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SABBATH RECORDER :: PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

The Sabbath Recorder

I learn, as the years roll onward
And leave the past behind,
That much I have counted sorrow
But proves that our God is kind;
That many a flower I longed for
Had a hidden thorn of pain,
And many a rugged bypath
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds but cover the sunshine;
They cannot banish the sun;
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done;
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light,
And often from wrong's own darkness
Comes the very strength of right.

We must live through the weary winter
If we would value the spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must be buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom;
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial
Gains the purest joy of all,
And from lips that have tasted sadness
The sweetest songs will fall.
For as peace comes after suffering,
And love is reward of pain,
So after earth comes heaven—
And out of our loss the gain.

—Author Unknown.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—No Unprofitable Discussion.—“And Gave Gifts Unto Men.”—Paul Honored the Apostles and Elders.—Diversity of Gifts Still the Rule.—La Grippe Invades the Editor's Sanctum.—Words of Appreciation	97	ion.—Taking Part in the Efficiency-Campaign.—A Letter to the Comrades of the Quiet Hour.—Annual Report of the Christian Endeavor Society at Nile, N. Y.—Christian Endeavor at Alfred, N. Y.—My Decision	112-116
Notice! Northwestern Association ..	98	Our Preachable Bible	117
Try the Spirits	99	Children's Page.—When the Snow Lies Deep (poetry).—Gray Squirrels in Gotham Parks.—A Little Story of a Nest	120
Sabbath Reform.—Our Work in Canada	101	Upward as Well as Forward	121
A Modern Saint	102	Home News	122
Milton College	104	Death of Ezra Goodrich	123
Missions.—Letter from Shanghai, China	105	Fighting on Old Battlegrounds	124
The Preacher's Prayer	106	This Happened in 1915	125
Memorial Board	107	Sabbath School Lesson for February 5, 1916	125
Woman's Work.—The Winning Argument.—Workers' Exchange	108	Marriages	126
The War and Some Old Ideas	109	Deaths	126
Young People's Work.—“Tenth Legion Moving Forward.”—The Tenth Legion Enrolment Card.—A Letter to Tenth Legioners.—The Peace Un-		Christian Endeavor the West Point of the Church	127

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WHOLE NO. 3,699

No Unprofitable Discussion

Most of our readers will be glad to see, from Brother Edwin Shaw's letter to the editor on another page of this paper, that he declines to enter into any discussion in the SABBATH RECORDER upon the much debated questions growing out of the prophecies of Daniel. These matters have been so repeatedly "threshed out" by our Adventist brethren, and the import of Daniel's message so magnified by many of our own writers, that the most elaborate discussion could scarcely bring out any new phase of the subject; and controversies, the only result of which would be to ground each opponent more firmly in his own particular belief, would be, among brethren of the same household of faith, as unprofitable as the wranglings of children that destroy the sweet influences of the home. Therefore we are glad to know that the discussion will go no further.

"And Gave Gifts Unto Men"

Whenever I hear criticisms upon pastors, teachers, and other leaders in the church because they are not "doing the work of an evangelist," and "hustling around in search of the lost," as some express it, I am reminded of the words of Paul, the first great evangelist after Pentecost: "And he gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ." The church was called the body of Christ, and for its upbuilding and unifying, all these classes of laborers were given. Each class was essential for the perfecting of the saints, and no man in any one of them could discount the others, or charge his fellow-workers with being unfaithful because they were not doing their work in the way he was doing his. When each one worked according to the gift Christ had bestowed upon him, and regarded his fellows who had different gifts as equally

true to the Master, though working in different ways, the ideal was reached and unity prevailed.

Even when the day of Pentecost was fully come, there was only one Peter among the hundred and twenty disciples; and while Peter and a few others went everywhere preaching the gospel, James and his companions remained in Jerusalem to care for the church. When the labor increased, deacons and elders were chosen, and the work of the home church went right along. Those who, by the appointment of Christ, took part in thus caring for the flock were just as honorable and as true to God as were those who became evangelists by the gift of God.

Paul Honored the Apostles and Elders.

When Paul and Barnabas, the first evangelists after Pentecost, found problems in their mission fields that were hard to solve, they went to Jerusalem unto the apostles and elders and to the home church for counsel. They thus recognized the importance, to the work, of leaders who were not exercising the gifts of the evangelist. They felt the need of pastors and teachers in caring for the flocks, and valued the aid these could give to missionaries on the frontier.

James did not seem to be one upon whom the gift of an evangelist had been bestowed, but no one can fully estimate the value of such a man as a wise under-shepherd of the suffering flock, and teacher of the believing people. And this man was the first of the twelve apostles to die a martyr's death.

When evangelists and pastors and teachers came together in councils, there were mutual recognitions. Evangelists had respect for the pastors and elders, and these in turn respected the evangelists; and so the work prospered. We have no evidence that any of the disciples felt called upon to proclaim against pastors and teachers as failing in their mission because they were not evangelists.

**Diversity of Gifts
Still the Rule**

It is still true that evangelists, pastors, and prophets or teachers are needed for the work of the church. No one of these can properly receive honors above the others. They seem to be equally honored of God, and should be respected and honored by men. It would be difficult to tell which class has done most for our good cause. Now and then a pastor among us has been blessed with the gift of an evangelist, but not all. We congratulate those who, under God, are able to combine the two gifts. Some have the gift of song added to that of preaching, and so can be more efficient in their work. But such a combination of gifts in any one person should not exalt him above his fellows. Those who have but one gift and use it well, whatever it be, should not be looked upon as lacking in consecration, neither should they be condemned because they can not exercise gifts they do not possess.

We have had some strong evangelists in days gone by—men like Charles M. Lewis and John L. Huffman—who did a great work in the line of their special gift. There were also many worthy pastors and teachers—such as N. V. Hull and President Allen—who did the Lord's work just as worthily and just as acceptably. What if, in those days, certain ones had felt called upon to denounce our pastors and teachers in sweeping language that virtually unchristianized them because they, too, were not doing the work of evangelists? The effect of such a course upon the young people of our churches would have been ruinous; and such a policy, by even a few, would have greatly retarded the work of the Master. The power which unity gives to a people can be realized only when evangelists, pastors, elders, and teachers honor one another, speak well of all their yokefellows in the work of the kingdom, and talk one another up instead of down.

**La Grippe Invades the
Editor's Sanctum**

For several weeks the editor has been suffering from neuritis that affected his eyes, and just as he thought himself well over this hindrance, the grippe crept stealthily into his study and laid hands upon him, actually holding him a prisoner in the house for a week. It is

the first time he has been confined to the bed, even for one day, in nearly ten years. Since coming to the RECORDER, eight and one half years ago, the editorial pen has not been laid down on account of illness; but for a day or two it seemed as if it would have to rest this week. If these pages are shorter than usual our readers will understand why.

Words of Appreciation The editor may be excused if, from the personal letters of encouragement (between two and three hundred) that have come to him during the time of his work on the SABBATH RECORDER, he occasionally publishes one in these columns, especially when such letters show appreciation of the spirit of our people, and of our different publications.

The following comes from an unknown friend in Rhode Island.

"God bless the editor of our paper and may he live long to fill that place. . . . The editorials are sermons in themselves; the paper is full of good things. The charity shown by our people toward Billy Sunday proves they are Spirit-filled men. What difference does it make how a soul is saved or who was the means of its being saved, if it is saved?"

"The *Pulpit* is something we shut-ins can't get along without. May it never have to stop being printed.

"God bless you in the work."

Notice! Northwestern Association

The question of whether the next associational meeting is to be held in the spring or fall will probably be decided by your officers within the next thirty days. Any reader who has a decided opinion upon the subject should write the undersigned at once. Other officers of the association with whom you could take up the matter are Guy Polan, Jackson Center, or Dr. L. M. Babcock and Dr. A. L. Burdick, Milton. Do not neglect this matter, as our decision will be governed largely by the reasons given.

BENJAMIN F. JOHANSON,
Moderator.

Battle Creek, Mich.,
Jan. 13, 1916.

Try the Spirits

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world." I John 4: 1.

A new spirit appears in the SABBATH RECORDER of January 3 including pages 15-17. We want to know if this spirit is of God. If this is the spirit of God, then some of us will need to make some radical changes in our theology. We will make just a cursory examination, and go into detail later if the matter is taken really seriously.

The writer of the above mentioned article tells us that he has hesitated for years to give us the benefit of this "message" which came to him some twenty-five years ago. If it is of God, if the "message" is from him, whose business is it if we are misunderstood? What ambassador of God should hesitate to deliver the "message"?

The writer makes it very plain to us that this "message" came to him as a result of not being able to reconcile the many divergent and contradictory views held by others concerning the book of Daniel. He makes it plain also that he was able by a study of the literature in and about the time of Christ to reach a satisfactory conclusion that the book of Daniel is *not* prophecy at all, it only *pretends* to be prophecy. It does not foretell future events, it only *pretends* to do so. He represents to us that Daniel did not write the book at all, and from this it follows that when we read in the book of Daniel, "I Daniel was grieved; I Daniel fainted; When I, even I Daniel had seen the vision; I Daniel understood the books and the number of years; I Daniel was mourning three full weeks; I Daniel alone saw the vision," etc., this is all a lie; for Daniel never said any such thing. And when we read in the book of Daniel that the angel Gabriel said, "O Daniel, servant of the living God; O Daniel, I am now come to give thee skill; O Daniel, a man greatly beloved," etc., it is all a lie; for Gabriel never said any such a thing. A man about the year 165 B. C., having heard about a great hero in the past somewhere, writes this book and *calls* it Daniel and makes Daniel the hero.

On the last page of his article he shows us how he looks at this book of Daniel.

He says, "I see a mighty man of God" (not Daniel, you understand, but some other man), "in a great crisis of his country, when things looked dark and discouraging, I see him writing a book for the people of his day" (it is for the people of his day about 165 B. C., nothing in it for people after his day), "putting it in the mouth of a great hero of many years gone by, putting it sometimes in the form of stories of what happened to that hero and his companions, sometimes in the form of visions of that hero, visions which represented" (mark you, represented) "the course of history" (the visions did not foretell the course of history, but only "represented" it), "among the nations down to his own time." Notice also it reaches only down to his own time, about 165 B. C.

Now if this "message" is from God, it will agree with God's Book. But God's Book says: "In the third year of Cyrus king of Persia a thing was revealed unto Daniel." And the things revealed we find recorded in the eleventh chapter of Daniel, to which the writer of the article in question calls our attention, and relate to Antiochus Epiphanes, who is pointed out also in the eighth chapter and ninth verse as the "little horn."

As our author tells us, Antiochus lived about 165 B. C. Now this matter about Antiochus Epiphanes the Book of God tells us "was revealed unto Daniel in the third year of Cyrus king of Persia." The best authority that I can get hold of tells me that Cyrus conquered Babylon, the home of Daniel, 538 B. C. Therefore the time when Daniel received this revelation about Antiochus Epiphanes, who lived about 165 B. C., was 536 or 535 B. C.

Let God be true and every man a liar. We do not hesitate to say that the "message" which this man received is not from God; for it tells us that Daniel not only did *not* receive a revelation at that time, but did *not* receive a revelation at all. The writer who records this wonderful "message" in the RECORDER assures us that "it is a message of good cheer, a message of hope in God." It may be a message of hope in God but a mighty delusive hope, and we are sure beyond a shadow of a doubt that it is a "message" of distrust in God, and in his Word.

If Almighty God sanctioned the use of this ruse as a means by which to encour-

age the Israelites to faithfulness under the awful persecutions of Antiochus Epiphanees, then God sanctions the doing of evil that good may come, and it brands him as no stronger than the false gods whose devotees were always resorting to subterfuge and tricks and lies of all kinds to hold the confidence of the credulous people.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

But the most astounding thing about this "message" is the startling suggestion that one wiser than Jesus Christ himself has risen among us. Look here: *"When therefore ye see the abomination of desolation, which was spoken of through Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (let him that readeth understand), then let them that are in Judaea flee into the mountains."*

Those are the words of Jesus Christ in Matthew 24: 15-16. I want you to notice that *Jesus Christ* calls Daniel "the prophet." I want you to notice that *Jesus Christ* in this passage mentions an event that is still in the future in his day, nearly 200 years after Antiochus Epiphanees, and says that Daniel spoke of it: Is it possible that *Jesus Christ*, who could divine the very thoughts of a man, *Jesus Christ*, who was God incarnate, could be deceived? How passing strange that *Jesus Christ* should fall into this ruse, and credulously accept it as prophecy, living as he did in a time when that kind of literature was most common. And how passing strange that it should be left for a man down here nearly 2,000 years removed from that time to discover the facts about this matter!

The history of the way the writer of this "message" got his wonderful "message" is exactly like the history of the way a man I once knew received a similar "message" in regard to the Sabbath question.

The Sabbath question had troubled him greatly, but there were so many divergent views about it, and to him the question seemed to be in such a muddle, he just gave himself to a study of the question on a broader basis; this would not require of him to settle the question on the basis of the questions that were troubling others, and soon he concluded that there is no Sabbath at all. God simply wants us to keep all days alike. He told me that it could not be that God was very particular

about the Sabbath when so many bright, intelligent, educated, and devoutly religious men differed so widely about it. It was a wonderful "message." It brought peace and hope. He was at rest now, with no Sabbath question to trouble him. By what method? By turning away from God's Word and trusting to his own theory.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets have gone out into the world." *Chas S. Shaw, see page 131, editor*

DEAR EDITOR:

I feel that it would be unprofitable to enter the SABBATH RECORDER with a controversial discussion, and therefore I do not care to make any answer to the attack upon my sermon which I called "The Message of the Book of Daniel."

If any one for the sake of argument chooses to misrepresent and contort the intent and spirit of that sermon, I am not greatly concerned, for I have confidence in the fair-mindedness of the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER, and if after reading this attack upon my sermon they have forgotten just what I said, I only ask that they read it again and judge for themselves.

