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SABBATH RECORDER :: PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

WILD GEese

Frederick S. Place, A. M.
The wild gander's cry
Drops down from the sky
Low and heavy with November night;
From the Northland star,
Without compass or star,
He is soaring by faith, not by sight.
North's summer is past
And, gathering fast,
Night and darkness sweep over the land;
To escape from their wrath
He is held in his path
By a loving, omnipotent Hand.
In some far arid stream
Lit by morning's red beam
He will soon dip his horn, tined breast;
By the green, reedy shore,
His tell-tale flight o'er
Through the warm, wintry winter's chill.
His call from the cloud
In my heart echoes loud;
I, too, would be up, and away.
Years hurrying fast
And youth quickly past
Bring age with its dim, wintry ray.
But cheerful and bright
We can work with the rest
Of the world's helpful, hurrying throng;
For, when labor is over,
There is peace everywhere.
In a Land bright with summer and song.
School of Agriculture.
Alfred, N. Y.

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Plains Publishing Co., Plainfield, N. J. 
Nov. 28, 1915

Printed at Plainfield, N. J., for the Sabbath Recorder and Youth's Companion. 

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 70, No. 22
PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 20, 1915
WHOLE NO. 3591

Two Great Men of the Colored Race

In the death of Booker T. Washington, on November 14, the colored race in this country lost its greatest benefactor and most successful leader. He will be regarded in generations to come as the Moses who led his people from the Egypt of their bondage and degradation to the promised land of freedom and manhood.

More than half a century ago we were stirred by the burning words of Frederick Douglass, whose life story was like a wonderful romance. All admired the man who could rise from slavery and the direst poverty to become an eloquent and successful leader of men. The last time I saw him he was aged and gray, but still mighty as an orator, to move men. It seemed then that Frederick Douglass could hardly be excelled as a representative of the negro people. But two years ago, when I saw something of the power of Booker T. Washington over an immense audience of his own people, as well as over hundreds of the white race, I was compelled to admit that in him Frederick Douglass had a worthy rival. Seldom does one hear such practical, sensible counsels, full of inspiration and uplift to a needy people, as Booker T. Washington gave to his brethren of the negro race.

Frederick Douglass was a champion for the emancipation of his people. Patiently, earnestly, successfully, he toiled to free the slaves from the yoke of political and physical bondage. All honor to Doublas, the emancipator. Booker T. Washington was a champion for the economic and social emancipation of his race. His work of practical education was different indeed from the work of Doublas; and greater was the task of bringing moral, domestic, intellectual, social and religious betterment to the colored people of the South than was that of securing their political freedom. The enfranchisement of the negro has been the loss of an intelligent, conscientious, industrious, earnest and proficient leader whose place will be hard to fill. Fully 8,000 persons, 5,500 more than could get into the chapel, gathered at his funeral in Tuskegee, Ala., to pay their tribute of respect to Booker T. Washington.

Timely Warning

In a recent speech before President Wilson at the Manhattan Club of New York City, President Wilson gave a timely warning against the efforts in some sections of this country to set denominations at variance, in matters political and otherwise, and insisted that for the good of the nation the tendency should be guarded against. Instead of pulling apart and setting church against church, there should be an honest effort on the part of churches to get together against common evils, and to work heart and hand to promote those things wherein they agree. The words of a man who has been able to keep America in a state of peace in the face of untold provocation will have great weight with the American people. Here is what he says:

May I not say, while I am speaking, that there is a misunderstanding. We are not in the least disagreeing. We are the friends of Dr. Douglass. We should rebuke not only manifestations of racial feeling here in America where there should be none, but also every manifestation of religious and sectarian antagonism. It does not become America to widen her borders, where every man is free to follow the dictates of his conscience and worship God as he pleases, men should stand together against common evils, and to work heart and hand to promote those things wherein they agree.

To do that is to strike at the very heart and soul of America. We are a God-fearing people. We are the friends of church and of the worship, but we are united in believing in Divine Providence and in worshiping the God of Nature. We are the champions of religious right here and everywhere that it may be our privilege to give it our countenance and support. The government of the United States is safe, and the nation is conscious of the obligation. Let no man create divisions where there are none.

Dr. Hills Honored

A few days ago Dr. Dwight Hills was called west by the death of a relative, and before he left, a beautiful tribute to his wonderful accomplishments and confidence was presented him by his congregation. Last Sunday Dr. Hills was welcomed back by an immense audience that filled
Plymouth church, and Colonel William C. Beecher, son of Henry Ward Beecher, made an address and presented resolutions assembling the pastor of the unshaken confidence of his people. He also announced that a substantial testimonial of $5,000 would be handed Dr. Hilly as an evidence of their pledge to him of undying love and loyalty. Mr. Beecher said in closing, "We know you and trust you; and we shall stand fearlessly around you."

