

THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT
AIMS

To help us become better men
and women

To secure more workers for the
fields

To provide a better support
for the ministry

To finance all our work

To build up
THE KINGDOM OF GOD
ON EARTH

BE A PART OF IT

The Sabbath Recorder

THANKSGIVING, 1919

M. E. H. Everett

Ye who believe in God the Lord
And his atoning grace,
Come, hasten to the gates of praise
And stand before his face.

Through the long year by day and night
Ye were his tender care,
To give him thanks, one little hour
From worldly labors spare.

He gave you flowers of every hue
Whose fragrance filled the air,
Abundant fruits and golden grain
And herbage green and fair.

Haste to his house and give him thanks
For mercies manifold;
Bless him for treasures sent from heaven
Forever new and old.
Austin, Pa.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.
 For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.
 The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

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WHOLE No. 3,899

Can We Give Thanks? Not many years ago a certain November election resulted in placing in power one of the worst mayors and gang of thieves that ever cursed one of our great cities. When the governor's Thanksgiving Day proclamation appeared one of that city's citizens announced that he could see nothing for which to be thankful. The poor man had let what he regarded as a public calamity eclipse all the things that really called for thanksgiving and praise.

We suppose there may be some in these trying times who feel a good deal as did that man whose city had fallen into the hands of bad men. One year ago, from the vantage ground of our high hopes, we had an inspiring vision of peace. The entire nation was wild with joy. Hopes of better times soon to come filled every heart. When the armistice was signed we could not realize how far away peace really was, and as the year has dragged its weary way through, so many things have happened of which most loyal Americans are heartily ashamed, we do not wonder if some anxious hearts do feel that there is little for which to be thankful.

Questions of greatest moment to America and the entire world have been persistently ignored and neglected, while the ignoble play of partisan politics has too frequently usurped the power that should long ago have made the best league of nations ever offered to the world a blessed reality and settled the question of permanent peace. Meanwhile high cost of living, criminal profiteering, Bolshevism and I. W. W. plots to overthrow all government, the war between Labor and Capital, have flourished until the entire country today lives in a state of semi-panic, wondering where the demon of anarchy will show himself next.

Notwithstanding the disappointments which the year has brought, we wish to remind all who may feel that thanksgiving is out of place, that there are still many, many things for which we should render thanks-

giving and praise. Nothing now can be gained by recounting our disappointments. It will do no good to bewail the setbacks that have come where we hoped for progress. If all the evil things were counted, one could make out quite a case against Thanksgiving Day. We admit that there is some force in the arguments of the pessimistic friend who catalogs all the discouraging things, and questions the call of our President to give thanks. But at the same time we can but feel that, with a little broader vision and more optimistic lenses, he could see that the causes for thanksgiving are many more and loom up larger than all the other causes.

As a nation we are thankful to see even the dawn of peace which means the dawn of a better day for all the world. Democracy is standing its trial wonderfully well. And the fact that a few demagogues and malcontents have been able to make the shadows seem ominous and disruptive, does not prove their ability to work a nation's ruin. On the other hand, this year has seen a splendid activity of good men in politics; and of statesmen who rebuke political, social, and business corruption.

Great numbers of noble men and women, statesmen, clergymen, editors, educators, good and true men of all sorts, have caught the vision of a brotherhood of nations living in peace, offering mutual helpfulness, bound together by a unifying principle, and now everything is headed that way. Never was there a year when the brotherhood of nations advanced so far, or when the signs of its coming were so bright.

As to the churches, there has never been a time when the churches have identified themselves so closely with the great social problems of humanity, forgetting sectarianism, and uniting in co-operative work for the world's redemption as they are doing this year.

Indeed the sentiment for both international and Christian fellowship is growing by leaps and bounds. This is more and

more apparent every day, and when it becomes the sentiment of the world—an irresistible spirit of progress—nothing on earth can stop it! Let everybody give thanks!

Blessed Is the Spirit Of Thankfulness The very spirit of thanksgiving is, to the heart, like the dew to a dry and thirsty land. It refreshes every plant in the garden of piety. Just as the earth sends up its hidden moisture to be returned in refreshing dew and rain, so does a heart of thankfulness send out the spiritual vapors that refresh and make more beautiful every earthly blessing. When the spirit of true thankfulness is not present the very blessings begin to parch and wither, and soon dry up and become unfruitful.

Sweet communion with the Giver of every blessing, with thanks expressed in grateful words for each gift, large or small, will soon result in those words of praise being returned to us in the richest dews of heaven to beautify all our field of life.

Thankfulness greatly enriches our blessings.

We may become rich by increasing the number of dollars we have. But if unable to do this we have another way to grow richer, namely, by increasing the value of the dollars we already possess. Thankfulness raises the blessings we now have to higher degrees of worth. If it can not make new roses it paints those we have with richer finer colors and makes them more enjoyable. Though it may not bring us greater luxuries or add to our material substance, it does make what we have seem more attractive and more enjoyable. It is the dew that makes the ordinary and simplest gifts of God to shine with a morning luster and exude the rarest perfume.

Again, the spirit of thankfulness is a great cure for covetousness and envy. It makes our own little homes seem so bright and happy that we cease to envy our neighbors who have more beautiful things than we possess. Thankfulness magnifies our little blessings until we forget to wish for greater ones. It brings the quiet sense of contentment, and contentment is the acme of a happy life.

Thankfulness has telescopic vision. Its eyes discover blessings where others can see only curses. There is no day so dark, no night so full of sorrow, no field so barren, no home so desolate but that the spirit of thanksgiving will see some rays of sunshine, some signs of the Master's presence, some blessed thing for which to be grateful. Gratitude will find fields of gold in a world of sorrow. There is after all no real wealth—no enduring riches—outside the soul, and the life that molds itself into the spirit of praise and thanksgiving can never be made poor; for he has enduring riches which no sorrows of earth can take away.

Our blessed Bible is a book of thanksgiving. Any Bible reader will see that from beginning to end the Book of books calls upon the people to give thanks. The priests were to thank the Lord God of Israel. The king called upon his armies to thank the Lord. Daniel thanked God for his wisdom. Paul frequently urged the duty of thanksgiving, and John the Revelator says, "Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever."

It is not always easy to enter into the Bible idea and "in everything give thanks. Some of us have passed through the vale of disappointments, and sorrows, and overwhelming troubles during the year. The darkness of death has overshadowed some of us and broken up our homes, and we admit that it requires the help of the Almighty Comforter to accept the divine admonition, and give thanks for everything. Lina J. Walk, in this little poem has made the case very clear.

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS

"In everything!" O no! dear Lord,
Thou canst not mean that we,
Who have been tried and chastened sore,
Should render thanks to thee?
For all the sad afflictions, Lord,
Which from thy hand were sent?
O surely, words like these were
Never for such sufferers meant.

"In everything!" The good, the ill,
The poverty, the pain,
The deep distress which sin hath wrought
And hope and trust has slain?
O no! 'twere mockery, indeed,
To offer thanks for these,
More meet and fit it were to bow
In tears, on bended knees.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES, OR THE BARREN FIG TREE

G. E. FIFIELD

On the day previous to the cursing of the fig tree Jesus had made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the people had spread their garments in the road, and waved palm branches, crying "Hosanna; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. . . . Hosanna in the highest." To the disciples who still looked for the earthly kingdom, this was a day of triumphal exaltation; but how sad and lonely must have been the heart of the Master, who foresaw the approaching crucifixion, and realized how fickle and ephemeral were the faith and the emotions of the mob by which even his own disciples were being carried away. Soon after this Jesus returned to Bethany, to the house of Lazarus and Mary and Martha, to spend the night.

Perhaps he was too weary to sleep and so arose unrefreshed, and without appetite. We are sure that, could he have eaten, his dearest friends would not have sent him away without food. And yet we are told that as he with his disciples took the walk of only a mile and a half over Olivet into Jerusalem, "He was hungry."

Seeing a fig tree some distance away, having leaves, he approached it *looking for fruit*, and, finding nothing but leaves, he said, "No man eat fruit of thee hereafter forever." On the morrow when they passed by, Peter called the Master's attention to the result, saying, "Behold the fig tree which Thou cursedst is withered away." And yet we are told, "*The time of figs was not yet.*"

Many have not only missed this wonderful lesson, but have even blamed our Savior for cursing the fig tree for not having fruit on it when it was not yet time for figs. One little fact makes all this plain. All fruit trees have both leaf buds and fruit buds. In developing in the springtime, some open their leaf buds first, and some the fruit buds. As the observant know, the apple tree is nearly in full leaf before it is glorified by blossoms; while the peach tree is pink with bloom before the leaves begin to show. The fig tree is like the peach in that the fruit buds open first.

The fact that this fig tree had leaves when others did not, showed that it was an

"In everything!" O Father, yes,
How easy it were then,
To render thanks, if only joy
And happiness had been
Our portion, and our guests alone
Throughout the year just gone,
O surely, then, our lips and hearts
Would overflow with song.

"In everything!" O must we kiss
The rod thy hand extends,
Until in deep humility
Our stricken spirit bends?
Oh! then, dear Lord, we ask of thee,
Give patience, faith and grace,
And help us see behind the clouds
The shining of thy face.

"In everything!" Ah, yes! at last
Our lips give thanks, that thou in love
Hath ordered all our ways—
Whatever is, is right and best,
Forgive if we rebel,
For whether joy or grief, we know
Thou doest all things well.

Subscription Price To Be Raised

We are sorry to have to say to our readers that the pressure of hard times has at last driven the Board of Directors to the decision that an addition of fifty cents a year, only one cent a week, must be charged for the SABBATH RECORDER after the first of January, 1920. We have tried hard to avoid having to do this, but there seems to be no other way, and even after this is done the deficit will be all too large. It was our hope that the RECORDER drive would help matters but the increase in subscriptions was more than balanced by high cost of stock and labor. The matter came before the board at the November meeting, and when the raise in price seemed inevitable, the hope was expressed that no loyal Seventh Day Baptist would stop his paper for fifty cents a year; and it was also hoped that our readers would see the wisdom of asking those receiving the benefits of a denominational paper loyally to share in reducing the deficit.

In order to make it as easy as possible for our readers, the RECORDER is offered at the old price (\$2.00) to those who will renew their subscriptions before the first of January, 1920. After that date the price will be \$2.50.

"Will a woman vote for an institution that the law says is not a fit place for her or her children to enter?"

early tree, and, having leaves, it should have had fruit. If it did not show fruit now it was in full leaf, it never would; it plainly was a barren tree. The leaves were a *profession of fruit*, yet no fruit was there. Other fig trees that Jesus passed that day did not have leaves; and these he did not curse. To them he did not come in his hunger, looking for fruit, only to be disappointed.

The fruits of the Christ Spirit are "Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and self-control." The world does not expect such fruit of the unbeliever and the non-professor. Nor is the curse of the Master upon him for not bearing fruit. With him, the time of fruit is not yet. Just as divine Providence encompassed this world, using type and symbol and prophecy to center the hope and faith and longing of humanity upon that "fulness of time" when Christ should be born, so divine Providence encompasses, oh, so tenderly, each human life, taking advantage of all life's experiences to bring that soul to the fulness of time when Christ may be born into that heart, causing it to say with rest and rejoicing, "The government shall be upon his shoulders."

Our Father's attitude toward all these leafless human trees is one of love, and longing, and infinite care and patience. Jesus who came to reveal the Father, never spoke unkindly of the publicans and the sinners. He ate with them, and talked with them, and made them feel the love and longing of his heart for them. But to the scribes, Pharisees and lawyers, all of whom flaunted to the world the leaves of a high profession of righteousness which they did not possess, he spake the only seemingly hard words he was ever known to utter. He called them "Whited sepulchers, beautiful without, but within full of all rottenness." He called them "hypocrites," and "blind guides," and said, "Ye serpents, ye generations of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" All this was, and is Christ's curse upon the barren fig tree,—upon the profession of righteousness and of spiritual fruit without their possession. And why, but that the hungry-hearted of earth, today, as then, in their conscious need turn aside to go to these people hoping to find spiritual fruit and

nourishment, only to be grieved and disappointed.

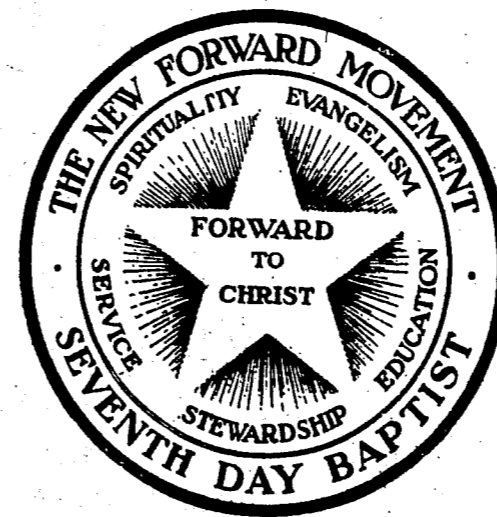
Years ago the writer, when at the Sanitarium in Battle Creek, noticed the hot fomentations, and the many other tender ways of relieving pain and suffering; but he noticed also that when a man came whose limbs were paralyzed so that they reported no pain, and so that, while professing to be a part of the body, they did not obey the dictations of the head, they gave him sparks from an electric machine, the snap of which could be heard over the whole house,—artificial lightning strokes strong enough nearly to kill a well man,—in the effort to shock his nerves back to sensibility and action.

