

**JUST PUBLISHED**

**“THE GREAT TEST”**

or

**The Struggles and Triumph of Lorna Selover**

By REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

**T**HIS is the serial story which ran in THE SABBATH RECORDER and received so many favorable comments by the readers of that magazine. It is the story of the perplexities of a young college girl in her religious life; whether she should follow the dictates of her own conscience or accept the beliefs and practices of her family and friends. Into the life of Lorna Selover comes Montrose Ellington, a young man who is preparing to become a Presbyterian minister. The trials, perplexities and joys which befell these young people is admirably told by the author in “The Great Test.”

This story took such a hold upon the readers of THE SABBATH RECORDER, and there was such a demand for it in book form that it was decided to publish it. It is now ready for distribution and will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of the price—75 cents.

This will make an ideal Christmas remembrance to some of your friends who might be interested in the experiences of this young lady in her search for the truth. The author and publishers have received many flattering letters commendatory of the story and the explanation of the principles that underlie it. The edition is limited and if you want to be sure to receive a copy of it do not postpone ordering.

“The Great Test” is a book of 275 pages, 5½ by 8½ inches, printed on fine antique book paper and bound in full cloth permanent binding. It is sold at this price only from the fact that the type was saved as it was printed in THE RECORDER and the paper was purchased before the phenomenal advance in price.

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**The American Sabbath Tract Society**

(Seventh Day Baptist)

18 Madison Avenue

Plainfield, New Jersey

**The Sabbath Recorder**

**T**HE mysteries of the Bible should teach us, at one and the same time, our nothingness and our greatness; producing humility, and animating hope. I bow before these mysteries. I knew that I should find them, and I pretend not to remove them. But while I thus prostrate myself, it is with deep gladness and exultation of spirit. God would not have hinted the mystery, had he not hereafter designed to explain it. And, therefore, are my thoughts on a far-off home, and rich things are around me, and the voices of many harpers, and the shining of bright constellations, and the clusters of the cherub and the seraph; and a whisper, which seems not of this earth, is circulating through the soul, “Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.”

—Henry Melvill

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 81, NO. 20

PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 13, 1916

WHOLE NO. 3,741

## Cheering Words

Brother Christen Swendsen, a lone Sabbath-keeper of South Dakota, writes: "May God's blessing always rest upon you, so you may be able to accomplish the responsible work you are undertaking as editor of the SABBATH RECORDER." Such words, bringing the assurance that fervent prayers ascend to the throne of grace from loyal hearts all over the land for the success of the RECORDER and its work, are more helpful than many think. The RECORDER will inspire and influence for good in any home or community just in proportion to the prayerful interest manifested in it by its readers. From many sources comes the assurance that the denominational paper is not only a welcome guest every week, but that loyal hearts pray for God's blessing to rest upon its writers, so it may come forth each time as an evangel of peace, bringing food and comfort for hungry, weary souls. This can not be unless the Spirit of God abide in the hearts of all its contributors, prompting them to say the right things.

**Young People, Rally!** One of the great denominational papers urges its young people's societies to rally around the prohibition standard by adopting the following petition to Congress, and forwarding it to the W. C. T. U. Headquarters, Evanston, Ill.:

"We are in hearty favor of national constitutional prohibition and will do all within our power to secure the adoption of an amendment to the constitution forever prohibiting the sale, manufacture for sale, transportation for sale, importation for sale and exportation for sale, of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes in the United States, in accordance with the Joint Resolution introduced in the United States Senate by Senators Morris Sheppard and Jacob H. Gallinger and in the house of representatives by Edwin Y. Webb and Addison Smith.

"Adopted by \_\_\_\_\_ Christian Endeavor Society, representing \_\_\_\_\_ persons."  
The paper should include name of sender, date, city, county and state.

Every Christian Endeavor society in the land should take an unmistakable stand against the liquor traffic, and enlist all the young people in this fight against the saloon

and its accompanying evils. The Liquor League must be made to feel the force of a much stronger temperance league if prohibition ever comes to bless the land.

## Our Recorder Fund Is Exhausted

For several years we have carried a small fund, out of which to pay RECORDER subscriptions for worthy families who are not able to pay for the paper themselves. We have mentioned this fund frequently in our visits to the associations and public gatherings, and people have responded of their own free will, so that as a rule something has been in hand to meet the demands as they have come. But now for some weeks this fund has been exhausted. We can not bear to cut off from our list any subscriber whose time has expired and who feels unable to renew, especially when he expresses regret over the loss of the paper. When one has taken the RECORDER for years, and then, feeling too poor in his old age to pay for it, requests its discontinuance on that account, we can not find the heart to drop him from our list, and so have placed some names on the free list until there is something in the fund with which to pay for the renewal of their subscriptions. Nothing gives us greater pleasure than to be able to say to worthy aged ministers and laymen who enjoy the paper but can not pay, "You shall have it as long as you live." It also makes us happy to assure lonely ones who are striving to hold to the faith of their fathers and who have hard work to live in these times, "Don't worry; we have a fund given for just such cases, and we will pay your subscription out of that until you are able to go on with it yourself." Many hearts have been made glad by this fund. But it is all used up now, and we are carrying some subscriptions, hoping for its replenishing.

## Stand by Him

Evidently Brother Cottrell, secretary for lone Sabbath-keepers, thinks that when the Tract Society has asked for a thousand new subscribers for the SABBATH RECORDER, and



after the General Conference has approved the request and recommended the measure, something ought to be done. Read his display column on another page, and see if you don't think that any one who is brave enough to undertake such a work should be well supported, in his effort, by all the churches. He believes in undertaking great things and has faith to expect that Seventh Day Baptists will rally to his support.

Brother Cottrell thinks there must be at least a thousand families and individuals among us who do not take the denominational paper, but who ought to have it in their homes. What can you do to help this good work along? Have you any interest in it? If so, let Brother Cottrell know, and stand by him in his effort.

**Saving His Boys** The Kansas City *Star* tells of a man who was seeking for a good place in which to establish his home. As he drove into a certain western town he asked a stranger if there were any saloons in the place. "Yes, four," said the stranger. Upon hearing this the man started on, saying that he could not locate there. Then the stranger asked him to stop and inquired about his business. "My business is to save these boys," said the man, pointing to his three sons in the wagon with him. And he drove on.

This father thought enough of saving his boys to prevent him from establishing his home in a community where the chances would be against them. He was consistent and showed excellent judgment. Many a father forgets or ignores his responsibility for the welfare of his family. If a man settles close beside the saloon, or favors license, he can not complain if his boys go wrong. If a Sabbath-keeper deliberately takes his family entirely away from the church of his own faith and settles among non-Sabbath-keepers, he can hardly expect them to remain loyal to the Sabbath. If they do, it will be in exceptional cases rather than in accordance with the general rule.

Many a family might have been saved, if the father, when searching for a home, had carefully asked the question, "Are there any Sabbath-keepers in this place?" and finding none had said, "It is my first business to save my children."

**"What They Get"** The main argument of the distillers and brewers during the present campaign has been the financial one. Every effort has been made to show that heavier taxes are the sure result of prohibition, and Kansas has frequently been held up as a conspicuous example. But Governor Capper shows conclusively that the records of that State squarely contradict the statements of the liquor men. Taxes are not made higher by prohibition. The people of prohibition States are too well satisfied with the new conditions for the saloon element of other States to be very successful in convincing them that the saloon should be restored. They have learned that the State, the town, the school district, can prosper well without the blood-money offered by license men. They have also learned that abolishing saloons does not hurt business, but helps it immensely.

The advocates of the saloon claim that the farmer, the government, and the business men get great financial benefits from the liquor business. But the people are beginning to see that liquor men get the lion's share of profits, while society and the government always get the troublesome, damaging and demoralizing part. Where the farmer gets 25 cents, the distiller gets \$4.00. Where the railroad and the drayman get \$1.25, the saloon-keeper gets \$6.00. Where the government gets a license fee and a revenue tax, thousands of its citizens get drunkenness, debauchery, and ruin, while the State gets criminals to fill its prisons, paupers for its almshouses, maniacs for its asylums; and society gets widows, orphans, broken and poverty-stricken families to be supported by churches and charity organizations. Yes, we do get a good deal from the liquor business. And what the people get explains why so many States are voting for prohibition.

**"Billy" Sunday Makes Good** In spite of the opposition to united revival work in Detroit before Mr. Sunday began his work there, the people of that city have responded in a gratifying way, surprising even the most hopeful supporters of the work. The different pastors have expressed interest; the Roman Catholic Knights of Columbus have offered their large hall, if needed, for meetings; and bus-

ness men have come to realize that the entire community will be greatly benefited by a thorough revival. Thus the work goes grandly forward.

The chief opposition is from the liquor interests, as the saloon people know full well that a revival of religion always damages their miserable business. Then the state-wide campaign for prohibition is on and Mr. Sunday's work will surely win votes for the "drys." Three hundred and eighty-five persons "hit the trail" on the first invitation.

**He Enjoyed the Fight** In a certain prayer meeting one young man arose, and with a determined look, said: "I have been listening to those who have spoken of their joy in the Christian life. To me it is all strange. I can not understand what they are talking about, for I know little of such joy. To me the fight is hard—a relentless contest with evil."

Many a struggling soul has felt that way when listening to the testimonies of those whose chief delight is in the memory of sins forgiven and whose messages are joyous and peaceful. And some are led to fear that there is no joy for them in Christian service. They even go so far as to doubt the genuineness of their own Christian experience. But such persons should not despond because they do not feel just as some others do. Joy does not always find expression in such ways. It may sometimes be disguised by anxiety and care until its possessor almost feels out of harmony with God's people—at least until he fears that God does not smile on him as he does on others.

This very man whose testimony we have quoted, said: "I rather enjoy the combat, for I feel that I am in a work that demands the best that is in me, though it is a hard fight." Whether recognized or not, there is joy in the soul of the Christian who finds the good fight of faith a hard one. His joy may be different from the joy of his fellow-workers, for his temperament may be different. No matter how heavy the burdens may be for the one who from deep conviction and firm principle makes a hard fight against the powers of evil, he is given of God a joy all his own. If he stops to think about it, he will see that the combat brings him a sense of peace—with God as real and as genuine as that of any of his

fellows. No man can faithfully stem the existing tides of wickedness, doing those things that demand the best that is in him, without gaining the strength of character that comes in no other way, and without feeling that underneath the strain of conflict there is a Christian joy in such service.

**An Open Door** Among the many opportunities to do good in the war zone of Europe, none is more promising than that offered in the prison pens, where prisoners of war are confined. This is especially so in the camps of Russian soldiers. Dr. Jowett speaks of the Russians, with all their superstitions, as being the most reverent people in Europe. They are possessed of a natural awe of the power of the Unseen, and in this their time of trouble their hearts furnish most fruitful soil for the seeds of gospel truth. Letters from workers in prison camps tell how eagerly these men receive Bibles and tracts, and how readily they listen to the preaching of the gospel.

More than two million Russian prisoners are interned in Germany and Austria. The door is open for missionaries to work with them, and it seems to many that the Church of Christ in America has now an opportunity to prepare the way for a real Pentecost in Russia, to come when the multitude of converts from the prisons return to their homes. If neglected now, hundreds and thousands will die without hope. Great efforts are being made to send the gospel, without delay, to these prisoners, that they may through the preached word become prisoners of hope. We are glad for any "rifts in the clouds" that appear in the darkness of Europe.

**World's Fellowship Work** November 12-19 is set apart as a world's week of prayer for the Young Women's Christian Associations all over the globe. Of the seven hundred thousand members, one-half dwell in America. The National Board now has forty-five secretaries in five foreign countries, and others are awaiting funds to enable them to enter the work. Two sisters living in Pennsylvania have, at their own expense, gone to labor in Bombay. There is a training school in New York City in which young women are being prepared for the work. In India, China,



and Japan summer conferences will be held. The association is also interested in many Oriental women now in America as students or as residents.

### The President's Opening Address— Alfred University, 1916

BOOTHE C. DAVIS, A. M., PH. D., D. D.

The eighty-first year of Alfred's history as an educational institution has begun auspiciously.

The welcomes of the president, the faculty and the Christian Associations, and the Sophomore Class, have already been extended to returning students and to Freshmen. The president's college opening address scarcely needs to repeat that welcome; and to attempt to emphasize or reinforce it seems even more unnecessary. After a week's organization, work, and fellowship, we all seem a homogeneous group of initiated members of this college democracy; each one happy in the confidence and esteem of all; and each feeling a personal interest and responsibility for his share of work and service in the promotion of our common welfare as a college community.

I desire, however, to make this occasion one for giving expression to certain possibilities, hopes and plans that seem within the range of achievement for this year.

We have the largest college enrolment in our history, namely, one hundred seventy-three. We have the largest Freshman Class ever enrolled, namely, seventy members, of whom sixty-one are new students this year.

The Freshman Class is extraordinary in other respects beside numbers. It has a larger percentage of unconditioned members than former classes. This is due in part to the constantly improved training given by the high schools, and partly to the larger number of elective units, this year, permitted out of the fifteen units required for entrance.

This class also promises to have distinctions in a financial way. Since a bequest amounting to fifty thousand dollars was announced just prior to the opening of college, and a full paid gift of five thousand dollars is announced simultaneously with the opening of college, and since a campaign is to be conducted for raising fifty thousand dollars for the building of a

new gymnasium, putting a steam heating plant in Ladies' Hall, and adding to the endowments; it would seem that we might call this class a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Class, in view of the anticipated achievements during its Freshman year.

