

"THE GREAT TEST"

or

The Struggles and Triumph of Lorna Selover

By REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

THIS 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."

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The Sabbath Recorder

PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO COME AFTER US

O God, we pray thee for those who come after us, for our children, and the children of our friends, and for all the young lives that are marching up from the gates of birth, pure and eager, with the morning sunshine on their faces. We remember with a pang that these will live in the world we are making for them. We are wasting the resources of the earth in our headlong greed, and they will suffer want. We are building sunless houses and joyless cities for our profit, and they must dwell therein. We are making the burden heavy and the pace of work pitiless, and they will fall wan and sobbing by the wayside. We are poisoning the air of our land by our lies and our uncleanness, and they will breathe it.

Help us, O God, to break the ancient force of evil by a holy and steadfast will and to endow our children with purer blood and nobler thoughts. Grant us grace to leave the earth fairer than we found it; to build upon it cities of God, in which the cry of needless pain shall cease; and to put the yoke of Christ upon our business life that it may serve and not destroy. Lift the veil of the future and show us the generation to come as it will be if blighted by our guilt, that our lust may be cooled and we may walk in the fear of the Eternal. Grant us a vision of the far-off years as they may be if redeemed by the sons of God, that we may take heart and do battle for thy children and ours.—Rauschenbusch.

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WHOLE NO. 3,744

Who Are the
"Recorder People"?

"Elsewhere in this paper will be found Secretary Cottrell's short article, "Another Word," in which an overworked pastor, after expressing regret that he can not find time and strength to help the SABBATH RECORDER campaign for new subscribers, says: "If the RECORDER people want to put a man in here to canvass this field, I will be only too glad."

Many who read that article will wonder who the "RECORDER people" are. Some may get the impression that the SABBATH RECORDER belongs to a group of men doing a publishing business, whose interests would be served by sending out canvassers among the churches. If the members of the Seventh Day Baptist churches throughout the denomination are not the RECORDER people, then the RECORDER has no people. The men responsible for the work at the publishing house, including that done on the SABBATH RECORDER, have no more ownership in the publications than have any or all other members of the denomination. The RECORDER is absolutely the property of the denomination, placed in charge of the American Sabbath Tract Society to be published in the interests of the people belonging to the Seventh Day Baptist cause. The Tract Board is only an agent for the churches, to *do their work with just what means the churches and people furnish*; this and no more. The group of men composing the board can not be called RECORDER people, in the sense of ownership, any more than can the group composing some one of the churches be so called. The RECORDER people are all about you in your church and community. The prosperity of the RECORDER depends upon you of the churches, and surely you are as anxious as anybody to make it succeed. The great cause we love needs its own paper, suffers loss without, and the people—the real RECORDER people—can not afford to neglect a work so vital to all their own best interests.

Brother Cottrell's expression of sympathy and his prayer for God's blessing to abide with the overworked teachers and pastors

are sincere and merited. His question, "Where are the rest of our church workers?" is also well put, and should stir up many to do something for their paper.

Salaries of Teachers Much Too Small A letter from a friend who is not connected with either of our colleges is just at hand, in which a strong plea is made for the underpaid teachers of two of them, who are bearing heavy burdens for the good of others. It seems that the salaries of teachers in the colleges at Milton and Salem have been supplemented for a few years by the personal contribution of a friend of both schools. This help can no longer be given, and a good brother writes regarding the matter as follows:

DEAR DR. GARDINER: I believe something should be done at once in reference to the income of instructors in Salem and Milton Colleges. Alfred is more fortunate.

With incomes of the presidents and teachers of these colleges cut this fall \$1,000 (a donation which has been made by a private individual for five or six years), and the high cost of living which is now a reality, I don't see how these instructors are to get along, unless some parties take it upon themselves to lift a little. The one who has made this gift in the past has been compelled to discontinue it. Will not some one else take the matter up and see that a living salary is paid to these worthy instructors? A drop of \$100, \$150, and \$200 from what is their natural income each year, will make it very hard this winter for these instructors. I hope through your efforts in the RECORDER something can be done to remedy matters.

Sincerely yours,
AN OBSERVER.

Nov. 24, 1916.

"Playing the Game" In the New York Tribune of November 25 Rev. Charles E. Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle draws some interesting comparisons between a well-organized baseball team and a live church. He finds several things in a ball game that the church would do well to imitate, and discloses some points the church and the ball game hold in common. The one essential thing for both is that every one "play the game," not indifferently but faithfully and enthusiastically. He must not only play well now

and then, but all the time. Each one must do his best. A listless, careless player is soon sent from the field. Half-heartedness is unpardonable in a ball game. Every one must be wide-awake and dependable.

Paul the apostle liked athletics and pictured the Christian life under the figure of an athletic contest in which the athlete wins the prize under the rules of the game. He must strive with all his might and never give up until the victory be won.

What could the church not do if all its members were as earnest and true to each other and as faithful to duty as are the players in the ball game?

Strange Extremes

Last night in a crowded street a boy some ten years of age was seen leading home a drunken man, supposedly his father. It was difficult for the man to keep on his feet and walk without falling under some one of the many street cars and automobiles that were turning the corner where they had to pass; so the little fellow held on fast and did his best to keep the staggering man out of danger. Both man and boy were poorly clad, and one could imagine a desolate home to which they were going. We watched them as they slowly made their way homeward, and wondered if aching hearts were awaiting them, and if children had to go to bed hungry and cold.

When first we saw them they were near the door of a saloon which the city was permitting to be run on its principal street for a few hundred dollars license money. It is in a most favorable place for tempting men and boys, and is usually well filled with them all the long evenings. There are seven or eight just such dens of drunkenness established in favorable places in the business portions of the city. We have often wondered why a city of homes and churches and missions should tolerate saloons to ruin its citizens and rob its homes of comfort and peace. While thinking of these things we remembered that right over the heads of that boy and man, and within a few feet of the saloon, hung the great clock-face being used just now to show progress in a team-work campaign for raising \$200,000 with which to erect a Y. M. C. A. building. People in the street were watching the clock-face, the hand of which pointed to \$95,000 as the sum contributed to date. Up the street, within a stone's

throw, are the home rooms of the Rescue Mission in which down-and-outs are housed and fed after the saloon has robbed them of their money, and a little more than a block away is the Rescue Mission chapel where faithful men and women are trying to save the victims of the saloons. The mission and the Y. M. C. A. are both supported by the gifts of the people; and there are the strange extremes of a city giving thousands of dollars to establish means for saving its boys, and missions to rescue them after the serpent has coiled itself about them, and at the same time receiving money from rum-sellers who buy the privilege of ruining them!

The Prayer of Habakkuk The following editorials contain the substance of a sermon given by the editor at the yearly meeting of the New Jersey and New York City churches, held with the church in New York on Sabbath morning, December 2, 1916.

Texts: "O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make it known; in wrath remember mercy" (Hab. 3: 2). "Wilt thou not revive us again; that thy people may rejoice in thee?" (Ps. 85: 6). "For it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you" (Hos. 10: 12).

O Lord Revive Thy Work

The prophet Habakkuk was greatly concerned about Israel. He lived in a time full of turmoil and trouble—a time of baffled hopes and broken promises, when his people were being carried away with worldly prosperity until one could hardly tell them from the heathen. He remembered how Jehovah had manifested himself at Sinai, and how marvelously Israel had prospered whenever the people were true to God; and he was familiar with the judgments that had overtaken them when they lost their love for spiritual things and turned to idols. While there were some in Israel who were strong and loyal to the faith of their fathers, still the multitude had drifted away, and the prophet foresaw the impending calamity which could only be stayed by a genuine revival of religion. His spirit was stirred within him and he exclaimed from the depths of his soul, "O Lord, how long shall I cry, and thou wilt

not hear!" Then, inspired by a vision sent from Jehovah, he pronounced the woes sure to befall a cold and sinful people unless they should mend their ways and return unto their God. Though distressed over the prevailing idolatry, he found solace in the thought that "the Lord is in his holy temple."

Habakkuk was a man of strong faith, and when the Lord spoke his soul was filled with reverential awe and he prayed, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make it known; in wrath remember mercy." Knowing, as he did, God's ways with a sinful people in years gone by, he could but foresee the probable future when prophetic warnings of captivity should be filled, and in agony of soul he sought a remedy—the only way of escape. He must have remembered the prayer of David, "Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee? Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation."

In the Midst of the Years Are Peculiar Dangers

The prophet's words, "In the midst of the years," suggest a time of special need and peculiar danger to Israel. The nation had long since passed the period of its youth, and the enthusiasm of its first years under Moses and Joshua and Samuel had passed away. The warnings of the prophets were not heeded as of old; and rivalries between the tribes, the splendor and pomp of surrounding nations, the glamour of idol-worship, personal ambition for high positions and for worldly gain, were rapidly leading the people from God. The "stately steppings" of Jehovah no longer marked the years through which they were passing. There was little attention being paid to spiritual things; unbelief was gaining ground; enemies were threatening to overpower them, and many centuries must pass before the promised Messiah should come. Israel was far removed from the days when "Ephraim was a child," and the prophet could see that dangers multiplied and evils gathered in this middle period and threatened Israel's ruin unless He who was still in his holy temple should revive his people and "in wrath remember mercy." There could be no doubt as to the final triumph of the armies of Israel if they were careful to keep their communications open between themselves and Jehovah

and never to lose touch with the great Source whence must come their supplies. Will they seek the help of their God or will they perish under the strain of temptations incident to the times in which they live?

We today know the sad record they made, and we shall do well if we profit by the lessons which their history brings.

True of Individuals It is in life's mid-period that man finds his greatest dangers and is confronted by his most trying temptations. The middle-age danger zone with its formidable evils, its ambitions, its disillusion, its tests of faith, its carnal passions, its animal appetites, is a period of peril in which man's only hope is to keep the holy fires of religion lighted on the altars of his soul.

Our life-pilgrimage is much like climbing a mountain. The true and healthy life will be one continual ascent. Where it is not so, the man has plainly missed his way. The Alpine climber starts out inspired by the glorious vision of snow-clad heights that gleam in the morning sunshine. Later he finds himself entangled in undergrowths making progress difficult. The gilded summit is no longer visible; his zeal is growing less; uncertainty as to the right path fills his soul; he loses his way. Thus has many a pilgrim in the tangle of circumstances, under the strain of worldliness, with ideals of youth lost sight of, missed his way. Ulysses is far along in his middle years when he yields to the fascinations of Circe.

One can easily see why the middle age is a dangerous period. It is a time when the old restraints are gone and the man is his own master. In too many cases the religious faith that held him in early years has weakened. He finds himself in possession of means for self-gratification, worldliness predominates, and before he is aware, the fences are all down, gulfs yawn on either side, and if his spiritual eyes are not opened he is doomed to fall in the midst of his years.

There is, however, one glorious truth that stands over against all the evils and dangers of life. No matter how formidable the dangers may be, they are avoidable; for failure is not the divine scheme for your life or mine. The prophet knew well the sure remedy; and that remedy holds good today. The secret of victorious power is the same for all men and in every age. Un-

der the leadings of Him who is able to revive us again, thousands have been conquerors. Glorious indeed is the good fight of faith and there is nothing grander on this earth than the struggle of souls that win.

True of a Denomination Whether the "speech" of Jehovah that made the prophet "afraid" was the voice of God in his soul, or the teachings of history that compelled him to predict the future from what he knew of the past, it matters not to us today. As a watchman on the towers of Zion he knew enough of the tendency of things to give him great concern for the future of his people. The command to be a faithful watchman he could not ignore. "I will stand upon my watch," said he, "and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer."

The principles that guided Habakkuk still hold true, and the speech of God may still be heard if people only listen. As a denomination in the midst of the years, we, too, are facing dangers due to the middle passage of our denominational life. Naturally enough the freshness and enthusiasm of our early years and the pentecostal seasons peculiar to the young life of a people called of God to a unique and special mission have disappeared. Our fathers lived the simple life of pioneers in a land that was in its infancy. Riches they had not; endowments and memorial funds were unknown; of life's luxuries they were destitute. Their one source of strength was simple reliance on their God. The church was the one all-important institution to which the hearts of the people were wedded. In this the power from on high was frequently manifested and revivals were many and welcome. Well do I remember the enthusiasm and activity of our people more than half a century ago when such leaders as Bailey, Hull, Lewis, Huffman and others were arousing a healthy, hopeful spirit in the churches. In many sections new churches were formed and souls were converted to Christ and his Sabbath. Changes have come, riches have increased, great emphasis has been placed upon machinery and methods, upon human wisdom and social institutions; tides of worldliness are sweeping many away from their spiritual moorings, and the tendency is great to de-

pend upon ourselves rather than upon God. In the midst of the years many seem to be losing interest in the Lord's work. How is it, friends? Is there a sense of spiritual dearth in our churches? Are we becoming careless and losing interest in the Sabbath? In our prosperity are we tending toward a neglect of religion? Are we forgetting our Lord and Master amid our struggles for worldly gain?