Some have wondered that the Savior who was so kind and tender to the consciously needy and sinning, spoke so harshly to these Pharisees, but here as ever, Love in infinite wisdom was seeking to do the best of all. Phariseeism and hypocrisy is *spiritual paralysis*. There is no sense of suffering or of need, and yet, while professing to be a member of the body of Christ, such a person refuses to obey the Head, but does things utterly opposed to the Spirit of the Master. Jesus was seeking to shock these paralyzed members back into responsive consciousness of their lost condition.

And if the Master were here in person today, what would he say to the fruitless trees in his Church, to whom the weary, hungry, crucified Christ in humanity is coming as of old, seeking food, and finding nothing but leaves? Surely we will all arouse, and *go forward*, so abiding in Christ, the true vine, as to bring forth much fruit, and truly be his disciples.

Douglas Massey, aged 4, is one of the 271 boys and girls between the ages of 2½ and 16 years who attended the daily vacation Bible school at Calvert church, Berkeley, Cal., Rev. Bruce H. McDonald, pastor. One evening, his mother, putting him to bed, after prayers were said, asked him if he loved his mother or his father best. Douglas thoughtfully considered the matter, then replied, "I used to love you the best, but since I've been going to Mr. McDonald's Sunday school, I love God the best."—*Selected*.

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE



ROLL OF HONOR

- + ★ North Loup, Nebraska
- ★ Battle Creek, Michigan
- + ★ Hammond, Louisiana

FROM DIRECTOR GENERAL INGHAM

In the New Jersey Churches

The big idea of the New Forward Movement has been ably presented in the Plainfield and New Market churches, as was very evident to the director general who was with these churches a few days last week. The sermons of Pastors Skaggs and Burdick in presenting the movement had met with a very ready approval of a large proportion of the members.

At a special meeting held in the parlors of the Plainfield church, November 13, every phase of the formal movement was carefully considered in an informal way. Regional Director William C. Hubbard expressed the sentiment of the meeting that the Plainfield church would always be found in full accord and in support of every denominational undertaking. A good sized working committee has been appointed to conduct the canvass of this church.

The absence of Pastor Burdick a few Sabbaths immediately following Conference will mean some additional time to present in its fullness the big meaning of the new movement, and secure the deep interest that will be attained a little later on.

- ★ Churches which have qualified for roll of honor by subscribing their quota in full.
- + Churches which have over-subscribed their quota.

The matter of getting in touch with the absent members will be very thoroughly looked after, and in this old church the list is large. The director general was present at a gathering at the parsonage where opportunity was afforded to talk over the importance of the work, and how much its success means to this and every church. The regional director and others will cooperate with the pastor and the canvassing committee from time to time.

The New York Church is practically of one mind in its splendid endorsement of the movement, and will do its part and more when the time comes to make the financial drive.

The director general was unable to meet with the churches of Shiloh and Marlboro, but the reports from these churches is very satisfactory.

In the Eastern Association

The spirit of the Forward Movement is excellent in the churches of Rhode Island. Delay in receipt of literature has interfered with the progress of the work some, but it will go forward now in every church.

The earnest and intelligent presentation by Pastor Burdick at Westerly, Pastor Coon at Ashaway, and Pastor Witter at Hopkinton, has been well received by their members. These churches, like a few others in the denomination, suffer in having but a limited knowledge of the work and spirit of Conference by reason of their small attendance, but no more deeply interested audience greeted the director general than that at Ashaway Sabbath evening and at Westerly Sabbath morning. They were anxious to learn all about the Forward Movement, and what was expected of them. Greater spiritual life of individual and church, and a better support of our deserving pastors, teachers and other workers, was emphasized—and the response to this appeal met the whole-hearted approval of many members of these two churches, and of the other churches who were represented at one or both of these services. The work in the Eastern Association is being looked after carefully by Ira B. Crandall, the regional director.

The Non-resident Membership Problem

These churches like those in New Jersey and some other sections have a large per cent of non-resident members. Some

of these absent ones are deeply interested in the home church, and in cordial sympathy with the denominational Forward Movement. There is, however, a very considerable number whose membership adds numerical strength only, they are of that class who are not "there but thereabouts."

In business circles it might be a disputed question as to which side of the ledger this element belongs, whether it is an asset or a liability. There is no question where the heart of the home church is in this matter, it is always with the absent member. An outstretched hand is always there to welcome his presence once again in the family pew. And the Forward Movement affords the greatest opportunity of years to convey this message of interest and love.

The church that neglects to use every effort to meet the absent member is missing a splendid service. This is where a personal letter from the pastor, if possible, or from a committee of which the pastor is a member, will be needed.

In this communication or correspondence let the emphasis be placed where it belongs—on the spiritual uplift in every church rather than on the ten dollars.

The absent member may have caught the vision of the tremendous power of a spirit-filled church, and is waiting the invitation of the home church to have and be a part of this Forward Movement.

The spirit of consecration is growing in this country of ours, and it may be welling up in the heart of some absent one quite as much as in those at home, and the final goal of the Forward Movement looks to a personal consecration of business men, professional men and others such as this denomination has at other times hoped for and yet doubted, but now prays and works for, and will attain.

In the meantime do not fail to secure the largest possible membership in the Movers' Association. You will need it later on.

WALTON H. INGHAM,
Director General.

Isn't it disheartening when we consider how little real cash can be wrung out of folks for the religious education of their children?—*Conference Echo.*

BROTHER TENNEY'S WESTERN TRIP

DEAR BROTHER:

I have by no means forgotten your request that you might hear from us occasionally, and have started at least once to write you. I have been considering all the time your suggestion that I write for the benefit of the RECORDER readers some of my observations as I visit the churches. My visits to the churches have been so brief and cursory as to afford me very little material for comment, though it has been to us a very great privilege to meet the people who compose these companies, even for a brief call. So far we have been at Milton, Dodge Center and Exeland. Nothing of special note marked any of these occasions.

The interest in our visit to Milton was heightened by the fact that thirty-five years ago our home was there. In those days Rev. E. M. Dunn ministered to the church and Dr. Thomas Williams stood at the head of the college faculty. We were of another communion but the kindness we received while residing amongst that people made an impression that has never been outlived. Pastor Dunn was especially courteous and all these years we have enjoyed the sweetness of his kindly influence upon our lives. We find upon renewing our acquaintance there the same spirit of cordial regard and kindness, enhanced no doubt by the nearer relations that now exist between us. As much as we regretted to spare Brother Jordan from our Sanitarium family, it is not to be wondered at that he should choose such a pastorate, and he has evidently entered upon a work in which the attachments are mutual and strong, and in which the opportunities are large and most important. A good congregation assembled on Sabbath morning, October eleven, and gave close attention to a presentation of comments upon Matthew 16: 13-28; 17: 1-8. (1) Laying the foundation of a Christian life in a definite acknowledgment of Jesus as the Son of the Living God. (2) A trial of our faith in a baptism of suffering and humiliation, a crucifixion of self. All this is so contrary to human policy that we are almost sure to rebel against it as did Peter. (3) The fundamental principle often declared by our Savior, the only saying of his caught and recorded by all the Gospel writers, that

self-denial and cross-bearing lie at the threshold of Christian experience and must be practiced daily, that the only way to save our lives is to give them. (4) Then, finally, the Transfiguration, the mount of glorification after the valley of humility and suffering. Our Lord often leads us down into the valleys, but always leaves us at last upon the mountain top of triumph.

The churches at Milton and the Junction are of good courage and are partaking of the spirit of advancement that God has shed down upon us as a people.

The second Sabbath came during a visit with our brother in Rochester, Minn. Our train was late and the service already in progress when we reached the church in Dodge Center. Rain had "greased" the roads (greased is right) and traveling was really risky, but a goodly congregation was in readiness and Brother Van Horn courteously gave me his place. The subject was Faith—the necessity of being united by faith to the things we have heard. Faith is a principle that exists only between God and his people. The Savior tells to "Have faith in God." It is not possible to have faith in anyone else. Faith is absolute knowledge, the reality of the things for which we hope. The only thing we may actually know in this world is what God has told us. Uncertainty enshrouds all else. God has revealed to us many precious truths, and entrusted us with a very important work, but it will not profit us unless we are united to it by unmodified faith.

The third Sabbath found us at the western extremity of Lake Superior visiting friends. Exeland is situated nearly one hundred miles directly south of Superior and Duluth in what appears to the transient visitor an unbounded wilderness of burnt pine trees and stumps. This entire country was once a valuable depository of pine timber which was almost ruthlessly consumed for the market. Subsequently fires have swept over this vast area which extends very largely over the northern halves of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

In many places a fruitful soil was left for the settler who finds himself face to face with a gigantic task in clearing up this land and bringing it into fruitage. This is the task in which the people who form

the small church at Exeland are now engaged. They have secured for themselves a neat and comfortable house of worship in which they have been greatly assisted by their faithful pastor, Charles W. Thorngate, who, like his Master, is a carpenter. Most of this company live in the adjoining country and the weather was not in its best mood and dress, nevertheless we enjoyed a very pleasant, and we hope profitable time with them in their preaching and Sabbath-school service. Amongst them are not found many wealthy or eminent people so far as this world goes, but they have a good hold on the eternal riches God has provided for his own. They share their house of worship with the Methodists who have none, and with the community at large which is certainly a most Christian thing to do.

God has blest this northern country with an unlimited supply of pure fresh air, one of the best of all blessings. I think there is more of this commodity here to the mile than in any place I have been. Great blasts of pure ozone come rushing down from Medicine Hat from an unfailing supply. The winter has closed in very early. October had hardly passed away e'er old Boreas began his reign and shut off many plans and expectations.

We are now in Jamestown, N. D., visiting a very dear sister whose children are workers in the cause of the Seventh Day Adventists. Good sleighing prevails and the thermometer registers from ten to twenty below. At first it was thought that the weather department was perpetrating a grim joke upon us, but it begins to seem, after three weeks, to be real earnest business. Yesterday, November 8, I was asked to speak to the Adventist church and did so with pleasure. I was here thirty-five years ago, being the first preacher of that denomination to penetrate this territory. There are still a few in this church who remember me and my efforts, and were happy to greet me again.

The cold weather and prevalent snow prevents our anticipated auto trips and keeps us housed up pretty closely. Hence this long communication.

GEORGE C. TENNEY.

Jamestown, N. D.,
November 9, 1919.

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

REV. EDWIN SHAW, PLAINFIELD, N. J.
Contributing Editor

TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SABBATH RECORDER SUBSCRIPTION
TO BE \$2.50

For some time it has been felt that the subscription price of the SABBATH RECORDER should be increased. The price of labor and of materials has been going up by leaps and bounds in the publishing business just the same as in other realms of life. Our daily papers cost double what they did a few years ago. Weekly and monthly publications have been forced to increase their subscription price a large per cent, or to suspend operations. It is hardly fair to expect the SABBATH RECORDER to maintain its worthy standard of excellence and not advance its subscription price. And so by a vote of the Board of Directors of the Tract Society the rate has been changed to \$2.50 a year. Even this increase barely pays for the additional cost of the paper used, to say nothing of the other enlarged expenses.

A CHANCE TO RENEW AT THE \$2.00 RATE

Following the usual custom of magazines when an increase is to be made in the subscription price, an opportunity is given for new subscriptions and for renewals at the former rate, if made before a certain fixed date, in this case January 1, 1920. All who wish to take advantage of this opportunity will therefore remember that up to the end of the year 1919 the SABBATH RECORDER can be secured for \$2.00 a year in advance. Perhaps this offer can be used in some quarters as an incentive to make new subscriptions and to pay up in advance promptly. Let us hope so, for any number, no matter how many, will thus be welcomed at the old rate.

LET NO NAMES BE DROPPED FROM THE LIST

It is sincerely hoped that no one will make this additional fifty cents a year an excuse for ceasing to take the magazine. These are times when we are all learning that everything we get costs more than ever before. Fifty cents for an entire year in

these days of plenty is really a very small sum. In many localities one half dozen eggs sold, or not bought, as the case may be, will balance the difference in the subscription price. Just a little sacrifice of some sort for a single day will meet the additional fifty cents for the whole twelve months. However, if one is really unable, does not have the money, and yet wants the magazine, a letter sent to the editor to that effect will be given attention with results.

\$2.50 NOT ENOUGH TO MEET COST

Of course it is quite generally understood that for many years the subscriptions have not been equal to the cost of the SABBATH RECORDER. The circulation list is too small to make the magazine a paying proposition for advertising. The editorial work, the setting of the type, the reading and correcting of the proof sheets, the paging and making up of the type, are exactly the same for a small edition as for a large one, as great for 2,000 copies as for 20,000 copies. And so it has been necessary for the Tract Society to make up this difference from its general funds. Even \$3.00, or \$3.50, would not pay the cost of an edition of only 2,000 copies. It is, however, thought to be wise, for the present at least, to consider that this difference is a legitimate and valuable item in the budget of funds for the printing of Sabbath literature.

"X"

A LOYAL LETTER

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

I am writing this to say that I am in hearty sympathy with the Forward Movement adopted at the recent General Conference, believing it to be in accord with the commission of our Lord and Master (Matt. 28: 19, 20; Mark 16: 15; Acts 1: 8), which we are under obligation to carry into effect as well as the disciples who were then present.

