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SABBATH RECORDER :: PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

The Sabbath Recorder

ELEMENTS OF NATIONAL GREATNESS

What makes a nation rich? The number of men the nation has who are noble, wise, pure, self-sufficing. . . . What doth it profit a nation if it gain the whole world of tools and ships and goods, if the men in the factories are broken in spirit, if workmen go sullen to their tasks, if wives commit suicide? . . . There is a wealth that is poverty. Woe unto the nation that loads itself down with thick clay, supposing it to be wealth.

The greatness of an individual and nation is threatened when intellect is ahead of the conscience, and culture is ranked above morality. Mental power and moral principle must journey forward side by side. Unfortunately, our generation seems to know the right, but to be losing the power of doing it. The school has lent the intellect wings, but the conscience crawls. The reason moves swiftly along the highway with the speed of a palace car; the virtues follow slowly, as if moving in an ox-cart. Would that our generation could do all it knows and obey every principle it has discovered.—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 80, NO. 2

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 10, 1916

WHOLE NO. 3,697

Our Forward Movement When the Israelites And the New Year

were in distress on the shore of what appeared to be an impassable sea, and the outlook seemed dark, then it was that God's word came to Moses: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." From that day to this, whenever the people of God have proposed a forward movement that required faith and consecration and strenuous effort, and whenever the way has seemed closed or particularly difficult, the call of Jehovah has been, "Go forward," and the assurance of divine help to victory has been given. God's call has ever been along the line of progress, and there never was a time when the need for his people to hear and heed that call was greater than it is today. His leadings are always onward and upward, and the people who will not heed the call and follow where he leads are doomed to die in the wilderness.

Do you not hear the call now for a forward movement? Is it not God's call to his Israel of today? Does it not mean enlarged vision, increased efficiency, greater usefulness, and a stronger influence for good? Are you, not ready to fall in line and go forward?

As a people we are confronted with problems that cause some to fear as to our future. Our efforts to extend the kingdom of God and exalt his truth have not brought the results for which we—the people—had hoped, our boards are in debt, and nearly half the Conference year has passed with but little progress along some lines laid out in our annual gathering. There may be those who feel that we, too, are shut up between the mountains and the sea, and that we can not go forward. But this will not prove so if we will but recognize God's hand, still held out to open the way, and listen to his command. When the Master says, "Go forward," no mountains of difficulty, no sea of discouragement can prevent the forward movement.

Why not listen to the voice of Jehovah as it comes to us with the new year, urging us to go forward in the work he has com-

mitted to us? His Spirit has moved our leaders to preach upon the Forward Movement; urgent messages have been written regarding it; our boards have appealed to you for help to carry on the work; some of the churches are arousing to make personal every-member canvasses; many young people responded to the call at Conference, pledging their lives to the Master's service as opportunities might open to them; and our God is just as ready to lead us forward as he was to lead our fathers. With consecration to him and faith in his power to lead, we can not fail. The main thing is to keep in close touch with God. The "power from on high" is always ready for those who are prepared to use it. Then in this new year let us go forward, laboring as though everything depended upon us, and yet never forgetting that our Master leads us every step of the way, and that our success depends entirely on him.

Holiday Offerings And the Debt

Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard has placed in my hands twenty-three letters received by him about Christmas time, bringing gifts for the Tract Society. While most of these contained regular offerings from churches for the general fund, they show that people did remember the appeal for "white gifts for the King" during the holiday season. How widespread this spirit of remembering the Lord's cause was among our people is not yet known, but it is encouraging to know that so many responded to the call.

Four of the letters were from lone Sabbath-keepers whose gifts amounted to \$30. One of these expressed the hope that the entire debt would soon be liquidated. Four others were from Sabbath schools, and contained, all told, \$78.39, and one was from a brother, inclosing \$20 for life membership.

Since our last report \$106.60 has been received on the debt alone, making \$156.60 designated for the debt since the appeal was first made.

One letter, from Wisconsin, reporting

\$42.60 as "Tract Society offerings from the Sabbath-school white Christmas services," contained a gift of \$10 which was half of a twenty-dollar gold piece, the treasured gift of a father long since dead. This letter closes with these words: "We hope there will be other responses to the appeal for funds, so that before 1916 begins the society may be free from debt."

Just at this point the morning mail brings another letter, from West Virginia, with \$5 inclosed and the following message: "This being the last day in the year, I have been wondering if there was anything yet that I should do. Have been giving for worthy charities as I felt able, but this morning my mind turns to the boards and I am sending you \$5, all that I feel able to give. Wish I could do more. I earnestly pray the Lord to bless it as it goes forward under the direction of the boards." This gift is to be divided between the Tract and Missionary boards.

We have no further data as to responses for the debt of the Missionary Board, but sincerely hope they may be liberal.

"Times Are Changed And We Are Changed" These words are as appropriate now as they were in Caesar's day.

They came to mind with force as I read the eight pages of the Anti-Prohibition Manual in which the National Liquor Dealers' Association go to all ends to show that Washington and Lincoln were not prohibitionists. In regard to Lincoln the writer begins by saying:

Abraham Lincoln, were he to return to earth, as his first act would without doubt rebuke and repudiate the methods and personnel of the Anti-Saloon League, which pretends from time to time to receive inspiration from the sayings, and speeches of the great emancipator.

* * *

A study of the life and writings of Lincoln will show to the unbiased mind that Abraham Lincoln was a temperance man and a temperance advocate in the correct sense; that is, he believed in moderation in the use of all things. The quotations that the prohibitionists have used as coming from Lincoln, when those quotations have been authentic, have usually been statements which he made when speaking of the abuse and excessive use of liquors. Mr. Lincoln's ideas, however, upon the liquor question were far removed from those of the modern agitating prohibition leader.

We do not pretend to say what Abraham Lincoln would do if he were here today,

surrounded by the changed conditions which the fifty years since his death have brought to the country. But judging from his lifelong attitude toward the liquor business, we must believe that he would arise to the emergencies that confront the nation now, and adopt uncompromising measures to rid the nation of the curse of rum. He who gloried in man's ability to govern himself in a free republic, would undoubtedly take the platform again as of old, and make the land ring with speeches for what he called "the temperance revolution," never resting until his country voted out the last saloon. In his speech at Springfield, Ill., on Washington's birthday, 1842, Lincoln spoke of this temperance "revolution" as the breaking of "a stronger bondage, the freeing from a viler slavery," and the deposing of "a greater tyrant," than that disposed of in 1776. It was regarded by Lincoln a revolution that would heal more diseases and assuage more sorrows than any other, and one that would bring plenty to starving orphans and comfort to weeping widows. In this prophetic address, Mr. Lincoln spoke of the pride this land would take "when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither slave nor drunkard."

We wonder what comfort the distillers and brewers can get by quoting Lincoln as their friend, and assuming that if he were here today he would rebuke prohibitionists and repudiate their methods! A man who at nine years of age promised his dying mother never to drink intoxicants, who early joined the Sons of Temperance and the Washingtonian Movement, and made telling pleas for total abstinence, soliciting hundreds to sign the pledge; a man who never allowed liquors in his own home, who said when preparing to meet the committee that brought him the news of his nomination to the presidency, "I never had it in the house and don't like to begin now"; a man who sent a temperance evangelist into the army to induce the soldiers to sign the pledge; a man who, when the internal revenue bill was offered for his signature, hesitated for two weeks to sign it even as a war measure, and signed it at last only when an agreement was made that it should end with the war,—such a man would be expected to advance with the temperance army, as step by step it has met the changing conditions of fifty years; and to stand

squarely for prohibition. This is all the more certain when we recall a sentence that fell from Lincoln's lips on the last day of his life. He said to Major Merwin, the temperance reformer: "After reconstruction, the next great question will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic."

What if Washington Did Have a Distillery?

In the article referred to above, the Anti-Prohibition Manual banks a good deal on the fact that George Washington mentions his liquors and his distillery in his last will and testament. It quotes seven paragraphs from Washington's writings to show that he used "rum," "Madeira," "claret," etc., and closes by saying: "An unbiased study of the biographies of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln will lead to but one conclusion, namely, that neither of these two great men were prohibitionists."

The brewers and distillers must be hard pressed when they have to go back over more than a hundred years for arguments with which to turn the minds of men away from the glaring and damaging facts about their business of today—facts that condemn it in the minds of tens of thousands, facts that can not be denied and about which no good thing can be said. They forget that times and conditions have changed since Washington's day, and overlook the fact that the Father of his Country, if living today, would probably be found in the advance guard of the army that is fighting America's greatest foe. Washington kept slaves in his time, but in the face of changed conditions, that gives no ground for believing he would still keep slaves if living today.

Telling Blows Against the Saloon

We do not wonder that the liquor men are becoming desperate in their efforts to meet their foes, and if possible break the force of the shock of battle. But efforts to make sentiment in their favor by bringing in Lincoln and Washington as probable friends of theirs, if these great men were living, will avail nothing in the face of such facts as were published this week in the papers of three widely separated States.

In accord with the efforts of West Virginia to prevent the bringing in of large quantities of liquor in passengers' baggage

to defeat the purposes of state-wide prohibition, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has instructed all trainmen on passenger trains not to allow quantities exceeding one-half gallon to be transported in suit cases or hand baggage, even when a greater quantity may be properly labeled. The law for some time has compelled those carrying liquor, even in hand baggage, to have plain labels on the outside stating the amount contained therein. It seems that this strict law was abused by "bootleggers," so that large quantities were carried across the lines as baggage. An injunction has been sustained and the railroad officials are to co-operate in carrying it out.

The second fact referred to is that state-wide prohibition came into effect at midnight, December 31, in seven States, thus putting 3,000 saloons out of commission and closing a number of breweries, distilleries, and wholesale liquor houses. These States are Iowa, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Arkansas, and South Carolina. It was reported that on the last day or two before the law became effective, the liquor interest prepared for closing by offering special sales, thus giving the thirsty ones opportunity to stock up for some time to come. This was evidently a last dying kick of the rum-fiend in an effort to do all the damage he could, and to extend his work of ruin as far as possible into the prohibition time.

The third thing referred to is this: "It is given out in Washington that the decrease in tax receipts from liquor and tobacco amounts to \$25,006,291 for the year ending with June last." Evidently the laws of nineteen prohibition States have done much to reduce the fortunes that go in smoke and are wasted in drink each year.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation

This is the name of a new organization resulting from the reaction of many minds against the great world catastrophe that is filling the hearts of men with horror. After a day or two of Christian conference in Garden City, Long Island, by men and women of different faiths, the common feeling prevailed that Christians should strive in these troublesome times for a deeper interpretation of the Christian message.

The tragedy of the war, the many evil social conditions, and the confused utter-

ances of churches and Christian leaders greatly distressed them; and the conference expressed its conviction that those who believe in the love principles revealed by the life and death of Jesus Christ should devote themselves unreservedly to the enthronement of those principles in every sphere of individual and social life. This society is not organized as a protest against war, but as a power by the exercise of which the Christ spirit shall be so completely enthroned in human hearts that they will never think of resorting to arms. The Fellowship of Reconciliation is dedicated to the deeper work of a "new discovery of God, a fresh return to the sources of life, a preparation of living channels of power."

The explanation is made that the society has "no program to offer as the one path to its goal. It realizes that it is not dealing with a single problem, and that there is no one exclusive way through which the Spirit works." It is announced that only those are desired as members who will devote their powers to seeking, by prayer and spiritual means, the ideals proposed by the organization.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation was born in Cambridge University, England, less than a year ago, and now has a membership of 4,000 men and women who accept its principles for themselves, and who are pledged to seek a more effectual way of life in Christ.

Illness of Mrs. D. H. Davis RECORDER readers will be sorry to learn that Mrs. D. H. Davis, of our China Mission, has been stricken with a very serious illness, the result of gall stones, and was obliged to submit to a critical surgical operation in the hospital at Shanghai. She had taken up her work of teaching four classes in the mission school, but was forced to give it up for a time. It was thought that she would have to remain three or four weeks in the hospital. When she had been there one week, Mr. Crofoot wrote that she was doing as well as could be expected. Her son Alfred and wife were with her as much as possible and he wrote very hopefully of her prospects for recovery. All her friends will anxiously watch and hope for news of her complete restoration to health.

Praying for Good Rulers Why Not Vote for Such? "O Lord, make all the rulers men after thine own heart, men with godly fear, and faith, and good works, to rule in righteousness." This was a good prayer, made in sincerity, and it is to be supposed that all who heard it said in their hearts, Amen. In hundreds of pulpits, week by week, similar prayers for rulers after God's own heart have been offered. This is well. We would have all Christian people pray for those who are in power, but we can not help asking why we should wait until we have chosen our rulers before we begin to pray for men after God's own heart. If Christian people would seek godly men regardless of party and insist upon their nomination for office, refusing to vote for ungodly rulers, we should many times be able to answer our own prayers. We defeat ourselves whenever we work one way and pray another way. It always did seem out of place for Christian citizens to work like heroes in politics to elect godless, unprincipled men to office, and then go to church and pray all the year for rulers after God's own heart! The time for a Christian man to do some practical work toward securing good rulers is before, and in, the primaries. After he has done all in his power to elect bad rulers, his prayers will avail but little.

