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REASSURANCE.
M. E. H. EVERETT.

"O Lord," I plead, "my hands are very weak,
I do so little when I strive my best,
The shadows gather and my eyelids droop—
I pray thee, let me go unto my rest."

Then my dear Lord smiled down and answered me:
"The hirpling would turn and go his way,
My daughter and my son will tarry still
Though it is many hours since close of day.

"The little they have strength to do they will—
Lighten with love the burdens that I bear,
With faith and patience wait on my commands
Till, the task ended, in my joy they share."

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—Notes by the Way: Scenes About Hammond; The Association at Hammond; Impressions From the Associations; ... 609-614
"The Retailer's Catalogue Message..." 609-615
SABBATH REFORM—The Value of True Sabbath Observance in the Christian Life ... 616-618
The Virtue of Honesty... 618
Missions—Missionary Notes... 619
Standards of Living... 620
Women's Work—The Documents Addressed... 620
The Girl Who Had the Password; Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting... 623-626
A Plea for Higher Education... 626
Mission of the Church... 626
Young People's Work—Our Budget... 626
Home Missions—Report of the Young People's Work in Southeastern Association for Home Missions... 626
Sixty Years of Married Life... 627
 Congressman's Pocket—Why the Leaves Turn Red... 627
Trust Society—Meeting of Board of Directors... 628
House News... 628
Denominational News... 628
Marriages... 628
Deaths... 628
Sabbath School... 639
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Sawdell College

ALFRED, N. Y.
used when the place is thronged with people. The river was twenty to twenty-five feet below high water mark, and when full to the brim its waters were a level with the roofs of the one-story houses.

From the French Market down the river on the left levee, three or four miles, past the largest sugar refinery in the world, is the scene of the battle of New Orleans, one of second growth pine timber of the long spine variety, now stand many cozy, well-kept cottage homes, their large yards filled with roses in full bloom, with here and there graceful umbrella trees, and with enough of the forest timber left standing to make the houses shady and comfortable. Pine was the predominant tree of the forests, and while there is a good sprinkling of oak in some places, still the air is laden with the sweet perfume of the pine.

The ground upon which Hammond stands is elevated a little above the common level of the swampy lands around. This makes good drainage and adds much to the desirability and healthfulness of the place.

A fine up-to-date depot has just been completed by the Illinois Central Railroad, and the Hammond people have an excellent railroad service. Several local passenger trains, and express trains with Pullmans, stop there daily.

Once our church was the main one in the town, as our people were pioneers in setting and building up Hammond. Now at least a dozen other churches have come to keep it company. It has suffered depilation somewhat by removal of the larger churches, and all the people are of good courage and the outlook today is better than it was a little time ago. Pastor Ashurst keeps up heart, and is held in high esteem by the other pastors and people of the town. His wife is an influential teacher in the public schools and in the high school. One room in our church is rented to the town for a schoolroom. This is the case also in other churches there.

The question of a large new school building to accommodate the crowds of children and young people is the living one of the town. Six hundred children are now enrolled, and at least a hundred more ought to be in school. Hammond has the second best high school in the State and the people do not mean to have to take a back seat in matters of education. The question of the houses for funds with which to build is now being agitated.

Fires have swept over the business portions of Hammond more than once, only to make room for finer and more substantial buildings. All through the town and in the outskirts, with the exception of second growth pine timber of the long spine variety, now stand many cozy, well-kept cottage homes, their large yards filled with roses in full bloom, with here and there graceful umbrella trees, and with enough of the forest timber left standing to make the houses shady and comfortable. Pine was the predominant tree of the forests, and while there is a good sprinkling of oak in some places, still the air is laden with the sweet perfume of the pine.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

There were seven sermons full of the gospel message in the meetings of the association, and Secretary Saunders' sermons on "The Potter's Clay," on "Sin," and on "The Marriage of the King's Son," were strong and evangelical; Rev. H. C. Van Horn's message about Barnabas, the man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, was a sermon of power and full of practical suggestions; and the Rev. W. D. Burdick on "Living the Choice Life" was one that touched all hearts.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

The prayer meeting, led by Secretary Saunders, was a real feast of good things. The praise service was led by Rev. W. D. Burdick, with Mrs. Hattie June at the organ. "In the cross of Christ I glory," was a good starter for such a meeting. The third chapter of John's Gospel, about Nicodemus and the new birth and the love that sent the only begotten Son, was read by Brother Saunders. He then told the story of his own conversion, and the blessing that came to him through Christ Jesus. The meeting was long, and as the experience meeting—"When convicted of sin and seeking for light, the greatest mistake is to give up. God is in it. The enemy does not urge us to make confession and seek forgiveness; it is the Lord that does this."—"It is indeed a happy day when we find Christ precious to our souls; but it is a flock was greatly encouraged, and we trust that souls were converted in the meetings of this association, and wanderers quickened to newness of life. The little flock was greatly encouraged, and we trust the good seed was sown that will bring a harvest in days to come.

We wish that in such cases, where a good work is begun, it could be so arranged that none of the delegates could remain longer, if need be, in the snare of evil.

The next association will be held with the church at Gentry, Ark. People were interested in Rev. G. H. F. Randolph's statement regarding the Fouke School. He said that as much as $10,000 had thus far been contributed in money and free work by teachers for the interests in Fouke. His talk on, "All fulness dwells in Christ," and on Christ's power, to supply every need if we trust in him and do our part well, was appreciated by all who heard it.

The letters from Fouke and Gentry both showed much interest on the part of the people in the work of these churches. Services are well attended, even when there is no pastor to lead.

"Many souls have been brought to Jesus by that boy. I love to see the children coming into the kingdom."—"Jesus, look down from thy glory seat, with the chorus, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," was the song at this point, and it stirred all hearts. —"I have three boys, dear to me. Pray that I may be faithful and true."—Here some one broke out with the song, "O happy day, that fixed my choice," and all sang it with a will. —"I rejoice in that word Whosever. I have wished many times for something definite; I need your prayers.

Here several recalled, scenes of other days when Brother Saunders held revival services in Hammond, and many hearts were touched. —"We do not think enough in these times. Stop! Think where are you going?"—"We never know what sin will do. It will always do its worst. The only safe way is to give ourselves to Christ and let him lead."—"My Jesus, I love thee," was the closing song of this precious meeting.

SEEKING THE SAVIOUR.

Our readers have already seen by the message from Secretary Saunders, written after leaving Hammond, on the letter from Pastor Ashurst, telling of the beginnings, that souls were converted in the meetings of this association, and wanderers quickened to newness of life. The little flock was greatly encouraged, and we trust the good seed was sown that will bring a harvest in days to come.

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Impressions From the Associations.

We were much encouraged by the spirit and interest in denominational work manifested in the five associations. If any one has the blues over denominational matters, or feels like grumbling because things do not go in all respects just as he would like to have them, he has the longs for the "good old days," let him attend the associations, enter into their spirit and take part in their work, and he will surely feel better. If he does not feel better, I fear his case is hopeless, and of course he will join the doleful ones who forbode nothing but ill for our good cause. While it may seem that in some things we are too conservative, and that we are glad to see improved conditions in certain lines of work, and all friction removed, still we can see no good to come from magnifying the discouraging things. Indeed, there were very few discouraging things to be seen in the five associations; and if we can speak of the hopeful and inspiring signs of life and consecration, this may cheer the workers and enable them to do still better work.

For many years we have been familiar with the denominational spirit and evident purposes of our people as shown in the associations, and we can truly say that the associations of 1913 have never been excelled in the interest taken in the work and for evidences of consecration to the Seventh Day Baptist cause. Let him who longs for the "good old days," and who fears that things are going to the bad, compare the meetings at Newburgh, N. Y., Salem, Oregon, and Hammond with the meetings of forty years ago, and he will no longer feel that the things which make churches and people strong are being left out and forgotten.

There have been some changes in the work of the boards and the schools was never greater. In olden times we knew no such thing as a woman's hour with its reports of work and doings, now filling our pulpits and missions at home and abroad. The heart of the mission has departed from us, and that soul's work and he will surely feel better. If he does not feel better, I fear his case is hopeless, and of course he will join the doleful ones who forbode nothing but ill for our good cause. While it may seem that in some things we are too conservative, and that we are glad to see improved conditions in certain lines of work, and all friction removed, still we can see no good to come from magnifying the discouraging things. Indeed, there were very few discouraging things to be seen in the five associations; and if we can speak of the hopeful and inspiring signs of life and consecration, this may cheer the workers and enable them to do still better work.

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"He Rescued Me.

Last night being the seventh anniversary of the Plainfield Rescue Mission, Mr. LeMatty, the superintendent, had invited me to help the friends celebrate the founding of the mission. It is only two doors from the Recorder office, and almost across the street from my home, so when eight o'clock drew near I stepped in to find the little chapel room well filled. The music was just beginning, and the janitor, as his cus-
When you go back I want you to go to the little room just around the corner in the Postoffice building in Plainfield and tell Mr. LeMatty that I found the Saviour there. One night, when I was down and out, the friends got me in there, and stranger though I was, they helped me find Jesus.