I was present when Brother Ingham spoke to the people at Jackson Center, and was pleased to note that he placed especial emphasis upon the spiritual part of the program. I have observed also that a similar emphasis has occurred in the articles that have appeared in the Commission's column of the RECORDER. If the spiritual life can be aroused and quickened, as it

should be, the financial question will be assured.

To some the amount suggested in the budget may seem larger than we can possibly raise, and therefore unreasonable. I am wondering if, from a human standpoint, there was ever a more unreasonable demand made than the one by Jesus himself when in the midst of the hungry multitude, in a "desert place," he said to the disciples, "Give ye them to eat," when after an inventory of provisions was made, all that could be found was five barley loaves and two small fishes in the lunch bag of a boy. With men, depending upon themselves, some things are impossible, but "With God all things are possible." And this leads me to suggest what it seems to me would be an improvement to the motto in the midst of the emblem at the head of the Commission's Page in the RECORDER. Jesus said (John 15: 5), "Without me ye can do nothing," and following his great commission he said (Matt. 28: 20), "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." It is just as impossible to accomplish anything without the presence and help of Jesus now as then. Hence it seems to me that a more appropriate motto would be Forward *with*, instead of "to," Jesus. If we are his followers and are doing his work, he is *with* us and *we with* him. If not, we can not hope for success, however important the undertaking.

Yours in the faith and hope of the gospel.

S. H. BABCOCK.

Edgerton, Wis., R. D. 2,

November 17, 1919.

NEWNESS OF LIFE—A THANKSGIVING STORY

"Miss Burleigh, I can do nothing more for you. A complete change of scene, and a new interest in life, are the only conditions in which you can hope for health."

"Am I really seriously ill? Please tell me the exact truth. I can bear it."

"No. I can say that decidedly. But you are in great danger. An out-door life, a keen interest in new surroundings and in new people, a forgetting of yourself in service for others, will do for you what medicine can not."

"Here—" Her eyes wandered for a moment over the large luxurious room—

the grand piano, the well filled bookcases, the fine pictures bearing names of famous artists, then sought his inquiringly.

"No, emphatically, no! There is not a shadow of a chance here. You may think me brutally frank, but I am simply telling you the truth. Miss Burleigh, you must get much nearer elemental life, learn to work with your hands in God's open air. The strenuous nervous tension of this great city, the sad memories of your repeated bereavements, drain your vitality, and you can not bear the strain much longer."

The fair mistress of the great mansion lay back on the pillows of her chair, her hands locked tightly, her lips quivering.

"Where can I go?—surely not abroad again? I try to be cheerful, helpful, but memory seizes me often, so often, and shakes me as a lion his prey, and I am helpless. Can I escape from memory? I would not if I could."

"You can not, you need not, but you must see things from a different point of view, get a new sense of 'values,' as artists say," said the white-haired physician gravely, "and let your sorrow, which has been great, and your opportunities, which have been countless, make your days rich in blessing to those who have not had a tithing, a hundredth part of your resources. Make them a treasure-house from which to draw comfort for some who are starving, body or soul."

"I am interested in philanthropy, Dr. Vernon. You will not think me egotistic when I say that I give my private secretary a large sum every year to disburse for me."

"That does not touch *you*, only your generous purse. It is *you*, *you*, who must learn anew how to live. You have given yourself most unselfishly to those who are gone, but there are others who are waiting for your touch, and your eyes are blind with tears—you do not see. You must weep; I do not censure you; I would only help you."

He rose to go, and Agatha Burleigh rose also.

"One moment, Dr. Vernon," she said; "I put myself in your hands. Tell me what to do, and I will obey you implicitly."

"I will see you tomorrow. In the meantime take a long drive with"—he laughed with a contagious heartiness that brought

an answering flash from his patient—"the very crossdest and most cantankerous person you know, and come in too late to dress for dinner. Remember, you are pledged to obey! Good-by."

"The crossdest person alive is Miss Jerusha Jay," Agatha said to herself as the doctor vanished. "She is surely a bitter pill," she added whimsically, "but I must take her."

She touched a bell.

"Marie, please phone to Miss Jay and ask her if she can be ready to go for a drive in an hour, and if she will have dinner with me afterward."

"Well, what did she say?" asked her mistress as the maid reappeared. The girl hesitated. "Oh, tell me every word, whatever it was," and her command brought a reluctant answer.

"She said, Miss, that it was high time Agatha Burleigh came out of her shell. She needn't think she is the only one in the world who has trouble. 'Blood is thicker than water; her pa was my third cousin. Yes, I'll go for a drive and stay for dinner, too. She ought to have asked me long ago.'"

"Well, so I ought, poor Jerusha Jay."

"I have your prescription ready, Miss Burleigh," said Dr. Vernon the following day, with a twinkle in his keen gray eyes. "Mind, you are to take it without a demur."

"I am ready—try me."

"Listen for a moment. I know a valley, high up among the mountains, some hundreds of miles from here toward the west, sparsely settled by farms scattered here and there, some lying well up the mountainside. There is wonderful scenery on every hand; majestic forests, fertile meadows, running brooks, and from each hill-top a grand panorama of mountain chains, one folding over the other, shading from blue to far-off purple in the distance."

Agatha was leaning forward, her eyes fixed intently on his face, and a soft color glowing in her cheeks.

"I love the mountains," she whispered.

"The people, with a few notable exceptions, have but little culture, but they are honest and true. I want you to go there, leave all this luxury behind, and begin life anew."

"Marie can go with me, and—"

"No, I want you to go alone, and adapt yourself to circumstances."

"Oh, Dr. Vernon, how *can* I?"

"There must be a heavenly Father watching in tenderness over his children," continued the doctor, "for I received a letter last night that made things plain for you. I know the place well, Miss Burleigh, for I was born in the valley, and went to the little red schoolhouse by the brook, and knew no other home until I was fifteen. Then my parents died within a month of each other, and my father's brother brought me to his home in this city, adopted me, gave me my education and was in every way a father to me. But I have always loved the old place, and have kept in close touch with my friends of early days. I tell you all this that you may understand that what seems strange to a woman reared in luxury, is a natural solution of a perplexing problem to me."

Agatha was listening intently.

"The letter," the doctor went on, "is from a woman about forty years old, lately widowed, with three children. Amy is about sixteen, Vernon (named for me) fifteen, and Agnes a baby of three. They have hard work to make ends meet, and the mother is wondering if she must let her pretty daughter go out to earn her living in a great city. She wrote asking my advice."

"And you want me to go to them in the winter, alone?"

"Yes. The house is plain but comfortable. You can have a large room, bright and sunny and warm. The board you are able to pay will lift the financial burden from Mrs. Bercam's heart, and pretty Amy can stay at home."

"But to leave everything—no piano, no books, no pictures, no Marie—"

"I am sure you can hire a cottage piano from the nearest town, twelve miles away, if you wish, for they have only a cabinet organ. They bring real music out of it, however, and sing well enough to surprise you. You will find some books there, and good ones, too, but there is no reason why you should not take a few boxes of your own, and two or three pet pictures. How soon can you be ready?"

"Let me see," Agatha answered with a long sigh of resignation, "this is the twenty-first day of December. I will be

ready in a week. I will leave Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper, here, with her husband as general caretaker. Marie can stay with them—but, Dr. Vernon, I simply *can't* get along without Marie."

"Yes, you can. You must take plenty of simple, warm clothing. The mountain air is keen and cold, but is much drier than this seaside atmosphere. I will write to Annie Bercam tonight, and she will have everything ready for you and she will do you good, body and soul. Go and sit at her feet and learn some things which you need to know. You may, in turn, find much that you can give. Good-by."

Agatha Burleigh waked in a white world on the first morning after her journey. Her windows overlooked the breadth of the valley, facing east toward a mountain over which the morning sun was sending warm rose tints; that lay reflected on snowy slopes, like the palpitating glow of an opal's hidden fires. She lay on her pillows (which were a trifle coarse in texture) watching the growing light, through a window opened wide, and drew long, deep breaths. A knock and a gentle opening of the door brought her wandering thoughts back to her surroundings.

"Come in, Amy, I am awake."

"How are you, Miss Burleigh? I hope you are rested," said the young girl with simple courtesy. She closed the windows and stirred the fire in the large, old-fashioned stove.

"Can I do anything more for you, Miss Burleigh? Here is very hot water. Would you like to have breakfast in your room?"

"No, thank you, Amy, I will be ready when you call."

With an irrepressible sigh for the luxuries of her palatial home and deft Marie's service, she busied herself with unaccustomed tasks, and was ready to sit at the family table in a bright kitchen, flooded with winter sunshine.

"Dr. Vernon wrote me that you were to have a cup of cream every morning, Miss Burleigh," said Mrs. Bercam, placing it beside her with a smile of rare sweetness.

Agatha had felt drawn at once to the brave woman, who was bearing her sorrow with resolute fortitude. She took the cup with an answering smile and drank to the last drop.

"Are you going to town soon, Vernon?" she asked of the boy, abashed and ill at ease with this city lady, who had so suddenly become an inmate of their home.

"Yes, Miss Burleigh, Amy and I are going to spend today with our aunt and cousins in town, and come home tomorrow. Can I do anything for you?"

"Would you mind inquiring about renting a piano for me? I could not bring mine, you know, and I have never practiced on an organ. Let us make a bargain," she added brightly, "You teach me to play the organ and I will teach you to play the piano. I hope you will have some fine skating, beside the visit and the drive."

Vernon flushed, and with downcast eyes said simply, "I do not skate."

Agatha remembered, with a sudden pang, the boy's misshapen foot and limping gait, and, turning hastily to little Agnes, said, "And you, dear, will have a happy day at home with your mother?"

"Yeth, Mith Bully."

The child's golden head drooped, and she cast shy glances at the "pitty lady" who had already won her heart. And so for Agatha Burleigh dawned faintly the glimmer of a new life.

Dr. Vernon found her late on an August afternoon, sitting on the porch of her new home, watching the shadows lengthen on the mountainside. She rose to greet him, holding out a brown hand, and with eager, elastic tread meeting him at the upper step, a picture of health and ripened beauty. He looked at her long and earnestly.

"I see I do not need to ask of the success of my prescription. Where are the family?"

"They all went to town, and will not be at home for more than an hour yet."

"Then you will have time to tell your physician all your symptoms."

"Indeed, Dr. Vernon, I have forgotten that I ever had any. Instead, I will tell you something of the new life which has come to me, if I may. If ever life from the dead came to a suffering woman it has come to me. The year has been one long revelation, and still the wonder grows."

"Did the experience come suddenly?" asked Dr. Vernon.

"No. I caught a glimmer of light soon after I came to this dear family, and it

grew on me steadily. The full significance of a risen life came to me on Easter Day. We all went to the service in our little church, and a white-haired minister, out of the deep experience of his own life, told us of the wrong we do when we allow ourselves to remain 'tomb bound' in sorrow. The light flashed on me with bewildering power—something like the glory that blinded Mary Magdalene, I fancy—

She stopped suddenly.

"Yes," said her listener, "yes, I fully understand," and a long silence fell upon them. At length Agatha went on:

"Dr. Vernon, do you see that bed of geraniums, and that border along the fence full of old-fashioned flowers? I did every bit of that myself, except to dig up the ground in the first place." She looked at him triumphantly. "I have done other things, too (you shall eat some of my butter for supper), but I have not time to tell of them now. I want to tell instead of my plans."

"Are you pining for your city palace?"

"No, never, if I must be the weak, suffering creature I was ten months ago. Yes, when I think of the possibilities in it for others."

"What do you think of Mrs. Bercam?"

"Think of her! I love her. She is as fine in her nature as any woman I ever knew, and far, far finer than most of the women I have known."

"And the children?"

"I love them all. Amy is wilful, but very sweet. Vernon, with his sore cross of infirmity, is a dear boy, and, I believe, a rarely gifted one. Baby Agnes, the darling, calls me 'Mith Bully,' and every little yellow curl on her yellow head is precious."

Dr. Vernon nodded his head gravely.

"Just as I thought, just as I thought."

"Yes," said Agatha as sudden tears filled her eyes, "I do not for a moment forget my own, who have left me for a little while, and for whom I long unceasingly, but I feel that for their sakes I must live my very best." She paused for a moment. "Dr. Vernon, I have a plan; may I tell you?"

"I hope you will. I am deeply interested."

"I want to go home next month, and take all the family with me. I am well enough?" she questioned anxiously.

"Yes, yes! and," he added mischievously, "You need Marie."

"Marie!" Agatha laughed merrily. "She was married in April, and has gone to California. Now listen: Mrs. Bercam has consented to go as my companion, and I have insisted on paying her a liberal salary. She is very independent, and I had hard work to convince her that no amount of paltry money could pay for the comfort and help she will give me. She will be able to pay Amy's tuition at Miss Gray's school. I have begged the privilege of giving her her musical education. She has been studying with me, and has fine ability."

"Excellent! excellent!" commented the doctor.

"And then—" Agatha choked—"O Dr. Vernon, I have pleaded, almost on my knees, that I might educate Vernon—for my brother Chester's sake. I am so alone in the world that it would have broken my heart, if they had not at last laid aside their pride and consented. It is I who am under obligations, not they. Vernon can never do heavy work on the farm, but the world will hear from his pen, unless I am much mistaken."