When Israel dwelt in "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive oil, and honey; a land wherein" they could "eat bread without scarceness, . . . a land whose stones were iron and out of whose hills" they might "dig brass," and when the people had "built goodly houses, and dwelt therein; when herds and flocks, and silver and gold had multiplied," then it was that special warnings were given lest their hearts be lifted up and they forget the Lord their God. Dangers due to the midst of the years had to be guarded against; hence the prayer, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make it known."

Friends, are we not living in such a land? Is not this such a time? Then indeed "it is time to seek the Lord, until he come and rain righteousness upon you."

Hope in Christ Only Since the day of Pentecost no other scheme for saving men and women from the depths of sin has given such promise as has the revival of religion. Many an organization has had to confess failure in its efforts for human betterment because Christ was left out and religion ignored. If in any way religion has seemed to come short, it has been through the failure of its friends to work according to God's plans. What this great city needs more than anything else today is a manifestation of the Christ-life on the part of all who profess to be his followers. Such a revival would do more to cleanse the dark places and to transform sinful men than all other instrumentalities combined.

Listen to the testimony of one of New York's greatest ministers. Newell Dwight Hillis, in his "Fortune of the Republic," tells of the labors of a Unitarian minister

among the Whitechapel folks of London. This minister, after trying for nine years, by every institutional device, "by classes, by clubs, by lectures, by culture-schemes," to uplift and save the people, at last, broken-hearted, declared that it was all a failure and left the work, saying, "Men will go on betting and drinking till the flood."

Mr. Hillis tells also of a Russian Jew of beautiful character, devoted to his people in New York's famous Ghetto, who, after twenty years of faithful social-settlement work, was obliged to say, when questioned as to its results, "All my boys have graduated from these classes to go to the policy rooms, and many of my girls are in disorderly houses." Then the poor man went to those places with his questioner and proved his words to be true. From the depths of a burdened heart he, too, pronounced his work a failure.

My friends, do you believe these efforts at social reform and many others of similar nature would have failed so completely if their promoters had believed in the Christ, and instead, of presenting their ethical philosophy and naked abstractions, had allowed Jesus to go with them among the sinful and the lowly? There was never a social reformer like Jesus. If all workers for human betterment today would turn to God with the prayer for a genuine revival, and add to their schemes the power of the living Christ, most of our civic and social problems would soon be settled. Christ alone knows the path that leads to manhood and social peace. Never is his presence and transforming power so clearly and strongly manifested as in times of revival.

Special Reasons for Pressing the Question I plead for a special effort to secure a revival in our churches because it is God's own way for bringing men into his kingdom. He chose Moses, Joshua, Elijah, Nehemiah, John the Baptist, Jesus, and the apostles, at various times in the history of his church, to stir up special interest and lead the people to move simultaneously, and often with marvelous power, away from their sins, away from worldliness, back to righteousness and true holiness by the way of repentance and faith. The history of Christianity has been the history of revivals. By these the Christian world has come to fuller appreciation

of divine truth, and risen to higher and nobler planes of living. The church was born in a revival, and the survival of the church has been along a continuous line of revivals. When a church ceases to welcome revivals, it will cease to be a church and its light will go out in darkness. Instead of one or two evangelists like Brethren Coon and Burdick today, there should be a general movement in the churches for pentecostal seasons, and the spirit of revival should be abroad in the land.

Evidences of the Need Of Revivals In Our Own Churches If we examine our own hearts and look at our churches, we shall find abundant evidence of our need to make the prophet's prayer for revival our prayer. As individuals, are we satisfied with our lives? Do we enjoy the presence of the Holy Spirit, having his witness with our spirits that we are his children, as it is our privilege to have and as we would like to have? As to our churches, how shall we account for the lack of interest taken in the prayer meetings? for the empty pews Sabbath after Sabbath? Is your church doing its best to be the light of the world, or is its light almost out? Are you doing what you can to brighten its light or is its light dimmed through your influence? Such questions as these, honestly faced, will soon convince us of our need.

The Lord pronounced woe upon them that are at ease in Zion. Do we realize how our indifference and coldness affect those about us? Absenteeism tends to foster unbelief and to rob us of what faith we do have. It discourages the workers who are striving to build up the kingdom; it grieves the Spirit and tends to beget coldness among the brethren. Oh, if men would cultivate the spirit of confidence and brotherly love, the church could withstand all the forces of evil. I have read of three soldiers who, having perfect confidence in one another, were able to hold a great mob at bay for hours by standing back to back and shoulder to shoulder. Each could trust the other to be true to his part of the circle. On every side the enemies found a soldier awake to his duty and so were powerless. Thus should it be in a church or denomination. A general revival would do wonders toward strengthening our confidence in one another and making us, as a people, strong before the foes of the kingdom.

Mr. Moody once told of a father who went out with his little boy on a bright morning for a walk. Becoming tired the father sat down under a tree to rest, and fell asleep. When he awoke, his boy was gone. Thoroughly alarmed, he ran to a precipice near by and there on the rocks at the bottom was his child dashed to death. I fear there are too many fathers in the churches, today, sound asleep while their children wander fearfully near the brink of ruin.

Is It Not Time? With some of us life's work is nearly done. Since we began, a whole generation has passed into eternity and we now find ourselves surrounded by people of another generation. If some of these are saved, it must be done soon. The harvest day of our lives is drawing to a close. It is almost sunset, and we should be hastening to gather in a few more sheaves before darkness and storm put a stop to our work. I know some of you are anxious for the church you have loved so long. It has been years since you have seen a great ingathering, and you would like to see one more good revival before you die. Your children and your neighbors' children are unsaved. Every year brings the time nearer when they must go out from your homes into a world of temptation. In four or five years they will be beyond your reach. If you help them to become anchored in the Christian faith, you must do it soon.

Have you not observed how the birds gather in autumn for their flight to the summer land? They make the woods ring with their songs until all their kind are gathered in, and then they start together for the South. Why not be as wise as the birds with our own, and "come with all our house into the ark"? "It is time to seek the Lord till he come and rain righteousness upon you." Let us make our prayer, "Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?"

A Letter to Tom Shirley

Now my name is not "Uncle Oliver" but I have been eavesdropping and have read your letter in the RECORDER and will be presumptuous enough to "butt in."

Perhaps I may be called one of the "fortunate" ones who have been called by one

of the boards to a "good position." But I am wondering how fortunate I am or how good the position is. It looks to me something like this. For nearly four years I have been serving a small church at a small salary. Since being here I have received a call from a larger church at a much larger salary, but refused it, not that I did not feel capable of the position, but because I believed that the larger interests of the Kingdom were involved in my choice. I have been justified in my decision. Now a call has come from one of the boards which appeals to me as a larger work for the Kingdom. But let us see what it costs. The salary offered is \$800 a year and traveling expenses. I am receiving as pastor here \$550; I have the free use of a good parsonage and garden which is worth, with what I can raise, \$150; I have done a good deal of outside preaching which has averaged \$100 a year. There is the \$800. And I still have to mention the fact that a good Lutheran friend has given me nearly all my wood. The men of the church have cut it down, hauled and sawed it for me. I have had nearly all my potatoes furnished. I have received bushels of peaches, pears, apples, and all kinds of fruit in season. I have had all but one ton of hay given me for my horse and a good deal of corn. The Ladies' Aid Society has furnished many things for the parsonage, besides doing a great deal of sewing and canning and caring for the children while the mistress of the manse was in the hospital. Then there has been an annual donation of provisions (I dare not call it a "pound party" because there was nothing in it which would come under that weight, except the few greenbacks found in the midst of things).

And last, but not least, this "good position" calls me to be away from home for weeks, perhaps months, at a time. I love the home and the happy times with four lively children, I love my study with my books and papers, but all of these and the responsibility of caring for the home I must leave to the wife and mother. Now, Tom Shirley, don't that make your "good position" look like a two-cent piece?

Sincerely yours, "for the love of the truth,"

ONE OF THE "FORTUNATES."

"If you would have your business done, go; if not, send."

SABBATH REFORM

Tract Society Notes

Complimentary copies of Mr. Clarke's book, "The Great Test," were sent to a selected list of libraries. In acknowledging the receipt of the book the librarian of Colgate University says, "I have read the book myself with interest, and, while I do not accept all the positions of the author, I would be glad of the opportunity to say that I regard the character of the heroine as admirably drawn."

Orders are coming in from the agents for ten and twelve copies at a time, and many single copies are being sent out by mail. The book is being well received. Now is the time to buy. The edition was limited and not large, and it is more than probable that it will be impossible to get a copy by the first of January. Send in your order, or see your local agent soon.

We have for distribution three little booklets put out in an attractive form. Have you seen them? The titles are, "Baptism," "The Sabbath as the Family's Day," and "The First Day of the Week in the New Testament." If you are interested, send us ten cents in stamps and you will receive a copy of each. Then possibly you will wish to send for several more copies to give to your friends and neighbors.

Have you read in the December number of the *Pulpit* the sermon by Rev. A. L. Davis? It is really an historical study of the change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. A very few copies of the magazine are yet on hand, and may be had at five cents each. With the sermon is a fine picture of the new church building at North Loup where Mr. Davis is pastor.

The secretary has been asked to attend the quadrennial meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America at St. Louis, December 6-10. He will have great need of divine wisdom and guidance, as he is a member of the Commission

on Sunday Observance, the point where our interests as a people are so closely related to this great movement for a united church, not in an official and organic way, but in a way of power and influence for good, for peace and good will among men.

The following three paragraphs are taken from a book that was published not long ago by the Tract Society. With the thought that they may be of help to some one, they are here printed again.

"The Sabbath best connects me with man's spiritual past. The Hebrews were the fathers of our present spiritual environment. The Sabbath is closely linked with the working out of the richest values they produced and handed on to us. Almost every spiritual crisis in Hebrew history is more or less related to Sabbathism. Again, to one to whom Christ means much, anything which recalls his spirit and teachings as the Sabbath can have real and permanent value. Christ's acts on the Sabbath for instance in showing the Pharisees the difference between spiritual slavery and freedom are a real religious asset. In short, the whole relation between Sabbathism and the early spiritual experiences of mankind, and especially our branch of it, makes Sabbath associations a real means of spiritual development. Spirituality is easier in the favorable atmosphere and inspiring memories of that day."

"The Sabbath connects me with my own spiritual past. To one who has had to cut loose from so many things that would connect him with his own past, the value of the Sabbath in this respect is very great. It connects me with my own early religious associations, with my early intellectual awakening and growth, with early kindnesses from so many noble people who observe that day, with so many, many invaluable friends who have been so much to me in school and college days. To lose these memories would be to lose some of the greatest things in my life. Through this runs the Sabbath—a golden thread binding me to my own spiritual history and making past values more easily available for the life of today. It grows richer as the passing days unfold their ceaseless tale. For these reasons the Seventh-day Sabbath has attractions for me as a spiritual force far beyond anything the Sunday has to offer."

"Men used to obey law because it was the king's command. It made no difference if the law were simply a royal whim, a sense of loyalty would insure obedience to it. Now that is past and men obey the law because it is their creature, and is established by them to serve their high purposes. They obey in both cases, but the reasons for their obedience differ. In much the same way I observed the Sabbath under my views of ten years ago; I observe it under my present views, but the reasons for my observance are different now from what they were then. The fact remains, but the pre-suppositions underlying the fact are new. I can no longer wax enthusiastic over the idea of abstract obedience, though I recognize its spiritual value to many people. I can gladly observe a day which is full of real practical spiritual significance to myself."

SECRETARY.

Letter to Tom Shirley

FROM UNCLE OLIVER

DEAR TOM:

You say I did not answer your last letter, and infer that I treat you with some degree of coolness. I beg your pardon, Thomas, when I say that I fear you do not read the RECORDER very closely, or either you forget what you read. I did answer your letter in detail. I was glad to do so, for you seemed in what you wrote to me to be frank and honest. I like such letters, but I have no desire to answer letters having in them the spirit of controversy, for, if read between the lines, they answer themselves.

I do not, Thomas, recall the date of my answer to your last letter. In it I invited you into the family—Katie being willing—if you mean to establish a Christian home that will meet fully her ideals of what a home should be—a home for the cultivation of Christian character. If your ideals are still above hers she will rejoice and be glad, and the children who may come to you will in due time rise up to call you blessed.

Do not, I beg of you, "adjust" your views to hers—become a loyal Seventh Day Baptist—much less decide to become a preacher just for love of Kate. To do this would imply something of fickleness. A fickle person is changeable in his affections. And if you are fickle, there might come a day

when you would not love Katie as you think you do now; and the result would make it seem better to both of you that you had never met, to say nothing of the effect upon your children.

But, my dear boy, if Katie is the means—through her Christian character—of leading you to become a devoted Christian man—an unconditional Christian and truly loyal Seventh Day Baptist—marry her if she truly loves you and you love her; and may the Lord bless you and the home you will by and by establish. I'd like to be at the wedding to welcome you into our family.