A letter from another man, in Boston, who had also found salvation in this little mission, informed Mr. LeMatty that the writer was faithfully serving the Master. He told how his heart was touched whenever he heard mission people sing, "Yield not to temptation."

One day Mr. LeMatty met a woman crying in the street. With tears running down her cheeks, and all Christian people had been true, there would be no saloons in this town, and the rescue mission work would not be needed. But since they have not done this, it is well this way.

The first song after I entered the room on this anniversary night was the one entitled "He Rescued Me":

I was a sinner but now I'm free,
Don't blame the foreigners,
He rescued me, he rescued me,
Oh how I'll praise him through eternity.

A brand from the burning, he rescued me.

The audience, assisted by a piano, an organ, and a violin, in one great chorus made this little song ring until every heart was stirred.

The superintendent told of some remarkable rescues by this mission within the seven years of its life.

A Plainfield man had to meet a mission worker one night in a meeting at Seattle, on the Pacific Coast. The mission worker, on learning that the stranger was from Plainfield, exclaimed, "There's where I was converted, in the rescue mission!"

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent, he who has received one should speak of it. —Seneca.

"Don't Blame the Foreigners."

W. H. MORSE, M. D.

In the SABBATH RECORDER for November 3, page 551, in the account of the report of Sec. E. B. Saunders, there occurs this subtitle, "Don't Blame the Foreigners," and there follows an account of seeing the Italian emigrants, homeward bound, with their earnings amounting to millions, and of seeing as well the millionaires carrying away and spending in foreign lands thousands of dollars to the Italians' one.

That interested me. As Josh Billings would say, "That's sew, and that's sewing."

I offer my applause to help fill the measure of that which I must have failed to record. Mr. Saunders. The Italians go, as they come, in hordes, and carry home their earnings; and those earnings are not altogether in dollars. Some return with American-made ideas, which they have earned and learned,—good ideas and bad ideas, ideas that do the Italians good, and ideas that are despicable. We talk so much about 'Europeanizing' America by the foreigners, and fail to take equal note of the fact that Europe is Americanized. The foreigners, who derive our ideas and customs, are not alone in carrying them abroad. The tourist always carries a full supply, good and bad. The Italian Protestant goes home with the Gospel in his heart and hand, and thereby advantages the homeland. With him go other Italians, who have learned and grown, and blackened their souls, who contaminate all with whom they come in contact. The tourist who cares nothing for religion impresses that carelessness on those with whom he associates, while the tourist, who is Christly, evidences his sympathy with the uplifting power of Christ. Ah, no, do not let us blame the foreigner, and do not let us bow down and surrender to the pressure of materialism, egotism, and its distinctive doctrines. There is a vast difference between the two.

Let me add another word corollary to this. I wonder if our Seventh Day Baptists realize that the Italian Protestants are naturally of their faith?

As soon as an Italian is converted, he prizes the Bible and its precious word. No Christian prizes it more than he, who having been deprived of it all his life in Italy, fairly revels in its contents. It does not take long for him to assimilate doctrines. In this he is very well equipped. As soon as he has noticed a doctrine that discovers its Roman Catholic ancestry, he deprecates it and breaks away from it. Discovering that the Sabbath was put aside by Rome, and that Rome made the first day, Sunday, to be Sabbath, the Italian sees it at once, and although he may become a Methodist, a Congregationalist, or an Episcopalian, that one idea is not readily denounced by his mind, and we find him, however labeled, continually declaring, in his distrust of Rome, that he "don't see why the Protestant churches hold to that Rome-born idea of the first day."

So, may we not maintain that the Italian Protestant is naturally a Seventh Day Baptist? Admitting this as incontrovertible, the question advances as to why Seventh Day Baptists do not do more mission work among the Italian immigrants? The effort would be attended with splendid success. It may be difficult to convince some other nation of their sin, who has become a Protestant, and who detests Romanism, quickly embraces the doctrine, and he will propagate it with zeal. "Don't Blame the Foreigner" for going back to the old nation with the Bible and with the faith that is full and forcible, when it is the fault of others who prize the word of God and its distinctive doctrines. Much more can be done by Seventh Day Baptists among the Italians, if there is the will to do it.

Hartford, Conn.

Where, then, does this rule which prevailed in the sinking of the Titanic come from? It comes from God, through the faith of Jesus of Nazareth.

It is the ideal of self-sacrifice. It is the rule that "the strong ought to bear the infirmities of those that are weak." It is the divine revelation which is summed up in the words: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

It needs a tragic catastrophe like the wreck of the Titanic to bring out the absolute contradiction between this ideal and all the counsels of materialism and selfish expediency. —Dr. Henry von Dyke, in New York Times.
SABBATH REFORM

The Value of True Sabbath-keeping to the Christian Life.

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN.

Sermon at the Northwestern Association.

The Sabbath was made for man.—Mark ii, 27.

I suspect that we have all been advised by our family physician that the best way to guard against contagious diseases is to keep one’s body in a healthy condition and that to do this one needs good nourishing food, healthful exercise, clean regular habits, life in the pure air and sunshine, with rest and relaxation. In short, there is nothing that will repel disease like health itself.

On the other hand, the body that is weakened from overwork, or vicious habits, malnutrition, bad air, lack of sunshine, easily falls victim to prevailing contagions. We who live in the city know what this means as we face the problem of a congested population and its resulting spread of contagious diseases.

But even more dangerous than these physical enter-rien t s are the contagious sins. They are present on every hand. And like unseen and inscrutable in their operation they are unavailing. For as Christian enemies they will be delivered. Third, an absorbing interest in a noble cause. “Faith without works is dead” and we need “the expulsive power of a new affection.” I have often thought of the Salvation Army worker who moves in and out among the slums, often touching places reeking with corruption and vice, yet she is never contaminated. This seems to have been a charmed life, for “a thousand fall at her side and ten thousand at her right hand, but it does not come nigh her.” The fountain that sends forth its pure bubbling stream finds its way to all the world and not to one. The very force of its own current drives back all invading impurities.

So is it with the life that is dominated with one purpose, full of one thought, especially thoughts and purposes of purity and love. With such, sin finds no attraction.

But in the fourth place, the availing secret of the effective life lies back of and underneath all these. It is that which forti es and sanctifies all natural instincts, utilizes the will, ennobles our purposes, renders effectual our prayers, grounds our faith, deepens our love and renders the current of our lives strong and irresistible—it is God in us. And when we have God in our lives, the outgoing current of our souls will be inordinately stronger than any sin which may touch us. Brethren, we need such immunity. In this day of prevailing tendencies which are drawing our young people away from lofty ideals and noble purposes, in which material considerations are crowding out God and the Sabbath, we need this immunity to an inextinguishable storehouse of life and power that will render us immune from these insidious and life-destr ou tin forces.

Now it is clear to you that the Sabbath is a vital factor in such a spirit-filled life. In the history of the past, in the needs of the present, we find overwhelming evidence of this vital relation. In the early days of Israel’s history any one who violated the Sabbath law was to be put to death. “Whosoever doeth any work on the sabbath shall surely be put to death.” And this penalty was inflicted as in the case of the man who was found gathering sticks on the Sabbath. In the bitter punishment we find the beginning of a greater revelation regarding the purpose of the Sabbath. While it seems an extreme and unreasonable infliction, it was “intended as a way to humble us and stand out then and through all the centuries as a type of the death that Sabbath-breaking carries in separably with it.”

On the other hand, Sabbath observance has brought to all, always will be, a means of life. In Ezekiel xx, 13 we find Jehovah declaring, “Mine ordinances, which if a man do, he shall live in them.” And this is the reason we should keep the Sabbath—that we may live. It is the law of our being. If we fail to observe the Sabbath we will die, physically, morally and spiritually. It is true of the individual, it is true of the nation. The history of Judah’s apostasy, the history of their failures and defeats, is largely a history of Sabbath-breaking. Isaiah and Jeremiah pleaded with erring Judah to be true to her covenant with Jehovah. “I have broken nothing, it is ye that are broken, ye that have broken the commandments of Jehovah.” Isaiah tells us that it was God’s pleasure that the foreigners, that join themselves to Jehovah, . . . every one that keeps the Sabbath from profaning it, . . . even them” would be accept and gather to himself. Even those of Israel and Judah who had wandered afar from him would he welcome back if they would turn away their feet from against the Sabbath, from doing their pleasure on his holy day and work.

But through her disloyalty to Jehovah, Judah was wrecked on the Babylonian plains. And history goes on repeating itself. You show me the nation or the individual who turns from God and the Sabbath and you point to whose moral and spiritual downfall. And then the Sabbath is being away. It may be a slow and insidious process, but it is none the less sure. Men can not trample upon God’s gift of the Sabbath, they can not go on in defiance of this life-giving, life-saving covenant and live. Sooner or later they will come to ruin.