The Farmer Comes Into His Own In Professor Alfred A. Titsworth's article, "One of the Old Colonial Colleges," on another page, our readers will find something of special interest to farmers and their boys. Don't fail to read it. One of the best slogans of our times is, "Back to the farm," and the universities and colleges of this country are providing the education that will make it a delight, for thousands to remain in the country and follow agriculture as a "profession."

Don't Miss the Sermon on "The Home" Last week an article appeared in one of the denominational papers entitled, "The Craze for Short Sermons," in which the writer affirms that the greatest danger confronting the church in America is the possible decadence of the pulpit. Nothing can take the place of preaching, Christ's own way of spreading the gospel. That article closed with the

question, "How is the pulpit to be saved from decay so long as the sermonette craze is abroad in the land?"

Whether you agree with this, or not, let me urge you to read the sermon on "The Home," by Rev. William L. Burdick, in this RECORDER. Please don't pass it by because it seems long. It is filled with practical teachings, no one of which can well be omitted, so there is no way to shorten it. You will miss a good deal if you pass this by unread.

One of the Old Colonial Colleges

PROFESSOR ALFRED A. TITSWORTH

In 1766, ten years before the Declaration of Independence of the United States, a few prominent Dutch colonists of New York and New Jersey obtained from William Franklin, governor of the Province of New Jersey, in the name of King George III of England, a charter for a college in New Jersey to be called Queens in honor of the royal consort Charlotte. In order to obtain some amendments and changes in this charter a new charter was granted in 1770 and sessions of the college began at once.

It is proposed to celebrate with appropriate ceremonies the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of this college at its seat in New Brunswick, N. J., next October. Many distinguished visitors will be present and a very complete history of the college will be published at that time which will show that, contrary to the ordinary effect of time on material things, the college has grown younger and more vigorous with the years. This is in agreement with the effect of time on things which perish not.

In 1825 the name of the college was changed from Queens to Rutgers, after Colonel Henry Rutgers, a prominent citizen of New York City, whose memory is still preserved in the name of a street, a church, and a woman's college in that metropolis, made what at that time was considered a very generous gift to the college of \$5,000. I suspect that this circumstance furnished a desirable excuse to sever all association of the name of the college with King George III. It may be assumed that for the same reason the name of Columbia University in New York City was changed from "Kings" to Columbia.

Queens was the eighth college to be founded in the American colonies. The order of the founding of those preceding was: Harvard (1636), William and Mary (1693), Yale (1701), University of Pennsylvania (1740), Princeton (1746), Kings, now Columbia (1754), and Brown (1764).

The chief purpose in establishing this college, in common with that of the other Colonial colleges, was to educate young men for the "learned professions" and particularly for the gospel ministry; to turn out ministers, lawyers and doctors.

The first class to be graduated from Queens College consisted of one man, Matthew Leydt, in 1774. It is difficult to call him a class and preserve the dictionary definition of that word. The last class to be graduated from Rutgers College consisted of 78 members. The college entered upon the present year with a membership of 459 in the four-year courses, the entering class numbering 186. Including the students of the short course in agriculture conducted in the winter, and those of the summer course of six weeks known as the Summer School, the number totaled last year 1,067.

In 1864 Rutgers College was made the "State College (of New Jersey) for the Benefit of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts" and scholarships are awarded to students of the State who successfully compete in examinations held once a year in the several counties. This grafting of a scientific school upon the old classic trunk has brought about many changed conditions. It has broadened the choice of electives in science subjects of the classical school and has tended to prevent the scientific school from becoming too technical. The technical courses offered at Rutgers College show a larger ratio of so-called cultural subjects to purely technical than those of other state colleges. More time is given to instruction in fundamentals and less time to shop and field operations, in the conviction that, in general, what the young man learns in college will never be acquired later, while, on the other hand, skill in shop and field operations may be more quickly attained, and the operations often more effectually taught, after the student has been graduated and has entered upon the practice of his chosen work. Knowledge of principles is necessary to successful advancement in practical life, while manual

operations are but incidental to success, and only sufficient time should be given them to thoroughly demonstrate and illustrate the principles taught. This method of technical teaching may handicap the graduate for a time in his competition with the graduate who has had a highly specialized technical education but only for a time, after which he has a distinct advantage. He soon learns the technique in practice and has the knowledge of principles and the mental strength acquired in learning them in addition.

The farmer is the man of the hour; he is rapidly coming into his own. Hit-and-miss farming has given place to scientific methods of working the soil. The farmer boy no longer looks upon farming as a calling involving a life of arduous and monotonous labor with a doubtful reward; rather he is attracted by the scientific methods employed, followed by certainty of results, by the lightening of labor in the use of machinery, by the advantages good roads give him for hauling his produce to market at minimum cost and permitting him to visit his neighbors in the leisure season in his Ford, on a macadam or brick pavement, instead of in the old carryall with mud to the hubs. The farmer is in evidence everywhere, but in embryo nowhere more than in the state colleges. The four-year course in agriculture at Rutgers College draws more students at the present time than any other one of the technical courses. This is in striking contrast to conditions that existed a few years back when it was almost impossible to induce a student to elect that course. Among the factors producing this change of heart in the student is that when he graduates he is surer of a job at better pay than is the graduate from the other technical courses.

Among the many distinguished graduates of this old college may be mentioned Simeon DeWitt, eminent geographer and statesman, who was probably the originator of the system of public land division in the United States; Joseph P. Bradley, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, famous in the electoral dispute between Hayes and Tilden for the presidency; Theodore Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State under President Arthur; Garret Hobart, Vice President during McKinley's first term. Among more recent graduates of distinction are L. F. Loree, presi-

dent of the Delaware and Hudson Company, famous as a railroad manager; Charles L. Edgar, president of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston and thirteen other companies of that city and vicinity; the late Thomas B. Stillman, who was professor of engineering chemistry in Stevens Institute for many years and who was well known on both continents for his attainments in chemical development, besides many others who have attained distinction in divinity, medicine, law, science and engineering.

Rutgers College,
New Brunswick, N. J.,
Dec. 29, 1915.

Rev. A. P. Ashurst—An Appreciation

To quietly submit to the gracious decrees of an overruling Providence is not always easy, even when we suppose we are strong and able to endure, especially if such conditions lie along the line of loss of friends.

There are those who have entered so fully into our lives that we feel when they go that their work is only partially done. We see that even whole communities and churches are so moved that they involuntarily reach out after them, that their world's work may not be brought to a finish until other years be granted for filling their measure of usefulness.

The late Rev. A. P. Ashurst, of the Hammond Seventh Day Baptist Church, was such an one. For ten years he faithfully administered his office as pastor of this church. He was beloved by his own church and also by the First-day people in the ten churches, in which he often preached. He was capable and thoroughly devoted to his work. There was a universal sense of loss when he passed over. A man of strong convictions, of marked ability as a sermonizer, instinctively a lover of his kind,—these things marked him for success in his chosen field of labor. To know him was to love him—attested on every hand as he mingled with men. His loyalty to the Sabbath truth was a marked virtue since he embraced it so late in life.

He recently said that "the intrinsic worth of an individual life to the world is what that life is." That fact counted for much with our brother. His consecrated life is a benison to such as saw in him a continuous object-lesson of righteousness. "P."

SABBATH REFORM

The Sign of the Cross

E. J. WAGNER

Read at a meeting of the Michigan Sabbath Keepers' Association, Battle Creek, Mich., November 27, 1915

Before considering the Sign of the Cross, it seems necessary to spend some time in a view of the Cross itself. The reason for this is that every mention of the Cross suggests to most people the idea of a burden to be borne with whatever patience one can muster, if it is not found possible to shun it altogether. "The race that it set before us" seems to be regarded somewhat as a hurdle race—a course in which the Lord has strewn as many obstacles as possible, to try the mettle of the runners, each one of whom is handicapped by not merely one, but many crosses. So easily do Christ's followers forget that his call is, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"; and that to each the command is given, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

"The way of the transgressor is hard," but that can not be said of the Cross, because it is the way of righteousness and salvation. The Cross means glorification in humiliation. It is the means by which God lifts fallen men out of the horrible pit and the miry clay. Christ said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The serpent lifted up by Moses in the wilderness did not sting the people: it was the means of delivering them from the deadly bite of the fiery serpents.

The gospel is a great paradox to all human understanding. It means strength out of weakness, peace out of tribulation, life out of death. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise"; and "the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." So the Cross, which was the instrument of shame and disgrace, of torture and death and cursing, has, since Christ hung upon it, become the means of glory and honor,

of peace and joy, of life and everlasting blessing. When the thief on the cross recognized that he who shared its torture and the disgrace with him was the Lord of glory, the King of eternity, the Cross immediately became to him a ladder to lift him to paradise. So with what we are accustomed to call our crosses—our hardships and trials; when we bear them alone they are truly crosses upon which the world crucifies its victims; but when we look to Jesus on his Cross, and accept it as ours, we experience the truth of his words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," but "in me ye may have peace."

Is it not strange that people should ever get the idea that, when God looked down from heaven and saw mankind crushed under heavy burdens and cruel bondage, and his great heart of compassion was moved to save them from all their distresses, he should make the way of deliverance itself a burden? The mere statement of such an idea should be sufficient to show its absurdity, and to refute it. It is a relic of Paganism, a legacy from our heathen ancestors, who imagined that they must propitiate God, and win his favor with toil and self-torture. Thus, as of old, the truth of God is changed into a lie, and the Cross of Christ—justification by faith—is made salvation by works, by human suffering instead of by divine suffering.

No; the Cross is always a help, never a hindrance. In saving men from bondage God does not lay an additional yoke upon them. On the contrary, he takes from them the yoke of bondage, and brings them forth to walk in the perfect law of the glorious liberty of the children of God. The crooked is made straight, and the rough places are made plain, and darkness is turned into light. The shadow of death that hung round the Cross becomes the glory of the rainbow that encircles the throne of God; and those who know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and the power of his resurrection, no longer look upon the Cross with gloomy apprehension and trembling terror, but instead exclaim, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

What we may call the heathen idea of the Cross still lingers in some theological teaching, and in some of the songs that Christians sing. We are sometimes told that as Adam and Eve were driven from

Eden they stepped into the shadow of the Cross. One song says,

"I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place,"

and thousands sing the prayer,

"Let me live from day to day
With its shadow o'er me."

But the Cross can no more cast a shadow than can the sun. It is the radiance from the Cross, not "afar," but near, that reveals the Savior's love. A shadow is cast only by an opaque body standing in the light, never by the light itself; so often, most often, indeed, the shadow which we see, and in which we seem to stand, is only the shadow which we ourselves cast as we stand with our backs to the Cross. But when we turn to the Cross with unveiled faces, we see no more shadows, but ineffable glory; and what before seemed a heavy, overshadowing burden, we know to be light afflictions working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; and we ourselves are changed by it from glory to glory.

The Cross means a new creation. Thus, "If any man be in Christ, there is a new creation"; and we come into Christ only by his death. We are baptized into Christ only by being "baptized into his death." It is "through the blood of his cross" that we have peace. By his suffering on the cross he brings us to God; therefore we can know God only through the Cross of Christ. So the Cross stands for all the joy that comes from being face to face with God, and having perfect communion with him.

Perhaps you are wondering what this has to do with the Sabbath. Let us retrace the steps by which we have come, and we shall see. We have just learned that it is by the Cross that we are brought to God, and become acquainted with him. Now read the words of the Lord by Ezekiel: "Hallow my sabbaths; and they shall be a sign between me and you, that ye may know that I am the Lord your God." Still more specifically, he says of his people: "I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them." The Cross is that by which we are brought into intimate relationship with God, and experience his sanctifying power; and the

Sabbath is the sign of our knowledge of God and his sanctifying power. May not the Sabbath, then, rightly be called the sign of the Cross?

Still further: The Sabbath is the sign, the memorial, of a new creation—a finished, perfect work. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the hosts of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." This rest still "remains" to the people of God. Mark the words, it *remains*. It is left to us from the beginning—a remnant of Eden.

And how do we find this rest? The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us: "We which have believed *do enter* into rest, as he said, As I have sworn in my wrath, They shall not enter into my rest: although the works were finished from the foundation of the world. For he spake in a certain place of the seventh day on this wise, And God did rest the seventh day from all his works; and in this place again, They shall not enter into my rest."

The Sabbath of the Lord, therefore—God's rest—is that into which we enter by faith. Now read the answer of Christ to the Jews who asked him, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?" Jesus said: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."

Compare these two texts, and see what they together tell us. One says, "We that believe enter into rest"; the other, that to believe is to have the works of God. Is this a contradiction? Far from it. How so? Because the text first quoted tells us that the works *were finished*, even from the foundation of the world. Now when a work is finished, and, like God's work, it is "very good," then rest, perfect, satisfying rest, must inevitably follow. So when we believe on Christ, and thus have God's finished, perfect work, we necessarily enter into his rest.

The two thoughts are combined in one in the Epistle to the Ephesians: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works [our own works], lest any man

should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before prepared that we should walk in them."

Now lest any have become confused by the quotation of so many passages of Scripture at once, let us briefly recapitulate. The case may be stated thus:

By faith in Christ we receive the works of God.

These works were finished from the foundation of the world.

The works are perfect, for "God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."

The evidence that the works were finished and were perfect, is that "God did rest the seventh day from all his work," and perfect rest from all work can not be had until that work is all done, and well done.

At the end of creation God had a perfect man—"a new creature"—to share his finished work, that is, to rest in God's work.

This rest was lost by disobedience; but "the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost"; and by faith we are brought back to God's rest.

