THE SABBATH RECORDER

LABOR.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, despair, and sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke there is made a bright and blessed flame. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim, brute powers of Fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity—undisclosable, except to Faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals!—Carlyle.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

January 19, 1914

VOL. 76, NO. 3.

TO THE READER.

The SABBATH RECORDER is published weekly at Plainfield, N. J., by the American Sabbath Trust Society, 607 W. Market St., Cleveland, Ohio, and is printed at the Brevard Press, Inc., Brevard, N. C.

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Service is the Watchword.

Those who study the trend of thought as found in the leading religious and moral periodicals of the day can not fail to see that "Service" is the one word upon the lips of the preacher, the missionary, the poor. It is well for the human race that so many Christian leaders and teachers have ceased their discussions over dogmas and creeds, and have turned their attention to active service for the world's betterment. Religion has too long been regarded by many as theoretical—a matter of belief or feeling only—to the neglect of the practical side of Christian living. We are now in the midst of a revival along the lines of active service, of practical consistent work by which the men who have fallen among thieves may receive attention and help. Good Samaritans are putting into practical efforts to protect children by law from the clutches of greed. The wealth and skill of rich men and of worthy physicians are combining to relieve the sick, to stay the ravages of tuberculosis, cancer, typhoid, and every malady that afflicts human beings. Better housing for the poor; comfortable homes for the homeless; asylum for the unfortunate; rescue and restoration for the fallen; educational museums and proper resorts for the common people; and the poor; healthy play-grounds and garden-schools for millions of children; protection and safety for workers in mills and mines; and the many other reasonable and practicable plans of service for human betterment are filling the hearts and minds of Christian men as never before.

Missions are now organized with sanitariums as well as chapels, with trained nurses as well as competent teachers; churches are being provided with gymnasiums as well as reading-rooms, and with kitchens as well as Bible schools, all showing the practical turn toward help and culture for man's physical and social nature as for the spiritual. Practical service for human betterment in- deed! the watchword among Christian leaders today. Many a philanthropist has made a New Year pledge similar to that of Bryan, as published in his paper: "As life is measured by what we put into the world, I shall make this year more valuable than any previous one by crowding more service into it."

Put Spiritual Power Into It All.

After all, spiritual life is the one thing needful if the modern movements toward practical service and better laws are to retain their impetus for good and helpful social reform. The conclusion to think that society can be made over by civil laws, by chartering institutions, and by building retreats for the unfortunate, if the spiritual and faith life are neglected. If the pendulum swings far away from the spiritual side of the Christian life, it leaves behind the most potent element in the uplifting of society. And so, while we rejoice in the practical-service revival of our times and would not have men abate in any way their educational work, we do feel that there is great need of a renewed effort on the part of God's people for a deeper work of grace. We need a new renewal of the faith of our fathers—a new hold upon the fundamentals of religion that made the apostles mighty, and that enabled them to bring men to the foot of the cross as well as to bring comfort and healing to their bodies.

It is noted that, in connection with the spirit of outward service so prominent today, there are signs of revival in spiritual life. The tide seems turning once more toward the evangelical in church work, as shall this shall reach its flood, it will undoubtedly put new life into all lines of service for the uplift of the race. The new spiritual impulse will give such
force to practical work as has not hitherto been known, and while the masses are made more comfortable outwardly, there will be begun within them, at the same time, a clarifying, regenerating process tending to help them. The race can not be built up from the ground up. As of old, the springs of action are within.

The Outlook for January contains an article entitled "The Law and the Prophets," which shows how one great denomination views the New Testament.

The recent General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church adopted resolutions to undertake a "preaching mission throughout the United States, which shall be distinctly evangelical in character." A committee of twelve able men was appointed to carry out the program. The belief is expressed that the age demands in no uncertain way "a revival of prophetic preaching."

After stating the case, the Outlookgoer writes:

"Nothing could be more timely, or, if et ffectively organized and wisely directed, more fruitful, than the revival of personal preaching which shall speak to every section of the country. At the moment the country is passing through a period of intense activity of money, there is a need not only of sympathy, but of assistance, which the church not only fully sympathizes, but believes it to be an expression of a genuine renewed religion in the consciousness of the people, a new endeavor to put into effect the spirit and principles of religion.

But such a movement needs to be accompanied and enforced by powerful statement of Christian truth, and a definite application of that truth to individual life. Every church that depends on institutional methods necessarily doubts its responsibilities, and such a church can never take the place of the inspirational church; and must and will, under the heart and in the conscience of men. By all means this church must be held but and onward with zeal and courage; but it must be accompanied by the inward reform which makes it come home to the heart of every member of the church with the spirit of Christ, which imposes few laws but sheds warmth and light on the whole world."

"Jesus and His Kinsmen."

This is the title of an interesting little tract, or booklet, written by B. A. M. Schapiro, a Christian Jew of New York City. Some four or five years ago we visited Mr. Schapiro, and gave our readers this brief sketch of his work. Since that time we have occasionally received tracts or folders containing matter regarding his work with the Hebrew-Christian Publication Society; a society with an executive committee of twenty prominent men. For some years Mr. Schapiro was editor of The People, the Land and the Book, which, while it lived, was a very interesting and readable magazine. The author was in touch with Dr. S. Lewis and with some of the pastors of the New York Seventh Day Baptist Church. He was educated at Pennington Seminary and at Adelphi College, and is doing a good work for the Master.

In the little tract of twenty-eight pages he reviews in a clear and simple style the New Testament evidences that God's promise to Abraham—that in his seed all nations should be blessed—found complete fulfillment in the rapid progress of the early church at Jerusalem, and that the New Testament as well as the Old Testament was built up from among the Jewish people. He shows his countrymen that in the Apostles' Acts, the disciples literally carried out the divine instruction and program, and that, too, as Jews. The synagogue was the constant beginning-place for every mission of Paul and the evangelists. It was "the first," in accord ance with the divine command. The early Christians were "Hebrew-Christian." There are many Hebrew Christians today. Upon this point Mr. Schapiro, elsewhere, writes:

"There is another feature, vastly more interesting and edifying, of which the Christian world is still not aware; it is the fact that Jesus was a Jewish Christian. All know that the apostles were Jews, that the first bishop of Jerusalem was a Jew, that the principles of Judaism were the basis of the religion and the program of the church which was called Christianity and triumph was not by human might but by God's power. When the Sanhedrin and the Jews, that the church was over by a Jew, and that its deliberations were participated in, and that a Jew gave the final decision. But they do not know that there are now many thousands and tens of thousands of Jews who have turned up from ambition, place of honor, the homes of their childhood and all that is dear to the human heart, in order to embrace the Christian faith, and who have become the exponents of a new religion and have exercised a tremendous and enduring influence upon church and state for many centuries.

The crucifixion of Christ was due to a clique of corrupt priests and not to the masses of the Hebrew people. The common people did not cry, "Cruify him," but "they heard him gladly," and flocked around him. Concerning this Mr. Schapiro says:

"A general impression prevails among the Jewish people that Jesus was crucified because of the clamorous and unanimous demands of the whole country. This erroneous idea has been and still is carefully fostered, and propagated to the rabble for obvious reasons. But historical facts contradict this fallacy. For none deposed and regretted the death of Jesus, but there were the rank and file of the Jewish populace, who had been brought into close personal contact with him, to whom he had been a teacher and friend, and who had been witnesses not only to his miracles, but also to his holy, spotless life and heroic death.

As to the enduring power of the Christ after his ignominious death Mr. Schapiro says:

"These were men fully convinced of the divine personality of Jesus Christ, in the time of our Lord and even in the apostolic age, as is absolutely clear from the New Testament as well as from the ancient Jewish history. At this time the Jews were the only race, and perhaps the only human beings, who had ever before been brought face to face with the God of the universe as a living person. The whole nation of the Jews was at that time possessed by that spirit and feeling. The so-called "new sect" was only a feeble reaction, and about an inch from the pot's brim. At this moment of supreme danger the Jews were upheld by a mighty arm, which has given them to this day the first place among the nations."

Ordinarily after the death of a noular person there follows a reaction, and he is soon consigned to oblivion. Here, on the contrary, the sense of guilt arising from the fact that the people were silent partners in the commission of that great wrong, seemed, as time went on, to weigh more and more heavily upon their minds. The world looked upon the rulers and high priests, that they loved, as being the instruments through whom they sacrificed to the clamoring of a Jewish majority, which, revised with a hard-edged principle and the people at large began to realize the greatness of their loss, the enormity of the crime that had been committed, and manifested in the great number of conversions.