Indeed I have wondered a little whether we might not call this class a Million Dollar Class. With the opening of this fiscal year, the total property of the university aggregated \$834,000. With the prospects of more than \$100,000 to be announced this year, I am expecting that the property of the university will reach the million dollar mark before this class graduates from college in 1920. Why not make it the Million Dollar Class?

But a growing student body and increased facilities and equipment bring added responsibilities and make new demands upon both the college and the students themselves. There are other things as important as numbers and money; and to these we should also give heed.

I am pleased to note, in this connection, that other classes beside the Freshman have distinction.

The "New Spirit" of the Sophomore Class is one of fine promise. While it appears as a gentle-faced "Proc," it has possibilities that will far outlast the mild surprise of Freshmen and upperclassmen who were looking for more flesh and blood than spirituality in the "Proc."

A wholesome amount of class rivalry, when it is free from all bitterness and venom, is an asset to a college. Contests can be devised and executed which will engender only such rivalries. Any movement looking to that end will ultimately win its way and carry conviction of its worth.

Reformers are always considered extremists and they sometimes merit the distinction by an overdone effort in the right direction, but I like the ideals that prompted the "New Spirit" and by following the lead of Iowa State College and other large universities, our Sophomores are setting a fine pace for Sophomore classes in the future to follow in making Freshmen feel a genuine welcome, and friendship for them on entering college which no future rivalries can efface.

But I am not wanting today in good words for the upperclassmen of our college. The fine spirit shown during the last college year, which made the year the most

happy and successful in our history, I am very sure is largely due to those who are this year Juniors and Seniors. In all my experience in college work, nothing has ever equaled last year's cheerful, hearty, loyal co-operation of the students in working toward high ideals of self-directed activity for good order, good government, and good work. I think the "New Spirit" of the Sophomore Class had its inception in the fine spirit shown by the upper classes when these were Freshmen, and which made the year notable for one of the happiest possible in the relationship between students and faculty and among the students themselves.

Here I wish to quote a paragraph from an article which appeared in the *Churchman* of August fifth, written by President Powell of Hobart College, whom many of you will remember as having paid Alfred a visit, when he delivered an assembly address in Alfred in April last. The article is entitled "The College Situation," and the paragraph to which I refer is as follows:

"The student, as ever, is the center of the college situation. He is growing worthier of the position. He is a higher type than he once was. He has more college spirit. He is more apt to think in terms of the college as a whole than of his class or his fraternity or even of athletics. Among many institutions I have visited of late, I recall especially a day I spent in April, at Alfred. The college spirit there seemed exactly what it ought to be—generous, genuine, and spontaneous."

I am proud to be the president of a college where a visiting college president can make such favorable observation and such complimentary commendation.

Now we are in the race for the new year and we can make this new year more successful and happy even than the last. The Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores have all had a share in last year's achievements. They are all tried and true, and we have the fullest confidence that the Freshmen will not fall one whit behind them in loyalty and devotion to our Alma Mater, or in adherence to the high ideals of the honor system and self-government.

The public has sometimes raised the question whether the main thing in college life is athletics or study.

Well, the main thing in college life is neither one by itself. The main thing

we are seeking is the development of human personality and intelligent, manly and womanly character. These characteristics are dependent upon many elements. Athletics, well directed and reasonably indulged, contribute to good health, self-control, team work, co-operation, and courage.

But athletic activity is not an end to be sought on its own account. It is a well-established fact that any recreation or amusement which becomes an end in itself, ceases to be a recreation or amusement and becomes a dissipation.

Intellectuality is dependent upon application, study, scholarship. These qualities can not be absent or minimized in college life without resulting in a serious defect in character. Hence faculty and students must keep these ideals constantly before them, and must lay constant emphasis upon study and high-grade scholarship. A man who wishes to register for athletics only is *persona-non-grata* at Alfred.

It is a fine thing to have a big "A" on your sweater, but a good sprinkling of "A"s in your college record will be of more value when you have finished your college course, and are a candidate for a position or for appointment to a scholarship or fellowship in a graduate or a professional school. Evidences of intellectuality must not be wanting in a college man or woman; nothing else will take the place. The processes of your class work, lecture room, and laboratory work; your theme and term papers; and your examinations are the means for accumulating that evidence; and college life is barren and fruitless where these evidences have not been acquired.

Fortunately the two are not incompatible with each other. Many a fine scholar has won a big "A" and is the richer and more effective man for having both accomplishments.

But there is a third element in education which I wish particularly to emphasize in this college opening address; and that is the *ethical, moral or spiritual* element. Physical prowess and intellectual acumen go for naught without the presence of these lofty soul qualities.

The finest thing about moral and ethical qualities is that they must be voluntary, spontaneous and uncoerced, to be genuine and effective. Some one has written in your handbook, "Remember you will not



enter life when you leave college, you are living now."

It is because we are living now the life of men and women, that the faculty of this college is trying in every reasonable way to encourage self-directed activity toward moral, social and spiritual ends. Student self-government is a most notable achievement toward this end, in so far as the students co-operate sufficiently to make it successful. By Senate rules, Woman's Organization regulations, dormitory and student house regulation, the honor system and other ways, we are working toward the ideal of making college life train students in self-mastery and self-guidance in the things that make for character, moral excellency and spiritual perception. If they get such experience in college, it is easy to apply it out of college. Whatever programs you can devise and execute among yourselves for carrying out in college a practical application of the fraternal spirit, the spirit of true democracy and the spirit of religion will be the crowning element in character building which is the highest function of a college education.

### The Holy Spirit in the Old Testament —Its Office and Work

ARTHUR L. MANOUS

With two exceptions (Job 26: 4; Prov. 20: 27) the word "Spirit" in our common version of the Old Testament, is a translation of the word *ruach*. It is introduced in the opening verses of inspiration as follows:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit [Heb. *ruach*] of God moved upon the face of the waters." Gen. 1: 1-2. See Job 23: 13; Ps. 33: 6-9; Job 33: 4.

As in many, many other texts of the holy Scriptures, so here *ruach*—"spirit"—is to be understood of the Holy Spirit. See Ps. 51: 11; Isa. 63: 10-11. This is also the opinion of many scholars, among whom is Dr. Adam Clarke, who says in part:

"It is sufficiently evident from the use of the word [*ruach*] in other places, that the Holy Spirit of God is intended."—Notes on Gen. 1: 1-2. New York, 1856.

#### THE THIRD PERSON

The Holy Spirit is also here (Gen. 1: 2) understood of the "Third Person of the Godhead." For example Mr. Matthew Pool (b. 1624, d. 1679), a nonconformist divine, refers to it as, "The Third Person of the glorious Trinity, called the Holy Ghost."—*Pool's Annotations, Vol. I, p. 2. New York, 1880.* And Mr. M. W. Jacobus (b. 1816, d. 1878), D. D., Presbyterian, speaks of it as, "The glorious Third Person of the blessed Trinity"—*Notes on Gen. 1: 1-2, Vol. I, p. 64. New York, 1873.* And the late Mrs. E. G. White refers to the Holy Spirit as, "The mighty agency of the Third Person of the Godhead."—*The Desire of Ages, p. 671.*

#### A MOVING SPIRIT

The Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Godhead, is, in Genesis 1: 2, an active agent in the material creation. It "moved upon the face of the waters." The original word (*rachaph*) here rendered "moved," occurs in two other texts, and is translated: "Fluttereth over her young." Deut. 32: 11. "All my bones shake." Jer 23: 9. These expressions, "moved," "fluttereth," and "shake" denote some action. This original word is rendered in Genesis 1: 2 by others thus:

"And the Spirit of God *agitated* the surface of the waters."—*Boothroyd.* "And the Spirit of God *was waving* over the face of the waters."—*Leeser.* "But the Spirit of God *was brooding* on the face of the waters."—*Rotherham.*

In a footnote Mr. Rotherham says the beautiful word "brooding" is "an exact rendering of the Hebrew."

Now, dear reader, may we be as submissive to the wooings of the Holy Spirit, as was the inanimate material creation, that it may do its office work upon our hearts, and wholly subdue them; yea, may it flutter over, move upon, brood over, shake and agitate our naturally carnal hearts until we shall fully and daily surrender ourselves to the Savior, to whom we belong by creation and redemption. And may we "serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind."—1 Chron. 28: 9.

A saint is simply a man who can act as well on what he sees only by faith, as on what he sees with his two eyes. Faith is the more real of the two to him.—*Faber.*

## SABBATH REFORM

### Tract Society Notes

The December number of the *Pulpit* will have as one of the sermons an historical study of the change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. It is written by Rev. Alva L. Davis, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church at North Loup, Neb. It is a most admirable treatment of the topic, clear, concise, scholarly, fair, readable. You will want to see it. If you are not now a subscriber to the *Pulpit*, it will be well to send in your order soon, for we do not print many extra copies of any issue.

Our Sabbath evangelist is planning to hold in several of our communities this next year Sabbath institutes. By this is meant a series of meetings for the study of the Sabbath, its value, its privileges, its obligations. Some of these meetings will take the form of Bible readings. Some will be especially for children. Some will be for the young people, giving suggestions and methods for their help in being themselves Sabbath evangelists. Possibly near the close of the series he may give a practical demonstration by sending out several people to do actual work for a day in the neighborhood, and then have them come back and report, with a chance for discussion and suggestion. It is hoped that in this work, the people will become interested, and that he will have far more invitations to hold such meetings than he can accept. At the present time he plans to make his field for the winter and early spring in the State of New York.

The following statements are taken from a book called *Sunday*, by Rev. W. B. Trevelyan, vicar of S. Matthew's, Westminster. The first statement the writer quotes from Hessey, the other is his own.

"In no one place in the New Testament is there the slightest hint that the Lord's Day is a Sabbath, or that it is to be observed Sabbatically, or that its observance depends upon the Fourth Commandment, or that the principle of the Sabbath is sufficiently carried out by one day in seven being con-

secrated to God. Whatever the Lord's Day had was its own, not borrowed from the Sabbath, which was regarded for religious purposes as existing no longer" (p. 39).

"The study of history, briefly set out in this volume, has led us to set aside the idea of the identity of Sunday with the Jewish Sabbath. Even a slight knowledge of the manner in which the observance of the first day of the week grew up, side by side with that of the seventh, would make it impossible to accept that view. That in modern, or comparatively modern, times confusion should have arisen is intelligible, but that it should have existed in the first age of the Christian Church is a moral impossibility" (p. 252).

How then does he arrive at the conclusion that Christians should observe Sunday? Is it by any direction given in the Bible regarding the Sabbath? No, he explicitly says there is no such direction. Is it from the example of Christ concerning the Sabbath? No, for he says that Jesus kept the Sabbath. Is it from any teaching of Jesus or the apostles concerning the Sabbath? No, he says there are no such teachings. What then are his reasons? These: the Sabbath was a Jewish institution, that passed wholly away with the gospel of Christ. There is no Sabbath, for Christians. But there early grew up, side by side with the gradually dying out observance of the Sabbath, an observance of the first day of the week in celebration of the resurrection of the Lord. This observance the Church has cherished during the ages. It is well for people to give up a day for rest and religious meditation, and public worship. Sunday has come to be that generally accepted day. The church favors it, good people favor it. All should observe it, not as the Sabbath, but as the Lord's Day. Such is his argument. Choose ye this day which way to follow, the direction of the Bible and the example of Jesus, or the customs and conveniences of the Church of the Middle Ages. This is a plain statement of the situation as it faces our people of today.

SECRETARY.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.—*Quarles.*



### Quarterly Meeting at Walworth, Wis.

The quarterly meeting of the southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches convened with the Walworth Church, October 27-29, 1916.

The opening session on Friday eve, at 7.30 o'clock, began with a praise service led by E. M. Holston, of Milton Junction. The sermon was by Pastor Charles S. Sayre, of Albion, from the text, "Return to thy house, and declare how great things God hath done for thee" (Luke 8: 39). This was a very excellent sermon, showing not only how the temptations that come into our lives should be put away from us, but our obligation to tell, by word and life, in home and community and church expression, what great things God has done in the transformation of our lives. The sermon was inspiring and helpful, a fitting opening for the meetings that followed.

The short conference meeting that followed the sermon was earnest and heart-searching, with the hope and prayer that higher ground might be taken in our spiritual living.

On Sabbath morning an expectant congregation gathered to listen to a good sermon by Pastor L. C. Randolph, of Milton, who took as his text James 5: 19-20—"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Some of the thoughts of his sermon were: The great mission of every Christian and every church is to win men who have wandered, back to Christ. It is the plan of God that souls are to be won by some personal influence. There are things that God wants to do for a community that he can not do until the church gets upon its knees in prayer.

A short session of the Sabbath school was held immediately after the morning service.

At 2.30 p. m. the Young People's Hour was opened by a song service led by Miss Hannah Shaw, of Milton. Miss Beulah Greenman, of Milton Junction, followed this service with a paper upon "Efficiency," taking up the work of the Christian Endeavor by committees, etc. Miss Minnie Godfrey, of Walworth, gave a paper on "Using Home Talent," emphasizing the

thought that we should give our best to the Master. Pastor Jordan gave a talk on "Our Goal," telling us how our young people are finding themselves in active Christian work.

These were all excellent papers and gave us some idea of the ambitions and aims of our Young People's Board. Pastor L. C. Randolph led in a twenty-minute devotional service.

At 4 o'clock, Mr. George Savre, of Milton, gave a short address on "Business in Religion," and Mr. Fred Ainsworth, of Monroe, an address upon "Religion in Business." Both of these addresses were replete with good ideas which if heeded would tend to make better Seventh Day Baptists. Following these was an open parliament. Those taking part were Rev. S. H. Babcock, W. H. Crandall, and Rev. O. S. Mills.