Thus, since the Sabbath—God's rest, rest in God—is the sign of perfect work completed, and the Cross is the means by which the new creation is effected, we again see that the Sabbath is the sign of the Cross, the sign of justification by faith.

How greatly they err, therefore, who imagine that the keeping of the Sabbath is a means of gaining the favor of God—of attaining to righteousness. It is not a work to be done, but a glorious rest to be enjoyed. It is not a means of gaining righteousness, but the evidence that the perfect righteousness of God is ours through the Cross of Christ. It is not a means of securing the favor of God, but a sign that we have been restored to his favor,—have been made "accepted in the Beloved"—and so can hear the Father say, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Again: The exceeding great and precious promises of God in Christ, which become ours by the Cross, make us partakers of the divine nature; that is, by them we become spiritual, for "God is a Spirit." But since God is Spirit, his rest must necessarily be spiritual rest, not mere physical rest; therefore we can keep his Sabbath

only when we are spiritual. So once more we are brought face to face with the fact that the Sabbath is the sign of the Cross.

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." A man may rest physically every moment of the twenty-four hours of the Sabbath Day, and no more keep the Sabbath than the veriest heathen; while another, as the priests in their sacred ministrations, may do physical labor on the Sabbath Day, and keep it sacredly.

A proper understanding of the Sabbath, its nature and purpose, would forever preclude the inquiry which often arises: "How can I keep the Sabbath, and make a living?" or the fearful plea: "I must work on the Sabbath, or else I shall lose my position." Man's first business in this world is not to make a living. The old catechism rightly defined "man's chief end" to be "to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." This agrees with the words of Christ: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." God gives us our life, and with it the promise of the life to come. The Sabbath comes in as a sign of whether or not we accept the eternal life that is secured to us by the Cross. If we can not trust the Lord for the life that now is, how can we persuade ourselves that we are trusting him for the life to come? If we are afraid that God will not keep us today, if we trust him, with what face can we profess to trust him for eternity? So again the Sabbath stands as the mark of our acceptance of the Cross of Christ, by which we are made rulers of the world to come. And if one has not that trust in God,—if one has not committed the keeping of his soul to God as unto a faithful Creator, and so tasted the power and joy of the world to come,—he can not keep the Sabbath, no matter how hard he tries. Nay, the more he tries, the farther will he be from keeping it: for the Sabbath is not a work, but the perfection of rest in the everlasting arms.

"The sabbath was made for man." It was not given to add to his burdens, but to make all his burdens light, or to save him from them. The Sabbath is designed to make the week's work easier, so that one's youth may be renewed in the midst of toil, and life itself be a perpetual joy. This is

what God's rest does for everybody who enters into it.

The man whose religion is only for the Sabbath Day, and for attendance at church, comes in for many well-deserved thrusts; but the man who imagines that the keeping of God's Sabbath—God's rest—is confined to one day of the week, is equally far from knowing and sharing the gospel of God. God's rest is eternal, not a thing of occasions. The ancient Hebrew had the real truth ever before him, in the very language that he used. The Sabbath was the week, the entire cycle of seven days, which were designated as the "first of the Sabbath," the "second of the Sabbath," and so on until the seventh, which, crowning and completing the week, was honored with the title, "The Sabbath." Thus it was conveyed to him, as it should be to us, that God's Sabbath has to do with all time. Only he keeps the Sabbath, who rests in God. Now if we are fretful and impatient, anxious, and doubting, and worrying, on the second or fourth or any other day of the week, it is self-evident that we are not resting in God.

The shadow without the substance is nothing, and "the body is Christ." In him, in the blood of his Cross, we find all fullness, all perfection, all righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. In his glorious Cross alone, therefore, we find the keeping of the Sabbath, and finding that, all doubtful questionings are set at rest. Such Sabbath-keeping it is that brings the realization of the promise of God by the prophet Isaiah:

"If thou restrain thy feet for the sake of the sabbath, not doing thy business on my holy day; and if thou shalt call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and honor it by not doing thy usual pursuits, by not following thy own business, and speaking vain words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to tread upon the high places of the earth, and I will cause thee to enjoy the inheritance of Jacob, thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"There can be no nether springs of service without the upper springs of inspiration."

Liquor Men's Questions Well Answered

The correspondence given here appeared in the *Survey* of December 25, under the heading, "Prohibition the Job-Maker." It is evident that the lines of battle are being drawn by the liquor men more and more on economic rather than moral issues. The strongest argument we have seen from anti-prohibition writers is the one on the question of employment for those who may lose their business if prohibition prevails. This question is well met in the correspondence that follows.

TO THE EDITOR: In the *Survey* for November 13, Elizabeth Tilton describes prohibition as a "job-maker." If this is so, will that enthusiastic lady kindly tell us how many of the 41,500 employees recently thrown out of work by the prohibitory law in the State of Washington have found new jobs? As a matter of fact, the bulk of them have swelled the ranks of the unemployed.

If no better provision than unemployment has been provided for them, what would be the fate of more than 400,000 employees and about 250,000 proprietors in the retail trade alone, that a national prohibition law would throw out of work? And what would become of tens of thousands or more employees in the allied trades?

Will Elizabeth Tilton please be specific and describe just how this flourishing new industry of "job-making" is to spring up? Who is to provide it, and when and where? At present automatic machinery is continuously and increasingly displacing skilled labor in industry; there is, therefore, no hope in that direction. The so-called "efficiency systems" are drawing the deadline for men over 40 years of age. These are two forces adding powerfully to the ever-present chronic ranks of the unemployed. What, indeed, is the system of magic that is to supply hundreds of thousands of new jobs? Elizabeth Tilton may know, but no one else does. Will she graciously tell us?

E. A. MOFFETT.

Brooklyn.

TO THE EDITOR: Mr. Moffett must not think that I do not understand how brewery-workers, bartenders, etc., feel about the passing of the liquor traffic and the saloon.

It is hard to change your job, but really to keep liquor for the sake of the jobs it is making is as if undertakers should demand that we keep pest-holes because they stimulate the coffin trade.

In the first place, it so happens that the liquor industry is a real job-taker, that is, it employs only 81 wage-earners to every million dollars invested while the combined large industries employ, on an average, 389 wage-earners to every \$1,000,000 invested. The moral of that is, free the money now spent for liquor and let it buy boots, shoes, clothing and the like, and it will make more jobs.

But the whole matter is deeper than that. It is the money invested in productive industries that in the end creates the wealth that makes employment. Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, the well-known economist, has brought this out so well, that I am going to quote him.

Economically the workmen lose immensely more than they gain by the existence of the liquor industry. The fallacy of the workmen in this, as in many other fields, is what we call in economics the "make-work" fallacy.

The "make-work" fallacy arises in this case from the fact that it seems to the workman if the alcohol business continues, so many jobs will thereby be kept in existence—that is, that so many jobs will be "made,"—whereas, if this business is prohibited, so many jobs will cease to be. But the workman does not stop to remember that the money now spent for alcohol would, if the business were prohibited, be spent for something else and that whatever that something else was, must also be produced and must therefore employ labor.

The workman would not only not be injured by prohibition, but he would be benefited by the wiping away of all the liquor industries. He would be benefited: First, by saving him from the physiological poison of alcohol, thus increasing his working (and therefore producing or earning) capacity. Second, it would lengthen life and increase the working-period of life for workmen. Third, it would save for productive and useful ends the vast amount of grain and grapes which are now worse than wasted. Fourth, it would enable the workmen now engaged in these lines to turn their attention to producing in other more useful and more beneficial directions.

Of course, it is quite true that any sudden disruption of the brewing and distilling industries would cause a dislocation and a real hardship, temporary for most and permanent for some, among the individual men employed in these industries. I have no doubt as far as labor as a whole is concerned that those who would be even temporarily injured would be a negligible percentage, while those who would be

permanently injured would be a negligible fraction of one per cent. The other 99 per cent would be greatly benefited.

ELIZABETH TILTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

A Request

We wish to hereby request our pastors east of the Rockies to notify us when any of their members, or friends outside of their churches, come to Los Angeles, so we may try to meet them. If they wish to be directed in finding people or places, possibly we might be of service to them. Please ask them to call on us or address us:

DR. A. C. ROGERS, Room 636 Security Building, Corner 5th and Spring Streets.

GEORGE W. HILLS, 264 W. 42d Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

War's Paupers

Those who know the peoples of Galicia, their habits and their land, and understand the effect of the war upon their fortunes, agree with observers on the spot that nowhere has war's affliction been more bitter. It is said that Belgium, at the height of its woe, might have ceased its sobbing out of very amazement at the miseries of these poor peasants on the frontiers of Austria and Russia.

Galicia, it is stated, has been almost depopulated. Villagers and farm dwellers alike have been thrust from their homes and forced to flee across the Carpathians into the regions around Vienna, there to accept what haven they could find. For countless numbers death opened the haven. Resistance to their fate was impossible. They became a people without a country, and for a refuge knocked at the door of a house threatened by famine and disease. How they have survived the winter, those hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of paupers, is beyond knowing. But there they are.—*The Christian Herald*.

Perfect trust casts out anxiety. The child reposes on the bosom of its mother like a pilgrim in some immortal shrine, like a shipwrecked traveler in some indestructible ark, who, while a mad sea is raging around, feels safe and strangely assured.—*P. C. Mozoomdar*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Love Waiteth Yet to Greet Thee

Though the ice-storm sweepeth over,
And the summer blooms are dead;
Though the darkness stoopeth lower
From the cloud-wings overhead;
There is blue beyond the cloud-wings,
There is sunshine, and you know
The flower-heart only sleepeth
In its ice-wreath and the snow.

Though the soul be touched by anguish,
And it shivering stands apart;
Love's lips are cold and silent
As the silent, frozen heart;
There is life beyond the silence,
There is joy beyond the clod;
Love waiteth yet to greet thee
In the rapture-land of God.

—George Klinge.

Let Us Make It Personal!

Chicago has had another startling and sanguinary revelation of the prevalence of the "boy bandit." Because the group or groups of boys involved happened to contain a number who had been "paroled," another heated discussion over the parole law has arisen. Also we have a renewed torrent of explanations, excuses, blame-placings, and suggestions for more community action from public officials and social reformers.

The thought suggests itself whether most of us who are thinking out loud about the "bad boy" problem are not thinking too much in terms of social responsibility and community action, and too little in terms of personal responsibility and personal action. Are we beginning at the real beginning of the situation which so startles and grieves us?

At least one voice has been lifted among the many that are heard in the press and wherever thoughtful men and women speak together, to affirm that we are not getting back to the beginning of what has been termed "the manufacture of criminals." It is the voice of Justice Craig of the Illinois Supreme Court, affirming that "the bad boy problem is the problem of the home."

The impulse of defiance of lawful authority—the impulse of "doing as I please"

and "getting what I want," no matter how or with what disregard of the rights of others—where does that begin to shape a boy's conduct and mold his character? Is it not at home, in the home relations? Is it not self-evident that a boy must begin to "go wrong" at home? The tendencies to evil may not be planted there, but if unobserved and uncorrected there the thoughts grow and begin to flower there that later in the streets bear such evil fruit.

Has not the time come for a more thorough examination of conscience by fathers and mothers—for a more thoughtful and prayerful inquiry whether each of us is doing all he or she can to keep our children from evil ways and to lead them to prefer consciously and with courage the ways of righteousness? Here is a matter concerning which it is easy to say, "My boy is not as those!" But is each of us so sure that "my boy" may not be becoming as are those?

Let us make the question most acutely personal, for the sake of the boys, for the avoidance of such sorrows for ourselves as the fathers and mothers of these pitiful "boy bandits" feel. It's a platitude to say: "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." Yet is it not the truth? And how shall the problem be solved if we do not make it personal? If we do not our best, and then more, to keep our boys from evil ways, how shall we answer at the judgment bar of God for bringing them into the world?—*Chicago Herald Editorial.*

Hannah's Boy and Mine—An Every Day Talk With Mothers

In the Bible, first of all, womanhood and motherhood are given their rightful place; and there is much in the lives of Bible mothers that is of inspiration and help to the mothers of today. Knowing this to be true, I want to talk with you now, in very simple fashion, about the influences that surrounded the life of the young child Samuel, and their message to you and me.

The first influence in Samuel's life was Hannah the mother, and her first gift to her infant son was the offering of a great love. Mother love is as old as the world and so ever-present that we sometimes think of it as trite and commonplace. Yet, with all our modern learning, it still re-

mains the only adequate solution for the problems of home training and home influence. Look back for a moment over the dark spots in your life with your children, the moments that you would fain forget, and see whether they were not largely due to a faltering love that grew nervous and impatient, that failed to appreciate and understand. I have known several boys of fine, manly character, yet with wilful, stubborn traits, who have grown to manhood believing that their mother loved them less than her other children. Such boys need a firmer hand than does a gentle, timid girl, but they also need a wealth of appreciative love, a love that sees and helps and understands. I have known just one woman in my life, the firm, decided mother of eight children, who said that she had never once disciplined a child in anger, but had waited until she was calm enough to see the fault as it really was. The self-controlled, self-forgetful love that punishes, not because the deed is annoying, but because it is wrong, and hurtful to the child himself, is one of the most sacred influences in the life of the growing child.