In answer to the Jewish objection that only obscure people from the lower classes among the Hebrews accept Christ, we find the following:

"The names of several hundred distinguished men and women of the nineteenth and the twentieth century form a complete refutation of the oft repeated assertion that the Nazarene does not appeal to the nobility and best of our race. The Messiah whom "the common people..." attached to him the chief-cornerstone" in their lives. These names, in account of lack of space, are printed separately, and will be sent on application.

Dr. Arthur Ruppin in his book, "The Jews of Today," states that in the first part of the nineteenth century hardly a single famous Jew avoided taking this step. Leopold Zunz himself, who devoted his life to the study of the historical facts, was made a fellow of the Hebrew University by the Jews in the government."

"Doctor Goetheh says, "Why should we Jews not glory in him? The crown of thorns on his head is not the only our brother. For to this day it is the same with us."

"The Doctor Freundgang calls him "The divine Savior, the conceiver of a new religion of Judaism to have produced such a being."

In another writing we hope to give our readers some of the reasons advanced by Mr. Schapiro for the withdrawal of the
Jews from the Christian ranks, after the apostles were gone, and for the beginning of the persecution of the Jews by Christians. Really the question, "Why did not the church, which at first was made up of the Jewish people, continue to be so?" is the most interesting one treated in this tract.

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Don't Mistake the Tide for a Wave.

While many authorities in the liquor ranks recognize the significance of the constantly rising tide of prohibition sentiment throughout the country, still some who speak of it as a "so-called prohibition wave," which will soon break and recede. There is a difference between waves and tides; and the one who watches the wave alone, forgetful of the incoming tide, will be likely to find both wave and tide against him in combined and overwhelming force to destroy utterly. When only a wave breaks over a man, he can quickly straighten up after it is spent on the sands; but when added to the overwhelming power of a flood-tide, he is taken completely off his feet and swept from the face of the earth. There is no mistaking the character of the uprising prohibition sentiment. In no year and in no place does he make a great mistake who regards it as merely a wave. Let the liquor interests remember that it is not the wave but the tide they have to deal with. Some unknown poet has put it in this way:

"On the far reef the breakers break in shudd'ring fume. While still the sea behind them urges its forces home. Its song of songles surges
Over all the thunderous din; The wave may break in failure, But the tide is sure to win."

"The reef is strong and cruel; Upon its jagged wall One wave, a score, a hundred Break in shuddering failure. Yet in defeat they conquer; The sea comes flooding in, Wave upon wave, routed, But the tide is sure to win."

"O Mirr'ry Sea! thy message In ceaseless spray is cast It bids the world to progress It matters not at last How wide the shores of evil. How strong the heeds of sin! The waves may be defeated, But the tide is sure to win!"

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The President at Home Again.

Everybody was glad when the President found a time for his first real vacation since his inauguration. And now, after three weeks of rest and recreation in the South, he returns much improved in health, ready for work, every one is glad again.

He was compelled to remain much in isolation during his stay at Fass Christian, Miss., but junction, when he gave the residents an opportunity to meet him face to face at Herndon Cottage, the "Dixie White House," and two thousand visitors shook hands with him. The reception is spoken of as being a most remarkable one.

It took place on a sunny afternoon, in the spacious veranda of the cottage, which is surrounded by palms, native shrubbery, and blooming plants, with great spreading oaks hung with fragrant mosses. The throng that surrounded the President is spoken of as composed of "stylish gowned belles, humble women in common apparel, Confederate soldiers proudly wearing the gray, respectable old business men, planters with sombreros, little girls carrying flowers or fruit as gifts to the President, and last but not least, old "Aunt Lucy," ninety-five years old and for three-score years the village washer-woman."

The President had words of good cheer for each one, cordially accepting the tokens from the children. One little boy in his mother's arms gave a tiny flag, and the President pinched his little cheek and clasped his chubby hand. When the hand-shaking was over, the women started "America" which was sung as a closing exercise.

Special arrangements were made by the Louisville and Nashville road to guard the President's train from harm. Every switch over which it was to pass was specially manned, and every section of the line was ordered on duty for any emergency. Every possible precaution was taken to put the train over the road without mishap and on schedule time.

The morning of December 13 found the President at home and ready for his work. Congress is also said to be fresh and eager to take up the administration's legislation, much of which has to do with the anti-trust bills.

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A Situation Without Precedent.

The present situation on American soil along the Mexican border is one for which we know no precedent in military annals. Never before has an army of the United States been called upon to surround, disarm, hold in custody and care for a large body of aliens, refugees from overrunning defeat by rebels in a neighboring nation.

After the complete Federal roots and rebel victories at Ojinaga the vanquished army stampeded for the United States line, across which they came by thousands for refuge. Many of them knew that certain death awaited them if once they were captured by the rebel Villa, who was executing many of the leaders and comrades. Twenty-eight hundred Federal soldiers, six generals, with arms and 200,000 rounds of ammunition, two cannon, four large field pieces, 1,500 civilian refugees, and many hundreds of women and children are now under guard by United States troops as a result.

The distress of these people is intense. Food is very scarce, and shelter is impossible. Several acres are crowded with human beings of all ages and descriptions, intermingled with horses, cattle and chickens, and surrounded by such household goods and baggage as they could carry in their flight. The scene along the border is beyond the power of pen to describe. Scores of mothers had lost their children in the scramble and were wailing out their grief. Many were without sufficient clothing to protect themselves when they arrived in the corral all were drenched from fording the river. Federal and rebel wounded, alike, crawled to the river's bank side by side, and sought the help of Americans in crossing.

It is remarkable when we think how fewer than five hundred cavalrymen of our army handled this panic-stricken mob of almost ten times their number. Many of the Mexicans had loaded rifles and well-fitted cartridge belts; but the American cavalry had no trouble in rounding up and disarming them without serious mishap.

General Mercado, who is among the refugees, says there was no lack of loyalty and bravery among his soldiers, but the women of the town could not flee and leave the men alone, and many loyal men were sure to be executed when captured, so he had no alternative but to order the retreat.

"I saw," he says, "was no hope, and I had to command the soldiers to chase Villa and to place the lives of my men in the care of the United States rather than to risk them to the rebels. We are grateful for our hospitable asylum here."

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Yes, Huerta Must Go.

The Huerta must go" program of President Wilson is likely to be carried out in a way it could hardly have been foreseen when the President's policy was first announced. While General Villa was away in the north, and the Carranza insurrection had affected only a small territory, the dictator Huerta in the city of Mexico had little to fear from Carranza's determination to drive him out. But now all is changed. The capture of Juarez, Chihuahua and Ojinaga has completely shattered the hopes of his government. With Huerta's generals fleeing the capital, the way is open for Villa's advance upon the capital of Mexico, and with the entire nation seized with panic, we know "Huerta must go". Before these lines reach their readers, the murderous dictator may meet his deaths.

But we can have little hope that the formidable fighter-and murderous bandit, Pancho Villa, though he may be the instrument in putting Huerta out of the way, will be likely to organize and hold a provisional government and give Mexico a chance to choose her own ruler. His previous conduct has transgressed the rule in equity the Mexican people, even if he could succeed in quieting the smaller uprisings now in progress. Others may think they can do just what he has done, and so there will be no end to the trouble.

Who the coming man in Mexico will be no one can foretell. Only one thing now seems sure, and that is, the one man who is now most likely to succeed Huerta from the Mexican field is General Pancho Villa, the bandit. The world can thank him for this, if for nothing more.

Charles W. Morse, who deceived President Taft, and thereby obtained pardon from his just punishment in the Federal
prison at Atlanta, was not so near death's door as some supposed. He now has the effrontery to ask Congress to investigate charges to the effect that he was sent to prison by a conspiracy of certain business men to put him there. We understand he has been informed that no move will be made in the matter until he brings forward some substantial evidence in support of his claim. People have not much sympathy with this man who has made the pardoning power a laughing-stock in the eyes of the world and turned justice to a farce through a disgraceful deceit.

Right Kind of Philanthropy.

Some days ago the papers announced that Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer of Detroit, Mich., had determined not to die rich, and was making plans to divide his millions of income from the business with the employees in his great shops. According to reports constantly published, his idea is to help the toilers to help themselves. He is to found libraries and endow schools, but by so doing he would fail utterly to reach and benefit the poorer classes, because their poverty would practically prevent them from using the library rooms and schools. He therefore devised a plan by which the men in his shops should begin with January, 1914, to share largely in all the profits of the business. This plan was entered into with great enthusiasm by Mr. Ford's wife, and they together are happy in the good work. Mr. Ford's sons are well-to-do and excellent business men, able to make their own fortunes, and he says he prefers they should do so rather than to inherit millions for which they have not toiled.