On Sabbath eve, at 7.30, the service was opened with a praise service led by E. M. Holston. After the Scripture reading by Rev. O. S. Mills and prayer by Rev. S. H. Babcock, President William C. Daland gave an excellent sermon based upon Psalm 90: 16—"Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children." A few points of the sermon were: We know God's work is real when he blesses us; also in chastisement; also in the fulfilment of the promise of the blessing. The reason we can not see God's work is because we are out of sympathy with it.

Sunday morning a short business session was held, followed by a praise service led by Professor A. E. Whitford, of Milton, after which Pastor Jordan, of Milton Junction, preached from Colossians 3: 13—"Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." He set forth the thoughts that the righteousness of forgiveness is founded upon the principles of Christ; that men in general imitate Christ in some particulars, the Christian most of all in deeds, worship, prayer, and gifts; that in imitating Christ, forgiveness follows as a duty. It was a sermon giving inspiration and courage to the child of God striving to imitate his Master.

At 2.30 p. m., after singing, prayer was offered by Mrs. A. B. West, president of the Woman's Board. Mrs. J. H. Babcock, corresponding secretary, gave an excellent

### Winona

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

Twenty-two years ago Winona was organized and incorporated under the name, the Winona Assembly and Summer School Association. The by-laws required that a majority of the Board of Directors should be Presbyterians. During the past year it has been reorganized and incorporated under the title, Winona Assembly and Bible Conference. It is interdenominational, with the one restriction that the directors must be members of some evangelical church. In its scope it is world-wide, the greatest organization of the kind on the globe.

"Three features are prominent in Winona activities—the Chautauqua attractions, the Bible Conference and the Federated Schools." There is a restricted environment relating to everything in the park. Hon. William Jennings Bryan is president of the new Winona.

Winona's leaders have borne heavy burdens and passed through strait places; but confident of a divine commission they faltered not and now as Mr. Bryan said speaking for Winona, "We have solid ground under our feet and a clear sky overhead."

Winona affords an unparalleled opportunity for all evangelical denominations to receive and impart good, and we shall give expression to the feelings of our heart by saying that we are anxious to see Seventh Day Baptists embrace the opportunity. We are well aware that some others think such a movement fraught with danger to us as a people, but what movement is entirely free from danger? If our faith is real, of which I am confident, should it not give us vision to see the danger, and stamina to avoid it, while we receive the benefits of such united efforts and in the spirit of Christ bear our message to the world? If we correctly interpret the Winona spirit, God's children of many creeds are reaching out for a deeper, fuller knowledge of God and a closer fellowship with him and with each other. Shall we not claim our place with them?

But the main purpose of this article is to give a report of one of the morning meetings of the Bible Conference, which will contain a special message for a class of people we are deeply interested in—the shut-ins. The meeting, with an estimated

paper and told us of "The Ideals and Aims of the Woman's Board," and its hopes for the future. She reviewed the history of the organization of the Woman's Board and spoke of the appreciation of the work done by the former women of the board. Some of the aims are: consecrated money; zeal in spreading the gospel; having a field secretary; more consecrated women; and so on. Professor A. E. Whitford, president of the Sabbath School Board, told us of some of the aims and purposes of the Sabbath School Board, a few of which are: The teaching of the Bible; the conversion of souls; training young people for Christian service.

After the song, "Count your blessings," by Pastor Randolph, Professor A. B. West, of Milton Junction, presented a message from the Board of Finance, giving, as some of the things essential to a church in good working order,—systematic method in giving; businesslike methods; proficient committees and officers; in other words, the church in active service. This was followed by remarks by E. M. Holston, F. Ainsworth, A. E. Whitford, and W. H. Crandall.

The meeting closed with the song, "God be with you till we meet again," and benediction by Rev. Mr. Bloede, pastor of the Evangelical Church of Walworth.

It has been a good meeting, a good spirit was manifested, and all our churches represented should take courage and give better service to the Master because of these blessings and privileges.

The singing, by Rev. S. H. Babcock, of the hymns, "Must I go and empty-handed," and "Step over the line," touched all hearts, and many a listener thanked God that Brother Babcock was still able to preach by his singing as well as by his life.

There was a good attendance from the sister churches and the expression, "It has been a good meeting," was many times repeated.

EVA H. C. McLEARN.

If thou writest, nothing therein has savor to me unless I read Jesus in it. If thou discussest or conversest, nothing there is agreeable to me unless in it also Jesus resounds. Jesus is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, a song of jubilee in the heart.—*Saint Bernard.*



attendance of three thousand, was conducted by that prince of rescue-mission workers, Mel Trotter. First there was a memorial service for Mr. Silliway, superintendent of a rescue mission in Milwaukee, and Harry Monroe, superintendent of the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, who had died during the year.

Mr. Silliway, who conducted some of the services at Winona in August, 1915, looked at that time to be the picture of health but died suddenly within a month while in the East on business for Mr. Trotter. Harry Monroe passed through a long siege of illness before death came to his relief.

Mr. Silliway ranked high in the order of the Good Samaritans. We must here make mention of a circumstance connected with Mr. Silliway's funeral. While his remains were lying in state, Mr. Trotter noticed an old man poorly dressed, weeping as if his heart would break, standing at one side of the crowd that had come to take the last look of their benefactor. He made his way to the man and inquired the cause of his grief. "Oh," said he, "Silliway was my best friend. I'm a Roman Catholic and couldn't get converted his way, but whenever I fell down he helped me up."

Prominent in the great life-work of Harry Monroe stands the fact that he led Mel Trotter and "Billy" Sunday to Jesus. Before going away he committed the guardianship of the Pacific Garden Mission to Mr. Sunday.

Mr. Trotter spoke very tenderly of his spiritual father, by whom he had been called "My son Tim." He told us of the trial it was for him to participate in the memorial service held over the body of Harry Monroe; that it seemed to him he could not say a word, and how the burden was lifted from his heart by the thought, "This isn't a funeral, it is a coronation."

As he said these words we were transported in mind to Salem, to the memorial service that would be held there in honor of our old schoolmate and tried friend of many years' standing, Secretary Saunders, and our heart, too, found relief in the thought that that service also would be a coronation.

At the conclusion of the memorial service Mr. Trotter spoke a few moments on consecration. He said, "If you give your ear to God, he will speak to you; if you give him your feet, he will make trotters

of you, you won't be slow-steppers."

And then, in the beautiful glow of the early morning light, that audience listened with deep but subdued feeling while Mr. Trotter told his experience of the past year, seven months of which had been spent in a hospital. While he spoke it seemed as if we were listening to a voice from heaven, so marvelous was it in its tenderness, and "in its very tenderness was strong." The speaker's face was transfigured with the light that shines on the countenances of those only who have entered into "the secret of His presence."

Mr. Trotter told of being sent to Baltimore to take the radium treatment and how he learned that while he thought he had suffered before, he really had known very little about it. On account of his past life he was afraid to have the suffering relieved with anodynes. And then, while each moment grew more intense with feeling, he related how Jesus came to him in the time of physical anguish until he found himself longing for the hours of suffering because in them the consciousness of the divine presence was so real.

As I listened to his experience I said to myself, "Has Christian Science anything to compare with this?" Ah, no, Christian Science teaches us to ignore affliction, one of God's greatest agencies for transforming the soul into the likeness of Christ. Many of God's children can testify that in the extremity of suffering they have felt the presence of the Divine Spirit drawing their spirits into fellowship with him and molding them according to his will. Mr. Trotter's experience was deep and sacred, but others also can bear testimony with him that physical suffering is often the key that unlocks God's great storehouse of grace, and floods the soul with his divine glory.

Say, whence is the voice that, when anger is burning,

Bids the whirl of the tempest to cease?  
That stirs the vexed soul with an aching—  
a yearning

For the brotherly handgrip of peace?  
Whence the music that fills all our being—that  
thrills

Around us, beneath and above?  
'Tis a secret, none knows how it comes, how it  
goes;

But the name of the secret is Love;  
For I think it is Love,  
For I feel it is Love,  
For I'm sure it is nothing but Love.

—Lewis Carroll.

## MISSIONS

### Mission Notes

The proceedings of the Missionary and Tract societies as published in the SABBATH RECORDER have kept the people informed as to the progress of the movement started at the General Conference at Salem last August concerning a joint secretaryship for the two societies. Following the action of the two societies in adopting the plan and electing Rev. Edwin Shaw to the position, he offered his resignation as pastor of the Plainfield Church. This he did on Sabbath morning, October 21, the resignation to take effect at the convenience of the church. At a meeting of the Plainfield Church held Sunday evening, November 5, the resignation was accepted, to take effect January 1, 1917.

In the meantime, till the first of the year, the church gives him the privilege of doing such work for the two societies as may seem necessary, by way of correspondence or visitation, in order that the interests of the work may not be in any way neglected. For a time at least his address will remain as it has been, 511 Central Ave., Plainfield, N. J. Correspondence for both of these societies, therefore, intended for the Secretary, should be sent to that address. The Secretary sincerely and earnestly asks the hearty and united support of every man and woman, every boy and girl, among us, in our church communities, and among the lone Sabbath-keepers, in this work to which he has been called.

One of the agencies through which the Missionary Board has been working is the Associational Missionary Committee. Most of the associations have such a committee. These committees have a personal knowledge of the local needs, and therefore a personal and active interest. Each committee looks after the work in its own field, in counsel with the Missionary Board and in co-operation with it. The Missionary Board makes an annual appropriation of \$100 for any expenses connected with each committee not otherwise provided for. As an example of what such committees do the following letter is presented. It is the out-

come of a meeting of the committee held in consultation with the Secretary in the pastor's study of the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist church recently. A copy has been sent to the pastors of the churches of the Eastern Association.

SECRETARY.

DEAR BROTHER:

The Evangelistic Committee wishes to express its desire to be of service to you and your church in whatever way you may wish to use us. The Shiloh and Marlboro churches have arranged to call one of the pastors of the association to assist them in some special services. Our committee plans to pay his traveling expenses out of the \$100 appropriated by the Missionary Society, with the expectation that a collection will be taken, some time during the meetings, for the Missionary Society.

If you wish the assistance of some pastor of the association, the committee will pay his traveling expenses expecting that you, too, will take an offering for the Missionary Society.

As a committee we have no desire to force our wishes or plans on any one, but we do wish to see such work done as will be for the greatest good of the churches, and we are willing to do what we can to accomplish it.

You are asked to present this matter to your church, and to write us if you think we can help you.

Yours in the Master's work,

JESSE G. BURDICK,  
HERBERT L. POLAN,  
RAYMOND C. BURDICK,  
Committee.

Danellen, N. J.,  
Nov. 2, 1916.

### Fouke—Its School and Its Mission

CLARK H. SIEDHOFF

Fouke is a small country town in the southern part of Arkansas, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad. It is sixteen miles from the city of Texarkana. Texarkana is a railroad center, and apparently a prosperous, growing city, partly in Texas and partly in Arkansas. Fouke has a busy business section, eight general stores, a meat market, a restaurant, a barber shop, a state bank, a new up-to-date postoffice, and two cotton gins. There are four churches,—



the Baptist, the Campbellite, the Methodist, and the Universalist, besides our own Seventh Day Baptist. We have no church building but hold our services in the school building.

The problem of making a living is, comparatively, easily solved here. Things are high now as everywhere else. One can raise anything almost. Of course cotton-raising is the chief industry. All the farmers have their cotton patch and depend upon that almost entirely for their income. Almost all varieties of fruit can be cultivated here. Mr. Randolph has demonstrated that fine peaches can be raised. I think I have never eaten such delicious pears as are grown here. Corn, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, all kinds of garden truck can be grown. They have two gardens each year,—a spring garden and a fall garden. I believe stock-raising would be very profitable; there is pasturage twelve months of the year. A large part of the land has not been cleared yet, but the new land brings forth some fine crops. The soil is sandy with red clay hills now and then.

The school building is quite roomy. It is now divided into four rooms,—one for the primary, one for a recitation room, an intermediate room, and the assembly room where we have the seventh and eighth grades and the high-school students. We cover twelve grades of work. The high-school course is one that meets the requirements of standard colleges and universities and at the same time offers a practical course to those who wish to teach or do not intend to pursue their studies further.

We have four teachers for the twelve grades, but this is not enough. The principal of the school is expected to do all the high-school teaching, but it is impossible for *one* person to do this as it *ought* to be done; and before the work can be carried on as it should be, we must have another assistant. Many improvements are needed in equipment but can not be made because of the lack of funds. This year we are putting in some equipment for a physical laboratory course, something which has been needed very much, but we need more apparatus.

The little church here, as has already been stated in another issue of the RECORDER, has bought the school building and

two acres of land with it. This means a burden for so small a church, but the people are willing to do it, to make the personal sacrifices necessary, and they are glad of the privilege of serving the Master in this material way.

The Fouke School and Church have a great mission, the *denomination* a great responsibility, in this work. The law in the State of Arkansas requires that a child shall attend school at least three months during the year. You can imagine how much education children will gain in that length of time. Our school has at least eight months of thorough instruction during the year. There is no high school, no thorough year's work done in the grades, at any place within sixteen miles of Fouke. You readily see, I'm sure, that its mission educationally for the whole country around is very great. I believe that educationally Fouke has as *great* a mission as Salem or Milton and should be as loyally supported by the *whole* denomination as our other schools.