And now, Tom, as to your becoming a Seventh Day Baptist minister, I have no advice to give you, yet I am willing to make certain suggestions. You alone must make the decision. When on a beautiful October morning in 1861, I took off my cap, raised my right hand and took the oath of service to the flag of our country, I had to do it unconditionally. I could not say to the captain who swore me in that I wished first to know just what kind of duty I was to do—to have an easy time of it in camp or garrison, or to march, and go into the thick of the fight. I could not then know whether there might be some "pull" by means of which I could be promoted and thereby have some authority and get better pay than my comrades in the ranks. No, if I took the oath of service, I must in so doing put myself into the way of duty, to go wherever those in command thought best to send me. The solemn promise was to *serve*—to consecrate myself to the call of duty. During the coming four years I saw some of my worthy comrades promoted—put into the positions made vacant by the death of various officers. I was not thus promoted. I was too young, and not qualified to wear shoulder straps. It did not, of course, become me and others in the ranks to find fault with promotions that were made from time to time. It was better for us to be glad for those who were called up higher, for in general they deserved promotion. It was better for us to be faithful where we were—so to fit ourselves as to be ready by and by for something better in both position and pay. Oh, yes, some of our boys were a little selfish and found fault from time to time, for our service was strenuous and pay small—and we were very human; yet we respected and were loyal to our oath of service.

Tom Shirley, do you not choose to be-

come a minister of the gospel—especially a Seventh Day Baptist minister—without a genuine *call* to do so. I do not mean, Tom, some mysterious, intangible call, but the call of duty; the call of an intelligent and willing conscience that comes from seeing the great need of laborers in the harvest, and a willingness unconditionally to take the oath of service. If you do feel this kind of *call* and are thus willing, get about your preparation for it, and may the Lord bless you. I shall not ask whether or not you are a higher critic, but that you are devoted to the service of the Master through serving your fellow-men.

I may suggest to you that if you become truly devoted to such service you will not be critical concerning those who are chosen to do some special service and so get a little better pay than others. There are and always will be various grades of labor. Some of us in the army had to be privates—nearly all of us must be in the ranks. Still there must be officers. It is so in all the walks of life.

It is a fact the preachers get poor pay—in money; especially in the smaller churches. Those who will not labor for so little money may leave the ministry if they choose; some are doing so. Young men not willing to serve the Master by spiritually serving mankind, may decline to do so. There is no drafting into the ministry; it is a volunteer service. Compulsion would degrade the calling. As it is, every good man and good woman, whether professing Christian or not, honors the worthy minister of the gospel. It is different with those who are bad. Men in the ministry are doing more for both spiritual and civic righteousness than all others combined.

It is true that preachers get poor pay. It ought not to be so. But one time I wrote to nine ministers of the gospel of various denominations asking whether or not, after all they had experienced since they became preachers, if they should have a chance again to choose a life work they would leave the ministry. Every one said that, with his present knowledge, if he were young again, he would most certainly become a preacher. It must be that, though they had not been able to save much money, they had found some compensation well worth while.

Yes, Tom, I shall be glad to welcome you into the family, also to have as one of our pastors a Reverend Thomas Shirley. I am

really sorry that, though the Smith family is so large, no one by that name is a Seventh Day Baptist minister. I hope some day to visit you and Katie in your own home, and to hear you preach. Unless you are truly worthy I do not believe you will undertake anything of the kind. Let me suggest, however, that, if you do believe in higher criticism, you put the gospel and work for humanity away ahead of anything that will be likely to offend those of us who hardly know just what higher criticism is. Do not, I beg of you, Thomas, provoke in us the spirit of controversy. It doesn't matter much, anyhow.

Preach the Sabbath doctrine when and where in your best judgment it will do the most good. Personally I think that if I were to hold meetings at Shepherdsville, or some other such place, I would preach first the love of Jesus and the uplifting spirit of the gospel until there should come a spiritual condition of heart that would be ready to receive Sabbath truth before I would make a specialty of Sabbath sermons. I suspect that Brothers Burdick and Coon and Hutchins know what is best in such matters better than you and I do. Anyhow, I am willing to leave the matter to them.

Yes, I was in Salem once—at least I rode over that road with my regiment coming home from the army. We were on top of freight cars. I would in particular like to see the place again and know more of the people. Some of my good friends live there. I am glad you liked the Conference. I was not there, as duty called me somewhere else at the time. I am glad you had there so good food. I have heard it said that one qualification of a good preacher is a good stomach. It is better than to be a dyspeptic, and so it is with the rest of us.

A profound impression was made at a banquet in Korea, which was attended by all the Japanese and Korean officials of the district, by the action of one of the officials, a Christian. When called on to take his part in the program of story-telling and recitation, he opened his hymnbook and sang the song of the prodigal son, "Ring the Bells of Heaven."—*The Continent*.

Get a copy of "The Great Test," 75 cents postpaid.—Adv.

MISSIONS

Mission Notes

A letter just received from Dr. Rosa W. Palmborg tells of the serious illness of her colaborer, Dr. Grace Crandall, at Lieu-oo. Another letter from Mrs. H. E. Davis, of Shanghai, written a few days later, says that Dr. Crandall is getting better and is now with Miss Burdick at the Shanghai mission. The following words from Dr. Palmborg's letter are interesting and enlightening.

"Dr. Crandall has been very ill, but is convalescing now. She is too weak to do anything. She tried to write a little with a pencil while lying down today (October 15), and even that exhausted her. I am not well myself, but in all the trials since the summer, I have tried to stay my heart on God, and he has surely helped me. Still I hardly realized how anxious I was over Dr. Crandall till the turn for the better came, when I was so happy I had to send a telegram of rejoicing to our Shanghai friends, which read like a Methodist meeting testimony."

"I also cried salt tears into my breakfast, tears of joy and relief, and weakness too. I don't know how we are coming out. Our hospital is finished, and the doctors no good physically to go on and open it. Dr. Crandall ought to go home next spring for a furlough, and I the year after, if I can hold out so long, and we ought to have another doctor here to help out, and to prepare to remain permanently."

A letter is just at hand from Dr. Bessie B. Sinclair, who is now one of the head nurses in the New Hospital for Women in London, England. From this letter it seems probable that Dr. Sinclair can be secured to go to China at an early date, by next spring at least, if that seems best for the work and for those most concerned. At any rate, the people of our denomination will rise up to meet this situation, we are confident, and will support in every way these noble women whose devotion to God and humanity counts no sacrifice too great to offer willingly and cheerfully.

A short paragraph in the September number of the *Boodschapper* gives the information that Ch. Th. Lucky, who had been in Holland and serving as pastor of the Rotterdam Seventh Day Baptist Church, and giving valuable help in the editorial department of the *Boodschapper*, has departed, starting for his home in Galicia. But just as the *Boodschapper* was going to press word came that Brother Lucky was very ill in a Christian Sanitarium in Saxony. And the paragraph ends with the thought that we should all remember the dear brother at the throne of grace, that the Father's loving care may be about him and bring him safely to his home. No further word has been received.

The New Auburn (Wis.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, known as the Cartwright Church, has asked the Missionary Society for a little financial help in supporting a pastor. What shall we do? The board has already made appropriations for next year beyond any income yet in sight. Here is a growing church with lots of children and young people, but hardly able to support a pastor. Help is asked. What shall we do? It is beyond the board. It is up to the people.

SECRETARY.

Evangelistic Meetings at Berea, W. Va.

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

On the night of October 11 Brother George Brissey met Elder D. Burdett Coon and me at Pullman, five miles from Berea, and took us to his pleasant home where we spent the night and the following forenoon. In the afternoon we went to the funeral of Jonathan Lowther at Berea. Mr. Lowther was ninety-seven years old, and had spent most of his life near Berea.

The village of Berea is on the South Fork of the Hughes River. There are in the town fifteen to twenty houses, three stores, a grist mill, blacksmith shop, school-house with three teachers, a Seventh Day Adventist church, a Methodist Protestant church a little distance out of town, and our church a little over a mile from the village and up the Otterslide. Our people also own over forty acres of choice land in the loop of the river near the village. On this they hope sometime to build a new church and a better parsonage.

We began meetings on Thursday night and continued them for a little more than four weeks. The weather was unfavorable for a few nights, raining four out of the first eight, but most of the remaining time the weather was pleasant and the roads were fine.

The meetings were well attended, and the interest was good. We were glad to see some backsliders reclaimed; the general interest of the church increased; and that several decided to be Christians. At the closing meeting on Sunday night perhaps twenty-five persons who were not church members rose, expressing their desire that Christ help them to live a better life. Then the large congregation came forward and greeted us with the typical West Virginia handshake, and we sang, "God be with you till we meet again." We all felt that much good had been accomplished in the meetings, but the field is so large and the needs so great that we were sorry to leave the field without seeing far greater results than were realized. It is heart-breaking to see people excusing themselves from Christian living because of the real or imagined faults of others; and it is equally distressing to see so many young men of splendid possibilities squandering life, and making life miserable for people about them!

Berea has a splendid record for having sent out so many teachers and preachers. Think of this small church sending out within a few years Elders E. E. Sutton, Clyde Ehret, and Ira S. Goff! The denomination can well afford to spend money on such a field to build up the church, and encourage more of the young men and women to fit themselves for good work as teachers and preachers. It seems to me that some of the boys and girls and young people who attended the meetings so faithfully will be better men and women because of aspirations gained to live better lives and do better service for others.

As the RECORDER readers already know, Elder G. H. F. Randolph came on to this field last summer. He has the confidence and respect of the people—both the Sabbath-keepers and the Sunday people—and we believe that under his pastoral leadership the Ritchie Church will become more united, more spiritual, more helpful in raising the Christian standard and in winning the lost for Christ. The church has a great mission, and it has a large and

needy field in which to work. The responsibility rests heavily on our church there to live and work for the saving of *all in their families, and the many who have no connection with other churches.*

Brother Coon and I are experiencing the pleasures of enjoying the far-famed hospitality of the people of West Virginia. At Berea our headquarters were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Jones, who did everything possible for our comfort. The field was so large and the invitations to visit the people were so many that we were not able to see all of the people in their homes. How we did enjoy the many walks over the hills! We never went over the hill to the south of the village but that we turned and admired the view before us,—the steep hillside in the foreground; the cemetery and site of the old Pine Grove church a little farther on; the place where Thomas Zinn, of Farina, used to live, a little higher up and to the left of the cemetery; the road blasted out of the rock to the left that leads down to the village; the loop of the Hughes River enclosing the Seventh Day Baptist church farm in about the middle of the panorama; the village of Berea to the left of this parsonage property; and still beyond, the steep hill on the far side of the river, with scattered peaks and hills encircling the view. But you should see its beauty!

We were at Berea during that portion of October and November in which the autumn foliage was most beautiful, and the hills were made the more attractive thus clothed in their gorgeous colors. Brother Coon and I can enter more heartily than ever before into the spirit of the song, "The West Virginia Hills."

"Oh, the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love the West Virginia hills.
If o'er land and sea I roam,
Still I think of happy home,
And the friends among the West
Virginia hills."

New Milton, W. Va.,
Nov. 22, 1916.

Saintship is not innocence; it is conquest. It is the experience of men and women who have met many temptations, sometimes falling before them, but gradually their conqueror, until their days become organized victory.—*W. C. Gannett.*

Truth's Solitary Champion

Truth is eternal and unchangeable. The statement seems almost trite; but men's attitude toward truth throughout the centuries shows that while many mentally recognize these qualities of truth, in practice they utterly ignore them.

Men will fight over a fact or a reality or a truth, seeming to say that the strongest must be right. Can fighting a duel determine which is right? Is the victor always on the side of truth? Can wars determine of themselves alone what is just? Appeals to force are not arguments for truth; yet force is men's time-honored expedient. If a wall is black, will arguments or quarrels or appeals to force make it white? Men's attitude toward truth does not change truth, though it may change men. Truth can not be determined by calling an election.

Over and over again, it has been seen that some certain individual has held a closer, finer, more exalted conception of truth than all the other men of his time. Could majorities vote his noble conception of truth into an error, though they should all join in the effort? Yet once in the history of this world, God permitted over four thousand of the greatest men of the time to vote against a solitary man on a question of truth. The one man was in a painful minority. The others were overwhelmingly and unanimously in the majority. They settled a question of truth, as they thought, for all time; but not many years after, it was discovered that while majorities may vote as they please, truth is by them unchanged, for the truth is mighty, and must prevail. As the inspired writer has said, "We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

But to come back to the majority that thought to decide a matter of right and truth: Who were they, and what were they about?

Sigismund was emperor of Germany. He wanted a council of the cardinals and other prelates of the church called to see if they could unite under one pope; for there were two popes at that time, both claiming to be the true and sole head of the church, and each bitterly fighting the other. Hence to settle this dispute, and another matter also, a great council was called at Constance, in Switzerland.

THE VIOLATED PASSPORT

Never before was there such a gathering. The emperor was there in great state. The pope of Rome was there. And there, too, were seven patriarchs, twenty archbishops, twenty cardinals in their royal red cloaks, twenty-six princes, ninety-one bishops, one hundred forty counts, hundreds of doctors of divinity, and many priests—over four thousand in all. Then multitudes of the people came, filling the old town to overflowing, and making the dull streets alive as they had never been. Peddlers, hucksters, tricksters, mountebanks, charlatans, tramps, monks, friars, beggars,—these all, too, flocked to Constance.