"And Baby Agnes?"

"We will all care for her, the darling. There they come!" She waved her hand. "You approve, Dr. Vernon?"

"With all my heart. You will keep this place, too?"

"O yes, a caretaker will be here, and we can come any time to our valley home." Agnes held out her hands.

"Mith Bully, Mith Bully! we've had a bufullest time."

"Yes, dear," said Agatha Burleigh, as she took the baby in her arms, "so have I." She turned to Dr. Vernon, "With all my heart I thank God and you for the 'Newness of Life' which has come to me in this blessed, beautiful valley."—*Julia Bedford Tomkinson, in Christian Advocate.*

From the *Japan Bulletin* we learn that during the six months preceding March 1 last, the police censors of that country changed the titles of 2,144 photo plays, cut out 127 murder scenes and entirely prohibited the exhibition of 57 reels. The most of the films shown in Japan are from America.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

YE TOWN PHILOSOPHER

A FEW weeks ago.

MY UNCLE Samuel came home.

AND SAT down to supper.

AND WHILE they were eating.

HIS WIFE said to him.

"SAMUEL, I have just found out.

WHAT IT was.

THAT POISONED our little Edward.

IT WAS the preserved fruit.

THAT WE had for dinner.

THE DAY before he died.

AND THE Doctor from the Board of Health.

HAS TESTED samples from the other jars.

AND HE says it is all poisoned.

AND WE must destroy it at once.

ALL THOSE two hundred and thirty quarts."

AND AS soon as my uncle could speak.

HE SAID.

"OF COURSE, Dear, we can be thankful.

THAT THE other children were away.

AND THAT we didn't eat any ourselves.

AND OF course we'll not use another bit.

BUT I do not believe.

THAT WE can hardly afford.

TO THROW it all away.

BECAUSE WE put a lot of money.

INTO THAT fruit.

I'LL SEE tomorrow.

IF I can not sell part or all of it.

TO THE Children's Home.

"BUT, SAMUEL, isn't there a law.

AGAINST SELLING poisoned foods?

AND JUST think.

OF THOSE poor children."

"YES, DEAR. There has been a law passed.

BUT IT doesn't go into effect.

UNTIL the middle of next month.

SO YOU see, dear.

THAT IF we sell the fruit this week.

WE CAN get rid of it all right.

AND NOT only get out of it.

WHAT IT cost us to put it up.

BUT A good profit besides."

AND IF this incident is hard to believe.

I WONDER if American history.

WILL NOT be hard to believe, too.

WHEN FUTURE generations.

READ THAT the American people.

WHEN THEY discovered.

THAT ALCOHOLIC liquors.

WERE KILLING their own children.

STOPPED THE sale at home.

BUT SHIPPED millions of gallons.

TO THE people of other countries.

LEST FORSOOTH.

THEY MIGHT lose some of the money.

THAT THEY had tied up in the poison.

AND MEANWHILE.

OUR LIQUOR people continue.

WITH THE sanction of our Government.

EXPORTING it by the ship-load.

"BEFORE THE law goes into effect!"

I THANK you.

—Mark R. Shaw, in the "Intercollegiate Statesman."

HANGING A SIGN*

A Dramatic Presentation of Medical Missions to be Given by Eight Girls

Enter girl in student cap and gown with diploma in her hand. In other hand a sign, "Eleanor Brent Smith, M. D." At last! Oh, the thrill of actually holding in my own two hands this precious diploma and my sign all ready to hang up to lure patients. Now where shall I hang my sign? It would be great to go back to my own, my native town and demonstrate to the unbelievers that I have actually finished the course and that I have a perfectly good license authorizing me to the practice of medicine and surgery. They did not think I would stick to my studies until I finished and I should just like to hang this sign in that old town to show them. But there are, let me see (counts), one, two, three, four, five, six—six doctors there now and there are only three thousand people. It would be an up-hill business to build up a practice, and every one of the other doctors would oppose me. Perhaps it would be better for me to stay right here in Philadelphia, near the medical college. But think of all the famous doctors and surgeons here! I'm afraid no patients would ever come to poor little me, and my sign would just wave on and on in the gentle breeze while the heedless and healthy throng passed it by unseeingly. I thought my troubles would all be over when I passed the various and sundry tests and examinations, but here's a new problem: Given a diploma and a degree and a sign all ready to hang up. Where shall I hang it? Who bids for my sign?"

Enter Chinese Girl: "Oh, let me put in a bid for China. Hang it in my land. China has two hundred million women, and only about one hundred women doctors. Why should you wait for patients in Amer-

*To be published in leaflet form by the Literature Committee of the United Lutheran Church in America. Price, 10 cents per copy, 60 cents per doz.

ica while China has patients waiting for you? China is making wonderful progress but still there is such great need. Still our doctors and priests are bound by superstition. Still we have little straw men made to place beside those who are sick, in order that the sickness may be lured or enticed into the man of straw by the money which we tie to it, and then the straw man be burned or thrown away. China needs with a need greater than you can know, this sign of yours. There you can begin at once to minister to those who need you and are waiting for you! There you can help us to train our own doctors and nurses. I beg you to hang your sign in China."

Enter Japanese Girl: "I bid for your sign for Japan. We have many doctors and many hospitals, but oh, so few Christian doctors. We need, oh, Japan needs so much the message of the Great Physician, whose name has never yet been named to millions of our people."

Enter Girl Representing Missionary From Africa: "I come as a Christian missionary to beg you to hang your sign in Africa. A whole continent of opportunity is opened to you. I can show you a block of country nearly a thousand miles square without a doctor of any kind and only one trained nurse. Recently a young doctor who came to a mission hospital in Africa performed his first major operation within fifteen minutes after his boat landed. He did not have time to hang a sign. The suffering people had heard that another white doctor was coming and they were lined up to receive him when he landed.

"I can show you the bleached bones of thousands who have been taken out on the veldt to die alone and uncared for because they were declared to be bewitched. Just recently when the mother of a chief died two little slave children were compelled to walk around the corpse all night to keep the evil spirits from breaking loose into the town. Then at daybreak the next morning the two children were buried alive in the same grave with the dead woman.

"Thousands of people are doomed to drink the poison cup to prove that they are not witches. If they die of the poison they are declared guilty. If they survive they thus prove their innocence.

"How the poor people of Africa suffer!

How the women suffer! How the little children suffer! Fifty million women in Africa and only fifteen women doctors!

"In the name of the Christ who died for these degraded savages I beg you to hang your sign in Africa."

Enter Korean Girl: "Korea bids for your sign. You girls of America, oh, how little you know of a childhood terrorized by fear of evil spirits! All of my life I have spent in terror of the spirits—spirits of the air, spirits of the water, spirits of the land! The bodies of our whole nation show even today the scars of superstition, pierced as they have been by sharp knives to let the evil spirits out. Small pox is so common in my land that no man counts his children until after they have had small pox. Our eyes have been blinded by steel needles. Our bodies have been burned with hot irons. Even today our native physicians are giving such prescriptions as powdered tiger claws, tincture of bear's gall, or decoction of crow's feet. You laugh at our superstitions but you send us so few doctors to teach us truth. I beg you not to hang that sign in a place that needs it not, when Korea's need is so great."

Enter Mohammedan Girl: "I bid for that sign for Moslem women. In your hand you hold the key, the only key which can open the Mohammedan lock. The medical missionary can enter through doors locked and barred to everyone else. Think of one hundred million women in Moslem lands with only twenty women doctors! Why should you enter an overcrowded way here, when you might be a pioneer in unbeaten paths to bring health and healing to the veiled women of Islam!"

Enter Girl From Philippines: "If you want your sign to hang 'neath your own Stars and Stripes, I bid for it for the Philippines. The United States has done much for us but there is yet much to be done. Why should you not hang up your sign with the determination to help put tuberculosis and leprosy out of the Philippines, and out of the world?"

Enter Girl From India: "I bid for your sign for India—for India with its millions of child wives and widows. We have only about one woman doctor to every one million women in India, and our land is not as is your land, for in India no man is permitted to look upon the face of the

women of the high caste. It will not be hard for you to build up your practice in India. I can take you to a hospital that has its gate closed because the only missionary doctor there has broken down and had to go away for rest, and notwithstanding all her pleadings and entreaties to the girls of America, no one else has come out to take her place. A high caste girl was carried many miles to that hospital. Through all the pain of the rough way she looked forward to the time she should reach the hospital and find the wonderful doctor of whom she had heard. When they came to the gate at the entrance it was closed. The old gate keeper had to send them back all the long, rough way because there was no doctor there. On the homeward way the girl died.

"So my people are suffering and dying with no one to help—little children and little mothers! Oh, such little mothers, when your children of America are happy at their play. If you could see one of the little widows I have seen, lying half starved in a damp hall, burning with fever, cursed by her father-in-law who forbade any one to minister to that wicked creature, who he said had caused the death of her husband, his bright and gifted son. When he thought she was about to die he had her carried out into the street on a mat so she would not pollute the house. For three days and nights she lay there without food or shelter in the pouring rain. The chilly air of the rainy season penetrated through her tiny worn frame and no one came to minister to her. The orthodox Hindu neighbors dared only to hope she would soon pass away since her cries and moans disturbed their slumbers. Thus do our little girls suffer! I bid for your sign for India."

American Girl: "And now the face of my problem has changed. Given one sign to hang out and such a multitude of calls! What shall I do? One of them is my call. No sleeping potion could give me rest if with these calls ringing in my ears I failed to answer. That land is henceforth my country which needs me most. (*Faces the audience squarely.*)

"But the other calls—I pass them on to you. Who will answer them. Who will go? Who will send?"—*Missionary Review of the World.*

ANNUAL REPORT OF SECRETARY WOMAN'S SOCIETY FOR CHRISTIAN WORK, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Again in God's good providence we are met as a society for our annual meeting.

The year commenced with a series of postponements. First from our regular first Wednesday in October to the following Sunday afternoon, in order that our Red Cross Central Auxiliary workers who met Wednesdays at the church might not feel they were intruding. From Sunday, October sixth, the meeting was postponed to the following Sunday because of the imperative call for workers at Red Cross Headquarters to make influenza masks to combat the terrible scourge of Spanish influenza which was in our midst, as well as in our army camps, and doing fearful havoc throughout the nation.

Just at this time the Red Cross was aiding those afflicted by the Morgan disaster near South Amboy, where, during the night of October fourth and day of October fifth, explosions of TNT powder at the greatest shell-filling plant in the world shook this section to its foundations and many were made homeless. These needed food, shelter and clothing, so while hundreds worked that Sunday making influenza masks, scores were caring for nearly a hundred refugees from the explosion and were gathering and carrying food and other effects to those near the scene of disaster.

Then as all public meetings were closed by the Board of Health, our annual meeting was still delayed, and finally held November tenth, when the officers elected for the year, and who have served, were President, Mrs. William C. Hubbard; vice president, Mrs. Sarah L. Wardner; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Edwin Shaw; recording secretary, Mrs. Orra S. Rogers; treasurer, Mrs. F. A. Dunham; auditors, Mrs. John G. Spicer and Mrs. J. F. Hubbard.

It was deemed advisable for the second year in our history to extend the day and place of our meeting to Central Auxiliary of the Red Cross to carry on its broader work, so the meetings of the society were held the second Sunday of each month during the year.

The money to carry on our work has been raised, as in 1917-18, by voluntary

subscriptions to a budget, and our members have responded most generously. All budget money, and all dues were paid.

On one Wednesday of nearly every month the Refreshment Committee arranged for the usual luncheon of the society at the church, which accommodated many Red Cross workers and was also appreciated by several business men.

At the March meeting, Miss Jessie Utter was made an honorary member of the society. The active membership of the society has been seventy-six, including fourteen members of its auxiliary, the S. D. B's. It has lost four valued members during the year, Mrs. Amanda T. Tomlinson, Mrs. Jane Dunham, Mrs. Theodore L. Gardiner and Mrs. F. A. Dunham. Mrs. Dunham's death, but six days before the completion of thirty years of service as treasurer of the society, takes one whose strongest interest centered in its welfare. The duties of her office were performed with zeal and integrity and until ill health prevented her attendance she was ever working for the society in its various channels, as well as in her official capacity. Records show that she has been present at every annual meeting for thirty years.

The society has ten non-resident members. Of these, one of our honorary members, Mrs. D. H. Davis, who, with her husband, has been on our mission field in Shanghai, China, for nearly forty years, has recently returned to our midst, and we extend to her a cordial welcome.

While the past two years have been unusual ones in the history of this society, and its efforts have been turned in new channels, yet we can but feel that these years, vibrant with higher and holier impulses than the world has yet experienced, have set their mark on this organization and will inspire it to greater zeal for the Great Cause for which it is striving.

Respectfully submitted,

ELMA B. ROGERS,
Recording Secretary.

Johnny, aged four, went into a nearby grocery and asked for a box of canary seed. "Is it for your mother?" asked the grocer. "No, of course not," replied the little fellow. "It is for the bird."—*Exchange.*

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING

Not alone for the ripened field,
Not alone for the harvest yield,
Not alone for the birds and flow'rs,
Not alone for the sun and show'rs
We'd praise thy name, our Father-God,
That thou art Lord of earth and sod,
That ripened grain, and fruit, and flow'r
Are symbols of thy mighty pow'r.
For all of these our thanks we'd raise
In grateful sacrifice of praise.

