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BEHOLD, THY KING COMETH.
M. E. H. EVERETT.

How beauteous on the mountains
The runners' feet I see
Who bear the precious tidings
Of Zion, unto thee:
"Behold the Child once given,
Rejected and unknown—
The blessed Son of David,
The heir of Judah's throne!"

Well might the Wise Men hasten
Who read the stars aright
When in the house of Judah
A son was born at night—
Born in the line of David
Whence mighty warriors spring;
To win his loving favor
Their precious gifts they bring.

The Vine the Lord hath planted
No hand shall pluck away;
And if in him contented
Like branches ye will stay.
Your fruit shall feed the famished
And bring the thirsty, wine,
And to the soul that fainteth
Shall give the life divine.

The chosen Branch of Jesse,
His shadow giveth peace;
The radiant star of morning
He biddeth darkness cease;
Then hail him with rejoicing,
Your gifts and treasures bring
Unto the Son of David,
Israel's promised King.

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Who bear the precious tidings
Of Zion, unto thee:
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H. L. GILLIS, Principal

The Sabbath Recorder

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

Ordinances at Marlboro, N. J.

On December the thirteenth the editor enjoyed a beautiful, sunny winter Sabbath with old-time parishioners and friends in South Jersey. The occasion for his going was the ordination of deacons at the Marlboro church, which took place in the afternoon of that day. On reaching Shiloh I was so filled with the renewings still in progress as the result of the yearly meeting held one week before. Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn and Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn had been assisting Pastor J. L. Skaggs during the week. Edgar had returned to New York for his own Sabbath services, but Herbert was still with Pastor Skaggs. The meetings during the week had been excellent, and quite an interest had sprung up.

Plans had been made for a semi-annual meeting of the two churches on the eve of the Sabbath, and Brother Van Horn was to preach. After his excellent sermon, there was a warm testimony meeting, at the close of which several young people came forward, some seeking the Savior, and others reconsecrating themselves to the Master's work. A number of friends remained for an after-meeting of prayer with those who came forward.

On Sabbath morning Brother Van Horn preached at Marlboro, and the editor at Shiloh. The old Shiloh church was well filled having grown up to the point of filling the pews. The boys and girls of twenty-nine years ago have come to be the fathers and mothers of today. The few now left are the old men and women who held up the pillars of the church in 1829 and 1830 are showing many signs of age and are ripening for the harvest.

There are indications of growth in Shiloh as in Marlboro. The editor's son, at the time of his ordination, is known to our readers as the pastor of the Forks Church, some one time ago. They were both bapized by the writer during his pastorate at Shiloh twenty-nine years ago this winter. Six years ago it was his privilege to preach the ordination sermon when Luther's father was consecrated to the office of deacon.

Rev. J. L. Skaggs. Then came the laying on of hands, followed by consecrating prayer. The father of Luther, with hands on his son's head, made a most touching prayer. Then followed the fervent prayer of Deacon Henry L. Davis, with hands upon the head of Thomas, his nephew, while all the deacons and ministers stood around the candidate.

This was indeed a beautiful sight. The large audience was deeply moved, and the fervent prayers of the father made an unanswerable appeal to the good conscience of the young lad.

The Sabbath sun was just sinking out of sight as the benediction was pronounced. It had been an ideal day, and a beautiful evening was drawing near, with its full beauty of the evening to soon to interpose the darkness. The Shiloh deacons and deaconesses, together with the elders, deacons, deaconesses, and young people assembled in the Forks Church for the revival services. But the editor could not stay to enjoy these. The automobile was there, and it was his duty to attend to the train, and Brother Bowden made good time in getting to it. Nine o'clock in the evening found him again in Plainfield ready for the work on this Recorder.
"Fear Not."

If one studies carefully the story of that wonderful Christmas night at Bethlehem, he will probably find, each time he reads it, some new ray of light on something to give cheer, which he has not seen before. We have many times dwelt upon the scenes, where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, where Ruth gleaned; and where David sang of the great Shepherd. We have pictured the arrival at Bethlehem of Joseph and Mary, and found lessons of profit in the story of the crowded inn which contained no room for the Lord of all the earth.

But do we know all about it? It is remarkable that God, that He might make it a time for the enthroning of a new king for His kingdom, should have chosen such a time to do it, as they saw the unusual manifestations in Bethlehem. The advent of the child of David, as we have pictured it, brought to earth on that birth-night of the Christ-child.

And now, as we turn again to read it in view of the approaching Christmas-tide, we are particularly impressed with the first words of the message which the Shepherds heard: "Fear not."
The men were "sore afraid" as they saw the unusual manifestations in the heavens round about Bethlehem. They were in sore need of comforting and reassuring words of cheer. Yet Jehovah knew all about it and hastened to speak to them. It was most fitting that the first words heralding the birth of the world's Redeemer should be hope-inspiring and fear-dispelling. In all generations men have needed encouragement; and we know full well that in our own time there is great need of the reassurance which the heavenly message meant to him who feared. We know that the very word "Fear not," the very word for which the Shepherds asked, would make it a day of great joy, we must not forget beyond all these, even beyond the songs of the angels, beyond the wise men and their gifts, to see the wonderful Incarnation of God among men, and the Mighty One, Jehovah, who gave us the Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary, may well say to his children in the presence of all his foes, "Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: be strong, fear not; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Bethlehem's Babe Born Anew.

Real Christmas is more a spirit than an outward festival. A spirit of prophecy was given to men when Christ was born. It was a spirit of peace on earth, a spirit of evangelism among men, a spirit of brotherhood such as the world had never known. Indeed, the real spirit of social betterment was born in Bethlehem of Judea nineteen centuries ago. To this fact is due the best things of earth today. And wherever the spirit of Christ, moving in the Christian realm, has made some new hearts more tender and filled them with sympathy for the needy; wherever men have been transformed and hearts have been won; if we have found a deep sense of the nearness of God, there has Bethlehem's Babe been born anew. A new power has been made manifest for the uplifting of the world. Especially in the new century of all Christians, with world-wide evangelism, for social and moral reforms, do we see evidences of this new birth of Christ in human hearts. These evidences are greater than ever before since apostolic times.

In another sense is Christ with us today; but we are as slow to comprehend it as were the Jews of other days. According to his own words, he is here in every sick and suffering soul; and in every persecuted one. We may see him in the poor who are out of work, in the starving ones of the Bread Line, in the widow struggling to support her little ones, and in the orphan left by friendless service in city streets. In a special way he presents himself in all the needy and in those living in lands of darkness; and he can come into one's life to minister unto him. These calls are particularly strong and clear at Christmas time. We ought to hear him saying with wonderful pathos, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me." So then Christ is here, not simply in the hearts of those who have been born again, to strengthen and to comfort them; but he is also here to be ministered unto in the poor and needy. He said, "What are we doing for Jesus on this his birthday? Are we feeding him and giving him the helping hand? Or are we wounds him by neglecting those who stand for him on earth? Are we bestowing Christmas gifts upon the rich, giving where we expect to receive again, or are we ministering unto Christ by aiding those in distress? The real Christmas spirit is that which removes the center of its interest and service from ourselves to somebody else.

The Christmas star has five points: love to God, love to man, thoughtfulness, self-denial, and joy.—Anon.

A Help-Our-Church Campaign.

A new movement has been set on foot by the Board of Trustees of the United Society for Christian Endeavor. It is called the Help-Our-Church Campaign, and is an organized effort to increase the attendance at regular church services. The hope is that all members may be persuaded to attend the evening services; that each one may be induced to ask some other one to attend, and that all the denominational interests may be promoted by the members of each society. A revival of interest in missions, in Bible-school work, and in the financial welfare of the churches is being sought in this new movement. There are more than one hundred thousand societies with an aggregate of five million members. Who can estimate the power of such an army of Christian workers, if they all respond to this call?

The Booths Reconciled.

General Bramwell Booth's visit to this country has resulted in a reconciliation with his brother General Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America. The long estrangement of these brothers began when the Salvation Army was split by the organization of the Volunteers in this country. Everybody will be glad to know that peace has been made between the two armies. This does not mean that an amalgamation of the organizations will follow; but that they will henceforth work in harmony. It was reported that General Booth would leave the work in America; but this report was without foundation. Bramwell Booth wishes to secure American Salvation Army officers for India and China.

Leaves Business for Philanthropic Work.

Mr. Nathan Straus, whose brother went down with the Titanic, has severed his connection with Macy and Company of New York, in order to give the remainder of his life to the advancement of his philanthropic ideals. He was on their way home from Jerusalem when they perished in mid-ocean. They had established a relief bureau in Jerusalem just before sailing, and Nathan has
been deeply interested in this. He is also interested in the International Health Bureau, and in the Pasteur Anti-Hydrophobia Institute. Besides these he is identified with the Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station in Palestine. Mr. Strauss is to have headquarters in Palestine, but all races and creeds will be included in his public benefactions.