This plan means the distribution of $10,000,000 profit from the business, in 1914, among 250,000 employees, and above their regular wages. Thus, from the beginning of January to the end of this year, no laborer—not even the shop sweeper—will get less than $5.00 a day. The money is for the benefit of the whole world. Some are working in the branches in Canada, Mexico, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa. Some are even in the Fiji Islands. The women employed in the offices, too, are to have a substantial raise in their salaries.

The working time has been reduced to eight hours a day, thus making three divisions of men in twenty-four hours. This calls for the employment of 4,000 more men. It is not surprising that, as soon as the news of this movement went abroad, men flocked to the Ford shops for employment, and on one day a crowd of 10,000 men besieged the place clamoring for a chance to work.

The State Charities Aid Association of New York makes the announcement that three times as many girls as boys are wanted for adoption. People used to say, "It is more to raise a girl than a boy," but it seems that this makes no difference with those now desiring to adopt children. Of the 4,754 applications to this society in fifteen years, 3,011 of them were for girls. Only 100 applications of a willing- ness to take whichever came handy at the time.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Civil War fame, once governor of Kentucky, and, later, candidate for Vice-President on the gold Democratic national ticket in 1896, died January 8, at his home in Hart County, Ky.

The Work in Holland.

To Secretary American Sabbath Tract Society:

DEAR BROTHER SHAW:

It has been a great disappointment to me that in so many months I have not been able to write to you and to the secretary of the Missionary Board. The reason was not, there was little to mention that would interest the board; on the contrary it has been a very important time for the cause in Holland. In a certain sense these last six months appear to me to have been decisive for the history of the Seventy Seventh Baptist cause in Holland, and if the proverb is true, "All is well that ends well," we have every reason to rejoice at the closing of this year. Let me—as they say we Sabbathists—sign with the end. On Sunday night, December 21, our dear chapel, recently restored (cordial thanks be to the Memorial Board and our friends in Holland), was crowded with a very earnest audience, when the baptism of a bright young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Andreea...

One day, a few months before, Mrs. Andreea, having been searching during several years for peace and for the divine assurance of the forgiveness of sin, saw our meetings announced in the local church news, and decided to go and hear us. She went home, having received some food for her hungry soul, and came back the next week, and in the Sabbath school took a lively part in the discussions. She made acquaintance with us and when the evening services began she brought her husband with her. He was employed at the office of a large engine manufacturer and, being overworked, the doctor ordered a few weeks of rest for his mind. This time Mr. and Mrs. Andreea used to search the Scriptures and pray together, with the result that they came to the joyful recognition of their sins, and of their acceptance with God as his children, through faith in Christ. As our people had been instrumental in their conversion and they had learned to love us, in their sincere desire to know the way of the Lord, they came to us to ask why we kept no Sabbath and the week, and why we had a conception of baptism so entirely different from that of the Reformed Church. We explained these questions plainly and gave them some literature to compare the Bible for themselves. If these things were such as we Seventy Seventh Baptistists taught them. Not long afterwards they wrote to me the heart-moving news that it had become clear to them, after earnest prayerful investigation, that the Lord required them to keep his holy Sabbath and to confirm their conversion by baptism and joining our church. I immediately visited them and found it all true, and our hearts were overflowing with thankfulness. Going to his office to ask leave on the Sabbath, his chief asked him if he had become a crank, as he knew perfectly well Saturday was the busiest day of the week for his department, on account of the drawing of the lists of wages. The doctor was kind enough to lengthen his furlough until the first of January, 1914, but at that date he probably will be with his employer. It appears very difficult to get influential people to take an office and have Sabbath free. Still, a wonderful peace and joy reign in the hearts of these true children of God.

It made a deep impression on the audience when I told them this plain story before the baptism of these young friends. I used for illustration the example of the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch, comparing the work of the Holy Spirit in both cases, and preached from Galatians iii, 27. We trust there to follow, for we all felt the mighty presence of the Lord and the Spirit working convincingly in our hearts.

A young servant girl, eighteen years of age, well acquainted with us for some years, asked for baptism. Her parents and patron are religious people, but much opposed to the Sabbath.

The things that troubled us have been removed, and the old spirit of unity again reigns among us. Every Sabbath is a real feast unto the whole church, whether we are together in our dear chapel or enjoying the fellowship of the saints in our homes. With the spirit of mutual fellowship and confiding ties among old friends outside the church have returned to our meetings.

Conditions in Rotterdam remain about the same. I was told you of the joyful news that a Seventh Day about twenty members had been founded in Borpland, in the Argentine Republic. Most of the members are Swedish Baptists. Brother Van Ysselwyk, an old friend of my father's, was instrumental in building up this church.

Outside the church it has been very interesting to me, by reason, first of all, of the preparatory work and my attendance at the International Congress for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic in London, July last, about which I wrote you before.

When we had the great pleasure of seeing Brother Titworth here a few weeks ago, I told him about this grand congress and showed him the speech I delivered there on the remarkable history of our work in the Purity movement in Holland. If at any time you may have the privilege of meeting our brother Titworth on the other side of the ocean, I hope the opportunity will be offered to me to say something about the same subject. There is a very essential coherency between our work for the Sabbath and the Purity movement; the holy love for the Law of God. The Midnight Mission from men to men in Holland, which had such a wonderful
Boa,rd Secretary.

Quarterly Meeting of the Memorial Board.

The quarterly meeting of the Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund was held January 11, 1914, in the church parlor at 10 a.m.


The minutes of the October (1913) meeting were read, and a report was read from Al. S. Childers, Treasurer of Salem College, bespeaking our continued favorable consideration toward that institution.

The Finance Committee's report showing change in securities for the quarter was read, and on motion, approved, with the request that the Accountant fill in the appraised values, and an abstract of same was ordered on record.

The Treasurer's quarterly report was read in detail and having been duly audited was approved and ordered placed on file.

The monies of the Fund are all invested, all new loans being at 5 per cent per annum, and interest on outstanding mortgages is, in the main, promptly paid, notwithstanding the let-up in business and the temporary depression.

The George H. Babcock Fund, which is discretionary with the Board, was voted as follows: $200 for the use of Alfred Theological Seminary; $821.07 to Salem (W. Va.) College.

The Henry W. Stillman Fund, which is discretionary with the Board, was voted as follows: $700 to American Sabbath Tract Society; $100 to Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society; $456.63 to Milton (Wis.) College.

To each of the five young men in Alfred Theological Seminary, to Herbert L. Polan, of New Market, N. J., and Peter Taekema and Harry E. Van Hal, of Haarlem, Holland, was voted $50 to help them continue their studies.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD, Secretary.

Disbursements for the Quarter.

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SABBATH REFORM

"Great Peace Have They."

In the letter from Brother Velthuysen of Holland, found on another page, we see something of the peace that comes to those who, through love to God and loyalty to his law, embrace the Sabbath of the Bible, and are willing to suffer material loss if need be, in obeying the law of God. "Great peace has the man who love thy law, for his soul is no idle assurance, and we do not wonder that the husband and wife mentioned in the letter are exceedingly happy in their new experience. Their eyes were opened through Bible study and prayer to the truth about baptism and the Sabbath, and without hesitancy they yielded all, obeyed the word of Jehovah, and followed the example of Christ. Did any one ever know of a case where such surrender was made and such obedience given and the soul did not find peace? If one instance could be given where a man or woman has become perfectly teachable and has surrendered completely to the Master's will in loyal obedience, and then has not received the glorious peace of the evidence of God's approval, we could not again preach the gospel with the assurance that every true seeker shall find rest of soul.

Many professional followers of Christ come short of the full measure of peace simply because they do not yield when the light of truth comes to them. Even the suspicion that we may be wrong detracts somewhat from perfect soul-rest, and must continue to do so until we yield the point and accept the truth. There are many who are not satisfied upon the question of the Bible Sabbath—many who feel that there is a discrepancy between their attitude and that of God's word toward it, who would find new joy in being exalted by yielding to the divine teachings and accepting the Sabbath that Jesus kept. This same rich experience that came to the two persons named by Brother Velthuysen, has come to many others who, over many years of Christian life, have accepted the truth. And we trust that many more now in doubt and filled with misgivings will yet come to the light and enjoy a new-found peace.

What Are Seventh Day Baptists?

Seventh Day Baptists are essentially Baptists, and do not differ radically from the great body of Baptists, except that the former observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, while the latter observe the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday.

NOT ADVENTISTS.

Seventh Day Baptists must not be confused with Seventh Day Adventists. It is true that both observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, but the former are essentially and distinctively Baptists, while the latter are essentially and distinctively Adventists, whose interpretation of the Bible differs radically from that of other Christian churches, and whose church polity is in no sense that of the Baptist Church—Booklet, The Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists.

