

"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."

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

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The Sabbath Recorder

"HE KNOWETH ALL"

The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close,
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

And He has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on His breast
Who knows and pities all.—*Author Unknown.*

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The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 3,746

Helpful and Hopeful On another page will be found a letter from Pastor Herbert C. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, Minn., so full of good cheer that every one will enjoy reading it. Our hearts are made glad and hope revives whenever we receive such a message from any one of our churches. When one reads of helpful, harmonious meetings such as Pastor Van Horn describes, it makes him wish he could have been in attendance to receive the inspiration and uplift sure to come on such occasions. In a world where there is so much to depress and dishearten the workers, any message showing the Christ-spirit and expressing the purpose of hearty cooperation with those upon whom burdens of denominational work rest heavily, comes like a gleam of sunshine in a dark day. Why not fill the RECORDER with such messages?

Plea for Self-denial The message has gone out to all churches and
A Christmas Message to Christian homes, urging them to aid the suffering children in war-swept lands by making Christmas a "sacrament of self-denial." Since the real spirit of Christmas will come to only one half the world, and millions of boys and girls abroad will have no good cheer in their homes, it is highly fitting that the Federal Council's call should be heeded and that every family, church, and Bible school send something to the war-orphan fund. Families are asked to give to this cause a sum equal to the gifts made to those in the home circle, and Bible schools and churches are urged to take special collections for little war orphans. Such offerings would be well pleasing to Him who gave himself for us, and we trust that the response will be generous.

An Impressive Scene Any gathering of the
Old Soldiers at the Bier veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic is impressive in these days, especially for those who have a vivid memory of the "boys in blue" as they looked fifty years ago. I never see the bowed forms of gray-

haired veterans of the Civil War, as they go and come among their countrymen, without a keen feeling of regret that their ranks are so rapidly being thinned by the ravages of time. To witness the marks of affection due to a common comradeship in which men have suffered and risked their lives for their country can but touch the heart and arouse sincere respect and admiration.

Only last night we met at evening for the funeral of an old soldier who has for years been a conspicuous, active man in the business center of Plainfield. When the rooms in the home, adjoining that in which the casket surrounded by flowers was placed, were nearly filled, a sound of many feet in the long hall of the Babcock Building announced the coming of the Grand Army veterans. For them the room containing the lifeless form of their fallen comrade had been reserved, and we shall not soon forget the impressive scene, as, in the subdued light, those aged soldiers filed quietly, devoutly, reverently into the room and took their places beside the body of their old friend.

When the services were over, the commander of the post, himself a fire-fighter in the city for fifty years and chief of the fire department for more than thirty years, arose and bade them take their last look at their comrade. Then, as they filed slowly by the casket with bowed heads, and silently walked away into the darkness, more than one heart was touched. Next morning, while four of the veterans were waiting in an adjoining room to carry the casket away, one of their number stole in alone, where lay the silent form, and for several minutes stood bowed above it, and then turned away with tear-dimmed eyes. We never realized so vividly before how strong are the ties that bind the old soldiers together.

"Brighten the Corner The morning paper, just
Where You Are" opened, gives an account of a meeting of seven hundred Christian workers in New York City to lay plans for the proposed "Billy" Sunday campaign to be carried on

for three months in that city. In reading of the many interesting things talked about there, nothing impresses one more than the words suggested as a slogan for the entire campaign, "Brighten the corner where you are." Those who have heard this song led by Homer J. Rodeheaver know something of its power. One person, in speaking of the great work in Philadelphia and Baltimore, told how men were won by the blessed influences of this song. Swearing was banished in some factories, the workers themselves putting up cards in shipyards, forbidding profanity; and in one case an elevator boy would allow no one to swear in his car.

Everywhere the song, "Brighten the Corner," was on the lips of evangelists and workmen, until the spirit of it filled the air. The seven hundred workers for the great revival are starting on the right track. So long as it is the purpose of leaders to brighten the corners under "clouded skies" which they desire to clear; so long as Christians sincerely try to "let not narrow self their way debar"; so long as they have kind and loving regard for the feelings of others whom they would help, and so long as their words truly represent such regard, just so long will there be hope of reaching and saving men.

Writings That Reveal Character

The next paper taken up from the morning's mail contains an interesting editorial entitled, "An Author's Self-revelation." In a court of justice an author's work has been cited as evidence, whereupon it is contended that a man "is not all he may imagine." While a civil court may not often pronounce a man immoral from what he has written, it is not uncommon for the public mind to find in the products of his pen evidences of his want of intellectual and moral balance as well as of the degree of his sanity. An ancient Greek, on trial, once proved he was sane by simply reading to the jury his last production, which was accepted as incontestable evidence.

If authors fully realized how truly their writings reveal their inner life, their real spirit, their moral fiber, their gentlemanly or ungentlemanly qualities, much more care would be taken before submitting some of their manuscripts to the jury of public opinion.

Losing Sight of the Real Thing

Rev. William Fetler, of Petrograd, is stirring the Christian world with his appeals for spiritual help for soldiers and prisoners of the great war. In one of his urgent calls for Bibles to be sent to soldiers at the Christmas season, he says:

After a recent concert given for the entertainment of a number of soldiers, one of them was asked to propose the vote of thanks. He arose and said: "We are very grateful for the amusement afforded us tonight, and we appreciate all the musical talent brought for our enjoyment. But we are off to the front tomorrow; and I do not know how to die—I am not prepared to meet God; I wish there had been something for our souls."

This soldier felt that the essential thing was forgotten in the efforts to cheer him and his comrades who were ready to sacrifice home and life for their country. In the elaborate entertainment offered they found nothing to fit them for sudden death; nothing to make their outlook brighter when, broken and helpless, they should have to face the unexplored life beyond.

Is Not the Viewpoint Altogether Wrong?

In reading the soldier's plea given above, we are reminded of an entertainment or charity ball recently given in New York City that netted nearly \$50,000 for war charities. One whole page in a great daily paper was given to illustrations showing the expensive and peculiar costumes of some of those in attendance.

We wonder how many times \$50,000 was expended in the costumes, on the banqueting and other concomitants of that great effort at charity. What was the real spirit of the occasion? Who of all the participants was uplifted and inspired? Who was made more noble, more Christlike, more sympathetic with suffering humanity, more self-sacrificing by the influences and work of that night? The spirit of Christ was one of self-sacrifice. His work was done quietly, without unnecessary display, and the charity that he taught would transform the world was not to have its setting in feasting and revelry. The growing tendency to do the work of Christian charity through the gratification of selfish and worldly desires, by appealing to the love for display, must necessarily rob the participants of the rich blessing, the spiritual uplift that should result from giv-

ing. No matter how good may be the ultimate object to be gained, if scores of people strive for a costly prize offered to the one rigged up in the best costume, as was the case at the ball referred to, the good work must be seen from the wrong viewpoint. Indeed, it must be so whenever it becomes necessary to feed men's bodies and pamper their desires for pleasure and display in order to secure from them the means to carry on the work of the King.

American Women Moving Together

One of the most powerful organizations in the city of New York has just been perfected, by which 42,000 women will band together to reduce the cost of living. District captains will be in communication with practically every citizen of Greater New York, to conduct a movement in opposition to any increase in the price of food. Practically every woman's organization is identified with the undertaking, and the president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs is one of the leading spirits. It begins to look as though the owners of storage plants, and speculators who have combined to force up prices on every item of food supply, would have to face a consumers' combine more formidable than they have yet met. Already some of these food cornerers have been made to suffer loss. Those who are heartless enough to combine in order to force prices up when the burden of such prices must fall heaviest on the already overburdened poor deserve no mercy, and we hope the women will succeed in their undertaking.

Catholic and Protestant Gains in 1915

According to the official Catholic year book, there are 16,564,109 Roman Catholics in the United States, a gain of 254,799 in the year 1915. Counting the Philippines, Alaska, Porto Rico, Samoa, the Hawaiian Islands, and Guam, the American flag floats over nearly 25,000,000 Catholics.

The six States having the largest number of that denomination are New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Michigan.

There are 19,572 Catholic priests in the United States alone; and of these, 5,254 are members of religious orders. In 5,588 parochial schools 1,497,949 children are enrolled. There are 28 orphan asylums in which

48,089 unfortunate children are cared for. From carefully compiled statistics by the Federal Council, we learn that the net gain in Protestant and Catholic churches together for 1915, in the United States only, was 653,592. Subtracting the Catholic gain from this number leaves the gain for Protestants for last year at 398,793.

"One Thing Lacking" Made a Sad Ending

According to some of the papers, one of the saddest endings of a human life was seen in the death of Jack London, the writer. It was doubly sad because it might have been exceptionally bright had he possessed the purpose and power to attain his ideals. He did have ideals. He was truly a genius, a shrewd student of human life, author of numerous books, and a traveler in many lands; but he did not care enough about his ideals to make him earnest in efforts to realize them.

Though in his story of "John Barleycorn" London depicted his own life and experience with great power, those who read the book found in it no expression of any purpose to shake off the demon that had its grip on him. When he died, no word of religious comfort was sought. His ashes after cremation were placed in an urn in cement on his hillside farm with no religious exercises.

Who can help feeling sad over an ending so cheerless, when, had this gifted man cared to attain unto his ideals, his end might have been triumphant and his home-going glorious.

London not Entirely To Blame

When one thinks of the sad early life of Jack London, his godless home, his miserable parentage—a boy whose father never took him anywhere but to the saloon, and whose coarse-voiced, slatternly mother made home most disagreeable for him—it does not seem so strange after all that he lacked the "one thing needful." He found himself in the hands of employers who were tyrannical; nobody cared for his soul; and when in trouble the bartender was his only friend. The people of his town did not realize that man is his brother's keeper, and that through persistent neglect those who might become noble are often forced to be ignoble; and so poor Jack London got a start for which others were more to blame than himself. It may be found in the judgment day that wrong so-

cial conditions, the righting of which belongs to the church and to Christian rulers, have caused many a spiritual death, and who shall say where or upon whom the blame for these shall finally be placed?

**"Ye Did it Not
Unto Me"**

It is possible to be very active in what are regarded as religious services, and yet do little or nothing for Christ. Too many of us see our fellows through the distorting vision of our own selfishness, and are moved to act according to our likes and dislikes rather than according to the will of our Master. True love for Christ, a love that prompts to acceptable service, should always open men's hearts toward their suffering and less fortunate fellows.

The fact that an almost unbridgeable chasm has for generations existed between the church and the drifting thousands who still find their most interesting and helpful friends in the saloons is of itself a serious indictment against the church. While in recent years great improvements have been made in these matters, it is still evident that the churches as a whole stand too much aloof from the organizations and helpful reformatory institutions that are reaching out after the churchless multitudes.

In the first place, if the church were what it should be in matters of social betterment, no saloon could exist in any church community. As long as leading members either withhold their influence on the saloon question, or actually favor the licensing of grogshops, they will make little progress in the work of saving men who are going to ruin by drink.

Again, there must be a more general response by Christian people to the calls for work in various reform movements—in the organizations for social betterment. Rescue missions, for instance, in towns where scores of wealthy churches exist, should be made to feel the warm touch of hundreds in close contact with the meetings, if decided progress is to be made. It is not enough for one, or two, or three members of a great church to be found in actual service among the lowly. It is not enough for those who do enter actual service in such missions, to assume a condescending air as though belonging to a higher class from which they are willing now and then to step down and give the poor fellows a lift with gloved hands. It is not enough

to sit in the cushioned pew of some fine church and weep over an appeal for the suffering, wiping one's eyes on a five dollar handkerchief while dropping a quarter into the box for relief! One must go further than simply giving a coin now and then for the poor, if he would render acceptable service to Christ. And so long as the majority of Christians withhold the service of personal and active effort to help the fallen at some closer range than through the contribution box, the Jack Londons of earth will continue to look to the saloons for friends, and the down-and-outs will go on drifting to death.

Churches can not expect the poor and miserable and fallen to come across the chasm between them and the church door. The coming across must be from the church to them. Something like this must have been in the mind of Christ when he said: "I was hungry, and ye did not give me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

Service

ESLE F. RANDOLPH

Address given at the Young People's Annual Meeting, Plainfield, N. J.

In Genesis 2:7 we read that "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: and man became a living soul." Man was created in the image of God, and was placed in the Garden of Eden to rule as a king. The whole of created things was subject to this king.

But man fell from this high estate through sin, and was sent out of the Garden of Eden to meet and contend with the evil he now knew: no longer a king with kingly estate, but only a human being condemned to eat bread by the sweat of his brow.

Let us follow Jewish history as time passed, with man growing more and more human, if possible, living under irksome laws with the consciousness that it was next to impossible for him to meet the ever increasing demands of those laws, and longing for the coming of the promised Messiah. Generation after generation groaned under the servitude imposed by enemies of Jehovah. Century after century passed by and found the same circle of events:

temporal prosperity was followed by neglect of the living God, then slavery, with final turning again in humble contrition of heart to the worship of Jehovah.

If the New Testament were removed from the Bible how gloomy and dark would be our future. How desperate would be that countless multitude of humanity which we call the Christian world. But we do have the New Testament; and the Messiah did come in due time and offered, yes, completed, a plan for again raising man to a high estate—that of being brother to the Son of God, brother to Jesus the Christ, the Savior of the world, the King of kings. Our hearts rejoice at the glad tidings. The old *burden* of the law is removed and a simple plan of day by day service is placed before each individual.