First Ambassador to Spain Since the War.

Hon. Joseph Edward Willard was recently received at the Court of Spain as the first ambassador from America to that country since the Spanish war. He was escorted to the State carriage drawn by six beautiful horses, and accompanied by footmen and outrunners, and presented to the King in the presence of a great assembly. It is said that Mr. Willard and his family are being very graciously received by the Spanish people.

A "Go-to-Church Sunday." - December 7 was "Go-to-church Sunday" in Los Angeles, Cal. It was evidently a great success. The movement was set on foot by the Evening Herald, a daily paper of Los Angeles; and it is hard to tell which stands ahead in the matter of flattery, the preachers or the paper. Each praises the other for the success, of the movement, and it remains to be seen which will reap the vast permanent good for the efforts made. It looks as though the pastors might secure a permanent increase to their congregations, and it would be strange if the circulation of the paper should not increase also.

If, out of all the fruits of the Spirit are clearly developed in city and country; if temperance and purity and just treatment of foreigners and consistent Christian living, and obedience to the precepts of God's law are secured, no man can estimate what good will come from such efforts.

Cardinal Rampolla of the Vacation, Rome, died on December 16 at the age of seventy years. He was Pope Leo XIII's trusted Secretary of State, and was favored by the conclave of 1903 as Leo's successor. But Austria put in a protest against Rampolla's being a candidate, even though he stood ahead in the first two ballots for a pope. Since his defeat the Cardinal has lived in seclusion, in the palace of St. Mar-
modern criticism, and with heroic boldness preaches his reconstruction beliefs to his astonished and scandalized congregation. Like one of the ancient prophets he meets Mr. Parr in his own home and reproves him for his reprehensible methods in the financing of "Consolidated Tations," and pleads with him to make restitution, as far as he is able, to those whom he has wronged in that dishonest scheme. Mr. Parr, a pillar in "St. John's," astonishes and enraged that any one should presume to rebuke him in private and preach against the established doctrines of the church which his munificence has sustained on so high a plane, seeks to force Mr. Hodder's resigna- tion. Failing in that he avows his support and favors a neighboring church with his attendance and contributions.

The author arouses the spontaneous ad- miration of his reader for Hodder, and enlists his warmest sympathy in the struggle he makes for the social benefit of the Dal- ton Street. It takes moral courage of a high order to bombard sin fortified by wealth and culture, and it requires a deep humility to attack it in the slums. It was a superb exhibition of "patience and humility" on Hodder's part to try to win alike the soul and the soul of the great financier and that of the aban- doned woman. His tactical methods may be questioned, but not his purpose of each. The ethics of his conduct in remaining with St. John's to preach his new views is a sub- ject worthy of study. Many readers will exhibit a painful sensation that the doctrine of the virgin birth of our Lord was the first point to crumble in the castle of Hod- der's theological beliefs. I was not a little mystified that he should select that one doctrine, founded upon the simple historical account of the Testament and class it among "ancient speculations" (p. 408).

Moreover, it seems quite incompatible with a man of his independence and intelli- gence to renounce certain articles of faith in the virgin birth of our Lord partly because of the wickedness of certain members of his church who held that as one article in their confession of faith, and because of their callous indifference to the misery and wretchedness on Dalton Street. Yet that is a strong inference from his defense before the bishop for his course in renouncing traditional views of the Sabbath, and a despine to call attention to what seems to me a weakness in Hodder's mental attitude. This book, like some other modern novels, gives needless encouragement to a popular tendency to discount, if not to deny, the power of the time-hallowed faith in Jesus as the divinely begotten Son of God, and to hold aloof from the work of the church, because some prominent Christians dishonor, by their conduct, that belief.

Now, to hold that "doctrine and dogma ... are fruitless and mischievous," and a cause direct or indirect of such wickedness as Hodder discovered in Mr. Parr is as far a cry from reasonableness in religion, as to hold that the only necessary things in charac- ter and salvation are to belong to church and to give intellectual consent to her creed. One could feel more confidence in the suc- cess of Mr. Hodder in his uneven fight with the demons in the slums if he took with him a divine, as well as a human, Christ.

But it would be difficult for one prejud- iced against Mr. Hodder's mental attitude much more than I, to overlook some of the excellent things said in the course of the story where he figures. Religion is not to be kept in a private com- partment where it will not interfere with the practical affairs of life. And every pastor, by its permanency, is stimulated in his effort to make the church which he serves a potent factor in the moral, social and religious regeneration of the community where it is set.

Rapid Cit., S. D.,
Dec. 11, 1913.

### Origin of the Christmas Tree.

"One star-lit night Martin Luther was going through a dark forest of fir trees. He was coming back from the Temple of Nazareth, where he had been brought up, returning to his study. The trees were the only light in his road. He kept on and on, and as he saw a light shining through the branches of the fir trees he saw myriad stars shining down upon him. This he interpreted as the love of Christ coming to earth, and he de- cided to make it an object-lesson for his children.

"So when he went home he carried a fir tree with him. On Christmas Eve he brought it into the house, placed wax candles upon the branches to typify the stars, and, calling his family about him, he read to them the beautiful story of the birth of the Savior.

"Such is the German legend of the Christmas tree."
in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them" (Luke xxiii, 56; xxiv, 1).

These were Christians; they believed on the Lord Jesus, and were faithful when others had given up faith. Nothing in the Master's teaching caused them to believe that God's Sabbath should be observed on the first day of the week. Even though they loved their Lord, they would not emblazon him on the Sabbath; they waited until the first day of the week to do this work. But I am sure that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the sabbath day" (Matt. xxiv, 20).

Jerusalem was destroyed A. D. 70; yet almost forty years after the crucifixion of Christ, it is still "the sabbath day," not the Jewish sabbath in contrast with a Christian sabbath.

"And the next sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God" (Acts xix, 4).

"And on the sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither" (Acts xvi, 13).

"And Paul [the apostle to the Gentiles], as his manner was, went in unto them, and three sabbath days reasoned with them out of the scriptures" (Acts xviii, 4).

"And he reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath, and persuadeth the Jews and the Greeks" (Acts xxiv, 14).

Some Doings of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council.

At the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, held at Baltimore, December 3-5, the action of most interest to the churches was the selection of Rev. Henry King Carroll, L.L.D., as associate secretary to be resident in Washington, D. C.

Doctor Carroll brings to his new office large experience. He was for many years on the editorial staff of the New York Independent, and was the executive secretary of the Government of the United States for the census of religious bodies in 1890, corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, secretary of the Western section of the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, chief secretary of the last Ecumenical Methodist Conference, and now secretary of the Western section of the Ecumenical Methodist Commission. In 1894, Doctor Carroll sent out of the Doctor Carroll as a special commissioner to Porto Rico to investigate conditions there and formulate a system of civil government for the island. He has widely contributed to the literature setting forth the religious activities and provision for educational work, and has been a member of five general conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Among the significant items in the report of the secretary of the council, Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, were the plans of the National Committee of One Hundred appointed by the executive council for a campaign of religious activities and preparation; a exhibit and congresses in connection with the Panama Pacific Exposition; the endeavors of the council to keep the exposition free from the exploitation of commercialized vice, the recent developments in united evangelistic effort, and a large amount of information relative to the cooperative work among the churches, which has been developed by the General Conference of Methodism, and the development of the Temperance Commission at which all the denominational Temperance committees will meet.

The Commission on State and Local Federations reported 21 state federations and 136 city and county federations, a large proportion of which are pursuing active work.

Perhaps the keenest discussion was in connection with the Joint Commission on Theological Seminaries and Missions, for the study of social and industrial questions, but the general intent of the report received general acceptance.

The Committee of the Protestant Episcopal commissions and of the Seventh Day Baptist Conference were heard relative to the relationship of these bodies to the Federal Council and denominations composing it.

The Commission on Evangelism was instructed to arrange for an appropriate recognition of the Whitefield Centennial.

Many other similar movements were projected. The meeting was considered the most significant ever held in connection with the council, and it was ordered that the next meeting should be a joint assembly of the Committee of the council, the various commissions and boards, and the denominational boards and departments whose interests are common with those of the commissions. It is expected that this assembly will be held at some point in the South, probably at Atlanta, in December, 1914. It will bring together practically all the working departments of the thirty denominations in the council.

Origin of the Christmas Stocking.

From Italy comes the legend from which we are supposed to get the time-honored custom of hanging up the Christmas stockings.