Sabbath-keeping, therefore, is no mere incidental detail of life. God considers it vital to the life and destiny of his children. In relation to him, therefore, we can not overestimate its value to us in our Christian experience. Moreover, it should be to us not a grievous burden to be borne, but a delight and a comfort. The man who seeks Sabbath-keeping, therefore, is no mere man, he is a worshiper, he is asetter, he is a servant of Jehovah. In the temple of Jehovah, the true worshiper, “will” turn away from sacred things. The man who seeks Sabbath-breaking, therefore, is no mere man, he is a servant of the devil. In the temple of Baal and Jezebel, the true servant of the devil, “will” turn away from sacred things.

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be flooded with spiritual truth. We need one day in which to get a wholesome and sane view of life, a hopeful disposition, a clarified judgment, a strengthened will and a quickened conscience. The Sabbath is God's gift to this end.

If, during the week, the moral perversities of life have cast a shadow of doubt upon our faith in God and man, then the Sabbath is a time when we may get out of the miasmic mists and damps of life, when we may climb to the higher peaks of spiritual truth above the clouds and get a new vision of God, duty and our eternal destinies. If by contrast with the sin and slime of life our characters have become tainted, the Sabbath affords us opportunity to turn aside to the courts of God where we may cry in the spirit of the Psalmist, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renews my spirit within me." It is a time when men may turn from business to their homes and there prove to their families that there are things which they prize more than stocks and bonds, silver and gold, and are willing to sacrifice some of the treasures from earth to heaven where "moth and rust do not corrode, and where thieves do not break through and steal." It is a day when in the midst of our slumber for an earthly house and home and hope, one may wake up and hear our Father say, "In my Father's house are many mansions." O that all men, especially those who are now using the Sabbath to add to their earthly treasures, who have lost sight of the heavenly treasures, could on this day rise above the littleness, the soul-deadening passions, the lust and greed of selfishness and look through Sabbath skies to the eternal verities, our heav­enly riches, to the mansions above, and hear our Father say, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added."

"There is a wonderful amount of ingenuity expended by men not to do things—ways of getting around duties that ought to be done. The tramp who begs food spends enough muscular and brain power in his long journeys on foot, his struggles with police and the various shifts he makes to escape work, to earn a comfortable living by labor."

The Virtue of Honesty.

C. H. Wetherbee.

This is one of the most valuable virtues. It is fundamental to good character. One may have several very commendable virtues, but if he be dishonest his character is decided­ly defective. It is in conflict with the better elements of one's na­ture.

He who can not be safely trusted in his dealings with other people is an enemy, not only to others, but to himself. He injures his own soul and hurts himself financially. From the Christian Herald I take the following words:

"It is an easy, fundamental virtue—this virtue of honesty. There is absolutely no excuse for being anything else. A Christian must be honest in big things and little things alike. He must scorn petty deceptions often resorted to. His con­science must not allow him to cheat the railroad or the car line out of a fare, and then say, with a laugh, 'The company is rich, and can afford it.' The company can afford to lose the nickel that he neglects to pay, but he can not afford to be the thief he becomes when he keeps it."

"This is true. But it is not true that it is "easy" for all people to be honest. It is very hard for a great many to do so. In many instances there are inherent tend­encies to dishonesty. Those whose parents are noted for their dishonesty are very apt to be so, too. The children may become dishonest, and yet they have to contend against inclinations to be dishonest.

But it may be said that a genuine Chris­tian is fundamentally honest, else he is not a Christian. A dish­honest Christian is a self-contradiction. Yet it is true that it is harder for some to live the Christian life than it is for others. It is much easier for one whose ancestors, for generations, have been true Christians, to live the Chris­tian life than it is for one whose ancestors were ungodly. Many Christians do not have to exert themselves to be honest, truthful and temperate; they are such by inheritance and by well-grounded principle.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they become more majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are henceforth to rule.—Thomas Carlyle.

MISSIONS

Missions, Missions.

REV. G. M. Cottrell.

(Secretary Lone Sabbath-keepers.)

The general executive session of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church lately closed a week's meetings in Topeka. It was a great conver­

Night after night the great M. E. church was crowded. The cheering reports, and magnificent addresses of missionaries, women, bishops, and one Chinaman, Mr. Ng Poon Chew, vice-consul and newspaper editor at San Francisco, with the world­wide extensions planned for, the kingdom, have thrilled like a trumpet-blast. A sur­vey of the work in foreign countries was made; "Islam in Northern Africa," China, India, Japan, Korea, Italy, South America, etc. Bishop McConnell, lately returned from the Balkan states, and Bishop Stuntz from South America were among the speakers. Six thousand dollars was raised in less than fifteen minutes, for retired mis­sionaries.

There was a gigantic children's rally of 1,000 Topeka children, with fifty mission­aries. There was also a mis­sionary pageant, in which 150 young people took part. One hundred missionaries were in attendance upon the meetings, and 47 new recruits were commissioned for the work on foreign fields.

On College day a special car arrived, bringing 75 young women from the Baker University at Baldwin, to attend the ses­sion. "A Million for Missions," was the woman's slogan for next year. The actual pledges for next year by the different branches of the society amounted to $871,000, ranging from $80,000 pledged by the College of Missions, up to $193,000, pledged by the Cincinnati branch.

These are big-looking figures, compared with that extra $500 the last Conference asked of our women. But, friends, the day of the penny collection for missions has passed. We must think and act in big terms now. Why, the other day in one of the smaller denominations, one man wrote his check for one million dollars, for missions.

Some of the other aims of the society for next year are 50,000 new members for the home base, and 100 new missionaries for foreign work.

Mr. Chew told of the wonderful transforma­tions that have taken place in China. When he returned to his native land he was received with open arms and feasted by his townspeople, who listened for three hours to the blessings of Chris­tianity. Christianity had made the United States great. Everybody was happy here. If not, everybody ought to be, and they, the Chinese, could become what they were Christian. They asked what they should do. He told them first to turn from their idols, and one day they brought together all the idols and destroyed them—what a great change. He expects China to become Christian.

The Confucians recently raised large sums of money, and made great efforts to have the new government adopt Confucianism as their state religion. But a mission, after careful consideration, ruled them all out and gave all an equal chance. Christianity is the most aggressive, and the most aggressive will win out.

Bishop Stuntz said that the four years' wonderful work of William Taylor in Calcutta and of the great church that was organ­ized; also the work in South Amer­i­ca.

Bishop McConnell preached of the "Motive, Aim and Method of Mission Work," as based on Christ's healing of the Syro-Phoenician woman. It was a human—human need—the cry of a soul, a brother's—distress that stereotyped. But the world's Redeemer, when his face was set toward Jerusalem. The aim is human—and to make more humane—and the method is hu­man: the human touch, human sympathy. It isn't a question of system, it's a question of a soul. The best pastor isn't necessarily the one who gives the most advice, but the one who listens to his people's woes. Many of them could not believe themselves before. Just the human sympathy does them good.

I am sure our missionary societies can get inspiration from even the fragmentary report of the great meeting, and I see no reason why we Lone Sabbath-keepers may not also be benefited and inspired for our field work.

Topeka, Kan.,
Nov. 8, 1913.
Standards of Living.
REV. EDWIN SHAW.

A Sermon.

The Sabbath Recorder.

Lift up a standard for the people.—Isa. lxii. 10.

And if, I be lifted up from the earth, will draw men unto me.—John xii. 32.

Looking unto Jesus.—Heb. xii. 1.

I have given you an association of the Sabbath Recorder in Westerly, the following resolution was presented, discussed, and adopted.

"We believe that the best interests of our people require the maintenance of such standards of living as shall keep the integrity of our cause secure and unimpaired; and we earnestly urge our churches lovingly and kindly to impress upon all our members the claims of our covenant relations and the obligations of Christian disciples.

I think that this resolution grew out of one phase of the informal discussion at the pastors' conference which was held at Ashaway the day the association began in the evening at Westerly. All the pastors of this association but two, J. L. Skaggs of Shiloh and A. J. Potter of Waterford, met together, and beginning with a service of prayer in which every one took part, they talked of things in a free and general way, with the special topic of Evangelism.

Out of this discussion, and the need of the spirit of revival among us, and the ways and means by which we could unitively work for these things, grew the feeling that was a need for a deeper and stronger method of carrying on the lines of life and conduct; and so it found expression in the association in this resolution. Let me tell it again.

"We believe that the best interests of our people require the maintenance of such standards of living as shall keep the integrity of our cause secure and unimpaired; and we earnestly urge our churches lovingly and kindly to impress upon all our members the claims of our covenant relations, and the obligations of Christian disciples."

It is my purpose then, in the spirit of this resolution, as lovingly and as kindly as I know how, to look at this matter especially to your attention. And for it, I have selected three passages of Scripture, which when taken together tell the whole story and constitute my message to you today, this Sabbath morning.