Let us remember that the Sabbath is only a means to an end. Even keeping the Sabbath punctiliously did not save the Pharisees from complete annihilation, or in any degree palliate their sin. Only be that doeth the will of God abideth forever . . . . No statement recorded in Holy Writ with reference to the Sabbath makes any alteration in its original meaning, as those men were originally made subject to it, the responsibility being that of the Pharisees and rabbis, to continue the traditions of men. This is the same great distinction that, in the great Sabbath controversy, the Almighty's opinion of the peculiar utility of the day to man . . . . is as unqualified as ever.—William B. Dana.

"How do you like your teacher, dear?" little Mary was asked, after her first day at school. "I like her very well," said Mary, but I don't think she knows much for she just keeps asking questions all the time."—Exchange.

"Five-year-old James was temporarily deprived of the use of one eye by a painful blood clot which approached, he said to his mother, "Mamma, I'll have to go to bed early to-night, because I haven't got but one eye to sleep with."
The Thirsty Traveler.

REV. EDWIN SHAW.

A Story-sermon, preached at Plainfield, N. J.

As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.—Ps. xlii. 1.

"Which would you rather be, good or intelligent?" First Philip who spoke. The boys, or men rather, for they were both on the farther side of twenty-one years, were sitting by the table in the little northwest room at Aunt Deal's boarding house. The small oil lamp was growing red-hot from the fire of dry hickory rails, and Philip had risen up to turn off the damper in the stovepipe. They had been sawing and splitting wood on the hill for Evan Davis from two o'clock till sundown on Friday, and now after supper they had come upstairs to their room.

There was a double bed in the corner between the two windows. A rag carpet covered the floor. A table with a red cloth, a small rack for books, a rose-scent lamp with a green paste-board shade, two chairs, a trunk, and a wood-box made up the furnishings. In a narrow alcove was another trunk and from nails were hanging several pieces of men's wearing apparel. Yet somehow guided it. You are right. They were college students of a generation ago, working their way through school.

"Which would I rather be, good or intelligent?" asked Remont, as he laid the book he was reading down on the table, and rising up took off his coat and threw it on the bed.

"I was just reading a bit of a story here in this book," I told him. "Frank was talking to a friend who said: 'I don't see that there is any connection between your question and this story, but this man tries to picture the experience of one who made a trip on horseback from Syracuse, Kan., on the South Fork River, sixty miles south to the Cimarron River, which is the border of Indian Territory across the prairie. There was a trail, a stage road, with taverns about fifteen miles apart where water could be secured from wells, deep wells, that had been dug. In the field the traveler lost the road early in the morning, and the story is the experience of that day. He had no compass, but-directed his way by the sun, feeling sure that he would soon recover the trail. It turned out to be a burning hot day. The sun was dazzling to the sight, and the wind that came up across the stretches of dry, near buffalo grass was like the breath from a furnace. Presently he saw this left, in the distance a mile or so, a lake where the water glistened in the sunshine. Beyond the lake was a stretch of trees. He turned and eagerly started in the direction but soon discovered that the lake had dried up, and that the trail was a species of prairie weed no larger than good-sized cabbages, such as he had seen before along the way; and he realized that the mirage of which he had heard and read had deceived him,—that queer reflection of the sun upon the prairie which has the exact appearance of water, and which elongates objects so that a settler's shanty looks like a shack, and a pony, half a mile distant, looks like a giraffe.

And now the lake suddenly had moved and was sparkling an inviting welcome off in another direction. But he no longer heeded. He had been told that there was not a drop of water anywhere on this prairie, and he should not have been deceived, but now he bent all his mind and thought and strength on keeping direction, so as to reach the Cimarron River, for water was what he had the horse most needed. But from ten o'clock till five he struggled on, with no shelter for himself or the horse and no water, while every instant of the time, on one hand or the other, the other, could be seen clear and plain these limpid lakes and pools, temptations to turn aside, almost irresistible. But his knowledge of the situation kept him going south, south.

He was an easy reader. He read quickly. He read well. As the heart panteth after after the way of the waters and the shade of the tree, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Fremont picked up the book he had been reading, and slowly turning over the pages he remarked, "I do not see any connection between your question and this story, but this man tries to picture the experience of one who made a trip on horseback from Syracuse, Kan., on the South Fork River, sixty miles south to the Cimarron River, which is the border of Indian Territory across the prairie. There was a trail, a stage road, with taverns about fifteen miles apart where water could be secured from wells, deep wells, that had been dug. In the field the traveler lost the road early in the morning, and the story is the experience of that day. He had no compass, but-directed his way by the sun, feeling sure that he would soon recover the trail. It turned out to be a burning hot day. The sun was dazzling to the sight, and the wind that came up across the stretches of dry, near buffalo grass was like the breath from a furnace. Presently he saw this left, in the distance a mile or so, a lake where the water glistened in the sunshine. Beyond the lake was a stretch of trees. He turned and eagerly started in the direction but soon discovered that the lake had dried up, and that the trail was a species of prairie weed no larger than good-sized cabbages, such as he had seen before along the way; and he realized that the mirage of which he had heard and read had deceived him,—that queer reflection of the sun upon the prairie which has the exact appearance of water, and which elongates objects so that a settler's shanty looks like a shack, and a pony, half a mile distant, looks like a giraffe.

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He was an easy reader. He read quickly. He read well. As the heart panteth after after the way of the waters and the shade of the tree, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."
For my part, I'd like to slow up for a while. It used to be a good long time from New Year's to New Year's, but now it is like the dip of a swallow's wing or the shadow of a cloud that those who love them; open your minds; exalt your souls; widen the sympathies of your hearts; face the things that are now as you will face the reality of death; make joy real now to those yet to be born. Remember that death is not of old age, which no one living in the world has ever seen; remember that age is possible, and perhaps even men old age; and beyond these earthly things, time and tide take their course. Let us look earnestly and constantly for something better, seek for something higher, and lift our souls to be with the more immortal now.

This may be the last year of our work. The good deed we do today may be our last. Did you ever stop to think of it? It is coming, perhaps it has already come, and you did not know it. It may exist now, it may have existed, and closed the covers of the last book you shall ever read on earth. You have looked for the last time into eyes that never failed to form and New Year's to New Year's, but now to make your last journey, written your last letter, eaten your last meal, slept your last sleep. The story is told; the play is ended; the

Just Among Friends.

Well, the good ship Time has put into port and is about to take on a new cargo of good resolutions, earnest resolutions, and patently schemes, before setting sail for the shores of a distant future.

Do you never feel like calling out to the galloping years and say: "Stop, slow down!"? This breakneck pace of time is going to land us all too soon over the border, because we've not learned how to live and are handicapped by the ills and indiscretions of our ancestors.

If you learn the extreme value of human life; let us strew it with flowers. Save every hour for the sunshine; let your labor be so ordered that in future times the loved ones may look back long after the seasons are constant, but they are in a greater hurry. Spring used to take off her things and sit awhile; now she only stops to throw a bunch of lilacs in at the window and flits away. Summer has given the sweet and wholesome things to take their places at home and linger long and pleasantly, but of late years the former weaves a garland, which is hardly finished before the latter breathes upon it and drops to pieces. As for winter, he barely gives the slightest notice by the snowflakes. By the door, the slenderly crept in; the paths were desolate and the laces before he is summoned back to the land of nowhere.

God bless us, everyone! Where shall we be this time next year? This moment the something called "I" sits here with me, but where will it be tomorrow, next year, or when eternity, never begun and forever unending, is a billion ages on its course? Before this present day's completed span is run, it may exist now, it may have existed, and closed the covers of the last book you shall ever read on earth. You have looked for the last time into eyes that never failed to form and New Year's to New Year's, but now to make your last journey, written your last letter, eaten your last meal, slept your last sleep. The story is told; the play is ended; the
American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasurer’s Report.

For the Quarter ending December 30, 1912.

F. J. Hubbard, Treasurer,

In account with The American Sabbath Tract Society.

To balance on hand October 1, 1912 $1,082.97 To funds received since as follows:

Contributions to General Fund:
- Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. S. Babcock..... $1 00
- Mr. and Mrs. Webster Phillips...... 10 00
- Mrs. P. J. Hubbard, Racine, Wis..... 10 00

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- Mrs. N. J. Burton, N. Y......... 2 00
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Contributions to Special Funds:
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- Mrs. D. F. Babcock, G. W....... 32 22
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Cash on hand, December 31, 1912 $148 44

Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Treasurer.