There was a time when many Christians devoutly believed that the Bible would be discredited and would lose its place of power in the world if people accepted the truth that the earth is round and revolves about the sun. Such has not been the case. The Bible, when rightly understood, never has been and never can be, opposed to truth; and I have no fear that the Bible, or the Sabbath, or "the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus" will ever suffer harm or discredit from an acceptance of an attitude of mind and heart towards the Book of Daniel as set forth in my sermon.

Thanking you for the privilege of reading the article before its publication, I am sincerely yours,

EDWIN SHAW.

"War costs are, by everybody's agreement, frightful and appalling and so on. But what about this fact—what England spends in a day for war is equaled by what Englishmen spend in a week for drink—isn't that frightful and appalling too?"

SABBATH REFORM

Our Work in Canada

It does us all good to hear from the aged veterans who for years have stood on the outposts, battling against error, faithful to God and to his truth, and yet whose faith is not dimmed and whose courage is still strong. The following letter from our friend, Rev. George Seeley, now in the eighties, will cheer many hearts.

MY DEAR BROTHER SHAW:

I am sending you my report of the distribution of our Sabbath literature for the month of December, 1915, the output being 38,790 pages, as usual passing through the mails all over the Dominion of Canada, and adjacent places in the United States, visiting quietly multitudes of people and homes that have never even heard of the Seventh Day Baptists or seen their literature.

At times answers come that are not very kind or Christian, but that makes no difference with me; on the tracts go to new names and addresses all the time. I had but little idea that I could find so many people's names to send to. The Great Day will tell the story of rejection or reception of this great truth of the Bible. It will be happy for those who receive this fundamental principle of the Holy Scriptures. Sunday can never take the place of the Seventh Day Sabbath, the day God has appointed and sanctified, never to be superseded by any other day. The Lord never gave any church the work of changing the day from the seventh to the first day of the week. Nor was it nailed to the cross, as many affirm. The Sabbath was in existence before Adam was created, it was made for man, the holy day, the seventh day of the week, a perpetual reminder to man everywhere and at all times during the ages of the world's history. We should be glad to be recognized as the followers of the Lord Jesus, and the apostolic Christians, and their successors along down the ages till the present day; for this order has been kept up till this hour. In the millennial age there will be no other than the Seventh Day Sabbath for the untold millions of the redeemed of the Lord.

Dear brethren all over our denomination, let us do more than ever in this great work to enlighten people everywhere along the lines of true Sabbath-keeping, in loving obedience to the holy law of God the Creator and our Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of the Sabbath, whom we adore and obey. Oh, my dear Seventh Day Baptist people, let us wake up to more diligence in this great work which the Lord has given us to do for the glory of his name, and let this new year, 1916, be our greatest year in history for the development and extension of these great principles which we are called to advance. Let nothing be left undone, but let us do all in our power to accomplish the great work appointed us and for which we stand. May the Lord grant us great success along all lines of our work, revivals in all our churches, both at home and in foreign lands, and we will give him all the glory and praise. Wishing all a happy new year, I remain,

Your brother,
GEORGE SEELEY.

"When we remember that the Seventh Day had received the august sanction of the Creator's own example from the very beginning; that the commandment to keep the Seventh Day holy, proclaimed as it had been amid the trumpet clangs and lightnings and quakings and divinely ordained barricades of Sinai, was distinctly and emphatically based on the Creator's own example in Eden; that the keeping of the Seventh Day had been distinctly set forth as one of the badges of the Jewish nationality; that the keeping of the Seventh Day had been promised the most glorious of rewards, and that the breaking of the Seventh Day had been threatened the direst of penalties; that for more than fifteen hundred years the Hebrew people, with here and there an exception in times of immense apostasy, had scrupulously observed the Seventh Day as the divinely appointed Sabbath; that this observance had never been so scrupulous as in the days of Jesus Christ himself—it being, in fact, the very point at which, as we have seen, he came into oftenest and sharpest collision with his adversaries, and which was one of the precipitating causes of his premature death; that the saintly women, who had

bravely stood by the cross, and were yearning to minister to their dead Lord the last sepulchral honors, yet scrupulously refrained from doing so because the Seventh Day was over the land; that the Apostles were Jews, and as such shared in the intense conservatism and traditionalism of their race; that there is no record of any divine command to substitute the First Day for the Seventh; when we remember all this, we are forced to admit that the change from Saturday to Sunday was indeed nothing less than a tremendous revolution."

These words are from Rev. George Dana Boardman's book, "Studies in the Creative Week," published in 1878.

We wonder how one so well acquainted with the Sabbath of the Bible, and who placed so much emphasis upon its perpetuity and upon Christ's loyalty to the day, could have been satisfied with the ordinary unscriptural teachings about Sunday.

A Modern Saint

REV. H. D. CLARKE

Webster defines saint as a sanctified or holy person; one eminent for piety. The person I am to write about verily was a saint and most eminent in the estimation of those who knew her intimately, for piety. Her letters, Christian testimonies, daily conduct, fervent prayers, all testify to this fact. Her obituary has not appeared in the RECORDER, though the secretary of our Missionary Board intended to have it prepared long ago. Press of work and other duties delayed it and I have been selected to write it.

My first acquaintance with Agnes Barber was when Rev. L. C. Rogers and myself were engaged in tent work at Norwich, N. Y., the home city of the subject of this sketch.

We had held a series of meetings at Oxford, N. Y., and then, early in August, 1879, we went to Norwich. The evangelistic preaching of Brother Rogers and the powerful presentation of the Sabbath question soon brought to our tent some of the leading men and women of the other churches. Prominent among them were Mrs. Sarah J. Cook and Miss Agnes Barber, both leaders in the M. E. church of that little city. These two women had had

great influence in their church and society and among others there. After Mrs. Cook had embraced the Sabbath she was offered a position as city missionary for the Baptist church at Binghamton, N. Y. As class leaders, these sisters were very much sought after by their brethren in their church, both for their ability to lead and expound the Scriptures and for the godly lives they manifested.

At first Sister Barber hesitated to go to a tent to listen to strangers and was much opposed by her friends who considered it a heresy for men to make prominent the work of Sabbath reform and have preaching center and culminate around the question of restoring to the Christian Church the Seventh Day Sabbath. But Sister Barber said she was first attracted by the singing, which was a prominent feature at each service and drew in many that otherwise would not come just to hear a sermon.

Probably no modern preacher, with the exception of Rev. A. H. Lewis, was as gifted with ability to present this truth as L. C. Rogers. He had made it a study for a lifetime and was well informed in the prophecies, and a Greek student, and student of history. To him the Sabbath truth was a question of the greatest importance. He presented its claims as he would those of any gospel truth, making it as essential to repent of the sin of Sabbath-breaking as that of the violation of any other precept of the law. This greatly impressed Sister Barber, who felt she must study the matter carefully and present her objections to the brother. I wish I could reproduce some of her conversation and show the deep convictions she had and the determination to know if these things be so. One could not talk with her five minutes without feeling that she was a Spirit-filled woman; and wherever the Holy Spirit led in agreement with the Word, there she would surely soon be led. But it was no easy matter to sever the relations with her people that had for years been so pleasant and profitable. Before she had fully decided the matter, she attended a Conference at Brookfield, N. Y., partly to see what kind of people we were and if we were to all appearances devoted to a full and complete gospel and lived it as well as preached it. Her views of the Holy Spirit's mission or work among God's people were

pronounced and she made much of it in her letters and talks. The details of her struggles and efforts to get her church and pastor aroused on the question, I can not take space to describe. I quote some of her words: "Satan, I believe, desired to 'sift me as wheat.'" The struggles against the powers of darkness were such as I never passed through before. I came to the point where I must (seemingly) choose between Christ and earthly friends and be willing that even my name should be cast out as evil, if need be. At times I felt like giving up, as difficulty after difficulty arose before me. It did seem to me utterly impossible to obey God, and yet I felt the consequences of disobedience. But 'thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' By the grace of God I was enabled to say: Yes, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou leadest me; only restore unto me thy favor. Then Jesus came and filled my soul with joy unutterable. I had such views of the sufferings of Jesus, and felt a fellowship with him I never did before. I have suffered much for his dear sake and I thank him he counts me worthy in so small a degree."

On one occasion when she was reading her Bible lesson on the call of Moses, she observed that his curiosity in turning aside to study the burning bush was the means of calling him to a great life work, and applying the lesson to herself she said that it was part curiosity that led her to our tent meetings, a sort of burning bush, and she saw an unusual manifestation in the faithful proclaiming, by the Lord's anointed servant, telling his despised yet victorious truth. "The Holy Spirit led us to 'turn aside and see' and we were led into the reception of one of the greatest blessings ever found in the service of God. The bush is not consumed. . . . How blessed it is to give up prejudice and self-will, and let God lead us."

I referred to her going to Conference. She was so Scriptural in her language many times. She said, "I go bound in the Spirit, not knowing what shall befall me there." She declared that God had shown her that to turn the heart against the truth was not consistent with entire consecration to his will. She was expecting to find, she said, a people with none too much joy, those who had a feeble spiritual life, shriv-

eled by the influence of overproportion of law! She was burdened that we might in some way get a spiritual baptism, and she found that Seventh Day Baptists were well acquainted with the gospel, as well as Methodists. Her heart was blessed under the fervent prayers and testimonies she heard at Conference. It was there in the silent watches of the night that she struggled with the truth she had heard at the tent meetings. With a restlessness she had seldom known, she pleaded with God to show her his will. She wished every one could realize how God talked with her then. In her mind she saw the tables of stone, and a still voice came, "What will you do with the commandments?" Even after somewhat of a decision she had days of darkness and something of the uncomfortableness of conviction for sin before regeneration. Later on but not long, the last chain was broken and she said: "My soul went free and found vent for its exultant joy." And again in Scriptural language she said: "The Egyptians, whom ye have seen today, ye shall see them no more forever." I am lost in wonder, love, and praise, in the unexpectedly abundant blessing God has given me in this little act of obedience."

A year after her conversion to the new-found truth, she sent a letter to "All the Dear Sabbath Keepers," through the SABBATH RECORDER. A few extracts will be of interest: "My heart so swells with blissful gratitude to those who were the means, in God's hands, of sending to me this precious, new joy. . . . I am learning the difficulties in the way of the work. It is such a thankless task, so far as the appreciation of the listeners is concerned, to tell people what they do not want to hear. And I do not wonder that those noble veterans, who have so long borne the burden and heat of the day, should have been overcome by such long-continued, wearying encounter with the stupid mass of humanity, and had fallen into a partial doze from their exhaustion; while we, poor benighted souls, were groping our darkened way along through the dense fogs of error."

From her letters to me and Brother Rogers at different times, and her published writings in the RECORDER, could most interesting extracts be made.

It was in her heart to leave what she could to some denominational board, and

on one occasion she asked me what might be most consistent. She was troubled with the tendencies of some to chase after the so-called "New Thought" and "Scientific investigations," etc.

I am indebted to Mrs. W. W. Ames, of DeRuyter, N. Y., and her friend, Mrs. Agnes Alexander, for some data. Mrs. Alexander was a niece of Miss Barber. Mrs. Ames was in close touch with her the last years of her life and testifies that she was so spiritual minded.

Agnes F. Barber, the youngest daughter of Benjamin and Agnes Barber, was born in Smyrna, N. Y., August 6, 1834, and died August 25, 1914. For over sixty years she lived at Norwich, N. Y. She had expressed a wish to live to be eighty years old. She often denied herself the comforts and even the necessities of life that she might give to the church. She always dressed very plainly and at one time was much impressed that she ought to be an example of the reform that should take place in dress, no matter what the world might say. She knew the Bible from cover to cover and could at any time give a message from its pages. Sister Barber was the writer of many verses and poems and religious paragraphs, which were published from time to time. After the death of her mother, in 1894, she contributed each succeeding year one dollar to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. This she called "Mother's Memorial Dollar." When a young woman she gave up voluntarily the man who cared for her and the home he offered her, because she thought it her duty to stay with her aged mother.

She was the last of her immediate family. Her brothers were James Sheldon Barber and Benjamin and George Barber. Two nieces were left: Mrs. George H. Alexander, and Mrs. A. B. Lowe, of Pittsburgh. Her grandfather was a Baptist minister. She was converted at a Methodist camp meeting and joined the Methodist Church when a girl. When the Norwich Seventh Day Baptist Church was organized, she was one of the constituent members and most faithful throughout its brief history. She would send reports of it to Conference or association when there were only two or three left.

Thus lived a godly woman whose light verily did shine and whose faith and works

evidenced her close walk with the Master. If I am rightly informed, her funeral service was conducted by Rev. L. A. Wing, of DeRuyter, N. Y. Burial at Norwich, N. Y.

Milton College

Professor A. R. Crandall has added to the equipment of the biology department a new balopticon of the latest type. The instrument is a combination of the features of a stereopticon and a reflectoscope, and by it the operator can project on the screen lantern slides, pictures and living specimens. Light is given by a 1200 watt nitrogen-filled incandescent lamp, which does away with the noise and delay caused by the carbons of the old-fashioned arc. Everybody will have a chance to see the new apparatus in operation at the alumni meeting January 20.

The Milton College Alumni Association will hold its mid-season meeting in the college auditorium Thursday evening, January 20, and will make it a grand rally around a grand old man, Professor Albert Whitford, M. A. He will present a paper on "Historical Milton from Du Lac Academy to the Charter of Milton College."

Following this, there will be a series of pictures of Milton places, people and scenes thrown on the screen by the new \$200 balopticon, with its 1200 watt noiseless and flickerless light, with explanatory lecture by the Rev. L. C. Randolph, L. L. D., of the class of '88. Doctor Stillman E. Bailey, of Chicago, writes that he has "some dandy slides" for the occasion.

Moreover, the college glee club will sing. There is nothing exclusive about this gathering. Everybody is invited. Townspeople, students, alumni, former students, friends and neighbors of the college, the Alumni Association doesn't want any of you to miss this evening of enjoyment. On account of this meeting the basketball game with St. John's will be called at 6.30 p. m. —*Journal-Telephone.*

"Consecration demands purity. We can not serve God and let temptation of any kind continue to master us. Hard work for Christ (a fruit of consecration) is of mighty assistance to one in conquering evil thoughts and wrong desires."