But Hannah gave to Samuel also an unselfish love. She loved him not because he ministered to her pride and pleasure, but because God had sent him to perform a holy task. There is a way of loving our child that is only a bigger way of loving ourselves. We work our fingers to the bone over Mary's dainty white dress, that no other little girl at the party may be lovelier than ours; and we give a larger allowance than our pocketbook affords that John may be able to hand out the nickels as generously as any of the rest. Our main thought too often is of our own selfish gratification through the child, and not of that which really ministers to his own best good. I have known mothers, earnest, faithful Christian women, who have rebelled when the children of their own training, following their own example, have chosen life tasks that were humble and self-sacrificing. True love covets earnestly the best gifts for our children as for ourselves, not the gifts that pamper and spoil, but the gifts that are abiding and eternal. It was hard for Hannah to put her first-born baby out of her arms and leave him to the care of a frail old man; but her tearful eyes looked beyond the sorrow of the present to a time when this child Samuel should

grow to be an inspiration to a mighty people.

Yet, though she put him from her, Hannah gave to her boy a constant love. Through the passing years, when other children came to occupy her heart and hand, she never forgot the growing child in the temple of Eli. Every year, no matter what her cares might be, she took the long journey up to Shiloh and brought her boy a dainty garment, the work of her own loving hands. O mother, holding your rosy, laughing baby to your breast, do not forget that it is the growing boy who needs you most!

We were lingering about the breakfast table one morning watching with eager interest while little two-year-old Charlie prattled his A B C's.

"I know those letters," cried the six-year-old lad, "I can say them, every one." "Oh, do be still," cried the whole family in a breath, "don't you see that we're trying to listen to the baby?"

It was nothing strange, to be sure, that a six-year-old boy should know his A B C's, but the manly little heart was yearning for the same appreciation that made the baby dimple with roguish glee. Across on the other side of the table sat the boy of thirteen, silent and reserved. He would not have dreamed of reciting the A B C's for our amusement, but down in his heart was a deep, awakening consciousness, the A B C of life's mystery. Ah, blessed indeed is the mother who listens and understands!

Next to the influence of Hannah on the young boy's life, was the influence of the old priest, Eli. There was much to inspire reverence and respect in this quiet old man who went about his daily tasks with unflinching faithfulness. But as the young lad grew, he was filled with a troubled wonder at the unpunished sins of Eli's sons. Selfishness, falsehood, crime, forced themselves, with cruel brutality, upon his awakening perceptions. And so one night, when he had been pondering all these things, God spoke to him through the darkness.

You have seen the beautiful picture of the lad Samuel, a chubby, curly-haired child of five or six, listening to the calling of Jehovah. It is a remarkable conception, but I do not believe the boy who heard the voice of God was just like that. I believe

that he was a shy, growing lad of twelve or thirteen beginning to feel, through his awakening consciousness, the awfulness of sin. This was the boy that God called out of the darkness. And what was the very first message from God to this young lad's heart? A sweeping condemnation of the man who should have been his inspiration.

And mother, the time is fast approaching when God will speak to that growing boy of yours. What shall be the first divine message to that dawning spiritual life? That father or mother has failed in life or influence? That the home in which he is growing up is not all that his heavenly Father intended it to be? God grant that it be not so!—*May Griggs Van Voorhis, in Missionary Tidings.*

The Home

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK

I purpose this morning to talk about the home. This has been a favorite subject with speakers and writers; I myself have often referred to it. It is a subject that has brought out eloquence, poetry and sentiment; but it is impossible for me to be eloquent, and what I have to say today will be far from poetic or sentimental; I want to deal with plain facts regarding what constitutes real home, its relations and duties, its place among human institutions and its defense.

The text is found in 1 Timothy 5:8, and reads: "But if any provideth not for his own, and especially his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever." Fairbairn explains this by saying, that those who will not provide for their own families and homes "are not true to the moral instincts of their own nature and fall beneath the standard which has been recognized and acted on by the better class of heathens." I suppose that the apostle has in mind the providing of the physical needs of the household, but the application of the principle is larger; in its larger application it means that he who will not provide the social, moral and religious needs of the home as well as the physical has denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever. It has a larger application still; it applies to the state, society and to the church, even, as well as the individual; if the state will not provide for

the homes which constitute it, and their protection, it has denied the faith and its legislators are worse than unbelievers; also if the school, the church and society at large will not provide for the homes, their needs and defense, they have denied the faith.

We will connect another passage with this one, namely, Colossians 3:18-22, which reads: "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands, as is fitting in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing in the Lord. Fathers, provoke not your children, that they be not discouraged."

WHAT IS A HOME?

If we are to provide for the home, its defense and betterment, we need to know its nature, and the first question we will consider is, "What is a home?" There would be a great variety of answers to this question, if people were called on to give an answer. One of them would be something like this: "Home is where we stay, or a place of abode." But a place of abode does not make home. A piggery is a place of abode for certain kind of beings, but it is not a home whether the beings who abide there be two-legged or four-legged. A jail is a place where people stay and a madhouse is full of people, but neither of them is a home. Neither is a palace necessarily a home; there may be the most beautiful mansion that ever graced this earth, all its apartments the most convenient and costly, its grounds laid out and beautiful as only the gods can beautify them, with fountains, winding walks, graceful trees, and beautiful shrubbery and flowers; but all this does not make home. Solomon's house was not a home, and that is why he went to pieces in his old age. Cicero's costly city mansion and summer villa were not homes after his daughter Tullia had died.

Do not misunderstand me; home is a place, just as heaven is a place. Much of the talk about heaven would lead one to believe that heaven was nothing but a state. Heaven is a place as well as a state; our loved ones are somewhere; and home is a place; there must be a place of abode to make home. Neither understand me to intimate that the useful and the beautiful

add nothing to home, for they do under right circumstances, and we should give more attention to these things than we do sometimes. A woman who had spent many years in China remarked to me that the Chinese take more pains with their back yards than we do with our front ones. Many young people would stay at home, or at least in the country, if there were more pains taken to make the homes attractive. Another delusion is that young people before commencing home-building must have a beautiful house and many elegant things. Imbued with the idea that they must have at the start as many and nice things as their parents had after years of success, they run in debt to buy many and nice things or put off marriage many years that they may flaunt an elegance equal to that of their seniors. The late Professor William James expressed a great truth when he said in his book entitled "Varieties of Religious Experiences" that one of the curses of this world is that people are afraid to be poor; but that is not the worst of it, they are afraid to appear poor when they are. There are two times when people are willing to pose as poor; one is when the assessors come around and the other when the subscription paper is passed; at other times people are ashamed to be looked upon as poor. But two young people need not wait till they can have as many and as nice things as their parents before commencing home-building; if they are frugal, industrious, clean, sweet, tidy and loving, two rooms and a few articles of furniture will make the true beginning of an ideal home, the contrary notwithstanding.

Another would say in answer to the question, "What is home?" that "home is where love is." This is fine, for it recognizes that home is a place of abode and also that supreme factor, love. There can be no real home without love, constant and abiding; it's a misnomer if so called. Though the history of marriage among all peoples in all the ages past shows that principles other than love have been the ones upon which men and women have generally mated, yet love is the true one, the one on which God intended man and woman should be joined in matrimony. It has taken humanity many millenniums to reach this principle of mating, and it is more fully realized in our own land than

any other; writers tell us; but all other principles are the relics of barbarism. People in our land are still sometimes marrying for a home, or money, or for convenience; but she who marries for a home will never know what real home is, and he who marries for money or convenience is a greedy or lustful brute or both. Marriage without love in our land is generally legalized lust. Marriage is honorable in all if it be based on love, but if you do not love the one with whom you are contemplating a match, break with that one, and the sooner you break the better, for real home can never be yours and misery, indescribable may await you, unless you do. Love, therefore, is essential to any real home, love supreme to God first of all, then loving one another above all others except God, and finally together loving the little ones whom God sends to bless the home and fill it with sunshine and happiness.

But we are not through with this definition of home. From what we have said we would conclude that home is a place of abode where love reigns. We need to go farther, for two old bachelors might dwell together, loving each other supremely; but that would not constitute home, and no intelligent person would think so, much less a person who has ever witnessed any such arrangement. Therefore we add another element in a real home, namely, it is where a family dwells in love; husband and wife, parents and children, living in love make home. You let a father or mother be taken away, and it is not home any more and never can be; you let the children be taken or grow up and go away and it is not home any more and never can be. Many do not realize this because they never knew what a real home was; love with its patience, sympathy and kindness was never there. I have seen families whose place of abode was infinitely more like a home after the father was taken away than it ever had been before—a thing that was no compliment to the father,—but without husband and wife, father and mother, and children, it is never quite home and those who have enjoyed real home know it.

There are those who think that the home does not need the children to make it complete, that husband and wife are all that are needed, and therefore they avoid bringing forth children that they may give them-

selves to pleasure, ease and gain; this is contrary to nature and God, and criminally selfish. "There are many good people who are denied the supreme blessing of children, and for these all right-minded people have the respect and sympathy always due to those who, from no fault of their own, are deprived of any of the great blessings of life. But the man or woman who deliberately forgoes these blessings, whether from viciousness, coldness, shallow-heartedness, self-indulgence or the mere failure to appreciate aright the difference between the important and the unimportant"—such creatures (you can hardly call them men and women) merit contempt. Their conduct spells race suicide, and they sink down to the level of animals, and below; what an unlovely being such a woman is! and what an unhalloved being such a man is!

In the case of those who have not the blessing of children, the defect caused thereby in the home life is often made up in part by adopting homeless children. This is a very worthy and noble work, for there are multitudes of children who need homes, and they are an infinite blessing to childless people.

There is one thing more that is needed to complete the description of a home and that is God in the household, or religion. Writers on anthropology, the history of marriage and sociology, all tell us that the family had its earthly origin in religion and its development has grown out of religion. Elwood says in his work on sociology, "No stable family life has existed anywhere in history without a religious basis." And he says also, "As the first cause of divorce in the United States we should put the decay of religion, particularly of the religious theory of marriage and the family."

As the home is not real home without children, neither is it without God; as it is not home at all without love, neither is it without the great fountain of love, God; as it is not home without an earthly father, neither is it without its heavenly Father; as it is not complete without mother, neither is it without the great mother heart of God.

We describe a home, therefore, as that institution, in a place, where a family—husband and wife, parent and child—dwell in love and in fellowship with God. That

is home, sweet, sweet home, whether located on this planet or somewhere in the realm of ethereal space.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS—HUSBAND AND WIFE

If we are to provide for the home and defend its sanctity, we will need to understand the proper adjustment of its relations, and therefore the second problem we are to consider today is that of Domestic Relations. Now we are treading on ticklish ground, because of disputed points and wide differences of opinion; this however is an added reason why it should be discussed fairly and not by partisans. Much of the usefulness and happiness of the home depends on the proper adjustment therein.

It was because of this part of this subject, "Home," that I brought in the second passage. Let us read it again: "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands, as is fitting in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing in the Lord. Fathers, provoke not your children, that they be not discouraged," and the next sentence says, "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh."

This is one of those passages in Paul's writings to which we referred last week and in which we are to distinguish between the permanent and the temporary, between fundamental principles and temporary teachings made necessary by the circumstances and the customs of the time.

The first injunction, "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands, as is fitting in the Lord," is colored by local circumstances. It was the custom then, as in all the ages since till the present, for woman to be subject to her husband, as were the children and the slaves. For the apostle to have interfered with this custom or with the custom of human slavery, though half the world were slaves at that time, would have meant the snuffing out of Christianity. Paul no more intends to justify tyranny on the part of the man over the wife than he does human slavery. There is as much and as good authority for the one as there is for the other, unless there be more for human slavery, for Paul returned Onesimus, a renegade slave, to his master, Philemon, but we do not know that he ever returned a wife who had broken away from the tyranny of her husband. Paul

and Christ did not attempt directly to interfere with either human slavery or the husband's demanding obedience on the part of the wife, but they did set in motion principles which have freed the slaves and liberated the wives in this country. The heart of these principles is stated in this passage, when he says, "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them." Love, when given sway, will stop men lording it over their wives, just as it will stop men holding their fellows in slavery; the same as it will stop a woman lording it over her husband, if she can. Love's, and therefore the gospel's, solution of this domestic relation is this: The husband has his sphere and duties; the wife has her sphere and duties; and while they are to counsel with one another and help one another, yet each is absolutely supreme in his or her sphere. The only decent way to treat a modern woman is to give her her way in her sphere, and the only way to get along at all with a man of any of the recent ages is to give him his way in his sphere. This is easy enough till you come to those places where the spheres overlap, where the question equally concerns both. What is to be done in these cases? It is quite generally supposed that man has always assumed to settle these and all other questions pertaining to his wife; this however is questionable. Some writers on the history of marriage have thought they found very good evidence that there was a time when the woman was the head of the household, ruling the men and children, as the men have been bossing the women and children in historical times; this is called matriarchy as is the rule of the father patriarchy. It seems quite well established that among many peoples the family name descended from the mother in ages past, but that matriarchy was ever common is not so well established. Regardless of the question whether man has been the head of the family in all past ages and whether he will continue to be in all time to come, love and a decent respect for the personality of others will, as they are now doing, dictate that each leave the other free in his or her own sphere; but where their works overlap and they are not agreed as to what is best, one or the other must decide, and from the nature of present society the responsibility falls on the man. To this extent it is well that

wives "submit themselves to their husbands."