We are called into the active, loyal service of a great Master whose eye is ever ready to see each thought and deed of our lives; whose ear is ever ready to hear each word, whether it be spoken in kindness or in anger; whether it be a prayer or a word of sympathy for the weary and sick at heart along the way. He is a king who is pleased with every effort to assist others. He is a king; our elder brother; a wise counselor and a trusty friend.

What service can we render that will be acceptable to this king? Mary, on one occasion, we are told, chose to serve by anointing the feet of Jesus with precious ointment, and wiping them with the hairs of her head. Mary humbled herself to anoint the feet of her Lord, and her service was acceptable.

Again, when Mary sat at the feet of Jesus to hear his words it pleased him, and he showed his pleasure by saying, "Mary hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from her." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A certain young lawyer asked Jesus what he should do to inherit eternal life. The Lord's reply was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. . . . This do, and thou shalt live." From that day down to the present there is no record of any other way to inherit eternal life. A lifetime is all too brief a space of time in which to thus love and serve, to make preparation for eternity. That child

who is taught to love the name of Jesus at the earliest possible period in life has a great advantage over one who waits till later in life to love and serve our King of kings.

How early in life may one learn to love the dear Savior? The answer is to be found in the words of the Master himself when he rebuked those who found fault because the little children had been brought to him—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Junior and Senior Endeavor societies and the Sabbath school add to the home training in spiritual things. That is the reason for their organization, to add to the home training, or to begin the training if the home has neglected that solemn obligation placed upon it when the little being with a frail thread of life was entrusted to the care of that home. It may not be out of place to give expression here to my amazement and astonishment at the apparent increase in the lack of spirituality among the people with whom one daily mingles. It is just possible that were I, after the experiences of mature years, to mingle again week after week, as in boyhood days, with those whom memory pictures as being spiritually minded persons, I might not again hold with such tender and loving memory, nor respect so highly, the many devoted men and women whose walk seemed to be by faith, and whose aim in life seemed to be, not how many dollars they could accumulate, but how many souls they might be instrumental in pointing to the way of life; but that memory is clear and bright, and has served, and is serving, as a mighty force in my own life.

The first bedtime prayer—"Now I lay me down to sleep, etc.," is the beginning of that spiritual awakening and growth which is the chief business of life. It opens the avenue of approach to that source of strength and comfort and love and sympathy and assurance which keeps continually saying, "Thou hast chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from you." The natural development from that moment calls for a development of the body into a robust, clean, wholesome dwelling place for a well-balanced, energetic mind, and a soul which has a growth with the experiences of years till it glows as a shining light in

the world about, and has at last a welcome into life eternal.

Great stress is being placed upon the necessity for people having healthy bodies. We hear of preventive measures being taken against disease. We know that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The body should be well developed and sound to provide the best abode for the mind and soul.

Intense interest is taken in matters of education. The training and development of the human mind is occupying the lives of a great multitude and is causing the expenditure of vast sums of money. It is seldom that a word is heard in opposition to such spending of time and treasure. I would not speak one disparaging word against it, but would urge, rather, that more competent instructors be employed, that they be better paid. I wonder how the instructors in some institutions of learning manage to make ends meet with the meager compensation which they receive. An article in a recent number of the RECORDER points the way to our duty in this matter. The wonder is that these instructors remain loyal to their tasks instead of leaving them for far more lucrative employment offered in other places. All honor to them.

If so much attention is necessary for the proper development of normal bodies and trained minds, shall we neglect the development of that part of man that is to live through all eternity? When the soul takes its flight from the body, the body returns to the ground from which it was made. It has served its purpose, that of providing a dwelling place for the soul during a few fleeting years while that soul is developing for the great beyond, to live forever. Shall we then be so painstaking for the welfare of the body and leave the soul to shrivel and waste away undeveloped?

Our churches are organized for the purpose of encouraging a healthy development of the soul. The church with all of its auxiliaries, the Sabbath school, the Christian Endeavor society with its divisions, and many others, is the great institution for spiritual growth and development of the soul. Here is indeed work enough for the young. Did not Christ himself at the age of twelve years say that he must be about his Father's business? How early, then, should we be about our Father's business?

In what ways shall that be done? In the

home, first, by all means, and every day; by letting the soul light shine through the eyes and from the countenance as we go about to perform the daily tasks that are placed upon us, as did Jesus himself, who was "obedient unto his parents." By being loyal and loving to parents and brothers and sisters and to all with whom we meet, for are we not all one great family, children of one great loving heavenly Father? By being constant in support of the various activities of the church. All the interests of the church must be loved and thought of and prayed for. Our interest in these matters may, to some extent, be measured by what we do, and what we say, and what we pay. Of course the giving should be according as the Lord has prospered us. Neither the Mission nor the Tract work, nor any of the many interests that are either constant or occasional must be forgotten. It is to our shame that as a denomination we fail to pay the pastor a living wage, forgetting that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." We have failed to provide adequately for the care and comfort of those whose strength and vigor have been given so freely till age finds the body unable to continue the needed ministrations to their parishes. If the instructors in our schools are hard put to it to make ends meet, it is little short of a miracle that some of our pastors and missionaries come so nearly as they do to making ends meet.

We attend church and listen to the preaching. Do we join in the prayer and pray that the message may reach the unconverted? Do we continue to pray while the pastor speaks? I suspect that, in some places at least, if some one in the congregation should give expression to his approval of what the pastor says by an audible *amen*, it would cause astonishment enough to interfere with the usual nap of one or more persons present. I believe that the prayers of the congregation, the active sympathetic condition of the minds of the hearers, determine very largely the effect of a sermon upon both the saved and the unsaved in the audience. It is much easier for an army to make a successful attack upon the enemy if properly supported by friendly forces. How much easier for the pastor to make marked advance in the warfare against the forces of evil, if he is supported by loyal, loving, praying, working members of the church.

We all look up to and admire those good men and women whom we see doing good; those who have been depended upon to attend to Sabbath school and other church work. I might mention the names of many whose memory you love and honor. They did their work well. Some who are in this audience today were led to accept Christ through the labor of such heroes. They have passed to their reward, and other heroes are now superintending and teaching in the Sabbath schools, assisting the pastor to look after the thousand and one matters that need attention in the parish. These will soon be passing from the opportunity for service also. Shall the work then stop? It is just here that the Christian Endeavor society in all of its departments finds its great opening for service. The member carefully trained in the little things here is being prepared for doing greater things a little later.

Our evangelists and pastors are busy telling by word and example of the wonderful plan of salvation. We wonder that great multitudes do not accept the plan. Those who, in youth, accept that offered plan look back with pleasure to the hour when the decision was made; no matter whether that decision was made in quiet and solitude, or in the presence of a loving and sympathetic friend, or in a great audience in answer to a stirring appeal made by some minister of the gospel at a time of revival.

The city of Plainfield, as a city, was absolutely indifferent to the necessity for such a revival as was experienced here a few months ago. A few loyal, anxious, believing souls who believed that many would be saved through the united efforts of a Christian community, pushed the movement forward. Many details were attended to before the matter came to the attention of the public; many more before the evangelist came; and many more as he preached night after night. It was the faithful doing of these details, attending to them in season, that made the results of that great meeting possible. That was Christian Endeavor service first and last.

If that kind of careful planning and doing of the work of the church is followed, the pastor has opportunity to become the great evangelist of the church, and the church is having a revival all of the time.

The formal wording of the Christian Endeavor pledge has a great force in it—force

enough to move the vast army of Christian Endeavor societies that encircle the globe, and its faithful keeping will result in a never ceasing line of additions to the church.

The necessity for revivals is felt by our people who work through the agencies of the Missionary and Tract boards, and we see such men as Rev. D. B. Coon and Rev. W. D. Burdick sent out to tell of the wonders of salvation. These men are leaving their homes and families whom they love to go out to persuade lost souls to accept the plan of salvation. They love their homes and families, but they love the dear Savior more; hence their willingness to go to tell the glad tidings to others.

There is something here for Christian Endeavorers to do. There are the details of providing for the support of those who leave home to go, either to home or to foreign fields. There is praying to be done, and anxious thought and desire for the saving of souls that must be felt. Here, indeed, is constant call to each Endeavorer, whether Junior, Intermediate, or Senior, to take up with courage and faith the tasks before all. Thus shall be developed that spiritual part of man which is to live forever.

Christian Women and International Religions

Christian women have their indispensable part in establishing lasting peace among the nations. A Woman's Auxiliary is, accordingly, being formed of the American Council of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches. The membership is drawn from all the principal Protestant denominations. Many of the women are leaders and officers in Home and Foreign Missionary Boards of the churches, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Federation of Women's Clubs, and other national organizations of women.

The first National Conference will be held January 13-14, 1917, at Garden City, N. Y. The closing session will be a Women's Mass Meeting on Sunday afternoon, January 14, 1917, at 4 o'clock in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. Women of national renown will speak on "The Responsibility of Christian Women for International Justice and Goodwill."

SABBATH REFORM

A Short Sermon on Four Pillars

Text: Mark 2: 27-28. "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath: so that the Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath."

These are the words of Jesus the Son of God, the world's Savior and Redeemer, who called himself both Son of God and Son of man.

They are spoken in answer to Pharisaic criticism of the conduct of Jesus and his disciples toward the traditions of the Jews regarding the Sabbath.

Four things stand out in clear perspective in this authoritative utterance of the Master:

First, the Sabbath as an institution had its origin in a distinct creative act, not petty nor impracticable, but part of a great vital law.

Second, the Sabbath has a universal application to all men and is not limited to any one race or people.

Third, the act had a definite purpose which it sought to accomplish, namely the enrichment of the life of man.

Fourth, the Christ, the Lord of man, is Lord also of the Sabbath, and as such, not only vouches for its authenticity, but stands sponsor for its perpetuity.—*The Defender.*

Children and Sabbath Keeping

When I was a child there was no question as to whether or not children should go to church and keep the Sabbath—at least not in that section of the country where I lived and among the families with whom I associated. Those few near us who held different views were, to my childish understanding, to be ranked with "heathen men and publicans."

Personally I can not recall a time when I did not attend church. There is a tradition that at the age of three, in order to prove my ability to stay quiet in the sanctuary, I sat without moving or speaking for twenty-five mortal minutes, and upon this was judged to have arrived at the fit stage for church attendance.

Whatever the age at which I began, I have kept on going ever since. The

EARLY ESTABLISHED HABIT

took firm root. Now I love church and would feel that something had gone wrong with the week if I stayed at home on the Sabbath, but never do I recall thinking it a hardship to go. From the first I took it for granted as much as I did my Sabbath dinner, and the idea that it was a trial to have to devote my Sabbath mornings to church-going never occurred to me. In like manner I accepted Bible school; and a little later, prayer meeting, the second Sabbath service and other church ordinances.

When I had children of my own I naturally pursued the same course. As soon as they were old enough to sit still in church I took them with me, making a concession to child nature by providing them with a copy of the small illustrated Bible dictionary which had been, so to speak, my stay in the house of my pilgrimage when I went to church as an infant. Recalling my own early experience, it was a distinct shock to me to find that my children did not take to church-going with enjoyment. Not that I asked their opinion. They did not wait for that, but expressed their preference for remaining at home with no uncertain note. They went, as a matter of course, but more or less because of coercion and not of free choice.

This puzzled me. I did all that had been done for me in my own childhood, an even more. The Bible dictionary was supplemented by a small book of pictures and a pencil and paper. I talked to the children about the sermon, the Bible reading and the hymns when we came home, and in every way did my best to arouse in them a love of church-going per se, but with little effect. They liked the pastor and they loved me, but I used to say that if the preacher and I were both to die, I did not believe that either child would ever go to church again voluntarily.

Now they are grown, and although they may not fully share my love for church ordinances, they yet feel a sense of responsibility toward the church services and attend regularly. Probably the prevalent change of attitude toward ecclesiasticism of all sorts has in a measure affected them, but the early formed habit of church-going holds fast.

My thoughts have been turned forcibly

to children and church-going and Sabbath-keeping by the recent introduction at my own church of the novelty of a

CHILDREN'S SERMON.

This is preached immediately before the regular sermon, and then the youngsters are allowed to go home.

At first the idea irritated me. If I could sit through a full service and sermon at the age of four, why could not children eight and ten years old do the same? To this effect I expressed myself to one of my neighbors as we went down the aisle after church. She differed with me promptly.

"I think it is a very sensible thing," she said. "The children have had all of the service—the hymns, prayers, Bible reading and so on—except the sermon. It is much better, to my mind, to have them go out when they do than to sit through a sermon which bores them to death and makes them dislike church-going."

And as I remained silent she added another argument. "You must recollect that they have been in Bible school for over an hour before they come into church, and so don't really need the service especially."

My feeling on the

BIBLE SCHOOL

serving as a substitute for church is not precisely one to be aired unless I am sure of my audience, and I said nothing more. But the thought in my mind was that it would be better for the children to receive religious teaching from their parents and then attend a full church service, than to go to Bible school for instruction and forsake the church later.