MISSIONS

Letter From Shanghai, China

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:

It is time for a RECORDER letter from me, and this time so many things have happened all in a bunch that there seems to be "something to write about" at least! But where shall one begin?

Since I wrote last, we have been making preparations to begin building the hospital. That is, we have had the building in which the evangelist lived torn down, the bricks cleaned and land cleared up, and are now having the ground raised two feet.

We are certainly grateful that the money asked for has all been raised and is in our hands. If any one has some more that seems a burden to keep, we can use it, I am sure. Because of the European war everything has gone up in price, some things like glass for example, being three times the old price, lumber very much higher, and iron the same. In a recent mail the letter came authorizing Dr. Crandall and myself to build, so we immediately went to work on the specifications, the plans having been drawn up long ago. When I came to Shanghai to our monthly meetings, I brought them with me, and now am staying on a few days to get in touch with three or four contractors and get their estimates, or bids for the work. The one we have had for many years has lately been very unsatisfactory and we have decided to change, if we can find one who has a reputation for good honest work. I am to meet two this morning. Meanwhile Dr. Crandall is doing my work while I am gone, in addition to her own. Our regular work will probably be interfered with a good deal, till this is finished. If it only contributes, in the end, to more and better work for the healing of body and soul, we shall be happy.

In October a letter came from some one, saying that Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Davis were to return to China about the middle of October. We knew no regular steamer was scheduled then, but an item appeared in our daily paper saying the old Pacific Mail S. S. *China* had been bought by a Chinese company and would make her first trip about that time. So we concluded

they had got passage on that, and day by day remembered to pray for their protection on the journey. Then we heard they were not to start till December, and gave up expecting them. Three weeks ago Dr. Crandall was in Shanghai to see about some boxes of medicines and other provisions which we were expecting from America, and so was here when our friends arrived. Miss Burdick immediately wrote me a note beginning, "Who do you suppose is sitting at our table this minute? You never can guess!" But before I had reached the end of the sentence I said, "They came on the *China* after all," and so it proved. I suppose some one has written about the excitement and joy their sudden arrival in Shanghai caused in our mission. We were so glad, too, for them, that they had been spared the later cold journey by a northern route, which would have been so hard for them all. It was Burdet Crofoot's birthday, and as he is very fond of the children he calls them his birthday present. Every one is fond of them, and the Chinese think them a great wonder, with their white skins and light hair.

I don't know whether any one has written of the trying experience Mrs. D. H. Davis has passed through recently. After a very severe attack of pain, lasting several days, she was operated on in the Red Cross Hospital, and her gall bladder removed, as it was completely filled with gall-stones. It was a severe operation for one of her age to endure, and we were filled with apprehensions for the outcome, but everything has progressed favorably and she is to leave the hospital tomorrow, though of course still not strong. We feel sure the many prayers offered for her have been heard.

Last Sunday night, just as we were gathering for our monthly meeting, without the slightest warning a heavy cannonading began at the arsenal near here, which continued spasmodically through the night. Of course the schoolgirls were very much frightened and excited, and as martial law was declared in this locality, and a new revolution seemed to be starting, those who had homes to go to, were sent away. We did not know that damage had been done, but several shells evidently passed over us into the foreign settlement, and one struck the house of a neighboring mission. The fire was between a gunboat and the ar-

senal. The next night came an attack on the West Gate police station with bombs and firearms, and several policemen were killed, also several of the attacking party. Since then no one has been allowed on the streets in this district after dark, soldiers and armed police being on guard in great numbers. On Tuesday night it fell to our mission and the Woman's Union Mission to entertain the Shanghai Missionary Conference. We were assured that permission had been obtained for our party to return through the lines afterward, but when we arrived at the first line of guards they seemed to know nothing of it. There was quite a party of us with the Chinese servants who had been helping serve the refreshments, with numerous baskets, trays and other paraphernalia, and we certainly did have a time convincing the police that we were all right! At last several armed police and soldiers escorted us to our different homes.

A few days later: Everything seems quiet now, but martial law is still in force at night. Although we ourselves do not favor the monarchy movement, we can not but hope that peace will prevail, as these disturbances always more or less disturb our work. The revolutionary element is so small and weak that it can hardly expect to accomplish anything, so it seems a pity to waste men's lives. War seems to be the fashion of the day, however, and most people want to follow the fashions! We long for the time when the Prince of Peace shall rule.

Yours in His cause,
ROSA PALMBORG.

Shanghai, China, Dec. 10, 1915.

The Preacher's Prayer

REV. EDWIN SHAW

There appeared on the cover of the *Homiletic Review* for December, 1915, a short poem called "The Preacher's Prayer" by Rev. W. F. Luckow, of Manchester, Iowa. I think that people as well as preachers,—and should not every disciple of Jesus be a preacher?—will be interested in this prayer, and helped, too, by making it their own. This is the first stanza:

Touch thou mine eyes, and bid the shadows flee
That often dim thy glory to my sight;
Speak to my soul and say: "Let there be light!"
That, seeing, I may help the blind to see.

Surely as preachers we need a clear vision of God and truth and duty, and well may we daily pray for light from heaven, from the Holy Spirit, from the word of God, and from his providence in nature and the affairs of men, that we may clearly see, and so give wise and safe direction. The next stanza:

Touch thou my torpid tongue with living fire,
That, like the burning bush, my words may stay
The aimless wand'ers in life's desert way,
And kindle in their hearts some high desire.

Even when there is clear vision the message must find its fullest expression in words; and who of us have not felt the "torpid tongue" hindering the heart's desire to inspire and enthuse others for noble Christian service? Well may we pray that our lips shall be touched with the living coal from the altar fires of heaven. This is the third stanza:

Sweep with thy hand the harpstrings of my soul,
And bid the music of thy gospel leap
Like mountain torrents, free, vehement, deep,
But always, always, under thy control.

What a beautiful thought! We are like the strings of a harp. Let the hand of God himself play the cords. Some of the strings are often out of tune, and they must be tested and stretched. But only so can the harmony of the gospel come from our lives and go out in strains of joy and cheer to the world. And notice the last line. The emphasis of the prayer is that all the enthusiasm and exultant power of the music of our lives shall be "always, always, under thy control." The fourth stanza:

And if but few will hear the message sweet,
Or, having heard, in heedlessness depart,
Forbid that I should hurl some flaming dart
From out thy word, to cover my defeat.

Most of us need to make this prayer. We have done our best. We have prayed in earnestness, and we have labored in patience, and we have given the messages, we know not how we could have done any more or better. And it falls to the ground, so it seems, and those we wish so much to reach and influence go heedlessly away. And then, we so often forget, and, clothing our thoughts in words of the Scripture, deceiving ourselves that thereby it ceases to be our message, we hurl some parting

shaft, "to cover our defeat." This is the last stanza:

But rather let me humbly keep in view
The Sinless One, who did not shrink to bear
The sins of thoughtless men; be mine his
prayer:
"Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The first time I read this prayer I cut it out and pasted it in the flyleaf of my Bible, and I have read and prayed it many times since then. It is copyrighted, otherwise it would have been used on the cover of the SABBATH RECORDER. By making this brief review and adding a few words of comment I am able to bring it to the readers of this magazine, and I am sure that it will be helpful to as many as make it really their own prayer.

Memorial Board

The regular quarterly meeting of the Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund was held January 9, 1916, at 10.15 a. m., in the parlors of the church. Present: Henry M. Maxson, William M. Stillman, Joseph A. Hubbard, Joseph D. Spicer, Orra S. Rogers, Frank J. Hubbard, Holly W. Maxson, Edwin E. Whitford, William C. Hubbard and Accountant Asa F. Randolph.

The minutes of the last quarterly and special meetings were read.

The report of the Finance Committee was read and ordered placed on file. The Treasurer's quarterly report was read and having been signed by the Auditors, was accepted, and ordered placed on file.

The income of the D. C. Burdick Fund of \$578.67 was, by vote of the Board, divided as follows: \$25 per month, from January 1, 1916, to July 1, 1916, to be sent to Rev. Ch. Th. Lucky, now in Holland; and the balance, \$428.67, to be equally divided between the Tract and Missionary Societies.

The income from the Henry W. Stillman Fund was, by vote, divided as follows: \$100 to the Tract Society, \$100 to the Missionary Society, and \$578.44 to Milton College.

The income from the George H. Babcock Fund was, by vote, divided as follows: \$200 to the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society for the use of Alfred Theological Seminary, and the balance, \$639.87, to Salem College.

A list of delinquents in interest was read. Fifty dollars each to the five following men studying for the ministry was voted from the Fund for Young Men Preparing for the Seventh Day Baptist Ministry: Paul E. Burdick, Ira S. Goff, William M. Simpson, Rev. Herbert L. Polan, and Peter Taekema, of Holland.

Minutes read and approved. Board adjourned.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Secretary.

Jan. 9, 1916.

MEMORIAL BOARD DISBURSEMENTS

Alfred University	\$4,237 77
Milton College	3,008 53
American Sabbath Tract Society	1,427 92
S. D. B. Missionary Society	485 30
Salem College, Salem, W. Va.	669 93

J. A. HUBBARD,
Treasurer.

January, 1916.

Helping the Armenian Refugees in Cairo

Rev. Stephen Trowbridge, of the World's Sunday School Association, now acting as secretary of the Armenian Relief Committee operating in Egypt, writes from Cairo:

"The relief work is now well organized and the \$6,200 sent from America is being used for a number of very useful purposes; for example, providing 1,200 loaves of sweetened bread for 1,200 school children between the ages of four and fourteen. We are building eight hot baths and providing 1,200 towels, and are seeking to engage a superintendent nurse for the hospital. We have also sent a shipment of ten sewing machines for the women to make up winter clothing. We have sent this week a wheat-crusher, which will be exceedingly useful in providing the food which the people are accustomed to. We are also building two hospital sheds, as there have recently been cases of dysentery, ophthalmia and typhoid. We are providing twenty-five tons of coal for the baths, and are holding a reserve fund for hospital equipment, supplies and so forth, as well as for industrial work. Most of the people are comb-makers by trade, and we are endeavoring to co-operate with the Armenian Committee in getting the industries started."

WOMAN'S WORK

The Winning Argument

I know which way my duty lies;
The course I shall pursue is clear;
You may believe that you are wise,
But do not pause to argue here;
If you should reason till your throat
Got raw you could not change my vote.

My mind's made up; 'tis useless now
To tell me what you think or know;
You waste your time explaining how
The other man would bring us woe;
I've thought it out; my course is plain;
I shall not change my mind again.

You may as well be on your way,
You merely waste your time with me;
You're not the man—what's that you say?
Just wait a moment—let me see—
A job for me if you get in?
Come on—come on! You've got to win.
—S. E. Kiser.

While the women of some of our States have been rejoicing over their success in securing the rights of citizenship, it has remained for the women of a small city, in a State where the right to vote is still denied them, to put over what has been characterized as "the most brilliant piece of political work American women have ever accomplished."

Some nine months ago there appeared in the papers, among other news items, the announcement that the mayor of Terre Haute, Ind., two judges and a sheriff of the same city, had been sentenced to the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan. This item of news was not so surprising in itself, and to many readers it no doubt meant that Terre Haute was doing what had been done by other cities striving after a municipal housecleaning, but the story of their conviction has just come out, and it is a story of how the women of Terre Haute, aroused by the misrule of evil men over their city, broke up the political ring, aroused the decent men from their dejection and created a new and clean civic spirit. The suffragists of other States may well study the methods employed by the women of Terre Haute.

The story of the fight begins back in 1913, when a delegation of women from the Indiana Federation of Women's Clubs attended the sessions of the state legisla-

ture in the interest of good government. Donn Roberts, the political boss of the city, requested a conference at the office of the lieutenant-governor with Mrs. Ella C. Stimson, the chairman of the delegation. She went to the office and met Mr. Roberts, who told her that he intended to be the next mayor of Terre Haute and asked for the support of the women of the city, promising that he would make the best mayor that the city had ever had, would keep the streets clean and give the city a business administration. When Mrs. Stimson asked him if he would enforce the laws he replied, "Not as you church women, but as the most of the citizens of Terre Haute think they should be enforced." She informed him that the women and most of the men wanted good schools, courts where justice would be administered, and the streets freed from gambling and "wicked women," and besides this they wanted general enforcement of law. His reply, "The vote does not show it," closed the conversation. Roberts was elected mayor, but by fraud, as was later proved, the women working hard against him. They secured evidence of illegal voting and the use of violence, but the entire administration stood back of the mayor, and the women were powerless to do anything. They organized and laid plans for the future. When another election time came, the mayor had announced himself candidate for governor. The women had learned by experience that it was not safe for men to watch the elections for illegal voting, because they were knocked out by thugs and gunmen under the direction of the ward bosses. Meanwhile the women had been doing social work in the very worst precincts of the city, and the residents had come to feel that these good women were their friends, and now these women volunteered to watch the election.

Mrs. Stimson and an assistant took the worst precinct in the city. Here they were able to get evidence that from a one-room saloon over sixty voters registered, and from another one-room saloon over one hundred men appeared to cast their votes. The head of the Y. W. C. A. volunteered to watch in one precinct. In another, where a man accompanied his wife, she saw them forcibly remove him, but she herself stayed and obtained the evidence that she was after. In one precinct where

a pastor of a Methodist church and a professor of a normal school thought that they might be able to watch, trouble arose and these two men were hurried away to jail. The women gathered enough evidence so that the following day they telegraphed for a federal judge from Indianapolis, with the result that these four men were sent to the penitentiary and several minor officials were sent to jail.

Some one has asked what this all means and the answer has come, "It demonstrates the latent power of good women; it is proof of the great reservoirs of unused influence which sometime will be employed for the common good." These women dared this hard work, exposed themselves to insult and violence. Why did they do it? Surely not because they enjoyed it, nor yet simply because they hated evil government, but rather because they desired for themselves, their families and their fellow-citizens the blessings that would come to them from living in a decent, clean city. All honor then to the women who endure hard things that good may result. In this day, when there are so many indications of the greed and selfishness of men and women, this little story has a refreshing influence upon one, and will, no doubt, inspire others who but for the success of these women might have given up the fight for goodness and decency.