While the council sat month after month, to the great profit of all the shopkeepers and grocers in the place, the one man heretofore mentioned was shut in prison. True, he came of his own free will; came because his emperor wished; came with a passport in which the emperor gave his sacred word to protect him.

But why was he in prison? Had he not the emperor's written promise of protection?

Oh, yes! But the council declared, and the pope asserted, that faith was not to be kept with heretics. John Huss was in the power of the council; and regardless of promises, he was in prison to pay the penalty for being a heretic.

ONE AGAINST FOUR THOUSAND

But pause a moment. Watch the narrative, and you will see that even popes, emperors, and cardinals can not break their word, even with a heretic, without disaster. Truth is mighty, and will prevail, though over four thousand stand on one side against it, and only one is left its champion. One with God is a majority. The events of history, as with a pen of blood, write this eternal truth regarding the council of Constance. Listen to the record a little further, and you shall see.

July 6, 1415, John Huss was to be roasted at the stake. By this means, the truth was to be demonstrated indeed, and righteousness plainly set forth, forsooth!

The procession forms to escort the prisoner from the cathedral. The cross-bearer is at the head. He carries a gilded crucifix, that crucifix a symbol of the Lamb of God, who died because he refused to resort to force, to call upon his Father

for legions of angels; who said his kingdom was not of this world, wherefore his servants would not fight; and who proclaimed, in solemn dignity, that if any man received not his words, he judged him not.

Behind the cross-bearer comes the bishop of Riga, in his gorgeous robes, then a company of armed soldiers, guarding the prisoner against escape. The procession winds through the crowded streets, and enters a great hall. The emperor is there, wearing his golden crown, and seated in a royal chair. At the right stands the duke of Bavaria, holding a cross; at the left, the governor of Nuremberg, with a drawn sword. Around are cardinals and archbishops and priest, monks and friars, and a great multitude of people. John Huss ascends the platform, mounts a table, kneels, clasps his hands, and looks up toward heaven. The soldiers file away. The dignitaries take their places in the council.

"EXECUTE THIS STIFF-NECKED HERETIC"

Bishop Landinus ascends the pulpit, and preaches a sermon from the text, "Shall we continue in sin?" Heresy, he says, is a great sin—one of the greatest a man can commit. It destroys the church. The secular magistrates should destroy those with whom it originates. Turning to the emperor, he says:

"It will be a just act, and it is the duty of your imperial majesty, most invincible emperor, to execute this stiff-necked heretic, since he is in our hands; and thus shall your majesty attain an immortal name, with old and young, so long as the world shall stand, for performing a deed so glorious and so pleasing to God."

At length a bishop reads the charges against Huss:

"You have disobeyed the archbishop of Prague. You teach that there is a holy catholic church other than that of which the pope is the head—a community of all the faithful ordained of God to eternal life—which is heretical."

"I do not doubt," Huss replied, "that there is a holy Christian church which is a community of the elect, both in this and the other world."

"Hold your tongue! After we get through, you may answer," says Cardinal Von Cammerach.

"I shall not be able to remember all the charges."

"Silence!" shouts the archbishop of Florence. John Huss drops upon his knees, and lifts his hands toward heaven. If they will not hear him, there is One above who will. "O God," he cries, "I commend my cause to thee."

THE ROYAL BLUSH OF SHAME

The last charge is read. John Huss turns toward the emperor, and declares: "I came to this council of my own free will, with a safe-conduct from the emperor. I came in the full confidence that no violence should be done me, and that I might prove my innocence." The emperor grows red in the face; and that blush of shame has its mighty influence in days to come, when another emperor is tempted by church dignitaries to destroy Luther, though he has a passport, as had John Huss. All the bitter years, over a hundred of them, have preached their lesson; and Luther goes away from the council unharmed. Thus the truth has grown mighty enough to prevail against the church dogma that faith need not be kept with heretics.

But to resume: Sigismund blushes at the true words of Huss, for the emperor knows that the safe-conduct has been taken away. In shame and confusion the emperor sits, with downcast eyes. Everybody can see the reddening of his cheeks. Without trial, Huss is sentenced to death. He is to be burned. Huss prays for God to forgive them, and the council smile at his prayer. Then Huss is officially degraded. A bishop's robe in derision is thrown over his shoulders.

"Confess your errors and retract them before it is too late."

Huss turns to the people. "The bishop," he says, "wants me to retract; but if I were to do so, I should be a liar before God."

They place a chalice in his hands, then take it away, saying, "O thou cursed Judas, we take from thee this chalice, in which the blood of Christ is offered for the remission of sins."

"Confiding in my God and Savior," Huss replies, "I cherish the hope that he will not take from me the cup of his salvation."

DOES MIGHT MAKE RIGHT?

Thus did majorities seek to prove that they rule in questions of conscience, of right, of truth. But greater than the majority, greater than the emperor, pope, or archbishop, is John Huss, calm, peaceful,

quiet, while the emperor sits shamefaced, a coward. One word of his would set the prisoner free. But a trimmer to the demands of the enemies of Huss, he has come to think that he is not obliged to keep faith with heretics. He even believes that the council has power to make wrong right. Yet the emperor can not forget the untruth of his act, can not but read the dictates of conscience. He knows that he is committing an act that will ever be potent to redden his cheeks with shame.

"Let him be accursed of God and man eternally." Such is the decree against Huss; but he replies, "I am willing thus to suffer for the truth in the name of Christ." Then they place a paper cap upon his head—a mock crown, with figures of devils upon it, and the inscription, "This is a heretic."

At last the emperor speaks the fatal words, "Give him over to the beadle." And so they burn him, though Bishop Silvius says of him, "He goes as if on his way to a banquet." Huss is not afraid. He trusts in the power of truth and the great God of truth. And when he has burned in the fire they kindled, they throw his ashes into the river. They of the council think they are rid of John Huss, but they are not. The emperor lives to rue the day when he broke his word to the martyr. The people of Bohemia resent the death of Huss. A great war is the consequence—a war that lasts many years, and drenches Sigismund's kingdom with blood.

CAN MAJORITIES RULE IN CONSCIENCE?

The great lesson of July 6, 1415, is this: Majorities can not rule in questions of right or truth. Majorities may decide who is to be president or city mayor; but in questions of conscience, of truth and right, one man may overrule a dozen nations.

What, then, is the lesson to us as individuals, but the one lesson not to trust to majorities to establish a question of truth or right! There are many who travel in the broad way, there are few who find the narrow way. Jesus Christ himself said that. Then why suppose that votes can determine whether we should worship God in this way or in that? The Bible is the standard of truth. It shall judge all, majorities or minorities, on the attitude they take. The Word shall judge them at the last day. Do not rely on numbers. Do not trust in majorities. More than once, one man has more than conquered against

a host. Have we forgotten the lesson of Daniel and his companion, of the three in the fiery furnace, of the early apostles and disciples, of Jesus Christ himself, and of all the long line of martyrs, who "loved not their lives unto the death," but who overcame "by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony"? Rev. 12: 11.

VOTES CAN NOT REVERSE TRUTH

When majorities have voted the sun out of heaven; when they have stopped the leaves from growing on the trees; when they have turned back the stars in their courses in the skies; when they have caused rivers to reverse their directions and run raging uphill,—then can men vote error into truth, and cast out the truth as error. Truth is but God's revelation of his divine, unchangeable, character. How can votes change God, or reverse the principles of his government? Learn the lesson of the ages. God speaks from the pages of history.

Majorities *do not rule, can not rule*, in questions of conscience. Man's will can not be coerced. Religious liberty is each man's God-given heritage, his royal birth-right. All the hosts of earth can not take it away. Christ came to "break every yoke," and to "let the oppressed go free." "Stone walls can not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." He whom Christ makes free, is free indeed. All the men of earth but he may join in voting him martyr or slave, but he may still remain in his divine prerogative a free, true man.

Truth is what it is, regardless of men's attitude. It is eternal, unchangeable. It is forever mighty, and it will and must prevail.—*Lucas A. Reed, in Signs of the Times.*

"Holiness, says Dr. Phelps, quoting an early New England divine, "is something of God, wherever it is. It is an efflux from him, and lives in him; as the sunbeams, although they gild this lower world, and spread their golden wings over us, yet they are not so much here where they shine, as in the sun from whence they flow. For such holy joy in God we must have much of the spirit of him who rose up a great while before day and departed into a solitary place and prayed, the morning star finding him where the evening star left him."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

In Perfect Trust

The birdling swings upon his twig,
And though he is not strong or big,
He'll bravely face the coming day,
When the night shadows flee away.

Without a care, like him, I'll sleep,
Since power divine can guard and keep;
I'll greet tomorrow's sun, and sing
As doth the bird on buoyant wing!

—George Bancroft Griffith.

Letter From Miss Susie Burdick

MY DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

Early in the year a series of four meetings was planned for the members of our Shanghai Church. The object was both social and inspirational. I do not remember that much has been written about these meetings and they seem worthy of more than passing mention.

The first one was held early after the Chinese New Year with Mrs. D. H. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Crofoot. The day was not favorable as to weather, still the rooms were well filled. After a cup of tea and light refreshments Mr. Eugene Davis produced a blackboard upon which had been written, in Chinese, an outline of the proposed forward movement as it had been presented at the Milton Conference. It was gratifying to see with what interest most of those present entered into the discussion.

It was decided that an attempt be made to bring into full membership the thirty-three probationers and at least five new members during the year. Tithing and the Morning Watch were discussed but no one committed himself to either. Definite lines of work were considered, as the renting of a room where men could be met in a friendly way and influenced to come to church, also more cordial ways of welcoming strangers who drop into the church.

The second meeting was held with Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Davis on a glorious June day. An effort had been made to get a very full attendance. One of the means used was the sending of invitations written

on red paper, like wedding invitations; also, so far as possible, the giving to each one of a personal invitation in addition to those written. The result was gratifying, more than eighty church members attending, some of whom are seldom seen in our meetings and some coming considerable distances. Non-church members brought the number to ninety-nine.

At this meeting Mr. Eugene Davis was chosen pastor and the possibility and advisability of a more careful church organization was discussed. A committee consisting of Mr. Davis and eight Chinese members, four men and four women, was appointed to consider the question and to present definite plans at the next meeting. That committee had six or more meetings and Mr. Davis speaks with gratification of the heartiness with which they came together and discussed the subject.

Their recommendations were presented at the third meeting, which was held in the "Old House" with Miss West and me, on September 24. A wind little short of a typhoon was blowing, a wind which not only kept many from the gathering but also made the boat by which Mrs. D. H. Davis was returning from Japan more than twenty-four hours late in reaching Shanghai. Forty-six church members, with others to bring the number up to fifty or a little more, were present. Business preceded tea this time.

The committee had had drafts of the proposed statement of belief and purpose of the church and the constitution printed and sent to each church member several days in advance, and at this meeting it was taken up item by item and, after some minor changes, adopted. Dzau Sing-chung was chosen evangelist; Mrs. Daung and Mrs. Zunz Bible-women; Mr. Tsu and Mr. Jiu were elected deacons; Mrs. Zung and Miss Dzau, deaconesses; Waung Ziang-fok, president; Dzau So-hung, clerk; and Miss Waung, treasurer. Miss Waung has already served the Missionary Society as treasurer for several years.

The general evangelistic campaign which is being proposed for this winter was considered and the question asked whether we were to join it. It was a bit disappointing that when asked that each one undertake to reach and bring in one inquirer there was not more hearty response. Doubt-

less the reluctance to commit themselves was due not so much to unwillingness as to an appreciation of the difficulties of the undertaking, self-distrust, and failure to count upon the Power available for their help. I should add that at each of these meetings Mr. Davis has, in a few earnest words, called attention to the personal responsibility that each one had to the relatives and friends whose only chance of hearing of the Savior might be through them.

It should be said that at this meeting it was reported that, of the thirty-three probationers reported at the first meeting, twenty and an additional five new recruits had been baptized, and there were twenty-seven new probationers.

It was left with the Executive Committee to arrange the program for the consecration services for the newly elected officers of the church. This committee came together on a week-day afternoon, some of them business men and living a half-hour's journey or more from the place of meeting, and for two full hours considered matters pertaining to the work of the church. This certainly was something to notice and for which to be grateful.

The consecration service, which was held on October 7, included the installation of the pastor. It was all a very simple but impressive service. The hymns sung were "Just as I am," "Must Jesus bear the cross alone?" "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord," and a quartet from the Boys' School sang a selection of which I have not the name and some of the girls sang an attempted translation of "Make use of me, my God," in Life-Time Hymns.

Dzau Sien-sang welcomed the pastor and also gave the charge to the congregation. He introduced his remarks with a tribute to Dr. D. H. Davis, the burden he had carried and the work he had accomplished. Then followed a consideration of some of the difficulties a pastor must meet. Moses had to bear the complaints of the people when things did not go just as they wanted them to; pastors today have the same thing to meet. Church members who become ill or meet misfortune are very apt to complain and say it would have been much better if they had not come into the church. The pastor must carry all that heaviness. But God chose Moses and he also chose Mr.