Good old St. Nicholas of Padua used to throw long knitted purses tied at both ends into the open windows of the very poor people, and these purses were of yarn, and not unlike a footless stocking. Finally it became the custom of the people to hang empty receptacles out of their windows on the night before Christmas so that St. Nicholas would put a gift into them as he passed by. By and by, when the coin of the realm became scarce, toys were put in for the children, and useful presents for grown people.

In the north country, where it was rather chilly at Christmas time, the purses were hung on the mantelpiece, and it was believed that the good saint would come down the chimney and fill them. When these purses went out of fashion, stockings were substituted, and have been used ever since.—Exchange.

The real Christmas tree is the tree of life, its branches spread over all lands; and its leaves are for the healing of the nations.—Amos R. Wells.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Benjamin Franklin.
DEAR RECORDER READERS:

While I am not through writing you of my journeys among the churches, I wish to turn aside to tell you of a trip which has been called out by what seems to me further answer to our prayers. We have been praying that God would open the way to send some of our young people to Africa.

We have just had the privilege of entertaining at our home a young man who is on his way to Africa, Mr. Toong. His home is at the Berlin (Wis.) church, of which he and his parents are the only three remaining members. He has been a student at Milton College, has taught school, and has spent four years in the West. Among his experiences he took up a claim in Montana. He has been successful. I mean, by this, he has maintained his Christian character, kept the Sabbath, and least of all, been a financial success. He goes abroad and to Africa at his own initiative and expense. He puts all of us men to shame. May God go with him and bless him. He is to visit his father's relatives in England first, and then sail for Africa. He has been in communication with Brother Sayre at Albion, who attempted to visit Nyasaland, and was taken sick. He has also had a conference with Brother N. O. Moore, now of Milton, who was one of the successful investigators in Nyasaland.

On his way East he visited Editor Gardner, who advised him to come to Rhode Island and meet the members of the Missionary Board. The question put to him was this: Would it be agreeable to you to have a suitable man join you in Africa, in the missionary work, if we made it possible for the board to do so.

He replied that it would be very agreeable, but that he did not wish to embarrass the board or make any unnecessary expense in connection with this matter.

Now, brethren, we have been praying that we might again be free from debt and God has answered our prayers in sending us a buyer for a piece of property which netted the board more than $9,000, when the original cost was $5,500. The board had been carrying this property for some years at a large expense, so this difference of more than $3,500 was legitimately placed to the income account and has just about paid the debt.

We have been praying God to open the way that we might respond to the appeals which are constantly coming from Africa. Some months ago God put it into the hearts of two of our ministers to offer themselves as missionaries. We have, therefore, the board was badly in debt. The debt has now been paid, and it would seem that God is prompting one of our young men to go as a missionary to Africa on independent principles, but that we have already made it possible for the board to do so. Then there were two smaller places that we might consider.

We made this trip with the purpose of introducing him to seven or eight members of the Missionary Board. The question put to him was this: Would it be agreeable to you to have a suitable man join you in Africa, in the missionary work, if we made it possible for the board to do so.

He replied that it would be very agreeable, but that he did not wish to embarrass the board or make any unnecessary expense in connection with this matter.

Letter From China.

Dear Recorder Readers:

I fear that I have been very unfaithful in writing to the Recorder of late. There has been plenty of material but I have not seemed to find time for writing.

When I last wrote I was planning to do some outside clinic work, I believe, in Shanghai, but was unable to go. I remember correctly, that was in May. It was your regular program for the summer. I had planned to go to the walled city of Kading, ten miles distant, every two weeks, spending two days there. Then there were two smaller places where I would go once in four weeks, going and returning the same day. One of these places, Kading (or as sixth place known as the bridge), is on our canal about five or six miles northwest and can be reached by steamboat so that the trip is not so very hard. But the other small place, Sing-daung-su, is a question before us in such a country as this, and can be reached only by wheelbarrow. We made the trip once. Mr. Toong had gone before and tried to rent a place in town for the clinic. But all either refused to rent to him or named such high rental that we were forced to go a mile or more into the country to the home of a church-member.

When we arrived we found that our posters had all been torn down, and it seemed as though the people had formed a general plan to ignore us. Even the children on the street scarcely noticed our passing—an ominous sign in China. We had only fifteen patients and our expenses were so minute that we felt that we were thoroughly discouraged. However, we intended to persevere; but later there was so much wet, hot weather and the roads were so poor at the best that we decided to give it up for the hot weather. This fall I hope to try it again and see if we can overcome some of the prejudice.

The Kading appointment has been kept up without a break excepting once when the city was full of soldiers and in consequence people were scarce. The Lok-doo-jau appointment has also been kept up for the most part.

But all this has told you of the war in Shanghai. At that time Liou-o was well out of the war zone, although several times we stood on our upper porch and heard the cannon roar and saw the flash of search-lights in the city. We also heard many and exciting rumors but we had the paper every day and that told the truth, part of the time, at least.

Later, although we saw no fighting, we saw plenty of soldiers. After the fighting was over in Shanghai, the Northern troops turned their attention to the Wu-sung forts which were held by the Southerners. This, of course, had brought about many and exciting rumors but we had the paper every day and that told the truth, part of the time, at least.

Finally about 12.30 another boat came and the rest of us were taken on. We reached Shanghai by a different launch, which had taken in tow six other boats beside its two regular passenger boats. Such a scene as was presented when all those people disembarked! Ricksha and wheelbarrow men had assembled from far and near and their prices were simply exorbitant. But what could the poor people do? There they were, all clawing at each other, each with his baby, old women, women with bound feet, old women with babies, little children, servants, rich and poor, all alike fleeing from a common terror. It was the hottest day of the year and who could have thought one and one-half miles to the train? My helper and I did do it, however. She was so disgusted with them that she would not pay one cent above the usual price. I told one of them that the Chinese would all rob us and the soldiers alike. He saw the point and really looked a little ashamed.

But when we reached the station our troubles were not yet over. There was no train until night. It was then 2.30 p.m. This was the hardest waiting I ever did. My Western blood could not take it patiently. There was no water and no food,
even Chinese tea was unobtainable. The thirst and heat were almost unendurable. The Chinese were a marvel to me. They took it all as a matter of course, talked and laughed as if it did not matter. They were out of reach of the soldiers, so nothing made any difference now.

The railway company sent a special train or six cars to convey the crowd to Kading, but numbers were also waiting outside the station. I was just in time to catch this train, and I was told that it was crowded with people, and the excitement of the railroad company's witnesses. The crowd was packed. Think of thousands of people reaching Shang­hai at 8.30 at night, many of them having no friends in the city and no place to go. The railway company at night and let the Northerners take possession. However, it can be said that although Kading was practically left to them, they did no looting and when the people returned three weeks later they found things as they had left them. Perhaps Kading owes this mercy to the influence of Christianity, for the commander of these troops has a Christian wife and mother. The experience of the people of Nanking was decidedly different as you have heard.

While I was away at this time, Lieu-oo also had a share of the excitement. For a time it looked as though there might be fighting at Kading. Northern troops were coming from various directions, a few miles beyond us, and many of them passed through Lien-oo. Large numbers of the people fled, but, of course, Doctor Palmberg did not. There was really no danger. Two days later I came back along through Kading on my bicycle and, although I saw soldiers everywhere, I had no adventures. But to return to my outings. They have been full financially and I hope have done good in other ways.

Just at present I am in Shanghai taking a two weeks' holiday, which I feel very little need of. When I return, we will again take up the work of this New Year, at least.

Doctor and I are hoping after the New Year to open a girls' day school. We feel that we need some work for the women and girls and we feel that this will give an entrance into their homes and a closer heart touch with them.

That small hospital of our dreams would broaden our work. Sometimes we get in a hurry but we know God's ways are not our ways and we dare not be selfish and urge our own way. There are so many other needs and apparently far too little money for the Master's work. But after all, we know that it is not money or equipment which will convert the Chinese to Christianity. It is the power of God's Holy Spirit in the hearts of his children, and the prayers of the righteous—and only through these—which can produce the fight. We ask far more earnestly for this than for money and we know that if we have them the Master's name must be glorified.

GRACE I. CRANDALL.

The Work in South America.
T. L. M. SPENCER.

Since my last I have organized a church at Georgetown with a membership of thirty-five. Others are awaiting reception later on. A meeting-room has been obtained at a rental of $7.00 a month and the same furnished the rent in hand would permit. Our first service in it was held on last Sabbath Day the fifteenth. I preached from Psalms xx, 5; "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up a memorial." Rev. J. E. Samuels of the Christian Church was present and assisted in the service. The hall is in a good location in one of the principal streets, and is now in a series of evangelical services which will last for two weeks. The interest is good, and I am hoping for some souls to step out. People are calling for me in other places, but I intend to lay a solid foundation here in the city of Georgetown before going into the country districts.