Worker's Exchange

Nile, N. Y.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Nile has not been idle, even though nothing has appeared in the RECORDER from them for a long time. The society meets the third Thursday in each month in the church parlors. Quilting and tying comfortables has been the work for the past months. Dinners are served by divisions. At each meeting a program is given which is arranged by the Program Committee. The average attendance at our meetings is 15.

Two of our members have died during the past year. Money has been sent to the Woman's Board. Flowers have been purchased for sorrowing friends, provision was bought for a needy family, some repair work has been done at the parsonage, and the society helped to pay the debt of the church. Ten dollars was also given, as a

Christmas gift from the Ladies' Society, to the general fund of the church.

A bazaar was held in the church parlors on the evening of December 7. Prettily decorated booths were arranged where one could buy ice cream, candy, nuts, aprons, fancy work, lunch, or baked goods. A program consisting of music, a monologue and a missionary play, setting forth the need of the people across the sea for the Christ, was given. The society cleared \$58.68 at the bazaar. It was well attended and the ladies felt repaid for their work in arranging it.

We feel that we have had a successful year's work and we hope that we may be able to do more for the Master in 1916 than we have done in the past.

Nile, N. Y.,
Jan. 9, 1916.

SECRETARY.

The War and Some Old Ideas

The war is destroying many long-cherished shibboleths. A distinguished officer in the field said in my hearing a few evenings ago in a smoke-room "somewhere in Northern France," that the experiences gained in previous campaigns went for little, as in this war old ideas were thrown over. That is certainly true. The most decisive battle fought by our men was won by the boldness of Sir John French, in breaking almost every war rule. Mr. Irwin has told the story with the touch of a great artist, and it will live in English literature. The end of the war will be the beginning of an era of new problems. For instance, in an Indian camp some days ago, I watched the shaving operations. It was very amusing to see the men from the Punjab going to *le barbe*. They sought experts such as Mr. Tommy Atkins had, at the entrance of the camp on the race course. They were very particular about their shaving. If a soldier can not operate upon himself, he finds the comrade who can undertake the duty. There are no difficulties with the Englishman, but in the Indian camp there is the supreme question of caste. Many men break their caste by crossing the sea, but the shaving operation is fatal to the old idea. Here in the camp are men acting as barbers who, six months ago, would have disdained to touch, even with a stick, the men they now shave regu-

larly. High-caste men who were accustomed to the use of a razor have caught the new spirit that makes one the helper of another for the common weal. They have entered into the fun of the thing, and go on shaving until their arms are tired.

CASTE FORGOTTEN

Parsees and Mohammedans are cooking their food side by side as if they had been friends all their lives. Their little round cookers, with the charcoal fires and thin iron plates on which they bake something like an English pancake, are wonderfully interesting. With the little group of Englishmen I stood in the cooking area. Our Indian soldiers are very proud of their English. They love to ask questions in our language. They wanted to know the news. What of the blockade? Had I seen any German submarines? Had many submarines been sunk? Was recruiting successful in London? The questions were endless, but the important thing about it all was that six months ago, in India, these very men would have thrown their food away as surely as if it had been diseased meat if but the shadow of the Christian had fallen across the plate or cooker. At a sing-song in an old theater of varieties, now converted into a Y. M. C. A. establishment, a high-caste Hindoo is serving behind the counter. Mr. Benjamin is busy all the afternoon serving tea and coffee and selling stamps. In the hall, among the soldiers, a group of Indians were quite at home. They joined in the hymns sung at the close and seemed to enjoy the singing. The army authorities rightly insist that there shall be no proselytizing. It is not permissible for an English chaplain to go to the Indian camp to give evangelistic addresses. If a man inquires concerning the Christian religion, you must tell him to ask the missionary when he gets home, or give him the name of a book to read; but anybody can join in a sing-song, and perchance the words of the closing hymn may have a message. What is to be the effect of all this when the war is over? Can the Indians go back to their old ideas and customs? They are now in khaki; will they change their dress and forget their life in Northern France? It is not so very long since an English prime minister spoke of an Indian member of parliament as "a black man." There are no "niggers" in

the army, and nobody speaks of an Indian soldier as "a black man." Tommy, to his credit, is too much of a gentleman to use such silly, insulting slang of his comrades. The Gurkhas and the troops from the Punjab are fine soldiers, as shown by their good behavior in camp and splendid stand in conflict. Men who have been their comrades can not treat them in the old way. They have demonstrated their right to recognition and must reap their just reward. The close of the war will open a new era for India. The men who were good enough to fight for us and with us can no longer be treated as an inferior race. India's sacrifice in the fields of France will have its reward in a new government of that vast empire.

CLASSES MERGE

What of our English class, the mild equivalent of Hindoo caste? Everybody knows that the 'varsity man and the docker are side by side. The sons of ancient families and the others who are not sure who were their parents—they are all showing that worth is not determined by ancestry. The son of a laborer won a V. C. and a well-known member of parliament, Mr. Edgar Jones, is working like a Trojan in the old banana stall in Rouen, not only keeping the accounts, but carrying boxes of coffee and biscuits for the comfort of the men who spend their evenings in the clubs and Y. M. C. A. sheds. Members of parliament are more or less useful, but I venture to think the member for Merthyr Tydfil is more profitably employed in helping to keep our soldiers fit and clean than most of his colleagues who are private members. Anybody who can do anything is welcome where there are things to be done. It is a delight to find men of all classes—bankers, parsons and all sorts literally slaving for the welfare of the army. But what when the war is over? These men can never think of each other or the classes they represent as they used to do before the declaration of war came to this fair land of France. Must not the result be a reconstruction of the standard of values in the matter of manhood? The young aristocrats have proved their worth. They are not the degenerates so graphically described by some of our labor leaders, and the trade unionists in the army have shown their capacity for sacrifice for the great state.

THE DEVIL'S GAME

I have seen enough to realize that war is the devil's game. It is the pitch that defiles the soul of those who stir it up. I have seen its multitudes of maimed victims until the heart bleeds with sympathy, and the imprecatory psalms spring to the lips as the only language adequate to express one's feelings concerning the war lords. But there are other things which fill the heart with an infinite gladness. Surely out of evil the Eternal Mercy brings good. Over a sloppy trench, in which the feet of our soldiers were frozen in slime reddened by human blood, a lark soared high and trilled its song of hope. The rifles rattled and hell's rain of death descended, but the bird sang on. The carnage can not be forgotten by those who have heard it described by men with white faces and drawn lips in hospital wards, but the song of the lark is the note of the future, and when this war is over many old ideas, if not buried, will certainly be dead.—J. C. Carlile, in the *Christian World*.

Rev. L. E. Livermore Gone Home

The following telegram reached us just before going to press Sunday morning: "Kissimee, Fla.—Editor SABBATH RECORDER, Plainfield, N. J.—Rev. L. E. Livermore crossed the strand at nine fifteen a. m. Sabbath Day. Funeral Sunday, two thirty p. m. at his southern home. Please publish in RECORDER memorial sent later. "MRS. ELLEN C. WILLIAMS LIVERMORE."

I have a faith that life and death are one,
That each depends upon the self-same thread,
And that the seen and unseen rivers run
To one calm sea, from one clear fountainhead.
I have a faith that man's most potent mind
May cross the willow-shaded stream, nor sink;
I have a faith, when he has left behind
The earthly vesture on the river's brink,
When all his little fears are torn away,
His soul may beat a pathway through the tide,
And, disencumbered of its inward clay,
Emerge, immortal, on the summer side.
—Louis Frechette.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.—Ps. 1: 1.

In a certain town, a base of operations for the cavalry, the writer sought out the chaplains and found with great delight four persons in uniform, representing the Anglican, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Wesleyan churches, living in common rooms and sleeping in two beds. They shared not only their meals and their tobacco, but their Sunday services. Think of the miracle of grace that enables an ordained clergyman who really believes in apostolic succession and a sturdy Baptist, a pioneer of revolt, to divide between them a parade service, taking alternately the prayers and the address! What would be said by some of the authorities at home who have more time and more inclination for theological controversy! In the war zone the parsons are all alike. They wear the same kind of uniform; really they are engaged in the same work. The differences are so small that the uninitiated would have great trouble in distinguishing the Presbyterian from the Baptist, or the Wesleyan from the Anglican. Denominationalism has no place in the war area. When a man goes into the hospital ward he can not spend his time in sorting out Anglicans from Wesleyans. The claim upon his attention is not determined by a man's denomination, but by his need. Of course the chaplains, whatever their sect, minister to all who claim their help. In several base towns the chaplains meet together for prayer and to arrange their work for the week. There is really a united church council. There is no thought of one stealing from the other, no question of a Kikuyu controversy, and all the old prejudice at home could not get up sufficient feeling to make anything so futile and useless at the present moment. But what of the future? Can the Baptist go back to the old use of foolish adjectives to describe his Anglo-Catholic brother? Will it be possible for the Anglican ever again to speak of the Baptist in the old insulting way? They have shared a bed and united in the same prayers, and found unity in the vital things. Such experience must count in the days to come. The principal chaplain in the field, Brigadier-General Sims, a fine man of true catholic spirit and unswerving discipline, remarked to me that chaplains could only do the things that needed doing, and had no time for the fine distinctions that might be drawn in days of peace.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

"Tenth Legion Moving Forward"

CARROLL B. WEST

The Tenth Legion enrolment cards have been sent to all those who signed that pledge at Conference and to many others. If any to whom they were sent had already other enrolment cards, they should kindly return these to the superintendent so that there will be no duplicates. Some other person can be recorded on that number and thus save extra expense; so please send back all extra Tenth Legion cards if you have any. If, on the other hand, you are already a member of the Tenth Legion and have a card, and your name has not been sent in to the board, or handed in at Conference, please send it in at once, and let us know the number of your enrolment. The Tenth Legion superintendent is anxious to find out exactly how many members there are in the denomination.

Names of new members of the Tenth Legion are sent in from time to time. Seven names just arrived from Boulder, Colo., with a note that more are expected soon. There are just six months in which to finish up the five hundred names. We already have about two hundred and fifty, but there will be no enthusiastic Conference meeting to secure these names, as there was to secure the majority of the first half. They must be obtained by personal work, and by five-minute talks on the Tenth Legion at the Christian Endeavor prayer meetings. Great emphasis should be laid on the Tenth Legion during Christian Endeavor Week, so that there will be many decisions along that line on the closing day, Decision Day. We ought to get the majority of the remaining two hundred and fifty names as a result of Christian Endeavor Week. Pastors and Christian Endeavor officers, please send in the names of tithers promptly, so that the enrolment cards can be sent to them while the decision is still fresh in their memory.

Names are continuing to come in. We recently received a list of nine from the

Riverside society, which have already been enrolled. The list is gradually growing, but we are hoping that by the time the reports from Christian Endeavor Week are in, in February, we shall be nearing the five hundred mark. Let us work hard for this movement. It sounds a little worldly, but more tithes mean more evangelism, and money in this sense is equal to prayer and Bible study as a spiritual necessity. The sacrifice of money to bring about the realization of Christ's ideals of peace, happiness, health and love is as pious an act as offering a prayer for these same ideals. We should keep throughout the year the real Christmas spirit, the Christ spirit of giving to those who can not "pay back."

Following are the names of the Riverside "Tenth Legioners" and others whose decision of sacrifice is noteworthy.

Boulder, Colo.: Hazel Andrews, Mildred Andrews, Lois Bonwell, Mildred Bonwell, Mrs. E. M. Irish, A. L. Davis, Mrs. A. L. Davis.

Riverside, Cal.: Alberta Severance, R. C. Brewer, Mrs. C. H. West, Mary Brown, Veola Brown, Nancy Brown, Ralph Coon, Mary Moore, Arthur Furrow.

Lewiston, Idaho: Chloe S. Clarke.

Milton Junction, Wis.: Marie Clarke, Wayland Coon, Marion Coon, G. E. Coon, Mrs. G. E. Coon, Beulah Greentman, Mrs. Rosalea Hughes, Amanda Johnson, Corinne Crandall, Lyle Crandall, Theodore B. Davis, Roderic Davis, Minnie Godfrey, Hildred Hughes, Raymond Johnson.

North Loup, Neb.: Edna Clement, Herbert L. Johnson, Cora E. Hemphill, Mrs. G. L. Hutchins.

Topeka, Kan.: G. M. Cottrell.

Rockville, R. I.: I. L. Cottrell.

Berlin, Wis.: Mabel Cockerill.

Battle Creek, Mich.: D. B. Coon, Mrs. D. B. Coon, Tacy Coon, Beulah Coon, Gladys E. Coon, Merle Davis, Serena Davis.

Milton, Wis.: R. C. Coon, Ada Crandall, A. R. Crandall, Anna W. Crandall, Dessie Davis, Verna Foster, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Inglis, J. A. Inglis, Ruth Inglis, Agnes Crosby, Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Davis, Hazel Davis, Clarence A. Davis, Odessa Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Hurléy.

Walworth, Wis.: Claude Coon.

Shanghai, China: Mrs. H. Eugene Davis.

Verona, N. Y.: G. Howard Davis.
Shiloh, N. J.: Mary H. Davis, J. B. Hoffman.

Salem, W. Va.: Laura Ford, Courtland V. Davis.

Alfred Station, N. Y.: Ira S. Goff.

Portville, N. Y.: Esther Hamilton.

Alfred, N. Y.: Elmer L. Hunting,

Boothe C. Davis, Gertrude Ford.

Welton, Ia.: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hurley.

Garwin, Ia.: Loyal F. Hurley.

Bridgeton, N. J.: Jesse Hutchins

Leonardsville, N. Y.: Ethlyn Davis.

Chicago, Ill.: Mrs. W. M. Davis.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.: F. S. Fox

Independence, N. Y.: Mr. and Mrs.