But the point we chiefly care to emphasize is that the usefulness and the happiness of the home and married life depend on each of the principals thereto giving the other absolute freedom in the other's sphere and helping the other therein with love, and not strife and bitterness.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

The relation of parents to their children is equally as important as the relation of husband and wife in the home. The sixth time I attempted to preach I said something about parents helping and encouraging their children to the best in life. The next day an old toper, who was present and who had led his boys to lives of drunkenness, came and wanted me to preach the next week on the duty of children to their parents; it was the other side, the children's duty to their parents, that he wanted to hear. It is the other side most people preach about when they talk of domestic relations. Paul gives both sides; he says, "Children, obey your parents," and then he hastens to say, "Fathers, provoke not your children, that they be not discouraged." It is this second command that many people besides the old toper overlook, and for this reason I want to emphasize parents treating their children as they should.

Sociologists tell us that the home exists for the children and that any other idea of the family is a failure. John Fiske in his book entitled "Through Nature to God," tells us, and many have repeated it after him, that man is the only animal whose offspring is under the parents' guidance any length of time. With some of the lower animals the offspring is under the parents' care and direction only a few days, with others a few weeks, while some are left to themselves from the start; but with man the period of parental care, restraint and direction given the offspring extends over a score of years, and is one of the chief factors in the development of man above other animals. This is not on account of the parents, but for the child's good. Whatever treatment a child receives from parent, guardian, teacher, or any one, that militates against the highest development, thwarts the plans of the Almighty; it is not caring for one's own and is denying the faith.

I understand Paul to teach that the par-

ent's treatment of the child and the treatment accorded it by all, must be fair, kind, gentle, considerate and loving on all occasions and under all circumstances. For instance, I understand Paul to mean, and the spirit of the gospel to teach, that I have no more right to treat my child unfairly, harshly, and with impatience, or give it cross, sharp, snappy words, yanks and pinches than I have you.

Do not parents have authority over children? Yes. But who gave the parent authority over the child? God; and God never gave a parent or any one the right to treat a child, because it is his child, in a way dictated by a sour stomach, dyspepsia, a late supper, and general acidity of disposition and temper. He who does this is trespassing on the most sacred thing of earth, child life. Such treatment is chief among the things which make for waywardness and dulness both. It leaves scars which will remain on the child's spirit forever, and the ill treatment and the giver thereof will be remembered through all eternity. It is just as wrong for the parent to treat the child ill as it is for a child to disobey, for he who said, "Children, obey your parents," put by the side of that, "Parents, provoke not your children"; one command is as imperative and as binding as the other.

Is not the child to obey? By all means he is; he is to obey whether the parents treat him well or not. It is nothing less than a calamity for a child not to learn obedience; but this does not justify a parent's doing whatsoever he pleases with his child because it is his child. The home, the church, society and the state exist for children; sociology, religion and humanity teach us this; to rear noble men and women is the chief and the highest occupation of this earth and its institutions; and if these do not provide for the children and defend them, they have denied the faith. Many people think, or act as though they think, that anything is good enough for a child—an old cracked plate, sour milk, a greasy cup, a dingy room, old and cast-off things, anything good enough for a child, particularly a boy. But this theory of domestic relations is a relic of that system that harbored polygamy, made slaves of men and subjected women to the greed and lust of men—a relic of barbarism. I suspect some of you will go home and say,

"The pastor is wrong regarding the position of children in the home, church and state"; if you do not say this, you are better than some others; but for the truth of this position I appeal to God, to the Christ of God who was once a child on earth, to elevated human sentiment, to the Bible and to the science of modern sociology.

ENEMIES OF THE HOME

If we are to provide for the home and its defense, we will do well to keep before our minds the enemies of the home and fight them with eternal vigilance, for it has enemies destructive and deadly.

We can only mention these, and that is all we need do. The great and paramount thing in the home is the influence of the parents, influence coming from their lives and characters; this makes or un-makes the home. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, has an article in this week's *Youth's Companion* (Oct. 29), bearing on this subject, entitled "New Lights on Childhood," and it is well worth your reading. I know that there is occasionally a child who turns out bad when his parents and the home influence are all that can be expected on earth, and also that there is occasionally a child who rises to a life of goodness and usefulness, coming out of a home of sin and brutality; but these are the exceptions and not the rule; the rule is that the children grow up to be like the life and character of their parents. The chief things in parents' lives which operate as enemies to the home are godlessness, semi-godlessness, worldliness, with worldly ideals, ill and petulant tempers, disregard of the Sabbath, impurity, drunkenness, and worst of all, insincerity. I may be mistaken, but I often think that a parent better be openly godless than be insincere. These are the chief enemies of the home from within, and to state them in the positive form, I say in the language of the text that to provide for one's household means not alone the providing of food, clothes and shelter, but also a godly, devout, self-sacrificing, gentle, pure, temperate and sincere example in life and character.

Turning to the enemies of the home from without, we see paramount among these the saloon and the brothel, twin sisters, relics of barbarism fed by man's lust and greed, and woman's vanity, pride and weakness, wreckers of homes and the feeders

of hell. These twin vipers can not live unless the homes rear boys and girls for them. Do we want the homes of our land to furnish victims for these hydra-headed monsters? Do you want your home to? If you do not, then clear your skirts by voting the legalized saloon out of existence and by hanging the white slaver and the mistress of the brothel.

There are other enemies of the home, such as the divorce evil, and the labor system which, prompted by greed, gives a starvation wage and forces mothers and children of a tender age into the sweatshops; but these things are not to be compared to the ones already mentioned. The divorce evil is only a symptom and has its roots in the other evils just described. Abolish the saloon and the brothel, and let both husband and wife be what they should be, and you have eradicated some of the chief causes of divorce.

We have now considered what a real home is, two of its chief relations, and a few of its worst enemies. From these considerations and many others which we would bring up if there were time, we see that it is the foundation of all that is good; upon it are built the church and the state and all worthy human institutions; and therefore to fail to provide for it and its defense and betterment on the part of the individual, the state or the church is to deny the faith and be untrue to God and the highest human instincts.

BETTER HOMES, THE WORLD'S NEED

The great need of the world today is not more wealth, or luxury, or better singing and preaching, but better homes and home life. We said two weeks ago that the great need of the world is real men, and one week ago that the need of true women is equally as great; but the great need is not man and woman in isolation, but man and woman united in holy wedlock living in the fear of God and love, making up communities and states. I do not say that God does not call certain ones to forego the blessing of home life to accomplish some special tasks in the world. Frances Willard was a noted example of this, and there are many others in every generation in the less conspicuous walks of life; but the great need of the world is better homes and home life. The world has never before seen such homes and home life as we have today, but they can be made better,

many times better. And this is the call of God to men and women, to the state, the church and the school, to you! May God help us all. Amen.

Be Hopeful

No matter how dark the day is, nor how hard the task of life may be, soliloquize in thy soul, as to the outcome, and say: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." It may be dark today, but tomorrow it will be brighter. It is better farther on. The very nature of Christianity is optimistic. If your way is hedged up today, you will gain access tomorrow. Moreover, history shows that some of the darkest days finally brought the largest degree of light and help to the world. It was a dark day when Israel groaned under the lash of Egyptian task-masters, but out of that day came the exodus, and out of the exodus the Messiah. It was a dark day when Stephen, the hope of the early church, was stoned to death; but out of that day came Paul, who bravely carried the lamp of life into the spiritual darkness of his own town, and favored distant communities with the gospel of peace. The darkest of all days was when the Son of Mary died; but out of the darkness of that day came the light and liberty of the gospel.—*Exchange*.

Home is the place where the great are sometimes small and the small are often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is a central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus.

The center of our affections, around which our hearts' best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.—*Exchange*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

A New Year's Letter

No. 2

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

In my first letter I told you something of Helen Keller's early life. In this second letter I want to tell you more particularly of her at Winona Lake.

One could feel the intense wave of sympathy that swept over the audience of four thousand or more people as Mrs. Macy spoke of how Miss Keller was handicapped by her afflictions. "She can not come onto this stage unless some one leads her here. If she wants to take a walk she must wait until some one is ready to go with her. When she writes a letter she can't mail it until some one has read it. She has learned to manage a typewriter perfectly. Her mind is never at fault, but typewriters are cranky things. Sometimes a ribbon slips and all she has to show for hours of work is a lot of blank pages. I have never known her to manifest any impatience over this, but when told what had happened she would laugh and say, 'Then I'll have to do it over again.'"

In Mrs. Macy's opinion, Helen Keller is not a genius, but her accomplishments are the result of hard work through her determination to surmount every possible obstacle in her way.

At the conclusion of her lecture Mrs. Macy retired from the platform and returned a moment later with Miss Keller leaning upon her arm. She led her to the desk, and after placing her left arm upon it so she could get her bearings, took a seat near by. Miss Keller did not stand in that position, however, while delivering her address. With the exception of a little color in her girdle she was dressed in pure white, an emblem, so it seemed to me, of the purity of her soul. She carried a bouquet of white rosebuds in her hand, and occasionally inhaled their fragrance.

Miss Keller's voice is peculiar and without modulation. If we reflect that she has not heard the sound of a human voice—not even her own—since she was nineteen

months old, it will be apparent that her voice must of necessity be artificial. To me it is not unpleasant but one has to learn the voice and even then it requires the closest attention to catch her words. While I understood many words, I failed to get two full sentences in succession during her address, but other causes were responsible in part for this.

The subject of her address was "Happiness." I will give you the sentences which I fully understood. "Light is stronger than darkness. . . . I am not afraid of the darkness because the light is in my soul." "If we have doubts we can not be happy. . . . If we believe and trust we are happy." "The life that is lived for others is the only life that is worth living."

One must hear Miss Keller to realize what an impression her words make upon an audience. They make one almost feel as if he were listening to a voice from another world.

Miss Keller's afflictions are being wonderfully overruled for the good of humanity. She is touching thousands and thousands of lives and inspiring them to nobler, loftier purposes; and multitudes who are passing through the valley of affliction take new courage as they catch the joyous notes of her triumphant song. If this were all, would it not be a sufficient recompense for her deprivations?

But there is something still more precious. The loving Father, who notes the sparrow's fall, has come very near to this lonely soul. She was first told there was a God by Phillips Brooks. She replied: "I have always known there was a God, but I didn't know his name. He is like warm sunshine." How many people have a personal knowledge of this stupendous truth?

When Miss Keller had concluded her address, Mrs. Macy came to her side and told the audience she wanted them to fully understand that this matter was just as it was being presented, and she would give those who were present the privilege of asking any question they desired. She would repeat the question, Miss Keller would read it from her lips and give the answer. She stated that this was partly guesswork; Miss Keller would read some of the words and guess the others. With one exception she read all the questions correctly. She can read from one's lips,

if they speak slow enough, as well as she can from Mrs. Macy's. While reading the questions, she held the fingers of one hand on Mrs. Macy's lips and the thumb under her chin.

This was a very interesting part of the program. I understood her answers to the questions perfectly.

A gentleman arose in the audience and said: "I want to congratulate Miss Keller on the progress she has made. I heard her two years ago." Her face became radiant with joy as she read this statement from Mrs. Macy's lips. "Do you really think so?" she said. When assured that he did, she replied, "Then I am glad." Probably tears sparkled in other eyes than mine over the joy these words of encouragement gave her.

In reply to questions, she stated that economics was her favorite study; that mathematics was very difficult, but she mastered enough for use and to pass her examinations.

When asked if her address was prepared, she laughed outright as she replied, "Of course." It is needless to say that she carried the audience with her in the spirit of laughter.

In response to the question, "Can you hear applause?" she said, "The same as I do music—with my feet." Mrs. Macy explained that she feels vibrations; that she knows when it thunders or when the wind blows; that in the days of her early training, when the wind blew she would say, "The wind barks like a dog."

But I must pass by the remainder of the questions and their answers, save the one that claimed my greatest interest. "Where did you get the idea of immortality?" was asked. "From the butterfly," she replied. "The butterfly is beautiful when it leaves the cocoon, and the soul must be beautiful when it leaves this earth."

This was a beautiful closing to the afternoon lecture. Leaning on the arm of her wonderful teacher, she gracefully bowed her acknowledgment of the applause as she retired from the stage.

The lecture was repeated in the evening, varying only in the questions that were asked. I will only tell you of the closing part of the program.

A gentleman asked if she had any

favorites among Longfellow's poems. She replied, "Yes. 'A Psalm of Life.' I like that because it illustrates what I am trying to do."

In compliance with his request she recited the poem. The packed house had been very quiet all the evening, but the stillness of death, broken only by her voice, reigned supreme while she recited that immortal poem.

I unconsciously committed to memory that poem when I was a child, and it has always been a great inspiration to me; but it was invested with a deeper, fuller meaning as I heard Helen Keller recite it after her statement that it illustrated what she was trying to do. It was illuminated as it came out from her pure, noble soul.

A lady to whom I was giving an account of this lecture asked if Miss Keller seemed to be happy, and appeared to be puzzled when I replied that she did; but what to her is a mystery, to me is perfectly clear. I can best illustrate this by an extract from the story of "A Ship in a Storm."

The ship was caught in a storm near a rocky coast which threatened to drive the ship and all on board to destruction. The passengers were terror-stricken. In the midst of this awful distress a daring man made the dangerous passage to the pilot house where he saw the steersman lashed to his post, holding the wheel firmly in his hand and inch by inch slowly turning the ship out to sea. The pilot saw the watcher and smiled. Then the man went back and cheered the passengers by saying, "I have seen the face of the pilot and he smiled." And while Helen Keller is enveloped in more than midnight darkness, I am sure she is happy because she has seen the face of her Pilot and he smiled.