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The Sabbath Recorder.
One of their number, a Mr. Peterson, had been turned from home by his father because of dissipation. He had gone from home to walk until he was down and out, and reduced to the bread line and soup house for a living. Religion got him in those public meetings, and after two years he has risen to be auditor of the Cudahy’s Packing House in Wichita.

It was claimed that over fifty went forward in the meetings held here, and the purpose seems to be to organize business men into religious working teams, and make religion more popular with and among men; to organize us not only in our own but in the different churches, for the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Christianizing of the world in a single generation will not seem so impossible if all Christian men can become thoroughly enlisted in this kind of endeavor. We are all tending in this direction. Our lone Sabbath-keepers’ work is only another expression of this same purpose and spirit; only this is broader, and includes both the men and the women, and gives everyone a chance for the greatest and widest endeavor.

So, brothers, sisters, if we have a spark of Christian life and hope and purpose and enthusiasm, let us get out and do something for the world. There will never be a better time than during the year 1914.

**A Message From Our Vice-Presidents.**

W. D. Burdick, Jr.

To the young people of the denomination, and most wishes for the next year’s work. While we are making preparations for better work along other lines, let us not overlook the Christian Endeavor society. What is to be our policy during this year? If Christian Endeavor is worthy of our support, as we all believe it is, then we must build it up on a solid foundation of practical Christianity. Our testimony meetings are valuable as recording the spiritual temperature of our society. Our lodge members are what speaks most forcibly for or against Christ. James tells us that “faith without works is dead,” and whenever we find a Christian Endeavor society that is “dead” we may be assured that no aggressive work has been attempted there. Is your society one of this class? If so, begin to work, remembering that only by effort do we gain strength. Each person feel his individual responsibility in the work of the society; for no chain is stronger than its weakest link. Give every member some particular thing to do. And here let me urge the necessity of Executive Committee meetings at least once a month. I would suggest that they be held at the beginning of each month after the different committees have submitted their reports. Let each report be thoroughly discussed, suggestions made where the work might have been bettered, and plans carefully considered for the next month’s work. By thus reviewing the work of the previous month, you may see where you have advanced, and where there has been neglect. Keep in close touch with every phase of Endeavor activity, and adopt whatever suggestions may be of help to your society. Let “C. E.” mean to you “Christian Efficiency” along every line of endeavor, and may success crown your efforts.

Perhaps these suggestions may be helpful to the stronger societies also, as we all need more efficient work and workers. Let us all stand together for Christ and the Church.

**Milton’s Students Aggressive.**

A few weeks ago the students of Milton College organized a movement to be known as the “Milton Forward Movement,” the object of which was to be the promoting of the welfare of Milton College. The movement was thoroughly organized and did not effervesce in mere college enthusiasm. The aim of the movement is clearly set forth in a letter which is being sent out under authority of the movement as finally perfected. The letter, in part, reads:

“Our greatest asset at present is to get more students. With the faculty and equipment we have, we ought to be accommodating twice or three times our number. We feel that it is a shame for great men, like President Dalld and others of our faculty, to waste their talents on so few. It is almost like wasting ‘sweetness on the desert air.’ We think they should be exerting a far greater influence, and we wonder why more students do not attend col-
Christian Endeavor Progress.
REV. ERLO E. SUTTON.


Daily Readings.
Monday—In union (Eph. ii, 14-22).
Tuesday—In knowledge (Heb. v, 11-14; vi, 1, 2).
Wednesday—In effective service (Rom. xvi, 1-5).
Thursday—in team-work (Rom. xii, 3-8).
Saturday—Christian Endeavor progress (Mark iv, 26-32). (Christian Endeavor Day.)

THOUGHTS ON THE SCRIPTURE LESSON.

v. 26, 27, 
"So is the kingdom of God.
What Jesus has said about the seed sown upon good ground is illustrated by this parable.
The doctrine of the kingdom received in a good honest heart is like seed sown by a man in his ground, properly prepared to receive it; for when it is sown he asleep and forgets. Then a day is coming when looking on it he sees it spring and grow up through the virtue of the earth in which it is sown, though he knows not how it is brought about. So is it here: the seed sown is good for the earth to bear bring fruit with patience; and their fruit daily increases, though we know not how the word and Spirit work that increase it.

We little think how much is always going on behind the scenes of the underground life; and how much more we have to do with those secret processes which underlie everything, than at first might appear. For we are all, whether we realize it or not, always casting seeds, and those seeds, dead though they look, are always alive. Every word we say, every act we do, goes down into somebody's mind, and lives there; and there it has its influence.

v. 28, "Bringeth forth fruit of herself." The kingdom of God, which is generated in the soul by the word of life under the influence of the Holy Spirit, is at first small. There is only the blade, but this blade is full of promise; for a good blade shows there is a good seed at the bottom, and that the soil in which it is sown is good also. What is said of the kingdom in individual life is also true of the growth of the kingdom in the world. After the blade rises the stalk and finally the ear. The faith and love of the believing soul increase abundantly, and are perfected in Christ Jesus. The growth is orderly in the kingdom as well as in the grain.

As we make our study of Christian Endeavor we find that its growth has been orderly; there has been no forcing; our enthusiasm has brought forth fruit. If you begin to study the soil where and the why and the how, we can only say, "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground. . . . for the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself." When the corn is ripe, it is reaped for the benefit of him who has sowed it; for it can be of little or no use until it is ripe; so when a soul is saved from sin, it is capable of being employed in the work of the Lord. It is then, and not till then, that one is fully fitted for the Master's work.

God saves men that they may here perfectly love him, and magnify his name.

v. 31, "It is like a grain of mustard seed." This is the illustration of the growth of the gospel in the world, and of the growth of grace in the soul. The thing which leads the soul to salvation may begin; and often does, by a word spoken, an experience had, a thing done, and after lying buried there a year it may be, or two years, or ten years, it will suddenly and unexpectedly vegetate, so that the forgotten and apparently dead grain shoots into a plant of conversion and righteousness.

We think, calculating probabilities by our imperfect arithmetic, that Christianity, as soon as published, might have been exerted to start into an empire. So we as Christian Endeavorers need not be discouraged if our society does not grow as rapidly as we think it should, for it may in time shoot out great branches and make wonderful growth. Let the little seed that has been planted grow. Look at the wonderful progress made in Christian Endeavor since its beginning. The little seed has brought forth a great tree.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

"Christian Endeavor has enjoyed a steady growth and increase. In every land the societies have multiplied more than any other religious movement has grown.

"Christian Endeavor has progressed in the variety of work undertaken, in the
The United States has watched the conduct of affairs in that unhappy country with increasing concern. The Maderistas under General Carranza in the north seem to be increasing in power, and the issue between tyranny and democracy is becoming more clearly drawn. The Wilson administration has refused to recognize General Huerta. It ordered a presidential election there, with instructions to General Huerta that he must not be a candidate for the place. Other demands have been made by our government that constitute technically acts of intervention. In a sense there is no violation of international law in the execution of Maximilian in 1867, although the Congress of 1889 and of the principle of international law that each state is an independent sovereignty. It is directly counter to the principle that intervention can be admitted only upon one ground and that of self-preservation.

Fundamentally, however, the question in Mexico is not one of protection for our citizens there. It is not a question of the rights of property and property interests, established ruthlessly by the iniquitous system of "concessions." It is not a question whether the present dictator of Mexico is or is not a murderer. It is not a question of party politics. It is not even a question of international law. It is rather the ages-old question of what can best be done to overcome peonage, to raise the Mexican people out of servitude, to promote self-government in a country stifled by the burden of a feudal tyranny. There can be no good government but self-government in Mexico or anywhere else. General Huerta is undoubtedly in the way of the onward growth of such government in Mexico. The ultimate question, therefore, is, How far has the United States a duty in the premises? Our frank answer to this question is, We do not know. The government itself does not seem to know. Of this we are convinced, however, that the motives of the Administration are of the highest. Only time can reveal the wisdom of its course.—The Advocate of Peace.

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On the Bars.

Mary, aged seven, was found hiding behind the piano at the hour of her music lesson, from which refuge she was dragged forth, an unwilling victim.

"Why Mary, don't you like your music?" asked her mother anxiously.

"No," sobbed the small delinquent: "I just hate those little black things sittin' on the fence."—Harper's Magazine.

The Dutchman's Name.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

Over the ocean the Dutchman came from one of the old Hollands, I know not which, the shortest Dutchman that ever you saw. With a pipe-stem long as the moral law. Right mercy he was and also rich. And my father taught me his name: "Lambert Lunx Van Dunx."

Peter Jacobus Neeleman Vanlevenolph."

That is all of the name I ever heard; I have told it to you word for word.

The Year 1915.