Another great mission of our people here is that of the *Sabbath*. We have the truth on our side and we must keep the lamp trimmed and burning, or we will be held accountable, I fear, for our neglect.

But the greatest mission is that of bringing the true Christ to mankind. The Fouke School has this opportunity by reason of its education, its moral standards, and its example.

Have we as a denomination a mission here in the Southwest? Are we doing *our part*? Are you, my friend, doing *all* you can for Fouke, for our school here, for our denomination, for our Savior?

This work *must not* stop! Rev. G. H. F. Randolph and his family have done a great work here. He has builded a firm foundation, spent the best years of his life here in loving, loyal service, and now it's "up to us" to get behind this work shoulder to shoulder and push it on steadily and faithfully with our interest, our prayers, our money, and our lives.

There ought to be a man here, and there must be soon, as pastor of this church, who can devote his *entire* time to the church and its contingent duties. The field is too large for *one* man even. We of the church here can not carry the whole burden alone, we need your hearty co-operation and support. If you are seeking for an opportunity for

serving Christ, here is one, I believe, in which the Lord will bless you.

You will hear more from Fouke later. She is in the "sunny South" and you must feel some of her sunshine, imbibe some of her "sunny spirit," and become better acquainted with her. Pray for all who are laboring here this year. We need your prayers, but more than that, *pray* and *work* for the future success of the great mission here, that the love of Christ may be brought to men.

### The Last Writing of Dr. E. J. Waggoner

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

Enclosed find the "Confession of Faith" of Dr. E. J. Waggoner, who died in Battle Creek, Mich., on May 28, 1916. Years ago he was one of the most prominent ministers in the Seventh Day Adventist Denomination. For some years previous to his death he had been on the staff of physicians at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. He frequently preached in the Sanitarium. I was much attracted to him soon after my arrival in Battle Creek more than six and a half years ago. I admired his sermons that were always so full of Bible doctrine. The Bible seemed to be a part of his very life. Upon further acquaintance with him I learned to love him as a friend and brother. I counted him among my choice friends in Battle Creek. Although he was never identified with our church he told me some years ago that he was in hearty sympathy with our articles of faith, and that he was really a Seventh Day Baptist. It seems to me that this "Confession of Faith," the very last of his writing, proves this. Mrs. Waggoner, his widow, gives me permission to use these tracts as I think best. Although my friend, Dr. Waggoner, did not write this for publication I am sure that he would be glad for this to go wherever it can do any good. I am sending it to you hoping that it will be published in the RECORDER just as it stands. It is written in such a clear, beautifully sweet spirit, that it seems to me it ought not to cause any harm in any place, but ought to do many readers great good. For all wishing to know more concerning some of the fundamental differences between Seventh Day Baptists and Seventh Day Adventists I would like to commend the reading of this "Confession

of Faith" written by one who was once a very prominent Seventh Day Adventist.

Sincerely yours,

D. BURDETT COON.

Berea, W. Va.,  
Nov. 3, 1916.

[The article follows.]

### A "Confession of Faith"

DR. E. J. WAGGONER

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Ever since you were here last summer I have had it on my mind to write you a long letter, in which I could express myself as freely as though I were talking to you. I had it in mind before you came, but hesitated, not knowing how it would strike you. I did not want you to get the idea that I was in any sense "on the war path," or desirous of controversy. I didn't really believe that you would misunderstand my motive, because you had already written to me that you would like to talk over some items of denominational belief with me. But there were so many things to discuss then, and as I had no idea that we should be together even so long as we were, it didn't seem opportune to introduce any leading topic.

First, I wish I could tell you how much we enjoyed your brief visit. It was really a great blessing to us. You were kind enough to express the hope that I might again be connected with "the work." I remember that both you and Brother \_\_\_\_\_ expressed the same wish when you called on me a few minutes on your way home from General Conference. Your brotherly kindness touched me, although neither then nor at any time since have I for a moment entertained the thought that such a thing could ever take place; nor can I say that I have wished it, under the present conditions, although I cherish the tenderest memories of my association with many former fellow-workers. But I was glad for the kind wish, and for the brotherly spirit that prompted it; and it furnished an additional reason why I should write this letter as a sort of "confession of faith," that you may know more clearly where I stand, and may see that it is not indifference that keeps me out of "the work."

It is indeed as a confession of faith, and not as an expression of disbelief of old doc-



trines, that I should like to have you consider this partial statement of my ground for knowing that I could not be accepted into the Seventh Day Adventist ministry, even if I were ever so willing. I want you as an old and loved friend to know, as nearly as I can make it known, where I stand. I hope that your patience will be sufficient to enable you to read my "confession" through at one sitting; and if at first you are inclined to ask, "Why does he take so much space in repeating what every Christian is supposed to know?" please remember that a confession of faith ought to be very simple, and that I want to be sure to establish common ground between us. You remember Minneapolis. I am making bold to ask you, if you come to some things that you feel inclined to dissent from, to point out to me where there is a break in the logical sequence.

In the beginning, therefore, I will say that I believe the Scriptures to be *The Word of God*. I know that they are "the inspiration of the Almighty," because they give me understanding. The more I read and meditate in them, the more I am impressed with their infinite depth and breadth, and at the same time with their infinite simplicity. They transcend all philosophy, because they are simple, ultimate truth. My attention was called more sharply than ever to this fact by the remark recently made to me by an educated man, not a professor of religion, that he resented Paul's writings (referring particularly to the Epistle to the Romans), because his theology obscured the simple teaching of Christ. I replied that that was because he didn't understand Paul's teaching. Subsequent study—for I am taking a class through the Epistle to the Romans—has made me see more clearly than ever before that Paul was not a "theologian," but that he simply stated self-evident truths—truths really as self-evident as any axiom in mathematics. But the truths are packed closely together, each word often containing a distinct thought, and the hasty reader is likely to imagine that there is a maze of philosophical and theological arguments, when there is only a mass of simple, ultimate truths, each independently true, and convincing when looked at by itself; but it takes a lot of close scrutiny to distinguish the boundaries of each, and then to see them all blending into one harmonious whole.

Christ is primarily the Word of God, the expression of God's thought; and the Scriptures are the Word of God simply because they reveal Christ. It was with this belief that I began my *real* study of the Bible, thirty-four years ago. At that time Christ was set forth before my eyes "evidently crucified" before me. I was sitting a little apart from the body of the congregation in the large tent at a camp-meeting in Healdsburg, one gloomy Sabbath afternoon. I have no idea what was the subject of the discourse. Not a text nor a word have I ever known. All that has remained with me was what I saw. Suddenly a light shone round me, and the tent was, for me, far more brilliantly lighted than if the noonday sun had been shining, and I saw Christ hanging on the cross, *crucified for me*. In that moment I had my first positive knowledge, which came like an overwhelming flood, that God loved *me*, and that Christ died *for me*. God and I were the only beings I was conscious of in the universe. I knew then, by actual sight, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; I was the whole world with all its sin. I am sure that Paul's experience on the way to Damascus was no more real than mine.

It was an impersonal, extra-Biblical revelation; for no text and no human being was connected with the experience. But, believing that the Bible is God's revelation to man,—a revelation of himself,—I knew that it must have been designed for the giving of just such a revelation as I had that day. I knew, and still know, that from the Bible the gospel teacher is to set forth by the Spirit what no ear has ever heard nor can hear, and what has never entered into the heart of man. I resolved at once that I would study the Bible in the light of that revelation, in order that I might help others to see the same truth. I have always believed that every part of the Bible must set forth, with more or less vividness, that glorious revelation; and when I did not see it, or some direct connection with it, in any portion of Scripture, I have known that I did not understand it, and have refrained from attempting to teach such portions until I could see the light shining from them.

Christ must be the beginning and end of all Scripture, as he is the Author and Perfecter of faith. It was the Spirit of Christ that testified in the ancient prophets; and so

the Scriptures are the "testimony of Jesus,"—the "testimonies" to which the Psalmist so frequently refers.

We know God first of all as the Creator in Christ. In that living Word that was God in the beginning everything exists: "For in him were all things created, in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible; . . . and he is before all things, and in him all things hold together." Therefore,

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" God saves by his creative power. Creation is first and last and all the time. God created everything perfect. Man's disobedience "brought sin into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden"; and God, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow that is cast by turning," redeems all by the continued exercise of the same power that brought all into being. God was not taken by surprise, for "he himself knew what he would do." No new work was instituted. "The works were finished from the foundation of the world," and the everlasting word that upholds all things still continues to work effectually, as in the beginning. Whoever believes it becomes conscious that it works effectually *in him*. "If any man be in Christ, there is a new creation." "This is the work of God, that ye believe in him whom he hath sent."

Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, and today, and forever." He can not change, because He is the revelation, the out-shining of the unchangeable God. His "goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity." Therefore the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, must be always the same, with no shadow of change. It was the same before the foundation of the world, when only angels had been created. At first it was the good news of God's power in creation, and the angels sang together and shouted for joy. Later, it was also the good news of God's power in creating anew, and again the angels sang together and shouted for joy. But no new feature has ever been introduced, because the power of God is necessarily as unchangeable as God himself. God has not grown greater, stronger or better as the ages have passed, because he was as great and strong and good in the beginning as he could be—always infinite in everything.

So Christ is the all-sufficient sacrifice from before the foundation of the world. It was through him that pardon was offered to Lucifer and his deluded host, before man was created. The offering was rejected, because Satan would acknowledge no greater than himself; and as he knew perfectly what he was doing, his probation ceased; and so Christ, in coming to earth, "took not on him the nature of angels," but only that of sinful man.

From the simple truth that Christ is "the image of the invisible God,"—the shining forth of his glory, the manifestation of his unchangeable character,—himself the same yesterday, and all the yesterdays, and today, and forever, we *must* believe and know that from the days of eternity of old until now Christ has exercised the threefold office of Prophet, Priest, and King. He was born to the throne, not merely in Bethlehem, but from his "goings forth." From the beginning he was constituted "Heir of all things." "Yet have I set [literally, anointed] my King upon my holy hill of Zion."

Prophet, Christ has certainly ever been, since as the Living Word he has *spoken for God*. He is the mouthpiece of Divinity. He was the Prophet of God in the beginning, when the heavens and earth were created, since it was by him that the creative word was uttered; and he was the same Prophet when he came preaching peace to all, both near and far. God was "preaching peace by Jesus Christ" centuries before Christ appeared in Judea (Isa. 57: 19).

(To be continued)

The badness of good people lies in their censoriousness. It is hard for them to make allowances for others not so correct as themselves. Ian Maclaren drew this type to perfection in his portrait of Lachlan Campbell, who drove his own daughter from his home in his hardness of self-righteousness. To be so engrossed in one's own goodness that he is intolerant of another's weakness is the very essence of Pharisaism, and the one sin against Jesus contended more than any other. The exceeding sinfulness of this sin consists in its power to harden the heart so that the divine plant of love is starved to death.—*Wm. T. Ellis*.



## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### A Sunshine Song

Would you make some saddened heart  
Just a little lighter?  
Would you make some burdened life  
Just a little brighter?  
Drop a word of hope and cheer;  
Set the echoes ringing  
With your notes of love and joy,  
As you go a-singing.

Would you smooth the rugged path  
Down along life's highway?  
Would you plant the rose of faith  
In some lonely byway?  
Just a deed of kindness done  
Clears the path before us,  
And the lilies of God's love  
Bloom and blossom o'er us.

Just a little word of cheer  
Lightens every duty;  
Just a smile will often show  
Faces wreathed in beauty.  
Sprinkle sunshine as you go,  
Comfort the distressing,  
And your own reward will be  
Heaven's choicest blessing.  
—E. A. Brininstool.

### The Committee on Strangers

Mrs. Benson was reading aloud to her husband the latest letter for their youngest child, the petted daughter who had married and gone many miles away to a strange, big city.

"I put on my pretty golden-brown dress every afternoon, mother, hoping against hope that some one will call; but they haven't yet. At first, I consoled myself with your explanation of it, that they were all so busy getting ready for Christmas. It is a long way past Christmas now, but maybe they are all busy getting ready for Easter. I went to the meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society last month, and a few women spoke to me and asked where I lived, but they haven't come; and you can't guess, because you never tried it, how dreadful it is to sit and watch and watch for a friendly woman face and—"

Mrs. Benson's voice quavered off into a sob, and great tears were rolling down her cheeks as she handed the letter to Mr. Ben-

son. Burying her face in her hands, she sobbed: "It is cruel, cruel, and I'll never forgive those women—never! Neglected and left alone—our darling, who was always so happy and so busy, and in demand for everything that was going on. Every day of her girlhood crowded so full of work and good times, no wonder she is blue. Oh, I know she didn't say she was blue, but you needn't think that her mother can't read between the lines. How long the day must seem to her from the time Herbert goes to his work until he returns. I can't bear it, for her to be lonely."

Mr. Benson had finished reading the letter, and laid it down with a troubled sigh. He was less for talking about his troubles than his wife, but his heart ached for the young housewife, who would always be to him just his baby girl; and he longed to pick her up in his arms and comfort her, just as he had comforted her in her childish sorrows. As he could not do that, he turned to her troubled mother "I wouldn't cry any more," he said gently. "Perhaps the women of the church are just slow about hunting up strangers—"

"Slow!" There was a world of sarcasm in the mother's voice. "I should think they were slow. Helen has been in their city for months, and they didn't have to hunt her up. No child of ours has waited to be hunted up—they hunt the church the first thing in a strange town, and then it is up to the church to make them welcome. It must be a mighty queer Missionary Society, with no one in it to look after the strangers."

"Does your Missionary Society have any one to look after them?" her husband asked.