Trusting that to you the new year will bring many rich experiences, I remain,

Very cordially yours,

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

1007 Jackson St.,
La Porte, Ind.,
Jan. 1, 1916.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

L. S. K. Letter

The Crown and Heart of Christmas.—Christmas has come and gone, and with it all the usual fervor and furor of well-wishing and well-doing that accompany this annual festival. Tens of thousands of the poor and sorrowing have been fed and comforted because of the spirit of good will that seems to possess everybody. I've been asking myself the cause of it all and have concluded it is *love*. This has been called "the greatest thing in the world," and I guess it is. It was the divine love that brought us our Christmas, and caused the angel choir to sing "peace on earth, good will to men." It is this love in the hearts of millions of Christ's followers that makes the Christmas time the gladdest time of the year. This kind of love can conquer everything. It could even end the awful tragedy being enacted in Europe, if it ruled in the hearts of the men in high places. It can solve all of our own personal or larger difficulties, if it fully possess us. Love casteth out fear and hate; it is kind, thinketh no evil, is not proud, nor selfish, seeketh not her own.

Love gives us courage; makes us hopeful; makes us want to *do things*. It makes obedience easy and joyous, and puts a crown on every cross. It quickens the senses; it sets loose the tongue, and nerves up the hands and feet to action. Love lays its possessions upon the altar. "God so loved the world, that he *gave*." Christ is the measure of God's love for us, who in turn *gave himself* for us; and he bids us to "love one another, as I have loved you." Such love is a sacrificial, generous, *giving love*. There will be no lack when such love possesses us. Our gold and myrrh and frankincense will be showered at the Master's feet. Before we get beyond the spirit of *this* Christmas, it is well that we examine our hearts and see if *such* love is there; and whether it is proved by the fruitage thereof.

The Chain Prayer.—This week I received from Rhode Island a chain letter with an "Ancient Prayer," and a request that I make nine copies and send to nine friends; but here is the letter in full:

"The following prayer is going around the world. Copy it and send it to nine friends in nine days. *Don't Break the Chain*. It was said in ancient times that

all who wrote it would be free from misfortune.

"Look for some great joy on the tenth day.

O Lord, I implore thee
To bless mankind.
Bring us to thee.
Keep us to dwell with thee.

* * *

"And do not break the chain.

"Yours sincerely."

A very good prayer, and I have complied with the request. Let us hope that on the tenth day or some day, all who send this may have some great joy or blessing. Indeed there is a blessing in the copying and sending, while we are doing it. How can we avoid a joy when we are breathing this prayer and sending it to 9 others, and their letters should reach 81, and the third copy 729, and the fourth link of the chain reach 6,561, probably as many families as there are in all our denomination. Wonderful! just from four times copying! Too much work and expense, say you? I think not. If you have a typewriter it will take but little time; 9 one-cent stamps; and at the ten-cent store I can get ten good envelopes for one cent. The paper might cost another cent. So eleven cents covers the cost.

Two packages of chewing gum or one or two tickets to the "movies" will about settle the bill. Of course, being an "Ancient Prayer," it may not be quite up to date and include all the things we'd like to pray for. I might wish to include my L. S. K. members or their secretaries, or other denominational interests, or pray for the peace of Europe. By the way, this letter must indeed be going the rounds, as my daily paper this morning mentioned it, and said that some one in Kansas had made it more definite, praying for Belgium, and had put in one dollar for that cause and asked others to do likewise, and it was bringing other dollars. But the Lord knows our desires, and when we ask him to bless mankind, we have covered pretty nearly everybody; and when he "brings us" to himself, he knows whom we have in mind that we wish to include with us.

Encouragements.—"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. . . . In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy

hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Not all the seed cast into the ground comes forth to maturity. The scorching sun, the flooding waters, the choking brambles, the devouring fowl. May all be acting against it. On the other hand, no harvest can be reaped where no seed has been sown. So in spiritual things it is ours to sow the seed with faith in the law and Lord of the harvests, with the assurance that it will be ours to come rejoicing, bringing some of the sheaves with us.

Here is Brother M. G. Marsh, of Flintville, Tenn., and his family, converts to the Sabbath. Another sister, in Memphis, Tenn., has commenced the observance of the Sabbath and wants to join one of our churches, so reports Mrs. Threlkeld, the L. S. K. state secretary. The lady's daughter is a prominent church woman of that city but has not been so deeply perturbed on the subject as her mother. Perhaps the secretary can secure more converts to the Sabbath; and if Flintville isn't too far from Memphis, Brother Marsh might join them and have a little church of their own.

My North Carolina secretary writes that, on account of ill health or age, their pastor will have to retire, and they would like another man to come and live among them and farm and preach once a month, and they would do what they could toward his support.

I was greatly cheered by one sister who was asked to do some work, and who answered with a lot of reasons why she couldn't and wouldn't, and was almost ready to surrender the whole cause; but after being sent another letter, she was able to see things in a new light, and could hear and follow the call of God and the finger points of duty. These are some of our encouragements.

The Old and the New.—This letter is already too long, but I had one more thought in mind. This fall we finished building a beautiful house for sale. When completed and after first looking it over, I remarked that I guessed I better buy that house myself. Oak finish, fireplace, built-in bookcases, built-in buffet entirely across one side of the dining-room, with 5 mirrors, full bevel-plate mirror door, 3 bedrooms in white and natural wood, with mahogany finished doors, white enamel and nickel-

plated bath with drawers, cupboards, and clothes chute to basement, sleeping porch, full cement basement, best of furnace, elegant decorations, electric lights, etc. It looked good to me, and less than \$4,000 would buy it; *but*, it would mean a big investment, and more money in new furniture, perhaps more work for the lady of the house to keep it up, more style all around to harmonize, more entertainment—for what's the use in having such a nice house if you can't show it off? It would mean from this quarter less money for the Tract Society and the Missionary Society, and the schools, and all our various interests that get their fingers into my pocket-book. What do you think I did? I am still in the old house. And perhaps I've made a discovery.

You know people often complain that the rich, and some who live in the most expensive style, do not bear a proportionate part of the financial burdens of the church and cause of Christ. And often the poor or those of but ordinary financial ability are the largest contributors to the support of these causes. How can a man do much for the Lord, if he is spending all he has upon himself? Where will he find any spare change for the contribution, if he supports a fancy automobile, lives in a palace, travels for pleasure, and dresses in the height of fashion? Who of us could not use up his income on himself, if he should make a try at it? Should we do it? Should we put the Lord's tenth in with our nine-tenths and spend it all upon ourselves? Yet in this thing, saith the Lord, ye have robbed me—in tithes and offerings. As we today step out of our old house, 1915, into our new, 1916, can we not with profit apply some of these thoughts? Let us not selfishly seek for carnal things, vain show and glory, but may we seek the larger things of the Spirit, a broader faith, a richer love. To this end we wish you all a happy and prosperous new year, based upon foundations divine and eternal.

G. M. COTTRELL.

Topeka, Kan.,
Jan. 1, 1916.

Stranger—Well, little boy, what are you going to be when you're a man?
Child—Nuffin'!
Stranger—Nothing? Why is that?
Child—Cause I'm a little girl.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Norse Lullaby

Snowfield white and the little deer brown,
 Father has gone to the far-off town;
 (Hush thee, babe, for the high wind sings!)
 Father has gone in mantle and cap,
 But thou shalt rest in thy mother's lap;
 (List thee, babe, to the song he brings.)

Snowfield cold and the little deer fleet,
 Father has left the busy street;
 (Hush thee, babe, for the wind blows cold!)
 Father rides without stop or rest,
 But thou art safe on thy mother's breast;
 (List thee, babe, to the lullaby old.)

Snowfield past and the little deer stopt,
 Father the line and the strap has dropt;
 (Hush thee, babe, hear him stamp the snow!)
 Father is home and the coals glow red,
 Soon shalt thou lie in thy furry bed.
 (Sleep now, babe, while the winds croon low.)
 —Frances M. Morehouse.

The Maker of a Happy Home

Rosalie's sunny face was clouded for once. "There's no use expecting me to be anything, Aunt Mollie," she declared dismally. "I can't go to school more than half the time, since mother isn't well, and I'm not bright and smart like the other girls anyway. They can all paint or embroider or play the piano, but I've never had a chance to learn anything but to keep house."

"But you do that beautifully, dear," comforted Aunt Mollie. "You are making a happy home for father and mother and the boys. You make me think of a story I read yesterday."

"A passer-by said to a workman, 'You are building a good wall there. Some of your materials look rather poor, too,' glancing at a pile of rough stones."

"I ain't pickin' my material," the man answered, simply. "What I'm here for is to build as good a wall as I can with the stuff that's brought to me."

"That is what you are doing, Rosalie; and I am sure the Master who brings you the material is pleased with your building."

The sunshine was back in Rosalie's face. "Thank you, auntie," she said happily. "Now I'll go to the kitchen and build my dinner for the boys."—Unidentified.

Some Boys I Know

The city square on which I live is in one respect a most remarkable one. What makes it remarkable is the fact that five boys live on this square and every one of these five is a different kind of boy from any of the others.

One of these boys is a studious boy, one is a thoughtless boy, one a polite boy, one an unkind boy and one a helpful boy. There are a few stories I want to tell about three of these boys, and then you may make your choice of the ones you would like me to introduce to you.

Every morning as I start to my office I meet a bright, cheerful, manly-looking boy—about twelve years old, I should say—with his schoolbooks under his arm. After we had met a few times we felt that we knew each other well enough to walk along together. And what do you think I found out about him? Why, just this: That he has read a large number of the great English classics—and he knows something about them, too; that he—so his teacher has told me—stands "A No. 1" in all of his classes; that he always has every lesson perfect; and, more than that, he is the best baseball player on the school team. Whenever I meet that boy I feel like taking off my hat to him, and I expect to hear some good news about him when he becomes a man.

Last winter I was sitting by my study fire one afternoon when there was a sudden crash and I looked around to see one of the windows scattered all over the floor. I went to the window and looked out just in time to see my next-door boy neighbor scurry into the kitchen door of his home.

Three or four days later I met him as he entered his front gate. We had always been good friends, and I didn't think a broken window was enough to break up a friendship, so I spoke to him as usual and went on. The next day I found him waiting in my study when I got home.

"I've come to pay you for that window," he burst out, shamefacedly, "and I'm sorry for all the trouble it caused you."

"That's all right," I said, "but how did it happen?"

"Why," he replied, "I fired a snowball at a bird, and I never thought about the window behind the bird."

He did the right thing by coming to me

about it, and all in all he's a fine, manly fellow, but how much embarrassment he'd have saved himself and how much trouble he'd have saved his neighbor "if he had thought." And that is only one of the many, many troublesome things he has done because he did not think.

I was sitting in a street car a few days ago when one of my boy neighbors got on and went up to a front seat. Two gentlemen were sitting just in front of me, and this is the conversation I heard them carrying on:

"That's a fine boy, Sam."

"Yes, said Sam, whom I recognized to be a prominent business man. "I have my eye on him and some day I hope to have him in my business."

"Not if I can get him first," said the other, who was also a business man. "He's the most polite boy I ever saw, and a boy who is always polite is generally worth while."

There's a record any boy might be proud of, and it's not only a noble record—it's also worth dollars and cents to him.—Boys and Girls.

A Tribute to "Grandma Summerbell"

Extracts From a Letter

"Last night as I lay thinking, I tried to recall my memories of her from the very first. I remembered the first Christmas tree at Alfred, when Grandpa carried me through the snow and Grandma gave me the wax dolly which she had dressed."

"Then there was the time that I sat in the bay window and she, wearing the dress with the brown moons, was watering her plants and singing in her old-fashioned way, 'Comin' thro' the Rye.'

"Another time was a winter's night. She and Grandpa and I sat around the big coal stove and they were reading; and the funny little half-moon teakettle was singing merrily. Grandma went into the pantry, got the folding table, heated milk, and we had bread and milk and some of her good rice pudding. No one could make it so good as she."

"And afterwards, while she cleared the things away, Grandpa held me on his knee and sang the funny little jingles that children love."

"Another time I remember coming into

the back kitchen when Grandma was baking. There was a table just full of cookies and pies in rows. Grandma's face was all red and her hands covered with flour. She had just put a new pan into the oven and when she turned around she took a cookie up with her hand all flour and handed it to me, and said, 'There, now, run along and get out of my way.'

"Then there were the times and times when I rode with her and Grandpa behind Old Nelly, and the time when it was June, and hot and sunny out of doors when she called me into the house in a mysterious way."

"She opened the folding doors into the parlor, where it was all dark and cool and smelled different."

"At first I saw just the what-not in the corner, and the lace curtains held back, showing the closed blinds and the big chair with the tidy, 'From Frankie and Fred,' 'Chums,' the two boys, sitting on a log; and the little low slippery rocker with the Rock of Ages tidy, and the center table with the cover embroidered in morning-glories."

"All those things I saw, and then—right in front of the table—my birthday present—the doll carriage and my dolly."

"I can remember how I sat beside Grandma so many times in church, and especially one night at prayer meeting in the little upstairs room. It was close and warm and the lamp chimney was smoky and they were singing, 'My soul, be on thy guard.' I can see Grandpa so plainly sitting at the table singing; and Grandma was singing, and I held part of the book and sang too."