W. L. Greene.

Fort Wayne, Ind.: Mrs. Walton H. Ingham,

F. Marian Ingham, Maurice Ingham,

Meribah Ingham.

Belleville, Wis.: Marguerite Ingham.

New Auburn, Wis.: P. S. Coon.

The Tenth Legion Enrolment Card

A neatly engraved membership card, bearing the following certificate of membership, and embodying the principle of the movement, is sent to each member of the Tenth Legion.

NO. _____

**CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP
IN THE TENTH LEGION**

of
The United Society of Christian Endeavor, composed of Christians whose Loyalty to Christ their Commander, and spirit of Self-sacrifice for the spread of his kingdom are expressed by the dedication of One-tenth or more of their income to his use.

"UNTO GOD THE THINGS THAT ARE GOD'S"

Founded by the
New York City Christian Endeavor Union

A Letter to Tenth Legioners

DEAR TENTH LEGIONER:

Your name has been sent to the United Society of Christian Endeavor as a tither and you have been officially enrolled in the Tenth Legion. Your number appears on the enclosed card. Will you please place the enrolment card in a conspicuous place to remind you of your pledge.

The Tenth Legion Movement is being advanced in our denomination by the Young People's Board, and is one of the most progressive steps the Seventh Day Baptists have ever taken. If we could

get every Seventh Day Baptist to tithe, it would take very little effort indeed, not only to raise sufficient money for all our local and denominational purposes, but we would have funds to carry on new work, start new missions, and go forward as we should be doing now instead of standing still. It is certainly fitting that a part of the new Forward Movement should be the Tenth Legion Movement. If every church member were tithing, it would require an average daily wage of about forty cents to carry on all our church work, local or denominational. If, therefore, the Young People's Board can get at least the young people to tithe whatever money they receive, the financial success of the future Seventh Day Baptist Church would be insured, and each young person, at the same time, would acquire the helpful habit of keeping systematic account of all receipts and expenses.

We would be glad if you would send us any facts, interesting items, or questions regarding your experience as a tither. Write to the Young People's Board at any time. Articles concerning the Tenth Legion will appear occasionally in the SABBATH RECORDER.

The Young People's Board thank you for your enrolment and hope and trust that God will make your tithes and your life powerful in bringing his kingdom on earth.

Yours in the Master's service,
CARROLL B. WEST,
Tenth Legion Superintendent.
Milton Junction, Wis.

The Peace Union

Among the items of the budget of work laid out for the young people of the denomination at Conference was 1,000 new members of the Peace Union. This was later increased to 1,240 by the Young People's Board and apportioned among the associations as follows:

Northwestern	600
Central	70
Western	200
Southwestern	50
Eastern	180
Southeastern	120
Pacific Coast	20

To become a member of the Peace Union it is necessary to sign the following pledge: "As a follower of the Prince of Peace, I

will seek to promote good will among men and peace on earth; I will work as I have opportunity toward the abolition of war, and will endeavor to cement the fellowship of people of all nations and denominations throughout the world."

A fee of two cents should be collected from each signer and sent with the names and addresses of the signers to the superintendent of the Peace Union. Pledge cards will then be sent to each signer to be used as a reminder of the obligation undertaken.

COURTLAND V. DAVIS,
Denom. Supt. of Peace Union.
Salem, W. Va.

Taking Part in the Efficiency Campaign

The following extract from a letter to Miss Carrie E. Nelson, Milton, Wis., who is superintendent of the Efficiency campaign, contains good news regarding the activity of the Boulder (Colo.) Christian Endeavor Society in the Efficiency campaign movement. The excerpt reads: "We have already taken up some of the Efficiency campaign. Many of the things outlined we can not undertake. We now have a Bible study class of eight high school boys and girls doing regular work; a group of seven in the Tenth Legion, and thirteen have joined the Quiet Hour."

A Letter to the Comrades of the Quiet Hour

DEAR COMRADE OF THE QUIET HOUR:

I am sending you a Quiet Hour Pledge for you to sign and keep. Place it in a conspicuous place that it may remind you of your pledge and help you to be loyal to it. If you are keeping it faithfully, I am sure you are finding it a source of great strength and joy.

Often my thoughts turn to the comrades, not only those in our own denomination, but to all those Christians, by whatever name they are called, who are spending fifteen minutes or more every day in getting better acquainted with themselves and with their God. I like to remember when I carry certain petitions to my heavenly Father, that many of you are praying for the same thing; for I have faith and I know that God will answer our united prayers,

and I believe that the result for us as individual Christians must be enriched lives, and ennobled characters. Why do you not ask your friend to join with you in praying for certain definite objects in which, both of you are interested? Is the keeping of the Quiet Hour making you a more earnest and a happier Christian? If so, why not tell your fellow Christian about it and tell him to think about becoming a Comrade also?

Do you feel the need of some guide to your daily reading and meditation? If you wish some suggestions along this line, I shall gladly refer you to some books which I have found helpful. It is the pleasure of your superintendent to serve you. Let her know if she can help you.

Yours in the Master's service,
EMMA ROGERS,
Quiet Hour Superintendent.
Grand Rapids, Wis.

Annual Report of the Christian Endeavor Society at Nile, N. Y.

The regular weekly meetings of the Christian Endeavor society have been held every week except during the evangelistic campaign at Friendship, October 6 to November 3.

Last winter the Christian Endeavor society held a series of evangelistic meetings here in the church for four weeks, conducting four sessions a week. The largest attendance was forty-five. Each meeting was faithfully attended by our members of the Christian Endeavor.

The warm testimonies given in each meeting, after the sermon by our pastor, William M. Simpson, showed great spiritual power and uplift. Though there were no conversions during these meetings, they were marked by an evident desire for larger Christian service and new consecration by all who attended them; and one young man, who is now a member of the church and Christian Endeavor society, gave his first testimony then.

As was voted at the church meeting last January, the Christian Endeavor society began having special programs quarterly instead of bi-monthly, but for several reasons they were discontinued. At each of these meetings a program was given, followed by a social.

we do not wish to be long without some in our society.

Our treasurer's report for the year is as follows:

RECEIPTS FOR 1915	
Balance on hand from 1914	\$ 9 63
On pledge for Young People's Board	3 50
Ice cream social, July 3	3 50
Mrs. Fred Whitford's recital, July 24	3 00
Collections:	
July 17	\$.70
December 11	.90
December 18	.70
Speaking contest	2 30
On pledge for Fouke School, Dec. 25	4 00
	<hr/> \$27 43
EXPENDITURES, 1915	
Feb. 14, Cloth to cover screens	\$ 3 20
March 6, "Christian Endeavor World"	1 50
March 15, Singing books	3 00
June 12, Young People's Board	3 50
June 26, Mr. Place, expenses from Alfred	2 20
Sept. 7, Professor Titworth	5 00
Dec. 25, Fouke School	5 00
	<hr/> \$23 40
Balance in treasury, January 1, 1916	4 03
	<hr/> \$27 43

MABEL JORDAN, Treasurer.

The best thing the Christian Endeavor society has done for its members this last year is that it has plainly shown us that we all have a part in the work of the church, which should not be shirked. It has also taught us to honor the church and pastor; and as a school for training for usefulness in the kingdom, the society has been a source of great help.

HANNAH E. PERKINS,
Secretary.

Christian Endeavor at Alfred, N. Y.

EDITOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK:

I am sending you a copy of the graduation exercises of our Efficiency class. We now have twenty-five Christian Endeavor Experts—about one half of our active members.

PROGRAM

Friday Evening, December 17, 1915
Voluntary, Stillman's orchestra
"Onward, Christian Soldiers"
Prayer, Pres. Boothe C. Davis
Two Hymns, Congregation
Remarks, Leader of Efficiency Class
Ladies' Trio
Address, "Using Your Rod."
Harold A. Waite, C. E. Field Secretary
for Empire State

Last summer the Christian Endeavor society gave an entertainment course, consisting of a "Sacred Song Recital," by Mrs. Fred Whitford, of Depew, N. Y.; a lecture, "The Value of a Man," by Professor Paul Titworth, of Alfred, N. Y.; a "Talk about Birds," by Professor F. S. Place, of Alfred, N. Y.; and a speaking contest by our girls.

We did not hold our Christian Endeavor prayer meetings during the union evangelistic campaign in Friendship, as our church joined in this campaign. I am sure we were all blessed for having done so, as we gained a greater interest for our Christian Endeavor society, and many good and helpful inspirations, as well as new members. Yet I do not think this interest was entirely built up during the campaign, for ever since September there had been an increase in the attendance. At the last prayer meeting before the campaign opened, there were twenty-two present.

Our society appointed a committee to make out a program for the coming year's work in order to promote the Forward Movement. Resolved that, for our good, we plan for this year as follows:

- 3 Converts
- 5 New Endeavorers
- 2 Church members
- 2 New dollars for missions
- 10 Comrades of the Quiet Hour
- 1 Tenth Legioner
- 5 Christian Endeavor Experts
- 1 Life Work Recruit

Since this is our aim for this coming year, may we be successful and seek continually the glory of Christ.

At the beginning of the year we had eighteen active members enrolled. Now we have twenty, all converts except two. But these went forward during the evangelistic services at Friendship. We also have a few Juniors who are quite regular in attendance at our Christian Endeavor prayer meetings, and who seem to be just growing out of the Junior Endeavor society into ours. These Juniors, as well as our new members, appear to have a decided interest in our society and are willing to work.

We have in our society six Comrades of the Quiet Hour, one member of the Tenth Legion, and one Life Work Recruit, but no Christian Endeavor Experts. Yet you have seen from our plan for the Forward Movement, which we have adopted, that

Presentation of Diplomas.
Solo, "The Ninety and Nine," Miss Sullivan
C. E. Benediction
Postlude, Stillman's orchestra

All Christian Endeavorers attended in a body and marched in during the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." A list of the members of the class follows. The work has covered about one year.

Alfred, N. Y.: William L. Burdick, D. D., Edith M. Burdick, Doris Babcock, Pauline Babcock, Marjorie Beebe, Maralyn G. Davis, Elizabeth Davis, Jessica B. Davis, Winifred Greene, Earl Palmer, Fucia Fitz Randolph, Florence Fitz Randolph, Lowell Fitz Randolph, Mary Irish, Edward E. Saunders, Inez Williams, Mildred C. Whitney, Ruth Stillman, Mildred Stillman, Ruth Phillips, Norman J. Whitney.
Ashaway, R. I.: Dorothy Wells.
Plainfield, N. J.: Elmer Hunting.
Milton, Wis.: Margaret LaMonte.
Connellsville, Pa.: Edna Burdick Saunders.

It may be of interest to other societies to know how we celebrated Christmas as a society.

First of all we made our pastor a present of an extension phone for his study. Second, that we might feel the community spirit, we invited every family in the village to place a lighted candle in the front window of their home on Christmas Eve "to light the Christ Child in." Our "Candle Christmas" was very effective and successful. And last, but not least, a Christian Endeavor chorus sang Christmas carols at the homes of over twenty shut-ins on Christmas Eve.

My excuse for this letter is that we should be glad to hear more of the definite things other societies are doing, and this may help us to become better acquainted.

Sincerely,

NORMAN J. WHITNEY.

Alfred, N. Y.,
Jan. 12, 1916.

My Decision

How many of these decisions will you make to please your Savior, strengthen yourself, and bless the world?

If you have already made any of these, signify that fact by a cross in its section.

To those that you have not made before and wish to make now, you will sign your name, prayerfully and heartily.

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength,

1. I decide to consecrate at least one tenth of my income to Christian work.

2. I decide to make it the rule of my life to spend at least fifteen minutes each day, in the early morning if possible, in prayer, meditation, and reading the Bible.

3. I decide to attend the regular church prayer meeting each week unless prevented by some other duty.

4. I decide to abstain from the use of alcoholic liquor and tobacco, and from eating or doing anything that will injure my health. Moreover, I will fight the liquor and tobacco interests, and all forces which weaken physical power.

5. I decide to accept Christ as my Savior, and to be baptized and join the church.

6. I decide to seek and use every opportunity to try to lead others to Christ, and to influence my friends to be more active in his service.

7. I decide that I will live my life for others rather than myself, and that I will not drift into my lifework, but do all in my power by prayer and meditation to find out the work in which I can be of greatest service to the world, and having found this, I will follow it wherever it takes me, cost what it may.

8. I decide to consecrate my life to missionary work, the ministry, Christian Association work, or some other form of definite Christian service.

Upon all these decisions I humbly ask God's blessing, and pray for his help that I may keep them.

[NOTE.—The secretary of the society should show the cards that are signed to the pastor, give the names of those who signed No. 4 to the Temperance Committee, No. 6 to the Lookout Committee, and send the names and addresses of those who made decision No. 1, No. 2, and No. 8 to the Young People's Board. This includes the decisions that are marked with an X as well as those to which names are signed. These cards can be secured from C. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis., in any quantity, at the rate of two for a cent—in other words, one-half cent apiece.—CARROLL WEST.]

"The coat doesn't make the man, but a good enough coat is a mighty valuable contribution to feeling like a man."

Our Preachable Bible

A brother preacher asked me the other day how was it possible for him to preach expository sermons in the face of all the havoc that modern criticism had wrought with our Bible. With genuine sadness he added: "The book is rapidly becoming unpreachable. It seems to me that the heavens are falling." He reminded me of an incident in the life of my grandfather in the year 1833. He was awakened from his sleep by a great cry of terror which rolled through the streets like that wail of woe that roused all Egypt when the angel of death passed over the land. He found the heavens ablaze with falling meteors and the people alarmed fearing that the great and terrible day of the Lord had come. He, however, was an amateur astronomer, and began at once to search for the familiar planets, and readily found Jupiter, Saturn and Mars holding on their majestic way. He also found several of the fixed stars—Arcturus, Sirius and others—just as they had been from the dawn of time. Then he knew that the terror of his neighbors was needless: for the so-called falling stars were a part of the orderly phenomena of the astronomical universe. The next morning the sun rose as usual and the heavens are still standing.