The resolution declares the belief that there are standards of living that should be maintained, otherwise our cause will suffer harm and loss. I suppose the word standard is used here in a slightly different sense from that in the first of the three texts which I have chosen, and yet after all, there is not so much difference. The Lord said to Isaiah, and Isaiah said to the people, "Go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people." I suppose he means by a banner, that is, something about which to rally, something which shall represent the cause for which there is a struggle; something to guide and to inspire; something to lift up for the direction and stimulation of all who are engaged in the conflict; it represents the common cause in the maintenance of which all are courageously and earnestly united; it is an ideal, it is a pattern standard. I am called upon today to lift up a standard for the people, a standard of living for the people; and I call upon you, every one of you, to lift up a standard for the people. You know well what I mean by a way in which standard I would lift up, and you know in your own hearts and minds what standard you would lift up for the people. It is said in my second text, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," the words of Jesus, our Lord and Master. And so in my third text in Hebrews, the twelfth chapter and the second verse, of my exhortation today, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Here, then, you have my message in a nutshell. The banner of the cross of Jesus Christ shall be the standard of living to be lifted up for the people, the standard to be maintained, so that the integrity of our cause shall be secured and unimpaired.

But there are many questions, and there are many problems which any cause, church and collective conduct too, that are constantly facing us, and we are called upon to decide whether or not the standard of living which we have lifted up in the banner of the cross be kept, be kept secure and unimpaired in its integrity if our conduct follows in certain lines, if our influence is felt in certain ways. Now as an illustration, simply as an illustration, in a definite and concrete matter, I know nothing, or next to nothing about the theater. I know it enters very largely into the lives of millions of people, and whatever influence it has, is a great and widespread; but from personal knowledge and personal observation, I can not express a decided opinion. But at the Sunday-school convention held in Union County at Summit, night before last, I heard a man who is the pastor of one of the large churches of New York City, the Rev. Charles Eaton, say in the most emphatic and eloquent words, his condemnation, unqualified, that the theater is a flagrantly bad theater. He said that there was a sewage manhole out near his office in the street and that he could go out and stand there half an hour just as well as go to a theater and it would not cost him an inch in cash. And his denunciation of the theater seemed to meet the general approval of the convention. I believe that some people might call him naive, for I believe it is the mission of the church to have our approval; and if there are none but such, then let us take our stand with Doctor Eaton. I seriously question whether we can not discuss the theater, really I believe it has a mission, it is the mission of the church to have our approval over it. Have not the theaters, and the managers of theaters, a certain mission? They are] the teachers of Sunday school in our public schools.

These, too, are questions that must be settled in the light and in the spirit of the Master of men.

What are the standards for Sabbath observance in the details of conduct? Shall I make out a list of rules and regulations as to what you may do, and not do? God forbid, I am not your judge. But rather, let me lift up to you as a standard the life and the teachings of Jesus Christ; and in the matter of the Sabbath, as in other things, let me say with Paul, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." How can it be, if we are surrendered unto him in loving loyalty and in cheerful obedience; do this first, do this first, and be sure of it; keep the Sabbath in your hearts with Christ Jesus, and the theater will take care of itself. Let us, however, be humbly sure that the standard we have exalted is the crucified Christ, and not a self-complacent disposition of our own, not fully, not certainly, not perfectly, catered to the Lord our God.

Now I believe (I hope you will understand me when I get through and not misunderstand me) that it is the mission of the kingdom of God not to oppose and destroy the instinct and desires of man, but to fulfil them, to develop them, to cherish them in the ways of righteousness. And to this end I believe that it is the mission of the disciples of the Master, trusteeship him and through his power and guidance, to Christianize not only man's religious life, but his business life and his social life. I believe it is the mission of the church of Christ to Christianize work wherever it is found in the world. And I recognize that we need play as well as we need work in this life and I believe it is possible for amusements and pleasures, and theaters, and dances and such to be Christianized. This I believe is the mission of the church. Very true, when some of these things are Christianized you would not recognize them; no more than you would recognize
that I stand here today to plead with you to lift up the standard, the only standard which will keep our cause secured and unimpaired.

"Every trade has its 'trade journals,' and the man who does not read his own trade journal is not a far-seeing business man or even much of a business man at all. So the Christian who does not read a religious newspaper regularly is likely to be a pretty poor Christian, not informed upon the progress of Christ's kingdom today."
"So I make the mother's skirt and hat into bundle to take with me. Mamma she not notice; she too sick; but she not forget the always remembrance, 'Be careful, my little daughter.' Speak not to strange mans. Take nothing from strange mans. Go not anywhere with strange mans."

"I laugh. I make the joke, 'What man I know?' I say. 'The conductor who takes my money on the car; the floorman, who tell me, 'Hurry up, you been late already, and docks my pay?' No man gives anythings."

"I do not tell my mother what I think to do, for then she say, 'Sois contente, ma petite fille.' You do very well, indeed. 'Let God do the rest.' I do not do very well for little girl so tall as I that work so hard, hard as big girls in store that have $5 the week. I am not content. I show them. "I wear the mamma's bat and long skirt at noon and make the hair high, and the waist small, like big girls."

Born Frenchwoman and actress that she was, Renee posed deliciously before the mirror, mimicking herself getting ready to impress the writer of the advertisement with her grownupness.

Her pretty face, coal black hair and flashing brown eyes must have been adorable in any disguise.

"It is not hard to find where the address is. It is a nice new block and big room—not so big now, but very grand to little bundle girl from cheap store. Other girls, twelve, fifteen, twenty, maybe, are there too; little girls like me, trying to look very big girls indeed. A man is there, a shiny man, with nice clothes and a nose like a cat. How he explain—when he speak it curl like he smell something very good.

"He look at me. He take me into another room. He ask me my name, and where I live, and if there is papa and mamma, and where I work. Then he make a measurement.

"I know not what that mean, and I like it not at all; my arms under around, my waist around; oh, I shame to tell you how I was such foot; my knee around, too. It make me ripe and much and dizzy in my head. I not like it, but I got like many things in the day—the cars so full, the store so noisy, the floorman cross and rough. Everything is dreadful and I not understand, but I say, 'You must, Renee.' Your mamma sick. She can not sew any more. So now, 'You must, Renee.' I tell me. 'The money you must have,' and I let him do the measure, and he tell me I shall little girl now and get the $6 a week. 'All right,' I say. 'We shall go.'"

"This way, the man he push me to the edge of the sidewalk. There is a cab. I do not like it that. The cab it all dark. There are curtains. I go step in. Something moves quickly on the floor. It is a man's foot, who pulls it back. I start back and say to the misters, 'How! It is only around the corner. We shall walk.' The man—terrible. 'Get in there you fool,' he say. I frighten at him. Then he smile. 'Excuse that I swear. You step on my foot when you jump that way.' But I not step on his foot.

"We walk. We walk two, three, four block. It is to a building on Clark Street that we come, that smell old, mushy. A little elevator go up, slow, creak, creak, in the middle of many stairs, where it dark and the roof is dirty glass. Then it goes away. Everything is far away. It is very lonely. I like it not at all."

The snowy wedding gown was no paler than Renee's cheek as she recalled that day.

"There is a little hall and a door away from the stairway that goes round and round. The man go to that door. He hold me by the arm tight. He try to open the door by himself. I think at one hand. But the door look hard in the dark. But the door will not open, except that he turn the knob with the hand that grasps my arm. His cat's nose goes up and down, up and down. It is hot to my nose. I do not hear, as if my mother speak, 'O Renee, the stranger mans! The stranger mans! The door opens. What do I see? Nothing. There is nothing. The room is empty."

"I jump back. I scream. The man he jump, too. 'Scream, you little devil,' he say, with his smile that is no smile. 'I like to hear you scream,' and grab my arm. I too quick for him. I twist like that—the mark is there for days—I am free; I run off, down the stairs, down the way that goes round and round; down, down. I run fall and get up again, and I not know I still scream—there is no one that comes—until the elevator man, I hear him say, 'What the matter up there, you raise such hell?' I scream no more. Maybe he bad man too.

"I think maybe the door is locked, but it is not, and I am on the street, and it is night.

"The cars go by, and people hurry along. I have been dead and buried and come to life again. I am not the same and yet I am not hurt, but I am sick, like jelly inside of me. "In the car it is hard for me to get up after I sit down. I feel all soft inside, like my bones they were not there any more, and I will fall down if I would stand up.

"Every little thing I tell to mamma that night, and cry and cry. My mother, she cry, too; but not as I cry. It is as if she see something through me that is far off; that is beautiful, too, but sad."

"I cannot explain it to you, that look. When she see the die mamma look that way. Like maybe she see her guardian angel come for her. My mother think of the guardian angel always. Maybe she see my guardian angel that night, when she look so wonderfully at me and not at me, and make so strange a smile."