As a child I went to Bible school, but that was not permitted by my parents to take the place of all Biblical and spiritual education. I dare say I was a wretched little prig, for I recall to this day the sense of superiority which inflated my breast when I caught my Bible-school teacher tripping in her Scriptural knowledge, as I did more than once. She was a young girl of a church-going family, and I have no reason to think her intelligence was below the ordinary level. But I do not believe she ever did more than glance over the lesson before she came to Bible school, and by comparing notes with other graduate pupils I am positive there are many like her even now. Such memories have fixed in me a doubt as to whether or not it is possible for our children to secure from the average

Bible-school teacher instruction in the mysteries of the faith which can take the place of what they may learn at church—even putting aside the value of the opportunity for acquiring the habit of regular church attendance.

I do not wish to give the idea that I am opposed to Bible schools. On the contrary, I believe that they give the children pleasure, and that granted trained and judicious teachers, they may be a means of great good. They are undoubtedly of chief value to those children who have no home training in the Bible and spiritual life. My objection to them is largely that they permit parents to shoulder off on the Bible school the instruction of their children in the things of religion, and to consider that they have then done their whole duty to the child's higher life. In no case, to my mind, can the Bible school take the place of the church either for religious teaching or for forming the habit of support of the church organization.

My church neighbor had spoken of the

HARDSHIP TO THE CHILDREN

of obliging them to sit through a sermon they did not understand after they had received the benefit of all the service with that one exception. I pondered upon her remark after we parted. There might be something in what she said. Yet if those children were not in church where would they be? What would they be doing? I recalled a Sabbath when I had forsaken church to visit a sick friend, and remembered how all along the street I saw groups of small boys and girls playing "Diabolo," tossing balls, spinning tops, shooting marbles. Was this the way in which the children of a presumably Sabbath-keeping people should be trained? Was not this misobservance of the day worse for them than staying for the sermon?

In this time of liberal thought there are, of course, parents who do not think it worth while to enforce Sabbath-keeping with any degree of rigidity, and there has been a loosening of the bonds even among the conservatives. Gone, and happily gone, are the days when the Sabbath was one long course of Sabbath observance. In my own mind are recollections of the boredom brought by the Sabbath, especially in the country. In the city we had afternoon Bible school, the walk home could be pro-

longed to while away time and there were other Sabbath diversions.

In the country it was another thing altogether. Church in the morning was all right, and preceded as it was by a couple of miles' drive, possessed a great charm. After the service came the drive home, the Sabbath dinner, and then—the

DELUGE OF DULNESS!

The elders went to their rooms and their naps, and we youngsters strolled forlornly about. We were not allowed secular reading and we found the Sabbath books stupid—possibly from the fact that we had read them all again and again. Everyday games were tabooed, and we wandered around forlorn until the approach of sunset brought a walk through the fields, supper, and hymns and Bible stories in the evening.

As a result of the strictness with which I was reared in this respect, I have naturally swung toward the other extreme with my own children. I do not encourage the same sports which are practiced on week days, but I do permit a liberty which was never accorded my generation. Cards and games of like nature are prohibited, but I allow reading which is not religious and occupations which would have been frowned upon by Sabbath-keeping folk fifty years back. These concessions, however, have not moved me to give up religious duties, and church service at least once a day I have always held essential.

With a strong desire to keep step with the procession and not fall behind in any measure for promoting liberty of thought and untrammled search for truth, I yet consider it

A BLUNDER TO GIVE CHILDREN THEIR OWN WILL

in anything which, to my apprehension, is of such vital importance as church-going and Sabbath-keeping. I am not touching now only upon the religious aspect of the question. I acknowledge that there are good men and women—plenty of them—outside of the churches, and a representation of the other sort inside. I concede that I have received many practical lessons in Christlikeness from persons who laid no claims to the possession of Christianity. . . . But all that has nothing to do with the reasonableness of teaching our children habits of going to church and of holding Sabbath as more sacred than other days.

Faulty or not, the churches represent the

moral sense of the community as does no other institution, secular or religious. They stand for good laws, good government, good conduct. As such they should be supported by all citizens having the welfare of the country or the city at heart. Moreover, the church is the body of Christ—or if a less Scriptural phrasing is desirable, I may say that it is the form in which the religious sense of our world has crystallized itself. Until we find something better we should support the organization as it now is and train our children to do likewise.

So much for what is owed the church. Another point of view may be considered. Does the church-going do the child any harm—not your child, not my child, but the majority of children? Would they be better employed if they were not in church? I do not mean more agreeably employed—children being children, it is only the exception who would return a negative to that question—but are they not really getting more good, forming better habits, sitting in church by their parents than they would were they at home alone or in charge of servants? (I am taking it for granted that the parents would be at church!) Isn't the discipline of positive benefit to them?

In this living-made-easy age, rare enough are the modes of discipline imposed upon our children. In their nurseries they are permitted an exercise of private judgment that causes the hair to rise on the heads of the survivors of an earlier period. Their paths are made easy before them no matter in what direction they lead. Isn't it perhaps a good thing if one day in the week—the day which they are told is the special property of the Creator—they should be led aside from their general course and taught what is meant by calling the Sabbath holy of the Lord and honorable, not doing their own ways or finding their own pleasures? It will not hurt them to stay their busy feet and quiet their roving thoughts for awhile in surroundings different and more reverent than those of week days.

This may sound like a contradiction of my professions of faith relative to liberality in Sabbath-keeping and suggest a harking back to the doleful Sabbath of years ago, and it may be that some of us still have sufficient vestiges of the Puritan conscience lingering in our systems to incline us to believe that what is pleasant can not

be altogether right, and vice versa. Yet the Sabbath may be

MADE DIFFERENT FROM OTHER DAYS

without being either broken or burdensome.

A recent writer on childhood's problems tells a story of a household where certain special pleasures were reserved for the Sabbath—various delightful books and occupations not permitted on other days. The week days were periods of restriction from these joys, but the Sabbath opened the door to them. Something like this I would have followed with all children and young folk. I know one household where the breakfast porridge, eaten sugarless every day in the week but the first, is sweetened then—"to make us glad Sabbath has come," say the children. Memories of my own childhood recall meat Sabbath evening for the supper that was to me a repast maigre on other nights. For my own nursery I had a box of shells brought from the East by a missionary relative, and therefore hallowed with associations of sanctity. They were never to be touched except on the Sabbath, and were to be one of the privileges of the day.

Trivial means, perhaps, but still worth consideration. Something of the same sort I would continue when the boys and girls are growing and grown—a plan for an especially attractive meal Sabbath noon, a walk in the afternoon or a new book or music or reading aloud, a friend or two to an informal meal Sabbath night. It is well for the elders to recollect that while they who toil all the week ask nothing so much of the Sabbath as rest and quiet, the young people have not yet reached the stage when they wish to nap most of the afternoon, read the religious papers in the evening and go to bed early. I am no longer a youngster, but I can't say that I fancy the program myself even now. There must be something more than that and church-going in Sabbath for me if I am honestly to consider it the "day of all the week the best."

Americans form a nation made up of compromises and adaptations, and our Sabbath is in a fair way to be among the most striking examples of how a young people can handle an old subject. In remote recesses of our country the Puritan Sabbath . . . may still linger. In the more striving and strenuous sections the so-called continental Sunday is seeking to gain a foothold. We do not wish either for our children,

and there is no reason why we should not achieve a combination Sabbath observance which will be better than either. To use a slang phrase, it is "up to us" to show that it is possible to make the Sabbath sweeter and brighter than other days, and yet to derive from it a spiritual uplift which will help us to better living during the rest of the week.

As a matter of course the children will not keep the Sabbath holy all by themselves, either by church-going or in any other fashion.

PARENTS MUST COME TO THE RESCUE

The parents will have to come to the rescue of the Sabbath, and I am afraid the unprejudiced observer will have to own that they do not all live up to their duty in this respect. Putting aside those who frankly consider the Sabbath as the one day in the week when they can breakfast late and stay at home and read the papers all the morning, there remain many nominal churchgoers who are open to criticism.

I notice with some amusement that at the morning services in my own church there is a general exodus of grown-ups with the children from certain of the pews at the close of the children's sermon. Apparently it requires as many adults to convey a child home from church as to take one to the circus. The advocates of no church or broken doses for children claim that when they are grown they will fall into the habit of attending the full service regularly. Are they likely to do so with such an example as this? And at what age are boys and girls supposed to be old enough to submit to the hardships of the entire service? There are twelve and fourteen-year-olds among those who leave after the children's sermon.

The claim of the clergy is that the churches are falling behind because so many of the members neglect the services. If such members can be persuaded that the future of the church demands that the children shall go regularly at least once on the Sabbath, the parents may share the benefit of the discipline to their own profit as well as to that of the children and the church.—Christine Terhune Herrick, in *The Interior*.

"Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright."

Immortality and Higher Criticism

U. P. DAVIS

The question of immortality and the hereafter has always been a favorite theme for thought. A short article in the RECORDER of November 20 has called forth the following thoughts, although I have no theory to propose and no well-defined notion of the "state of the dead."

The first query that arises is whether or not we are to understand that Second Timothy 3: 16 refers to the New Testament as well as to the Old, when it states that all scripture is given by inspiration of God. Does it not break the unity of God's plan of salvation to break the unity of his word? To doubt the inspiration of "the early writers of the New Testament" is carrying the spirit of Higher Criticism to a far too dangerous skepticism. And so the author of the article mentioned probably did not mean what his words *seem* to say, namely, that the "Bible plainly teaches" one thing, and "the early writers of the New Testament," another; or that he, the author, believes a certain thing—"the apostle Paul to the contrary notwithstanding."

Again, I should like to ask, What is there so essential to the Christian religion about any theory we may devise concerning the present state of the dead, that we find it necessary to doubt the integrity of the Bible or Paul's authority on things eternal, in order to either prove or disprove it? Speculation may be allowable or even essential in the realm of metaphysics, but it is not necessary in religion, and the Christian's creed should not be defined by any theories so abstract. We are promised eternal life, and the Bible from Genesis to Revelation tells a consistent story of how we may attain it. That life is a spiritual life, we are told, and consequently any human ideas we may have concerning the relation of that life to this are imperfect and more or less theoretical. Our ideas, and consequently all our thoughts, depend upon our experiences. We have had no conscious experiences in that spirit world, consequently we have no ideas with which to think of spiritual things and so we must think of our eternal life in terms of this our mortal life. To illustrate: What is your idea of eternity? Is it a never ending continuation of *time*, or an ever existing *present*? We are taught that God is omni-

present and omnipotent. Is it any more difficult to imagine a never ending *now*, or even an ever present *future*? In other words, we can not measure the infinite by means of the finite, and the words *time*, *present*, *future*, are all finite terms. How absurd it is, then, to wrangle over the question of the *present* state of the dead, as Christians have been known to do. For even if from the human standpoint a thousand years should elapse, in the divine mind the change when "this mortal must put on immortality" may be instantaneous, in the *eternal now*, for all we know. Some Christians believe that men are immortal, some believe that we become immortal at conversion, some, that we put on immortality at death, and some that we are resurrected into immortality at Christ's second coming. Since immortality is infinite, and since the infinite can not be defined by terms that are finite, is it not possible that, in the infinite mind of God, any one of the above conceptions is as true as any other?

Thus it seems that any conclusion we may draw in regard to the state of the dead would resolve itself into a theory that can not be proved true. Still no harm can come from a friendly comparison of ideas or from a discussion of abstract theories if it is carried on in a Christian spirit. But would it not be much better to allow any of these theories to pass as fact than to doubt the authority of the Bible? I suspect that any seeming contradiction in the Bible arises from the fact that our mental processes are confined to ideas drawn from life on earth. If God has given mankind a message through the agency of inspiration (and what Christian doubts it?) that message must be consistent, and those passages that to our finite minds seem contradictory are in no case essential parts of that message.

President Wilson, in a recent article, writes the following paragraph calculated to cheer the Bible teacher: "Give it to them unadulterated, pure, unaltered, unexplained, uncheapered, and then see it work its wholesome work throughout the whole nature. It is very difficult, indeed, for a man, or for a boy, who knows the Scripture, ever to get away from it. It haunts him like an old song. It follows him like the memory of his mother."—*Exchange*.

MISSIONS

Mission and Tract Society Notes

These notes are written from St. Louis, Mo., where the secretary is attending the quadrennial sessions of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Dean Arthur E. Main, President Boothe C. Davis, and Pastor A. J. C. Bond, three of our four official representatives, are here, and we are looking for Pastor Lester C. Randolph, the other member, tomorrow, Friday.

More and more the secretary is coming to feel that it was no mistake that our General Conference made in becoming identified with this great Christian movement. He feels certain that if there are those among us who have doubted the wisdom of being thus identified, all such doubts would vanish wholly away if they could have the privilege of attending the meetings, of hearing the addresses, of coming into contact with the spirit of Christian fellowship and service that exists and is manifested among these thirty different constituent bodies.

Tonight we listened to a soul-stirring message from Mr. Raymond Robins, on the topic, "Co-operation, Efficiency, and Social Redemption." There was nothing new in it; but there was a personality in it of a life with a passion for social justice built upon the only sure foundation, a heart and will given wholly to the Master, Jesus Christ. Last night we heard the address of the retiring president, Dean Shailer Mathews. Two full half-days have been given by the secretary to meetings of the Commission on Sunday Observance, only eight members of which were in attendance. Following are three brief characteristic paragraphs from the president's address, speaking officially for the Council.