This is a large and needy field. We need an organ and trust that some who read this may be stirred to help us in this way. We are determined to hold up the cause of God here. The Adventists circulated reports that we did not believe in the resurrection but I had a Seventh Day Baptist hand­book to show to inquirers that such reports were false. They tried to discourage my people during my absence but only one left and went back and she is sorry for so doing. She attended my service last night. We believe that this work is of God and therefore we mean to do our best and carry it forward.

Georgetown, British Guiana,
South America,
Nov. 21, 1913.
**WOMAN'S WORK**

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLEY, MILTON, WIS.

**Contributing Editor.**

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**Christmas Hymn.**

Sing, Christmas bells!
Say to the earth this is the morn
When our Saviour-King is born;
Sing to all men, the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The little child that sports in glee,

The aged folks that tottering go;
Proclaim the morn
That Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, angel host!
Sing of the star that God has placed
Above the manger in the east;
Sing of the glories of the night,
The virgin's sweet humility,
The Babe with kingly robes bedight.

Sing to all men where'er they be
This Christmas morn:
For Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me.

Sing, sons of earth!
O ransom'd seed of Adam, sing
God liveth, and we have a King!
The curse is gone, the bond is free,

By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed,
By all the heavenly signs that be,

I was, where some children went to the

The teacher or an obliging neighbor

Sing for Higher Education.

DEAR MRS. CROSLEY:

I was much interested in Helen A. Ingham's article in the Sabbath Recorder for November 17. But there is one side of the subject that was enlarged upon, and perhaps a personal touch will make it clearer. There was a time when I thought the smattering of higher education which I had was enough for me. My family absolutely refused to go to school, and I had no help from them in my studies. I was thrown upon the mercy of a child who was better than me, and I was the common unlearned child who booted himself up the ladder of learning unassisted, and most of our children are just common average boys.

No, this is not a question just for the young people, to whom it will not appeal until too late. It is for parents. As fathers should go to Sabbath school with their sons, and mothers take their girls into their kitchens, so parents should study with their children, and insist that they have, at least, a high school education for the good of the next generation. More than that, they can be made to expect to go to school as far as possible, just as they are taught to expect to go to Sabbath school each week.

I try to be a parent of the children who are under my guidance. They are the uncommon child who booted himself up the ladder of learning unassisted, and most of our children are just common average boys.

The virgin's sweet humility.

By all the heavenly signs that be, could

I, the rich, the poor, the

wherein is

Whereon is

That saveth

So

By Bethlehem's

Sing

The rich, the poor, the

that

The little child that sports in

Above the manger in the east;

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The virgin's sweet humility.
prayer. Perhaps by and by I can make
more of such cards. Oh, I do enjoy the
prospect to be with you some day in the
beautiful Paradise. How we shall praise
and glorify our dear Saviour there!
With hearty greetings, also from Sister
Alt, Yours in Jesus' love,
MARIE JANS.

Pangoens, P. O. Tajoe.
Oct. 10, 1913.

Worker's Exchange.
Farina, III.

DEAR EDITOR:
Thinking a letter from the Ladies' Aid
society of Farina, Ill., may be of interest
to some of the readers of the Recorder,
I shall endeavor to speak of some of the
things we are doing.
Our society meets every other Tuesday
the year round, with a short vacation for
spring housecleaning and strawberry time,
which finds our ladies so rushed with work
that we vote a few meetings off each year.
We always begin meeting at 10 a. m.
with the first Tuesday in November and
serve dinner in the church vestry, which
is suitably furnished with cooking range,
tables and dishes. The ladies then come
with well-filled baskets. The entire society
has had a cordial invitation extended to it
from the pulpit by our pastor the previous
Sabbath.
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no
cheer.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the pitying Christ-child very near.
Lord, some sit by lonely hearth stones, sobbing,
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send thy tempted, sinless Christ-child very near.

A Christmas Prayer.
O Lord, there sit apart in lonely places,
On the coldest night of all the year,
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no
cheer.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the pitying Christ-child very near.

Lord, some sit by lonely hearth stones, sobbing,
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the loving Christ-child very near.

The Minister's Guest—A Christmas Parable.
[The following beautiful Christmas story by
William King Soencer appeared in The Interior
four years ago. It is so suggestive
of the real Christmas spirit that we publish it
in full.—Ed.]
It was the morning before Christmas;
and John Lee, the minister, sat in his study
with a bottle of 'milk,' and family
prayers he had been reading how Jesus
was born in a stable, "because there
was no room in the inn." As he
knew with his loved ones, he had prayed that
the Savior might not be crowded from their lives
by the pleasures of the coming holiday, but
that his presence might be with them
through its joyous hours.
Then the children scattered to their play;
his wife went to her household duties; and
John Lee, still under the influence of the
pathetic words, "There was no room
for them in the inn," sat in his study alone.
"I wonder," he had said, "if he
would be crowded out so today? I wonder
where he would find room and welcome?
In the homes of his professed disciples?
Or in the churches where his love is
preached? Or would he be in some strange place
where we would not expect to meet him?
I wonder who in all this city would make
the Lord his guest?"

THE SAVIOR SEARCHING FOR A CHRISTMAS HOME.
He was brooding over thoughts like these
when some impulse caused him to look up.
A Stranger stood before him. He had
the face that Hoffman has so often painted,
but with a look of majesty and love that
the artist never put on canvas. Faint rays
of light flickered around his head in dim
suggestion of a crown. A robe fell to his
shoulder which John Lee, the minister,
called, "It is the Lord!" and speaking,
sank upon his knees.

"O blessed Master, why dost thou thus
honour thou unworthy servant? I never
thought to see thy face this day thy
hearts.

"John," said the Savior, "I have come to be
your Guest. I knew that you would
welcome me. Today we will walk the
streets together, and see how men rejoice
over my birth. Not all who call me Mas-
ter will admit me to their hearts. The
lives of many are so preoccupied that I am
crowded out.

As they left the house John Lee noticed
two wonderful things which at the time
seemed natural. No one was conscious of
their presence, but spoke and acted as if
alone. But the light of the Master's face
revelled the thoughts of everyone they met.
In the home of a prominent family in the
church they found a little girl sobbing.
I wish that Christmas was over, for I'm
so lonesome, and everybody's so cross."

"Mamma," she said, "little girls don't
always come here, going by and by I can
make a package for you one of these
days.'"

They went next to the business part
of the city and entered a department store.
Holidays symbols hung on the walls.
The counters were covered with costly articles,
which a crowd of buyers were examining.
A click, click, click of the cash trolley
was constantly heard. But in one corner
they found a young woman leaning on another's
shoulder.

"I've got enough," she said, "but just for
a minute everything grew black, and I'd
have fallen if you had not caught me. You
know we were here fifteen hours yesterday;
I might not be crowded from their lives
by the pleasures of the coming holiday, but
might not be crowded from their lives
by the pleasures of the coming holiday, but

IMPATIENT WORDS THAT BETRAY AN EX-CLERK'S DESCENT.
The minister's Guest said: "John, the
gifs these friends are making have crowded
me out of their home. And yet they love me.
But they are so blind, so blind!"

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of the city and entered a department store.
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tated. boisterous. The minister had seen such
the pulpit had been taken from the plat-
whom was cuddled against his breast.
whenever I get a chance to wait
attent. march in; then while they stood about in
keeps, vait. I
to wear his first pair of pants.
I know tomorrow is his
I haven't anything that he would like," said Jim, "except my knife." But Mary whispered, "Papa, he can have my dolly."
Now listen, little ones," the father said.
"The Savior told us when he grew to be a man, that if we wanted to do anything for him, we were to find some folks in trouble and help them in his name. Today down in the flats I found a woman with two children just as old as you. But she is so poor that she gets hardly enough to eat. I wonder if you would not like to please the Lord by giving them a Christmas gift tomorrow."
Jim took his knife out of his pocket. It looked very bright and sharp. And not until Mary cried, "Oh, goody, I'll run and get my dolly right off," did he make up his boyish mind to say, "Yes, father, I'll give that boy my knife, if you let me take your old one when I want to whittle.
When back with her dolly in her arms, the mother said: "Dear hearts, would not you like to have papa tell Jesus about the presents you are giving him?" So they knelt, with the husband's arm about his wife, while she gathered the little ones close to her side; and in simple words of prayer the knife and doll were given to the Lord for the other boy and girl to have. John Lee was weeping at the tender scene; and on his Companion's face was an expression when he was blessing the Master lifted up his hands; and then the silent watchers went away.

SUFFERING CHILDREN LONG FOR THE CHRIST.