Not alone for the love of friends,
Not alone for the grief that ends,
Not alone for the hours of mirth,
Not alone for the joys of earth,
We'd thank thee for the love of heav'n;
We'd praise thy name for vic'tries given;
We'd praise thee for the bed of pain;
For days of loss, and days of gain.
This is the offering we'd bring;
This "sacrifice of praise" we'd sing.

Not alone for salvation here,
Not alone for the Gospel's cheer,
Not alone for its wondrous pow'r
To keep us in temptation's hour,
We'd thank thee for the life beyond;
We'd praise thee for the Christian bond;
We'd thank and praise thee, O our Lord,
For ev'ry promise in thy Word.
For these we thank thee, yea, and more;
And laud, and worship, and adore.
—Jennie Wilson-Howell.

INTERCHURCH PERSONALS

Warren H. Wilson, head of the country work department of the Presbyterian Church, and one of America's foremost authorities on rural church matters, has consented to head the work of co-ordination and interpretation for the Interchurch rural surveys.

Distribution of all Interchurch literature is in the hands of the schedule and records division, headed by Carl Van Winkle. Requests for literature of any sort should be sent to Mr. Van Winkle at Room 1206, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

R. L. McCall, just placed in charge of the Interchurch World Movement Survey for France, is a son of the founder of the McCall Mission in France. Mr. McCall has been associated with the International Y. M. C. A.

Dr. David E. Bovaird, for some years connected with the medical department of Columbia University, has been placed in charge of the medical section of the Co-ordination branch of the foreign survey department.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. R. R. THORNGATE, SALEMVILLE, PA.
Contributing Editor

TRUTHS THAT JESUS TAUGHT

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 6, 1919

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Truths about God (John 5: 16-27)
Monday—About man (John 8: 31-47)
Tuesday—About salvation (John 10: 22-42)
Wednesday—About himself (John 5: 33-47)
Thursday—About humility (Matt. 18: 1-10)
Friday—About service (John 21: 15-25)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Truths that Jesus taught
(Matt. 5: 3-12; John 21: 25). (Consecration meeting).

"In the beginning God."—There is no possible satisfactory interpretation of the fact of the universe, of existence, of life, aside from a religious interpretation. Any attempt to account for and interpret these facts without God back of them all leaves us in darkness and despair. We must start with "in the beginning God," and follow his plan throughout the ages until his revelation of himself, and his purpose toward mankind, culminates in Jesus Christ our one Lord and Savior. From that time on, we have the example and teaching of Jesus to guide us, and we shall make no mistake in following him. The truths that Jesus taught are fundamental to largeness of life. Life becomes so little and mean without a religious interpretation of its meaning.

No Religion, No God.—The other day the Federal authorities made a raid in several cities of the United States on a certain organization of men who would, if possible, overthrow our Government. They planned destruction and death to achieve their ends, and little wonder when we know their interpretation of life. It is without religion—without God. Among their documents and publications seized by the authorities was this declaration: "We hate religion because it lulls the spirit with lying tales, takes away courage and faith in the power of man, faith in the triumph of justice here on the real earth. . . . Religion covers everything with fog; real evil becomes visionary, and visionary good a reality. It has always sanctified slavery, grief and tears. And

we declare war upon all Gods and religious fables. We are atheists." Little wonder that men with such a conception of life could plot destruction and murder. But those who have learned the truths that Jesus taught could not—would not—give their lives over to such selfishness and baseness. What did Jesus teach about God, man, sin and salvation, himself, and right living?

About God.—"God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth" (John 4: 24). That is, Jesus says, God is a person and in him is perfection of character, love, holiness, righteousness, and "hence must be worshiped with the corresponding faculties of the human soul," since we have been made in his image. Before we can truly worship God we must have a right understanding of his character and purpose.

"God is love." "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3: 16). Love is the great central fact of the universe.

About man.—Man, that is, mankind,—all of us,—are the bondservants of sin, until we are made free from sin through Christ. It is the truths taught by Christ that make us free from sin.

About salvation.—Redemption from sin is termed salvation. Redemption means to redeem, or buy back. We are redeemed from sin through Christ. He gives to each one eternal life; more abundant life.

About Himself.—Jesus sought not to do the things that were pleasing to himself, but to do the will of God who sent him. Neither did he bear witness of himself, but the things which he did, every act of his, bore testimony to his divine sonship. And today the fruits of Christianity bear witness to its saving power in the world, and are a living proof of the genuineness of the truths that Jesus taught.

About right living.—Jesus taught that humility and service—living unselfishly for others—is the big thing in life. His mission in life was to minister to and serve all mankind. He made the supreme sacrifice on our behalf. But there are certain inward qualifications of heart that are necessary to right living and make us fit for service. These are found in the teachings

of the Sermon on the Mount. We must be humble, sympathetic, gentle, hungering after spiritual things, merciful, pure in heart, peaceable. Only as we shall make this preparation of heart will we be truly fitted for lives of service and usefulness.

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS

In the light of what shall we interpret the fact of the universe, of existence, of life?

Can there be any other satisfactory interpretation?

What is the result when an individual or a nation leaves God out of life?

What did Jesus teach about God? About man, sin and salvation? About himself? About right living?

What is the true purpose of life?

How shall we fit ourselves for living lives of service and usefulness?

ABOUT THE CONSECRATION MEETING

Along with this week's topic it is time for the monthly consecration meeting. Often the consecration meeting is rather dull because of the sameness of procedure in obtaining responses from the members. For this month's meeting try some of the methods suggested by one of our live-wire societies. They will be found in another place in the young people's department in this issue.

FOR THE CONSECRATION MEETING

The prayer meeting topics of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, these being the topics which our own societies use, provide for twelve consecration meetings in the course of the year. The first service in each calendar month is designated as "consecration meeting." The consecration meeting should be, if possible, the most deeply spiritual of all our meetings. Quite the reverse is often the case. Sometimes one wonders if we know what the consecration meeting stands for, or if having known, we have not lost sight of it. For what does the consecration meeting really stand? What is its purpose? The purpose of the consecration meeting is for each and every active Christian Endeavorer to speak regarding his or her progress in the Christian life, and to pledge anew his or her loyalty to Christ and the Church. Has there been progress in our Christian experience? Does it grow richer

and deeper from month to month? If not, something is wrong; we are being hindered.

Possibly a change in method of conducting the consecration meetings might put more life into them. The accepted way of conducting the meetings is for the members to respond as their names are called by the secretary. A variation of this plan may be helpful in relieving the sameness from month to month. Below are given twelve suggestions—one for each month for a year—for making each meeting a little different than the preceding one. The twelve methods have all been successfully used in one of our live-wire societies, and this society is glad to share them with others. Try them.

1. Roll call alphabetically.
2. Roll call by churches or States. As each person participates light a candle on a C. E. monogram. It is best to have the lights dimmed so that the candles may show up better.
3. Roll call by officers and committees. Have the secretary call the names of the Executive Committee, and as each chairman is called have him call the names of his particular committee.
4. Give each a list of the members, asking them to respond in the order in which their names appear, the secretary or president saying "absent" to the names of ones not present.
5. The above may be done by placing a membership list on the wall.
6. Roll call by birthdays. Either call the months, with each member responding as the month in which his or her birthday occurs is called; or find out the month in which each one's birthday occurs and call all in a given month, for example, January, together.
7. Telegram roll call. Make telegram blanks, give a blank to each member, asking for a ten-word message. Collect, pass out and read. Make blank as below:

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TELEGRAM TO S. D. B. C. E. SOCIETY Address..... (Message) Sender's name.....

8. Roll Call cards. Place three or four names on a card, change order of

cards so as to avoid monotony in roll call.

9. Voluntary consecration meeting. Give all a chance to respond voluntarily and promptly. Near the close of the meeting the secretary should call the roll. Those who have already taken part responding, "present," all others giving testimonies.

10. Prayer roll call. Have three or four names called at once, each responding with a short prayer.

11. Responding in order of seating, not calling the roll.

12. Definite consecration. Occasionally have some very definite subject of thought. This should be something that may be applied to every day life, that can be lived every day of the month. Cheerfulness, more prayer, etc., are good topics.

It is a wise plan to read the pledge at the consecration meetings. Music relieves any monotony in the roll call.

CHEERING NEWS FROM FOUKE

The following good news from Fouke, Ark., regarding the school work there this year, and intended for the young people's department comes from Rev. Paul S. Burdick, the principal, to the editor of the department as a personal letter, and is printed as such. We are sure that all friends of the Fouke School, and there are many, will greatly enjoying reading it.

Rev. R. R. Thorngate,
Salemville, Pa.

DEAR FRIEND: Since the Young People's Board is taking a special interest in the Fouke School, it seems proper that we should report from time to time through the young people's page of the RECORDER. School started auspiciously the 20th of October, and has been going now for three weeks. Unusual rains during the month of October have delayed the cotton-picking, and have kept a few out of school during some of the good days.

Pleasant days we do have, and I sometimes wish the young people of Milton and Alfred and other places in the North were here to help enjoy them. When I think of how the cold sleet used to fall on the football field during these months, and of the cold fingers we used to get picking up potatoes back home,

I feel like smiling. However, all things are compensated for in some way, and when I see (and feel) the flies and mosquitos, I long for a good biting frost. (The mosquitos are rare, though, at this time of year. The rains have brought them out.)

But I started to tell about the school. There are twenty pupils in the high school and twenty-four in the grades. You can see that makes a pretty big load for three teachers. However, we have managed to eliminate three grades, and there are some high school subjects not called for this year. That leaves four grades to be taught by Miss Annette Rasmussen. Miss Fucia Randolph teaches the seventh grade and divides the high school work with "That Man," as the pupils are pleased to designate their principal, whether in admiration or reproach I have not yet been able to conjecture.

We have levelled off a place on the school yard for a basket-ball court and set up poles and baskets. The pupils bought the ball. So we are ready now to work for the state championship, or something equally imposing. So far as I can see, the young people here are just as fond of a good time, just as full of fun—yes, and just as good at their books—as those of other parts of the country. All the indications seem to point to a good year of it.

Some question has arisen as to the advisability of continuing our school in view of the fact that the village now has a good school building in which pupils are being taught in all the grades and two years of high school work. However, they have only the same number of teachers as we have, and so many pupils that they are really overcrowded. So there is no doubt in my mind but what our school is needed this year, at least. Whether we should plan to continue the school here indefinitely, however, is a question which will require much thoughtful consideration and prayer. The reason we are not dividing the work with the other school but are duplicating the work in the grades and part of the high school, is that no agreement could be reached with the other school.

Your colaborer in Christ,
PAUL S. BURDICK.

Fouke, Ark.,
November 9, 1919.

A FLYING SQUADRON FOR C. E. WORK

ALFRED, N. Y.—The Christian Endeavorers of Allegany County held a rally at Belmont, N. Y., October 30. After hearing reports of what the various societies represented at the rally were doing and what they would like to do, a flying squadron of six members was appointed as an evangelistic Christian Endeavor committee to carry the enthusiasm of the rally to other societies not represented, and also to arouse interest in pastorless churches, or in communities where there are no churches, for the organization of Christian Endeavor societies. It is hoped thereby to train more young people in the Master's work and win more souls for Christ. Three of the members of this flying squadron are from our Seventh Day Baptist churches,—one from Alfred, one from Little Geneese, and one from Nile. The members of the county Executive Committee planned a greatly increased budget for the ensuing year. Their action was heartily supported by the societies represented. The subject of "Challenges" was presented at the evening session by Carlton Sherwood, our state C. E. field secretary.

The Missionary Committee of the local society here at Alfred is to have charge of the prayer meeting service Friday evening, November 21.

E. F. R.

LET US GIVE THANKS!

An optimist and a pessimist were balancing their books on Thanksgiving Day. The former added up all his accounts that had been paid during the year and soon found out the sum total of his receipts. The latter put into a single column all his expenses and thought how much better off he would have been, had he not been obliged to incur this outgo.

The former crossed off several accounts that were "no good," or more exactly speaking, charged them up to "Experience," with whom he had been keeping an account for many years. The latter took a number of similar accounts, and cast about to see if there were still not some way of collecting them before he finally charged them off to "Bad Luck," with whom he had been keeping an account ever since he could remember.

For the confirmed pessimist Thanksgiving Day must be a peculiarly lugubrious occasion. To be surrounded by groups of happy, joyous people and to be unable to share in their giving of thanks is to be put in a position of unusual isolation. If ever pessimists hold a reunion, it ought to be on such a day as this, for if ever they need the poor comfort of being mutually miserable it is then.

The pessimist can not even thank God that his previous twelve-month has been no worse than it has been, for his philosophy tells him that it is worse than previous years, although it is not so bad as it will be in years to come. If in the very least he can be thankful, it is for the same reason as the one who went up to the temple to pray, and said: "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men." If he has any pleasure at all, it is in his view of the world-process, and that means that his pleasure is really pain. Just as some good people say that they "enjoy poor health," so the confirmed pessimist enjoys his poor, distorted view of life.

For the consistent optimist Thanksgiving Day in its spirit should not differ much from other days. Every day ought to be an occasion of the giving of thanks to one who has become convinced that progress in the world is on the side of good. But it is, nevertheless, an occasion when one can sum up, like a review lesson in school, the material and spiritual achievements of the previous year.