The Federal Council is an outstanding illustration of the fact that while there are many members there is only one body, the head of which is Christ. So far as we can forecast the future, there is no indication that American Christianity will be organized along other lines. For my own part, I do not see how the existence of denominations can cease in Protestantism. Denominational alignments may disap-

pear, as in the cases of those denominations that are closely alike, but denominations are likely to be a persistent fact.

Whereas most denominations started in the spirit of sectarianism and became belligerent bodies, denominationalism at the present time is rapidly becoming co-operative. It represents the federal idea rather than the imperial. We are discovering that spiritual solidarity of which men have sung, but which has with difficulty been put into operation. Protestant Christians are not trying so much to agree on doctrines as to co-operate in service.

Frankly disclaiming all political affiliations, representatives of the Federal Council have been able to carry to many nations, including those at war, a message of Christian friendliness, and thus to keep alive a loyalty to the kingdom of the spirit which ultimately must rule in the kingdoms of the world.

SECRETARY.

Minnesota Letter

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

I do not know why it is so hard for some of us to write. When reading the interesting articles and Home News I think that if I could write that way I would send in something immediately. Then, sometimes, I remember what one of our prominent leaders remarked when congratulating a humorous speaker on his charge to the church at an ordination service—"That was fine, but if I were to talk like that folks would think I was crazy." So they would. We can't all be humorous or brilliant—we must just do our own best.

Some weeks ago at a business meeting of the Dodge Center Church it was unanimously voted to adopt the budget system of church finance for local and denominational purposes, with a view to raising in full our Conference apportionment. A Finance Committee, to be composed of the treasurer, the president of the board of trustees, a member of the Woman's Benevolent Society, two members of the church annually elected, and the pastor, is to conduct, each year, an every-member canvass of the church. It was voted also to resume the taking of Sabbath-morning offerings which for some time has been discontinued.

The Woman's Benevolent Society has been busy with its usual good work and now is engaged in preparing for a chicken pie supper and Christmas sale, to be held December 19.

The semi-annual meeting, held the 10th to the 12th of November, was not largely

attended by delegates from the other churches. However, good congregations composed of the local church membership were in evidence at every session. The last night, Sunday, was a union service, the Methodist and Congregational churches having dismissed their own services to join with us. Elder James Hurley, of Welton, representing the Iowa yearly meeting, preached a practical and interesting sermon. Brother Hurley was formerly a pastor here and was gladly listened to by many old friends and parishioners. Pastor John T. Babcock was present from New Auburn, Wis., and gave two splendid messages. Mrs. Angeline Abbey, from New Auburn, Minn., spoke twice in a very helpful way. We are greatly indebted, too, to the Sabbath School Board for sending us a representative, Professor Nelson Inglis, who helped us by his informal but virile addresses on Sabbath-school work. Mrs. Abbey's mother, Mrs. Callie Prentice, of North Loup, also attended. A church is always stronger for such a gathering and we feel glad that the meeting has again been held with us.

Last week, the night after the Sabbath, our Sabbath school held its annual business meeting for the election of officers. Brother Charles Socwell, who has been doing efficient work as our leader, was re-elected superintendent. The school voted to endeavor to add at least ten per cent to its membership, as suggested by the Forward Movement; also to hold, each month, workers' meetings. A teachers' training class is being organized and will begin its special study the first of the year, using Oliver's "Preparation for Teaching" as a textbook. A men's class organized from among those who are not now members of the school is being strongly talked of. These things, we believe, are healthful tokens of a successful year to come.

A young people's meeting is being conducted weekly, though a Christian Endeavor society has not yet been organized. From twelve to fifteen attend, ranging in age from nine to twenty-five years, and considerable interest is manifested. Some one volunteers to lead the meeting the next week, and at the close of each half-hour service a brief Bible study is conducted by the pastor.

The reorganization of the Men's Brotherhood has been recently effected. Twenty-

six were present at the parsonage last Sunday night (Dec. 3). Brother Robert Wells was elected president. The membership was assigned to such departments of activity as social life, relief, civic improvement, business opportunity. Questions vital to the church and community are to be discussed. Arrangements are being made to secure speakers on such themes as The Town Library, Moral Status of the "Movies," Village Improvement, Insurance, Farm Loans, Better Roads, Stock Improvement, How to Keep our Young People on the Farm, Bible Study, Church Finance, Sabbath-Keeping, etc. Our department on business opportunity is already at work to interest a Seventh Day Baptist physician to locate here in a good opening. There is a splendid chance, also, for a Seventh Day Baptist dentist. And there are other business opportunities that we hope will be advertised by our brotherhood's department. But I must "ring off," or some one will think the "wires are crossed."

There is a spiritual earnestness among the people. We believe we are feeling our way toward better things. God bless all the people of Zion, here and elsewhere.

With best wishes and the season's greetings to you and all your readers from the Dodge Center people, I subscribe as their
PASTOR H. C. VAN HORN.

Little Lessons in Living

Live and love so that you will be a benefit to your neighborhood by remaining in it.

It's no trouble to believe in the good of the human race when you are so full of it yourself that you can hardly see over it.

There is no increase or decrease in the wages of sin. They are fixed, and paid when due.

Some men actually think that the salvation of their business is of greater importance than the salvation of their home.

Reprove your boy when he needs it; but if his companions should happen to be with him at the time, better do it gently, or wait until they are gone.—*W. J. Burtscher, in Farm and Fireside.*

"People living in India paid four fifths of the cost of the recently opened, new buildings of the hospital at Miraj, in recognition of the long service of Dr. W. J. Wanless, the missionary physician."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

A Story of Bethlehem in the Twentieth Century

I was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of the Sultans. My forefathers were Greeks and my paternal grandfather was born in Greece, but my father first saw the light in Bethlehem as did my mother's people for many generations back. She was a real Bethlehemite. We all spoke Arabic in our home. As a child I, too, dwelt in Egypt for a time, as my father took my mother there when she was suffering from rheumatism. The climate was warm there. I like to think that my young feet followed in the footsteps of my Master when he was a child. His name meant "savior" while our family name means "saved."

I was for eleven years as other children, playing, laughing, singing, with my own little duties. One day I went to our ancestral vineyard and grove of fruit trees some distance from our home, and happily gathered fruit. Amongst these I plucked some figs and all unknowing of how the simple act would influence my whole after life, I rubbed my eyes with my little fingers wet with the irritating, milky juice of the figs. Oh, how my eyes smarted and burned and, of course, in my ignorance I rubbed them the harder! There was no water near to wash either hands or eyes, and by the time I had reached home, some two hours later, both eyes were swollen shut, and for three months remained in that condition.

My grandmother took me to an eye doctor in a hospital in Jerusalem. When he looked at my eyes he exclaimed, with a burst of anger: "Too late! Too late! Oh, why did you not bring her to me before?" He kept me, however, in the hospital for three months. When I returned home I could see a little but not to learn in school as other children, so after a year it was decided to send me to a school for the blind in Jerusalem. There I learned the Arabic characters for the blind in the Braille system. I did not acquire much, outside of learning to read these characters, but I did

teach myself English by a dint of close listening to my dear benefactress in that school—Miss Lovell. She was a devout woman of great faith who was as a mother to us afflicted ones. I came to know her well and drink in her language in the sixteen years I was connected with that school, eight years as a pupil and eight as a teacher of the blind and Bible teacher for the Mohammedan women in those parts. I literally went from Dan to Beersheba in this latter capacity.

I will tell you how my work began as a Bible woman. I was at home in Bethlehem and near to our house was a Greek convent where my younger sister sometimes took me upon Sabbath days to receive the benefaction there dispensed to the afflicted. It consisted in the gift of one or two meteliks (a metelik is equal to about 2 cents). In this beautiful building there were numbers of priests and the bishop. What a crowd gathered in their white marble courtyard every Sabbath Day of summer and winter. Can you imagine the picture? The white walls of the church edifice shone in the brightness of our sunshine, the pavement reflected all the warm beams upon its snowy marble. It was a beautiful building, but oh, the multitude that crouched there on the smooth floor of the gleaming court—the old and poor, ragged and unkempt, the lame and blind and sick—how they all needed the Great Physician of Bethlehem. He whose natal song had been sung by angelic hosts over the town of their birth nineteen hundred years ago was in his fulness quite unknown to that poor, afflicted multitude. I could not see them save with the eyes of my understanding, as they huddled there, though I could just detect the blackness of their shadow on the white courtyard. I longed to say some word to banish darkness from their poor hearts. For the most part they were quarreling amongst themselves over who had received the most when the gifts were distributed. "I got one metelik, I who dragged my shrunken limbs over a great distance; why should you, unworthy, receive double?" Over and over again inane complaints and hard sayings smote the sunny air. Near me two women were talking about the communion they had received. "Oh, I am all right and good now, I have had communion!" "Oh, yes," responded the other, "that is enough. We have had communion admin-

istered by the father. We are prepared, now, to die."

Some way a word came into my heart just then and I said what was placed there: "Would you like me to read you something?" For a moment there was surprised silence and then the poor, ignorant people said wonderingly with some scorn: "How can you read who are blind?" There were at that time no priests present, or my guide, my younger sister, would have told me. I opened my Braille Bible and, with the words of the women about the communion in my mind, I found the chapter I wished with my fingers. Remember this was a Catholic Church, where the priests seemed to wish to keep the eyes of the people's mind quite blind, and I, if I had not been taught by the good missionaries, would have been blinder in understanding than were my poor eyes. Oh, the pity of it, but I was planning to do something forbidden, I was preparing to read in the church the "Bible of the Protestants!" To read the words of Christ in the town of his birth in a church dedicated to him was not allowable. My younger sister trembled with apprehension as I opened the Book of books. But the words I wished responded to my touch and I read aloud from the sixth chapter of John: "I am the bread of life," and then on down through the chapter to the verse: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." Then I paused and explained that we were to make Jesus a part of ourselves at communion time and go from the communion to do his works and live his life. To sin would be to dishonor him, to be unlike him and therefore not a part of him. We should not be selfish and greedy. My sister was getting excited and trying to stop me. She made me understand that there were priests listening. I did not heed, but talked as fast and as loud as I could, reading and explaining to those poor people the Word so long hidden from them. Do you think the priests stopped me? No, they said nothing. The bishop came in and listened. The hubbub of that courtyard had become so stilled that I suppose he wondered what was going on. My sister was greatly frightened when the bishop appeared and again tried to make me be quiet, but I read on as loud as I possibly could. I could feel that the people were eager and interested. A priest said to me: "Where did

you learn? I envy you." I kept hearing the hall fill up. The publicans had come and there were Russian pilgrims near me. I fancy it was a strange scene on the marble pavement of that courtyard. All classes were there, and I, a blind girl, within the confines of that old church, was reading with all my might from my open Bible, reading with my fingers! Do you believe me? God gave me strength to read three hours that day, and there were always listeners! God protected me or I should have been killed. My sister whispered, "Oh, do stop, they will kill you!" I finished by pleading with the women, who were crowded on one side, and the men standing or sitting apart on the other side, to live the Christian life. Some of them dared to say they never understood the priest. They asked me what Christianity was, saying they never knew from anything they ever heard from the church.

At last a temple attendant asked: "Have you finished your lecture?" and I decided it was time to close my long service. Then this temple servant, who was a dragoman (guide and interpreter) came near and filled my hands with meteliks. Thus did my work inside the Greek church begin. It may be interesting for you to know that this friend who was raised up for me inside the church, I later taught all the English I knew and he left for America. It was his greatest ambition to find his way to this land of freedom. He left the church for it had failed to satisfy him and he had lost confidence in it, and America called him with its freedom to worship as conscience dictated. Where he is now I do not know. I lost track of him when he left Palestine.

The next day after this incident the bishop approached my mother and said: "Daughter, what shall I do with your daughter?" My mother answered, "Kill her, if you think best." Do not think my mother was cruel. She had been trained from childhood to have perfect confidence in the bishop, that whatever he did would be quite right. But the bishop was not angry. Perhaps my blindness protected me; it has many times. Anyway, my Lord kept me and the bishop said: "I have no patience to teach these troublous people. They are wretchedly poor and all full of complaints and ungrateful. Your daughter may teach the beggars who come on Sabbath afternoons to the courtyard and if

she only keeps them quiet so they do not bother me, it is all right." Was that not a surprise and was it not like a plan from above that the poor in Bethlehem should have the gospel preached to them?

For more than three years I visited the Church on Sabbath Day, early in the morning, always quite safely. Not only did I teach there but in my own home, for, of course, all the town and the towns about heard of the blind Greek girl who read Bible stories with her fingers! I used to read in the Bethlehem Greek Catholic church the Sermon on the Mount, that is, to the beggars. I taught them, in that City of David, David's Psalm—"The Lord is my Shepherd," texts as John 3: 16, the Christian songs in Arabic—"Jesus loves me, this I know," and many other simple Christian hymns. The bishop himself often heard me. I wonder if the simple words did not sometimes appeal to his heart. There are many, many religious leaders in this world, full of what we call bigotry but—have they had a fair chance when from their childhood they have been taught half-truths, if not actual untruth? The bishop himself sometimes put meteliks in my hands after my long Sabbath Day "entertainments" of his wretched guests.