Soon they entered the children's ward in a great hospital, where long rows of little beds stretched through the room. They were looking for8omitas even there; for a white-capped nurse said:
"Little ones, it is Christmas eve; so we will have some music before we go to sleep."
Then in a sweet voice she sang—
"There's a song in the air;
There's a starlight over the earth Today;
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry;
And the star rises its fire while the beautiful sing.
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King."
When she finished the song a dozen child-
the minister as he

called my stupidity, and said she'd report
me to the manager."
"I saw the woman," said the other girl. "She goes to the same church that I do. And the other night at prayer meeting she asked prayers for the working girls who did not take any interest in religion. And then for her to talk to you like this! I wonder that any of us clerks are Christians. If it was not for the example of my mother, I should call the whole thing a humbug."
The minister saw a look of pain upon the face of his Guest and caught two low, sad words, "Crucified afresh!"
He spoke impulsively: "O Master, how we heap sorrow on your heart!"
The Guest replied: "John, I have borne such loads as these hundred years."
Just then a third clerk stopped in passing long enough to say:
"O girls, I've just been waiting on Mrs.
Case; and after she had done her buying, she said, 'I want to thank you for your courtesy to me. It must be very hard to wait on people all day and not get irritated. I hope the Lord will make you very happy on his birthday.'"
Then she went on to her counter, while the one who fainted said:
"Mrs. Case is what I call a Christian. Whenever I get a chance to wait on her, I feel good-natured all day."
The shadow on the Master's face was replaced by a look of calm. "That woman keeps a place in her heart for me," he said. "To her the angels' song is true."

SANTA CLAUS IN THE PLACE OF THE MASTER.

It was the early evening when they went down to the church. John Lee thought: "The Master always loved the children when he was on earth; surely he will be glad to see them happy."
The pulpit had been taken from the platform and a stage built out into the room. The pews were filled with merry people laughing and talking with each other. Soon the curtain lifted and a company of fairies marched in; then while they stood about in graceful groups, old Santa Claus with his attendant elves appeared. They took a pile of presents from a hollow log that lay upon the ground, and the elves ran through the aisles distributing them."

"Plagued mean Christmas," said a twelve-year-old boy; "nothing but candy and a ten-cent picture card. I'll not come here another Sunday, if this is all they give a fellow." And he flung a piece of candy at the next elf that ran by. Others imitated him until the room was filled with flying pop-corn, and the amusement became boisterous. The minister had seen such times on former Christmas nights without any sense of their unfitness; but in the presence of his Guest he was shocked at the irreverence of the scene. He said, "Master, I never understood till now! For give them, for they know not what they do." The Lord replied:
"The children mean no harm. But surely a better picture should be given to them on his birthday than a group of dancing fairies and gamboling elves. Should not the little ones be taught to make their hearts into a cradle for the new-born Christ? John, John, you have let them crowd me out!"
The minister dropped to his knees in very shame and said:
"O Lord! forgive my grievous sin. My eyes have been sealed tonight. I never thought how it would seem to thee."
He felt the gentle pressure of a hand upon his head and heard the tender words: "I knew you did not understand; and so I came to be your Guest. Your error is forgotten in my boundless love."
Great tears stood in the master's eyes; and it was long before he dared to look at his Companion's face. But as they left the church he heard him say:
"I have some in this city who keep my birthday worthily. Let us also visit them."
They went into another home. The mother with a baby in her arms sat by an open fire, while close beside her was her husband with two children on his lap. "Tell us the Christmas story, father," said a curly-headed little fellow, just old enough to wear his first pair of pants. "Yes, papa, tell us about the baby Jesus," said Mary, who was cuddled against his breast. And so he told the ever new tale of Jesus' birth, and how they laid him in the hay, because there was no other bed.
"And were the cows there too?" said little Jim. "And maybe a tiny lamb," Mary broke in. "In fancy so," the father said, "for Jesus was to be God's Lamb and die that we might be forgiven."
"I wish I could have seen the Baby," Mary said; "I wonder if he looked like ours."
The mother looked at her sleeping baby very tenderly. It was so like her husband, "I wonder if Jesus' mother loved her baby more than we do ours." In an
answer the father only kissed the hand she
ing house they found a young man about twenty-five years old reading a letter. Soon, laying his paper on the table, he leaned his head upon his hand as if in serious thought. The Visitor motioned to the minister to go nearer. He did so, and read the following words on the unfolded sheet:

"My boy, you can not know how much your mother loves you; but if you never see me again, remember that I have been praying for you every night since you left home. I don't know why I write these words tonight. But I wish you would send me the best Christmas present you have ever given me. It would be a letter saying that you had determined to live a Christian life. Won't you send your mother such a Christmas gift?"

"It seemed to John Lee that they waited there an hour; and he understood as never before how the Master's heart is stirred with all that happens to men. For he saw that in wordless speech the Lord was saying--

"Brother, gratify your mother's longing. Write that letter to her now."

Suddenly the young man began to pray:

"My mother's Christ! I give myself to thee. Help me to conquer my temptations and forsake my sins. Help me for mother's sake. For she has prayed for me so long."

Then he took pen and paper, and began to write:

"Dear Mother—I have read your letter and what you have asked. God helping me, I will send you this letter tonight. I hope this letter will make you as happy as you thought it would. I only wish I might come home and hear you say once more, 'My boy! my boy!'

He sealed the envelope and hurried to drop it in the letter box. His unseen watchers followed him; and the Lord said in glad tones a single sentence:

"The letter will reach her just in time."

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

REV. ARTHUR E. MAIN.

This council is a delegated body representing about thirty Protestant Christian denominations and 16,000,000 communicants; and meets once in four years. The Executive Committee meets yearly unless special meetings are called. The Administrative Committee meets in New York City. Some sixty members of the Executive Committee met in Baltimore, December 3-5. Among the members present were Mr. Wm. C. Campbell, of Plainsfield, and Rev. Arthur E. Main, of Alfred, N. Y. How to promote such causes and interests as the following were among the subjects considered with greatest care: the spirit and work of the Church throughout the entire land; the improvement of industrial, housing, domestic, civic, prison, and other human conditions and relations; religious education by means of all the agencies that God assigns to increase in the number of chaplains in the navy; a better understanding between China and Japan, and the United States, in view of certain California legislation, the sense of being unjustly treated, among the Asiatics, being deep, and spreading; the promotion and protection of religion and purity in connection with the Panama Exposition; the right of all men to a weekly rest-day; and in general, an increased cooperation of all Christians in the work of building up righteousness and the kingdom of God in all lands. In one of the addresses this normal principle was emphasized: the strength of associated life is in the associating individuals; the strength of associating individuals is in the associated life. Being interpreted, this means that Seventh Day Baptists, in the associated life and work represented by the Federal Council, should expect both to give and receive spiritual power. The writer was given an opportunity to state the difference between the Seventh Day Adventists and ourselves. The adopted Declaration of Principles that will be published far and wide was one of the noblest utterances ever sent forth from a body of Christian men; and the whole meeting was one of great moral and religious fellowship and inspiration. Secretary Macfarland, in his annual report, said that the difference between the wheel or a hub of our denominational young people's work. The readers of the Young People's department have already had the privilege of reading one of the bright, thoughtful papers that were presented. This week it is possible to give the abstract of an address by Prof. L. H. Stringer of Milton. His subject was: "The Relation of the Young People's Board to the Societies." He spoke in part as follows:

"It seems that the Young People's Board, has about the same relation to the various societies as the hub of a wheel has to the spokes. Let us carry the comparison further. There are two kinds of wheels--good wheels and bad wheels. Good wheels are round. They run smoothly with little jolting and friction. They are capable of great endurance, great speed and of carrying heavy loads. Their spokes are of great moral and religious value.

The hub is true and sound in all respects. It stands firm; and all the length and there is little danger of a breakdown. Bad wheels are not always round. Some of the spokes have been broken off and are shorter than others. They travel slowly with great jolting, and there is danger of a "smash-up" at any moment. How about our Christian Endeavor wheel? Is it a good wheel or a bad one? I am sure we will all agree that it is not as good as it might be. Let us see how much we can strengthen it this year. First, through prayer; second, through giving of our lives; third, through giving of our principles; and fourth, through giving of our treasures are there their hearts are."

Professor Stringer illustrated his talk with a diagram of an irregular wheel of thirty-four spokes, which is an apt illustration of our thirty-six societies sustain to the Young People's Board—the hub of our denominational young people's work. Examine the diagram of the wheel. The hub is true and sound in every particular, but some of the spokes will be seen to be too short or cracked or entirely broken off, which means an inefficient wheel. Which spoke does your society represent? Study the diagram. It is most suggestive.

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CHRISTIAN ENDENOR WORK.

CHRISTIAN ENDENOR WEEK.

(Continued.)

RECRUITING DAY.

On Monday the canvas begun on Sabbath should be continued. Get the Endeavorers to get up an all day canvass all the time they can take from their studies and their regular duties. The chairman of the Lookout Committee will be the general in charge, and he will keep in close touch with his forces throughout the day, directing them and spurring them on.