"And there was the time when we all went to the old home for Grandpa's funeral. When we walked up the snowy path and turned to the side door, where Grandma stood holding out her arms with tears streaming down her face."

"Oh, this will never do! I think and think and wonder why I did not write oftener and send little things—you know—I suspect you are all feeling the same way."

RACHEL WARDNER BAILEY.

Norfolk, Va.

Social regeneration will not be performed by building better houses, if there is no concern for better men and women and homes within those houses.—C. S. Macfarlane.

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

Christmas at Milton Junction, Wis.

The Milton Junction Sabbath School kept a White Christmas this year. And because it was a White Christmas, they celebrated it on Christmas Eve, which was also the eve of the Sabbath, and the service seemed to all the more sacred for coming on that night.

The walls surrounding the platform were hung with soft white drapery outlined in green. The front of the platform was also of white with sprays of green holly. In the center of the platform stood a large white cross, also outlined in green, and above it was a silver star.

The light was turned onto the platform, that in the auditorium being dim, and the organ played softly as the school marched in by classes, the little children leading and the gray-headed people bringing up the rear.

After an opening song Blanche, dressed in white, herself fair and sweet, told the Legend of Cathay, and explained how we, like the people of old who loved their king, were bringing white gifts to our King, the greatest of all kings.

The choir sang a beautiful anthem and Pastor Jordan led the people in prayer. Then while somewhere in the distance young voices sang softly "Holy Night," Luke's story of the holy night was read from the second chapter of his Gospel.

A hymn and responsive reading followed and then began the offering of the white gifts by the representatives of the different classes, who came to the platform and laid the gifts at the foot of the cross.

The representative of the cradle roll came first and reminded us that Jesus had said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In the hope that the babies of far-off China might be brought to Christ the gifts of this department were for the little ones of the Lieu-oo Hospital, something to help to equip it for their care.

Then all the children of the primary department gathered on the platform and

sang, "Sing to the King," and the youngest class of all, the little "Sunbeams," brought mysterious white packages and laid them at the foot of the cross with the words, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and their teacher explained that these gifts were for the children of the Fouke School.

The Sunbeams were followed by the Busy Bee class. Each one of these children had in some way earned the money they brought in their white envelopes to be sent to the Girls' School in Shanghai, and each one told in a verse how he or she had earned the money. The children had also cut out pictures for scrapbooks and pieces for quilts to be sent to the girls of the school.

The Blessing Bearers followed with gifts of money for the Fouke School, which they gave with a song.

Long ago, before Anna West went to China, she taught in the Sabbath school a class of little boys. These boys are no longer little boys but they have never forgotten their teacher who, although so far away, has continued to show an interest in them. They are now the Messenger Boys class, and their gift of money was for Anna West. But that was not all. They are each to write to her a letter describing some one of the various activities of the church in which she was nourished and which is so dear to her. One will tell of the White Christmas, another of the recent evangelistic meetings, another of the Junior Christian Endeavor society, another of the Y. M. C. A. group, and so on. It gave us all a thrill of joy as we thought with what pleasure these home letters from the boys would be received and read.

The Gideons, a class of older boys, showed their growing interest in denominational work by giving their offering for the equipment of the Lieu-oo Hospital, and the one presenting it told of the needs of the hospital work in that distant field.

The Workers, a class of young girls, gave a package of beautifully hand-made gifts, to be sent to girls of the Fouke school whose names were furnished them by Miss Godfrey, now a teacher at Milton Junction but last year a teacher at Fouke. These gifts like the others were wrapped in white and laid at the foot of the cross.

Then, interspersed with appropriate music, such as "Angels from the Realm of

Glory," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," the adult classes, five in number, brought their gifts. One gave flour and other necessities to a family deprived by death of the breadwinner, another gave its gift of money to Marie Jansz in Java, another to the Fouke School, and the fourth to the Tract Society, while the fifth class, having had in charge the arrangements for the Christmas program, took upon itself the payment of all expenses connected with it.

The home department contributed money to send the SABBATH RECORDER to Lone Sabbath Keepers not now subscribers to it.

A little club of Junior girls, called the Helpful Daughters, demonstrated their right to the name by giving useful gifts of their handwork to the Orphans' Christian Home of Council Bluffs, Ia.

On the Sabbath before Christmas there had been given to every one connected with the church envelopes containing suggestions of "White Gifts of Self, of Service and of Substance." These were collected by the ushers at this point in the program. The report on them at the next morning's service showed that outside the classes there had also been a whole-hearted response. There were many pledges of service in church, in Sabbath school and in Christian Endeavor, and many pledges to a more regular reading of the Bible. The gifts of substance were contributed to a wide range of church and denominational activities, in sums varying from a few cents from the children to dollars from the older people. One gift of a twenty-dollar gold piece seemed especially sacred. It had been given years ago by a father, long since dead, to his daughter, who after treasuring it all these years brought it as her White Gift to the King.

After the collection of envelopes, one of our young teachers took her place upon the white platform and told the beautiful Christmas Story as given by Henry Turner Bailey.

It was the old familiar story but the little ones in the Sunbeam class leaned forward in their eagerness to catch every word and the grey-headed people listened intently.

The crowning feature of the service came last when, after the song, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,"

six members of the Sabbath school came forward to the platform and gave themselves to the service of Christ. With tender words the pastor addressed them and the congregation. One by one the children made their offering to the church and were accepted.

The beautiful service closed with the Doxology and the benediction.

HATTIE E. WEST.

Lesson IV.—Jan. 22, 1916

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.—Romans 8: 12-30
Golden Text.—"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God." Rom. 8: 14.

DAILY READINGS

Jan. 16—Rom. 8: 12-17. The Spirit of Life
Jan. 17—Rom. 8: 18-30. Work of the Spirit
Jan. 18—1 Cor. 2: 1-10. Reveals the Truth
Jan. 19—Zech. 4: 1-14. Source of Power
Jan. 20—Gal. 5: 16-18, 22-25. Fruits of the Spirit
Jan. 21—Rom. 15: 8-16. Hope of the Gentiles
Jan. 22—Matt. 3: 1-12. The Greater Baptism
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasurer's Report

Receipts for October, 1915

Contributions:	
J. E. R. Babcock, Nortonville, Kan.	\$ 1 00
E. F. Randolph, Farina, Ill.	1 00
Mrs. Ada Sanders, Fouke, Ark.	1 00
C. C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y.	7 00
Mrs. A. P. Hamilton, Alfred Station, N. Y.	5 00
Churches:	
Milton, Wis.	56 87
Riverside, Cal.	4 01
Plainfield, N. J.	19 49
Nortonville, Kan.	4 03
Milton Junction, Wis.	32 66
New York City	10 16
Farina, Ill.	14 00
Farina, Ill., S. S.	7 31
First Hopkinton	16 35
Salem, W. Va.	23 45
Collection:	
1/3 Western Association	8 12
1/3 Central Association	14 55
1/3 Eastern Association	18 68
244 68	
Income on Invested Funds:	
D. C. Burdick Bequest (Income S. D. B. Memorial Fund)	\$75 07
D. C. Burdick Farm (Income S. D. B. Memorial Fund)	38
Geo. H. Babcock Bequest (Income S. D. B. Memorial Fund)	220 79
Sarah P. Potter Bequest (Income S. D. B. Memorial Fund)	06
Electra A. Potter Bequest, Income Trust Fund accruing prior to Jan. 25, 1915, transferred from Permanent Fund acct. as per decree of Court, Oct. 1, 1915	125 00
George S. Greenman Bequest ..	150 00
Orlando Holcomb Bequest	30 00
George Greenman Bequest	30 00
Joshua Clark Bequest	9 00
Russell W. Green Bequest	4 50

Miss F. E. Saunders Gift in Memory of Miss A. R. Saunders ..	4 50	649 30
Publishing House Receipts:		
Recorder ..	\$151 45	
Visitor ..	16 10	
Helping Hand ..	51 88	
Pulpit ..	131 16	
Pulpit (postal refund) ..	117 45	
Tracts ..	50	
	468 54	
City National Bank, Interest on balances	7 30	
	\$1,369 82	

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD,
Plainfield, N. J. Treasurer.
Jan. 2, 1916.

Receipts for November, 1915

Contributions:		
S. G. Burdick, Cuba, N. Y. ("Home Missions") ..	\$10 00	
Mr. and Mrs. Milford Crandall, Andover, N. Y.	8 00	
Miss Lulia Stillman, Antigo, Wis.	5 00	
T. A. Saunders, Milton, Wis.	5 00	
A Lone Sabbath Keeper, Wis.	5 00	
Mrs. J. Duane Washburn, Earlville, N. Y.	2 00	
Mrs. Vina H. Burdick, Little Genesee, N. Y.	5 00	
Ethel C. Rogers, New Market, N. J.	5 00	
Mrs. J. B. Williams, San Antonio, Tex.	1 00	
Emma Rogers, Grand Rapids, Wis.	2 00	
D. R. Edwards, Ardmore, Okla.	5 00	
Thomas Trenor, San Francisco, Cal.	5 00	
A Friend, Brookfield, N. Y.	3 00	
Individuals at Salem, W. Va.	2 40	
J. J. Hevener, Roanoke, W. Va.	5 00	
Miss E. S. Bond, Roanoke, W. Va.	1 00	
Judson F. Randolph, Greenbrier Church, W. Va.	1 00	
Mrs. Calvin Whitford, Brookfield, N. Y.	2 50	
Miss Mary C. White, Sioux City, Iowa,	5 00	
Mrs. Dell Burdick, Stonington, Conn.	5 00	
Sabbath Keeper, Milton, Wis.	10 00	
J. A. H., Portsmouth, Va. ("India's Call") ..	5 00	
Churches:		
Plainfield, N. J.	21 48	
Pawcatuck, R. I.	50 00	
Shiloh, N. J.	30 00	
First Verona, N. Y.	6 53	
Milton, Wis.	24 59	
Welton, Iowa	7 05	
First Brookfield, N. Y.	29 25	
Collections:		
1/3 Southeastern Association ..	4 25	271 05
Income on Invested Funds:		
I. H. York Bequest ..	\$ 3 00	
George Bonham Bequest ..	3 00	
Greenmanville, Conn., Church Fund ..	4 50	
Mary P. Bentley Bequest ..	4 50	
Relief A. Clark Bequest ..	24 00	
Susan E. Burdick Bequest ..	3 00	
E. Sophia Saunders Bequest ..	3 00	
	45 00	
Publishing House Receipts:		
Recorder ..	\$149 98	
Visitor ..	16 20	
Helping Hand ..	3 07	
Pulpit ..	48 50	
Tracts (freight returned) ..	1 26	
	219 01	
Loans ..	1,000 00	
	\$1,535 06	

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD,
Plainfield, N. J. Treasurer.
Jan. 2, 1916.

Receipts for December, 1915

Contributions:		
Harriet Burdick, Lowville, N. Y.	\$10 00	
Sherman G. Burdick, Independence, N. Y.	50	
Lucius Sanborn, Davison, Mich.	10 00	
Rev. M. G. Stillman, Lost Creek, W. Va.	2 50	
Malita Davis, McWhorter, W. Va.	2 50	
Helen A. Titworth, Chicago, Ill.	3 00	
Mrs. Flora Bess, Independence, N. Y.	5 00	
Mrs. B. F. Rogers, Alfred, N. Y.	5 00	
G. M. Cottrell, Topeka, Kan.	15 00	
F. E. Tappan, Battle Creek, Mich. a/c Life Membership ..	10 00	
Winfield S. Bonham, Shiloh, N. J. Life Membership ..	20 00	
Mrs. J. D. Washburn, Earlville, N. Y.	2 00	
T. A. Saunders, Milton, Wis.	5 00	
Woman's Executive Board ..	117 40	
Dr. Sherman E. Ayars, Philadelphia, Pa.	10 00	
Churches:		
First Alfred, N. Y.	36 24	
West Hallock, Ill.	8 10	
Fouke, Ark.	11 50	
Plainfield, N. J.	11 33	
Chicago, Ill.	45 00	
Dodge Center, Minn.	10 00	
Independence, N. Y.	7 00	
Friendship, N. Y.	12 40	
Second Alfred, N. Y.	7 79	
New York City ..	24 58	
First Westerly ..	1 50	
Battle Creek, Mich.	5 50	
Berlin, N. Y., Sabbath School ..	4 50	
Gentry, Ark.	50	
Plainfield, N. J., Sabbath School General Fund ..	\$9 90	
Boodschapper ..	3 17	13 07
Nortonville, Kan., Sabbath School ..	13 83	
Walworth, Wis.	15 20	
Milton Junction "White Christmas Service" ..	38 95	
Little Genesee, N. Y.	26 70	
Second Brookfield, N. Y.	8 89	
	519 98	
Income from Invested Funds:		
George Greenman Bequest ..	18 33	
L. D. Titworth Bequest ..	12 50	
Sarah E. V. Stillman Bequest ..	12 50	
	43 33	
Publishing House Receipts:		
Recorder ..	\$270 50	
Visitor ..	28 90	
Helping Hand ..	105 68	
Pulpit ..	32 55	
Tracts ..	1 50	
	439 13	
	\$1,002 44	

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD,
Plainfield, N. J. Treasurer.
Jan. 2, 1916.