The alarm of my friend and many others who fear for their Bible is as needless as was that of my grandfather's neighbors. *What they need is to get the fundamental and essential facts in relation to their Bible settled unquestionably in their minds. Then they can view undismayed any multitude of secondary facts that are passing like falling meteors before their eyes.* I can name but two of these immutable facts. First, God has made his revelation of eternal truth in the Bible; and, second, that revelation was necessarily progressive and in terms of thought-life not our own.

THE WORD OF GOD

That the Bible is the Word of God is witnessed by facts so abundant and weighty as to make it stand in a willing mind a conviction weighed, warranted, unquestioned and final.

Notice the uniqueness and vastness of the great truths it contains: such as its sublime conception of God—the one and only God, the Creator God, the infinite God, the holy God—God our Father. This is

the sublimest idea that ever entered the mind of man and the one that has been the most potent in the liberation and exaltation of the human race. It originated historically in Israel. Every effort to explain its origin by natural and historical reasons has utterly collapsed. Higher criticism itself stoutly maintains this contention. Every higher critic I have examined affirms that the personal influence of God in producing this result is its most natural and scientific explanation.

Corresponding with this truth concerning God is that concerning man "made in his image." Whatever we may call the Bible story—myth, allegory, poem or history—it gives us a vision of man so colossal in conception, so profound in its insight, so free from all national narrowness, so satisfying in its interpretations of universal experience, so consonant with the heart's loftiest aspiration through all subsequent ages, as to force the conviction that it is something more than the product of human genius—it is of God.

Space forbids our specifying other truths, but we may add that every moral and spiritual truth ever given to the world, whether spoken before or after the Scriptures were written, is found within this book, and there finds its clearest and noblest illustration.

Notice the lofty ethical ideal of the Bible. Though necessarily progressive in its historical unfolding, it is always present, until at last it gets its perfect utterance in Jesus. It begins with a picture of a man innocent in Eden, whose hope lay in perfect obedience. It closes with man in Paradise, washed in the blood of the sinless One. Through all its history holiness is its ideal. In none of its biographies is vice glorified as it is in other ancient literatures, and in them all character is the imperial thing. No evolution is stable which neglects the moral factor either in the individual or the nation.

Still another thing about our Bible is its singular vitality. It lives and makes alive; and that in spite of every effort which human ingenuity could devise to destroy it. Every man who receives it finds, as did Timothy, that it is able to make him wise unto salvation. Nations that accept it are the foremost among the peoples of the earth.

A convincing feature of the divinity of

our Bible is the universality that characterizes it. Most profound books are difficult to render into the speech of any except analogous and contiguous peoples. But the Bible is readily translatable into all the dialects of the world. What does that mean but that the truth it contains is the natural food of the entire world? Explain if you can how it comes to pass that the most intensely exclusive people of the earth have produced the most catholic thought of the world.

One thing more which alone would satisfy us is that the portion of our Bible that Jesus had, received his indorsement. He sustained his own soul upon it in the crises of his life. He appealed to it for its testimony of himself and gave it to us as the sovereign Word of God.

THE STARS FALL, BUT NOT THE HEAVENS.

The second fact I have named relates to the form rather than the substance of the divine revelation. Here we are within the sphere of "the falling stars"; but discover no occasion of alarm. The law of the heavens is as really present in every passing meteor as in the orbits of the planets. We have but to notice two familiar facts and their relation to the truth revealed. *First, the Word of God was unfolded within the historic development of Israel through whom we have received the book. It was, therefore, gradual and progressive. It requires something more than speech to make a truth clear.* Much depends on the quality of the mind and the state of the heart to which the words are addressed. The ear of an unloving heart can not hear "the things which God hath prepared for them who love him." As Walker has so fully illustrated in his Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, God had to prepare the mind of man to receive the truth before the Word could enshrine it. Hence the necessity of long and patient tutelage through symbols, outstanding personalities, suggestive facts of history, institutions and laws. There are many grades of preparatory classes through which one must pass before he is ready for the university.

Furthermore the truth was recorded in terms of the thought-life of a time which subsequent ages will outgrow. The science of the ancient world, with its three elements, its flat earth and its solid firmament, was wrong. The old-time historic meth-

ods of picturesque annals often, contradictory, and traditions preserved in memory and colored with glowing imagery, were not such as to warrant the strictest accuracy. In spite of the lofty ethical spirit that pervades the Scriptures, the moral conduct of some of its representative men is shocking to Christian sensibilities and the legalism of the Old Testament Church is immeasurably below the Sermon on the Mount. The idea of nature as disturbed by miraculous interventions is altogether unlike ours, which views it as under the control of universal and beneficent law. The modern social hope which expects the final glory through "the triumph of our spiritual ideals by the progressive mastering of the conditions of life" contrasts with the ancient expectation of the Kingdom by the entrance of a power from without.

I have quoted these oft-repeated antitheses because here is where my friend thought he saw the heavens falling. But what he needs is to view these facts in their relation to the whole Biblical record. A true synthesis will relieve his fears and restore his confidence.

A theological professor in a recent inaugural address is reported to have said that "when we pass from our modern life into the Bible we pass from our own soul into a foreign country." He probably qualified that statement. For notwithstanding the material and thought-life of our time and that of the Bible are as wide asunder as the Orient and the Occident and separated by the billows of from two thousand to three thousand years, nevertheless there is no place where the soul is so sure to find itself as in the Bible; and to find there its deepest depths, its profoundest needs and its satisfying portion. The very remoteness of our Bible in which the thought of God is framed makes it easier for us to get the spiritual and moral realities which are there pictured. The things that are nearest to us are the most difficult for us to understand. We read the events of a century or more ago far more accurately than we read contemporary events. We see better in the dark than at noon-day. It is then we see mentally. To get a good view of some pictures we need to step back.

THE FASCINATION OF EXPOSITORY STUDIES

Herein lies the fascination of expository studies. It is due not merely to the intense

interest of the times and people with which they are concerned, but to the supernal and timeless element that fills them as the glow of genius fills the figures on the canvass of a master painter. Our study is not like turning over a mass of antique rubbish in search of a few rare treasures, but rather like seeking the true angle from which to view the masterpiece. When we get that, we have another picture than that the eye of flesh sees, an inward picture of the soul's realities through all time. And so our Bible fits into our age as no other ancient literature. Who can read the splendid imagery of Job and the prophets and not wonder whether they had not some glimpse of the science of an age remote from their own? Contrast the sanity of the creation story with the absurdities of the Babylonian traditions which it was supposed to have borrowed. Contrast the luminous insight of the Eden idyll with the exaggerations of the Grecian myths. Contrast the Exodus with the voyage of the Argonauts. Contrast the patriarchs of Genesis with the heroes of the Iliad and the Odyssey. The Bible histories sweep through our being with the charm of a song. Its traditions are laden with meanings that fit all conditions. Its poetry sounds the deepest depths and ascends the loftiest heights of every man's personal experience. Hence its everlasting freshness. Other songs have their day and pass away. The psalms live on forever.

THE PREACHER FOR THE TIMES

Because of the eternal element that fills the Bible he who unfolds its truth preaches closer to the times than he who gathers his theme from the passing hour. The expository preacher is in the truest sense the most modern. There is a present and imperative need of just that kind of work which he alone can do. There is a large and growing class of sincere men who discredit the moral and spiritual truth of the Bible because of the thought-forms in which that truth is charged. I recently heard a thoughtful man who was looking at skeletons of animals which became extinct before the age of man say: "And yet the Bible teaches that death was the result of sin. This proves that it is all funk." His remark was as shallow as it was flippant. A careful expositor could have saved him from his error and its conse-

quent peril. Henry Drummond's biographer tells us of many letters which that scientist-evangelist received from sincere men who had lost their faith in the Word of God and with it their faith in God himself, because of its many discrepancies, its rigorous laws, its pitiless tempers and the atrocities it sanctioned. Drummond was able to restore their faith by giving to them a wide perspective of the history of an unfolding revelation. That is the gracious work of the expositor.

There is another prevalent error from which careful exposition would rescue its victims. *I allude to the disposition of many devout men to exalt the thought-forms of the Bible to the high rank of inerrant truth; to identify the letter with the spirit. To do so is to place an idol in the sanctuary. Worse than that, it is to turn the altar itself into an idol.* The result of such bibliolatry may not be as fatal as that distrust of the book of which I have just spoken, but it is sure to greatly obscure the truth itself. It will produce a religious life mechanical and anæmic, a sanctification without vigor or decision, and no longer distinguishable from the simple morality of nature. An effective remedy for this evil is a better knowledge of the historic origin and transient forms of the Bible as distinguished from its divine content. They are inseparable as the flashing colors of precious gems are inseparable from the stones. You do not release the light by reducing the stones to powder but by rightly dividing them on the wheel of the lapidary. And that is the mission of the preacher, to rightly divide the word of truth. I firmly believe that what the Church, burdened as it is by a multiplied institutionalism and stimulated by occasional spasmodic evangelism, needs above all things else is to strike its roots deep in the soil of Bible truth. The call of the times is for preachers who preach the Word.—*Rev. A. H. Tuttle, D. D., in Christian Advocate.*

"Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the law of kindness still
Whatever others do.

"Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need,
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

When the Snow Lies Deep

I wonder if you really know
The gratitude the birds will show
For crumbs and seeds and bits of meat,
Or anything that they can eat
When winter winds blow loud and shrill,
And snowflakes cover field and hill.
Select a tree and bore a hole
About the shape of cup, or bowl,
And fill it with some melted fat,
Or something that they can get at,
And note how soon the birds will come,
And how their little bills will drum.
The grubs and worms are all asleep
In winter when the snow lies deep;
And so the best that we can do
To aid the birds, and see them through
This trying time of snow and sleet
Is to provide them food to eat.

—Nellie M. Coye.

Gray Squirrels in Gotham Parks

Two bright little eyes,
And a questioning nose,
A fluffy, curled tail,
An inquiring pose—
Then, a dart of gray color
Through tree-tops that sway
And little gray squirrel
Has scampered away.

—New York Tribune.

The army of little gray squirrels that live in the large parks of New York City are preparing for a long cold winter; their fur is much longer and thicker than it usually is, particularly at this time of year (mid-November), and so anxious were they to fill their hidden storehouses with nuts that they did not wait for the first frost to loosen them. Not content with an early harvest alone the little fellows shucked the nuts before storing them and thus gained much room. These actions, together with numerous other precautions Dame Nature is taking to protect herself and her family from cold and starvation, point with unmistakable certainty to a cold winter. What a wonderfully provident lesson these little gray chaps teach!

It was approximately fifty years ago that the gray squirrels were introduced into the parks. As time has gone on they have multiplied and now they are literally everywhere. Some black squirrels have also appeared, from where it is unknown, and taken up their abode in the bark houses

provided by the city; they are very wild and seem exclusive.

Hundreds of people daily feed the squirrels. One society woman has not missed a day in years; she goes in her machine to a part of Central Park known as "the maze" at the same time each day and feeds hundreds. They have learned to expect her and congregate in anticipation. Countless children visit the parks and are taught incidentally a strong lesson in kindness.

Although the squirrels will fearlessly and confidently eat from the hand, climb up the trouser leg and take nuts from the pockets, eat seated upon the shoulder or upon the knee, never will they allow themselves to be touched or petted. The author has fed the same animal for days, yet not once was he able to stroke the soft gray back.

Like the black squirrels a few rabbits (cotton-tails) recently showed themselves and with them came the shadow of a problem. They multiply so rapidly that it will be but a few years before their numbers will menace the beauty of the park. Already there are little paths beginning to show, and small tooth marks upon young tender bushes tell their own story.

The summer just gone was notable in Bronx Park for the vast number of chipmunks it produced; never have they been so thick. They were very wild and always seemed in a hurry—as if they must be at a certain place at a certain time. It was seldom indeed that one was seen loafing along picking up tidbits as is usual with them. Perhaps they sensed the coming winter, too.—Gayne T. K. Norton, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

A Little Story of a Nest

Early one springtime two happy robins built their nest of mud and grass in an old apple tree that grew in a lane. It was not as fine as some nests that I have seen, but it was the best nest in the world for robins. Their pretty blue eggs lay safe within it, and, when by and by their baby birds were hatched, it cradled them as snugly as a mother bird could wish.

Before very long the little robins learned to fly and then the cradle nest was left empty and lonely.

"It is of no use now, and I will blow it away," said the wind one day; but the

old apple tree held the nest in its branches and would not let it go.

It was still in the tree when the days began to grow short and cold, and a little white-footed field mouse who needed a comfortable winter home spied it there.

"I'll run up and see how it looks inside," he said to himself, and he climbed the tree and went into the nest as nimbly as a squirrel.

His two round eyes were sharp and bright, and he knew a good home when he saw it.

"Just the place for me," he said at once; and he set to work to roof the nest over with sticks and leaves, for field mice like to have their homes well covered.

"Squeak! squeak!" he cried, with delight when the last twig was in place. "I shall sleep here as snug as the birds themselves," and he moved into the nest that very day.

The robins had flown far away from the lane by this time, but if they could have seen a mouse in their nest, oh, how surprised they would have been!—Maud Lindsay, in *Kindergarten Review*

Upward as Well as Forward

"To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." There are two directions of progress in the world, forward and upward. The forward movement is progress in "civilization,"—growing scientific knowledge, multiplication of inventions, and increasing complexity in the efficient machinery of modern luxurious living. The upward movement is toward God. College students who think at all are preparing themselves for leadership in the forward or in the upward movement, or in both. In some schools more emphasis is laid on the forward progress. In Milton our ideal is toward equal advancement in both directions.

If Milton has any reason for the fight for existence which she is making, it is this, that here spiritual development is given first place, not merely in theory, but actually. We believe here that the profoundest need of the world is clean, strong, devoted personality. We believe that the race is weak there—not in material prosperity or organizing skill, but in radiant, infectious, convincing personality. One can scarcely be four years in Milton without being influenced by this be-

lief, and few leave college without having formed a serious purpose to do a little lifting as well as pushing.