Men and women appointed for the purpose of promoting the celebration of one hundred years of peace between England and our country met in Richmond, Va., December 3 and 4. Committees were soon organized from the large number present, which went at once to work to frame a practical program. The celebration will begin next December—probably on Christmas Eve—the centennial of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent. Since the Treaty of Ghent marks the beginning of permanent peace between England and the United States, the peace demonstrations, lasting through several months, promise to be the most noteworthy of recent years. It is not planned to make the demonstrations exclusively Anglo-Saxon, but to enlist all nations in the participation in a great international peace festival. The national capital, state capitals, other leading cities, and remote hamlets will be given an opportunity to celebrate in their own way. It is interesting to note that England and Canada are making preparations on even a larger scale than we have yet undertaken.

The year 1915 is also the centenary of the beginning of the peace movement, a fact of far more significance than that of one hundred years of peace between Anglo-Saxon peoples; for it was out of the homes of David Low Dodge and Noah Worchester, in 1815, that came the forces which have given to our generation its stirring and hopeful faith in the ultimate abolition of war. This assurance is entirely celebrated. Besides, it is still hoped that the Third Hague Conference may meet next year. Then, too, there is the Panama Exposition, which will certainly be held, with the probability of a national and an international peace congress thrown in. Pacifists may expect a veritable renaissance of peace interest and activities in 1915—The Advocate of Peace.

Mark Twain's Hard Luck.

The number of anecdotes that foreign papers print about Mark Twain show how world-wide is the fame of his humorist's popularity. Here is an amusing story from a German paper, Das Buch fur Alle:

In the course of one of his lecture trips, Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barber shop to be shaved.

"You are a stranger," asked the barber.

"Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here."

"You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture tonight. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"Have you bought your ticket?"

"Not yet."

"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."

"How very annoying!" said with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."—Exchange.

Eddie, not quite three, wanted to ask his mother for a fan one very warm day. To think of the word "fan" was too much for his little hands, so with his little hands he went through the motion of fanning himself, and said:

"Mummy, tin Eddie have one of them things to brush the warm off with?"—Exchange.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—January 31, 1914. THE UNFRIENDLY NEIGHBOR.

This is the third of a series of lessons for the Third Hague Conference, held from December 3 and 4. The shortest Dutchman that ever you saw. With a pipe-stem long as the moral law. Right mercy he was and also rich. And my father taught me his name: "Lambert Lunx Van Dunx."

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Eddie, not quite three, wanted to ask his mother for a fan one very warm day. To think of the word "fan" was too much for his little hands, so with his little hands he went through the motion of fanning himself, and said:

"Mummy, tin Eddie have one of them things to brush the warm off with?"—Exchange.
The Sabbath Recorder.

Presented a report of that convention. The report was supplemented by remarks by Pastor Jordan and Prof. D. N. Inglis, both of whom attended the meeting.

The Committee on Field Work presented the following report, which upon motion was adopted:

To the Sabbath School Board:
The Committee on Field Work would report that since the last report two meetings have been held. The committee, through the correspondence of Rev. H. N. Jordan, has arranged for three institutes, as early as possible in the year 1914. These institutes are to be held in the following churches: Ashaway, R. I.; Alfred Station, N. Y.; Junction, Wis. The committee wishes to ask the Board for an appropriation of $200 to carry out special work along the line of “Home Department” work.

In behalf of the committee,

D. N. INGLIS,
Chairman.

Bills were allowed as follows: to the Secretary, for postage, $2.50; to H. N. Jordan, for telephone expense, 30 cents.

It was voted that the Secretary, President, and the Rev. H. N. Jordan be a committee to prepare and print the institutions for the use of the committees. Upon motion of the Rev. H. N. Jordan, it was voted that we ask Mrs. T. J. Van Horn to furnish the material for the second quarter of the Junior Quarterly.

Upon motion it was voted that an appropriation of $17.50 be made to Mrs. T. J. Van Horn for editorial work on the Junior Quarterly for the first quarter.

The minutes were read and approved.

Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT'S RELATION TO THE BIBLE SCHOOL.

At a recent conference of Home Department workers the question was asked, “What is the right relation of the Bible school superintendent to the Home Department?” In the responses which followed it became evident that in some schools this department had not been put in quite the place where it belonged, with reference to the rest of the school, and some were inclined to regard it as a sort of outside feature. It is true, however, that many superintendents are wakening up to the importance of this work and are taking the right attitude towards it.

The superintendent who appreciates rightly the Home Department will have it on his mind so constantly that he will frequently mention it at the sessions of the main school. That will help the members to know that the Home Department exists, and will give them a little insight into what it is accomplishing. One superintendent, at least, makes it a point to mention this department in his opening prayer at every session of the school.

Treat all Home Department visitors as teachers in the Bible school. A faithful visitor thinks of her work in that way. At the conference referred to above, a visitor introduced a friend to one of the speakers as “one of my pupils.” The visitors should be eligible to place in the teachers’ meeting, and thus they will be brought into constant and helpful relations with the superintendent.

One of the most successful Home Departments in the country is the one connected with the Tremont Temple Church in Boston. Rev. W. H. Martin, the superintendent, is very enthusiastic over the value of recognizing it as a real part of the school. “In our school,” says Mr. Parker, we do everything possible to bring the Home Department in touch with the main school. There is an all-school place reserved for it ‘under the clock,’ and on review days when Doctor Henson conducts the review for the whole school, a special effort is made to secure the attendance of Home Department members. All entertainments and special services of the school are open to members, and we do all we can to secure their presence and to make them feel at home when they come. The members feel very deeply the benefit and fraternity of this attitude of the main school.

Only a few days ago I had a new reason to strengthen my belief in the value of this close relationship. In the last program which we presented, our Bible-school entertainment, the names of all the visitors, thirty of them, were printed just below the list of teachers, thus for the first time recognizing the Home Department in this way as a regular part of the school. It had just become necessary for me to secure four or five new visitors. Formerly it has been somewhat difficult for me to obtain them, as there were many who knew but very little about the department, and they did not realize its value. But in sending out these requests I enclosed a copy of the program and made a pencil circle around the list of the visitors. Then I asked, “Will you become one of these workers?” The answers came back one after another, ‘I will! I will! I will!’ Now it is recognized as an honor to be invited to become a teacher.

Thus it is easy to see that the more the superintendent recognizes the Home Department the greater will be the value of it to the main school and to the whole community.—John Riverdale, in Cook’s Executive.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Our Needs and Our Possibilities.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

Written for the Annual Sabbath School Rally at Ashaway, Rhode Island.

This is the age of efficiency.

Strong men are wanted and true:

No more, “How much do you know?”

But rather, “How well do you do?”

This is true not alone in the business world but in every walk and in every phase of life as well.

If Mother can make good biscuit, or cake, or pies, the members of her family will soon know it. She need not sit down and tell just how much she knows about cooking; the proof of her knowledge will be in the delicious, healthful food she prepares from day to day. The traveling salesman need not tell how much he knows about his business; the goods he sells will speak eloquently for him.

This is the age of efficiency in religious work. Strong men are demanded in the pulpits of our Sabbath schools. We need talented, efficient teachers.

We need no more enthusiasm.

Even if we can do but little real work, we can at least help in the cheering. If a boy can not be the catcher, or the pitcher, or the catcher on the baseball nine, he can stand on the other side of the fence and cheer. Many a game has been won because some one stood outside the ranks and just cheered.

We need more courage and more faith in the One who can help us overcome every obstacle.

Of course there are many giants in the way. The ten spies came back from the land of Canaan and said to the children of Israel, “We are not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we are.” We need to dare to do the things that seem to us to be impossible. Rev. John F. Cowan says that the grass-hoppers of the Sabbath school need not fear the giants in their path, if they will only do as grass-hoppers always do—all stick together. We need greater cooperation in our work. When the little girls play a little rubbish on the field, and one of the small players stubbed his bare toe.

“Oh oh oh!” commiserated a little friend, looking at the bruised and bleeding toe. The owner of the toe screwed up his face in a spasm of pain but bravely swung his bat.

“That’s right, Johnny, you do a little hoeing for me,” he grinned. ‘Haven’t time to do it myself. Got to win this game!”

His was a wise theory. Let us follow his example and look to the ways in which we can improve our school and not to any failures of the past. What do we need to make us more efficient?

First, do not regard a greater interest in our school—a greater realization of what it is to our community? What if we had no Bible school! Yes, I know that some of our boys and girls drift away from it, but not all. Many a boy has received from his Sabbath-school teacher inspiration that has sent him forth into the world as a preacher, a missionary, or an evangelist. As a result of mission schools among the Indians the sons of the great chiefs were all asked for ten thousand mission funds at a recent meeting held among the Indians to raise money to send the gospel to the heathen. If religious instruction can do that for the children of savage warriors, what can it not do for our own boys and girls?