Eugene Davis. We must do God's will and trust him in ill fortune as well as good. The unbelieving Israelites did not enter Canaan but died in the wilderness. If we fail in steadfastness we can not hope to accomplish anything nor receive anything. The church members should welcome, listen to and help the pastor. At the close of his remarks all the congregation arose in evidence of their welcome.

Mr. Davis replied, expressing his appreciation of the work done by Dr. Davis, saying that the church of today is what it is because of the work and workers of years gone by. He emphasized the fact that the church of the future will depend in large measure upon the character and work of Christians of today. Mr. Davis has been doing a man's work ever since his arrival in China and his efforts, as well as his remarks on this occasion, have been with the purpose of inspiring the church members to take hold of the work with determination and enthusiasm.

Following his remarks those elected to the offices of evangelist, deacons, deaconesses and Bible-women, each gave a brief statement of his or her conversion and Christian experience and then all the officers-elect went forward and all stood while the consecration prayer was offered.

In connection with these meetings it will be seen that there has been much to encourage us, and those who know about such work need not be told there have also been disappointing features. The movement has all been along the right line, however.

There is a matter which, following the principle of first asking the God of heaven and then telling the people, ought to be passed on to the RECORDER readers.

It has been mentioned in various connections that the last concession of territory in Shanghai to the French included our compound. Before Dr. Davis passed on to his reward some French authorities came and drew a line along the eastern side of our lot—the lot where the Girls' School stands, taking a strip of the land from twenty or more feet wide to twelve, and passing through certain rooms of the school including one of the dining rooms, a recitation room and the very necessary bath and wash rooms. Their purpose was to widen the road on the east and to straighten it. This road is the boundary between

Chinese territory and the French Concession. The road is already unusually wide but doubtless the French wish to widen the part that they control. Dr. Davis was on hand to remove the line and to make what seemed to be effective protest. We were told that the French said at that time that it might cost too much then and they would wait for our buildings to burn down.

Two or three weeks ago the French waited upon us again, coming with quite a company to survey our compound. When a protest was advanced against their trespassing one of the men said, "Never mind, your house will be coming down soon." Mr. Eugene Davis appeared on the scene and assured them that we have a consular deed to this property and they quickly left, but returned the following day and finished the survey.

Mr. Davis has been to the Consul to see what can be done about it and finds that beyond insisting upon an appraisal of the value and insisting upon some recompense being given nothing can be done.

These small buildings along the roadside, while not very good looking, are necessary to us. We have not been able to see what we can do if they have to come down. If the owners of the land west of the church would sell us a suitable lot and if there were money with which to buy it and to put up the buildings we would feel that the exchange had been a blessing. Our present building is in rather too conspicuous a place for a girls' school since the canal to the east has been converted into a thoroughfare and the footpath on the north has become a road.

On the man-side of the situation, so far as the French are concerned, there seems little to hope for; so far as the money is concerned, there are only the few hundred dollars we have been saving for some years in sight. On the God-side of it we know there is unlimited power and wisdom.

You will have heard how Dr. Palmborg and Dr. Crandall have been, and are, far from well. You will be glad to know that Dr. Crandall is with us in Shanghai. There were many reasons why it was the wisest thing for Dr. Palmborg to bring her here. She is much better and it looks now as though she might be getting steadily better. We hope Dr. Palmborg will be getting better soon, too. She has certainly had a de-

pressing time for some weeks—since August for that matter.

Very sincerely yours,

SUSIE M. BURDICK.

West Gate, Shanghai, China,

Oct. 20, 1916.

Workers' Exchange—Milton, Wis.

Day of Prayer

According to previous appointment the Day of Prayer, as arranged by the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions was observed on Friday afternoon, November 17, in the basement of the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton, Wis.

The meeting began promptly at 2 o'clock with a good attendance of representative women present. A leader of the music had been appointed who had charge of the singing throughout the entire afternoon, and every number was devotional, and helpful to the spirit of prayer. The leader of the first topic, "The Quiet Hour," had charge of the program for the afternoon, and called on the presidents of the different societies of the churches of the village to direct the topics for which prayer was to be made.

The subjects to be considered,—China, Japan, India, Africa, the Islands, and Young Women's Hour,—were each preceded by a verse or two of a hymn followed by an appropriate quotation of Scripture. The prayers were all thoughtful, earnest, and impressive, and revealed the ideals of many hearts and their desire for the salvation of the heathen world.

Interesting impromptu remarks were made in passing from one topic to the next in order. At four o'clock, after two hours of sitting together, a number, twelve or more, of the young ladies from Milton College came in, and assisted by their presence and prayers in the consideration of the last topic, "For the World at War."

Thus two and one half hours were most profitably spent by Christian women who often pray, "Thy kingdom come," and who desire to be used of God for the accomplishment of that purpose.

It was a great inspiration to know that all over the land other women were together for the same object, and that in both silent and audible prayer souls were met around "one common Mercy Seat."

A Letter to the Lone Sabbath Keepers of Indiana and Ohio

DEAR COMRADES:

Upon the solicitation of our general secretary I consented to serve this year as secretary for the States of Indiana and Ohio.

In his last annual report Mr. Cottrell stated that Indiana was entitled to first prize. We shall be glad if he states in his next annual report that Ohio and Indiana stand side by side in fulfilling the requirements of the Lone Sabbath Keepers.

During the Presidential campaign of four years ago a young man of our city who was making his first political speech said: "As Indiana goes, so goes the Union." We would rejoice if this could be said of all the States in which Lone Sabbath Keepers reside.

Ohio is a new field to us, but by consulting the *Directory* and supplement we find there are twenty-seven Lone Sabbath Keepers. Of this number fifteen are members of the church at Jackson Center, Ohio; Leonardsville and Friendship, N. Y., each claim one member; while ten have no accredited membership. None are members of their home church Sabbath school.

There is a relationship existing between us now. We spent some time trying to classify it. It sounds too cold and businesslike to simply say we are your secretary. It is contrary to our nature to work that way; we must enter into the lives of those with whom we are associated in Christian service. We are not a minister and couldn't claim you for our parishioners if we were, for Mr. Cottrell is pastor of all the Lone Sabbath Keepers, and so far as we know no one is longing for his resignation. We finally decided that with your consent we would call you our Sabbath-school class—a class in two sections, but a splendid class nevertheless.

Our next step was to find out the needs of the class. We decided that the Ohio section needs first of all a revival. Please don't throw the paper down saying, "I don't believe in revivals." In her sixteenth year the teacher was converted during a revival and thirteen years later, while in attendance upon a revival, she heard the Sabbath question presented, which led to her investigation of the subject and final acceptance of its claims. Little wonder that she believes in revivals.

But the revival needed in this instance is subscriptions for the RECORDER and membership in the Home Department of your church Sabbath school. There should be twenty-one RECORDERS instead of three. Indiana is all right on the RECORDER question. We have one member who is not enrolled in her home Sabbath school, but if a revival breaks out in Ohio we expect it will sweep over into Indiana and carry her along with the tide.

Let me tell you a secret. I couldn't see any special benefit to be derived from uniting with my home Sabbath school, but I have strong convictions regarding the duty of following leadership whenever possible. The leader has a viewpoint more extensive than the viewpoint of those whom he leads, but they can tie his hands by refusing to co-operate with him. So I united with my Sabbath school to please our leader and lo, to my surprise, I found it brought me a blessing—a feeling of companionship and at-oneness with the Sabbath school that I did not before possess.

I have some acquaintance with the greater number of my Indiana members, but those of the Ohio division are total strangers. As I think of you, all sorts of queries as to your needs are running through my mind. How long have you been Lone Sabbath Keepers? What are your temptations and triumphs? Do you find the Sabbath a delight, a priceless jewel, or is it becoming a burden? How long since some of you have seen the RECORDER? Did you ever see it in its present form? A chill creeps over me as I think of those who are without it. It seems to me that, humanly speaking, you are all alone out "on the mountains wild and bare." Even our blessed Savior, although he possessed all the power of the Godhead, able to call legions of angels into his presence any moment, still longed for human companionship. How much more then must his finite children need it. You are away from home. The RECORDER is the weekly letter that will send the warm blood pulsating through your veins and keep you in tender sympathy with the denominational family.

We shall send a marked copy of the issue containing this letter to those who are not subscribers and we do most earnestly entreat you to become such at once. According to your choice send your subscriptions

to me or directly to the publishing house and kindly notify me of so doing.

Praying that this year's work may be blessed to our mutual good and the good of the cause in general, I remain.

Most earnestly yours,

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER.

1007 Jackson St.,

La Porte, Ind.,

Nov. 21, 1916.

Another Word

I have just come from the funeral in their great new cathedral of Bishop Mills-paugh of the Episcopal church here. His crowning work—the new \$100,000 cathedral—was nearly complete when he was called to his reward.

I had been taking life easy today, writing nothing for the RECORDER. Thought if the editor published my last remittance it would be strong enough for two. And then I sent out some telegrams this week and am beginning to get replies that open my eyes and compel me to add a word. Here are two:

"Shame and confession are the portion of my mind! Too busy with affairs I have no business to be occupied with is my excuse. I am going to have the canvass for subscribers made. Plans have already been laid and the young people are to make the canvass. I expect to give full cooperation."

"Your telegram came last night. I am sorry that I can not hold out on the RECORDER Increase Campaign; but I am loaded to the breaking point, and can not take that added burden. If the RECORDER people want to put a man in here to canvass the field, I will be only too glad."

What I want to say now is, first, God bless and uphold our overburdened preachers; and second, where are all the rest of our church workers besides the pastors? Why should not the trustees of the church, or the Woman's Society, or the Young People, or the Sabbath school, or some committee take up this work? No need to ride the pastor to death, if there are any other live ones in the church, with an ounce of initiative. Brethren, pray get busy in your church, and you'll have your pastor's sanction.

THE PASTOR'S FRIEND,

G. M. COTTRELL,

Secretary L. S. K's.

Hope

M. E. H. EVERETT

How all the world is changed, dear,
When the sun is gone away,
And over fields once golden
Strange, wavering shadows stray;
The winds that sang so lightly
When everything was bright,
Breathed but a mournful cadence
To greet the coming night.

How everything would change, love,
If hope should fly away;
Strange shadows from the future
Would flit across our way.
Our hearts that sing so lightly
The promise of delight
Would wait in boding silence
The coming of the night.

We can not keep the sun, dear,
That is in God's own hand,
And he will bring it back to us,
For that is what he planned:
But hope may never more return
If once she leaves her nest;
So we will hide her safe and warm
Beneath our throbbing breast.

Out in India in the mountains I have heard, in the twilight hour, a call from the ridge below. Away through the stillness comes a call, and from the ridge above me comes the response. And then I can hear in a moment more a faint call from a far ridge, away up and beyond, sounding almost like a distant echo. What did it mean? It meant that the man close above me was passing the word from the man below to the man beyond. The man below could never have reached the other man except for the man who stood on the middle ridge. Oh, friends, there is a man down here who will never hear the Man up there, unless you become the one on the middle ridge.—*Unknown*.

It is estimated that in Africa as many people lose their lives in one year as a result of witchcraft, as were killed in the first year of the war in Europe. This is a part of their religion, and yet there are dear good souls who think the heathen should not be disturbed in the "enjoyment" of their religion. The Mohammedans do not think so. Already every third person in Africa is a Mohammedan, and unless the Christian Church bestirs herself millions more will go over in the next few years.—*Baptist Commonwealth*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

A Prayer

"Almighty God, grant, we beseech thee, that thy Word may be preached in the earth, until all nations shall have heard the glorious truth of the one living and true God; the intellect no longer degraded; the reason no longer offered up in superstitious sacrifice; but man, body, soul and spirit thine—thy wandered child, thy strayed sheep, but called by thy undying love back to thyself, until at last the wide, wide world shall know the Father-God, and there shall be but one fold and one Shepherd, one God and Father of us all. Amen."

Big Jobs Awaiting Us

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 16, 1916

Daily Readings

Sunday—A nation-founder (Gen. 12: 1-5)
Monday—Joshua's job (Deut. 31: 1-8)
Tuesday—Priestly service (Exod. 28: 1-5)
Wednesday—A city-builder (Neh. 2: 11-20)
Thursday—A lone apostle (2 Cor. 10: 7-18)
Friday—Doing our best (Eccles. 9: 10)
Sabbath Day—Big jobs awaiting us (Exod. 3: 1-14)

Stated in general terms, the jobs that are awaiting Christendom seem incomprehensible, staggering, if we must use such common parlance in speaking of the work of the kingdom of God. Time was, perhaps, when religious work was not closely enough associated in vocabulary with everyday work, but we have now gone to the other extreme. We Americans always go to extremes. Some preachers now even dare to make use indiscriminately of slang in their preaching. My dictionary says that a "job" is "a piece of work, especially of a temporary or chance nature; any scheme for making money or securing private advantage at public expense." Not long ago a trusted official of Onondaga County, New York, did that kind of a job. He had been a citizen of good reputation. He has just been convicted of bribery, and a prison sentence hangs over his head. The county had to follow him to the wilds of

South America to find him. It cost the county and State thousands of dollars to convict him. Reputation and honor gone; bad job.