Many people were taught in our own home. When the Church Missionary Society (Church of England) saw my work the workers took me to their mission to teach blind girls to read. Then I worked with the Christian Alliance missionaries in Hebron for two years and also in Beersheba for one year. I will tell you an incident that occurred in Hebron. I was one day called to the house of a big Mohammedan man in the town where there was a sick wife. I had a missionary companion with me and we were invited in where the women of the house were. A young lady said, as we entered: "I know these are married. The young blind woman will have the best man in Hebron." Then a number of woman voices began to chatter and laugh. The sick woman tried to hush them and listened eagerly and begged me to help her. We told her we could pray for her to our Father and Savior who heard and answered the prayer of faith. There was much confusion. The young women of the household were now trying on our hats and giggling. The poor sick woman kept asking for quiet and would say: "I am very,

very sick. You never steal nor tell lies. You are angels. Please pray to Allah for me." We knelt by her bedside and earnestly prayed that she might be restored to health. Then we had coffee served to us and came home. Oh, I must tell you that I read to her about Peter's mother-in-law who lay sick of a fever and how she was healed and arose and served them.

I did not again return to this house until the Mohammedan feast of Ramadan and we found the sick woman well and she did indeed serve us with abounding gratitude assuring us that our prayers had wrought a cure in her. This time the husband, the head of this large household, was ill. There was such anxiety and ten women were serving him. I found all the serving ones were wives of this one man! They were not all either; eight more were in the villages about, for he owned five villages and was a very rich and great man! The younger wives were giggling and chattering in low tones around him as though their master were not ill and suffering. He was half unconscious from the high fever but I asked if he wished us to pray for him. His wife, who had been ill, was begging us to pray for his life. He roused and said, "Yes, pray." We did so, and he did indeed get well very soon and some staunch Mohammedan friends were made and homes were opened to us in which to teach. Perhaps I did not say that this first home of many wives was the opening wedge. They spoke the tongue of the country to which I was born, the Arabic, so it was easy for me to reach them, understanding all they said and knowing their customs.

Did I tell you that my dear father died before I became blind? My older brothers were now grown men and had inherited our father's business, which at first my mother had with wisdom carried on. Now, my brothers carved large pieces most delicately from mother-of-pearl and beautiful strands of beads from olive wood. My father believed in education and he left money that was to be applied for the education of my brothers, that they might not be ignorant. However, it came about that they received a free education at a German school. Then the money belonged to them and to them only. So they decided to take it and go far away to a fine country they had heard of beyond the Red Sea, the Mediterranean and across the wide stretch of the Atlantic

Ocean. Not only these barriers must be crossed, but the whole continent of North American from east to west, to beautiful, sunshiny California! Two only of the brothers left us to establish our father's business beyond the seas. That was twelve years ago. After about eight years our eldest brother came back to Bethlehem and married a Greek girl there and took all our family with him to America with the exception of myself. I was happy in my missionary work with the kind foreign ladies and this was something I could do to help the world even though I was blind. Of course, it was hard to see my mother and brothers and younger sister go, but it seemed to me it would break my heart to give up my work with the women who needed me so much, the untaught Mohammedan women who were almost, if not quite, slaves. I loved them, they were my friends. I could teach them. My blindness was a protection for me as I went about and opened many a closed door or a drawn curtain. Surely my mission was not in beautiful America, where women were free and happy and beloved, but in the land where the Master had been born—and forgotten. So it was that I was the only one of our family of seven children who remained in the place of our birth. Even my mother, speaking only Arabic, and old and afflicted with rheumatism, heard the call of the West from the lips of her eldest son and followed him on the long journey.

I worked happily on, for such work is meat and drink to the soul; it is friends and dear relatives, relatives who understand your deepest heart and sympathize with your best aspirations. You know what "soul relatives" mean anywhere, those who are on fire with the same great purpose as yourself, with the same upholding faith. As I have just said, I worked happily on until the great war broke out. Oh, how much that meant to us in the missions in Palestine! The Turks took everything from us and all the banks were closed so we could get no money. The Greeks and Armenians suffered untold distress. Our mission work was forcibly stopped. The English missionaries left, though I could tell of one who stayed by the work under American protection. It was on a Monday morning of the summer-time that our minister told us we must

leave at once. The next morning we were on our way. Surely it will not be hard for you to imagine the stress of that day of preparation, to be suddenly transported from a settled abode and cast adrift in a world of war. For one thing, there was threatened starvation for us. We had nothing, and for those days before we got a ship there were daily but two or three small pieces of bread and eight olives for the grown persons and six olives for those requiring less. We were comforted by the thought of enough to eat on shipboard, but no one made allowance for seasickness. That was to spoil my promised feast. From July to September, 1914, we suffered the greatest privation. What months of weariness in waiting! I sent word far over the long, war-impeded mail route from Far East to Far West. It was the last week in August, just in time, that money came from my good brothers in California to bring me to them. There were necessary preliminaries. My eyes had to be examined before I left, and the English eye doctor was leaving also, but he gave me a certificate saying my eyes were not diseased. I had no proper passport. In the confusion of our departure the two ladies who were with me, and naturally leaders, as I was blind and being led, made the statement for me that I was a blind Syrian woman, by which the authorities understood a Turkish woman. This was written down, and to my great sorrow and misfortune I discovered that on passports or substitutes for them "what is written is written," and can not be changed.

When we reached England the others could go on, but I was detained as a Turkish woman and a spy. Though the disappointment was cruel my condition was not so bad, for I found the best of Christian friends connected with the British Mission Homes. I was given a sojourning place in a Home of Rest for six months, and then in the Southern Holiday Home for the Blind, where I lived ten weeks. Oh, I can not tell you how I felt there in England, suspended as it were between my two worlds. I could neither go back nor forward. Indeed I was heart-broken. When I assured the officer in England who examined me, "I am not a Turkey! I am not a Turkey!" repeating it over and over, he said, "You must be a goose, then!" I have, fortunately, a saving sense of humor, but

this was scarcely the time to appreciate a joke. I was indeed forlorn until Christian friends were found for me in my enforced exile.

The six months seemed like six years. When it was known that I could not proceed my brothers sent me a comforting telegram, but the addition that they would sell themselves but what they would buy me smote upon my heartstrings. I felt I was making them untold trouble. I knitted socks and gloves and I spoke in churches. When my brothers telegraphed to me I replied with a cablegram to them. At last I was to proceed to America. How thankful I was! My brothers were naturalized American citizens, surely there could be no more trouble.

At last I was landed with the motley crowd on Ellis Island amidst such a jargon, such a babel of voices for the blind! The officer who took my heap of papers designed to help me into America did not even deign to look at my physician's certificate, which stated though blind I had no contagious disease of the eye, and they detained me for examination. I realize this might have been necessary, but the length of time I was in awful suspense seemed cruel. My brothers went to Washington the last day of March, having come from California to try to get me passed on to the mainland. They went to the Greek consul, who personally knew of me. If all seemed that at last I would be admitted, when what word do you think came to me on April 9? It was a message that I, suffering from a contagious disease of the eye, was to be sent back to the port from which I had come, that is, to England. I was then in the hospital on Ellis Island. Oh, what dreams of other days I had in that hospital! What suspense I suffered! What would happen to me now? I was growing weaker day by day. I was placed with the Syrian girls in that great mass of aliens seeking a home in America. When food was distributed to us those poor, untaught, cruel girls would say things about my food that nauseated me so I could not eat, as "Oh, see the mouse floating in her soup!" Then, of course, I could not get the soup I needed so much to pass my lips, and my tormentors undoubtedly ate it themselves. I could not tell about those poor girls, and as I sat there so desolate I found many an opportunity to help the pilgrims from other

lands, as I could speak English and German and some of the tongues of the Far East. When at last the day came that I could leave that strange medley of life on the eastern edge of this land, there was an officer, a lady doctor, who wished to keep me there to interpret. I was five months waiting, waiting on Ellis Island. By the heroic efforts of my brother and the Greek consul in Washington I was not returned, but the effects of the shock of that message that I was to return to the war zone, leaving my entire family in America, stays with me still.

Those who can not see with the physical eyes see much with the eyes of the spirit. The visions that swept before these eyes during the long year I was indeed a woman "without a country" are plain to me still. I have tasted the woe of the emigrant, the hope of the emigrant, too. I know what it is to be a stranger. With my experience, and my love for the work, perhaps my Father has a work for me to do yet.—*Adelaide Gail Frost, in Missionary Tidings.*

Long Beach, Cal.

Work Your Field

REV. GEORGE M. COTTRELL

In my circuit around the country on my Conference trip, the above theme got lodged in my cranium as a topic on which I should like to say some things sometime through the RECORDER.

I have done little serious thinking about it save the general idea itself, and so can not perhaps more than give a hint of what might possibly be said.

I refer to the "field" of the local church, and I suppose my appeal is primarily to the pastor; but it is also to all workers and well-wishers in the church.

There is no grander institution than the church. There are no higher objects than those for which she stands. In every community in which she is placed, she is the savor of life, the salt of the earth.

There is no calling higher than the one held by him who stands at her head and directs all her forces for the achievement of God's will on earth. Largely upon her fulfillment of her mission rests the success of God's kingdom among men. How glorious a thing then is the church! And "how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that

publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

It is a holy ambition, then, to desire the highest success for the church. It is almost criminal, too, to be content to see her fail—or even fall short of doing her best.

There are all kinds of churches: those that are richly successful; some that are indifferent, and some perhaps that are miserable failures. And they are all today subject to temptations, weaknesses and sins, as were the seven churches of Asia to which the Spirit spake.

What is our Ideal Church?

(a) One in which all the members are intelligently loyal to the faith and truth that they profess.

(b) One where the Sabbath service is attended regularly by the entire membership except the sick and aged and those under special conditions of inability.

(c) One where the Sabbath-school attendance includes at least all the church attendants, and as many more as can be drawn upon.

(d) Where the prayer meeting is a *spiritual force*, largely attended by Christians who personally know what religion is, and are happy to tell about it.

(e) Where the church recognizes and assumes her responsibility to seek and save the unchurched and unshepherded in her midst; hence, where are constantly being brought in of these such as are to be saved. And of course she is constantly to be bringing in the children of her own fold.

(f) And of course this church will not be narrow, and live alone unto herself; but her sympathies will be as broad as human need, and the denomination of which she is a part will have strong support in her. In every home will be found the weekly family letter, the SABBATH RECORDER, the *Pulpit* sermons, the denominational books on the faith, on the Sabbath, *The Great Test*, etc. Thus the children will receive the home training and bask in an atmosphere conducive to spiritual health and growth.

(g) Oh, yes, this church will organize all her different classes and forces in such a way as to produce the greatest efficiency and accomplish the greatest results; but no part will be considered greater than the whole, and "The Church," founded on the truth, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone,—"The Church" will still be the mother of them all, the center of their

thought, affection and best endeavor.

What a joy to drop into such a church, and find the whole community crowding the room to the outer walls; to listen to the beautiful music by choir and congregation; and then to the preacher, as he hopefully, enthusiastically expounds the living word to the waiting people!

What a privilege has the pastor, as he works at his desk, to go over his field, to count up his families, to see who is missing here, what is needed there; to lay his nets to catch them all for Christ. Here is a family that doesn't attend church. He can not rest until they do. Here are some boys that should be in the Sabbath school. It must somehow be accomplished. There are some carrying their church letters that must be persuaded into the church. There are a number of young people out of Christ, and by the regular or special efforts these must be reached. And so may the pastor build a glorious body, "even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

Are all of our churches working and living up to capacity? As I traveled through New Jersey and Rhode Island, I thought what a big field those country churches had. Are they all *filling* it? Some of them with scores of mill people and no other church there but ours. Are our pastors working or preaching outside to eke out their income, to the neglect of their own opportunities on their own field? Would not their own church produce the best salary of all if she were developed to capacity? So my plea to all our pastors is: "*Work your field.*" Don't be satisfied till your church has reached her limit of accomplishment and performance, and the reward will be both hers and yours. And then, perchance, a larger field will open.

P. S.—Things are beginning to move. Two orders for *The Great Test* from an Arkansas L. S. K. A New York L. S. K. sent to the RECORDER \$8 for RECORDERS for those not having it. A New Jersey pastor writes of 25 sales of *The Great Test*; a Wisconsin pastor of 17 more, and expects to make it 20. We expect the churches to make the RECORDER canvass, and we L. S. K's must not forget we have to get 125 new RECORDERS.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Lessons From the Past

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 30, 1916.*

Daily Readings

Sunday—Sloth (Amos 6: 1-11)

Monday—God's patience (Isa. 46: 1-11)

Tuesday—God's care (Luke 12: 1-7)

Wednesday—Shortness of time (Ps. 90: 1-17)

Thursday—Joy of service (2 Cor. 1: 12-14)

Friday—Our need of power (Matt. 16: 21-28)

Sabbath Day—Lessons to learn from the past
(Eph. 5: 15-21) (New Year's Meeting)

TAKING STOCK

It seems to be inborn in human nature to take account now and then of our moral condition, especially at the beginning of each new year. I believe that even the worst of men and women do so, in their better moments, for I doubt if there are many who have gone so deeply into sin that at some time or other they do not suffer from an accusing conscience. There is still a little of the divine left in them, and the law of conscience witnesses to it.