"Of course—that is, I suppose so," she hesitated over the answer.

"Are you sure that your new members have been called on, and made to feel at home, and welcome? Have you called on any of them?" he asked, with a quizzical glance, knowing that his wife had done little calling in the past year or so.

She flushed under his scrutiny. "You know I have been terribly busy," she explained. "With Helen's wedding to get ready for, and since then—well, I just haven't cared to start out," she ended rather lamely.

"Perhaps there were mothers over in the city our daughter went to, who had wed-

dings to get ready for, and who didn't feel like getting out afterward."

"But to treat our Helen that way," she began, then choked again.

"I see," he said shrewdly. "A man would quote the old saying: 'It makes a difference whose ox is being gored,' while you women would say it makes a difference whose daughter is being neglected. There, there, dear, I didn't mean to be rough. I care, just as much as you do, but you can't help Helen by sitting down and crying and deploring other people's negligence. Why not look around and see if there are any lonely ones in your own Missionary Society?"

He left her with a thoughtful look upon her face for the rest of that day, and during the next morning a plan slowly formed in her troubled mind. As she was dressing for the afternoon, she had to swallow hard to keep back the tears as she thought of Helen getting ready for another lonely afternoon—Helen, in her favorite brown dress, with her wavy, golden hair prettily arranged, and her wistful brown eyes watching, watching for the women who did not call.

Mrs. Benson called first that afternoon upon the president of the Missionary Society, and, after the usual greetings and commonplaces of a call, asked: "Has our society a committee on strangers?"

"Why—let me see—no, I think not," Mrs. Weyman said, picking up her year-book and turning its pages. "Finance—*Missionary Tidings*—Flower—Mid-summer social—Sick—no, we haven't a committee on strangers."

"Will you let me be that committee, then, just on-trial?" Mrs. Benson asked eagerly.

"Why, certainly, if you think it necessary to have such a committee, and feel willing to undertake the work," Mrs. Weyman said slowly. She was a stickler for keeping in the beaten path. The society had never had such a committee during the five years she had held the presidency, and, as she had never thought of it, she very much doubted the wisdom of starting it. "Tomorrow is our regular monthly meeting," she added. "I will present the matter and will appoint you chairman, if there are no objections, with power to choose your own assistants."

Mrs. Benson had to be content with this, but before she went home she called on

the secretary, and asked for a list of members who had come in during the past six months. There were only a few in that length of time, but, as they looked back over the list of members, Mrs. Benson was surprised to find names of women, presented a year back, yes, two years back, that she had scarcely met. Time flies swiftly for one who has lived in one place, and has many interests and many friends.

There was the usual attendance at the meeting of the Missionary Society the next day. The attendance was always small, compared with the number of women enrolled in the church membership. No one objected when Mrs. Weyman brought up the matter of a new committee, and suggested Mrs. Benson for chairman. The women liked Mrs. Benson, and were perfectly willing for her to undertake more work, just so long as it did not interfere with their plans. When it came to asking for assistants—that was different. It was surprising how very busy these women all were. She went home, tired and discouraged, chairman of a committee, with no assistants. A letter from Helen was waiting for her, however, and this letter gave her fresh courage for her task. Its attempt at gaiety made the letter pitiful. "I dressed up this afternoon," she wrote, "pretending I was going out to call on friends, and then—went to market. Wasn't that exciting? On the car coming out I saw two women that I had met at the church, and I could have cried for joy because their faces were not entirely strange. They were up near the front of the car, and I kept hoping that when they got off they would see me and speak to me, but I had to get off first, and maybe they wouldn't have remembered me anyway, and that would have hurt worse than having to get off and leave them on the car."

Mrs. Benson started out the next day with her list of names and a heart full of sympathy for all strangers. The heart was so very full of sympathy that it looked out of her eyes and trembled in her smile, insuring her a welcome wherever she went; and that afternoon was one of new experiences to Mary Benson, who had lived all her life in this one town, and did not know the meaning of the words, "A stranger, in a strange land."

She did not make fashionable calls, for hearts opened to this motherly, middle-aged



woman, who had taken time to hunt them up. She listened to stories of homesickness and loneliness, that afternoon, that made her forget for a time her heartache for Helen's loneliness. It took more than one afternoon to complete the list, and she had promised to go often to see some who needed her most. Mr. Benson watched approvingly, even while he laughingly accused her of getting to be a gadabout, neglecting her home and her husband.

At the next meeting of the society the increase in attendance was very noticeable. Mrs. Benson had brought out the majority of the women upon whom she had called, and she had used her telephone to ask all her friends to be sure to be at the meeting, to help her make strange ones feel at home. In her calls she had found that many of them had attended a few meetings, but, being allowed to leave without any friendly advances from the members, and having none of the members call on them, they had shrunk from going again. One woman had refused Mrs. Benson's invitation at first, saying bitterly: "I wouldn't call it a Missionary Society—it's a cold storage plant, keeping the ones it already has inside in perfect order, but cold storage does not attract outsiders."

So Mrs. Benson had used all her strength and powers of persuasion to thaw out and warm up both the old members and the new. She had even asked Mrs. Weyman to close the meeting early, allowing half an hour for a social time. Mrs. Weyman wasn't sure that she ought to shorten the program for a social time. It had never been done since she was president, and she had never even thought of doing it; but Mrs. Benson had always been one of her most liberal contributors for special funds, as well as regular funds, so she could not refuse. The meeting was a great success. Even Mrs. Weyman acknowledged that, and decided to give more time to the social side of the work in the future. Every one seemed to thaw out early in the social, and there was more handshaking in that half-hour than there had been in twenty previous meetings.

As Mrs. Benson walked home with the newest bride on her list of strangers, she listened to the girl's happy chatter and felt strangely happy and well-paid for the strenuous work of the past weeks.

It was late when she arrived at home,

and her husband was holding a letter in his hands, turning it over and over, looking at the address, and at the postmark.

"I waited until you came," he said, "so we could enjoy it together. It is a big, fat letter, so it must have good news in it."

Mrs. Benson's face grew anxious as she opened the envelope. She had been really happy all afternoon over helping so many homesick folks begin to feel at home, and for a time she had put from her mind Helen's wistful face. It came back now, giving the mother a pang of reproach for being happy for even one afternoon, while her darling was lonely. But the letter soon took the anxious look from her face, for it was Helen's old, happy, light-hearted self talking to them.

"Oh, I've had such a good time this week, and I'm so thankful," she wrote. "First, the dearest woman came to call. She was so much like mother that I nearly cried when I opened the door, and then she nearly cried when she found out how lonely I had been. She was so sorry she had been busy and neglected coming to call for so long a time, and she stayed nearly all afternoon, and we talked and talked and talked. She must have told her friends about me, for I've had callers every afternoon, and they all begged me not to be formal, but come to see them real soon. One woman brought her baby with her. He was so cunning, and I just loved him; and, best of all, a girl came, a girl just a little younger than I am, and just out of college. She wanted me to sing for the next meeting in the place of some one who is sick. She saw my piano and my music, and guessed that I sang, although she couldn't have guessed how little I have sung lately. She played my accompaniment, and I sang some of my favorites to see what she liked best, and we had such a good time, and she asked if she could come next week and bring some more girls. Maybe you think I told her in a dignified way that I had no time for callers, especially girl callers. I got my chafing dish out this morning and polished it up ready to serve 'freshments, as Bob used to say. And oh, I mustn't forget to tell about the meeting. The woman who came first came to take me, because I had told her I was timid about going alone in the strange city. We went early, and I met ever so many people and they were all so friendly that I got

over being afraid to sing. After the meeting they were all so nice to me, and I was so glad I was there. It really is beginning to seem like home, and I'm going to try to like it. And poor, old Herbert is so glad that it is just pitiful. I must have been an awful trial, although I thought I was being so brave that he didn't suspect how homesick I was. And I know just how happy you two dears will be when I sign myself, your happy Helen."

Perhaps the tears were rolling down Mrs. Benson's cheeks quite as thick and fast as when she had read that other letter, and had the vision of her sweet child watching, watching, for the women who did not call; but they were not bitter tears this time.

Mr. Benson cleared his throat, and, reaching over, put his arm about his faithful partner, then he said, a trifle huskily: "I've never been much of a hand to talk about things I didn't understand, but I am going to tell you what I think about this turn of affairs. I figure it out this way, that when you put aside your heartache, and went to work to help the lonely, homesick strangers in your own Missionary Society, God was watching, and he put it into the heart of that other woman to do the same kind of work in her Missionary Society. So while you were doing it, all unselfishly, it was the surest way to help our Helen, and I just feel like saying thank God, and blessings on all the committees on strangers, in all Missionary societies."—*Mrs. E. Livingstone.*

#### Resolutions of Respect

"God gave her years, and tasks, and strength of soul,

And love . . . and loneliness.  
Then, seeing all her earthly life complete,  
He gave no more of tasks or years. She passed  
To that fair 'Morning Land' where night shall  
cast

Its shadow nevermore. Then Home,  
and sweet

The welcome to His presence Whose 'well-done'  
Such finished work doth bless."

We, the members of the Ladies' Aid Society of Nile, N. Y., hereby express our desire to pay a tribute of love and esteem to our departed sister, Mrs. Hannah Babcock, who has been removed from us; and as there are many who in past years have been helped and comforted, in sickness and sorrow, by her, we therefore extend our sympathy to her children and commend them to the Great Comforter who sustains in every affliction.

*Resolved,* That a copy of these expressions

of sorrow be presented to the children of the deceased and that they may be entered upon the records of this society.

MABEL E. JORDAN,  
MRS. VICTORIA BURDICK,  
Committee.

#### Back to Humanities

*Under this heading an editorial in the Portland (Me.) Evening Express of September 28 attracted our attention, and we give it here, believing RECORDER readers will be as interested in it as we were*

George Gissing, a novelist and critic of life who deserves a wider reading than he ever enjoyed, makes one of his people in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, say, "I hate and fear 'science,' because of my conviction that, for long to come, if not forever, it will be the remorseless enemy of mankind. I see it destroying all simplicity and gentleness in life, all the beauty of the world; I see it restoring barbarism under a mask of civilization; I see it darkening men's minds and hardening their hearts; I see it bringing a time of vast conflicts, which will pale into insignificance 'the thousand wars of old,' and as likely as not, will overwhelm all the laborious advances of mankind in blood-drenched chaos."

That was written some years ago. Nobody believed it then. Today the war is making it truth. For years one of the main planks in Germany's platform of education has been science—and word for word she is making George Gissing's prophecy come to pass. We have long admired the wonderful national organization that has made Germany so powerful, but it has dangers that we must not blink. We have laughed at the long and bitter controversy in England over the preservation of classic studies in Cambridge and Oxford, and now we may see the importance of it.

Recently Lord Bryce, who knows this country of ours better than any other foreigner, issued a manifesto in favor of keeping and enlarging the study of the old-fashioned "humanities" in universities. It is clear that the world is beginning to break from the spell of science-worship as something splendid and successful. We begin to see the mistake of regarding everything in education that is not scientific or technical as worthless and a waste of time. If the war is accomplishing anything at all in



the improvement of the human scheme, it is in this awakening of the spirit. Even war is not the purely technical and mechanical thing we thought it was bound to be, with its intricate machinery and exact calculations. Modern fighting is making more clear than ever the importance of the old things—bravery, steadfastness, patience, and all the things are above cogs and wheels and measurements. It is putting man back on his pedestal. And it is making him think—think about the real essentials of his existence.

It may be true that the little Latin, the little French or Euclid that a boy learns at school "does him no good," as a practical aid in everyday business. But education is a sowing of seed, a cultivation of the mental soil, and the cultivation is justified if only a little of the sowing comes to a harvest. The Latin that he is taught does take a boy to the threshold of a world where, if he has it in him, his imagination may thrive and make his existence a bigger thing.

Nor is the little Roman history that he may learn with his moderate Latin a useless thing to him. He will be a better citizen of his own time and country by knowledge of the progress and the failures of a state that existed in times before. The average man lives his life in city street, in shop or factory, or office, or home. But the world is a bigger and more interesting thing than these. A man with an interest in other things than dyes and dividends is a better manufacturer of dyes, a more skillful controller of dividends, by that very knowledge of things outside them. A man's life is a brief adventure, so short that it is past almost before he is aware of beginning and enjoying it. He is almost like a spectator who stands aside and watches it pass by. If war is teaching anything it is teaching the new value of human life, and the value of making a man's life a safe and enjoyable adventure. By a curious irony we learn the worth of life only when we come to face death. But having learned its value, it is time that we paid some attention to making it this pleasant adventure that, secretly, every man wishes his life to be. And he can not make it that if he is taught nothing but how to count money, or make shoes, or build houses. We are learning, by the very loss

of them, that the humanities are of use after all, and they are coming back into respect.

### The Laboring Man

EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER:

The story relating the dream under "A World Grown Up" reminds me of the enclosed, which you are welcome to publish if you like. It was written as I sat by the wayside one morning, awaiting an electric car, and saw the "dinner pail fraternity" hurrying hither and thither, and as an offering to them it was, after first appearing in the *Laborer's Friend* and *Our Commonwealth* (which is merger in *Woman's Commonwealth*), placed on a postal card and is still going about. Few of your readers probably have seen it. It may possibly be the means of bringing out something better in this line or warming some laboring soul.

Respectfully,

ANNAH C. FAY, L. S. K.

Princeton, Mass.,  
Aug. 27, 1916.

Blessed is the laboring man,  
Who going forth at dawn,  
Carries in his heart of hearts  
Love's jewel, Heaven-born,  
Love for his wife and little child.