Devote the evening to a Recruiting Social. The Social Committee, in sympathy with the efforts of the Lookout Committee, and in an earnest, consecrated spirit, should make plans for this social long in advance. The object of the social will be to exemplify the cordial, brotherly spirit of Christian Endeavor. These socials should be made up of excellent program when quarterly meeting was held with the Walworth (Wis.) Church some weeks ago, were a number of excellent letters and addresses relating to young people's work. The readers of the Young People's department have already had the privilege of reading one of the bright, thoughtful papers that were presented. This week it is possible to give the abstract of an address by Prof. L. H. Stringer of Milton. His subject was: "The Relation of the Young People's Board to the Societies." He spoke in part as follows:

"It seems that the Young People's Board, has about the same relation to the various societies as the hub of a wheel has to the spokes. Let us carry the comparison further. There are two kinds of wheels--good wheels and bad wheels. Good wheels are round. They run smoothly with little jolting and friction. They are capable of great endurance, great speed and of carrying heavy loads. Their spokes are of great moral and religious value.

The hub is true and sound in all respects. It stands firm; and all the length and there is little danger of a breakdown. Bad wheels are not always round. Some of the spokes have been broken off and are shorter than others. They travel slowly with great jolting, and there is danger of a "smash-up" at any moment. How about our Christian Endeavor wheel? Is it a good wheel or a bad one? I am sure we will all agree that it is not as good as it might be. Let us see how much we can strengthen it this year. First, through prayer; second, through giving of our lives; third, through giving of our principles; and fourth, through giving of our treasures are there their hearts are."

Professor Stringer illustrated his talk with a diagram of an irregular wheel of thirty-four spokes, which is an apt illustration of our thirty-six societies sustain to the Young People's Board—the hub of our denominational young people's work. Examine the diagram of the wheel. The hub is true and sound in every particular, but some of the spokes will be seen to be too short or cracked or entirely broken off, which means an inefficient wheel. Which spoke does your society represent? Study the diagram. It is most suggestive.

CHRISTIAN ENDENOR WEEK.

(Continued.)

RECRUITING DAY.

On Monday the canvas begun on Sab-
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Whether they have agreed to join or not, invite them to the social; and go after them, accompanying them to the social. Then devote yourself to them, and try to get them to fall in love with Christian Endeavor. Near the close of the evening ask them, "Now won’t you join us?"

Here are brief hints for the evening’s entertainment:

Each person as he enters is to receive on his back a placard bearing the name of a Christian Endeavor officer or committee. He is to discover what he is by talking with others about his duties. When the discovery is made, the placard is removed to the front of the coat (or dress)

A bright speech of welcome, by the president of the society.

Little samples of a mixture to be given to all present, with pencils and slips of paper, each to make a list of the supposed contents of the mixture. This may include salt, sugar, cloves, pepper, cinnamon, tea, coffee, peppermint, wintergreen, vanilla, etc. The person whose list is nearest correct may receive some reward, of no pecuniary value.

Each person is to receive a piece of paper bearing a number, the numbers to be from 1 to 5. Place paper rosettes on all of the group first formed whose numbers total 21—or any other number fixed upon. Continue changing the number to be formed three or four times. The person who wins most rosettes may receive some simple reward, of no pecuniary value.

Portraits of well-known men and women pinned around the room, numbered but not named. The person who writes the most correct list will receive a framed picture of some Christian Endeavor leader.

Divide the company into groups of say, ten each. An umpire keeps time. Each group has a leader who speaks for it, but all members of the group help. The contest is in giving Bible proper names beginning with A, then B, etc. The group that holds out longest with the most letters is to sit together and be waited on first with the refreshments. No books are to be consulted.

Close with a "singing," using the society hymnal. After that, the benediction.

Speaks of the purpose of the social in the prayer meetings well in advance, so that the Endeavorers will have a special effort to become acquainted with all strangers present.

LOCAL-UNION DAY.

The fourth day, Tuesday, is dedicated to that great branch of Christian Endeavor work, the local union. If a county or district union is substantially a city or local union, then it will be the union to celebrate; but if the county or district union comprises two or more local unions, let each of the latter observe the day in its own community.

In the evening a union mass-meeting should be held, with advertised in the societies and churches and newspapers and by pastors. Get the best speakers and the best music. Make thorough preparations well in advance. Decorate the meeting-room. Have ushers. Throw yourself heartily into the occasion.

Here is a program that may be used, with changes to meet local conditions:

1. Singing, by a chorus choir, leading the congregation.
2. Devotional exercises, by the pastoral counselor of the union, if you have one; if not, by any Christian Endeavor pastor.
3. A hymn, three stanzas, each sung by the members of the group. An umbre, varied in advance; the fourth stanza sung by the congregation.
4. Statement of the work of the union, by the union president.
5. Two-minute talks by all the Christian Endeavor pastors who can be brought together; testimony, encouragement, advice, inspiration.
6. Another hymn, sung as No. 3, but by three more societies.
7. Address, "Increase and Efficiency," by the best speaker available. Thirty minutes.
8. One-minute suggestions for the Union Executive Committee looking to advance steps for the union; a symposium by presidents of societies.
9. Singing: a song by the chorus choir and one by the congregation.
10. Sentence prayers of purpose and consecration, by the Endeavorers.
11. Closing song and benediction.

In advertising this program, get in all the names you can, including all who will speak under Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7, and 8. Also advertise the chorus choir.

The presiding officer must hold the speakers strictly to time. Warn them of this when they are invited.

JUNIOR AND INTERMEDIATE DAY.

Wednesday is suggested for Junior and Intermediate Day. It may take the form of a mass-meeting of all the Junior and Intermediate societies. One of the many delightful exercises published by the United Society may be given by the children. There may be a bright talk to the children, an illustrated talk if possible. The Juniors and Intermediates may meet in the vestibule, and march in the church, to their places, their banners flying. Close the exercises with an earnest plea for more interest in the children and more work done for them, addressed to the older persons present. This should not occupy more than five minutes, and may be by a very effective speaker. Aim to give each Junior and Intermediate society some definite part in the program.

UNITED SOCIETY DAY.

Thursday will be devoted to the larger, worldwide work of Christian Endeavor. The morning will be given up to an entertainment, suitable to Christian Endeavor, for which an admission-fee will be charged. The entertainment will be something different from the usual, perhaps Christian Endeavor, on condition that half of the gross proceeds, that is, half the money taken in, shall be given to promote Christian Endeavor in this land and throughout the world. And 25 per cent of the whole to be given to the United Society for extension work, 15 per cent to the state or provincial union, and 10 per cent to the local union, thus making 50 per cent of the whole. The other half of the gross proceeds may be used to promote the work of the local society or devoted to any other cause the Endeavorers choose.

A paid entertainment is suggested for this evening, not only because of the money that may thus be raised for the extension of Christian Endeavor in your own vicinity and throughout the world, but because it gives the children members, and those who may move little money to contribute, an opportunity to earn some money for Christ's cause by giving time and effort in preparing an entertainment which will of itself be a part of Christian Endeavor.

This entertainment will furnish pleasure to the Endeavorers that give it and to all their friends. It will serve still further to advertise the society and add to the interest of the week. It will make a break in the more serious exercises of the week, and will unite all in a hearty fellowship. At the same time it is expected that the entertainment will have a constructive side, and will be well worth while.

(To be continued.)

The Salvation Verse.

REV. ERLE E. SUTTON.


Daily Readings.

Sunday—Salvation by grace (Eph. ii, 1-9).
Monday—By faith (John v, 24-29).
Tuesday—By obedience (Heb. v, 3-9).
Wednesday—Faith (Rom. x, 13-20).
Thursday—From selfishness (1 John iii, 16-24).
Friday—To service (1 Thess. i, 4-10).
Sabbath day—Topic: Twelve great verses.

I. The Salvation Verse—John iii, 16. (Consecration meeting.)

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 iii, 16.

SOME BIBLE HINTS.

In reading this great verse, let us substitute the first five nouns for the third: "God so loved me, that he gave his only begotten Son, that I, believing on him, should not perish, but have eternal life." Our salvation is a personal matter and God's "whosoever" comes to each of us personally.

This verse contains the two beautiful words "love" and "give." God loved us so much that he gave his Son that we might become his own true children. We can not be true children of God unless Christ is in the life.

THE LESSON.

As one of the wisest of the heathens said, everything has two handles—one by which it may, and one by which it may not, be taken hold of. The handle by which this blessed truth of Salvation should be taken hold of is that which Christ himself pointed out to us. It is the moral—it is the practical handle of it, not the theological nor the speculative. We need the doctrine, surely, as a comfort, and not as anathema. We need it as a bond of unity, not as a source of argument. We need it as a bond of unity, not as a test of difference.