Why not tasks? The tasks awaiting us, the labors demanded of us, by the needs of the kingdom of God, are stupendous, astonishing, when stated in general terms. First of all, the *whole* world must be won, evangelized for Christ. Definitely, but in tragic terms, what does this mean? It means that there must be saved—

"1. Two hundred and seven millions bound by caste—Hinduism."

"2. One hundred and forty-seven millions permeated with atheism—Buddhism."

"3. Two hundred and fifty-six millions chained by a dead past—Confucianism."

"4. One hundred and seventy-five millions under the spell of fatalism—Mohammedanism."

"5. Eight hundred millions sitting in darkness—Paganism."

No mean nor small task, indeed, but there are other tasks still. In our own beloved country there is much to be done; there are many evils to be crushed out, many hearts to be reached and won for Christ. Almost it makes one's heart break to see the lives that are being blighted and ruined by sin. Every community has its pathetic illustrations, its sordid examples.

Then there is yet that monster evil to be destroyed—the liquor traffic, but we are gaining on it. Twenty-three States now that are "dry." Can you name them? If your State is "dry," what part did you have in helping to make it so? Or if your State is still "wet," what part are you going to have in making it "dry"?

But to be more definite still, what about the tasks that are awaiting us as Seventh-day young people? Are we intelligently informed as to the needs of our denomination? Do we know of the needs of the home field, and in China? Are we informed as to the needs of our various denominational boards? How many of us know that just now the Missionary Board is in need of \$2,500 to pay off the indebtedness that has been incurred in carrying on the work, while the Tract Board needs \$1,000 for a like purpose? Must be some one has shirked his task. What do you think?

But to be even more definite, what about our relation to the tasks that have been un-

dertaken by the Young People's Board—our board—for the coming year, as set forth in our budget and goal? Are you saying that the things included in the goal are all right, but you have a good excuse for not helping with them? Moses thought he had a good excuse, too, but God didn't accept it.

But the greatest task of all is living our lives just as God would have us, and in exemplification of the life of Jesus Christ. When we shall have done that, all other tasks will be joyfully accepted.

The big undertakings of the world, such as building great canals, railroads, airships, submarines, and the turning out of munitions to wipe out nations, go on with relentless energy. Should the great spiritual tasks be undertaken with less energy by those who profess to believe that Christianity is the salvation of the world?

Are we as energetic in religious work, and as wise in planning, as we are in our business affairs?

Are there any tasks in your community that are waiting to be done?

Has your society ever made a survey of the community to ascertain what are its religious and spiritual needs?

A Letter From Dr. Palmberg

DEAR HOME FRIENDS:

In looking over some old RECORDERS the other day, I came across a list of the Tenth Legion on the Young People's Page, and remembered that when it first came I felt inclined to write and tell you how much I have enjoyed being a tither, but I think I never did it. So, as I was intending to write to the RECORDER anyway in this mail, I will send my letter to this department this time. When I found, after a careful searching of the Bible in regard to the Sabbath question, that it was my duty to become a Seventh Day Baptist, I also found that I ought to give at least as much to God as the Jews were required to; so I began my new church relationship and tithing at the same time. At that time my tithe amounted to fifteen cents a week, and I gladly put it by itself in a little box, and always had *something* to give to every cause, cheerfully, as it was already given and not mine, so there was no cause for questioning whether or not I could afford it. When I became a teacher, I think my

pleasure in receiving an increase in income was as much on account of the larger tithe as for any other reason. All these thirty-five years I have kept it up, and it has been such a pleasure to give that I have not been able to keep within my tithe, and the question that troubles me usually is, how not to be *reckless* in giving. Now that sounds as if I were singing my own praises, when the meaning is not such. I simply mean to show that tithing for love of God brings joy, and a joy in giving for his work. He also takes care that the one who cheerfully tithes shall not suffer for it financially. So I am rejoiced over the growth of the Tenth Legion, for it is sure that it opens the windows of heaven for the blessings to come through.

It was my turn to write to the RECORDER in August, but I was so "blue" that it seemed I had nothing to write that would do any one good; so I didn't do it. Lately life has been too strenuous to admit of it. Just now there seems to have come a little oasis in the general dreariness and I am availing myself of its calm and quietness.

For years Dr. Crandall and I have taken our vacations either in the spring or fall, but this year we thought best to take them in the summer, I having mine first. I went to Japan with Mrs. D. H. Davis to the home of a lady doctor, an old friend of both of us. I had been there only a little over a week when I was taken sick. The trouble was one I had had about one fourth of the time for almost a year, but in an aggravated form, which would not yield to treatment. The doctor in whose home we were was sure I had a disease which in this country, and Japan too, is practically incurable. I came home, thinking I could do better looking after my diet, etc., at home, and soon, as I seemed a little better, I persuaded Dr. Crandall to go for her vacation, as there were rather important reasons why she should. She did so very reluctantly, because I was not quite well, but I felt I would be able to get on and do barely what was necessary. I was called on to attend some very hard cases, which I could not well refuse, as I was the only one here who could save them. My old helper, who left me to be married three years ago, also came out to stay with me to try to regain her health. For many months she had been ill and growing worse. Her heart was in a very weak condition. While here she had

an attack of fever which continued for several days, during which her heart grew much weaker and one morning it refused to go any longer, and she suddenly and quietly passed away. Then I had to send for her husband, who with three others of the family came from their home eighteen miles away, and we had a funeral service the next day, Mr. Eugene Davis kindly coming from Shanghai to conduct it.

There were many signs that the Lord was watching over me and providing for my needs, when they seemed to be more than I could stand up under. One such was when my old teacher, who is also our chief helper in Shanghai, Mr. Dzau Sing-chung, appeared suddenly to help me out with the Sabbath services when our evangelist had gone to Shanghai,—a blessing which was due to the thoughtfulness of Miss Burdick and our other missionaries. I could not leave the sick woman and other duties long enough to set foot outside of our meeting room, and had been up all the night before; so he seemed a little like an angel from heaven! In a sense he was.

There was something to comfort me about the death of this old friend, too, in that it came in a Christian home, instead of among the heathen relatives of her husband's family. He had already been out here to see her at my request, so he was in a way prepared for it. The night before she died I also had a little talk with her, which reassured me as to her faithfulness and trust in God.

In all this, though I was still not well, God provided strength for each day and for every need. Soon Dr. Crandall came home, but she had been back only about a week when she became ill and grew steadily worse till her condition was very serious. But the disease was overcome and she is now improving every day, tired of staying in bed, but too weak to do otherwise, which under the circumstances is perhaps a good thing, as she might have a relapse if she moved about too much.

In this severe trial, too, God has been very near, and I think we have both learned some things of real benefit. Though my own condition has not improved much, I am no worse than I have been, which is in itself a good sign, I think.

A rather disheartening thing has been some trouble in our little church, whose numbers were augmented by four new

members recently, when Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Davis were out here over the Sabbath two weeks ago, with the little folks. (That visit, by the way, was one of the pleasant experiences we have had.) One of our church members lost his business not long ago,—he says because the man who employed him is opposed to Christianity; but the man says it is because he was dishonest and overbearing. He wanted me to intercede for him, which I did to no purpose, and there were reasons why I was almost glad it was to no purpose. Then he wanted me to go again, which I refused to do, as it seemed to me and to all of us not the wisest thing to do. Then he got most of the men church members to stand by him, and last Sabbath they all stayed away from church, which I knew was to show their displeasure with me. Night before last I invited them all here and served them tea, had prayer and a little Bible-reading and then I went into the thing very minutely with them, and I am sure most of them came to understand my position and to see why it was best that I should do nothing further about it. So the sky has cleared in that direction, too.

I have had a man making brick paths and straightening up the grounds generally, and we have got a few furnishings for the hospital. We have money for more, but there has been no opportunity to go to Shanghai to buy them, and not strength enough for it if the opportunity had come. We have already had a few in-patients, very urgent cases, but have not pretended yet to open the hospital. We have had applications for permission to bring some violently insane cases, but have not had the strength to dare undertake it. Health and a feeling of strength and well-being will certainly be appreciated, if it ever comes back! A very happy experience is the visit, just now, of my old friend and helper, Mrs. Chow, for a few days—really only one day and two nights. Her adopted daughter is one of our helpers now. Her husband is in Peking in the government service and she leaves here tomorrow and starts for Peking two days later. She wouldn't go without coming to see us, and the hospital for which she raised a little money and to which she has contributed \$130 already and will give more. It is such a pleasure to have her here. She is so strong and well-looking, so wholesome and cheery and

so dependable that it is a help just to look at her.

I must close, and in doing so I ask your prayers for ability to do the work before us, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Your fellow-worker,

ROSA PALMBORG.

Lieu-oo, China,
Oct. 14, 1916.

Letter to Christian Endeavorers

DEAR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS:

One year ago at the Conference at Milton, the great Forward Movement of the Seventh Day Baptists was launched. Results show that it was a wise, timely and effective program that was adopted. The success of the movement was due largely to the enthusiasm, wisdom and persistent efforts of Secretary Edward B. Saunders, a man mighty with God and filled with unquenchable passion for saving men. He now rests from his labors and his mantle of service and devotion to his Master's cause is in a large measure upon the shoulders of the young people.

The first resolution of the Forward Movement program of last year was "that we ask our several churches to unite in a forward movement to add to the membership of our churches five hundred converted people annually for the three following Conference years, exclusive of all losses by death or otherwise." This pledge is still binding; can the Christ depend on us?

The young people of the denomination have, for this year, undertaken a great work, big in its dimensions and in its intended results. Twelve hundred dollars is the financial goal that we are set to raise. Then, too, under the leadership of Christ and with your full-hearted co-operation we are determined to lead, *at least*, 125 persons to Christ; to add 250 new members to our societies; to form 10 new societies. We pledge ourselves to increase the membership of the Quiet Hour to 1,000; of the Tenth Legion to 500; of Expert Endeavorers to 250; and the number of Life Work Recruits to 60. The board is working to develop the missionary interest among the societies by offering every possible information on mission studies it may afford.

Let our slogan be for this year, "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, *we will.*" The work is on, Christian Endeav-

ors. Are you with us to succeed for Christ and the Church?

In behalf of the Young People's Board,
HENRY N. JORDAN,
President.

MISS MINNIE GODFREY,
Corresponding Secretary.

Nov. 25, 1916.

Self-restraint for Verse Makers

One of the greatest newspapers in this country finds it necessary to issue words of advice to versifiers who send their metrical output in great volume to its editor. Fifty productions of this sort are said to arrive each day. In partial explanation of the fate which most of these suffer, it is alleged that they are not written plainly enough to be read with ease; they are not accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors; they are written on both sides of the paper, and are often spread on large unfolded sheets, which require the use of huge envelopes, and make inconvenient packages for a busy man's desk.

The grievance of our office is not merely that these defects are all illustrated in the copious effusions which arrive, but also that such a multitude of persons who could write good prose if they tried will insist on trying to write poetry, which is impossible for them. Five sixths of the unsolicited contributions sent to us are in verse, though anybody who reads the paper with care must know that only a few inches of poetry are ever introduced into our columns.

No one should write poetry if he can avoid it. Persons who are tempted to try their hands at it should resist with all the energy they possess. If, after attempting to suppress the effervescence within them, they find that it must have vent or produce a catastrophe, we suppose that the principle of "safety first" would permit the discharge of the inspiration in accommodating stanzas.—*Christian Herald.*

There is contagion in a sweet and beautiful character, for health is contagious as well as disease. We are all the time giving to others either wholesome or unwholesome moods—poisoning their atmosphere with doubt and suspicion, or clearing it with helpfulness and good cheer.—*Phillips Brooks.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Bigger Contract

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

"Want any help holding down your job, Billy?"

Billy MacArthur, frantically searching among the letters and papers stowed away in the numerous drawers and pigeon-holes of the old-fashioned desk in the front part of his father's store, looked up in consternation. Could it be possible that it was one o'clock, and the boys were already on their way to Slade Park? At any rate, here was Ted Wilkins, just at a time when Billy did not care for his company. But not an inkling of this feeling must be revealed to Ted, so Billy merely glanced carelessly at the clock, as if all the time in the world were his, saying as he did so: "No, thanks, Ted; this stool's not big enough for two. I'm just as much obliged to you, though."

"Oh, that's all right; only thought I'd offer my services. Say, Billy, have you any baseball mits in this little handbox of a store? Dick is afraid he's going to lose his before night," said Ted, as he winked slyly at Dick Parker, who had followed him inside.

Billy's hands were itching to get at that last pile of letters, but Billy did not allow himself to touch them. Father's business must not be told to outsiders, and Ted was very inquisitive. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, fellows," he replied in the same sober tone in which Ted's question had been asked, "but the fall consignment hasn't arrived yet."

"It's tied up in the freight strike out in Indiana, I reckon. Hey, Billy?"