"She not mad at me at all. She only say, 'Tell me again, Renee. It was the mamma you heard, you are sure?' I tell her 'Yes, I am sure. And I jump behind the man, that he must turn sidewise to touch me, else I could not have run away. He would have put me in the empty room. And then—God knows!'"

The greatest adventure possible in Renee's existence, the plunge unprotected into the working world, beside which the venture into matrimony was a summer morning into a winter leaf. Its charms and crevasses had been negotiated in safety. Tomorrow would write its fins. The match was an average American match.

Geoffie had no more brilliant ancestry to boast of than she, the French needlewoman's daughter. His family might have scraped up a grandfather. A great-grandfather would have been impossible to it. Everybody knew his mother supported them by selling vegetables in Chicago alleys. If she hadn't insisted on continuing schooling for George when he thought it was flying in the face of provision not to accept the corner grocer-man's offer of a delivery boy's job, and had not held him in high school when he was a smart little man, letting him the little he could at night picking over stale celery and pulling old leaves off of lettuce, Armour Institute would have been only a dream of might-have-beens; also, the mechanical engineer's degree that was to be; Renee, the clever millinery designer, to wife, and so on and so on.

As it is, their home will be one of the proudest in a high-class Chicago suburb, and their children will be environed with such sacred care that no one will ever dream that the parent roots went deep into all that is most hard and toilsome and pitiful in America's Republic. The man George had worked hard and earned money enough to put this girl away."

"Why do you look sad, Renee? I questioned, idly trying effects with the bridal veil over the satijn gown. "That is all over now. You are going to be married tomorrow."

"Of those other girls I think.

"What other girls?" "Already the murky way she had come was forgotten in the presence of the bride.

"The little girls that waited there that day. Suppose—suppose—oh, you do not think, do you," the luminous eyes were brilliant with unshed tears, "that they went that day. They were young, and I am ignorant, and maybe their mothers never told them—"

"Their mothers told them, you may be sure. You were the only little goose that listened to his wiles. I wanted to see the laugh again in Renee's eyes. It did not appear.

"The fear was in my blood. I felt it every minute. I was ready like a bird to let the talker tickle a leaf. I know it now. Girls I've met so many years since, they have no fear at all. They dare everything. Their mammas tell them nothing. Do you suppose those little girls were like that?
Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Executive Board met in Milton with Mrs. J. B. Morton on the afternoon of November 5th. The members present were: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. J. B. Morton, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. A. S. Maxson. Visitors: Mrs. O. U. Whitford and Mrs. H. Eugene Davis.

The President read Psalm xxvii and Mrs. Morton offered prayer.

The minutes of the meeting of October 5th were read.

The Treasurer's report for October gave the receipts as $137.87 and there were no disbursements. The report was adopted. The Treasurer read several letters received with funds.

The Corresponding Secretary reported writing to Mrs. Knox and sending the tentative list of names authorized at the October meeting. She read a note of thanks from the recipient of the Woman's Board Scholarship having filled the three orders for Mission Circle leaflets, and two orders for the annual letter to be used in sending to home Sabbath-keepers. She included her report by reading a letter from Miss Agnes Babcock, Central Association Secretary, enclosing a copy of the Yea Book used by the Leonardsville Benevolent Society which was interesting to the members of the Board.

After the reading of approval of the minutes, the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. Daland on December first.

DORIS E. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.
thorough preparation for the work our heavenly Father has bidden us do. We ought to feel that, according to Rev. Mr. Bond, our education does not end with our student days, but continues tomorrow morning. We should avoid any feeling of smug satisfaction at having received a degree, but rather, in a receptive mood, seek to profit by the educating experiences of life after graduation. Instead of the Pharisatical attitude of self-sufficiency, we should have the Christian's thirst for knowledge. Then, and only then, can we, as well-trained and thoroughly educated young men and women, enter into that fullest life—that "choice" life—which we are all seeking to live.

Mission of the Church.

REV. G. M. COTTRELL.

As churches and church workers we sometimes wonder where we're at, and what we are doing. Many of us would emphasize different phases of our divine human work, and we do not always seem to be working on harmonious lines. Below we give one man's view, that of Justice R. H. Biddle, of the Supreme Court of Kansas, as recently expressed at the laying of the cornerstone of a new Presbyterian church at Arkansas City, Kan.

Every one must appreciate the beauty of the thought, and the chaste language in which it is given; and a warm glow of joy and spiritual comfort and satisfaction will be felt by the child of God as he realizes what a rich heritage has been his in the house of our God, the church of the First-born.

If we were to try to add anything to it, it would be to emphasize the thought of service, and the proclamation of the message of great joy to all people.

But this will appeal to most of us just as it is; for it meets and answers our personal needs and longings, and brings us hope and strength for our other daily duties, and also for the Lord's battle.

The superstructure has not only been realized in thought, but its architecture may be seen and known by representation to the eye. It is a matter of great gratification that it is well designed and substantial in material and construction. It will be a notable example of religious art, and, as such, be a source of great and affectionate loyalty of this people. It is to be a consecrated place. We have not assembled here to merely lay the cornerstone of a house. A house is not itself a church. Pillared temples, storied windows and all the embellishments of art may mean more to a people without enlightenment, and without this, far better the wilderness, the mountain and the riverside with some lone teach, speaking simply of the virtue of God's love, of human brotherhood and the kingdom yet to come. We seek to establish here a church.

My personal feeling is that the chief purpose of the services held here should be to give release from the mind-corroding cares of our daily life; to restore our equipoise as we come unbalanced by the tedium of the toning of our secular activities; to clarify and intensify our moral and spiritual vision; to deepen reverence; to arouse enthusiasm; to give us renewed strength and fresh inspiration to carry life's burdens, including the burdens of our fellow men, and to keep us serene and hopeful in the process. I can conceive of no service whose object and purpose could be more gratifying to the Most High.

May this new temple be the fair symbol and the gracious home of religion. May it be faithful in nurture of the spiritual life and active fellowship with all good agencies of human service. May it enshrine the faith and hope and love of an increasing company of devoted men and women, who find here strength and comfort for the work of life and who through character and conduct may witness to the world of the significance of their communication here with the Most High.

Too often when the crops are being seeded, the mind is so concentrated on the need of furnishing an abundant supply of plant food that another important factor—a sweet soil—is forgotten. Putting expensive fertilizers into soil that is too sour is practically the same as throwing money into the fire. Many do not use fertility that is kept locked up in an acid soil.

If half the cost of commercial fertilizers now being used in many seeding operations were devoted to improving the land, the harvest might be doubled. "Better marketing" is now a popular slogan, but with it there must be coupled another, "Economic production." The land that is locked up in sour soil is idle money in a bank. Sweetening such soil puts that money into circulation.—Farm and Fireside.

When the world opens to you as a plan of God, when all existence is vocal with its meanings, when it is the real universe so that he who reads human progress, in its largeness or in its littleness, reads God's will,—that is "seeing God."—Phillips Brooks.

Our Budget Again.

The minutes of the last meeting of the Young People's Board, published in this department of the SABBATH RECORDER of the issue of November 10, page 602, contained the record of an important action taken by the board. The minute of the action referred to reads: "An action was taken by which the members of the board were requested to correspond with the Christian Endeavor societies throughout the denomination for the purpose of acquainting them with the budget of the board for this year; and to ascertain as far as possible what financial aid the board may depend upon from each society."

This means that the board is awaiting a response from the various societies as to their purpose to cooperate in furnishing the necessary financial help for carrying on the work planned by the board for the present year. It means that the board is anxious to know to what extent the societies are to be depended upon for raising the amount of the budget—$1,000.00—as appointed to the various objects.

Though the budget has been published item by item, let us go over it again. Six objects have been provided for in the budget: the First comes $1,000.00 pledged to the Missionary Society for Doctor Palmborg's salary. Surely we must, by all means, raise this amount without any questioning. The work being done by Doctor Palmborg is too important, and she is too faithful and consecrated a worker, not to merit the same financial and moral support as in the past.

Next there is $100.00 for student evangelism. This is a number of fields where such work is needed and might be done. Results have shown that wherever student evangelistic work has been done it has proved to be a fruitful method of the salvation of souls.

Then comes $200.00 for the Fouke School. Surely we can not fail to heed the appeal that comes to us from Fouke. It is like a Macedonian cry. Who could have listened with unmoved feelings to the earnest words of Miss Gertrude Ford, at Conference, as she told of her year of teaching work at Fouke, of the needs of the school for better equipment, of consecrated teachers and workers, and of the great blessings that God had brought to her? Shall we not heed this Macedonian call?

"Ah, Who is it thus puts on Garb and voice of Macedon? Ah, who is the man that stands Strengthening building here? Christians, Christians, are ye blind? Is the Lord of all mankind?"