To change the figure, Thanksgiving Day provides an opportunity to run over the log of last year's voyage. Most voyages have a variety of experience, light breezes, strong gales, smooth seas, confused seas, days of cloudless sky, fog, and driving sleet. On Thanksgiving Day we give thanks to God for all these alike, for storm as well as calm, for head winds as well as favoring breezes, and even though the former predominate, we can still be grateful that we have not had the dull monotony of a sea of glass, and that the good ship still answers to the helmsman's turn of the rudder, and with well-filled sails is plunging on, alike in darkness or in day, with cargo intact, on the voyage that some day will bring us to a quiet harbor.—*Christian Work.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE**GERTRUDE PAULSTON'S THANKSGIVING DAY**

Tomorrow would be Thanksgiving. No one was more aware of this than good Mrs. Stewart, as she hustled about her kitchen preparing good things for the morrow's dinner. Big golden pumpkin pies, clear red cranberry sauce, dark spice cake, and great thick gingerbreads, were already awaiting the event in the pantry cupboard. Thanksgiving! had it not been the uppermost thought in her mind for many days before this? The day when all the children would be home!

"Dear mother, I'm so happy, just two more weeks until Thanksgiving. I can hardly wait." So Grace had written, and the words now came into the mother's mind, as she so zealously endeavored to fulfill these expectations.

"Well, mother, I feel just like Bobby says, when he smells 'pumpkin pies bakin', I'm just glad I'm a livin', at such a time as this." It was Mr. Stewart's cheery voice as he came in from doing the evening chores. Bobby was the little grandson who had made his home with his grandparents since his parents had died several years ago.

"That just reminds me it is past time for Bobby to be home from school," and Mrs. Stewart glanced at the clock which pointed to half past four. "You know teacher always lets the little ones out early, and Bobby said she told them they could be excused at two-thirty this day. Of course she will be in a big hurry to get home for tomorrow," and Mrs. Stewart smiled, thinking of what the morrow must mean to the little country school teacher whose home was so far away.

Yes, Bobby was late. He had talked unceasingly from noon until the promised time to be excused. So when the others filed out he and another little boy, guilty of a like breach of discipline, were told they must remain.

"Come and sit in front of my desk, Bobby," said Miss Paulston, after the others had gone. "And you, Tommy, sit back in

that far corner; I wonder how many times I've told you boys to stop talking this afternoon?"

"Teacher," exclaimed Bobby, "a feller just can't help talking when tomorrow's Thanksgiving and my! that's a big time at our house, and oh! you just ought to taste the pumpkin pies my grandma makes, and oh! everybody just comes home that day and everybody is happy on Thanksgiving. My grandma says so, teacher," and Bobby sat up as though a new thought had struck him. "Aren't you happy, 'cause you're going home, and your grandma has lots of good things ready for you?"

"Hush, Bobby, you mustn't talk," and Gertrude Paulston rose quickly and went to the window to hide the tears which filled her eyes. "Aren't you glad 'cause you're going home?" The childish words rang mockingly in her ears. Home! oh, if she only had one to go to! "Everybody just comes home that day," again sounded Bobby's voice. Her eyes wandered out over the bare November country, over woodlands and hills, far, far away. And once again she seemed to see the stately old house she had once called home.

That was the last happy Thanksgiving Day in Gertrude Paulston's life. The days which followed were filled with sad memories. She had been left an orphan to make her home with a stern old grandfather. At sixteen years of age she had been sent away to school. After being in school two years her grandfather died. Since then she had been making her own way in the world as best she could.

"Teacher," one of the boys was speaking to her. She turned quickly, aware for the first time that it was beginning to get late in the afternoon. "Teacher, can't we please go home now, it's getting late?"

"Yes, boys, you may, if you promise never to be so naughty again," and to "Bobby," as he passed out a little after Tommy, she said: "I hope you have a real nice Thanksgiving Day."

"Yes, I will, and won't you have a good one, too? Teacher, are you going home?"

Tears came to the little teacher's eyes, but she tried to smile bravely as she answered, "No, Bobby, teacher has no home to go to."

That evening as Mrs. Stewart was washing the dishes after the evening meal, Bob-

by came in wearing an unusually serious countenance.

"Grandma," he began, "don't everybody have homes to go to on Thanksgiving, and don't everybody have grandmas?"

"Why, Bobby, what makes you ask such questions? Aren't you happy tonight?" And Mrs. Stewart stopped drying dishes to peer over the rims of her glasses at her small grandson, a somewhat surprised look on her kind face.

"Yes," answered Bobby, "but teacher isn't. Grandma, teacher doesn't have any home," and Bobby became excited. "Can't teacher come here and eat good things with us tomorrow?"

"Why, what a splendid idea, Bobby. Somehow I never think of such things. It just seems to me that because we are always happy on Thanksgiving that everybody else is, too. The idea, no home to go to on such a day above all others. A Thanksgiving without all one's dear ones around them." Could it be possible; and one thought of the children coming on the morrow, and what the day had always meant to them rushed into her mind. "I'm afraid I'm somewhat selfish," she thought to herself.

So it was arranged that the little country school teacher should have a real Thanksgiving, and the next morning Bobby and his grandfather, with old Polly in the buggy, drove over to Gertrude Paulston's boarding house, and an hour later Mrs. Stewart welcomed Gertrude with open arms, as she led her into a large, spacious living room, where a big coal fire blazed and a delicious odor of roast turkey filled the room. Such a Thanksgiving Day as Gertrude spent; never would she forget it!

"You have made me feel as though I had always spent Thanksgiving Day here. I never was happier in my life," were Gertrude's parting words as she bade her new friends good-by late that evening.

"And you have made me feel as though I should always like to make somebody just as happy on this day as we are," declared Mrs. Stewart.

Late that night as grandma tucked him into bed, Bobby whispered: "Grandma, it's been a new kind of a Thanksgiving, hasn't it? And, my! that pumpkin pie tasted whole lots better 'cause teacher helped us
—President of Stanford University.

ANY WAY YOU PLEASE

"Mamma, I wish you'd call the baby in; he's so cross we can't play!" cried Robert one day as he was playing in the yard with his sister and the baby.

"I don't think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mamma, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head."

Robert did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head, just as Robbie had done.

"Whistle," said mamma.

Robbie did, and the baby began to whistle, too.

"Stop mocking me!" said Robbie, giving the baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said his mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not feel exactly like doing this, but he did, and baby hugged and kissed him back very warmly.

"Now, you see," said his mother, "you can make a cross or a good boy of your little brother, just as you choose. But you must teach him yourself."—*Jewels.*

THE RIVER JORDAN QUARANTINED

"No more baptisms in the River Jordan," say health authorities in Palestine. Bathing in the consecrated stream, famous in sacred history, has been forbidden as a result of the discovery by American physicians that its waters carry dangerous disease germs.

One of the first steps taken by the American Red Cross in the relief work in that region was an analysis of the river water. It was found laden with the germs of skin diseases and other contagious maladies.

Because of the sacred traditions connected with bathing in the Jordan restrictions have never been placed on the practice. At certain seasons of the year, thousands of natives journey great distances to bathe in the river, believing that they will receive spiritual uplift and be made pure. The ban on unrestricted bathing probably will continue until the epidemic of typhus in Eastern countries is checked.—*Red Cross Bulletin.*

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

LETTER FROM APPLETON, WIS.

As we are now settled in Appleton, Wis., for the winter, we are virtually members of the L. S. K's, and proud we are to belong to an organization under such devoted and enthusiastic leadership as we have.

We do enjoy this beautiful, clean city of about 20,000, with its college and musical atmosphere, for under the auspices of the conservatory of Lawrence College the very best musical talent comes here. This season we have had Max Rosen, the celebrated boy violinist, and Mischa Elman, though Elman refused to play when on arriving he found that Lawrence chapel had not been sold out although \$800 had been received for tickets of which he would have received \$600. Ordinarily he gets \$1,200 but this was an open date. It was a great disappointment to the people, some of whom had driven 100 miles to hear him.

There are many free concerts given by the faculty of the conservatory and also by the churches.

The Congregational church gives a series each year, one of which I heard last Sunday afternoon. The church edifice is ideal in construction and decoration. Two outside entrances lead into the large circular audience room. An inclined floor, a large platform on which 100 singers can be seated, the fine pipe organ are attractive features. The decorations are harmonious and artistic. The walls are a light cream color with narrow borders of gilt and light coffee color and base of darker shade. Two circles of over 150 electric bulbs in the center of the ceiling bring out these tints most effectively.

Dr. Peabody stated in his opening remarks that the aim of the church is to educate the congregation so that every one will sing just as they do in the Welsh churches, and as there are a thousand or more members there is abundant material. With this purpose in view four choirs were formed under the leadership of Professor Waterman of the college. The adult choir, eighty-five voices; the male, twenty voices; Cecilian, thirty voices, and Carol, twenty-

seven. The Carol and Cecilian are composed of girls from eight to fourteen.

The program was well arranged. Between each musical number the assistant pastor read a few verses from one of the Psalms and the number following carried out the thought in the Psalm. The anthem, "Lift up your heads," by the united choirs, was especially fine. The Carol choir of the youngest children first asked the question, "Who is the King of Glory?", which was taken up by the Cecilian choir and then repeated by the ladies of the adult choir; and then the answer in one harmonious outburst from all the choirs, "The Lord God Almighty, he is the King of Glory."

Sunday concerts are also given by the choir of one hundred voices of the Methodist church. The fine orchestra of thirty pieces from the Conservatory is often a pleasing accompaniment.

I assure you the L. S. K. Department in our paper will be eagerly read each week, and we know they will do their part for the "Forward Movement" and the new building.

MRS. GEORGE W. ROSEBUSH.

574 Franklin St.,
Appleton, Wis.,
November 12, 1919.

SALEM COLLEGE NEWS

Y. M. C. A. ACTIVITIES

The subject discussed at the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was, "The Value of a College Education to a Young Man." Discussions were given from nearly every angle from which this vital subject could be touched.

The fellows were favored with the presence of Mr. Barnes, of Fairmount State Normal, who spoke stimulating words in regard to college work and the part such an organization as the Y. M. C. A. plays in this work.

Both the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. are looking forward to the sending of delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention to be held at Des Moines, Ia., December 31, 1919 to January 4, 1920.

Dr. Arthur Walwyn Evan, orator, humorist and wit, from Wales, comes as the third number of the Lecture Course and will speak in the college auditorium on

the evening of November 17 at eight o'clock.

ATHLETICS

The basket-ball season has opened and there are nine class teams preparing to fight it out in a couple of weeks for the day's championship. Three of these teams are made up of girls from three of the academy classes.

The regular college teams will begin practicing night after Thanksgiving, and good schedules are being prepared.

Miss Grace Davis led the weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A. Thursday morning. The topic for the week was "Joy in Living."

The meeting was the first in which the new members had really taken part. Several of them gave short talks on some phase of the subject and all of them, as well as the older members, seemed to feel that it was a good meeting.

The joy in things about us, the joy in work, in the companionship of friends, and the influence of a joyful life were some of the things discussed.

The Y. W. C. A. is the only real Christian organization among the women of the college, but it promises to be of great service to all and to help guide each one aright. That mother who feared to send her daughter to college may feel quite at ease so long as her daughter is surrounded by such an atmosphere as that created by the Y. W. C. A.

DONATION TO THE COLLEGE

At a meeting of the College Board, last Monday evening, G. H. Trainer and wife presented that body a deed for a fine lot, adjoining the college grounds on the east, for the use of that institution.

It was certainly a generous donation, and is highly appreciated by the officials and friends of the college.—*Herald-Express*.

In the midst of an election in Denver, a little girl sat in church with her suffragette mother, listening to a minister who was preaching with much earnestness and emphatic gestures. When he had finished, the little girl turned to her mother and asked:

"Mother, was he for or against God?"
—*Christian Work*.

A HYMN OF PRAISE

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"—*Psalms 110: 12.*

What shall I render, Lord to thee,
For all thy benefits to me?
I'll take salvation's cup, O Lord,
And pay my vows to thee, my God.—
Midst all thy people would I sing,
And glad hosannas to thee bring.

My thanks I bring (Lord, make them more!)
For all the bounties from thy store;
Unnumbered blessings thou hast giv'n
In richest show'rs, sent down from Heav'n.—
For these accept my thanks, I pray,
On this, our glad Thanksgiving Day.

Praise do I bring with heart and voice;
(Lord, let my soul indeed rejoice!)
"Thy ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all thy paths are paths of peace."—
Thy righteousness shall aye endure;
Thy mercies are forever sure.

My love I render, let it be
A holy offering, Lord to Thee;
I'd love thee in my ev'ry thought,
And all the pow'rs thy blood has bought.—
Oh! take my love and let it rise
To thee, a holy sacrifice!

My thanks, my praise, my love are thine;
My self I bring, no longer mine;
Accept them, Lord, (I've nothing more!)
Teach me to serve thee, and adore.—
My all I render unto thee,
For all thy benefits to me.

—*Jennie Wilson Howell.*

Cromwell was about to sail for America when a law was passed prohibiting emigration at that time. He was a profligate, having squandered all of his property, but when he found he could not leave England, he reformed his life. Had he not been detained, who can tell what the history of Great Britain would have been.—*Western Recorder*.