Blessed is the laboring man,  
Tho' wearing well-worn clothes,  
Bearing forth his frugal lunch,  
Cooked by the wife he knows  
Still loves him and his little child.

Blessed is that laboring man,  
Tho' pick, or spade, or wire  
Bespeaks his trade, his aim  
Nobler far when desire  
Is love to God and wife and child.

Blessed is that laboring man,  
Artisan or from the farm,  
Who lives the purer purpose plan—  
It keeps from him all harm—  
In love of God, and wife, and child.

My God! my time is in thy hands. Should it please thee to lengthen my life, and complete, as thou hast begun, the work of blanching my locks, grant me grace to wear them as a crown of unsullied honor.—  
*Christian Scriver.*

The miracles of earth are the laws of heaven.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### Gratitude

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,*  
November 25, 1916

#### Daily Readings

Sunday—For deliverances (Gen. 35: 1-5)  
Monday—For divine leading (Deut. 8: 1-18)  
Tuesday—For salvation (Ps. 40: 1-8)  
Wednesday—Where are the nine? (Luke 17: 11-19)  
Thursday—Gratitude to benefactors (Acts 28: 1-10)  
Friday—Keeping gratitude fresh (Heb. 13: 13-16)  
Sabbath Day—The grace of gratitude (Ps. 107: 1-43) (Thanksgiving meeting)

#### LACK OF GRATITUDE

Not so very long ago a pastor in one of our capital cities was quoted as saying, "If there is a family in my congregation where a blessing is asked at table, or where family prayers are observed, I do not know it." This statement, no doubt, is extreme, but the fact still remains that in many homes there is no acknowledgment of God's goodness when the members of the home gather around the family board, or at any other time. Why this lack of expression of appreciation of God's favor? The common excuse or plea is that we are too busy, life has become too strenuous to find time for family worship, but the fact is that we find time to do the things we wish to do. The real reason why we do not take time to acknowledge our indebtedness to God for all his goodness is our lack of gratitude which grows out of our selfishness. We are not grateful enough for life's blessings to take time to acknowledge them. We would rather have the time which might be thus employed to use for ourselves.

#### EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

The foundation of our gratitude to God is his goodness, and a fundamental requirement of gratitude is that we give expression to it. "O give thanks unto Jehovah," says the Psalmist, "for he is good; for his lovingkindness endureth forever. . . . Let the redeemed of Jehovah say so."  
The manifold blessings, of which we are

the constant recipients, are the expression of God's goodness. Is it a proper sense of gratitude to receive and accept them without any expression of thankfulness? Would we think of treating our friends in this way? Yet it is God to whom we are indebted for every goodness. Our gratitude, like our prayers, is often blank and unexpressed. We let God take for granted that we are thankful. How mean and shabby such gratitude, if it can be called gratitude at all.

Not long ago, in a little book of lectures on prayer, I found this apt illustration. "Suppose," says the writer, "that a man takes up his pen and a piece of parchment, and writes on the top of it, 'To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, the humble petition of So-and-so,' but there he stops. He sits with his pen in hand for half an hour, but does not add another word, then rises and goes his way. And he repeats this process day after day—beginning a hundred sheets of paper, but putting into them no express request. . . . Can he wonder that his blank petitions and scribbled parchments have no sensible effect upon himself nor on any one besides?" So it is with us. Day after day we go about our work, accepting God's blessings without any definite expression of gratitude. How can we expect our gratitude to increase, or have any influence on others when accepting all of God's benefits in this expressionless way?

#### SOME SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

"God knows our heart, if it is grateful; but he wants others also to know it."

"An earthly father wants his child to thank him, even for what it is the father's duty to give. God has the same desire, knowing that gratitude is growth."

"Gratitude is cultivated by observation, but by observation followed by expression."

"We call gratitude a grace because it is so gracious, and because it renders the thankful so graceful, so beautiful."

#### YOUR THOUGHT

What are some of the common blessings of life which we accept as a matter of fact as our right?

What other blessings, other than the common ones, should we be thankful for?

Even though we may attain success through our own efforts, are we still under obligation to God to be grateful?



## Allegany County Christian Endeavor Convention

M. E. J.

The Allegany County Christian Endeavor Convention was entertained by the Nile (N. Y.) Seventh Day Baptist Endeavorers, October 12. Marked progress has been made during the past year.

The convention was opened at 10.45 by a praise and devotional service led by Rev. Eli Loofboro, of Little Genesee, N. Y. Following this the Nile Juniors demonstrated "A Bit of Sunshine." The little folks, with Junior Endeavor flags over their shoulders, marched up the central aisle and took their places on the platform. Responses to reading by their leader, Miss Jordan, were given by them. The songs, "If I Were a Sunbeam," and "Singing from the Heart," were rendered as only Juniors can render such pieces.

Seventeen societies responded to the roll call.

We were very fortunate in having with us Mr. Harold R. Waite, of Syracuse, N. Y., field secretary of the New York State Christian Endeavor Union. Mr. Waite conducted a conference in the afternoon on "The Officers and Their Task." He very clearly depicted the duties of each officer and committee. Among the many points brought out was the idea of having definite plans and system in each organization with the purpose of reaching out to all young people.

In reports of six societies on "Their Greatest Success Last Year" many interesting points were given.

The evening session was opened with devotional services led by Mark Sanford, of Little Genesee, N. Y.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were installed by the field secretary.

The address of the evening on "Our Great Task," was given by Mr. Waite. In this address he showed the great value of Christian Endeavor in training young people in the Master's business. His appeal was to make Christian Endeavor a real power.

The closing exercise was the awarding of banners. The pennant for most for missions in 1915 went to the Little Genesee (N. Y.) Seventh Day Baptist Society; the pennant for largest delegation in 1915 to the Belmont (N. Y.) Baptist Society; the

banner, "most for missions," to the Canaseraga (N. Y.) Presbyterian Society; and the banner for largest delegation, to the Alfred Station (N. Y.) Seventh Day Baptist Society.

When the registration closed, 185 delegates had registered, but more than 200 Christian Endeavor workers were in attendance at the evening session.

It might be of interest to know that six of the thirteen county officers are Seventh Day Baptists.

## Using Home Talent

MINNIE E. GODFREY

*Paper presented at Young People's Hour of Quarterly Meeting of Southern Wisconsin Churches, October 28, 1916, Walworth, Wis.*

When this subject was assigned to me, my first thought was that there was little to say on it because every one knew that home talent was used only when nothing else was available. Upon careful consideration, however, I found that each word in the title had a significance and that there were many good reasons for using home talent.

What would we as a denomination accomplish if we waited for some person of great reputation to come to each church to do our work? When would the Young People's Board reach the goal set for the coming year if each society idly waited for an expert Christian Endeavor worker to come and gain its apportionment of new members, Quiet Hour Comrades, members of the Tenth Legion, etc.? I do not mean to undervalue the work of especially trained workers, but not *all* of our societies could be reached by them; furthermore, who knows the needs of the home society, church, and community better than the home people who *can* and *will* take the time to study these problems? They know the interests of the home people and should be able to approach them more tactfully than a stranger.

Not long ago an earnest Christian Endeavor member became interested in a group of girls that did not care about Christian work. She called upon them and found that they were very much interested in crocheting. A social was being planned and the caller asked the girls to come and take charge of a booth displaying some of

their work. Naturally the girls were surprised, but finally consented to go. Gradually they became interested in Christian Endeavor and at length were won to Christ. A stranger could not have done in a few days what took this friend weeks of prayerful, persistent effort to accomplish.

The outsider brings us new ideas, methods, and inspiration, also creates an enthusiasm; but unless the home people catch the vision and *adopt* these suggestions to the local needs, the stranger's efforts are, to a large extent, in vain. Some one has said, "We need *exercise*, not *feed*." In my opinion we need *both*. We all agree that there is plenty of work to be done. "The very fact that we are alive today means that Christ has some work for us to do." I believe that there is talent in young life today, which if brought into usefulness and trained in Christian Endeavor or Sabbath school might be developed to such an extent as to prove a blessing to the individual, the society, and the denomination. What we need is to find this home talent and develop it, not only because we want to get some particular piece of work done, but for the benefit the worker derives from performing his task.

Then, too, there is the pleasure we receive by serving Christ through helping others. An Endeavorer transferred his membership from a large to a small society. Here he was soon given a job which he did promptly and well. The chairman of his committee was surprised to find that this was the first Christian Endeavor work he had ever done. Upon inquiry it was found that in the large society he was asked to do nothing and found it tiresome, while everybody worked in the small one and the majority of members enjoyed it. Another Endeavorer says, "It is glorious to be so busy." This week a letter came from one of our eastern Christian Endeavor societies saying that the members very earnestly favored their president's suggestions to take up several of the things on the goal set by the Young People's Board. The letter also stated that they were going to work harder this year and wanted to do their share of the work. What a splendid opportunity they will have for using and developing home talent! As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a society is no stronger than its weakest member. Are

you increasing or decreasing the strength of your society?

In a recent address, Rev. Mr. Studebaker, of Lancaster, said that the Christ of today was a Christ of youth as well as of adults. This Christ demands our *real life*. Sometimes the thing we are driven to do for support is not our choice as a life work. A girl who was clerking in a department store found her work drudgery, but spent all leisure moments in painting. She was discovered by a sympathetic friend who provided the means for developing her real life. In this work the girl was happy and successful.

We enjoy doing whatever we do well. Let us call this thing, whatever it may be, talent. "To say we have no talent is to accuse the Master of poor work?" Unless we give to Christ of our real life, the thing we enjoy most, our so-called service is likely to become spiritual drudgery. I do not mean by this that we should never attempt anything new. You do not know what you can do until you try. "God has many blessed surprises for those who endeavor." Perhaps he uses this method to develop some talent which its owner never knew existed.

The sincere Christian has only to name over the different committees and think carefully what work each may include to find something at home he can do for Christ. It is here that the Executive Committee needs to be very careful to give each member the job for which he is best suited. You may think some one can do the work better, but *will* he do it? A round peg in a square hole is better than no peg at all. In time this round peg may be made to fit. Another may think he can do nothing at home that is worth while. Look about you and see whether the tasks require one or five-talent men. Are there not more of the former? That is doubtless the reason there are more one-talent Endeavorers.

Many times reports come in like this: 25 *active* members, no Quiet Hour Comrades, no missionary work done, no Junior society, and so on through the list of usual activities with apparently nothing done, until I think of the story told of an old negro who thought he was ill. After a careful examination, the physician found nothing wrong, but knowing the man's dislike for work told him that what he needed was a



dose of calisthenics. How many of us need some Christian Endeavor calisthenics? Will we not during the coming months give of our real lives to the Master? Christ only asks that we pay in the coin we possess. He wants the willing consecration of whatever talents we have in our local societies and churches that he may multiply and use them all in the ennobling of our lives and the upbuilding of his kingdom.

### How to Go to the Bow-wows

REV. H. D. CLARKE

Read at L. S. K. meeting, in Conference, by Rev. Leslie O. Greene

Slang today is classic tomorrow. How these words originated I do not know. Their meaning is well known.

I am requested to tell how lone Sabbath-keepers can apostatize. It might be easy to tell how that can be, but not so easy to tell how it really is in many cases. None have yet told me just how they left the Sabbath or why. They may not know themselves. In most cases it seems evident that they do not know their first steps. But it is easy to tell how this can come about.

There are many, many loyal hearts and faithful ones among those scattered abroad. It is also certain that there are about as many more who have not been loyal. Many such do not realize the condition in which we find them. They have become spiritually dull and conscience-seared, as it were, and they, many at least, are not under much conviction of wrongdoing or danger. Let us mention some of the conditions that do lead to apostasy.

In many cases the real cause lies back of what we see at present. Children are not well educated in many homes in the fundamental doctrines of our faith. They may even have attended one of our denominational colleges, so-called (though we have been recently told on high authority that we have no such colleges), but have never made a real study of Sabbath history and doctrine. They can not give a good explanation of texts we use and those that the advocates of Sunday observance give. They have not been taught the real meaning of a Sabbath and how fundamental it is. They have probably heard sermons on the question but have not been attentive and earnest hearers. In the home from child-

hood their parents have not gone down deep into the matter with seriousness and intelligence. Then, too, the children have grown up in an atmosphere of worldliness, and the one aim in life has been to get married and to get into some lucrative business. In many cases they have settled it that they must do one certain thing and have not previously studied to see what may be the final results spiritually and in regard to Sabbath-keeping. They have chosen the trade or profession without knowing the cost. They have not built a real foundation for loyal, consistent Sabbath-keeping.

Again, many find themselves in what they think are circumstances beyond their control, removed from Sabbath-keeping influences. Business or matrimony have led them far away from home, church and society. Some did not intend to stay there, only just long enough to get better fixed financially, but they stayed. Removed from the means of grace that they need and in constant association with Sabbathless people as well as those who make a pretense of sabbatizing on Sunday, a gradual decrease of interest in the old faith and church home comes, they do not take pains to keep well informed and interested in their denominational and church affairs, and they are ignorant of real facts connected with our people and work. With this decrease of interest they gradually become indifferent to the Sabbath truth and begin work on that day, keeping it up until lost to us and to God.

There are some who maintain a nominal observance of the Sabbath and will not give it up, even though not as consistent as they should be in its observance; but the family is away from means of grace and needed influences and their associations are all against them. They form friendships and attachments with non-Sabbath-keepers. They have no inducements to study into the question from a Scriptural standpoint. They are lost to us.