The fourth item in the budget is $500.00 for Salem College Library. A good library is the student's best workshop, and good books are his best aids. No college can be said to be thoroughly equipped until it possesses an adequate library. Salem College is deserving. We are helping our young people to get through college, and this comes $150.00 for expenses and general use of the board. It is not possible here to enumerate the various things for which this amount will be used. But it is for the purpose of wisely and economically expending it.

And last of all there is $200.00 for the Twentieth Century Endowment Fund, making up $1,000.00, the total amount of the budget. This last item was added to the budget, after it had been submitted to Conference through the Board of Finance, at the request of the Young People's Board. There ought not to be any misunderstanding in this matter. It is not to be used for any denominational purposes, but to be used by the board for the purpose of more completely endowing our denominational agencies. Of this fund 30 per cent goes to each of the three colleges—Alfred, Milton and Salem respectively—and 10 per cent to the Theological Seminary. It is a worthy object.

Two per cent is taken from each member, approximately, would be sufficient to raise the amount asked for in the budget. This is about one dollar per member. Some members will do better than this, some will fall below it, but let us do something, and do it at once. How long are we going to keep the board waiting and wondering about where the money is coming from?
Sunday—Centers of influence (1 Thess. i, 6-10).
Monday—Luminous Christianity (Matt. v, 13-16).
Tuesday—The messengers (Isa. xi, 1-11).
Wednesday—Healing streams (Exek. xlvii, 1-5).
Thursday—The message today (Acts iii, 19-28).
Friday—Passion for our people (Rom. ix, 1-3; x, 1-4).
Sabbath-day—Topic: Our church at work for our country (Deut. viii, 17-20). (Home missions.)

LESSON NOTES.

v. 1. "All I command ... ye shall observe to do." An old commandment with new life, with special divine meaning for the twentieth century worker. The fields of opportunities face us in every direction. God bids us to enter and take possession of them in his name.

v. 2. That ye may live ... and multiply, and possess the land. These blessings were to attend the humbled and transformed natures to which I belong and among whom I find my fullest expression of faith and work for Christ. It would be a comparatively easy task to look into and quote from books, pamphlets or statistics just what people of other denominations are accomplishing in the homeland. But it may prove to be a more difficult and more humiliating to learn how much or how little we are doing or attempting to do for Christ and our brother man at home.

v. 3. How will the homeland need the Christ-consciousness? He saw there was the divine expression of the Father's heart in his supreme effort to love men into righteousness. He believed in the divineness of his commission, therefore in the ultimate success of his mission. Themselves for himself they were swallowed up in the intensity of his anxiety for men. While his immediate environment on earth did not promise much, he had the far vision which reached to the time when the nations of the earth should become the kingdoms of the Father. But he began his stupendous task with material near at hand; he filled their lives with his own enthusiasm and consecration. He supplemented their weaknesses and imperfections with the might and wisdom of the Holy Spirit. These Christ-touched lives labored at home or abroad, just as the divine vision saw. They saw a vision; they told it; and men were won, held and transformed by the marvelous mission spirit of Christ.

v. 4. Occasionally, some churches send the pastor or some lay member to needy fields to encourage and to stimulate new interest in the membership of weak churches. There are no churches are formed and maintained in the line of thoughtful, persistent, systematic, aggressive effort for the complete redemption of mankind. Other denominations are at work trying to educate people, to better social conditions, to safeguard the lives of young and old, and by combating evil. Christianize the masses of foreigners, found in our cities, the workers found in the mines and lumbering districts, and the people in the rural communities. Young people have the opportunity of helping to put the denomination into a more aggressive and extensive work for Christ and humanity. Will you rise to the situation? What is a home mission field? Difficulties that home missionaries face? Has our denomination any extensive, aggressive policy?

Do home missions pay?

A suggested program:

1. Repetition of First Psalm
2. 1st Prayer in concert
3. Scripture lesson
4. 2nd Prayer in concert
5. Prayers for home missionaries
6. Special music
7. Three two-minute talks on "What home work has done for West Virginia"
8. Hymn
9. Messages from members
10. Pastor's five minutes

- "A sentence prayer for home field
- "A sentence prayer for foreign mission
- Mizpah Benediction


OBLA A. DAVIS, Field Secretary.

Of eight churches in the Southeastern Association only one-half that number support a Christian Endeavor society. Salemville, Pa., maintains no society because many of the church members are farmers and it would be difficult for some of them to drive the distance of seven or eight miles to more than one meeting on the Sabbath.

Lost Creek has no Christian Endeavor
society. The pastor preaches in other churches and must necessarily be away some of the time. He would be needed to help in Christian Endeavor work. Many of the young people of Lost Creek have come to Salem.

Black Lick has had no society in recent years. Its 30 Sabbath-keepers live here and it is thought best not to attempt to maintain a Christian Endeavor society.

Roanoke formerly supported a Christian Endeavor society, and that the work was good is shown by the fact that the Roanoke members attending school in Salem are thoughtful, capable workers in the Salem Christian Endeavor.

Many members of the Greenbrier society have moved away, but the society is still working. It meets three afternoons, most of the time. The society at present has only eight remaining members but expects to add four new members soon. They especially feel the need of help in reviving interest and in building up the better society.

Middle Island supports a union Christian Endeavor society of thirty members. Of these, fourteen active and seven associate members are Sabbath-keepers, while three active and six associate members keep Sunday. Four active and nine associate members have been added since the last reorganization. The Efficiency plan has not been taken up.

The real need of the Middle Island society, as seen by one member who has thought much about it, is “some one to awaken the members to activity and regular attendance.” To get them to study the Christian Endeavor topics and to help make the meetings more interesting, especially to the associate members.

Some of the members join the Salem Christian Endeavor while in school here, and their steady, purposeful work benefits those with whom they associate.

Berea has a faithful little band of Christian Endeavorers. The number of workers is lessened during the winter and spring, when the college receives many of the young people into its life. These take up the active duties of Christian Endeavor faithfully and cheerfully. Those who remain at Berea for twenty or more—keep up the good influences of the Christian Endeavor by a weekly meeting the night after the Sabbath, taking up the topics as given on the topic cards. Weekly cottage prayer meetings are held on Tues-

day night. Aside from this they are doing no special work, but wherever there is need they try to lend a helping hand. By meeting thus twice a week as friends, neighbors, Christians they are building up, in a social way as well as in spiritual, a foundation for a broader life that will endure through daily stress.

The society at Salem is the largest in the southern part of the state. It has taken up the last year a new plan for Christian Endeavor work, and is doing everything to help the society.

The Efficiency plan, as outlined by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, was taken up the latter part of 1912, and the results have been worth while. There have been more system and aim in the work. More interest is being taken in what other Christian Endeavor societies are doing. A new plan for Christian Endeavor work was adopted. Our pastor will, today, tell us something of that plan.

As the center of Christian Endeavor in the Southeastern Association, Salem is naturally looked to as a leader. What kind of work is being done here? Some of the problems are:

(1) Attendance. The time of meeting—1:30 on Sabbath afternoon—is the reason some give for not attending the Christian Endeavor. Most of the members, both in and out of school, work hard at their respects during the week. There is considerable strain added to the work and some feel they would rather remain at home and rest or roam over the hills which always have a message for nature lovers. Some say there are too many organizations, and ask of the Christian Endeavorers, “Are the results worth while?”

(2) There is a lack of proper social life. Many young people come into an environment and are not taken in as do the older people. They feel awkward and ill at ease. Do we take them by the hand as brothers and sisters and make them feel welcome?

A student who had been in school several months was asked to join the Christian Endeavor. His answer was: “I have never before been asked to join.” Is this as it should be? The work in social gatherings is generally left to the ladies. This should not be. The heavy work, if no other, should always be done by men and boys.

(3) Some do not join because of the pledge. They feel that it demands too much of them. There is also the problem as to how far the young people should be in charge. Shall the older ones lead out or shall the younger ones? Several years ago the society was mostly maintained by the older members. Aided out of the pledge, the work fell almost entirely upon the younger members. Recently there has come to be more of a combination of these.

Where does the responsibility for maintaining the ideals rest? Does it rest with the officers alone, with the older, the younger members, the parents, the pastor? Does the success or failure of Christian Endeavor ideals depend entirely upon those who openly say, “We are Christian Endeavorers,” or do those who willfully refuse to take up the work have their part in the failure, if failure there be? The Christian Endeavor ideals are rooted in the ideals Jesus taught. If the individuals fail the ideals yet remain, the great principles are resting on the foundation of truth. The meetings are won by the things that will draw in the members. To compare the lesson intelligently, we will always be able to give much to others and in return receive much more than we have given.

If we through ignorance or weakness fail to make the advances we should to those who are not members, is it all ended there? There is one God whom we all serve. If one fails to live up to the best, should not the other, whether a Christian Endeavor member or not, show that one where he is wrong?

More men and boys are needed in the work. All should strive harder for a better spiritual life. When this is acquired, many of our difficulties will be changed to pleasures and successes.