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM Wants at Once

Fifty young women between eighteen and thirty-five years of age to take a six-months' course in Hydrotherapy with practical experience in the Hydrotherapy Department of the Sanitarium.

Requirements: Good character; physically able to work; at least a grammar school education.

Permanent positions guaranteed to those who prove a success.

Those interested in this course of training are requested to make application to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, c/o the Nurses' Training School Office, Battle Creek, Michigan.

SABBATH SCHOOL

E. M. HOLSTON, MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.,
Contributing Editor

There are six months left of the Conference year in which to bring your Sabbath school up to standard and come up to Conference at Alfred claiming a banner. Watch the Southeast. Salem, Salemville and Ritchie are practically on the full standard basis now. Lost Creek has been for two years or more. There is a possibility of Middle Island and Roanoke getting in line by July 1st. Wouldn't it make the rest of the denomination "sit up and take notice" if the six main schools of the Southeastern Association should each carry a banner home from Alfred? This would be a real Forward Movement in Sabbath-school work.

Salem Sabbath School has two outpost schools associated with its working under the guidance of Pastor Bond and other helpers. Buckeye Sabbath School is held during the summer months in a schoolhouse about four miles from Salem. Seven young ladies from this community were baptized in September and joined the Salem Church in company with four others from Salem. On the Sabbath previous to their baptism these young ladies made their offering to the Salem Church. This was not called Decision Day, but in fact it was a very practical example of the application of Point Seven of our Standard, "Decision for Christ Urged." The other outpost school is one begun in Clarksburg during the recent visit of the writer in the Southeastern Association. A few Seventh Day Baptist families residing in the city have agreed to meet at different homes Sabbath afternoon for the study of the Sabbath-school lesson.

At Harrisville, W. Va., the county seat of Ritchie County, there are five of our young people, Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Brissey and the Misses May Brissey, Conza Meathrell and Daisy Jett. Mr. Brissey and the three young ladies are teachers in the public school of Harrisville and Mrs. Brissey has been a public school teacher. The

writer made these people a very pleasant visit recently and it was suggested that the five meet Sabbath afternoons and take up the regular study of the Bible as outlined in Teacher Training courses. This suggestion was kindly received and we believe, if followed up, will illustrate how public school teachers can supplement the training they already have with that necessary for successful Bible-school teaching. Our Seventh Day Baptist public school teachers are side-stepping a big opportunity if they do not put some of their talent and training and Christianity into the religious education of our young people.

HANDICAPS

One-room Sabbath schools where all departments must have their classes crowded together for the study period is a big handicap to good work. The only help is to screen off the younger classes. Arrange the seating so all members of the class can readily hear the teacher and hear one another without undue loud talking. Enthusiastic and loud-talking teachers should remember other classes are also trying to recite in the same room. The low-voiced teacher and pupil are nearly as bad. Speak distinctly so all the class may have the benefit of the thought or suggestion. Observe the Golden Rule in your Sabbath-school class.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

"I think the Second Alfred Sabbath School will adopt graded lessons for all classes from Beginners through the Intermediate grades, beginning January 1st. . . . I am very much interested in a Church Day School for Alfred Station and its 'suburbs' for four weeks next summer. July 4 is on Sunday. I would like to begin July 5th and continue until July 30th, holding school from 8.30 until 11.30 a. m. for grades 3-8. I hope to have one or two teachers to help me and to divide the six grades by two or three, as the case may be, I taking the upper grades."—*Pastor William S. Simpson, Alfred Station.*

"I think likely you will be interested in knowing that we held our first workers' meeting Sunday night of this week. There were nine workers present. Two or three absent as is usually the case. We spent a splendid hour or two talking over our Sabbath-school needs. It was pretty defi-

nitely agreed that we should use the Presbyterian Departmental Graded series for the coming year. I think our workers' meeting is an assured fact from now on. It was unanimously agreed that the time for meeting should be the first Sunday evening in each month hereafter."—*Pastor R. R. Thorngate, Salemville, Pa.*

SABBATH SCHOOL HOUR AT BERLIN, N. Y.

A Sabbath-school institute was held on Sunday afternoon, October 2, at the Yearly Meeting of the Berlin, New York City, and New Jersey churches held with the Berlin Church.

After Rev. Willard D. Burdick, the conductor of the institute, had given an address on "The Holy Scriptures," five short addresses were given comparing the Sabbath school and its work with that of the public schools.

Rev. G. H. F. Randolph vividly told of the advancement in educational advantages in West Virginia during his life; of compulsory educational laws in our States; and that the public schools are generously supported by taxation.

Rev. G. B. Shaw spoke of the need of schools to teach the Bible, and of the importance of equipping and supporting the Sabbath school so that as good work can be done in it as in the public school.

Rev. J. L. Skaggs called attention to the requirements in the public schools that lessons be prepared before the class hour; that the recitations be satisfactory; and that tests be passed. Satisfactory work requires that the pupil be interested in his work, and that he apply himself to his tasks.

Mrs. W. D. Burdick talked about the preparation of the Sabbath-school lesson and the class recitation. Much of the success in the class work depends on the teacher's ability to enter into the pupil's experience. Some teachers take too much of the time in talking about the lesson. Draw the pupil out by wise questioning.

Rev. E. E. Sutton spoke as an enthusiast for the graded lessons in our Sabbath schools. It is as desirable to grade the material for study in our Sabbath schools as it is to grade the work in the public schools. Teachers in his school think graded lessons much better than the ungraded.

During the afternoon Mrs. Mamie Strait and Elder Seager sang solos.

At the close of this interesting program the conductor called attention to the importance of supporting the Sabbath School Board in its effort to build up our Sabbath schools. One third of our schools failed to send their annual statistics to the secretary of the board last summer, even though they were written to about it two or three times. To fill out and return the Score Cards each of the three months this year will do your school good.

Sabbath School. Lesson X.—December 6, 1919
PETER AND JOHN ASLEEP IN GETHSEMANE.—Mark 14: 32-54

Golden Text.—"Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."—Mark 14: 38.

DAILY READINGS

Nov. 30—Mark 14: 32-42. Peter and John asleep in Gethsemane

Dec. 1—Mark 14: 43-54. Jesus betrayed and arrested

Dec. 2—John 18: 1-11. Mistaken zeal

Dec. 3—Acts 26: 19-23. Obedience to Jesus

Dec. 4—2 Cor. 11: 23-28. Suffering for Jesus' sake

Dec. 5—Heb. 11: 32-12: 3. Enduring the cross

Dec. 6—2 Tim. 4: 1-8. Fulfill thy ministry
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

"The Protestant church members of America have an annual income of over ten billions of dollars. If they were to give a tenth of their income to God as a recognition of his divine ownership of both them and their possessions, a billion dollars would be released annually for kingdom work, whereas at present less than a third of this amount is being contributed. Can we expect the windows of heaven to pour out the promised blessing so long as these millions are withheld?"

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Medical, Surgical, Obstetrical, Children, Dietetics, Hydrotherapy and Massage. (Affiliation three months Children's Free Hospital, Detroit.)

This school offers unusual advantages to those who recognize the noble purposes of the profession and its great need at the present time, and are willing to meet its demands. Enrolling classes during the year 1919, April, June, August and September 1st. For catalogs and detailed information apply to the Nurses' Training School Department, Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

THE BIBLE AND HOW IT CAME TO US

REV. GEORGE C. TENNEY

Text: The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times. Psalms 12: 6.

The most precious treasure committed to the world, except the gift of God's Son, is undoubtedly his written Word as handed down to us from past ages. It is but natural that the forces of unbelief should assail this Book with great and continued force. It is our most effectual agent in combating evil and dispersing darkness and superstition, in the uplift of the race, and in the development of true manhood. No wonder, then, that all the forces of evil should be arrayed against it. But the immortality of this wonderful Book has been abundantly demonstrated in its wonderful preservation in spite of every effort to destroy it. No other book has survived the passing of years and outlived the progress of civilization and enlightenment that has carried the world far from its primitive conditions. During all this transition the Bible has undoubtedly been foremost amongst all the agencies that have served to promote the onward and upward progress of humanity.

Millions of books have appeared, and have exerted more or less influence upon society, but their day has been short, and the forward march has left them to moulder in oblivion. The world soon outlived them as it has all the books of the past with but very few exceptions. The Book we cherish is the one exception that has stood faithfully at the head of the procession, anticipating every want of the human heart and mind, furnishing to every age and every people and every soul the hope, help and comfort that all have needed.

HOW THE BIBLE CAME TO US

We are aware that all down through the ages a multitude of writings have been projected into the religious world claiming divine origin and authority. How then shall we decide between these claims? We are at least fairly well satisfied with the choice

that has been made, but how do we know that the choosing was exact and that many valuable documents were not rejected? No doubt many of the rejected writings contained excellent things, but they could not stand the test which all that aspired to a place in the sacred Book must pass through.

What was that test? It has been popularly supposed that some council of the early church settled the matter of the composition of the sacred canon. But we find no evidence that this has been the case. Certain dogmas and doctrines were passed upon by such councils amid stormy scenes of violent debate and contention. Dissension from the decisions of these councils resulted in the division and subdivision of Christendom into sects and parties to the everlasting scandal of Christ's true church. But the Bible was not brought forth under such circumstances. The Book is the outgrowth of human experience and needs. It was born, "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

THE BIBLE NOT REQUIRED AT FIRST

Many centuries of human history passed before the Bible was necessary or existed. It was the original design and wish of our heavenly Father to keep his children so close to himself that they could easily bear his voice, and could anticipate his will from the direct revelation of his presence. But gradually the world departed from the infallible guidance of the spoken will, men became wayward and strayed so far from the divine presence that but few could hear the voice of divine counsel. Then the only recourse our Father had in reaching the children of men was through the agency of the few to whom he could speak. It was incumbent upon these to become mediums for the word of the Lord. These were, first, the patriarchs, each of whom was prophet and priest to his own household and community. Then we have the judges, through whom the Lord sought to guide and govern his people. But these agents of divine authority gradually wandered after the world and became unreliable. Then certain pious men and women were endowed with the prophetic gift and through these for many generations God spoke his Word with power. Many of these mes-

sages were matters of record and were preserved. They rang true with heavenly counsels, and had great weight and power in controlling the spiritual lives of God's people. These messages were produced through visions and dreams. "If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known to him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream" (Num. 12: 6). It became a proverb among them that "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

But as time went on the prophet gradually disappeared, and the "Word of the Lord was precious in those days." Another method of disclosing the divine will was necessary. And out of a mass of writings laying claim to divine authority gradually there was formed a collection of writings to which by common consent canonical authority was given. But this consent was obtained from no single individual decision and from no definite body of wise and good men. These writings were preserved because they were living and powerful. Their influence over men was seen to be always right and true to the great principles of Godliness. They were formed after the dictates of eternal principles of righteousness, that, like their Author, never change. By common consent God's children recognized the divine origin of the spirit that indited those words. They touched human spiritual needs with a vital touch, and in every way ministered to the needs of the soul. It took centuries to demonstrate their eternal worth, but they stood the test when others failed. They lived while other writings perished, they were as appropriate to living generations as they had been pertinent to past generations—in a word they bore the evident stamp of their divine origin and approval.

THESE WRITINGS FORMED THE "SCRIPTURES"

It was to these writings that Jesus and the apostles bore constant testimony. Their lives and teachings were made strictly to conform to their testimony. "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to his word it is because there is no light in them," was a maxim held in high regard by all true teachers, and it still has the original force and significance and should be a warning to both speakers and hearers.

The New Testament teachers, including our Lord, ascribe great authority to these sacred writings which were so carefully wrought out in the laboratory of human experience and so thoroughly tested by the severest of all critics and ordeals, that of being able, not only to survive the passing of ages, but of preserving their inherent power and vital force through all the mutations and changes of human society covering all time and all nations and all conditions. Such credentials are absolutely unquestionable, and place our venerated and beloved Bible on a plane so high as to be above all human quibbles and controversy.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

Of at least equal interest with the questions that cluster around the origin and character of the Old Testament are the similar queries that attend the acceptance of the New. And the solution of these queries lies along similar lines. Not a few people undertook to write the account of the life and experiences of Jesus of Nazareth. It is even yet a favorite employment of minds more or less devout. But we know that we must exercise care in following the leadership of these accounts. Many pernicious seeds of error have been sown by those who have undertaken to illuminate the Sun of Righteousness. Luke found a necessity for writing a true account of the things that Jesus "began both to do and teach" because so many had undertaken this work, and in spite of good intentions had incorporated so many errors into their work that he, having had "perfect understanding of all thing from the first," wrote that all lovers of God might know the truth of those things. But Luke's work, correct and scholarly as it is, had to pass through the same test that has produced for us a pure Word.

We have no evidence that any of the Bible writers had any knowledge or anticipation of the place their work was to fill. They did not sit down to the task of writing a section of the Bible that was to be handed down through all posterity as the Word of God. Lincoln had no idea that the few sentences he hastily formulated and uttered in his Gettysburg address were to live forever as a guide star in our national life. Had he so proclaimed that speech to be it would not have affected the fate of his utterances. The American people

must decide that point and determine whether that speech shall fall dead to the ground or live forever.