There are some, unconscious of the motives of their lives, who have an ambition to succeed as the world looks at it. They have a profession or trade in which they wish to succeed. They have an idea that to do this they must deviate a little from principle, get into the swim, as they call it, and identify themselves with the more popular elements in their locality. If

teaching school, they often become teachers in some Sunday school, where they become prominent and are made much of. They sing in the choir. Socials are held Sabbath days, and committee meetings. Visits on invitation are made that day. They lead a band or orchestra, and calls for music or practice come that day. They join a lodge and it has appointments on the Sabbath. The story is not a very long one. They are lost.

It does not matter that men leave the Sabbath while living in a community of Sabbath-keepers and under the shadow of a church. They do, and for similar and other reasons; but the fact remains that isolation is more conducive to apostasy than all others. It may be possible to keep one's family in its observance if parents are tactful and consistent and take time for faithful religious instruction in connection with their piety, reverence, faithful example, and firmness in governing the children, keeping them from the roaming habit and worldly tendencies on the Sabbath; or if there is cheerful and consistent observance of the day on their part, and the children, in a winning way, are made to study with them a Sabbath-school lesson regularly and to read a sermon. With music and in a score of ways the Sabbath may often be made a real delight to all. But this too often is an impossibility from the fact that one of the household heads made the mistake of marrying a non-Sabbath-keeper who has no sympathy with it and will not join in such family worship and instruction. If such an one is a father, the boys in the family instinctively follow father's example very quickly as they grow up; and if it is the mother, then all the more likely is the family to go astray.

If the lone Sabbath-keeper is a farmer, the temptations are not quite so many for him and his family, but there are many for such. The boys will seek associations and recreations and they usually find them on the Sabbath, as that is the time when they are free from work on the farm. Holidayism is destructive to Sabbath-keeping. Holidayism is the temptation of farming communities quite as well as towns.

If the lone Sabbath-keeper is in town, then he has still greater inducements to leave the Sabbath. He is likely to form partnerships that are unscriptural. His family finds more opportunities for social

pleasure on that day and more business entanglements.

If the lone Sabbath-keeper, hungry for some religious opportunities, begins to attend Sunday services, though feeling that he will not leave the Sabbath by so doing, a gradual feeling of Sunday sacredness will creep over him, though he knows it is not Scriptural; and with this will come a gradual decrease of interest in the Sabbath and a more worldly spirit on that day. It was not a mere happening that God commanded six days of labor. Soon the lone Sabbath-keeper begins to say and feel that these good Sunday-keeping people seem as pious as others and it does not seem as though God is particular about a day as long as we worship and rest. He begins to lose interest in the old home church and in denominational matters and ceases to read about us and our work, while the children are soon making the day one of mere pleasure, seeking associations that are irreligious or not Sabbath-keeping; and if they attend Sunday school, then all the more quickly they cease religious regard for the Sabbath.

I maintain that it is dangerous for lone Sabbath-keepers to regularly attend Sunday churches and contribute of their means for their support. Where your money goes, there goes your greatest interest. I have seen this too much to be mistaken. Sabbath-keepers have left us in this very way, and their wealth has been turned into channels of Sabbath-breaking enterprises.

Especially saddening is the awful fact that many a Sabbath-keeping mother sees her husband thwart all her plans and fond hopes and drag away from her her children into apostasy. She has prayed and hoped to save her children and for a few years has had them with her at home and in Bible study, and seemingly they have had some pious regard for God's holy Sabbath; but persistently and gradually the head of the home by influence and teachings led them away from her and she is left alone to feebly keep up the semblance of Sabbath-keeping while working hard each Sabbath to provide the meals for a working set.

I knew one woman, once a sweet-spirited Christian and consistent Sabbath-keeper, whose husband also once kept the day, but possessing greed for wealth, left its observance. But she kept on faithfully for about twenty years. Her children in the mean-



time all went away from the Sabbath and some of them united with Sunday churches, and at last, worn out and discouraged, she left it to go, as she thought, with her children; and at last she herself became one of the most bitter opposers of Sabbath truth I ever knew. Her rage at the mention of it was intense.

How go to the bow-wows?

This is sufficient.

There must be a good foundation for Sabbath-keeping everywhere, consisting of education, example, consecration, conscientiousness, firmness, liberality in supporting the cause, use of the means of grace, home studies and cheerful, delightful service. Without these, both lone Sabbath-keepers and those who live in Sabbath-keeping communities are in danger.

It is safe to report that not less than 55 per cent of lone Sabbath-keepers leave it, and their posterity are lost to us. What may be the proportion of those who stay among their own church people I do not estimate. But the number is simply fearful.

Going to the bow-wows is eternal loss.

### "Unite My Heart"

Ps. 86: 11

On this prayer Dr. Adam Clarke has the following practical comment:

"Unite my heart, join all the purposes, resolutions, and affections of my heart together, to fear and to glorify thy name. This is a most important prayer. A divided heart is a great curse; scattered affections are a miserable plague. When the heart is not at unity with itself, the work of religion can not go on. Indecision of mind and division of affections mar any work. The heart must be one, that the work may be one. If this be wanting, all is wrong. This is a prayer which becomes the mouth of every Christian."

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

Perform a kind action and you find a kind feeling growing in yourself, even if it was not there before. As you increase the number of objects of your kind and charitable interest, you find that the more you do for them the more you love them.

—William B. O. Peabody.

1000  
Recorders  
500  
Pulpits  
Before  
December 31, 1916  
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FOR EVERY

8 Church Members

\* \* \*

ONE PULPIT

FOR EVERY

16 Church Members

Let us prove our Loyalty, our moral earnestness, our Christianity in this Every Member Canvass.

We have no time to lose.

Will every pastor drop me a card pledging his Church's Cooperation in this Denomination-wide Campaign?

All L. S. K's are expected to do so.

Sincerely,

G. M. COTTRELL,

Topeka, Kans. General Secretary.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### My Merry-Go-Round

M. E. H. EVERETT

The great world-sphere is my merry-go round

It bears me away and away,  
Through a field of glittering gems by night

And under the sun all day.  
The ocean is really a trifle too damp,

But the deserts are dry, you see,  
So, all in all, it averages up

A very fine toy for me.

You've only to climb up here by my side

To see as plainly as I

What wonderful treasures the seasons bring

As they go scurrying by!

The winters, 'tis true, are a trifle too cold,

But the summers are hot, you see,

So everything comes all right in the end,

For my merry-go-round and me.

September 20, 1916.

### The Legend of the Dipper

It was a beautiful, bright, frosty night. The stars sparkled in the sky. Mrs. Robb, just about to draw the shade on the sitting-room window, saw the brilliant twinkling lights, and chief among them the Dipper. She called the children, Joe and Bess and little Ben, to her side.

"Do you see those seven bright stars?" she said. "They are in the form of a dipper, and there is a curious legend of how they come to be seen in the sky."

Then, taking Ben on her knee, Mrs. Robb said: "A long, long time ago, in a country far, far away, there arose a water famine. The summer was so hot that the great, wide rivers grew narrower and narrower, till at last they were altogether dried away; the large ponds of water dwindled till they were pools, and at length they, too, disappeared altogether; the gushing springs on the hillsides, that at first leaped and played in the air, grew less and less, and they, too, gradually passed out of sight.

"The land was in great distress. The plants and flowers were quite wilted away. The leaves on the trees hung limp and lifeless. The thirsty animals no longer frisked and played about in the dry, bare fields, but lay with tongues lolling out for the life-giving water. The people became sick with fevers and other diseases.

"At last, when the distress was greatest, a little girl, about six years old, decided that she must find water somewhere for her sick mother. You see, this sick mother had given water to her child, and had gone without it herself; so she took a raging fever. Then the child determined to seek water. Early one morning she glided forth. 'I'll go up among the hills,' she said, 'for that's where the clear springs used to be, and perhaps the good God will help me find some.' She carried in her hand her little tin dipper. Up the hill she climbed. It was weary work, for though it was yet early, the sun was hot. Up, up she went, passing on her way drooping flowers and panting animals. 'Poor things!' she murmured. 'It's too bad, but I can't help you.'

"Presently she came to a tiny spring hidden away in a cool nook, under a green fern leaf. She knew there was water there, because the fern was green. How she did relish that clear, limpid water. She drank deep and long. For you know, children, there is no other craving to be compared with the thirst for water. Then she hurriedly filled her little dipper to the brim, for she was to take it to her darling mother, who lay tossing with fever. How carefully she held it, so that not a drop should spill. With what care she stepped, that the dipper might not be jarred! Down, down came the little girl.

"When she was near the foot of the hill she saw, lying right in her path, a poor dog. It was too weak to bark, but it whined pitifully as its keen nose scented the water she carried, and its brown eyes looked longingly at it. 'Poor dog!' said the child, 'I'll spare you some anyway.' Then she poured some on the poor animal's tongue, and seeing it so relieved this kind child gave it all to him. Then a strange thing happened. The little tin dipper glistened in her hand, and lo! it was changed to polished silver. As she ran back to the spring the way did not seem long, for her heart was strangely warm within her.

"She refilled her dipper and started down again as carefully as before. She did not see the dog this time. 'He has run off,' she said. She reached her mother's cottage at the foot of the hill and hurried in with her silver dipper full of precious water. Her mother had just raised the water to her dry, parched lips when a faint



rap was heard. When the little girl opened the door they beheld a stranger, ragged, pale, and ready to sink with exhaustion. He seemed unable to speak, but stretched his hand toward the dipper of water, as yet untasted.

"Then the mother and daughter exchanged a glance, and the child answered her mother's unspoken question, 'Yes, I will get you more.' And so she carried the drink to the stranger. He drank it eagerly, but lo! when his hand touched the dipper it was no longer silver, but a beautiful golden vessel. At the same time the drooping figure in its rags seemed to straighten, and it put on beautiful, shining white garments, while the pale, sad face was illuminated with a wondrous light, and the smiling lips said, 'Give me your dipper and I will place it where all may see it and all the world may learn that kindness is the great joy of life.'

"As the vision vanished in a flood of glory, they heard these words, 'I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in.' Where the stranger passed, there now gushed forth a fountain of water, pure as crystal, where plants, animals, and people might satisfy their thirst. The supply was abundant and never-ceasing. So the little child brought untold blessing to her country. And the people proudly pointed to the beautiful Dipper in the sky and told the story of how the little tin vessel was transformed."

"O mother! is it true?" the children cried.

"No, dears, it is only a story that mothers and grandmothers and great-great-grandmothers have told their children. But it is true that if we are kind to those in need, we shall not lose our reward. And now every time you look up and see the glittering Dipper in the sky, you will remember how the little child's tin dipper was changed, first to silver, then to gold, and lastly, to sparkling diamonds."—*Jessie McClure, in the Christian Guardian.*

Faith by being permeated with understanding is given an active quality, which it does not possess when standing alone. Oxygen gives activity to the air. The dynamo produces electricity which moves things. Understanding with faith moves things, works. Faith without understanding is incomplete in its accomplishment.—*Lucius H. Bugbee.*

## HOME NEWS

HEBRON CENTER, PA.—After successfully maintaining a pastor for one year with but small help from the Missionary Board, the Hebron Center Church feels encouraged for the future. Being the only religious organization in a large territory, we feel a responsibility toward all classes of people, and nearly all in the neighborhood take an interest and are working in harmony with the church.

The meetings held by Elder Coon and Brother Nelson resulted in some additions, and the general influence in the community was good. One serious drawback to church attendance is lack of sheds for horses. We expect to build something before winter.

On November first a goodly number invaded the parsonage just at the noon hour; but as they carried abundance of food, there was no trouble in providing dinner for the unexpected guests. The afternoon was spent pleasantly and many tokens of good will were found after the visitors departed. The problem of the rural church is finding a practical solution at Hebron Center.

The farm of the late Deacon Joseph Clare ought to be bought or rented by a Sabbath-keeping family. Here is a good chance for the right man. If our people who wish to move would take a little pains to fill such vacancies, there would be fewer L. S. K's, and the feeble churches would be strengthened.

One thing that speaks well for this locality is that three men, who have tried various States of the Union, have come here to settle on farms.

B. E. FISK.

Coudersport, Pa., Route 2.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—Rev. Alva L. Davis left yesterday morning for Elkhart, Kan., called there by an announcement that the people of the village are becoming much interested in the doctrines of the Seventh Day Baptist people and that there are indications that there will be several additions to the church from outside parties. He expects to be gone two weeks.—*The Loyalist.*

MARLBORO, N. J.—Rev. J. E. Hutchins tendered his resignation as pastor of the Marlboro Church on Sabbath morning. The resignation was accepted because the congregation felt that they should not stand in the way of his taking up the work to which he has been called and for which he is especially fitted. The Missionary Board of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination has called him as a singer and evangelist.

At the close of the Christian Endeavor meeting at the parsonage Monday evening, a large number of the congregation desired to be admitted to the parsonage. The mistress of the manse thinking them to be serenaders or Hallowe'en visitors was rather averse to allowing them to enter. However, after careful scrutiny she gave them an invitation to come in. The line of callers filed past her bearing their packages, baskets, etc., to the kitchen and pantry, after which the parlors were filled and "Shouting Proverbs," "Bright Ideas," etc., caused much merriment. Refreshments were served later in the evening.—*Bridgeton News.*

Brother Hutchins baptized four young people on Sabbath Day, November 4.