The success of our denomination depends largely upon the industrial life. Many of our people today are working in the factories. It is in the homes of the workers that this battle is won. We should not be the people who are, or soon will be, so vital connected with this great question take up the problem seriously, earnestly.

Mr. and Mrs. Clawson, both of New Market, were married at the home of the bride, November 6, 1853. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Halsey Baker, then pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist
and Fireside:

One share to farms and rural communities. The stock to twenty-one rural electrical substations which supply light and power that were yesterday, even on the evening of the reception. Rev. E. T. Tom­

ner had but shortly before been built. Plainfield and bought the store at the cor­

Oawson was engaged to Lincoln, now known as the Maltby church at Newarket, but who in later years lived on East Fifth Street, this city, where he died a few years ago. The aged pastor was able to be present at the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Clawson ten years ago.

Mrs. Clawson was formerly Miss Henri­etra K. Titzworth, and the descendant of one of the old families of Piscataway, as was also her husband.

After marriage they took up their home on the farm on the road from New Market to Lincoln, now known as the Malby farm.

In 1868 Mr. and Mrs. Clawson moved to Farina, Ill., where Mr. Clawson’s father had preceded them, and had opened a large tract of land for development along the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, which had but shortly before been built. Mr. Clawson was engaged in mercantile business in Farina until the Centennial year, 1876. They then returned to Dunellen, and Mr. Clawson entered mercantile life there, continuing until 1882, then came to Plainfield andStafford and became the cor­

ner of West Second Street and Madison Avenue. Here he continued in business until last January.

Mr. Clawson was eighty-three years old yesterday, and we wish to acknowledge that he can outdo them riding a bicycle even now. His wife is but a week younger than he, and together they live an ideal exist­

ence in the enjoyment of health and vigor and surroundings, which were familiar to their youthful days.

Before the company dispersed on the evening of the reception, Rev. E. T. Tom­

linson, a nephew, made a congratulatory speech and presented Mr. and Mrs. Claw­

son with a purse of gold as a token of esteem from their many friends.—Plain­

field Courier-News.

Electrically Lighted Farms in Denmark.

The following is taken from the current issue of Farm and Fireside:

“Denmark has among its many coopera­tive institutions twenty-one rural electrical substations which supply light and power to farms and rural communities. The stock in the company is apportioned according to the amount of electrical fixtures on each farm, or in each village home. One share

of stock is allotted for every electric light, and ten shares for every horse-power in motors. The regular central-station rate is charged for the electricity, and the co­

operative plants earn over nine per cent on the capital invested.”

- “Time solves all problems and eliminates the man who regards himself as indis­

sible.”

**Something for Nothing**

Without any reduction in price the Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America is offered at a great bargain. Purchase a set at three dollars for the cloth binding, or five dollars for the half leather binding. Then hand your receipt to the treasurer of your church. This receipt will be worth to the church the full amount that you have paid, and may be used as so much cash in remitting to the treasurer the apportionment for the ap­

portionment for this year. Your church treasurer has already paid the ap­

portionment for this year, he can send on your receipt and get a check for the same amount from the treasurer of Con­

ference.

Although there must be a limit when something is given for nothing, it is not probable that the limit has been reached in your case. This rebate holds good up to one-half of the amount of the apportionment for Conference ex­

penses.

Why not treat yourself or some one else to a valuable set of books, and at the same time give all you spend to your own church?

Purchase the books from your local agent, or from Orra S. Rogers, Plain­

field, N. J. Then look for the rebate from

**WILLIAM C. WHITFORD**

**Alfred, N. Y.**

**CHILDREN’S PAGE**

**Why the Leaves Turn Red.**

“Ankis, why do the leaves turn red in the fall?”

“It was Fritzie who asked the question, one October afternoon, of his friend Ankis, the Indian, as they were walking through the woods.

“Haven’t I ever told you?” answered Ankis in surprise. “It is one of the old legends of our tribe.” And, as they seated themselves under a maple tree that blazed with color, Ankis began:

“Long, long ago there were a great many more trees than there are now, and a great many more birds too. And the trees loved the birds, for the little feathered people sang from early dawn till late at night, and flashed their blue and yellow and brown wings everywhere through the green forest.

And the trees said to one another: ‘Oh, how dull it would be if we didn’t have our birds!’

“So the trees spread out their limbs like great claws to hold up the tiny nests, and they covered the bird homes with thick foliage to hide them from the prowling

squirrels until the fledglings should have grown up and flown away.

“But one night, in the month of the harvest moon when the feathery thistle was a little Frost Boy, and

the Chief of the White Country in the north, and

how can we make the birds hear?’

It was Fritzie who asked the ques­

tion, ‘Why don’t treat yourself

or some to a valuable set of books, and at the same time give all you spend to your own church? ’

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**THE SABBATH RECORDER.**

**MISSIONARY POCKETS.**

“What are you going to do with my coat, mamma?” asked Robert, watching his mother as she laid out a pile of little garments.

“It is for the missionary box, dear,” said Mrs. Vincent. “It is too small for you now, being almost new, but it fits some small boy nicely. My boy is getting so big he hardly has a chance to wear out anything.”

“Please wait a minute, mamma. There are some things in the pockets I want.”

“And, mamma, if you are going to send my little white apron, there are some things in the pockets that I want,” said Amy, putting her apron to the pile of garments. “I couldn’t think of giving away this lovely blue hair ribbon.”

“And my jack-knife, and three of my best marbles are in the pockets of these trousers. Mamma, would you have given these clothes without examining them? ” he asked, turning over everything in the heap, as he looked through other clothes for treasures.

“You have so many playthings, Robert, that I thought you wouldn’t miss a few of them. If I were a little boy ‘way off in a lonely little home out West, I think I should like to find a few pretty things in the pockets of the clothes that come in the missionary box; don’t you?”
"Missionary boys are different," muttered Robert; "they don't expect playthings."
"No, I suppose not," said his mother; "but do you not think they would enjoy them?"
"Maybe they would, but I can't spare these."
Mrs. Vincent went off to the meeting with the little clothes and her own gifts, but not until every pocket had been searched. Robert and Amy carried the treasures to the play-room, and put them in their proper places, but somehow neither was happy. They tried playing, but little Bobby wanted to play, too, and the game broke up in a quarrel. Then they both wished it was a quiet day, so there would be something going on.

Finally they sat down on the floor to look at the big illustrated Bible which was one of their treasures, and baby Bobby came up behind them so he could see, too. It was strange that the first picture they turned to should be of Christ teaching his disciples, and that the words underneath it read: "Freely ye have received, freely give."
"I'm going down to Mrs. Up-to's with some of my things in those pockets," said Robert, suddenly. "It isn't fair that we should have so much and those other children nothing."
"That is just what I was thinking," said Amy. "Let's fill every pocket full!"
When the ladies saw the children coming with their hands full of gifts, they said, "Let's not send the box today, but give all the children a chance to fill the pockets of their garments, too."

When that box was opened in that lonely little home out West, I wish you could have seen the squeals of delight from the four little children. The oldest was only eight and the baby three, but every one had been remembered, and the floor was covered with marbles and little toys and trinkets. They liked the clothes very much, but the pockets filled with things they liked best of all.

When the letter came, telling about their great joy, Amy said, "Let's always see that the missionary pockets are full instead of empty."

Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, November 9, 1913, at 2 o'clock P.M., President Stephen Babcock in the chair.


Visitor: Dean Arthur E. Main.

Prayer was offered by Rev. E. D. Van Horn.

Minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Supervisory Committee reported things progressing well at the publishing House, and all bills paid. The Year Book for 1913 is completed, and will be distributed this week.

Report adopted.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported 13,396 pages of tracts mailed during the month, and eight new subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER added.

Report adopted.

The Committee on a "policy for the future work of the Society" reported as follows:

Upon motion the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Plainfield Church and pastor consent, we recommend that this Board arrange on a trial basis with Edwin Shaw to promote the following lines of endeavor:

1. The publication and use of the best possible Sabbath literature.
2. The systematic education of our people in the value and importance of our work as Sabbath-keeping Baptists.
3. The keeping of the Board in close, intelligent touch with all world-wide movements that have a direct bearing upon this great and glorious Sabbath question.

Voted that we recommend that this Board authorize the Advisory Committee to secure the services of Dr. A. E. Main to attend such meetings and hearings that have bearing upon the Sabbath question, as they may deem advisable, at the expense of the Society.

Voted that this committee terminate with this meeting and that all unfinished business be turned over to the Advisory Committee.

After especially interesting and helpful remarks by Dean Arthur E. Main, Corliss F. Randolph, E. D. Van Horn and F. J. Hubbard, the report was adopted.

Voted that, to enable Corresponding Secretary Shaw to carry on his work for this Society with greater ease and efficiency, we provide him with filing cabinets and clerical equipment, which can probably be secured for an outlay not exceeding $25.00, and also with a stenographer and office helper, and that this Society bear the expense of such equipment and clerical services.