After the lapse of time, including some centuries, a sifting process had eliminated all but four of the professed accounts of the life of Jesus. These four writings are absolutely imperishable. They are enshrined in the affections, in the very spiritual fiber and marrow of the Christian church and can not be dislodged. They are all cast in different molds, they do not state the same things in the same terms. Matthew is unreliable as a chronologist, he had something else in view above the forming of a connected story. John's Gospel, written long after all the others, covers a distinct field and serves a purpose not attained by the others. Mark is direct, chronologically correct, and bears the impulsive character of youth. And so on, but when they are placed together side by side a picture of wonderful harmony and beauty is presented to us, a picture that would be sadly marred if any of the elements were absent. No provision need be made for contradictions or discrepancies, they are not there.

Paul decides to write a letter to the Roman church. When it is received it is read on the Sabbath Day and produces a profound impression. Unsatisfied, the people call for a rereading the next Sabbath, and it is read again and again. Other churches hear of this wonderful letter and it is copied and sent out; and a hundred years later this letter is still being read. Three hundred years later it is still "quick and powerful." It lives today, as full of power as ever it was. Such things never die. Earth does not produce these everlasting flowers of literature and ethics. Gradually these living gems of vital truth were collected together and formed the Book we love and study and follow today.

There is no doubt that the same Spirit that put it into the hearts of those men to write what they wrote watched over the work of selection and controlled the formation of our Book. But the great tribunal before which the Bible has vindicated its character and its reliability and its sacred origin and authority has been the bar of human sanctified judgment and experience.

[The writer gratefully acknowledges the help he has received in preparing this ser-

mon from a reading of a recent book entitled "The Making of the Bible." The name of the author is Dr. Vernon, I believe, but other particulars are not in mind, regretfully, at present.—G. C. T.]

WHY NOT CHANGERS AS WELL AS "MOVERS"?

Director Ingham is starting a "Movers' Association," asking that we move the decimal point one figure to the right and turn our \$10.00 into a \$100 subscription for the Forward Movement. Good. Lots of people ought to do it. I at once thought we should add a Changers' Association, and change the 1 into "2," "3," "5" or "10," and even then some; thus "changing" the "\$100" to "\$200," "\$500," "\$1,000" or more. (I see Ingham also thought of this.)

The "little widows" are crowding into the "\$100" column, and I am sure our wealthy class should not want to put themselves on a par with the poor widows, or the Lord's rebuke would prove doubly true. "Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all."

I read something lately that both discouraged and encouraged me. A California conference of 3,500 members were expecting to raise a quarter million dollars. My! More than \$60 per member, six times as much as we are asked to do; discouraged to think how little we're attempting; encouraged to think what we may grow to; for what *has been* done can be done again.

Let us not only raise our assessments, but let us do it at once and have it out of the way so as to be ready for our other work. In this way we'll soon be done with the disagreeable (?) part. I don't remember whether we had a definite program for conversions and additions to the churches. If not, we should have. The Episcopal's plan for full church attendance, every member present; the Methodists, I think, for a 25 per cent addition. Should not we add 20 per cent a year, or double our membership in five years? Let us all speed up; for wist ye not that we must all be about our Father's business?

G. M. COTTRELL,

L. S. K.

November 9, 1919.

HOME NEWS

MILTON, WIS.—What department of the SABBATH RECORDER do you read first? Do you not soon turn to this page to see if there is any news of interest from any of our churches? We of the Milton Church acknowledge our—shall I say laziness—at least our indisposition in doing our part toward making this corner of our good paper a real means of direct communication among the members of our widely separated RECORDER family. We fully intend in the future to do better. We feel the need of keeping in touch, in a social way, with our brothers and sisters, and we desire to give and take mutually.

It has been said that the weekly (not weakly) church prayer meeting indicates the pulse of the church, and while our spiritual temperature may not have reached fever-heat, we do have some excellent meetings at our Sabbath-evening appointments. The one on last Sabbath eve, November 7, was most especially a blessed season. After a short evangelistic service conducted by Pastor Jordan five candidates were baptized by him. On Sabbath morning after the sermon twenty persons, including those who were baptized the previous evening, united with the church and received the hand of fellowship, the regular communion service immediately following.

We are still feeling the inspiration of the Battle Creek Conference, and the spirit of the New Forward Movement is upon us. Will it be asking for too much of your time and patience if I submit to you the following "Prayer and Goal of the Church"? This was printed on a card of convenient size, and given out to all who would take one. Not all have signed the card, but many have done so with deep sincerity of purpose.

PRAYER AND GOAL OF THE CHURCH "Thy Kingdom Come"

Conscious of a personal responsibility and opportunity, I am ready, this year to emphasize:

1. *Prayer*,
To increase my own personal prayer life.
To restore and maintain family worship.
For increased serviceableness of church.
2. *Service*,
Work for increased usefulness of the pray-

er meeting. Let us, at least, double the attendance.

Boost the Sabbath school, it is the school of the kingdom.

Give more thoughtful, loyal support to the training school of the church, the C. E. societies.

3. *Evangelism*,
Personal work for individuals.
Increased church membership. At least 1 new member for every 8 members.
Support the extension of the *Gospel* on home field and abroad.
4. *Stewardship*,
Surrender of my life to *him*.
Payment of the *tithe*.
Voluntary gifts for his cause.
Name.....
Date.....

These are interests of vital importance to our Seventh Day Baptist cause, and it means a great deal to us whether we are progressing or simply drifting along.

We would like to speak of our Sabbath school, our three Christian Endeavor societies, the Mission study class, and other work of the Women's Circles, but must leave them for someone else to write about at another time. However, we must make mention of an interesting illustrated talk given by Clifford Burdick on some of his experiences while teaching in a government school in Porto Rico during the war. This entertainment was provided by the Brotherhood of the church. They kindly invited the "Sisterhood" to be present, and all who attended considered it an evening well spent.

You have already seen in the RECORDER something about the campaign of the nine Wisconsin colleges. We are proud of the part our own President Daland has had in this drive for Wisconsin colleges.

No more this time, not even a post-script.
METTA P. BABCOCK.

A local option bill for Wales has been presented to the Welsh Parliamentary party. The presentation of the bill was preceded by over 150 public meetings. The Welsh people are determined to have the privilege of local option already granted to Scotland for 1920.—*National Advocate*.

WANTED

The undersigned will pay a liberal price for as complete a file as possible of the *Seventh Day Baptist Pulpit*, both the old and new series. He desires these magazines especially for his mother, who greatly enjoys reading the sermons.
W. A. Hansen, Olds, Iowa 10-27-tf

MARRIAGES

HENCH-WALTER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Walter, Salemville, Pa., November 11, 1919, by Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Mr. Allen L. Hench, of Altoona, Pa., and Miss Leah F. Walter, of Salemville, Pa.

RANDOLPH-KELLOGG.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Kellogg, of Dunellen, N. J., November 6, 1919, by Pastor Willard D. Burdick, Elston Fitz Randolph and Elizabeth Marie Kellogg, both of Dunellen, N. J.

DEATHS

CHURCH.—William Hibbard, son of Rufus and Eliza Hake's Church, was born in Preston, Conn., March 3, 1830, and died at Rockville, October 1, 1919, in his 90th year.

He was united in marriage to Lydia Jane Tabor, March 10, 1860. There were born to this union two children: Mary Ida, wife of Deacon John F. Palmer, of Rockville, and Governor T. Church, of Hope Valley, R. I.

He was baptized by Rev. Alexander McLearn and united with the Rockville Seventh Day Baptist Church November 24, 1894.

His last days were of great suffering, yet he was patient. He leaves a wife and two children and a host of friends to mourn their loss. It was said of him that he was a quiet, kind-hearted neighbor and friend respected by all.

Burial services were had from the late home conducted by Rev. E. A. Witter, who spoke from Job 5: 26. Interment was in the Rockville Cemetery.

E. A. W.

BURDICK.—Mary E. Grow Burdick was born in Hornell, N. Y., August 18, 1839, and died at the home of her son, E. E. Burdick, near Douglas, N. D., November 4, 1919.

She was the third of a family of eight children born to Martin and Hulda Hood Grow. Only one of this family now survives, Mr. George Grow, of Alfred Station, N. Y.

She was educated in Alfred University and it was here that she became acquainted with Wells N. Burdick, whom she married in 1862. To this union were born six children, two of whom died in infancy. The ones surviving are Fred W., of Mountain Home, Ida.; J. Willard, of Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Florence Haskins and Edgar E., of Douglas, N. D.

Since the death of her husband at Gentry, Ark., in 1903, Mrs. Burdick has made her home with her son, Edgar, removing with him to North Dakota, in 1910, where she has lived since.

She was converted to Christianity at about the age of twelve and was baptized in Clear Lake, Wis., and joined the Rock River Seventh Day Baptist Church, as one of the constituent members, being the last one of these to pass beyond. All through her long life she has been faithful to the cause, living to honor her Savior till she was called to her final reward in the world beyond this vale of tears. She had taken the SABBATH RECORDER from the time of its first publication and had found it a special comfort in her old age.

Her funeral services were held in the M. E. church of Douglas, N. D., the services being conducted by the pastor, Rev. George W. Marine. Interment was in the Douglas cemetery. The large number of those in attendance in spite of severe weather, gave evidence of the esteem in which she was held by those who knew her. "She has fought a good fight, she has finished her course, she has kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for her a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give her at that day."

*

SAUNDERS.—Lydia Frances, daughter of Charles and Frances Nye Babcock, was born in the town of Westerly, R. I., August 6, 1836, and died at Rockville, R. I., October 15, 1919, being in her 84th year.

Her girlhood was mostly spent with an aunt, Mrs. Mary Ann Babcock, who had no children of her own. In early life she was converted and was baptized, and united with the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church. She afterwards united with the Second Westerly Seventh Day Baptist Church while living near there. Upon moving to Rockville, R. I., in May of 1893, she united with the church there of which she continued a loyal member till called to the church above.

She was united in marriage with Caleb Potter Saunders, November 6, 1861. He passed on April 15, 1888. Three children were born to this union. The eldest died in infancy. The other two, Henry Adelbert and Mary Lena, have lived to enjoy the mother love and care and in her last days return that love by caring for and comforting her.

In her death the community has lost one of whom many said she lived her religion in kindly and thoughtful helpfulness.

Burial services were held from the late home, October 18, 1919, conducted by Rev. E. A. Witter, who spoke from John 14: 1-3. Interment was in the old Hopkinton Cemetery.

E. A. W.

HUNTING.—Arthur Coon Hunting, son of Rev. John P. and Lucetta Coon Hunting, was born in West Edmeston, N. Y., July 15, 1864. He died at Plainfield, N. J., October 16, 1919.

Mr. Hunting's youthful days were spent with his parents in the central part of the United States. The family lived in Welton, Ia., Pardee, Kan., and Villaridge, Ill. He received his early education in the public schools of these localities. In 1882 he matriculated in Alfred Academy, and was graduated by Alfred University in 1890, in

the class with President Boothe C. Davis, and Rev. and Mrs. William L. Burdick. The Master's degree was conferred upon Mr. Hunting by the same institution in 1891. Although his early educational advantages had not been the best, he proved himself one of the best scholars in his class.

Mr. Hunting served an apprenticeship in the Rogers' Machine Shop, at Alfred, where he worked for twelve years. He moved to Plainfield in 1905, and entered the employ of the Potter Printing Press Company. He was soon advanced to foreman of the drill press hands. When the Wood Newspaper Machinery Company became owners of this plant, he entered their employ and held this position as foreman of the drill press hands until the time of his death.

He was married to Miss Myra L. Whitford, October 15, 1892. To them were born two children: Elmer L., who was graduated by Alfred University in 1916, and Mary L., who was graduated with the class of 1919.

At the early age of nine years he took his stand as a Christian and was received by baptism into the Nortonville, (then Pardee), Kan., Seventh Day Baptist Church. He later took his membership to Villaridge, Ill., to Alfred, N. Y., and in 1905 to Plainfield, N. J. Mr. Hunting was a quiet, devout Christian, loyal throughout his life to the teaching and practices of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination.

Besides his wife and children, he is survived by two brothers: Irving A., of Plainfield, and Henry C., of Alfred; and by two sisters: Mrs. Gertrude Deely, Blossvale, N. Y., and Mrs. Pearl Hulin, Daytona, Fla.

A farewell service, conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs, was held at the family home, 210 West Fourth street, Plainfield, on Sabbath afternoon, October 18. The body was accompanied to Alfred, N. Y., by his son, where burial was made in the Alfred Rural Cemetery, the Rev. William L. Burdick officiating at the grave.

J. L. S.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardner, D. D., Editor
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and women

To secure more workers for the
fields

To provide a better support
for the ministry

To finance all our work

To build up
THE KINGDOM OF GOD
ON EARTH

BE A PART OF IT

THERE must be no sagging back in the fight for Americanism, merely because the war is over. There are plenty of persons who have already made the assertion that they believe the American people have a short memory and that they intend to revive all the foreign associations which most directly interfere with the complete Americanization of our people. We should insist that if the immigrant who comes here does in good faith become an American and assimilates himself to us he shall be treated on an exact equality with everyone else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed or birthplace or origin.

But this is predicated upon the man's becoming in very fact an American and nothing but an American. If he tries to keep segregated with men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American. There can be no divided allegiance here.

We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house; and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people.—Theodore Roosevelt.

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