Billy made no reply to this sally, and Ted, seeing that he was in no mood for jokes, picked up a bag of sugar and one of lemons and started for the door. "Well, Billy, we won't bother you any longer, since you're so busy," he said. "You know you're due at the park in less than an hour. I'll take this stuff over for you now. Everything's going finely. Honest Injun, Billy, there's nothing we can do to help? When a fellow's father is sick, everything seems bound to go wrong. Have you any errands to do?"

"Not just now, Ted; there's one special job for me to attend to just now, and I shouldn't know how to let any one help with it. You're both needed at the park, anyway, so trot along. Maybe things will straighten themselves out in an hour or so; but if I'm not on hand, don't worry. I'll come if I can. If I don't come, you'll know I can't, so don't send for me."

"You won't fail us, Billy?" Dick put in, anxiously. "I wish you'd promise us that much. The races won't be anything unless you're in them. Better shut the handbox up just once."

"I'll come if I can," Billy repeated, turning abruptly back to the desk and the waiting pile of letters.

"I know well enough what they're saying," he thought as he hastily sorted the envelopes. "They're saying it's all nonsense to keep this store open even one day in the week, when there isn't business enough to pay a clerk's wages, and not even enough to support three people without the help of the farm. I'm half inclined to think they're right, too. If Grandfather MacArthur had given us the place to use just as we pleased, instead of tying a string to it by putting it in the will that the store must be kept open six days in the week, year in and year out, whether we sell anything more than a paper of pins or a yard of calico, we could have sold it and moved to town. The farm's all right, but what can any one expect from a store in a poky little village of a dozen or two houses, a church, and a blacksmith shop? And what can we do when order teams come from the city three times a week, and will bring folks anything they want? I don't wonder the boys take us as a joke. But where is that paper?" And Billy worked frantically while the hands on the clock moved nearer and nearer the hour.

This was the Boy Scouts' Field Day, the great event of the year at Dayville. For months the boys had been planning and working for it, hoping that it would be a success. Indeed, success meant a two weeks' outing at the camping ground at Watchaug, while failure meant no outing at all. And outings in Dayville were few and far between. Billy had worked as hard and as enthusiastically as any one until three or four weeks before, when his father had been taken with a slow fever. Since then, most of the boy's time had been spent at the store. There had been even less business than usual, and he had had

little trouble in attending to it; but, late yesterday afternoon his father had awakened from a long, restful sleep, seemingly much better, and with a clear mind, but greatly worried because if some order he had agreed to fill and deliver in good condition by six o'clock of the fifteenth day of the month. Today was the fifteenth, and only four hours remained in which to get together the long list of groceries and supplies and deliver them at the camp at Elston Pond, a distance of eight miles. A party of young men from the city was expected there tomorrow for a month's outing. Mr. Henderson, with whom Mr. MacArthur had made the agreement, was probably already looking for the supplies.

The paper containing the order must have been the one Billy's father had mentioned so many times during the past few weeks—a paper of which neither Mrs. MacArthur nor Billy knew anything. Why the order had come to the little country store, no one seemed to know. Mr. MacArthur had accepted it thankfully, though he was half sick when it came, and now, try as hard as he might, he couldn't seem to remember where he had put the long list of articles. Without this, the contract was lost.

Billy put the last envelope back in its place and leaned his head wearily on his hand. He had hunted in every conceivable place in the front of the store; why waste any more time? He could telephone to Bert Stone at Doorville and have him ride out to the pond and explain to Mr. Henderson. Would father blame him if he closed the store now and went to the park? Bert, with his motorcycle, could reach Elson Pond in much less time than he could reach it with a poky old horse, and staying here wouldn't help Mr. Henderson any.

It was stifling in the little, narrow room, and from the one large window Billy could see low banks of thunderclouds which might betoken a storm. It would be a long, hard drive to Elson Pond. If he had everything ready to start at once, it would be hard enough; but to be caught out in a thunderstorm, in the long, lonely stretch of woods between Dayville and the camp, was not an experience to be coveted.

"If only I could leave the store now," thought Billy as he sat there, "I might have a chance at the races; but the only race I seem to be having is a race with myself. Shall I go? Would it be right? Maybe I

ought to have searched the back store first. Anyhow, I guess I'd better shut that window near the flour barrels, in case it does storm."

The clock struck half past two just as Billy brought the window down with a jar that sent to the floor a small packing box resting on top of one of the flour barrels. Its contents were scattered in several directions. Billy, stooping to pick up a hammer, some nails, and a shingle, discovered something that caused him to stand stark still for half a minute, then suddenly to rush pell-mell to the desk.

"The list! the list!" he cried as he drew a carefully typewritten paper from an envelope. "Yes, sir, here it is. It's found! Father must have dropped it when he tried to open those last cases, and I haven't had any occasion to notice them since he was taken sick. This means work. I guess I'll run over and tell the folks first, and then come back and lock the door against interruptions."

From Slade's Park came occasional sounds that ordinarily would have caused Billy MacArthur to lose no chance of adding his voice to the chorus; but not today. Resolutely he turned his back on every outside noise. Can after can, package after package he took from the well-filled shelves, and deposited on the counter nearest the door. Fortunately, every item on the list was in stock. If the little country store couldn't supply baseball mits at a minute's notice, it could furnish any article of food of the best quality one would be likely to find in such a place.

"There, that's done!" thought Billy, as he carefully checked off each item. "It must have meant more to father than I realized. I wonder how it would do to put in a bushel or so of those early apples, just for good measure. Apples always come in handy." Billy knew that his father would approve of this plan, so he hurried off in search of the fruit that was just beginning to ripen. This he packed away with the rest of the things in the light, two-horse wagon.

"Now if some one would only come along with an auto and deliver these goods for me, I'd be much obliged," he thought as he harnessed the horses. "No one will, though, and there's not a living soul we could trust to drive this team to Elson Pond at this time."

Thunderclouds were still to be seen, and Billy took the precaution to put in an extra waterproof cover, in case it rained. The horses were slow, and probably would persist in taking their own time. Between Dayville and Elson Pond there were just six houses, and these were far apart. If caught in a storm, there would be little chance to secure shelter. If the supplies could only be unloaded at the camp before the rain fell, Billy would be thankful.

On and on Billy urged the little farm team, and nobly did they respond to his urging. So, in spite of poor roads and almost unbearable heat, they made much better progress than he had dared to hope. Still, they might go a little faster. Past the fourth house they hurried. It was thundering now, and far away in the distance Billy could see an almost incessant display of lightning. For the greater part of the way, the tall, thickly growing trees on either side of the road, and the clouded sky, made the wood seem darker than ever. An occasional drop of rain warned Billy that it would be wise to cover the supplies before he went farther. No one could tell what might happen before he reached the camp, which must now be two miles distant.

It took but a short time to adjust the covers, Billy making sure that every article was well protected. He himself was not so well favored, for he had not once thought of his raincoat, and to attempt to carry an umbrella was altogether out of the question. Ten minutes after he passed the fifth house, the storm broke. Billy was half tempted to go back and seek shelter in the old, deserted barn not far from the road. But time was too precious, and another mile would bring him to the camp.

It was so dark now that he could hardly see the road ahead of him, except when sharp flashes of lightning showed him the way. Somewhere, not many rods off, a tree crashed to the ground, and the horses cringed at its fall. Soothingly he urged them on.

"Never mind, we're almost there," Billy spoke at last as he turned the little bay team into the narrow road that led to Camp Elson. "Whew, but it's fortunate there's a barn here!"

Mr. Henderson spied the team before Billy could jump down from his seat. "I'll open the shed door, and you can drive right in," he called from the back porch of the

old farmhouse. Billy was only too glad to do this, for here the supplies would be safe until the storm was over. The horses needed attention first.

"It looks as if some one besides the horses needs attention," said Mr. Henderson, as he helped unfasten the traces. "You're wet as a drowned rat."

"I feel like one, too," laughed Billy, shaking the water from his coat. "It's the worst storm I ever traveled in."

"It's the worst we've had in years, and it's not over yet," replied Mr. Henderson. "Now you just make a bee line for the house and a fire. You're not going back tonight."

"Not if you'll keep me," agreed Billy, starting to run. "The folks will not expect me if it storms."

"Anything wet?" asked Billy some time later as, arrayed in a much-too-large suit of Mr. Henderson's, he helped carry the contents of the wagon from the shed to the house.

"Not a thing; everything's in first-class condition. These apples are beauties. The fellows will go wild over them, for we've had a hard time getting good apples this summer. Tell your father I'm well pleased; he'll hear from me later."

"I shouldn't mind camping here myself," thought Billy, as he turned away from the Henderson camp very early the following morning. It looks lots more inviting than the store down home. It's even better than Watchaug, and that's no mean place. The Hendersons must make money on their camps. I only hope the folks here'll have as jolly a time as the scouts are going to have—that is, if things went off all right yesterday. Somehow those races seem ages off this morning. Now for the store and work! It'll take some ordering to fill up those shelves again."

Five days after the Boy Scouts' Field Day had gone down into history as a great success, in spite of the storm that had interrupted the last of the sports, Billy MacArthur handed his father an envelope so thin that it bore no evidence of its valuable contents, an envelope which Joshua G. Henderson had left at the store a few minutes earlier.

"Open it, Billy," Mr. MacArthur said as he gave it back to his son. "My hands are not good for much these days." So Billy opened it and read.

DEAR SIR:

I know that you are not yet able to talk over business matters, but perhaps a little good news won't hurt you. We are planning to put two sawmills in the woods between Dayville and Elson Pond this fall, one at the north end, the other at the south. There's timber enough there to keep them busy for months. In a few days I shall be ready to talk over the matter of signing a contract to furnish all necessary groceries and supplies for a large force of men at each end. Help will be housed on the land. If you can do as well with this as you did with the smaller order—and I know you can—it will mean a big thing for you. With all good wishes,

Respectfully yours,

JOSHUA G. HENDERSON.

"Shall we sign it, Billy?" asked Mr. MacArthur, after a moment of intense silence. "If we do, and make good, the success of the store is certain, for other business will be sure to follow."

"Sign it? Why, of course we'll sign it! We'd be only spiting ourselves not to," declared Billy, as he started for the door.

"Won't we sign it, though!" he repeated as he opened the old-fashioned desk in the store ten minutes later, preparatory to making out an order for supplies. "Joshua G. Henderson's the man for me, for he's willing to give the small merchant a chance. Maybe grandfather was right when he made that will. We may even see steam or electric cars running through Dayville yet. If we do, the bandbox will be ready for them. And here I've been thinking all along 'twas the smallest thing in existence. There goes Ted Wilkins; I guess I'll run out and tell him that those baseball mits were ordered right away."—*Kings' Treasures*.

A Letter and a Story

Will you publish this story in your next RECORDER if you have room for it? I will thank you ever so much if you will, and oblige,

"A FRIEND OF DORA CLARK'S."

The Trial and Triumph of Dora Clark

"My dear, you are sixteen and must decide for yourself. Of course you know what father and I think, but, nevertheless, you must use your own judgment this time." Then Mrs. Clark softly added, "I know you'll ask the heavenly Father to assist you in choosing." With that she went to the kitchen to prepare supper.

Dora was seated in a large armchair, staring fixedly at the floor. She had just

returned from school where she had heard the "awfulest" news. Next week was the last of school and Dora was to graduate. She was the only Seventh Day Baptist in the senior class, so as a matter of habit they were to have the commencement on Friday night, and the professor had said the time could not be changed.

"Oh, I can not stand it—I can not!" she cried. "I want to go so much. I don't see any harm in it."

She sat thinking for a few minutes. Of course Satan was ready to tempt her. He kept whispering in her ear, "Oh, go on. You'll be jeered at if you miss; you'll not get your diploma. It would hurt; go on. Lots of folks will never know it's wrong. Just think what the school children will say," and so on and on, never stopping a moment.

Dora grew angry—at her mother—at the teacher—at Tabby, the cat—at everything and everybody.

But she was a Christian; God had promised not to leave her alone. He was pleading with her. Dora heard him and felt ashamed. She ran up to her room and threw herself upon the bed and sobbed.

"O Jesus, help me," she prayed again and again. After a few minutes of earnest prayer, she sat up refreshed—yes, refreshed—she had won.

* * * *

Dora went to prayer meeting that Friday night and was cheerful, and this—her first great temptation—has helped her to win many others.

Not many can realize how much Dora really was tempted, unless they have been tempted the same. Just think how much it must have meant to her not to wear her nice white graduation dress, and with many honors and with others older than herself march up and receive her diploma.

And because she did not, they called her religion a humbug—made sport of it. But with the help of Jesus she stood it, and felt stronger for it.

Now, dear readers, please do not criticize this too severely as it is the first of my poor work ever published. But I hope that Dora Clark may read this and know that some one appreciated her honest effort to overcome that temptation.

"The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands.

The Necessity of Short Sermons

An extended clipping comes to the *Continent* from a daily newspaper, telling of a Congregational meeting in which a call was issued to a minister by a large church. There are several arresting things in the story which invite comment—such as the suggestion that one brother ought to be called because he could be had at a smaller salary than another on account of being less laden with family cares. But attention seems challenged specially by the favorable argument in behalf of a candidate (it seems that four "candidates" were voted for at one time—a custom which we thought obsolete) that he preached short sermons!