The Marlboro and Shiloh churches are to unite in a series of revival meetings in December, and are planning for a thorough evangelistic campaign that will bring blessings to the entire community.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The last quarter of the year 1916 started out "briskly" on the first day of October—or rather the day before, for on Sabbath Day, September 30, we had the largest attendance of the year, so far, at Sabbath school, 91 members and 14 visitors being present. Three new classes began work that day—a Beginners class of six tiny little folks from the Cradle Roll, which is named "The Jewels"; a class of Junior girls which went from the Junior to the Intermediate department, and a class of young men.

The work of the Brotherhood began anew for the coming year the same evening with a good political program and a good attendance.

The Brotherhood band, which meets every Sunday evening in the church basement, began its winter's work October 1, under the leadership of L. H. North.

Outpost prayer meetings, which are held on Wednesday evenings at different homes

in the country, began on Wednesday evening, October 4, at the home of C. D. Gray.

On October 5, we were made sad by the death of one of our number, Mrs. Asher Allen, who had been a sufferer for a number of years from heart trouble.

On Sabbath Day, October 7, the Christian Endeavor society was invited to join with the Milton society in its regular service, at which time President Daland gave a half-hour organ recital, and addresses were given by different members from the two societies.

The Junior Christian Endeavor is doing good work and is glad to welcome back again its superintendent, Mrs. H. E. Schrader, who has been unable on account of illness to meet with it for some time.

The Ladies' Aid society holds its regular meetings, which are well attended.

Friday evening, October 13, the M. E. society was invited to join with us in a union prayer service, at which time its pastor, W. D. Hamilton, brought the lesson for the evening—a message from the story of the Good Samaritan—"Our obligation and opportunity to hold out a helping hand to the needy about us." One of the special features of the Friday evening prayer services for October has been the Boy's Choir, which has added much to the services.

On the last Sabbath of the month the quarterly meeting of the southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches was held with the church at Walworth, at which twenty-eight of our number were present. The services here for that day were in charge of the Men's Bible Class.

\*\*

Nov. 7, 1916.

## Underneath Are the Everlasting Arms

Every man is immortal until his work is done. So long as God has anything for us to do in the world, he will take care of us and deliver us from danger. We may lay aside all anxiety and fear. We may rejoice in the stream of inward peace, which makes glad the City of God. We may go forth to our labors and our conflicts with good courage and a cheerful heart. Be sure that nothing can harm you while you are with him.—*Henry van Dyke.*

You have waited long for the new book, "The Great Test." It is now ready for distribution.—Adv.



## SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. LESTER CHARLES RANDOLPH, D. D.,  
MILTON, WIS.  
Contributing Editor

The town of Verona, N. Y., holds a quarterly S. S. convention. Good idea. The superintendent of the Verona Seventh Day Baptist School is also superintendent of the town association. Four of the speakers on the program of October 17 were Seventh Day Baptists, and the convention was held in our church. We have it on reliable authority that Superintendent T. Stuart Smith is "a good one. About like Deacon Percy Clarke, of Nile, N. Y. Up-to-date and working hard every week. Interested in the whole kit and poodle." I am not familiar with that last phrase, but I think I know what it means. It indicates a valuable quality in a Sabbath-school worker.

### Pastors, Is It True?

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

On the second afternoon of the Oneida (N. Y.) County S. S. Association Convention at Utica, October 10-11, there was a conference for superintendents and pastors with two topics assigned for discussion: (1) The relation of the pastor and the superintendent to each other; and (2) Their relation to the district and county associations. However, these topics were scarcely touched, because the speakers very early fell to lamenting the fact that only three pastors were present in that particular conference, and not many were present in the convention. (There was a Methodist missionary conference in the same city at the same time.) "The pastors are not interested," said one. Another said, "This winter my pastor will work himself into a real sweat to save three or four old soaks in an evangelistic campaign, but why can he not see the good many good opportunities presented to him through the Bible school?"

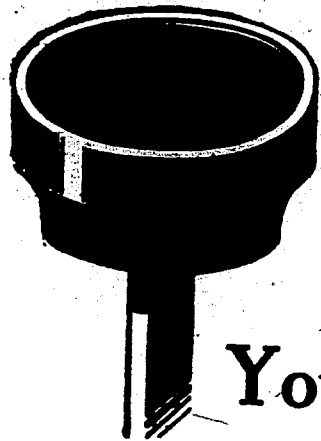
Not less interest in "old soaks"; but more interest in growing youth. The Sabbath school is the chief organization inside the church. Pastors can not afford to be ignorant of the best modern methods in

organized Bible-school work, or to withhold their help from conventions, or workers' conferences, or teachers' meetings.

Verona, N. Y.,  
Oct. 23, 1916.

(Continued on page 640)

# 5



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## MARRIAGES

**BURDICK-TUCKER.**—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Tucker, Whitesville, N. Y., September 27, 1916, by Rev. H. I. Chattin, of Elkland, Pa., Louis Harold Burdick, of Little Genesee, N. Y., and Grace Elizabeth Tucker, of Whitesville.

W. H. B.

## DEATHS

**SISSON.**—In Ashaway, R. I., on November 1, 1916, William Perry Sisson, aged 6 years, 9 months, and 26 days.

Perry was a bright and good boy, the oldest son of Edgar W. and Lina Hoxie Sisson. While at play with other boys in the village street he was struck by a passing automobile and killed instantly. The funeral, held on Sabbath afternoon, was largely attended. Burial was at Oak Grove Cemetery. Brother and Sister Sisson have the sincere sympathy of many friends.

G. B. S.

**GREEN.**—John Morton Green, son of William B. and Caroline Clarke Green, was born on the farm now occupied by his son, November 29, 1856, and died at his late home in Independence, N. Y., November 1, 1916.

December 4, 1878, he was married to Miss Addie Livermore and to them were born three sons,—Clayton, Albert and William. These remain to cherish the memory of a loving and devoted father. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and one sister,—Mrs. G. H. F. Randolph, of Berea, W. Va. One sister, Jennie, died in childhood.

When a young boy, in the pastorate of Rev. Jared Kenyon, he united with the Independence Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which he remained a loyal and useful member until called to the life beyond. For many years he has been a faithful and efficient trustee of the local church, and to the duties of his office he has given much of personal service, often at no little sacrifice of time and effort.

He was a man of strong convictions and will, helpful and generous to those in need. He was large-hearted. He looked on the bright side of life and was kindly and sympathetic in his judgment of others. As a Sabbath-School teacher, trustee of the church, citizen, neighbor, and friend he has left a lasting impression on the community in which he has so long lived.

The large number of people in attendance at the farewell services held in the church at Independence, on November 4, and conducted by his pastor, Rev. Walter L. Greene, witnessed to the universal esteem and respect in which he was held.

W. L. G.

**BABCOCK.**—Lillie Eliza Babcock (née Coon) was born November 21, 1855, at Milton, Rock County, Wis., and died at Ludden, N. D., October 17, 1916.

Her husband, one daughter, and one son died at Gentry, Ark., in 1909. Her home was at Grand Marsh, Wis., but she moved to North Dakota, February, 1916, where she came to be with her son and daughter. She was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Grand Marsh, Wis., having accepted Christ when she was young.

She leaves to mourn her loss, five children, Ethan, of Ellendale, N. D.; Roy, of Grand Marsh, Wis., and Walter, Stephen, and Ella, of Ludden, N. D.; also sixteen grandchildren, two brothers, and many other relatives and friends.

She suffered from poor health for several years and had been in bed sixteen weeks with cancer of the stomach. She was very patient and always thanking God for his goodness and mercy. All that loving hands could do was done and the last two weeks her case was with the Lord. Her faith and the prayers of others did much to relieve her suffering.

She was laid to rest in the Ellendale (N. D.) Cemetery, it being her request, and Pastor Evans, of Ellendale, conducted the services.

Our dear mother has left us

For that heavenly home above  
That our loving Father promised  
Those who their Savior love.

We know that we shall miss her

From our hearth from day to day,  
But we know she's free from suffering,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

N. L. B.

**ABBOTT.**—In Alfred, N. Y., October 15, 1916, Daniel F. Abbott, aged 64 years, 5 months, and 22 days.

Mr. Abbott was the son of Thomas Burwick and Thansin Faust Abbott and was born in the Newbergen, Potter Co., Pa. When he was about five months old his parents moved to the vicinity of Coudersport, Pa., where he grew up and learned the carriage maker's trade. In 1885, he moved to Alfred, N. Y., where he has since followed his trade.

He was united in marriage with Minnie Belle Thomas, November 10, 1881. To them were born two daughters: Mrs. Eva May Johnson, of Olean, N. Y., and Mrs. Ellen B. King, of Wellsville, N. Y. Besides his wife and daughters he is survived by one brother, John Abbott, of Roulette, Pa., and five sisters: Mrs. Maria Pratt, of Beloit, Wis.; Mrs. Susan Howland, of Coudersport, Pa.; Mrs. Amanda Yentzed, of Roulette, Pa.; Mrs. Hattie Brice, of Amery, Wis.; and Mrs. Mary Dodd, of Sweden Valley, Pa. He was a member of the Alfred Lodge, I. O. O. F. 362 and of the Masonic Lodge of Alfred. He was a good workman, a kind husband and father and a trusted friend.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held in the church, October 18, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery, where the burial service was conducted by the Alfred Lodge I. O. O. F. WM. L. B.



BEYEA.—In Alfred, N. Y., October 23, 1916, Frank M. Beyea, aged 74 years, 6 months and 26 days.

Mr. Beyea was the son of Oscar and Selecta Kingsley Beyea, and was born in Hector Township, Schuylér, Co., N. Y. When he was a child seven years old, his parents moved to the town of Alfred N. Y., and settled in Railroad Valley, which was his home till he came to the village of Alfred twenty-seven years ago.

He was united in marriage to Miss Harriet M. Burdick in January, 1864, and to them was born one son who was killed at the age of ten.

Mr. Beyea enlisted in Company B, 179th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, in March, 1864, and was mustered out in June 1865, having been twice wounded during his term of service. The injuries received in the service of his country caused the last twenty-eight years of his life to be those of an invalid.

In 1876, he was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred, N. Y., and of this church he remained a member till his death.

He is survived by his wife, three brothers,—M. V. Beyea, of Ovid, N. Y., Daniel C. Beyea, of Cuttenden, N. Y., and Henry Beyea, of Canisteo, N. Y., and one sister, Mrs. Amelia Withey, of Alfred, N. Y.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held at the house, October 25, and burial took place in Maplewood Cemetery.

WM. L. B.

### Resolutions of Respect

WHEREAS, God in his providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our much beloved sister and co-worker, Aunt Lucy Crandall, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That while this providence seems mysterious to us, we bow in submission to the Divine Will.

*Resolved*, That while we mourn our loss, we lift our heads to God in thankfulness for the noble life she lived, and her worthy example of noble helpfulness.

*Resolved*, That the Women's Missionary Society of the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church has lost a valuable member who, since its organization, has been one of its most generous, active and efficient members, ever ready to help the needy and encourage the wayward in noble living.

*Resolved*, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the relatives, especially to her husband who is left alone in his declining years. The way will be lonely but not without hope of a glad reunion in the future. May this same hope bring comfort to our hearts that are so saddened by her departure.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the husband and relatives, also to the SABBATH RECORDER and the North Loup Loyalist, and be recorded in the minutes of the society.

MRS. DELIA CHASE,  
MRS. S. R. HALL,  
MRS. N. W. BABCOCK,  
Committee.

## The Sabbath Recorder

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor  
Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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

### Terms of Subscription

Per year .....\$2.00  
Per copy ..... .05

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

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed.

Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

Advertising rates furnished on request.

(Continued from page 638)

Lesson IX.—November 25, 1916

A LIVING SACRIFICE.—Rom. 12

*Golden Text*.—"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your spiritual service." Rom. 12: 1.

### DAILY READINGS

Nov. 19—Rom. 12: 1-8. A living sacrifice  
Nov. 20—Rom. 12: 9-21. Christian ideals.  
Nov. 21—Micah 6: 1-8. Better than sacrifice  
Nov. 22—Isa. 1: 10-17. A divine standard  
Nov. 23—Jer. 31: 31-37. The new covenant  
Nov. 24—Hosea 6: 1-6. Essence of religion  
Nov. 25—Matt. 5: 1-12. The ideal Christian  
(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*).

One hot July morning a boy was hoeing corn in a field. Apparently oblivious to the heat and indifferent as to the exactions of his toil, he whistled while he worked. A dust-laden traveler stopped his horse, drew up to the fence, and called out: "Hello, my lad; I'm curious to know how you can hoe corn on a day like this and whistle while you work." "Well, sir," replied the lad, "I don't know unless it is that I feel somehow that I am a-doin' somethin' that even the Almighty couldn't do if I wasn't here to help him." What a fine faith is that! There is no drudgery to the man who feels that he is working with God.—George L. Perrin.

The American Sabbath Tract Society is now ready to forward copies of Rev. Herman D. Clarke's interesting story, "The Great Test," to anyone wishing the same on receipt of the price,—75 cents.—Adv.



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# The Sabbath Recorder

**E**VERY prayer is a wish, but wishes are not prayers. In the heart of every prayer is a sense of need, but a sense of need is not prayer. Prayer is asking for a felt need; not asking the Universe, but God. No one can intelligently ask, who does not believe that he can and may be heard. No one can perseveringly ask, who thinks that asking will bring nothing. Persons who believe that the whole influence of prayer is simply the effect of their own thoughts upon themselves, never pray. They can not pray. The mouth may utter right words; the heart is not in them. Some prayers are not prayers, for those who say them do not really wish for the things they mention. But the difficulty with most prayers is that there is no grasp of the idea of God—there is no asking. "Ask and ye shall receive."

—The Christian Advocate.

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