My son, thou art never secure in this life, but as long as thou livest, thou shalt always need spiritual armor. Thou oughtest manfully to go through all, and to use a strong hand against whatsoever withstandeth thee. Wait for the Lord, behave thyself manfully, and be of good courage; do not distrust him, do not leave thy place, but steadily expose both body and soul for the glory of God.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

HOME NEWS

DODGE CENTER, MINN.—Home news from this part of our "Zion" has been scarce for a long time. Who is responsible for it? The writer is not "the correspondent." If there are no glowing things to be said, there ought to be something to add to the interest of readers. The church can not report revivals or growth, but is obliged to admit that its numbers are decreasing by several families moving to other societies. This past year several more have gone to New Auburn, Wis., and a few more are planning the same. The church lost a good pastor with helpful wife and daughter. It seemed as though he had just begun to be able to better reach the homes and hearts of the people, when serious sickness nearly removed him forever from earthly ministry. It is a joy to his friends here to know the good work he is now doing on a needy field, but we have been without a pastor ever since.

Brother E. H. Socwell is at present supplying the church and giving us some good sermons that ought to help us to a better life.

Church attendance has been light of late, owing to much sickness, the wage of "grippe" sweeping over the State, and perhaps other causes. There have been very few social events worth recording. The Ladies' Benevolent Society is doing its part toward awakening to life the membership. Whether or not the going without a pastor so many months and the present situation show us as depending upon a man more than upon God, we will not pretend to say. At any rate they show the value of a pastor, an "undershepherd," and when a "new broom to sweep clean" shall come it is hoped that there will be a better appreciation of him, though ex-Pastor S. R. Wheeler once said, "It takes an old broom to get into the corners," and that was a truth too little heeded.

The Sabbath school has held its annual election and Miss Myrtelle Ellis was re-elected superintendent. Her heart is in it and she is a growing, faithful worker. The annual holiday entertainment had to be postponed a few days on account of sickness among the children. The committee

decided to let the usual Christmas tree go by this year and have only a program of song, recitations, etc. Having no leader the church is postponing the Forward Movement.

The church has a good large parsonage but a majority voted to sell it and build on the church lots a new and up-to-date modern one with city water and lights. The trustees did not think it advisable to sell and rebuild, with a good respectable opposition. It is expected that with the coming of a pastor new courage will be manifested and the church will take its place again as one of the "desirable places in the denomination." Land and property have been booming, and had the great majority who have moved away the past twenty years stayed to have the benefit of the "raise," they would have been far better off financially and the church one of the largest and most prosperous in the West. Farms have nearly "trebled" in six years, some now selling for \$125 to \$150 an acre and more. If the editor thinks this too pessimistic, he can throw it into the wastebasket. Some might venture to say it is optimistic! Perhaps it may depend something upon the glasses we wear. Something better may be soon written.

H. D. C.

VERONA, N. Y.—We have an enthusiastic superintendent, who does much to make our Sabbath school a success.

During the month of July, it was decided to hold an attendance contest. Accordingly, the school was divided into two parts—the "reds" and "yellows"—with a captain over each division.

The contest seemed to be a great success, in the increased attendance; and when at the end of the given time the "yellows" were declared victors, the "reds" gave them an oyster supper and most interesting entertainment. An original yell and song of victory were given by the winners. The church parlors were prettily decorated for the occasion, with flowers, and red and yellow pennants.

Pastor Thorngate tendered his resignation the latter part of October, to take effect May 1, 1916. At a special church meeting, it was voted to ask him to reconsider. Pastor Thorngate has not yet given his decision.

Christmas exercises were held on the

evening of December 22. The exercises, recitations, and drills by the children, and the cantata by the young people were very well rendered, and to a large and appreciative audience.

Z. THAYER.

Dec. 31, 1915.

MARLBORO, N. J.—January 1 was a dark, dismal day and yet the sun comes up bright on Marlboro for the new year. We will have to go back a little to see why. At the last of October things looked pretty dark around the parsonage because of the serious illness of the pastor's wife, which necessitated an operation. But recovery was remarkably rapid and the end of the old year found her in excellent health. Brightness No. 1.

On November 27 President Davis was with us and gave an excellent inspiring sermon. On Sunday night Rev. Willard D. Burdick began a Sabbath Institute week. He was assisted by Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn and Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, who each preached twice. In the afternoons Bible readings were conducted by Rev. Mr. Burdick. All these sermons and meetings were exceptionally strong and gave us a greater desire to keep the commandments of God. We feel that our church has been blessed by the presence of these men. Brightness No. 2.

Christmas morning came on the date for our regular communion service. Instead of a sermon the time was spent in a most earnest prayer service, which was followed by the regular covenant meeting, in which nearly every member took part; and then came the celebration of the Lord's Supper. At the close of this service one of our young men, who is a junior in the Shiloh High School, came to the pastor and announced his decision to enter the gospel ministry. A Christmas message indeed. Brightness No. 3.

On January 2 we held our annual church business meeting, which revealed a decided gain in all the activities in the church. A greater interest is being taken in all branches of the denominational work and more money is being raised for all purposes. We hope that we may be able to get along soon without outside help. A live, active Junior Christian Endeavor has been organized. Brightness No. 4.

As soon as the business meeting was over, all went to the church basement,

where an excellent dinner had been prepared, which was properly disposed of. This was followed by a happy social afternoon in which everybody was bright.

J. E. H.

MILTON, WIS.—A crowded house listened to the excellent Christmas program given at the Seventh Day Baptist church on the evening after the Sabbath. The cantata given by Doris Randolph, Chloe Van Horn, Russel Burdick and Myrl Davis was very interesting. The readings given by the Misses Zea Zinn and Isabelle Brown and George Ives were excellent. Other recitations and features and the songs by the primary class were heartily enjoyed. After the program, bags of candy were distributed to the Sabbath-school children. No individual presents were brought to the church, but each class appropriated its money for some charitable or missionary purpose. The decorations, a large, brightly illuminated star and two trees, were very suggestive of the season. At the proper time Professor D. N. Inglis announced that perhaps many of the people gathered there knew that this date was the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Pastor and Mrs. Randolph and suggested that it would be a good idea to give them an informal reception. This announcement came as a surprise to the pastor and his wife, but they were equal to the occasion and a short time was spent together in a very pleasant manner. A substantial purse of money was given to them as a token of remembrance.

Allison Burdick left Monday for Stone Fort, Ill., where he was sent by the Young People's Board of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, with the idea of starting a Christian Endeavor society. He may also work in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement while there.—*Journal-Telephone*.

ASHAWAY, R. I.—Rev. W. D. Burdick, of Milton, Wis., supplied the pulpit of the Seventh Day Baptist church at Ashaway, Sabbath morning, and preached an interesting and helpful sermon.—*Westerly (R. I.) Sun*.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mrs. Angeline Abbey has finished her work in the Mission Training School and has gone to her work at New Auburn, Minn.—*Journal-Telephone*.

DEATHS

SANTEE.—Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Bentley Santee, wife of Hon. J. E. B. Santee of Hornell, was born in Westerly, R. I., in 1850, and died at her home in Hornell, New York, December 24, 1915.

Mrs. Santee was the daughter of Benjamin Bentley, of Westerly. Early in life she professed faith in Christ and became a member of the Westerly Seventh Day Baptist Church. At sixteen years of age she entered Alfred University, where she studied for two years, then returned to Rhode Island and taught school for five years. In 1873, at twenty-three years of age, she was married to Mr. J. E. B. Santee, of Hornell, and since then has made her home in that city. She is survived by her husband, three daughters and one son.

Mrs. Santee has been a woman of remarkable executive ability; she was profoundly interested in religion and in the social betterment of the community; it was largely through her instrumentality that the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Hornell was organized and that the brick church building was erected. She was a member of the Current Events Club of Hornell, and also a member of the Women's Council of Hornell. She has been interested in hospital enterprises, tuberculosis campaigns and all efforts for the betterment of the physical, moral and spiritual welfare of the community. She was a woman of unusual cheerfulness, always an active, devoted wife and a loving and affectionate mother and grandmother. She loved the beauties of nature, the great out-of-doors, the ocean, the woods and the flowers; in them she saw the love and wisdom of the God whom she worshiped and served.

The funeral occurred Monday afternoon, December 27, at the family residence. President Davis of Alfred University officiated. Mrs. Santee was buried in the Hornell City Cemetery. BOOTHE C. DAVIS.

CHIPMAN.—William McKee Chipman, the son of Nathan Fellows and Martha Burdick Chipman, was born in Hope Valley, August 27, 1845, and died at his home in Hope Valley on the morning of December 22, 1915, after a lingering illness of eleven years.

He was the youngest of five children, all of whom preceded him to the other world. He received his early education in the village school and later attended the Rhode Island State Normal School, then situated at Bristol, R. I. He taught school for some time, worked for his father, who was a tanner and currier. For some time he manifested a deep interest in bee culture. He filled various positions of a clerical nature and for several years was assistant postmaster in Hope Valley. He was one of the incorporators of Langworthy Public Library and a director until obliged to resign because of failing health. For many years he was an active member of I. O. O. F., earning the title of Past Grand.

He was converted in early manhood and was received into the membership of the Second Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which he continued a faithful member till called to the church triumphant. Those who were nearest him in the years of his last sickness say that he lived his religion. He was a quiet man, but one possessed of high ideals of manly integrity.

Burial services were had from the late home on the afternoon of December 22, conducted by the writer, the pastor of his church. He spoke from John 13: 7. E. A. WITTER.

SUMMERBELL.—Rachel Garrison Lawshe was born in Hunterdon County, N. J., October 17, 1825, and died December 29, 1915.

She was married to James Summerbell in 1844 and commenced housekeeping in the city of Elizabeth. While there, they first met Seventh Day Baptists in Plainfield, and embraced the Bible Sabbath. Cutting loose from home ties and family customs, they joined the church at Plainfield, and soon after moved to Petersburg, N. Y., where Mr. Summerbell went as an ordained preacher. From Petersburg they were called to Adams Center, where they remained twelve years, and from there moved in turn to Leonardsville, Berlin, Richburg, and Alfred Station, where Elder Summerbell died in 1893, and Mrs. Summerbell went to live with her daughter, Mrs. S. L. Wardner, at Friendship, remaining there about four years. Since that time and until her death, she has made her home with her daughter at Nile.

She leaves three children: Mrs. Sarah L. Wardner, of Plainfield, N. J.; Mrs. Mary F. Whitford, of Nile; and Frank N. Summerbell, of Milton, Wis.; also eleven grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Whitford, Friday, December 31. These services were conducted by Rev. A. E. Main, of Alfred, assisted by Pastor Wm. M. Simpson and Elder J. F. Derr, of Nile. Dr. Main was one of Elder Summerbell's boys when Elder Summerbell was pastor at Adams Center, N. Y. Burial was made in the family lot in Alfred Rural Cemetery. Those who knew Mrs. Summerbell in her prime of life are gone. But we who have only known her these later years will remember her as a woman of strong, beautiful character. Her life was an inspiration to us. W. M. S.

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BUSINESS MANAGER.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.—Ex. 14: 15.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If you are having trouble, it is a sign that God is doing something with you. He is digging a well in you out of which is to come the water of life. He is sinking a shaft in you because the gold lies so deep that it will otherwise never be got out. He is using the flail because that is the only way of separating the grain from the straw.

—Beecher.

"The best 'footnote' for any man's biography is furnished by the Psalmist: 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.'"

The Sabbath Recorder

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

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription
Per year\$2.00
Per copy05

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

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Vision

Proverbs 29: 18

Behold, thy people perish, Lord!
Thy lands are swept with fire and sword.
Men slay till slain themselves they lie,
Nor know, nor care, nor question why.
Famine and fear and shame are borne,
While homes are wrecked and hearts are torn.
The weak are victims of the strong—
How long, O Lord? O Lord, how long?

Then fell the answer, clear and low—
"My nation knew, my nations know,
That where no vision is comes death!
For this, a people perisheth!
I breathed my spirit into men
To give them prophet-sight and ken.
Know ye, this great, unshriven host
Who die, each soldier at his post,
Who pays its toll of bitter cost,
Is witness of the vision lost,
There must be famine, fire and sword
Until the vision is restored."

—Mrs. Edna G. H. Ives, in *The Christian Herald*.

"Boy, watch my horse till I come back!" called a man to a boy at the depot, as he hurried off to say good-by to a friend.

"All right, sir," said the boy, taking the reins.

Just then the locomotive whistled and the horse, rearing, started full speed up the road.

The boy started after the fleeing animal, and, as the owner appeared, exclaimed with relief:

"It's a good thing you came now, sir, for I couldn't have watched him much longer."—*Baptist Commonwealth*.

The past is dead, and has no resurrection.—*H. Kirke White*.

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Repentance is neither base nor bitter. It is good rising up out of evil. It is the resurrection of your thoughts out of graves of lust. Repentance is the turning of the soul from the way of midnight to the point of the coming sun. Darkness drops from the face, and silver light dawns upon it. Do not live, day by day, trying to repent, but fearing the struggle and the suffering. Deferred repentance, in generous natures, is a greater pain than would be the sorrow of real repentance. Manly regret for wrong never weakens, but always strengthens the heart. As some plants of the bitterest root have the whitest and sweetest blossoms, so the bitterest wrong has the sweetest repentance, which, indeed, is only the soul blossoming back to its better nature.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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