But although Milton has wonderful things to offer in the way of preparation for positive spiritual leadership, we who are here seem strangely unconscious of the fact. How little we realize that the place whereon we stand is holy ground! We perceive that God is speaking to us in many ways. Thirty Milton students were at Geneva last summer; do we realize how fortunate we are in being so near this beautiful meeting place for the students of eight or ten States? We can have thirty delegates there every year with as little effort as schools in North Dakota can have five. There are men and women on the faculty who have approached Christianity critically and fairly, and have become convinced that it is true. They are men and women who are going toward God, and who are so far ahead of most of us that they have great truths to teach us. And not only may we hear them speak, but we have the inestimable privilege of friendship with them. In the two churches which the students attend, there are preachers whose weekly sermons are like messages from God's prophets themselves. We have had the inspiration of visits from the student secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. Some of our men have heard Raymond Robbins, that man who knows life, and who proclaims Christianity to college men because of the reasonableness of it. Others have known Eugene Davis, now taking up for the second time his work in China.

Truly "God hath laid his hand upon us" in a very special way. If he doesn't need Milton College students to speak the truth of Christianity and to lead in the world's movement upward toward himself, why is he speaking to us thus? The world's need requires of every man that he give what to him has been given, whether it be strength, or skill, or knowledge; and does this not hold true also of "that deeper wisdom which is founded not on a knowledge of nature, but on a knowledge of its God?"—Z. Z., in *Milton College Review*.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered; they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.—Ps. 22: 5.

HOME NEWS

NEW MARKET, N. J.—We hope you have not forgotten there is still an old, old church in the little village with "New" in its name. The Week of Prayer in which our church unites with the sister Baptist church nearby has recently closed. Three of the services were held with us, the remaining ones in the First Baptist church, the pastors preaching alternate evenings. On the night of the closing service a union Christian Endeavor meeting was also held. All services were well attended in spite of the degree of sickness prevailing in so many homes.

Some weeks ago we were encouraged by the helpful visit of Rev. W. D. Burdick, who filled the pulpit upon the Sabbath, attending the service at the New Era Mission in the afternoon, and conducting a most interesting parlor meeting Sunday evening at the parsonage. Upon his return to Plainfield he was able to be present at a meeting of the Forward Movement Committee of the church here.

As usual, a good and a giving Christmas was the result of devoted efforts of the Sabbath School Christmas Committee. A generous offering of food and funds for the needy in our own vicinity was contributed. The first part of the exercises consisted of music by the school, Scripture lesson read by the superintendent, after which prayer was offered by the Plainfield pastor. Following some recitations by the younger children, a Christmas talk was given by the pastor. The second part of the program was a cantata, entitled, "Blessed is He That Cometh," rendered by a large number of our young people, the stage setting and Oriental costumes giving added impressiveness to the hymns, carols, and lullabies. The solos and quartet selections were especially good. The Italian Mission, as usual, was remembered by Christmas exercises and gifts at the little chapel. The loyalty and sacrifice of Mr. Jesse G. Burdick and Miss Edna Burdick in going out to the mission every Sabbath afternoon are appreciated and worthy of high commendation.

Last Wednesday evening the Executive Committee of the Christian Endeavor met

to consider the Efficiency campaign work and voted to recommend the adoption of the new Increase and Efficiency Standards. Something in regard to the work conducted by our Ladies' Aid Society is soon to appear in the columns of the Woman's page.

A. S. P.

January 3, 1916.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The day set apart by the Missionary boards for prayer for foreign missions was observed at Milton Junction at the Seventh Day Baptist church Friday afternoon. The meeting was in charge of Mrs. W. Winch and the different departments were conducted by Mrs. A. E. Whitford, of Milton, Mesdames P. G. Winch, W. A. Dodd and A. B. West, and Miss Minnie Godfrey.—*Journal-Telephone*.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—Evangelistic meetings were held every night this week at the Seventh Day Baptist church with Rev. D. B. Coon in charge. Fairly good congregations have been present at all the meetings. Mr. Coon is ably assisted by Julius Nelson, singer. The public is urged to attend the services and get as well as give.—*North Loup Loyalist*.

MILTON, WIS.—In spite of the prevailing epidemic of la grippe, three hundred people partook of the annual dinner January 2.

The treasurer's report showed a gratifying condition of church finances, a substantial gain over the previous year. There has been generous co-operation in the apportionment plan.

An every-member canvass of the church and society in behalf of denominational benevolences was voted to be carried out at once.

Over one hundred people in the church and society have agreed to give one tenth of their income to the Lord's work. It is hoped that the number will be doubled before the next annual meeting.

Twenty-five have been received into the church by baptism within the past five months.

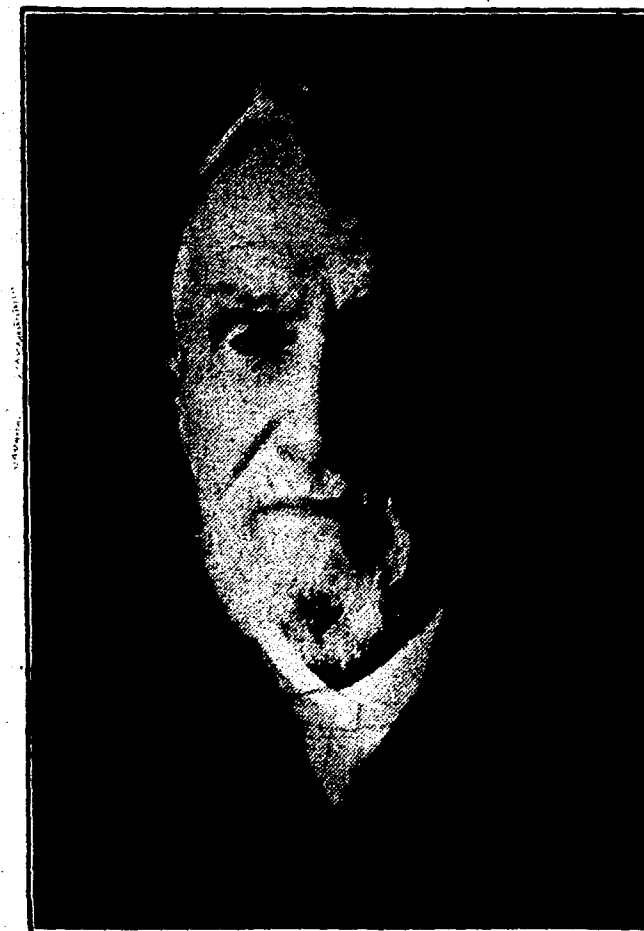
The three Christian Endeavor societies are all taking up the Efficiency campaign.

Although the attendance at the meetings has been greatly hindered by sickness and bad weather, a fine spirit of fellowship and

co-operation has been manifest. The sermons have been strong and spiritual, and the after meetings have been full of spirit and heart. These eight services have been well worth while, although the average attendance was only about forty. At the last meeting, Sunday night, there was a general expression in favor of union weed-end meetings, to be held a little later.—*Journal-Telephone*.

Death Calls Ezra Goodrich

Ezra Goodrich, for many years a resident of Milton Junction, passed away at his late residence January 1, 1916. For many months he had been in failing health



EZRA GOODRICH

and his friends looked for death to end the pain of the malady from which he suffered so long.

Mr. Goodrich was born at Alfred, Allegany Co., N. Y., February 24, 1826, the only son of Joseph and Nancy Maxson Goodrich. Mr. Goodrich has a clearly defined line of descent from William Goodrich, who was one of the Pilgrims from England, who also was a lineal descendant of the founder of "Goodrich Court" of the feudal ages.

In January, 1839, Joseph Goodrich decided to try the fortunes of the West, which was being opened up and settled

largely by Easterners. The section of New York State from which the Goodriches came was a pioneer region, so that when settlers emigrated from that portion of the State to Wisconsin, it was only to locate amidst conditions with which they were already familiar.

The fates seemed to be against that party of twelve which emigrated from Alfred. The trip was made in the midst of rigorous cold weather, the snow in places being four feet deep. The overland route made traveling slow and extremely difficult. Snow, slush, deep mud, intensely cold weather were obstacles that tested to a fineness the mettle of the strongest men. After more than a month's journey the party arrived at Prairie du Lac, now Milton, March 4, 1840.

As a boy Ezra had to take a hand in the maintenance of the home and to do his share in the manual labors incident to the development of a new country. Thus he was largely denied the benefits of the public schools. As he says in his autobiography, his education was of the rough and ready sort, such as he gathered up in practical life. This in a measure accounts for those qualities which were dominant in his after life. He was a man of strong convictions, conscientious, self-reliant and persistent. Two incidents of his early life may be used to illustrate the last quality. Soon after his father came to Milton, Ezra was sent out in search of food for the family. He was gone so long that his mother became worried about him as there were dangers from wild beasts and the Indians which beset his way. But his father said, "Do not worry, Ezra has gone out to secure food and he will not return until he has found it." He did find it, but not until he had searched for it at Ripon, Beaver Dam and Appleton.

When Mr. J. G. Carr was born, one of the first white children born in Rock County, Ezra was sent to Fort Atkinson to bring the doctor. On his arrival at the fort he found to his dismay that the doctor had gone to Lake Mills. There Ezra hastened as fast as the bad roads and swollen streams would permit and found the doctor. But the latter hesitated about taking so long a journey under such uninviting conditions. Ezra insisted however and even led the way in fording seemingly

impassable streams. He successfully accomplished his mission.

Mr. Goodrich was a public-spirited person, who was actively interested in the public enterprises of the township and county. His father had given generously of land for the cemetery, the Seventh Day Baptist church and a public square. Ezra continued that public spirit in the interests of good roads, a central high school and various other beneficent enterprises.

He was deeply interested in the formation and maintenance of Milton College, in 1854 raising the original stock for Milton Academy, one of the pioneer educational institutions of the West, and subscribed heavily to the fund. In 1868, upon finding the institution, then advanced to the status of a college, in financial difficulties, Mr. Goodrich again came forward and volunteered relief. Having just completed a new residence, he evolved the plan of holding a big housewarming to which he invited the whole community, keeping secret his intentions of calling upon his friends and neighbors for subscriptions for the benefit of the college. There were three hundred guests at the event, all of whom were served at supper at tables seating one hundred and fifty at one time. The supper was followed by music and singing, after which Mr. Goodrich announced the condition of the Milton school and his purpose to raise a subscription among the guests. Other speakers were called upon and Mr. Goodrich opened the list with a gift and a bequest amounting in all to \$2,300. The result was that \$8,000 was raised on the spot, and within a week it had been increased to \$13,000, of which \$5,000 was for a permanent endowment fund.

The citizens of the township of Milton honored themselves at the time of the harvest festival one year ago at Milton Junction when they presented Mr. Goodrich with a gold-headed cane as an appreciation of his foresight and work as the "Father of good roads."

Mr. Goodrich religiously was of the Seventh Day Baptist faith and for a time was a member of the Milton Church.

He was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth L. Ensign, of Binghamton, N. Y. Four children were born to them: Joseph C., of Milton, William H., who died March 17, 1915, Mary E. Post, wife of Dr. G. W. Post, of Chicago, and Anna

S. Davis, the deceased wife of William Davis, of Milton. On October 16, 1903, he was married to Mrs. Charlotte Morgan-Little, of Milton Junction, who survives him.

Funeral services were held at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church, conducted by Rev. Henry N. Jordan, who was assisted at the house by Rev. Webster Millar and at the church by Dr. W. C. Daland. Burial was in the Goodrich plot in the cemetery at Milton. H. N. J.

Fighting on Old Battlegrounds

Assume that the rails that were hurried to Constantinople are to complete a line from El-Fuleh, in the Plain of Esdraelon, south to Beersheba and then southwest to the Suez Canal. The line is already near enough to completion, so that when the rains come and the barren desert below Beersheba blossoms like a garden, and the heavy snow makes operations of magnitude in the eastern or western theaters of war impossible, the scene of war may shift to the southern theater.

Let us stand in the midst of the great plain at the northern end of the new line. Up there, behind the pyramidal hill to the north, lies the beautiful village of Nazareth, sheltered in a hollow among the hills. How often Jesus may have walked out on that hill and gazed down upon the rolling plain, where long caravans wended their way from Egypt to Damascus and the cities of Mesopotamia, Persia or the Indies. Toward the west we see the long line of Carmel. Only a few miles away is the spot where Elijah had his contest with the priests of Baal; and at our very feet rise the headwaters of the Brook Kishon, which empties into the Mediterranean between the modern port of Haifa and Acre, the southernmost port of ancient Phoenicia. In the harbor, which can be seen from this point only when the setting sun sparkles on the waters beside Mount Carmel, the Crusaders beached their fleets from Pisa, Venice, and Genoa. Saladin captured the city, but was later driven out by Richard the Lion-hearted, who massacred two thousand five hundred prisoners because a ransom did not come from the Kurdish leader of the Saracens. Napoleon failed to capture Acre in 1799, Ibrahim Pasha destroyed

it in 1832, and its destruction by the Anglo-Austrian fleet under Napier in 1840 ended Egyptian influence in Syria.

To the southwest is the site of Megiddo, where the old caravan route cut behind Carmel and connected Egypt with the East. The Plain of Esdraelon, Megiddo, or Jezreel is unique among the landscapes of the Holy Land. On this plain, which separated the northern tribes from the southern, Deborah directed Barak in his campaign against Sisera. Here Jael, after the Israelites had swept down from Tabor and put the army of Jabin to flight, drove the tent-peg into Sisera's temple. Here the exultant song of Deborah rose to Jehovah. Here the stars and the Brook Kishon aided the Israelites in their battle, and Sisera's mother awaited, as mothers do, the coming of her son, whose chariot had long since been riderless.—*Correspondence of The Christian Herald.*

This Happened in 1915

A year ago a young man—his name doesn't matter—made a sensible New Year resolution.

He had been married a few years; he received a small salary and had been mortgaging his future—drifting into debt. The sums he owed were not large, but they were larger than he seemed able to shake off, and his wants were steadily increasing.