There is a side of the doctrine of Salvation which, when we study, we do not understand, and not only understand, but
An Inspiring Union Rally:

MISS HELEN M. COTRELL.

The Christian Endeavor societies of Milton and Milton Junction, including the two Seventh Day Baptist societies and one Congregational society, recently held a very successful rally. The rally began Friday evening, November 28, and continued until the following Sunday evening. The Rev. Dr. Farrill, field secretary of the Wisconsin State Christian Endeavor Union, and Pastor H. Eugene Davis of Walworth, who is the new president of the Southern Wisconsin Christian Endeavor Union, were both present during the rally, and won the hearts of the young people by their enthusiasm and deep interest in the work of Christian Endeavor. Doctor Farrill is a man of wide experience in Christian Endeavor work. He brought to the young people a fund of helpful information concerning methods and plans for work. Pastor Davis is full of enthusiasm for the work which he has just taken up, and we young people should feel proud that the president of the Young People's Board has also been chosen to lead the Southern Wisconsin Endeavorers in their striving onward and upward for Christ and the Church.

Friday evening Doctor Farrill addressed the young people of the two towns in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton Junction. His subject was “Efficiency,” and he urged upon his audience that they prepare themselves more thoroughly and carefully for their work as Christian citizens. He said: “The great breweries, railway systems and manufacturing establishments are demanding daily more efficient men, in every stage of their work. Then, why should not the church demand and have men and women who are becoming more and more capable of working out the problems of the greatest institution of the world?”

Sabbath morning Doctor Farrill preached in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton, and in the afternoon gave a very interesting illustrated talk to the Juniors and Intermediates in their union services at Milton Junction. At that time Mrs. L. H. Stringer also spoke to the children.

On the evening after the Sabbath a very enjoyable social hour was spent in the church parlors at Milton, where about fifty young people assembled. A light supper was served during which soft music was played on the pipe organ. The remainder of the hour was given over to toasts and music.

Sunday morning Doctor Farrill preached in the Congregational church in Milton, and in the afternoon gave an interesting and helpful talk on the “Efficiency Campaign” which so many societies are taking up at the present time. At that meeting Pastor Davis set forth in clear and definite terms the challenge which the northern Wisconsin district has made to the southern district. He urged upon the societies of these churches that they make a special effort to meet this challenge by perfecting their work along certain lines during the coming months.

The rally closed Sunday night with an inspirational meeting, when Doctor Farrill gave another of his stirring addresses. The young people of the two towns feel that the rally was a success in every way, and it is hoped that in the near future results in their Christian Endeavor work will prove that this is true.

No prodigal ever yet become a sinner who have not been a better sinner if he had never been a prodigal.—S. Edward Young.

A Civil War Christmas Story.

The American Magazine has been offering prizes for the best letters entitled "My Best Christmas." In the December number the first prize winners are published. The following true Christmas story won second prize:

“My best Christmas was in the year of 1863, during the Civil War. My father had enlisted at the beginning of the war, and I, a young girl of fifteen, together with a brother of mine, lived with our mother in a small cottage in the outskirts of a little village in Illinois.

“We had been taught from infancy to ask God to help us in all things, so in our dear father's absence we called upon God each day to watch over him and bring him home to us.

“The days followed one another very slowly but at last Christmas Eve came. We had become discouraged and had not made many preparations to celebrate, for we felt we could not endure life much longer without some word from our loved one.

“At last evening came and we gathered for evening prayer. Our mother, who also being conducted these services in our father's absence, could hardly read the chapter selected. Then we knelt and took turns in praying for our loved one, though we were all weeping so we could scarce understand one another.

“At last the prayers were finished and tears dried and we arose to our feet—to see our father rising from his accustomed place near mother. He had stolen in unobserved and taken the place he loved so well in our evening worship.

“Words can not express our joy and happiness over his return. He told us he had been severely wounded and had lain in a hospital for three months, and although he had sent us word when he could of his whereabouts, the letters had never reached us.

“Although this was fifty years ago it seems but yesterday, and though I have seen a great many happy Christmases since that time I am sure that was 'My Best Christmas.'

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother: "O, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath all!"—Exchange.
The child and his carriage load of plunder were carried to the office, where wicked shoplifters are taken to await the city police. The detectives put him in a chair and then began to take away his "presents" and return them to their respective owners. Instantly there was a turmoil. The boy screamed as if his heart would break and nothing could console him.

A smiling kindly man of whom all in the office seemed to stand in awe, walked out to the yelling youngster from his private office and, in a glance, took in the situation and realized what the trouble was. "Give the child his toys," he said. The toys were put back within the lad's reach, and he stopped weeping. "Fanks, Santa Claus," the lad said as he smiled and gazed into the man's eyes. "Youse a good man an' I loves ou."

Then the man became a child again, and he sat down beside the youngster and talked to him and played with the toys as he was wont to fifty years ago.

To the meaning of life, gongs in every corner of the great store changed a din that meant a lost child was found. The employees asked all customers they met if they had lost a child, and in this manner the mother of the lost child was sent to the office to rejoin him.

The youngsters was told that only naughty children touch things which do not belong to them, but he carried his plunder with him when he left the big store.—Boston Globe.

There is an old Celtic legend that I have heard. It tells how on every Christmas eve a wandering beggar woman, with a little child in her arms, comes knocking at the half-door of some one old and poor, asking for a "handful of meal." Many a time have I listened breathless to how the beggar woman was asked in "for a heat of the fire," while the meal was being scraped painfully from the meager chest in the chimney corner, and how her beauty filled the little house with wonder, of the light that glowed and the little child who smiled from her arms; and how after their departure the angel thron drifted ever so rejoicing past on the frosty night, following them, and the meal chest be found brimming full.—Frances Campbell, in The Measure of Life.

Meets Santa in Person.

Every floor of the big store, like those of all the other big stores in town, was thronged to the doors with busy, smiling shoppers, struggling good-naturedly to get at the counter to make their purchases. In the struggle a little boy lost his grip on the mother's hand and within a second was swept away from her side by the stream of people.

But he did not weep and scream; he moved along in the crowd from counter to counter and he seemed to enjoy it immensely, for he was in the toy department.

Everybody else was making a collection of pretty things from the big supply and the little lost lad was as anxious as any one else to possess some and he saw no reason why he should not help himself as the older folks seemed to be doing. He did not see them pay for their purchases and, in fact, he knew nothing about the paying side of life.

So he began to make a collection and soon he had a doll carriage, a doll, a Teddy bear, a scarf, a new tricolor rubber ball and some other things. He was busily struggling to pack the things into the doll carriage and striving with the great feet he was standing surging about him, when he was discovered by a kindly but businesslike store detective.

Christmas Day.

Last night I thought I'd lay awake
An' watch for Santa Claus;
I know he'd come 'at very night,
I know he would because
My pa and ma they both said so,
I'g'uess they ought to know.

An' 'bye an' 'bye I heard a noise
An' I lay awful still,
'Cause noises scares a Santa Claus,
(My ma she says they will.)
An' nen the door it opened wide
An' nen somebody inside!

An' nen he come right to my bed
An' I just hollied 'mattal
An' nen w'en he got right close up
Why it was only pa
I guess 'at what he come to do
Wuz jus' to watch for Santa too!
—Richard Brauerstein.

DODGE CENTER, MINN.—I am under contract (with myself) to furnish at least one letter for this department of the Recorder during the year. I shall have to bestir myself if this contract is honored before the year closes.

Many times before this the impulse to write up this locality has been checked by the pressure of other duties. I have found the people of this place too busy doing things to take much time to write or talk about them, but I have once, when, last night, in the "Brotherhood" meeting I was taking too much time to convince a brother who calls himself a pessimist that the work of the past year had been worth while, I was courteously reminded by the chairman that the subject for discussion was "How to make the organization of the brotherhood more effective." This incident is only one of many indications that assure me that if you find out what is doing here about you must get it from some one who has no more to do than I have. This may be sufficient apology for the undersigned's as summarily as possible and may illustrate that I can not be repressed in the reporter's tendency to tell things.

The State of Minnesota has the opportunity this year to tell some wonderful tales of material prosperity. And Dodge Center has received her liberal share.

Your readers learned a year ago some thing of the great industry of this section, this season of onions and beets were also plentiful and the interior of the church was beautifully renovated. With effectual assistance from the brethren, the work of repairs has been carried on until the entire church was in excellent condition.

During the year several new families have come here to make their home, a recent arrival being the Rev. E. H. Socwell, who has purchased a fine farm not far from town.

Last week occurred the annual election of officers of the Sabbath school, when those of the preceding year were returned to office under the skilled leadership of Sup't Elvan H. Clarke. Our Sabbath school has a fine reputation in the county as one of the very best. Attendance is excellent, classes are full, several of them being organized, and doing good work.