She Could "Sing It on Any Page" A little girl who loved to join with the family in singing gospel hymns kept urging her father to sing her favorite song, "The Lily of the Valley." Upon being told to wait until he could find the page, she exclaimed, "Don't bother, papa, I can sing it on any page!" She was a bright, happy child whose heart was so full of her choicest song that she could sing it no matter what page was turned to her. She might be looking upon a song of sorrow or one of joy, upon a song of peace or of war, upon a mourning dirge or a wedding march, it made no difference to her; she would sing the song of the Friend who takes away all griefs and who has all our sorrows borne.

"What a blessing it would be if God's grown-up children could be like that little girl! With the pages of our life book are written full of trials, with God turning us to a leaf on which is a record of disappointments, burdens, bereavements, distressing sickness, what strength and help would come to our hearts were so filled with faith's precious music and trustful confidence that we are earnestly opposed to war as a means to be used for the settlement of difficulties among nations; that we believe it to be wrong and un-Christian; that arbitration is the only method which can be made satisfactory and honorable to all; and that we fully believe the words of One who said, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.""

Resolved, That the Seventh Day Baptist churches in General Conference assembled do hereby place themselves on record being opposed to war, and earnestly opposed to war as a means to be used for the settlement of difficulties among nations; that we believe it to be wrong and un-Christian; that arbitration is the only method which can be made satisfactory and honorable to all; and that we fully believe the words of One who said, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.""

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After giving a brief account of the plans of the commission so far as my knowledge of them goes, I improved the best opportunity that I had to state what one may believe to be the general attitude of those of us who believe in the Federal Council and desire to have a place, though a small one, in this great religious and social movement. My talk was substantially as follows:

Personally, my sympathies have been actively with this growing movement for sixteen years; and for the reason that it has long been my conviction that all followers of Jesus Christ should co-operate in the work of his kingdom in the largest possible measure. We are not in the Council in order to press upon your attention any of our particular church doctrines, however highly we may value them; or to oppose the doctrines of any other body of believers. We approve the declared principles of the Federal Council, and are members of it for the sake of its fellowship in the Lord, that we may cooperate with the rest of you in the interests of individual and social salvation and righteousness.

For this very reason, as occasion seems to require, we must affirm, and in a good spirit, we trust, that Sunday Laws, in their historical sense, from Constantine on, are directly hostile to the principle and practice of co-operation, in the case of hundreds of thousands of good citizens and Christians, to protect public worship, on Sunday or any day, by law, from unreasoning interference; to secure for all hand and brain toilers the privilege of better observance of the Sunday, - none of them is Sunday legislation.

And, brethren, with malice toward none, with charity for all, and not from a denominational but from a Christian standpoint, it is most earnestly declared to be our judgment that such Sunday Laws are not co-operation; but that they are opposed to the liberty of the gospel preached by Jesus and his apostles; to the principles of civil and religious freedom for which America stands; and to the Council’s noble Berliner Declaration of Principles; and therefore that such legislation is unwise, ethically wrong, and a stumbling-block in the path along which Opportunity urges the Churches of Christ in America to growing unity among all believers, to larger service, and to increasing efficiency.

I thank you for this privilege and for your courteous attention.

Our attitude, thus set forth, received cordial indorsement. Of course the promoters of Sunday Laws, and of The Lord’s Day Congress, held very largely present, but the brain and heart and directing energy of the Council were represented there.

Peter Ainslee, D. D., of Baltimore, chairman of the Commission on Sunday Observance, has been very seriously sick, and could not call a meeting of its members, and so the expected work by Secretary Macfarland and by our people at the Milton Conference; but there is to be an annual meeting of the Executive Committee and of the Commissions, in Columbus, Ohio, December 8–10, 1914. And it is intended to make the wisest and most earnest effort possible to get the Executive Committee to pronounce against “Sunday Laws.”

Alfred Theological Seminary, Alfred, N. Y.

To Every One His Burden

To every one on earth God has given a burden to be carried down.

The road that lies between the cross and crown.

No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry a light
Open and visible to all eyes,
And all may see its form and weight and size;
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it there unguessed.

-GiFFORD PINCHOT
she shall have no need of spoil.

As a husband must be constantly worshiped by trust, destitute of virtue, or seeking pleasure where, or devoid of good qualities, yet a evidently, even in her own house. Though aged one, nothing must be done independ­ently, even in her own house. Though destitute of virtue, or seeking pleasure else­where, or devoid of good qualities, yet a husband must be constantly worshiped by his wife.