Voted that all expenses for periodicals and other literature, and any other expenses incurred by Secretary Shaw, in connection with his duties, be reimbursed by the adoption of the report of the Committee on "policy and future work" at this session, as paid by the Society.

Voted that the Advisory Committee be authorized to secure the services of an acceptable man for a period of three months or more to labor among our people in the interest of better Sabbath observance.

The Treasurer reported all bills paid. We believe this was an expenditure in transporting and storing the tent now at Stone Fort, Ill., be paid.

Correspondence was received from Rev. D. Burdett Coon, Charles Hens Greene, James A. Allen, Rev. E. H. Seewell, Mrs. Mary E. Fillyaw, Rev. T. W. Richardson, Mrs. William C. Ackerman, Rev. George Seeley, Corliss F. Randolph, E. S. Maxson, M. D., Joseph J. Greene Jr., Mrs. E. Elliott, William C. Hopkins.

Voted that the request for literature in the letter from South America forwarded by C. H. Greene of Battle Creek, Mich., be referred to the Committee on Distribution of Literature with power.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

Arthur L. Titsworth, Recording Secretary.

Let us all resolve, first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all faultsfinding that does not good a sin, and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disgraceful detail of their past and present life, and third, to practise the grace and virtue of praise.—Harriet B. Stone.
Denominational News.

Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, pastor of the North Loup (Neb.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, was elected president of a county organization of ministers at Ord, Neb., last week.

President Daland will give an organ recital at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church, Tuesday evening, December 16. The Milton College Glee Club will also have a part in the program. The lovers of good music will look forward to the event with special interest.—Milton (Wis.) Journal-Telephone.

The Twin Rivers of Mesopotamia.

In the mountains of Armenia, to the north of Bitlis and east of Lake Van, a little spring of pure cold water comes bubbling from the ground. A little pool is thus formed, and from this tiny stream runs north, another south. Should you follow the streams as they trickle down the mountain sides, you would find that one of them becomes the Tigris, the other the Euphrates. Thus the two mighty rivers of Mesopotamia begin their long journey of fifteen hundred miles to the Persian Gulf.

To follow the Tigris down from one of its sources in Armenia to the Persian Gulf is a journey of more than a month and of unusual interest; few have ever accomplished it.

In the course of that journey you pass through the countries of half a score of different peoples, each with customs and costumes both strange and varying. You hear as many different tongues, and see the forms of almost as many different religions. You find both primitive peoples, almost savages, among whom, though some of them were civilized thousands of years ago, you take your life in your hands. You see people living just as they did in early Bible times; you pass among the ruins of the great cities of three thousand years ago.

Probably the journey down no other river, even the Nile, is so full of varying interest.—The Christian Herald.

Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON IX.—NOV. 29, 1913.

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

Lesson Text.—Josh. iii., 1-17; Ps. cxiv.

Golden Text.—"Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Isa. Iv.

DAILY READINGS.


One can not too soon forget his errors and misdemeanors. To dwell long upon them is to add to the offense. Not to grieve long over them, to let go immediately and do freely and otherwise, subtracts so much from the wrong—Thoreau.

MARRIAGES.

GREEN-HURLEY.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, in North Loup, Valley Co., Neb., on November 17, 1913, by their pastor, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Delwina B. Green and Geneva Hurley, all of North Loup, Neb.

DEATHS.

BURNETT.—Sister Laura Burnett died in the home of her sister, Mrs. F. F. Johnson in Stonetown, III., August 29, 1913, in the sixty-first year of her age.

She professed faith in Christ while very young and joined the Baptist church in Raleigh, Ill. She was never married and with her brother, Ewing Burnett—who also was never married—she lived many years on the farm near Harrisburg, Ill. After her brother’s death she moved to old Stonetown, Ill., and lived with her sister, Mrs. Eliza Johnson, until a few weeks before her death. Soon after moving to Stonetown she joined the Seventh Day Baptist church there, and lived a consistent member of the same. She was punctual in attending the church meetings and helped pay the church expenses faithfully.

She will be missed by the side of her brother Ewing in the Bethel Creek Baptist Church Cemetery, near where she was born and up brought. Her sweet voice, the J. J. presided over the funeral sermon. "Aunt Laura" will be greatly missed by her numerous friends and relatives.

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THANKSGIVING.

For glimpses of the western hills,  
Still longing, yearning for the sky;  
When opening wild flowers brim with dew,  
And hearts leap up with morning joy;  
For all the pulsing life of dawn,  
I give Thee thanks, I give Thee praise!  
For gold of fleeting sunrise hour,  
When waking birds renew their song,  
The glad, glad morning long to sing;  
For all the fair round of days,  
I give Thee thanks, I give Thee praise!

—Jessie Andrews.

—CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—For What Are You Thankful?  
In the Falls of a Meriden Master; No Other Paper Can Take Its Place; Paucity in the Larger Ranks; "Does Your Church Give a Test?" A Correction  
EDITORIAL—For What Are You Thankful?  
In the Falls of a Meriden Master; No Other Paper Can Take Its Place; Paucity in the Larger Ranks; "Does Your Church Give a Test?" A Correction

Woman's Work—Give Thanks (poetry); Mrs. Warner Writes of the Winona Bible Conference  
Rev. F. F. Johnson's Autobiography  
Youth's Page: The Relation of the Young People to the Church; The Christian's Rewards; The Quiet Hour; Treasurer's Report  
WOMAN'S WORK—Give Thanks (poetry); Mrs. Warner Writes of the Winona Bible Conference; Rev. F. F. Johnson's Autobiography; Youths Page: The Relation of the Young People to the Church; The Christian's Rewards; The Quiet Hour; Treasurer's Report

Songs of Thanksgiving (poetry)  
Denominational News  
Children's Page—Five Little Brothers (poetry); Mrs. Warner Writes of the Winona Bible Conference  
Rev. F. F. Johnson's Autobiography; Youths Page: The Relation of the Young People to the Church; The Christian's Rewards; The Quiet Hour; Treasurer's Report  
Songs of Thanksgiving (poetry); Denominational News; Children's Page—Five Little Brothers (poetry); Mrs. Warner Writes of the Winona Bible Conference; Rev. F. F. Johnson's Autobiography; Youths Page: The Relation of the Young People to the Church; The Christian's Rewards; The Quiet Hour; Treasurer's Report

Seventh-day Baptist Education Society—Quarterly Meeting of the Executive Board  
SABBATH SCHOOL—Worship in the Sabbath School; The International Sunday School Convention; More Sabbath School Books  
 equipos del día, guías para comprar, servir, entretenimiento, etc., no encontrados en otros libros de cocina

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GRACIAS, DÍA DE Agradecimiento.

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—CONTENIDO—

EDITORIAL—Por qué estás agradecido?  
En las caídas de un maestro de Meriden; No otra papeleta puede tomar su lugar; Paucidad en las mayores filas; "¿Dónde está tu iglesia dandarte una prueba?" Corrección  
EDITORIAL—Por qué estás agradecido?  
En las caídas de un maestro de Meriden; No otra papeleta puede tomar su lugar; Paucidad en las mayores filas; "¿Dónde está tu iglesia dandarte una prueba?" Corrección

Mujer del trabajo—Dé gracias (poesía); Mrs. Warner escribe sobre la reunión de Biblia de Winona  
Rev. F. F. Johnson's autobiografía  
Juventud's Page: La relación de los jóvenes a la iglesia; los recompensas del cristiano; la hora tranquila; Informe del Tesorero  
Mujer del trabajo—Dé gracias (poesía); Mrs. Warner escribe sobre la reunión de Biblia de Winona; Rev. F. F. Johnson's autobiografía; Juventud's Page: La relación de los jóvenes a la iglesia; los recompensas del cristiano; la hora tranquila; Informe del Tesorero

Canción de agradecimiento (poesía)  
Noticias denominacionales  
Página de niños: Los cinco hermanitos (poesía); Mrs. Warner escribe sobre la reunión de Biblia de Winona  
Rev. F. F. Johnson's autobiografía; Juventud's Page: La relación de los jóvenes a la iglesia; los recompensas del cristiano; la hora tranquila; Informe del Tesorero  
Canción de agradecimiento (poesía); Noticias denominacionales; Página de niños: Los cinco hermanitos (poesía); Mrs. Warner escribe sobre la reunión de Biblia de Winona; Rev. F. F. Johnson's autobiografía; Juventud's Page: La relación de los jóvenes a la iglesia; los recompensas del cristiano; la hora tranquila; Informe del Tesorero

Séptima jornada del bautismo educacional—Asamblea mensual del Consejo Ejecutivo  
ESCUELA SÁBADO—Worship en la escuela sábado; la Convención de la Escuela Sábado Internacional; más libros de escuela sábado  
Séptima jornada del bautismo educacional—Asamblea mensual del Consejo Ejecutivo; ESCUELA SÁBADO—Worship en la escuela sábado; la Convención de la Escuela Sábado Internacional; más libros de escuela sábado