And though the making of New Year's resolutions may have come to be regarded as a joke, it is just as reasonable that we as Endeavorers should take stock of our spiritual assets at the beginning of the new year, as it is that the careful business man should take stock of his goods.

PROFIT OR LOSS?

No doubt each one of us has made a mental invoice already of our spiritual assets. What does it show, profit or loss? Have we increased our stock, or has it been diminished, shelf-worn and dusty? If we are spiritually poorer than we were a year ago, where lies the fault? How many failures have we made? Could they have been avoided? No doubt there have been failures. But after all, in spite of our failures, I believe every true Endeavorer has a desire to redeem them and avoid them in the future. Few of our failures have come from deliberate purpose, I think, but because we have failed to keep close to our Master.

VALUE OF RETROSPECTION

The past must always have its lessons for us, but the chief good of the past is for the future, that by its lessons we may avoid failure. It is of no use to continually keep pointing to the past and brooding over its failures. One who persists in living continually in the experiences of the past will never fully grasp the wonderful opportunities of the present. The value of the past is that it may by its experiences teach us to live more efficiently for the present. But not all the experiences of the past have been failures. Some have been most blessed, some have brought us much closer to God. How they strengthen and encourage us for the future.

"REDEEMING THE TIME"

No Christian, no Endeavorer, has a right to waste time and opportunity. They are to be carefully conserved and used for God. "Look therefore carefully," says Paul, "how ye walk," that is, how we live, to the things which we do. Be careful in conduct. But why? There must be a reason for it. Paul's "therefore" points back to the reason, which is found in verse 8 of this same chapter. "For ye were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord: walk as children of light (for the fruit of the light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth), proving what is well pleasing unto the Lord" (vv. 8-10).

"Redeeming the time," literally, "buying up the opportunity, because the days are evil." The times of Paul were saturated with evil and wickedness, as are the present times, and Paul would have those to whom he was writing waste no opportunity to make the very best use of the time in acting and living as became followers of Christ. Let not its opportunities be squandered in wickedness and frivolousness.

Do not be heedless, but have an intelligent understanding of what is God's will, as to how each opportunity is to be used (v. 17).

Our lives are to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and this is to be evidenced by the joy which we manifest as Christians. We are to testify of our redemption (vv. 18-19).

We are to give thanks for all things (v. 20). Does that mean our sorrows and disappointments as well as our joys?

Dear young people, let us buy up the opportunities of the coming year. Let us allow not one of them to be unused. Many

opportunities will present themselves during the year for service for Christ and our associates, for those about us. There is plenty of work for all, and if we would make the new year happy and successful we must grasp its opportunities. Buy up every one of them.

THOUGHTS OF OTHERS

"The happiest things in the past year are the kindnesses you have done. Make next year fuller of them."

"Do not let the old year go by without passing in review God's many kindnesses to you. He is ready to give you still more blessings next year, if you will let him."

"Whatever has been sorrowful in our past year is so because Christ was not in it. The lesson is, Keep close to him the coming year."

"Every New Year's Day is but a pier of the bridge of time whose further shore is Eternity. Are you living for that shore, or only for the bridge?"

"This year you made many mistakes, but rejoice if you end the year on a higher plane than when you began."

Let the dawn of every morning be to you the beginning of life and every setting sun be to you its close.—*John Ruskin.*

New Year am I among the sons of men.
In heaven my name is Opportunity.
—*Mabel Earle.*

Another year is dying,
Another year is born;
Christ keep us all forever,
In midnight and at morn!
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Is an Intermediate Society Worth While?

C. B. WEST

Is it worth while to have an Intermediate Christian Endeavor society? Does it fill a place that no other organization can fill, or is it a superfluous organization?

In studying these questions we find that in the places where Intermediate work has been tried it does fill a great need. So important does this work seem to the Young People's Board that they have taken it from under the Junior department and started a special Intermediate department.

Most boys and girls in the adolescent age, who graduate from the Junior society, do not feel at home in a society of older people who can talk fluently and can use big words. In a society of their own they feel

free to express their ideas and are willing to work hard and assume responsibility, while in the Senior society it is only natural that they should let the older ones hold the offices and committee jobs. Young people from 12 to 16 years old get the idea that the Junior society is a sort of "baby class" and Senior Christian Endeavor is something too old for them, and unless they are held somehow they will drift away from the influence of the Church. The Intermediate society serves to hold them. A great many of our Christian Endeavor societies are hindered by older people who do all the talking. An Intermediate society has this advantage, that all older people, who insist that they are young in spirit but nevertheless kill the meeting for those who are young in years, are naturally eliminated. An Intermediate society is an organization of young people, for young people, run by young people.

The Blessings of the Quiet Hour

BEATRICE COTTRELL

Read at the Young People's Hour of the Yearly Meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist Churches of New Jersey, New York, and Berlin, in New York, December 2, 1916

What is a blessing? Generally speaking a blessing is that which produces real happiness or prosperity, and is an evidence of divine favor. And what is the Quiet Hour? As understood in this connection it is a period of prayer and meditation, marking, at the same time, the elimination from the mind of worldly thoughts and desires. In this day of strain and stress it is essential for us, not always to sail boldly on, but as a ship at sea, to stop occasionally and get our bearings and see if we are taking the right course to the port we hope to enter.

The Quiet Hour, of course, brings us into closer touch with God, the Power that rules the universe. It gives us a chance to take account of our spiritual holdings, our resources and liabilities, to decide what is gold and what is dross, what is gain and what is loss.

The Quiet Hour is our compass on the sea of life. It is our guide at all times and we should learn to turn to it for aid when we see ourselves enclosed by a heavy fog and do not know in which direction we should steer.

When, like a ship nearing dangerous and rocky reefs, we discover ourselves involved in serious and weighty problems, again the Quiet Hour is our refuge. It is our anchor when the wind blows and the tempest rages on all sides, and holds us firmly to the Rock of Ages, and does not let worldly temptations sweep us from our course. When in the calms of life we feel ourselves becoming dissatisfied, disheartened and discouraged, and feel we can not go on, another time the Quiet Hour tides us over and gives us new hope.

The Quiet Hour is a strong marine-glass that gives us the far look and the proper perspective. When seas are calm and winds are fair the tendency is to neglect the compass, but in times of trouble we never fail to turn to our guide to set us right. By merely floating with the tide we may drift into perilous situations which often endanger the whole voyage of life, but if we form the habit of watching our compass daily we may escape many treacherous shoals.

To the young Christian Endeavorer the Quiet Hour is of the utmost importance. The many influences, the formation of character, and the ideals of life are largely determined by the Quiet Hour.

The Quiet Hour strengthens faith; it drives out selfishness and lessens sorrow. It sweetens lives and creates happier dispositions. It purifies souls. It makes firm foundations which can always be relied upon.

And finally it is the great impelling force that determines our course to higher and higher ideals until the supreme goal is realized.

"Happy the heart that keeps the Quiet Hour,
And in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender
power—

Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's Ladder of the mind!"

Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Plainfield, N. J.

Twenty-five years ago today, December 9, 1891, the Christian Endeavor society of this church was organized, and for most of these twenty-five years the work has proceeded along the same general lines. Two years ago the Efficiency campaign was started in our society, and has since been

carried out, on the whole, very successfully. Better organization of the society and a more definite plan of work have come as the direct result of this campaign.

So many of our young people have left for college during the past three years that our ranks have been greatly weakened; therefore our society made a special effort to gain new recruits early in the fall, with a result that five active members have been added to the list. Two young people were transferred to the absent list, making a total active membership of twenty-six.

An Intermediate society has been formed among the Boy Scouts with Mr. Theodore G. Davis as superintendent. This society has an active membership of nine. Of course this has made a great difference in the enrolment of the Junior society which now comprises ten children under the leadership of Miss Greene. The reports of these superintendents will follow.

The Prayer Meeting and Lookout Committees have recently been combined, as have the offices of corresponding and recording secretary. It is thought that this will prove to be a more efficient arrangement.

In January of 1916, the Executive Committee made out the following plan for the work of the year:

Missionary and Temperance Committee to take up the work of gaining new members for the Quiet Hour and Tenth Legion.

Music Committee to furnish special music once a month at consecration meetings.

Budget Committee to make a thorough canvass of the society for pledges.

Lookout and Prayer Meeting Committee to canvass for new members and keep a record of the attendance of active members at Christian Endeavor prayer meetings and other church services.

The duties of the other committees remained as heretofore.

Up to the time of the Biederwolf campaign, last year, we held a class for the purpose of studying our denominational history. This took part of the time of our weekly meetings.

The society has contributed to various denominational objects as usual, as will be shown by the treasurer's report, and has cooperated with the state, county and local Christian Endeavor unions.

The total attendance of active members

at consecration meetings last year was one hundred and seven. We hope to have a better showing at the end of this year, and rather expect it, for we are planning a Bible-study class to take part of the time of our weekly prayer meetings, and this class we hope will stimulate interest in the work of the society.

This report would not be complete without acknowledgement of the untiring efforts of the first president of the society, Mr. Arthur L. Titsworth, to whose courage and breadth of vision was due the establishment of the work which has been carried on for so many years.

At the time of this our silver anniversary, we bespeak your co-operation and support in order that the work may go on with greater success and the standards be kept up to those established twenty-five years ago today.

Respectfully submitted,
MARGARET KIMBALL,
Secretary.

Summary of the Treasurer's Report, Young People's Society
For the year ending July 1, 1916

Receipts	
Balance on hand, July 1, 1915	\$ 29 53
From socials	70 22
Special collections	20 00
Collections	1 88
Pledges	15 50
Total	\$137 13
Disbursements	
Supplies	\$ 12 21
Denominational boards	78 00
State and county work	5 00
Junior C. E., 1-2 Children's Day Collection	6 00
Total	\$101 21
Balance on hand	35 92
	\$137 13

Respectfully submitted,
NATHAN S. WARDNER,
Treasurer.

Report of the Intermediate Society of Christian Endeavor

The Intermediate society was organized in October, 1916, with an enrolment of nine boys. They meet in the Sabbath-school room at three o'clock every Sabbath afternoon with an average weekly attendance of seven boys. At present the society is taking up the study of the Bible, following the general outline of the course by Rev. Walter Greene.

Respectfully submitted,
THEODORE G. DAVIS,
Superintendent.

Report of the Junior Society

Soon after our last anniversary, the Junior society took up the study of the *Catechism* for Seventh Day Baptist Children, prepared by Mrs. Maxson, which was continued, with much profit, until vacation time.

One Sabbath in each month the Juniors enjoyed one of Mr. Shaw's interesting chalk talks. This was also continued until vacation.

During the Biederwolf campaign, our regular meetings were discontinued and the children attended the meetings for children in the tabernacle.

At the end of the year Mrs. Shaw, the superintendent, felt that she could not continue the work, and knowing the many duties that pressed upon her, the Senior society accepted her resignation, with deep regret and with keen appreciation of the successful work she had done with the boys and girls.

At the opening of school in the fall, the Junior meetings were continued, and it was felt best to divide the society. The older boys were organized into an Intermediate society. This left eight Juniors. Two more have since joined, making a membership of ten.

On the week before Thanksgiving, the parents were invited to attend the meeting, that they might see how the work is conducted. The children told, either in their own words or by means of stories, things for which they should be thankful, and enjoyed a talk by Mrs. Irving Hunting.

During the year the society has given small contributions to the work of Miss Jansz, to the schools at Milton, Salem, and Fouke, toward the purchase of a typewriter for the Theological Seminary, and has mailed copies of the RECORDER to persons unable to pay for their own subscriptions. Last Christmas a contribution was made toward the Community Christmas Tree, and the Missionary Committee this year are making plans for Christmas gifts for children less fortunate than themselves.

The children seem much interested, and we pray that we may lead them to a deeper love for God and his Word and a great desire to be of service for him.

Respectfully submitted,
MILDRED GREENE,
Superintendent.

December 9, 1916.

Apportionment of Societies and Churches for Young People's Board

Alfred	\$60 00
Friendship	20 60
Independence	13 80
Genesee	35 40
Second Alfred	36 20
First Hebron	5 00
Scio	2 60
Hartsville	8 60
Hebron Center	2 40
Andover	9 60
Richburg	10 00
Little Prairie	2 00
Attalla	3 00
Fouke	9 00
Hammond	6 00
Gentry	8 80
First Brookfield	22 00
DeRuyter	12 40
Scott	3 80
Verona	16 00
Adams	32 80
Second Brookfield	20 40
West Edmeston	10 00
Syracuse	2 60
Salem	54 80
Lost Creek	13 80
Middle Island	11 00
Ritchie	11 80
Greenbrier	4 80
Roanoke	4 80
Salemville	6 80
Riverside	25 00
Los Angeles	3 60
Long Beach	3 60
Milton	59 80
Jackson Center	17 60
Albion	26 40
Walworth	20 00
Berlin	40
Southampton	2 20
Welton	9 40
Dodge Center	20 00
Carlton	15 00
Nortonville	33 60
Farina	30 80
Stone Fort	7 00
North Loup	55 20
Milton Junction	38 00
Cartwright	12 60
Chicago	9 60
Boulder	10 80
Farnam	2 00
Grand Marsh	5 00
Battle Creek	40 00
Exeland	3 20
New Market	14 80
First Hopkinton	48 60
Shiloh	59 20
Berlin, N. Y.	16 60
Waterford	7 60
Marlboro	15 80
Second Hopkinton	12 00
Rockville	21 20
First Westerly	4 80
Plainfield	50 00
Pawcatuck	50 00
New York	11 40
Second Westerly	3 80
Cumberland	2 40

L. H. STRINGER,
Treasurer Young People's Board.

A Tribute

In loving appreciation, to the memory of our departed sister, Mrs. Mary Green Prentice, who was called to her heavenly rest on November 5, 1916.

