana Dangerfield Perry was born at Walworth, Wis., December 5, 1892, and died at her home near Stanley, Wis., November 5, 1915.

She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dangerfield and a granddaughter of Deacon and Mrs. O. P. Clark. She united with the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church by baptism July 13, 1907, of which church she was a faithful member until her departure. She was married to Mr. Bert Perry on October 12, 1915.

Although she was unknown to the writer, it is said that her cheerful disposition and sunny temperament won the friendship of all her acquaintances. The church of which she was a member and all her friends at Walworth extend to the bereaved family, and especially to the young husband, their heartfelt sympathy, commending them to the One who alone can comfort.

Funeral services were held from the Union Church of Huron, Wis., the Rev. Mr. Griffith officiating.

C. B. L.

RANDOLPH.—Silas Fitz Randolph, the son of William F. Randolph and Mary Davis Randolph, was born July 3, 1833, on Greenbrier Run, W. Va., and died December 1, 1915, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Persels, of Farina, Ill., at the age of 82 years, 4 months, and 28 days.

Mr. Randolph was the sixth in a family of twelve children, only two of whom are still living—Judson and Preston, both of Salem, W. Va. His early education consisted in several terms in a private school taught by members of his family and a term or two at West Union Academy. He was converted and baptized under the labors of Elder Azor Estee, who persuaded him to accompany him to his home at Petersburg, N. Y., to learn the northern style of farming. While here he lived in Elder Estee's home and joined the Petersburg Seventh Day Baptist Church.

In the spring of 1855, Mr. Randolph took one of his sisters and his two brothers who survive him to Alfred, where he entered school. These were the first students to go from West Virginia to Alfred. While here he met Miss Emily Lusk, to whom he was married on December 2, 1862, at her home in Dansville, N. Y. In January,

1864, Mr. Randolph enlisted as a volunteer in the Civil War, serving in Company I, 5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, until the close of the war.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph moved to Farina on February 14, 1866, after a few months spent in West Virginia. Mr. Randolph was one of the constituent members of the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church, with which he has since held his membership, except for a few years while in California. In the fall of 1887, he took up a soldier's claim in southern California near Valley Center, and lived there for a number of years. He also lived at Colony Heights, Riverside, and Los Angeles. In the spring of 1906, he and his wife returned to Farina, where she passed away February 21, 1913. Since then Mr. Randolph has made his home with some of his children.

To Mr. and Mrs. Randolph were born five children: Ernest F., Virtue, who died in infancy, Lura, the wife of C. E. Persels, Ines, the wife of O. C. Wells, and Mabel, now Mrs. Wm. H. Allen, all of whom live at Farina, and were present at the funeral, which was conducted by the pastor at the home of Mrs. Persels, Friday afternoon, December 3.

For some time Mr. Randolph had been failing in health. He was a Christian man and an ardent student of the Bible, especially in his later years. For a number of years both his eyesight and hearing gradually left him, yet he kept well informed on matters of denominational interest. He has written a number of articles for the SABBATH RECORDER. Before the end came he expressed a readiness to go to his eternal home where there will be no more affliction or sorrow, and waited patiently for the summons. The following clipping taken from his scrapbook expresses this sentiment:

"I'd have them answered now,  
But I can wait.

If answered they might prove a snare;  
God will provide with loving care,  
And answers send sometime, somewhere—  
So I can wait.

"I sometimes pray to see the end,  
But I can wait;  
In his good time, and not before,  
He'll open wide the mystic door  
To all the future's golden store—  
So I can wait.

"He loves me far too well, I know  
To come too late;  
So while I pray he whispers, 'Though  
I tarry, wait.'"  
L. O. G.

CRANDALL.—Abigail L., daughter of Sheffield B. and Emily Main, was born in the town of Lincoln, Chenango County, N. Y., March 1, 1824, and died in the town of Portville, N. Y., November 10, 1915.

She came to Portville in 1833. She was baptized when about sixteen years of age, by Henry Green, and united with the Portville Church. In 1843 she was married to Charles Crandall, who died several years ago.

She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Addie Munger, of Portville, and one son, Adelbert Crandall, of West Genesee.

G. P. K.

**WILCOX.**—Sally C. Foster, daughter of Harvey and Catherine Foster, was born in 1824, at Moravia, N. Y., and died in the town of Wirt, N. Y., November 17, 1915.

She came with her parents to Allegany County, when she was one year old. They settled near the West Notch in the town of Wirt. She was married to Gilbert Gillette in 1844. Mr. Gillette died in 1853. In the same year she was married to Caleb Wilcox, who died in 1893.

Her life since coming to Allegany County, with the exception of one year, has been spent in the town of Wirt. She joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Richburg, N. Y., in her early girlhood, and remained a member until her death.

G. P. K.

**WRIGHT.**—In Oak Creek Township, Sherman Co., Neb., near North Loup, Valley Co., Neb., on December 7, 1915, Lois Adel, the infant daughter of Willet and Lottie Green Wright.

This baby girl was named for two of her great-grandmothers. Willet and Lottie in this disappointment have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of relatives and friends.

G. B. S.

**KENYON.**—John Greene Kenyon, son of Mathew S. and Abby Austin Kenyon, was born in the town of Hopkinton, R. I., October 7, 1838. He passed away at his sister's, near Ashaway, September 30, 1915.

Mr. Kenyon was converted in early life and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Rockville, it is believed. He was married to Elizabeth H. Larkin, daughter of John and Fannie Tanner Larkin, at Elliot, Minn., May 4, 1861. They lived in several western states but finally settled in Kansas, where Mrs. Kenyon died July 23, 1897. The only child in the family was an adopted daughter, who is now Mrs. William Walters, and resides at Glendale, Ariz.

At the time of his death Mr. Kenyon owned a home in Elsmore, Kan., though for some time he had made his home with a sister at Ashaway.

Mr. Kenyon was a veteran of the Civil War. He was justice of the peace for a number of years in his western home and for a number of years served as postmaster, always endearing himself to his friends and patrons.

Burial services were had from the home of the sister at Ashaway, October 2, conducted by Rev. E. Adelbert Witter, who spoke from James 4: 14. Interment was in Oak Grove cemetery.

E. A. W.

**Boss.**—Steven R. Boss, son of Ezekiel and Almira Richmond Boss, was born in Exeter, R. I., September 29, 1848, and passed from this life September 1, 1915.

Mr. Boss was converted in early life and united with some First Day church, but united with the Second Westerly Seventh Day Baptist Church by letter, November 1, 1885. Mr. Boss was a man of but few words.

Burial services were had from the church at Bradford, conducted by Rev. E. A. Witter, a former pastor, who spoke from Matthew 7: 12.

E. A. W.

## The Sabbath Recorder

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

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(Continued from page 798)

A great feast of blessings was enjoyed. The people of the community were moved; some members that had grown cold were revived, and others were made to think seriously. Several showed interest in the Sabbath question. The field is a promising one.

Our aged brother, Elder Specht, is failing. He was ninety-five years of age on the fourth of December. In spite of his age and failing vigor, however, he enjoyed the meetings.

C. F. R.

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