The reader learned a year ago that the Women's Benevolent Society was mentioned above, but the tale would be too long to relate their manifold labors. The latest achievement was a supper and sale of fancy articles which netted about $575.00.

Union Thanksgiving services were held in the Congregational church in the evening, and it was worthy of note that not only the church members, but residents throughout the community were present. The interior of the church was beautifully decorated with numerous flowers and other decorations. The brethren were good to the congregation.

May the readers of this paper be satisfied that the spirit of our community is healthily up to the present time.

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T. J. V. H.

Dec. 10, 1913.

"The man who spends his life in 'getting even' for real or supposed injuries is a torment to himself and generally a bore to his friends."
Often members of the school, attendance was small. A class of two or three people gathered and expressed interest. Training some might be useful in securing new members and looking up the absentees, and a committee on sociability could add to the attractions of the class associations.

**CHOOSING THE TRAINING CLASS LEADER.**

Secure the best equipped man or woman in your church for leadership of the training class. Often the pastor must do this work. If another can be found the pastor should be very close to him, ready with suggestions and sympathetic interest. Scholarship or ability to impart knowledge should not be the only consideration in selecting a teacher for the class. He should be a Christian of spiritual force, sympathetic, tactful, patient, persevering, who will have the confidence of the class.

Often the only thing to do is to select some earnest-hearted leader whose only special qualification is his Christian character and his ability to lead others to do things. Such a leader will study the lesson with the class and will see that it perseveres to the end.

It is well to name a president and a secretary-treasurer for the class who will keep the roll and look after necessary expenses. A membership committee would be useful in securing new members and looking up the absentees, and a committee on sociability could add to the attractions of the class associations.

**THE TRAINING CLASS AT WORK.**

Require every student to own a copy of the text-book. Let it be clearly understood that the class is organized for business, and that every student is expected to apply himself to diligent study. Aim to make a splendid record for thoroughness. Plan to master the course of study. Do the work as unto the Lord. Far better to have two students who are dead in earnest than to have a dozen who will do the work half-heartedly.—C. A. Oliver, in *S. S. Times*.

**For Sale, Fine Sewing Machine**

Champion, drop-head, with full set of attachments; has vibrating shuttle and latest improvements; five drawers; beautiful, finely finished quartered oak woodwork. Made by New Home Sewing Machine Co. and fully warranted.

**TERMS**—$18.00 cash; or, $5.00 with order and seven monthly payments of two dollars each.

This is a brand new machine and is first-class in every particular. Shipped direct from factory to you.
DEATHS

Potter.—Mrs. Sarah Potter, widow of the late Stanley Potter of Farina, Ill., died at her home in Santa Monica, Cal. on February 25, 1913. She was the daughter of George and Maria Potter Irish and was born at West Germantown, Penn. Mrs. Potter was bereft of a mother when two years old and was brought up in the home of her paternal grandparents, George Irish and Betsy Balcock Irish of Ashaway, R. I. Many friends there will remember her as Maria Sarah Irish. On April 7, 1866, she was married to Mr. Z. Stanley Potter of that place and together they went to live on the Dark Hill farm, his home. Three children were born to them: Edwin, who now resides in Los Angeles, Cal.; Lucy Ann, who grew to womanhood; and Harold, who died in infancy. Mrs. Potter’s husband passed away in 1882. Her daughter died two years later and her son went out to make his own way in the world.

Then with broken health and heavy heart Mrs. Potter made her way alone, at an age when most women desire only quietness and rest. In her girlhood Mrs. Potter had learned to make wax fruit as fancy work, and now she thought to turn that early craft to advantage. She possessed a love for the beautiful, an artist’s eye, and faith in her own ability. The Illinois Board of Agriculture secured an order to make two hundred samples in wax of the fruits and vegetables grown in Michigan. She worked for the fair exhibit in Chicago, and she did it well. Michigan again gave her an order for four hundred pieces, and this time she won a world’s fair medal. This success gave her the skill in workmanship as an artist. This with the exhibit is still at the Coliseum of Michigan. She often worked for the college at St. Louis, and also for a school in Illinois. Her most work is at the Ontario Agricultural College, at Guelph, Canada. She remained there eight years, creating in the fruits of her labor something that will long keep her in remembrance. Here, we learn, she won a wide circle of friends, who esteemed her highly not only for her ability but for conscientious adherence to what she believed was right, and for the cheerful spirit in which she bore up under her bodily sufferings. Her last days were passed in the Adventist faith. She was baptised at Farina, Ill., and in this far-away place she again made new friends who stood by her in the trials of the faith. She was buried at Farina, Ill., February 19, 1913, and joined the church there. From that time throughout her long life she faithfully kept the Sabbath and was true to her convictions of right. Her last days were passed in the Adventist faith. The Bible was her close companion. The exalted poetry of the Psalms so filled her mind by day that in hours of wakefulness and pain at night she repeated correctly from memory the most precious Psalms until sleep returned.

Mrs. Potter knew the critical condition of her health but was very hopeful. As the days advanced she grew more fond of every beauty around her, from the blooming vines and fig trees in her side cottage yard to the booming waves of the Pacific. Her last letter to a friend was full of cheer and is best expressed in these words:

“I know not the way I am going. But well I do know my Guide; With childlike trust I give my hand To Thee, O Father, near by.”

BURDICK.—At his home, Burdick’s Bridge, near Clarence, N. Y., December 16, 1913, Daniel H. Burdick, aged seventy-eight years. Mr. Burdick was the youngest son of Rowe and Martha Masson Burdick. He was married to Luetta C. Kane, who pre­ceded him in death September 24, 1895, on the farm adjoining on which he has spent nearly fifty-three years since his marriage to Jane L. Brown, April 10, 1861. Mr. Burdick was the youngest son of Rowe and Martha Masson Burdick. He was married to Luetta C. Kane, who preceded him in death September 24, 1895, on the farm adjoining on which he has spent nearly fifty-three years since his marriage to Jane L. Brown, April 10, 1861.

A special service was held at the home, December 12, conducted by Rev. A. G. Wall of the First Baptist Church of Clarence. A solo rendered by Mrs. R. B. Hull, “At Home Forever,” seemed particularly appropriate.

The silver cord is loosed, And broken is the golden bowl; The pain, the struggle over, Now dwells in peace the immortal soul.

He’s gone—and yet his voice we almost hear; Patience just a little longer, my soul.

And thou, too, shalt go.

To be at home forever.

“Tis but the old, old story Of “Earth to earth, and dust to dust.”

The weary hands are folded, The hands that held no broken trust. He’s gone—but just inside the gates of gold, He’s gone—but ‘tis the same old tale retold; Patience just a little longer, my soul.

And thou, too, shalt go.

To be at home forever.

“Why should bitter tears be shed, If “I know he’s not lost forever.”

To be at home forever.”

The interment was in Pioneer Cemetery.

B. R. B.

To keep his commandments is to abide in him; and to abide in him is to have strength to keep his commandments.—Campbell Morgan.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

SPECIAL NOTICES

The address of all Seventh-day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the responsibility of the sender.

The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 3:30 o’clock in Simeon’s Hall, 322 South Warren Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds Sabbath morning services at 10 a.m. at the First Seventh-day Baptist Church, Washington Square, South, The Sabbath school and morning service at 11:30 a.m. A cor­dial welcome is extended to all visitors. E. R. Van Horn, 606 West 138th St., New York City.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 102, Illinois Masonic Temple, every Sabbath afternoon, at 2 o’clock. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 44th Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon, at 2 o’clock. Prayer meetings Sabbath afternoon at 3:30.

Rivera, California, Seventh-day Baptist Society holds regular services in room 102, Catholic Church, 2 o’clock Sabbath morning; followed by Bible school classes at 10 a.m. A special service will be held during the second week of January, 1914. Warren Williams, pastor.

The Seventh-Day Baptist Church of Old Bridge Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge C. E. Deneen, every Sabbath morning at 10 o’clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. H. L. Judson.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge C. E. Deneen, every Sabbath morning at 10 o’clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. H. L. Judson.

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Good night, Old Year! We lay thee down to rest,
And fold thy passive hands upon thy breast.
Thy brow is furrowed deep with care and pain;
No loss we grieve, nor wish thee back again.
For thy dead hopes and for thy love of right
We give thee a caress, and say, Good night.

Good morning, glad New Year! The dawn of grace,
Of courage, hope, and cheer beams in thy face.
Few more good mornings lie 'twixt us and heaven,
Yet for our good this new delight is given,
To greet with joy sincere,—thine smile adorning
Our simple life of love,—and say, Good morning.

—Worth Harris Holden.

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