In her death the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Verona Church loses a beloved and valued member, one who was ever loyal to all its interests. Possessing a calm and sunny temperament, she lived a life the noble example of which will always be an inspiration for greater zeal in the cause she loved. By nature richly endowed, she added to her rare gifts of heart and mind, culture, by striving for the higher things of life. She was always found a friend seeing some good in every one. She had strong Christian courage and faith and had no fear of death. During her last illness she spoke of the home-going with pleasure and in every way tried to cheer and comfort the loved ones with the hope of the reunion in the heavenly home. Of her it can be truly said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"I can not say and I will not say
That she is dead; she is just away.
With a cherry smile and a wave of the hand
She has vanished into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since she lingers there.

"And you, O you who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,
Think of her living on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here;
Think of her still as the same: I say
She is not dead; she is just away."

IDA W. THAYER,
ZILLA W. SHOWDY,
MYRTIE C. WILLIAMS,
Committee.

When some one asked Harriet Beecher Stowe if the rigid requirements of an old New England Sabbath did not create in her a distaste for it, she promptly repudiated the suggestion and said:

"I have lived to wander in many climates and foreign lands where the Sabbath is an unknown name, or where it is only recognized by noisy mirth; but never has the day returned without bringing with it a breathing of religious awe, and even a yearning for the unbroken stillness and the simple devotion of the Puritan Sabbath."—*Christian Advocate*.

"Even the best may be bettered; indeed, it must be bettered if it is not to grow worse. So nobody ever gets beyond the necessity for saying, with the apostle, 'Brethren, I count not myself yet to have laid hold; but one thing I do; forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press onward unto the goal, unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'"

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Patience

How smooth the sea pebbles are!
But—do you know
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so?

And I once saw a little girl
Sit down and cry,
Because she could not cure a fault
With one small try.

—The Lutheran.

Such a Joke on Susy

"And now," laughed Uncle Bob, as Flo and Mary flew into his room, "something tells me that I'm going to hear about the children's sermon this morning. I do hope it's about Sadie Snippy. I find I've become very deeply attached to Sadie Snippy."

"It isn't Sadie Snippy," corrected Flo quickly, "it's Susy Snobby. I should think you'd remember, Uncle Bob, when we've told you about her every single Sabbath since you broke your leg."

"And besides," said little Mary, "how can you like her, Uncle Bob? Why, she's horrid as horrid, always! You ought to hear what she did today, Uncle Bob. Nobody could like her after that."

"I stand corrected," answered Uncle Bob, with a deep bow and his hand on his heart. "I do not of course like Sadie, I mean Susy Snobby. Nobody could. But I do like very much to hear about the 'perfectly horrid' things that she does. Now, who is going to tell me this time? Let's see, it was Mary last week, wasn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Flo eagerly; "so it's my turn this time. Sit down, Mary, and I'll begin right away. It was about clothes this time, Uncle Bob. And what do you think, the minister saw her in our Sabbath school again last Sabbath. She came visiting in somebody's class. Aren't you glad it wasn't ours, Mary?"

"She had on, he said, some perfectly beautiful new clothes; a lovely great big feather in her hat, and a brand-new fuzzy woolly coat, and some nice kid gloves, and a pair of silk stockings, Uncle Bob, and a beautiful new set of furs that her father gave her for Christmas.

"And she sat down beside a little girl

named Patty Payton. I never heard of her, and neither did Mary. But she's a lovely little girl, Uncle Bob; just as sweet as she can be. The minister said so. But her father hasn't very much money, and lots of times the clothes that she has used to belong to her rich cousin, but of course Patty can't help that.

"They must have been pretty, though, for the first thing Susy Snobby did when she sat down was to look Patty all over—way from the top of her head to the tips of her shoes. And then without beginning with 'how do you do' or 'what is your name?' or anything like that, she just said, 'Where do you buy your clothes?' Just like that!

"And poor little Patty turned red and felt very uncomfortable, just as you would, you know, Uncle Bob, to have anybody say a thing like that to you; but she is a very truthful little girl, and she couldn't tell a lie.

"I don't buy my clothes, most of them," she said, "my Cousin Elsie sends her old ones to me after she's done with them, and my mother makes them over for me."

"And what do you think that horrid Susy Snobby did? Poked her nose right up in the air and said: 'You wear second-hand clothes? How dreadful! I wouldn't be seen with second-hand clothes!' And she turned her back on poor little Patty and began talking with a girl on the other side!

"But you needn't be too sorry for Patty, Uncle Bob, for the joke is on that Susy Snobby after all. The minister explained it to us. You remember she said she wouldn't be seen wearing second-hand clothes! Well, listen! The feather on her hat had been stolen away from a poor little bird that the Lord gave it to first. And her lovely coat was just the winter overcoat of a sheep. And her gloves came off a poor little kid—that's a baby goat, Uncle Bob. And somebody got her silk stockings away from a silk-worm that had them wrapped around him. And her furs, Uncle Bob, belonged by rights to a smelly little skunk! Isn't that the very best joke you ever heard? All of the things that Susy Snobby was so proud of were second-hand! And besides, hers were all stolen, while Patty Payton's cousin gave her hers and sent them to her in a box! Oh, don't you hope Susy Snobby came to church today and heard about it?"—*Winifred Arnold, in Junior World.*

The Sermon for Children: "Our Lord Jesus Christ"

A missionary who labored on the east coast of Africa tells this story which I know you will like to hear. One day a little black boy came to him and said, "Was Jesus a white man or a black man?"

The missionary was going to say right away that Jesus was a white man, but he happened to guess what was in this black boy's mind. He knew that if he said Jesus was a white man the boy would turn away with a sad look, thinking that everything that was good had been given to the white man. So the missionary thought a moment. He remembered that Jesus lived, when on earth, in a very warm country called Palestine. That the people who came from there, even today, were all dark-skinned, though not quite black. So he answered, "No, Jesus was not a white man, nor a black man, but sort of between the two. He was kind of brown."

"Oh, then!" exclaimed the little fellow with delight, "he belongs to both of us, doesn't he?"

"Yes," said the missionary. "He belongs to both of us."

How true this is. He is "our Lord Jesus Christ." I wonder if we have all claimed him as *really* ours? I wonder if we are doing all we can to send word to every little boy and girl in heathen lands that he belongs to them too?—*C. Sturges Ball, in Christian Work.*

Federation of Churches and Sunday Legislation

DEAR BROTHER EDITOR:

We Seventh Day Baptists have patted ourselves on the back a good deal for the influence we have been able to exert on the inside of the Church Federation towards preventing Sunday legislation. If we are really having any such influence, it is fine, but I do not hear any compliments or comments regarding our actions and influence, from any one but ourselves. I can't help wondering sometimes how other people look at it.

The following facts may be of interest to your readers. They are facts, that can be substantiated if necessary.

The Executive Council of the Church Federation were holding a "clinic session"

to lay plans for their work. They asked for a report from the man who had charge of the Sunday bills in Congress. He reported that he had not been able to secure the passage of one bill. They asked the reason why. He said it was because of the pernicious activity of the Seventh Day Adventists. "They flooded the Congressmen with letters, telegrams and petitions. There are about three million of them in the United States and every one of them is a preacher." In the discussion that followed, the council decided that they must work for the repeal of all exemption clauses, increase of penalty to \$500 fine and six months' imprisonment for all Sunday labor, and lastly for confiscation of property of all Sabbath-keepers. One kindly old gentleman objected that this was rather severe and they at last decided to make it all property over \$2,000.

The next winter after this council over one hundred bills were offered to repeal exemption-clauses, but all were defeated. The next year one hundred thirty-one bills were offered increasing the penalties as agreed upon, and were all defeated. It remains to be seen whether they will attempt the confiscation scheme.

This is an "inside" view of things. I wonder if our Seventh Day Baptist representative was present at that council, and how far Seventh Day Baptist influence went to stem the rising tide of Sunday legislation? It was the outsiders, the Adventists, that got the credit. They had no "inside influence" but they seem to have a tremendous amount of outside activity that produces results. Our influence doesn't seem to have impressed itself on the Federation as much as the Adventist activity.

I wonder how long it will be before Seventh Day Baptists realize the false, inconsistent position we are in, in being part of an organization that advocates such measures as these? Let's get on the outside and *fight* this Sunday legislation, as we ought, instead of pleasantly and agreeably trying to influence the Federation from the inside.

N. O. MOORE.

*Riverside, Cal.,
Dec. 3, 1916.*

"To give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I would send him to no other book than the New Testament."

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

An Insurance Compendium

Fred Ainsworth is one of that splendid company of Seventh Day Baptists who are loyal to their convictions, although living away from the people of like faith. He resides with his family at Monroe, Wis., and is a member of the Milton Junction Church. He is district manager of the Guardian Life Insurance Company. Last spring he presented to the president of the company a Bible. He accompanied the gift with a letter so unique that I have asked him to reproduce it for the readers of this page.

I give below his reply to my request, and then the letter to his head officer.

DEAR BROTHER RANDOLPH:

I am sending you a copy of the letter you wanted. Of course the more conversant one is with insurance terms and modes of thought, the better he will appreciate the language used. I know of no business which admits of more striking parallels to Scripture.

One thing which I might well have said, but did not think of it at the time, is that many, mistaking the nature and object of this policy, try to secure it as fire insurance protection, and like many policyholders in other companies, never discover until the policy matures that they have not the insurance they thought they had, and are grievously disappointed.

Very truly yours,
FRED AINSWORTH.

Monroe, Wis.,
Nov. 1, 1916.

DEAR MR. _____:

I am mailing under separate cover, and beg to present upon your birthday, the most unique and comprehensive compendium of Life and Health Insurance ever issued. It gives a sketch of various fake life concerns issuing unauthorized life policies based upon inadequate rates, and shows the disaster and disappointment which such schemes must end in. It then passes to a description of the only company ever

formed which has weathered the disasters of thousands of years, which issues but one form of policy, and that one meets the needs of all classes of policyholders. While these are whole life policies, they singularly enough furnish all the advantages of endowments, and the insured, himself, is the beneficiary, sharing however the benefits of the policy with all his neighbors, if he enters into the spirit of service which the company would inculcate.

The company itself is intensely centralized, all the stock being held in one family, a state of things which would be unbearable, did not the Management combine infinite beneficence with omnipotence and omniscience.

This is shown best of all in the matter of premiums. Naturally we would expect that a policy offering such great advantages would carry a high rate of premium. This is correct. The premiums are extremely high, but the Management has paid all premiums in advance, and presents a single-premium, paid-up policy to each applicant who complies with the conditions.

Another unique thing about it is that the examinations are so severe that no applicant ever passes, but one of the members of the family controlling the company takes his place, and undergoes the tests.

Strange to say, there are lapses, but it is never the fault of the Management, but always of the insured, and the company goes to great expense to revive them.

Altogether it seems to me the most remarkable insurance project ever devised, and the manual which I am mailing, a most remarkable document.

With my best wishes for many happy returns of this day, I remain,

Very truly yours,
FRED AINSWORTH.

Monroe, Wis.,
March 17, 1916.

Lesson XIV.—December 30, 1916

MOSES AND HIS WORK.—Josh. 1

Golden Text.—“As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee.” Josh. 1: 5.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 24—Exo. 3
Dec. 25—Exo. 5
Dec. 26—Exo. 6
Dec. 27—Deut. 4
Dec. 28—Deut. 5
Dec. 29—Deut. 32
Dec. 30—Joshua 1

Salem College Notes

The Thanksgiving recess began on Wednesday afternoon, November 29, at 4 o'clock, and terminated on Tuesday morning at 8. The students were conspicuous by their absence from the shops, stores and town in general. We doubt not that the business men realize only too well when a vacation occurs.

Because of the fact that most of the members returned to their respective homes for the holidays and because most of the students who remained were invited out to Thanksgiving dinner, Friday was observed as a day of peace, prosperity and plenty at the college boarding club. Covers were laid for five, those present being Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Ray Palmer, Ray Hutson and Mr. A. F. Gadd. The most important items on the menu follow: roast chicken, creamed carrots, creamed peas, roast sweet potatoes, mashed white potatoes, coldslaw, candied cranberries, preserved peaches, olives and raspberry pie.