A pillar (no, not a pillow) of the church said that "dozens of people" had come to him during the quest for a pastor and had urged that whatever they did they must not get a man who preached long sermons. The candidate mentioned would exactly fill the bill, because he preached only twenty or twenty-two minutes—the pillar knew because he had made inquiry in his home city! The clipping does not say so, but doubtless at just this point some one told again, as though he had just heard of it, that "President Hadley of Yale once said" that they had no rule as to the length of sermons in Yale chapel, but it was generally understood that no one is saved after the first twenty minutes—followed by the excessive laughter which belongs to that familiar remark.

Now, the thing that attracts attention here is that these people calling a pastor were not children who want to run out and play and can not bear confinement, nor groups of witless people who do not want to think. They are grown persons supposed to be accustomed to thinking, who deliberately put themselves on record as not wanting any man to lead them longer than twenty or twenty-two minutes in thought of the things of the gospel by which they are saved. Three hours at the theater or the opera; as little over an hour as possible at church! Steady thinking about God, about Christ, about duty, about the kingdom of God, reduced to twenty minutes to meet the necessities of grown men! A minister measured by his ability to trim his thought to minimum dimensions!

Of course, it is perfectly familiar. Two things help to explain it. First, many ministers are tiresome preachers no matter how

long they preach, but they can be endured for twenty minutes. Not everybody can construct an address or a sermon that carries through a train of thought for a greater length of time without enough lapses in it to weary his hearers. That many ministers are able to do so is shown by the fact that none of the great popular preachers of the day think of agreeing to any such standard. If ministers want longer time for sermons they must see to it that the things they say deserve longer time. Two minutes are too long for some sermons.

As soon as the element of power enters a sermon the question of time for its delivery loses interest. Several of the brethren declare that any minister can say all that he ought to say in twenty minutes—all, that is, that the average congregation can grasp. But there can be no such rule. If the truth a minister is treating is big enough and he treats it in a big way, he ought to be allowed the latitude which common thinking demands. The twenty-minute demand may well be taken to heart by our ministers, not in yielding to it, but in strengthening their sermons so much that the demand will be for brevity is the general lightening up of mental demand everywhere. Who reads long editorials in daily papers nowadays? Most papers do not expect them to be read, so they serve their readers paragraphs so brief that no serious question can be seriously dealt with. Snappy writing is the thing—short, swift, soon over, so that readers can get to the next thing. It is wretched mental habit, of course, but who is to tell us that? Even banquets can not be content with one speaker; there must be several, "each speaking briefly," under pledge of the committee as to time. Men must not be asked to think long at a time about anything. Business interviews are set to the minute; minds will not endure lengthy presentations.

Carry that over into the religious life and you get the one-service-a-day worshiper, with his primary demand for a twenty-minute sermon. Laymen need to face clearly what that means—the lessening of inspirational and instructive teaching of great truths. The minister does not live who can educate and train a church in the great truths of the gospel with such a time limit set on his sermons and the constant sense of the drawing of watches as he preaches.—*The Continent*.

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

Letter From the Secretary of Sabbath School Board

DEAR SABBATH SCHOOL WORKER:

The Sabbath School Board extends greetings and comes to you with plans for a more successful year in our Sabbath-school work. Last year a considerable advance was made, the "Forward Movement" idea striking a responsive chord in the hearts of many of our Sabbath-school workers. The Forward Movement is a settled policy of our denomination. This year our goal is 500 new members and we can easily attain it if we work for it. We did better than that last year. *Look*: we added 574 names to our membership last year, and we did not begin to exhaust our resources.

We are asking you to make a 10 per cent increase to your membership roll this year, the same as last. It means work, but the cause demands it. *Look here*: of our 574 increase last year, 165 were the names of those added to our foreign Sabbath schools. That is, our five foreign schools made almost one third of the total increase. Brethren, let us wake up and do our part.

Have you organized a workers' meeting in your Sabbath school? A Sabbath school without a workers' meeting is drifting and is without a definite aim or goal. Better organize your teachers and workers and have a meeting once a month. Then watch your school grow and do better work.

Will you please read again the article on page 475 in the *RECORDER* of October 9? See what Superintendent Hubbard is doing in the Plainfield School. By the way, at the last General Conference the Plainfield School secured the banner as being the most efficient school in the denomination, judged by the answers received to the score cards we sent out last May. You will hear more from us about score cards very soon.

Did you observe Rally Day and Promotion Day this fall? Are any of your adult or teen-age classes organized? An organized adult class is the most effective

means of bringing new members into the Sabbath school.

Why not make a survey of your community and find out just what are the possibilities for increasing your membership? To accomplish the most, systematic efforts must be employed.

Speak to the people that they go forward.

On behalf of the Sabbath School Board,
A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Janesville, Wis.,
Nov. 28, 1916.

Lesson XII.—December 16, 1916

THE HOLY CITY.—Rev. 21: 1-4, 9-14, 22-27; 22: 1-5

Golden Text.—"Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them and they shall be his peoples." Rev. 21: 3.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 10—Rev. 21: 1-14. The Holy City
Dec. 11—Rev. 21: 22-27. Presence of God
Dec. 12—Rev. 22: 1-5. River of life
Dec. 13—Is. 60: 10-22. Glory of Zion
Dec. 14—Is. 62: 1-12. Zion redeemed
Dec. 15—Is. 65: 17-25. New heavens and new earth
Dec. 16—Rev. 20: 11-15. The final judgment
(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

The Conviction of Inferiority

It is a lamentable thing when one is convinced of his own inferiority. Brand such a sentiment upon his inmost fibers, and that man is doomed to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. It is particularly unfortunate when children are twitted, taunted, and terrified with appellations indicating stupidity and imbecility. To be branded "dull," or dubbed a "blockhead," or discounted as a "good-for-nothing" will cower the spirit of a sensitive child or crush it outright as a shaft of steel smashes bone and marrow. Are not many parents and teachers positively criminal in this respect? God Almighty alone has the right to affix to any individual the badge of inferiority. Let no man dare assume the divine prerogative.—*Biblical Record*.

"To feel as time goes by that one is stronger than he used to be, that his besetting sins are losing something of their power, that he is surely on the winning side—this is a reward of a faithful Christian life."

DEATHS

BROOKS.—Margaret Abigail Brooks was born near Shiloh, N. J., January 2, 1832, and died at the home of her son in Bridgeton, N. J., November 23, 1916, aged 84 years, 10 months, and 21 days.

She was the daughter of Abel and Abigail Ayers Davis. Her early years were spent on the old homestead near the village of Shiloh. She was united in marriage to Jonathan Brooks in 1850. To them were given seven children, —five sons and two daughters. The greater part of her married life was spent in or near Bridgeton. On March 30, 1900, they celebrated their golden wedding and on the eighth of the following July Mr. Brooks was thrown from a wagon and so fatally injured that he died in a few days. Since her husband's death she has made her home with some of the children. Except one daughter, who died in infancy, all her children are living, and are left to mourn the loss of a devoted mother.

In 1842, she was baptized by Rev. David Clawson and received into membership of the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church, and in 1860, transferred her membership by letter to the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she was a faithful member until called to the church above. In 1881, her husband embraced the Sabbath and was baptized and received into the Shiloh Church by Rev. T. L. Gardiner.

In her songbook, "Christian Psalmody" (Seventh Day Baptist), were many marked hymns, among which was the following one by Watts marked "My Prayer."

"O could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

"Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

"Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

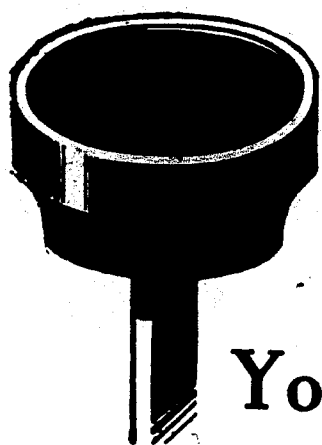
"Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more."

Thus has ended a useful Christian life in this world but her influence for good will continue to be felt. Funeral services were held in the Shiloh church, conducted by her pastor, Erlo E. Sutton, Sunday afternoon, November 26, 1916.
ERLO E. SUTTON.

I find the doing of the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about his plans.
—George Macdonald.

"Christianity when lived so as to help others, taught so as to uplift others and worked out in kindly deeds for the poor, the sinful, the hungry, cold and cheerless, becomes a magnificent reward both to the giver and to the receiver."

5



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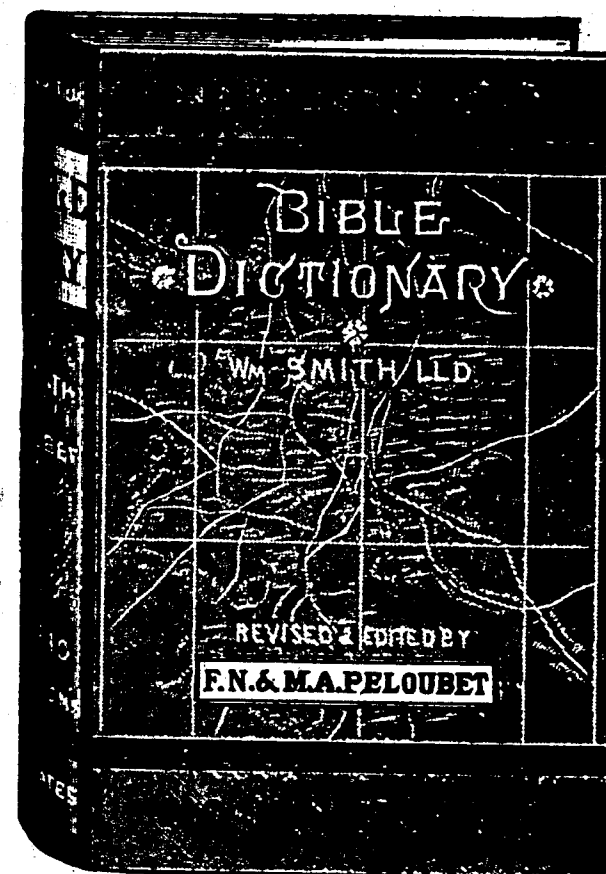
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Plainfield, New Jersey.

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

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., hold Sabbath morning services at 10.00 a. m., in the Yokefellows' Room, Y. M. C. A. building, 330 Montgomery street. Bible study classes meet at 11.00 a. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Sabbath keepers come worship with us; students come study with us. Reverend R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

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

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

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

Persons spending the Sabbath in Long Beach are cordially invited to attend the regular church services at the home of Glen E. Osborn, 2077 American Ave. Sermon at 10.30, by Rev. Geo. W. Hills, and Sabbath school at 11.30. Any Los Angeles car stops at Hill St., one block north of the Osborn home or any Willowville car from down town brings you almost to the door.

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

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

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

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

Just Out—"The Great Test," by Rev. Herman D. Clarke, is now ready for distribution. 275 pages. 75 cents postpaid.---
Adv.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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Royal Bridal Wreaths

A pretty custom dating from the wedding of the late Queen Victoria was observed throughout her reign, says Sir Henry Lucy, in "Sixty Years in the Wilderness." A sprig of the myrtle which formed part of the royal bride's wreath was carefully cultured and in due time planted out. When the Princess Royal was married sprigs were cut for her bridal wreath from this myrtle tree. The Princess, following her mother's example, had one of the sprigs cared for till it became a full-sized tree, which served for her daughter-in-law's wreath at the wedding of the present Emperor of Germany. The custom was observed on the marriage of the Prince of Wales and all other of Queen Victoria's children and grandchildren. There is already, as the result of this charming custom, the making of a grove of myrtle trees.—*East and West.*

"I am sorry to see so many of our preachers losing their grip, letting their vision become bemuddled, getting frantic because they mistake the transition of temporary institutions for the decadence of eternal truth, wildly running to one expedient after another, wasting their substance in riotous experimentation, mistaking the momentary splash for the unyielding bilow; instead of standing calm and firm and strong in an age of outward transition, waiting with patience and assurance for the sure returning tides of God.—*Charles S. Macfarland.*

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or

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The Sabbath Recorder

THE PRAYER OF THE IMMIGRANT

O God, the Father of us humble folk, we need thy care. We are far from home, we are strangers and there is none to help us. The tedious voyage, the anxiety of entrance, the confusion, the shrill commanding voices have left us sore distraught. Our women and children are weary with waiting; they crave a home and a place to rest. But thou, our God, hast quickened in our hearts this hope, this eager yearning for a better land, for fairer pay for the labor of our hands, for freedom, and for life. Sustain us. Speak to us, we beseech thee, through human lips that voice thy sympathy and loving care. Send us friends who shall surround us with thy protecting arm. Be tender toward those whom we have left behind, our loved ones too old to risk the unknown; the excluded, unfitted by adversity to endure the test. So hearten us that with cheerful mien we may give our best to the land of our adoption. And through all the trials and uncertainties of our new life, may we not lose our religious heritage, but endure patiently, and strive manfully, in the thought of him who suffered and died that we might live. Amen.—*William P. Shriver.*

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