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"London Bridge is Falling Down," one side pulls one way and the other side another. We can not do that in Christian work and meet with any success.

We need to be more generous in giving.

"God loveth a cheerful giver." This may apply to the gift of time, money, or of self. Are there offerings for the Sabbath-school work all that they might be? In the earliest days men were asked to give a tenth part of their incomes to the Lord.

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye rob me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are heaping up for yourselves treasure in the heavens." And you carry on the whole tithe into the workhouse, that there may be food in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

Are we teaching the children in our homes and in our Sabbath-school classes to give in the right way?

The Christian Endeavor World once printed the following story:

"In 1885 the Methodist Episcopal Church sent out the cry, 'A Million for Missions!' Chaplain McCabe went forth to arouse the churches. Charles Cardwell McCabe Howe was the little four-year-old son of Lieut. W. C. Howe, a fellow prisoner with the chaplain in Libby. The lad became greatly interested in Chaplain McCabe—also he caught some of his enthusiasm for the cause.

'A few days after the chaplain had gone, the little fellow ran to his mother, and said, 'Mamma, I've got five cents; I want to send it to Chaplain McCabe. I want to send it in a letter, and I want to write the letter myself. You hold my hand, and please write just as I tell you, and write it printing, so I can read it.'

'The mother helped the boy with the following letter:

'DEAR CHAPLAIN McCabe: I am glad you are getting a million dollars for missions. I send you five cents to help; and, if you want any more, just write to me.

'Charles Cardwell McCabe Howe.' "

"The Chaplain made frequent use of this little letter, and he often told the boy that his five cents had gathered a harvest every time he told the story."

Some one has wisely said—

"Give as you would if angels waited at the door;
Give as you would if the morrow found you
where giving all is over.
Give as you would to the Master, if you met his searching look:
Give as you would if your very substance if his hand your offering took." So much for our needs. What are our possibilities? The Master tells us that "all things are possible to him that believeth." Then it is possible for us to make our school a wonderful power in this community—a power that shall be felt not only here but elsewhere. It is possible to unite the men and women, the boys and girls, in one glorious endeavor for Christ and his kingdom.

It is possible to carry on this school that from it shall go forth preachers, missionaries and evangelists, bearing the tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ. Are we ready to do our part? If we are, let us do it now. Procrastination is the enemy of all good works. We mean to do so many things sometime.

The Master is calling for workers, for those who are earnest and true:
His fields are all white to the harvest,
So what are you waiting for?
The days are all passing so swiftly,
Go forth and no longer delay.
Take this as your motto and watchword—
Our School for the Master today."

Dawn.

M. E. H. Everett.

"Look eastward over the wide veiled plain
To the mountains grand and gray;
What seest thou from thy high walled tower?
I bid thee, watchman, say.

Eastward I look o'er the wide lone plain
To the dim hills far away;
And a day I see,
O prophet of God—
A night and another day.

And the prophet laid in the dust his face;
'0 King of the worlds,' he cried,
'Two thousand years ere the dawn of peace
And thy wrath be satisfied.'

And now the day-star hangs in the East
Pendent round in the mountain's crown,
The promise of Him whose word is truth,
That the day shall follow night.

Thrice blest are we though our hands are weak
With the crowling of the lark,
Though our hearts are faint with the burdens borne,
And our eyes are dim with tears.

Thrice blest are we, for our eyes behold
The vision to seers denied,
The dawn of the glorious day of peace,—
And His wrath is satisfied.

Heloise and the New Year's Monitor.

Heloise held the tea towel with a weary droop and stood first on one foot, then on the other.

"How I hate doing dishes! First the glasses—polish bright; then cups and saucers—roll not to break; silver next—do not scratch the finish—how the grease sticks; and pots and pans—I loathe them!"

In an agony of disgust Heloise threw the dampening tea towel at the cat, and not deigning even to mop up the pools of water on the kitchen table, dropped on to a chair, with mouth drawn down, in a fit of sulks.

Heloise was eighteen, yet she was acting like a spoiled child of twelve. It was a kind of a pleasure to let one's self go once in a while. Fortunately there was no one around just now to be injured by such an unpleasant companion. Only pussy, who had fled nearer to the stove, out of reach of tea towels, was contentedly washing herself with long stretches of her tongue.

"Oh, if I were only just a cat!" groaned Heloise as she looked enviously at her.

"Then I would not mind anything. Only just to be quiet and purr in the sun—and life would be full and complete!"

The sun was dazzling as it shone over fields of snow and then streamed into the clean kitchen. It was the third of January, and her low spirits seemed all the worse in contrast to the gaiety and happiness of the season.

A PRISONER AT HOME.

As our girl sat there gazing stupidly out of the window at the great white, snow-streched, the shrill whistle and rumble of another train cut the air. She was only a few blocks away, and she could plainly hear the sounds incidental to her village's twice-a-day connection with the outside world. The heavy fall of baggage, the scuffle of the dragon wheels, the cries of the conductor and brakeman, and then, presently, the ringing of the bell and the slow starting of the cars, gathering momentum as they passed along the track at the bottom of her yard and finally died into the distance like the bellow of machinery.

Only a faint line of smoke remained, which blew softly upward and melted into the snow mist. Heloise watched it stolidly and dry-eyed till it was all gone, and then burying her head in her arms gave herself up to a passionate fit of weeping. Was not the train carrying Helen Gilder, her best friend, back to college? It was not so much for her friend's sake that Heloise wept as for the fatal irony of fate which was bringing her from college.

She, who was called Heloise, had stood above her on graduation day at the high school; she, who had such dreams, who wanted to be famous and play a great part in the world; who nursed within her breast a torch of future greatness which would have startled the little town of X had it been possible ever to disclose them to it—she was denied college!

GENIUS PUTS ON ITS THINKING CAP.

The bitterness of it and an anger against the conditions of life were very real to Heloise as she sat there. Her father, a country lawyer, could not afford to send her to college, nor could she be spared from home and school to attempt the earning her own way.

There was no question about the why and wherefore of it; it was simply fate that was against her.

She would stay in this village till the children were grown and no longer needed her, and her mind would become fallow and useless. She felt that her old keenness in study had already slipped away from her in the year, and a half since she had left the stimulus of school.

The worst of it was, no one around her seemed to realize they had a genius in their midst. She was not only an ordinary girl, keeping house for her father; perhaps more quiet and less understandable than the general run of girls, that was all.

But Heloise was not left long to brood. Soon the children came stamping in, and there was dinner to get, and the horse to straighten, and a thousand other things to do. With apathy she went through the daily routine, and it was not till the late afternoon that she found time to take a little stroll through the town for variation, and to get away from the house where uncomely thoughts had been pouting in her ears all day.

She followed her down the main street of the little town, past the dingy shops and quiet cottages, and out on the soft, white country road. Everything seemed so prosaic and so unsuggestive of a career.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
Heloise's heart burned and ached within her; yet something seemed to say to her, "Is there no way in which you can help yourself?" Think things over, and let us come to some conclusion.

So, led by this inner Monitor, she began to think, to add up her debit and credit column.

"First, in the way of blessings, I suppose I might count the children. They are a care, but so dear—and how I should miss them if I went away! And Father, he is often abstracted and seems not to notice what we do. Yet I know if it were not for us—and for me in particular—his life would be more somber than it is. It is quite a career, I suppose, to be able to cheer up Father."

But the debit column surely claimed the housework. "Yet," mused Heloise thoughtfully, "how I have longed to take a course in domestic science if I could go away." And here her truthful Monitor showed her in a flash the dozen or more cook books piled up in a pantry drawer, the house magazine which came every month stored with the best home-making brains of the land; and, yes, there were all those chemistry books in Father's library. She might mark out a course for herself and learn to cook scientifically instead of in the slipshod way she had been doing in the hurry of night-school work.

"But house-keeping, even at its best, won't develop my higher faculties, and I meant to be a writer, and a musician, and—"

Heloise was walking very slowly now, and looking straight ahead of her. Her eyes were very bright. The inward Monitor saw her chance.

CONSCIENCE GETS ITS SPECTACLES.

"Heloise," it remarked steadily, "you know very well that you have a perfectly fine piano which you do not open from one week's end to the other; and a set of splendid new music books that Father got you Christmas, full of hundreds of pieces by the best masters, which would be an education to you if you would practice reading then by sight just one or two each day during this new year, to say nothing of the volumes of musical biography you have not even glanced into yet.