He determined to get rid of the deadening weight at any sacrifice.

His work was such that he could work overtime and get extra pay for it. He had perfect health and discovered for the first time that it was valuable capital. He put that health and strength and skill of his into the smelting mill, and they assayed pure gold.

He found in time that while he was making more money than before, he was also making himself more efficient. As his purposes grew in seriousness, his wants became more simple. He was finding ideals the attainment of which money can not buy, and which call for no expenditure.

He had set out to pay his debts before the end of the year. He had cleaned them all up within a few months. But he did not cease his efforts. He had found something more than mere freedom from debt

—something even more valuable than that.

He had been fulfilling his obligation to his employer, which meant that his work had been up to the average. Now, he was fulfilling his full obligation to himself also, which meant that his work was far above the average. His employer could not fail to see it and appreciate it.

A good bank account in his own name today helps this young man to see the vast difference between being a slave of circumstances and a master of them.—*The Christian Herald.*

Sabbath School

Lesson VI.—February 5, 1916

THE BOLDNESS OF PETER AND JOHN.—Acts 4: 1-31
Golden Text.—"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." I Cor. 16: 13.

DAILY READINGS

Jan. 30—Acts 4: 1-12. Boldness of Peter and John.
Jan. 31—Acts 4: 13-22. Boldness of Obedience
Feb. 1—Acts 4: 23-31. Prayer for Help
Feb. 2—Eph. 6: 10-20. Boldness in Preaching
Feb. 3—Dan. 3: 13-25. Boldness by Faith
Feb. 4—I Sam. 17: 39-51. Boldness by Confidence
Feb. 5—Heb. 4: 9-16. Mercy through Boldness
(For Lesson Notes, See *Helping Hand.*)

The Disappearance of the Sturgeon

The sturgeon is one of the animals that are rapidly disappearing before the devastating waste of mankind. This fish was for a long time thought to be useless and was not hunted, but the discovery of the value of its roe in furnishing the tidbit of the gourmand known as *caviar* has led to an extension of the fishing for sturgeons, with the result that they have been in the last few years very rapidly exterminated. They are already becoming very scarce and like many other fishes, seem doomed to destruction.—*Christian Advocate.*

Little Marion, seven years old, was saying her prayers. "And God," she petitioned, "please make New York the capital of Boston."

"Why, Marion, what made you say that?" asked her mother.

"'Cause that's the way I wrote it in my 'zamination at school today and I want it to be right."—*Selected.*

MARRIAGES

VORDER BRUEGGE-THRELKELD.—At the home of the bride's parents, Prof. and Mrs. C. H. Threlkeld, 1992 Courtland Place, Memphis, Tenn., January 11, 1916, Rev. T. J. Van Horn officiating, assisted by Rev. Dr. Boone and Rev. W. R. Farrow, Mr. Francis Vorder Bruegge and Miss Reba Threlkeld, all of Memphis, Tenn.

SAUNDERS-BURDICK.—At the parsonage in Alfred, N. Y., December 30, 1915, by the bride's father, Rev. William L. Burdick, Mr. Paul C. Saunders and Miss Edna L. Burdick, both of Alfred, N. Y.

DEATHS

WITTER.—Mrs. Emma Coon Witter, wife of George W. Witter, and daughter of Elijah and Prudence Bowler Coon, was born at West Edmeston, N. Y., November 10, 1847, and entered into rest January 15, 1916.

In 1853, her mother, then a widow, went to Nile, Allegany Co., N. Y., where Mrs. Witter lived until she was married to George W. Witter at Grand Rapids, Wis., in 1868, going direct to Waushara County, Wis. There they lived until November 24, 1875, when they came to Wausau, Wis., and have resided here since that time.

Mrs. Witter was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Nile, N. Y. She leaves, besides her husband, one sister, Mrs. Alice C. Fleming, of Merrill, Wis.; one son, Harry E. Witter, of Wausau; an adopted daughter, Mrs. Silas C. Fletcher, of Mosinee, Wis.; also grandchildren.

DAVIS.—Eloise Davis, daughter of Wilson Davis and wife, died December 27th, 1915.

Eloise was within a few days of her eighth birthday anniversary. She was a bright child, loving and unselfish in her disposition. She will be greatly missed by her parents and her grandfather. Farewell services were held at the home, and the little body was tenderly laid to rest in the Seventh Day Baptist cemetery.

A. J. C. B.

LARRABEE.—Merle Clifford, the only son of Willard L. and Cora Rogers Larrabee, was born in Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y., August 30, 1883, and departed this life at Stockton, Cal., December 14, 1915.

In early life the deceased united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of New Market, N. J., where the family was then living. About fourteen years ago he was joined in marriage to Carrie Dayton, of Plainfield, N. J., and to this union were born two sons,—Clifford Dayton and Willard Lafayette. There remain, to mourn their loss, the wife and children; his parents, who reside at River Bank, Cal.; one aunt, Mrs.

William Davis, also of River Bank; four uncles, C. T. Rogers, of Penrose, Colo., Charles Rogers, of New Market, N. J., Brayton and Burton Larrabee, of West Edmeston, N. Y., besides numerous other relatives.

Farewell services were held in Riverside, Cal., conducted by Pastor R. J. Severance, and the remains were laid to rest in Olivewood Cemetery.

R. J. SEVERANCE.

ROGERS.—Mrs. Daniel Babcock Rogers (Mary Ann Titsworth), daughter of Abram Dunham Titsworth and Juliet Fitz Randolph Titsworth was born not far from Plainfield, N. J., November 23, 1823, and died in the ninety-third year of her age, January 3, 1916, at Horseheads, New York, at the home of her daughter.

In her father's family there were eight children: Randolph, Mary Ann, Caleb Sheppard, Isaac Lewis, Howard, Julia E., Amanda, and Thomas. Of these brothers and sisters only three survive her, Howard, Julia and Amanda. She was married in March, 1843, to Daniel Babcock Rogers, at Metuchen, N. J., by Rev. Lucius Crandall. For two years her home was then at Waterford, Conn. Then at Oak Tree, near Plainfield, N. J., until 1875, when a move was made to Daytona, Florida. Here Mr. Rogers died March 8, 1884. In 1889 she had the misfortune to fall and break her hip, and for twenty-six years she has been a cripple. During this time she has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Julia Amanda VanDuzer, at Horseheads, N. Y., although she has made many visits to the homes of her other children, all of whom are living, Lewis T. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J. David Dunham Rogers, Daytona, Florida, Mrs. Laura E. Terhune, Boston, Mass., and Daniel Herbert Rogers, Alfred, N. Y. There are eleven own grandchildren and one adopted, and eleven own great-grandchildren and two adopted by the adopted granddaughter.

Mrs. Rogers was baptized and became a member of the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church when a small girl. When she was fourteen years old, February 9, 1838, she and others became the constituent members of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ at Plainfield. Her death takes away the last surviving member of that little band that then established the Plainfield Church.

A brief service was held at her home in Horseheads, January 5, 1916, conducted by Rev. Mr. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian church of that place. The body was then taken to Plainfield, N. J., where services were held in the church so dear to her, January 6, 1916, and burial was made by the side of her husband, in the family plot at Hillside.

Mrs. Rogers as "grandma" and "Aunt Molly" was known and loved by a large circle of relatives and friends. Her happy way of always looking on the bright side of things, and her unselfish devotion to the welfare of others, are the things that people now remember with grateful pleasure. Even during her long physical affliction her cheerfulness never faltered. Her marked fidelity and loyalty to her God and to the Church are qualities we may all well endeavor to imitate.

E. S.

Christian Endeavor the West Point of the Church

E. P. GATES

Less than 30,000 students were graduated by the 596 universities, colleges, and technical schools of the country last year. To train these students there was required an expenditure of over \$100,000,000 and an equipment in libraries, buildings and endowment amounting to nearly one billion dollars. The Christian Endeavor societies of America, without one penny of endowment, graduate every year over 300,000 members trained for active Christian service. In addition they pay into the coffers of their denominations over two million dollars annually in home and foreign missionary contributions.

Only one-half of one per cent of our young people ever get to college, but more than four million are enrolled in the ranks of Christian Endeavor. The society includes in its membership not only the young men and young women in college but the young men and women in business, as well.

Through its committee system, its business meetings, its socials and its weekly meetings for testimony and prayer, Christian Endeavor offers to every member a practical training in business administration, church finance, public testimony, and all conceivable varieties of religious activity. The society has appropriately been called "The West Point of Christian Service."

The results of this systematic training are almost unlimited. In the words of Dr. William Shaw:

"When you put a boy or girl at work on the Missionary Committee of your society, you never know where that experience may lead. A company of redeemed black people from the fever jungles of Africa may rise up in the day of judgment and say: 'I was hungry for the bread of life and ye fed me.' Or it may be a group from the sun-baked plains of India who will say: 'I was thirsty for the water of life and ye gave me to drink.' Or it may be a boy or girl from the slums of our great cities who will say: 'Ye ministered unto me.'"

It was his Christian Endeavor training in citizenship which gave one young man the vision of closing the post offices on

Sunday. This campaign was started in Chicago, was taken up by Christian Endeavorers throughout the country, and resulted in an order from the Postmaster General and legislation by Congress greatly limiting the amount of Sunday labor.

The organized protest of Christian Endeavorers prevented the exhibition of moving pictures of the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight. Christian Endeavorers of the District of Columbia were among the heartiest supporters of the campaign for the passage of the Jones Works bill limiting the number of saloons in the capital city. The local option fight in Illinois last spring, which drove out of business more than one thousand saloons, was led and financed in many cities by young men and women who had been trained in Christian Endeavor.

The record of the officers of this great City Union emphasizes in a most striking way the value of Christian Endeavor training in developing church workers. Seventy-seven officers and department superintendents of the union were recently asked to submit lists of the various local church positions held by them. Seventy-five of the seventy-seven responded, showing a total of two hundred and thirty-four offices held, or an average of more than three local church positions for each Christian Endeavor union worker.

These positions were classified as follows:

Sunday-school superintendents and officers	44
Sunday-school teachers	45
Church officers, including deacons, elders, etc.	31
Officers of men's clubs and missionary societies	17
Ushers	7
Members of church choirs	18
Miscellaneous officers	6
Officers of local Christian Endeavor societies	66

The Christian Endeavor society is indeed the West Point of the church where the young Christian soldier is trained for the warfare.

Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.—2 Tim. 2: 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. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry St.

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

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

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

Utilizing Seaweeds

"Immense quantities of seaweeds blown upon the sea coasts of Norway are quite a source of income to the people. They are collected and dried and then burned in heaps. The ashes from them have a ready market at about 1.3 cents a pound and are used in the manufacture of iodine."

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11: 28.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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Until People Care

It was the very worst day of winter. Sleet was falling stingingly and the wind was sharp. At the door of a New York office building an old woman was sitting on the doorstep, ragged, bruised, helpless. One or two young men were mocking her and urging her to get up. She made her way into the building and tried to crawl up the stairs. The elevator-man did not know what to do. He was a converted man, a mission convert, and knew what it meant to be cold and homeless. It seemed terrible to drive the woman out into the storm again. But he had to report to the superintendent. He could not leave his elevator and could not have the woman dragging herself about the stairs. She reached the second landing and threw herself down, groaning. The superintendent arrived on the scene and said that he would telephone at once for the police wagon. Evidently the woman heard and understood, for she got up, staggered down-stairs, went out the door and disappeared in the storm.

And not one woman, but hundreds in New York that night, were homeless, friendless, helpless; not one man, but thousands.

What to do?

Oh, a thousand things!

But first of all to care. We must get to the place where we grieve about it; where we suffer about it. Then perhaps something will be done.—*The Christian Herald.*

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The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.

The Board will not obtrude information, help or advice upon any church or persons, but give it when asked. The first three persons named in the Board will be its working force, being located near each other.

The Associational Secretaries will keep the working force of the Board informed in regard to the pastorless churches and unemployed ministers in their respective Associations, and give whatever aid and counsel they can.

All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries will be strictly confidential.

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MULTIPLIED GIFTS

With fluttering heart and trembling hand
I brought my little gift and laid
It down upon God's holy altar.
I had so prayed that, touched by his
Almighty hand—his dear pierced hand—
It might become a holy thing
Meet for his service. And now I
Watched for that dear hand to take it up.
My little faith would scarce believe
That his omniscient eye would
Notice take of gift so small, so
Mean, as mine. When lo! it was
Returned, so changed, so beautified;
I clasped it to my heart with tears
Of joy. It came so multiplied,
So radiant with his love, I marveled
That I should have withheld it from
His hand so long. The gift was naught.
But God's dear hand upon the gift was all.

—Author Unknown.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—A Prayer.—A Wonderful Book.—The Things That Make for Peace.—They Must See the End; Hence Their Desperation.—Here Is the Trouble with the Liquor Men.—The Truth About Kansas.—“Try the Spirits” Not Written by the Editor.—Letter from an Aged Sister.—The Homing Instinct.—How Know That the Bible Is True?	129-132
How Dr. Russell Conwell Came to Believe the Bible	132
Post-Mortem Finance	135
A Word to Our Treasurers—and L. S. K's	137
Sabbath Reform.—Sunday Legislation	138
From the States South of the Ohio River	138
Missions.—Quarterly Report.—Missionary Board Meeting.—Treasurer's Quarterly Report	140-142
Pacific Coast Association	142
Salem College Notes	143
Woman's Work.—The Lofty Work (poetry).—A Message from our President.—Workers' Exchange ..	144
That Article	145
The Pauline Thought of Justification by Faith	146
Young People's Work.—Junior Work.—A Beautiful Expression of Faith.—Meeting of the Young People's Board	151
Thoughts Concerning Conformity to Law	152
Children's Page.—As Good as Possible (poetry).—A Sermon for Children.—A Lover of Books	154
An Ancient Prayer	155
Home News	156
Sabbath School.—Attention, Superintendents.—Lesson for Feb. 12, 1916	157
Homiletic Review for February	157
Patriotic Christian Endeavor	158
Marriages	159
Deaths	159