Tuberculosis Week is this week observed generally throughout the United States; and in order that the students might become better acquainted with the different aspects of the white plague, Doctor E. B. Fittro, one of our prominent local physicians, was asked to speak at chapel on Tuesday. He accepted with pleasure, and with his easy, polished way of talking, together with a knowledge of the subject, made quite an impression on the student body. The important points of his speech follow. “The physicians themselves will never effect a complete cure for tuberculosis, nor the colleges, nor the lawmaker; but this disease can be stamped out only by the united efforts of all the people. Before this can be accomplished, the people must understand the causes and nature of the disease. The tuberculosis germ is not dangerous when first expectorated from the lungs. Only when the sputum becomes dry does it become dangerous. This germ will thrive and live in dark and damp places and in old clothing. The sun is its worst enemy and will kill it. Bear in mind at all times that, first, tuberculosis is not hereditary; second, it is contagious; and third, it is curable if taken in time. One out of every seven people in the United States dies of this disease. Figuring on this basis, 16,000,000 people out of the 112,000,000 re-

ported at the last U. S. Census will meet a white plague death. The financial loss to the United States alone due to this disease amounts to \$330,000,000 annually.” The Doctor outlined the symptoms of the disease, such as weakness and tired feeling, loss of weight, expectorating in the morning, chills and fever, night sweats, hemorrhages, etc. As a preventive, the Doctor suggested, “Keep yourself well, keep yourself up to the standard.”

A. F. G.

Milton College Notes

The annual oyster supper of the Philos, on the evening of December 2, was attended by forty-three members, new and old, one of the largest numbers present since the plan was inaugurated. With a single exception the old members represented a line of active membership from 1869 until the present time.

The time before the supper was spent in a social way and in singing college songs. The supper was prepared and served by the young ladies of the Miltonian Lyceum, and the manner in which the Philos did justice to the viands was highly complimentary to the Miltonian's skill in the culinary art.

After the supper President John Thorngate acted as toastmaster and called upon J. E. Holmes, who gave a welcome to the new members. The response was given by W. S. Hillstrom. Then followed responses to toasts by a number of members who had been notified they would be expected to talk. Then a number of old-time members responded to the call, and showed their willingness to do their part the same as when they were active in society work.

It was an evening of jollity and rare good-fellowship and closed with two selections by present and former members of Milton College Glee Club, and the singing of the Philo song.—*Journal-Telephone*.

“The music of life's harp is strangely sweet
When it recalls the dear old scenes of home.
The wanderer in fancy turns his feet,
And half forgets they ere were taught to roam.
A halo seems to linger o'er the place
Where childhood days were spent, its joys
and tears.
Again he greets each dear familiar face,
And hears the loving words of former years.”

HOME NEWS

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—It will interest many to know that our church is growing, not only in numbers, but we trust in spiritual power among the people here. While we have an excellent place for worship in the Sanitarium chapel, we do greatly need our own building.

On Sabbath Day, December 2, fourteen were received into membership. These were all adults. One, a young woman from Colorado, was baptized, this being, she said, the first opportunity she had ever had for the ordinance. It was very encouraging to welcome to our church in fellowship Elder G. C. Tenney, who for many years has been, and is still, connected with the Sanitarium as chaplain or pastor and is an able editor. With his great experience, ability, and manifest piety, he will give great encouragement to our membership. His wife also is a very active worker. Elder George W. Lewis, late pastor at Jackson Center, Ohio, united with us. Pastor Kelly is giving us most excellent sermons and service that stir the heart and soul. He seems to be giving the best of his life to the church, and the church appreciates it. He also is in great demand outside of our congregation. His wife is a valued worker in our midst.

A recent social at the home of Dr. Johanson was a very successful affair, uniting all present in the bonds of fellowship. There were readings, vocal and instrumental music contributed by Reginald Langworthy, of Dodge Center, Minn., and Dr. Johanson, and Miss Tacy Coon and others, with an account of a storm at sea by Brother Scheppel who was once a sailor. Miss Gertrude Evans, a pupil of Mrs. Jessie Carter, is an accomplished reader and "brought down the house."

The Finance Committee has planned an every member canvass, to be accomplished in one day.

The Ladies' Aid had a sale in the Sanitarium parlors on the seventh, which was a pretty affair, having not only many home-made articles of beauty and worth but imported Japanese things of high cost. The sale was accounted a success.

The "Brotherhood" invited the sister-

hood to their meeting on the sixth at the Haskell Home and had a great variety in the matter of entertainment as well as excellent speeches by Elder G. W. Lewis and Rev. Jay Crofoot, and another Shanghai (China) missionary, of the Presbyterian faith, who paid a high tribute to the late Dr. Davis and all our missionaries and people. He admired their principle, and devotion to what they believed to be truth.

One of our members, Elder H. D. Clarke, once superintendent of the Haskell Home here, is among us for the winter, coming from Dodge Center, Minn.

Many of our people took in the late Medical Missionary Conference held here, among whom we noticed Missionary Crofoot, Mrs. A. B. West, of the Woman's Board, and Mrs. W. C. Daland, of Milton. There may have been others from away whose names we can not remember. Brother Crofoot occupied the pulpit Sabbath, the second. In view of Sister West's presence we will not report the Conference, as she will no doubt give us a graphic account of it in the SABBATH RECORDER.

Mrs. Jessie Langworthy Carter has charge of the Junior Christian Endeavor, which seems to be a live adjunct to our church.

REPORTER.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The third section of the Ladies' Aid of the Seventh Day Baptist Church held a cafeteria supper in the church parlors Wednesday evening and in connection with it a parcel post sale of fancy articles. The ladies realized a net profit of \$47.23 from the affair.—*Journal-Telephone*.

When Goethe says that in every human condition foes lie in wait for us, "invincible only by cheerfulness and equanimity," he does not mean that we can at all times be really cheerful, or at a moment's notice, but that the endeavor to look at the better side of things will produce the habit, and that this habit is the surest safeguard against the danger of sudden evils.—*Leigh Hunt*.

"An indication of the growth of the 'movement from Rome' in Germany is seen in the fact that, during 1915, 500 Catholic families in Saxony became Protestant."

DEATHS

SHEPPARD.—In Alfred, N. Y., November 30, 1916, Dr. Mark Sheppard, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Dr. Sheppard was the son of William T. and Abigail A. Davis Sheppard and was born in Shiloh, N. J. At the age of fourteen he left home with his mother's consent and set out to get an education. The next year he entered DeRuyter Institute at DeRuyter, N. Y. After attending school for a time he successfully taught school, though only sixteen years of age.

In 1855, he entered the school at Alfred, N. Y. The next year, fired by the love of human freedom, he went to Kansas to aid in making that territory a free State. After a residence of about eighteen months in the midst of the conflict in Kansas, he returned to Alfred and entered school again; here he pursued his studies, teaching in the winter and attending school fall and spring, till the Civil War broke out. He enlisted in Company K, 23rd Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, May 16, 1861. Owing to disabilities caused by fever he was discharged May 15, 1862, and returned to Alfred. He graduated from Alfred University this same summer receiving the degrees Ph. B. and Ph. M.

Following his graduation he taught three or four years in Quincy, Pa. It was during this time that he went to Gettysburg, in the adjoining county, and heard President Lincoln deliver his immortal Gettysburg address.

Returning to Alfred he conducted a bookstore for several years. During a part of this time he taught penmanship in the university and was secretary of the board of trustees; later (commencing with 1884) he was lecturer in the department of natural history in the university.

He entered New York University Medical College in 1874 and graduated therefrom in 1878. Returning to Alfred he took up the practice of medicine and continued his services to the community in this capacity till failing health a few months ago compelled him to give up work.

He was married to Mary E. Coon, July 12, 1862. To them was born one child, a daughter, who died in infancy; Eva Sheppard, now Mrs. James Holden, of Cuba, N. Y., grew up in their home. Mrs. Sheppard died in 1893 and he married Miss Eda L. Crandall, October 4, 1894. To them was born one son, Mark.

It appears that Dr. Sheppard was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Shiloh, N. J., before he was fourteen years of age. About 1862, he united with the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred and of this church he remained a faithful member till his death. He was one of the best informed men to be found in any circle; he gave himself in unselfish service to others; no night was too dark and no roads too bad for him when a call to minister to a sufferer came; he went whether there was any expectation of pay or not. In his death there has passed from earth

a lover of knowledge, an open-minded investigator, a broad-minded reformer, an unselfish servant of the public and a kind, considerate husband, father, neighbor and friend.

Besides his wife, son, and Mrs. Holden, who grew up in his home as a daughter, he is survived by one brother, Charles D. Sheppard, of Vineland, N. J.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, assisted by President Boothe C. Davis, were held at his home Sabbath afternoon, December 2, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

WM. L. B.

SMALLEY.—Miss Lillis B. Smalley, daughter of Morgan R. and Tabitha Davis Smalley, was born near Shiloh, N. J., July 13, 1878, and died at the home of her parents in Shiloh, November 27, 1916, aged 38 years, 4 months, and 14 days.

For many months Lillis had been a great sufferer but was cheerful and patient. Some months ago, in a long talk with her pastor concerning her condition and the possibility that her days on earth were few, she expressed the hope that she might recover but said that she was ready to go if it was her Master's will.

She united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church on January 26, 1889, and was greatly interested in its welfare. She was always ready to help those who needed help. In the Christian Endeavor she took a prominent part and was an officer in the local union at the time of her death. Her last work in the Bible school was as teacher of a class of girls which was relinquished because of failing health. For many years she wore the "white ribbon" and was greatly interested in the work for temperance.

There is left to mourn her loss, the father and mother, three brothers, George B., Leonard M., and Lester R., all of Shiloh, and two sisters, Mrs. Eva Turner, of Auburn, N. J., and Mrs. Rena Carpin, of Woodstown, N. J.

Funeral services were held in the home on November 29 conducted by her pastor, aided by Rev. J. E. Hutchins and Rev. Wilburt Davis. The text used was Second Corinthians, 5: 5, which was a marked passage in her Bible.

E. E. S.

TITSWORTH.—Thomas B. Titworth was born in Shiloh, Cumberland County, N. J., November 3, 1841, and died suddenly in Plainfield, N. J., December 7, 1916, aged 75 years and 3 days.

Mr. Titworth was the second son of Isaac D. and Hannah Sheppard Titworth. In August, 1862, he enlisted in Company D, Eleventh New Jersey Volunteers, and served three years in the Army of the Potomac. Two brothers, Dr. Abel S. Titworth, deceased, and B. Franklin Titworth, now of Alfred, enlisted with him. During the latter part of his service Mr. Titworth was brigade postmaster, a position sometimes bringing to him hazardous duties, which were always faithfully performed.

In 1876, he married Miss Clara Crandall, of Independence, western New York; and had he

lived until June 17, next, they would have celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. They had one son, the late William Wallace Titsworth, of Brooklyn, N. Y. For seventeen years their home has been in Plainfield. He was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church of that city, and a member and treasurer of the Winfield Scott Post, No. 73, Grand Army of the Republic.

He leaves to mourn his loss, his wife; a daughter-in-law,—Mrs. Catherine Titsworth; three grandchildren; one sister,—Mrs. W. R. Potter, of Alfred, N. Y.; and four brothers,—Lewis T. Titsworth, of Plainfield; Rev. Judson Titsworth, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Professor Alfred A. Titsworth, of Rutgers College, and B. Franklin Titsworth, of Alfred, N. Y.

Funeral services, conducted by Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, were held in the home on the evening after the Sabbath, December 9. A large company of friends and loved ones and more than a score of Grand Army men assembled to show the esteem in which Mr. Titsworth was held and to extend sympathy to the bereaved. On Sunday morning the body was laid to rest in the family plot in Hillside Cemetery.

T. L. G.

Bird Songs in the Dark

Professor Harris Benedict offered an interesting course in bird lore at the University of Cincinnati and, as the final examination, took his class at three o'clock in the morning to the top of College Hill, where the robins, thrushes, meadow larks and other birds make their homes. It was too dark for members of the class to see their teacher, but all could hear the chorus of bird calls that broke forth, and each student in turn was called on to name the birds as they started in turn in the rustic symphony. It is a hopeful sign of modern education that even while in school a student is taught to put to the test of practical use the theoretical knowledge gained in the classroom. It would be strange if members of this class did not carry away inspiration from the birds that open their throats and souls to sing to the day before it has dawned. The radiant trill of a bird's note by dark has spoken the message of hope to many a heart. We, too, with Christ's joy in our hearts, can sing in the dawn of a brighter morrow amid the darkness and confusion of today. "Ye shall have a song, as in the night . . . and gladness of heart as when one goeth . . . into the mountain of the Lord" (Isa. 30: 29).
—Christian Herald.

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The Sabbath Recorder

FORGIVE THEM, FATHER

Again the blessed birthday comes,
 ('Tis heralded by throbs of drums)
 Again there gleams the wonder star,
 ('Tis hidden by the cloud of war!)
 Again the Prince of Peace is born,
 (And half his realm by strife is torn!)

Again the Christ repeats the plea
 First heard on far-off Calvary:
 "They are Thy sons, forgive them Lord,
 My brothers who have drawn the sword;
 They slay each other as they slew
 E'en Me—and know not what they do.
 'Tis but a madness vexeth them.
 Forgive, for sake of Bethlehem!"

This war will cost ten million men,
 (Yet even they shall live again!)
 The women's tears are like a sea,
 (They cleanse the earth from enmity!)
 And countless orphans walk alone,
 (Nay, God shall father every one!)

It must be so,—we will awake,
 As from some blinding dream, and take
 The cross in meekness up again—
 We know He did not die in vain.

—Weymouth.

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