"And—and there is that new set of Ruskin in the library—and those old histories you have always been waiting for a chance to study. And, yes, Father has some new books on psychology and philosophy—and there's a good encyclopedia in the library—"

"And all your old text-books in French and German you know you never did justice to—why, my dear girl," continued the now hopeful Monitor, "there's an education for you right there in that house, right here in this town, if you choose to see it. Talk about college, and travel—what's the use of trotting about from place to place if you have never learned to use and appreciate your own faculties? It is concentration of thought and will that does the business, Salvation comes from within, my dear, whether you are here or in college with Helen."

THE REWARD OF WISDOM.

Heloise wheeled about and turned suddenly homeward. By the time she reached the dear old place she had mapped out a course of training for herself. So much music and science, so much literature and cooking, each day, and in a few months she would have three sessions! To the practical Heloise in her new scheme of things this seemed quite fair.

The winter passed into spring and spring into summer. Heloise had made a college of her home, and by training her mind to be its own teacher she had added several other qualities, such as self-reliance and originality, to her mind, which was naturally studious.

She was sitting on the porch under the blooming roses, looking over some advertisements for a correspondence course she was intending to pursue. The children were in bed. Her father had put down his paper and was looking at her thoughtfully. Then he said:

"Daughter, it seems to me you have improved a great deal these six months. I don't just see how you have done it either, with all the work.

Heloise beamed brightly. "Yes, Father, I know I have. The Monitor came two days after the new year."

Father looked somewhat mystified and turned again to his paper, but the Monitor shook hands with itself.—Edith R. McCombs, in Room and Fireside.
MARRIAGES

SHOWERS-ALEXANDER.—At Milton, Wis., December 13, 1913, by Pastor L. C. Randolph, Claude H. Showers and Miss Pearl Alexander, both of Milton Junction, Wis.

GREENE-STUDDAM.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Studdam, parents of the bride, on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1913, by Rev. C. Davis, Mr. Clarence E. Greene and Miss Weda T. Studdam, all of Alfred, N. Y.

JONES-BURDICK.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Edgerton, Wis., December 20, 1913, by Pastor L. C. Randolph, Clarence Mitchell of Woodland, Wash., and Miss Elma Marie of St. Paul, Minn.

JORDAN-BURDICK.—In Nile, N. Y., at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Laverne Burdick, on December 31, 1913, by Rev. Wm. W. Whitford, assisted by Pastor Wm. M. Simpson, Mr. Carl L. Jordan of Jersey Shore, Pa., and Miss Zora F. Burdick.

HURLEY-BURDICK.—At the home of the bride's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Geo. W. Burdick, in Weldon, Ill., on January 1, 1914, by the father of the bride, Mr. Archie Ray Hurley and Miss Bernice Arline Burdick, all of Weldon.

BASSETT-KIRK.—In the village of New Auburn, Wis., on January 5, 1914, by the Rev. J. R. Hurley, Mr. L. W. Bassett of New Auburn, Wis., and Mrs. E. E. Kirk of Minneapolis, Minn.

DEATHS

Moland.—At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Fred. D. Howard, in Wells ville, N. Y., December 17, 1913. Mr. James W. Moland, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

New York City with its 800,000 Jews is the capital of Jewry; it has twice the population and congestion, yet it speaks a different language for every book in the Bible, and publishes fifty newspapers, in foreign languages—Christian Work.

JEWELER WANTED.

If there is a good jeweler who would like to change his location to be with珠宝商-keepers in the city or country, let him correspond with the writer, E. D. Stillman, Elkhart, Ind., or the Con.

WANTED

A woman, young or old, who is aged, able and willing to do general housework, a tidy, reliable and economical home, with kind treatment and fair wages. Mrs. Arthur E. Main, Alfred, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICES

THE address of all Seventh-day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is gratis.

The First Baptist Church of Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 3:30 o'clock.

The Seventh Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services at 3:30 p. m. every Sabbath afternoon, at 351 E. 72d Street.

The Sabbath School of the First Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular services at 10 a.m. every Sabbath morning, at 326 E. 72d Street.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Milwaukee holds regular services at 336 W. Washington Street, every Sabbath afternoon, at 11:30 a.m.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Brooklyn holds regular services at 306 W. 35th Street, every Sabbath afternoon, at 3:30 p. m.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of California holds regular services at 307 N. Broadway, every Sabbath afternoon, at 3:30 p. m.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

THE resolution proposing constitutional prohibition was introduced in the Senate by Senator Sheppard of Texas. After voicing the advance which prohibition has made in this country and elsewhere in recent years, Senator Sheppard said:

"Responsibility for the misery and the crimes of men rests far more largely with society than may be generally supposed. People who keep their own lives blameless have by no means entirely met their duty to God and to man. He may be a drunkard and a murderer, yet never steal. We who permit conditions to exist that make thieves are murderers ourselves. We who permit conditions to exist that make drunkards are drunkards ourselves. We who permit conditions to exist that make murderers are murderers ourselves. We who permit a traffic to continue that fills the penitentiaries, the jails, the asylums, the poor houses and the prisons, are criminals who have an impertinent heaven. We who permit a traffic to continue that will make chaos of government and beasts of man anarchy before the bar of truth.

"We must account ourselves guilty of the blood of all sorts of woe and tears and ruin as any follower of Alaric who immersed his sword in the blood of mothers and of babes. And until we begin an affirmative movement against evils that threaten to overwhelm the nation, we shall continue to terminate the terrible partnership between the government of this country and the liquor trade—a partnership whereby the revenues that sustain the republic—our very last source of support to our representatives in the United States—represent men's broken bodies, men's wasted lives, the widow's and the orphan's cry, the white slave's barred shame—we shall invite and we shall deserve any disaster that may overwhelm the nation or the race."—The American Advocate.

The total foreign missionary contributions of American Protestant churches in 1913 were $65,988,000, according to a statement made by the Convention at Kansas City, Mo., on January 3. An appeal was made for $50,000,000 a year for foreign missions from American churches—The Christian Advocate.
The Sabbath Recorder

L. A. Woord, Business Manager.
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Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

Advertising rates furnished on request.

Still Running.

Edwin, aged four, owned a picture-book in which a fierce-looking cow was running after a small boy. He looked at it a long time, then carefully closing the book he laid it away. A few days later he got the book back again, and turned to the picture. Bringing his chubby fist down on the cow, he exclaimed in a tone of triumph: "She ain't caught him yet!"

RIVERSIDE
For S. D. B. General Conference 1915
Write the committee
A. E. Babcock, Lock Box 1163
R. C. Brewer, 129 Penrose St.
P. B. Hurley, 1985 Park Ave.

NEW HOME
THE SEWING MACHINE OF QUALITY.

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.
If you purchase the NEW HOME you will have a life asset at the price you pay, and will not have an endless chain of repairs.

Quality Considered it the Cheapest in the end to buy.

At a time when Cardinal Manning was suffering great depression of soul and a darkening of faith, he had to go to the shop of a book-seller for one of his own books, entitled "Faith in God." While waiting for the book to be sent from the storage-room, he heard a voice from up there, "Manning’s ‘Faith in God’ all gone." It made and valuable impression on Manning’s heart. - W. R. Clark.

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Until meetings are held on the third First-day of the week in September, December and March, and the first Fourth-day, June, in the New Sabbath Recorder Memorial Hall, College, Milton, Wisconsin.

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The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in the United States, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.

The Board will not accept information, help or work upon any church or pastor, excepting the first three persons named in the Board will be its working force. It is desired to regard the pastoral and unemployed ministers in their respective Associations, and give whatever aid and assistance either through its corresponding Secretary or Associations which may be strictly confidential.

Plainfield, N. J.

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HE UNDERSTANDS.

We do not know why Marah's waters flow
Before the place where Eliz's palm trees grow.
To cool the desert sands.
Nor why when Canaan looks so sweet and fair,
Strong deadly foes are waiting everywhere.
But then God understands.
We can not see why Jacob, all night long.
Must hold his feeble arm against the Strong
To get his high demands,
Nor why even now some souls in anguish plead
When God is waiting to supply each need,
But then God understands.
We can but wonder why some lives are bound
With chains of steel, nor hear a sweeter sound
Than toil's severe commands,

While Time makes melody for other ears,
As perfect as music of the spheres,
But then He understands.
There must be purpose in our pain and strife.
And when rue mingles with the wine of life.
If we are in His hands,
So when we can not conquer with the strong.
We need not with the vanquished suffer wrong
Because He understands.
Sometimes I look upon the glowing west,
And think I see some shining mountain crest
In distant Eden lands,
And thankful for the way my feet have trod,
I care not which the path if close to God.
Because He understands—May God's Felix Plants.

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