"The heart of her husband doth safely dwell in the heart of her husband doth safely

Blessed of God (Gen. I: 28). As com­panion and helper in the home, she must be considered as a servant. Her husband should take her counsel as her interests as his own consideration. He was a young man who had come under the influences of the missionary and had learned and attended, as best he could, what was really the development of his powers of logic, was interpreted as a "lazy streak." Back in the jungle he did not find it necessary to earn the clothes on his back, for he did not need clothes. He did not need to know about the scientific ways of raising food for all he had to do when he wanted something was to climb the nearest banana tree for his noonday meal. Then the expected house word came that Tuskegee had done all that it could for the young man and that it was time that he was sent back to the dark continent.

This negro boy was no different than thousands of the black men who were brought to this country years ago by the slave traders. Their minds were the minds of children and the wonder is that even after all these years the negroes have de­veloped mentally as well as they have. If there is any one man who should have the credit for the great educational ad­vantages which have been given the negroes since they were given their freedom, it is Booker T. Washington, who died one week ago today.

He was criticized by many men of his own race because he did not attempt to raise the social standing of the negro to that of the white man. But Washington saw that was an impossibility now. Edu­cation must do its work first and he would secure the desired end by helping his peo­ple care for themselves. He was the edu­cational statesman of the highest order, be­cause he was a sanely opportunist enough not to let unattainable ideals interfere with the success of the work immediately in hand.

The case of the negro boy who came from Africa and was under the great edu­cator, is only typical of the condition in which the negro race was found soon after the slavery days. That has been one of the great problems of the negro race since the war, and Washington more than any other man had solved the problem of how to de­velop the backward race. He has met the great need of negro progress and the work is one that will not stop, now that he is dead.—Editorial in Westerly (R. I.) Sun.

What is the right kind of a theological seminary? President E. Y. Mullins, of Louisville, Ky., in his address at the Hous­ton Convention declared that the right kind of a theological seminary will do these five things: (1) It will aim to make every student who goes out a man with a message; (2) It will not waste valuable time in seek­ing to solve problems that are insoluble; (3) It will make the right kind of an appeal to the student—the appeal of the truth of God's word; (4) It will give due propor­tion in emphasizing the truth; and (5) It will put the Bible right in the center of its whole system and keep it there.—Biblical Recorder.

"The most effectual way to ornament the old home with beautiful attractions is to travel a long distance away from it and then come back."
and discontented with their surroundings and occupations.

The mother-in-law was a stepmother to her husband, with a quick temper and not easy to please. The father-in-law was pleasant when sober, but he drank increasingly. He often whispered to his wife that the parents-in-law were not pleased with her. They sent her home after a year or so of nagging and bickering, but the husband stood by her. He visited her, he was go-between for his own parents and her, and after some time he succeeded in bringing his wife back again. She had little chance to see people or places there in that retired farming village, miles from the railroad. Once a great and, to her, strange, foreigner from America came to the house at her husband's request, and all the men and children of the village and many from neighboring hamlets crowded to see and, if practical, to hear this strange traveler. She was the only woman present. It was very strange and foreign to her everyday life.

She could have told you more of his shoes and hat, I fear, than of his address that night. Her own strength was absorbed in trying to see that the right people went away in the right shoes. After all, she did not have the strength to do that. That head, that poise, that mixture of boys, by intention, went away in newer and better shoes than they brought! That name was Bishop and that he was the mission secretary and treasurer of the church which had founded the Ishinomaki work where her husband got his foreign ideas, she could never have understood or remembered had any one taken the trouble to tell her.

The husband began to feel a desire to give all his time to Christian work. The Young Men's Society, which he had actively engaged in, was a great delight. The lack of Christian fellowship where he lived became more and more intolerable. Perhaps as a step toward that—perhaps he would have it today principle any way—he asked the Bible woman (who in turn asked the missionary) to talk to his wife and try to get her to be a Christian. It bid fare to be a monologue, and about as unsatisfactory a one as could well be.

After what was thought to be an introduction, the missionary began to ask questions: "Do you feel that there is really any sin in your heart?" "Is there a feeling of lack of satisfaction?" "What thoughts have you on religion?" "What have you believed in the past?" "Do you believe there really is one God who made the world?" Such questions were repeated by the Bible woman that the country woman be not bothered by a foreign accent. She was much more dumb after dark when Margareta Bridger or Helen Keller would have been.

The Bible woman was urged to try her method of dealing with the woman. She tried alone with the same result. Had it been an ordinary home, both workers would have left in despair at ever bridging the gulf between themselves and the woman, but the husband expected something from that interview, no doubt had prayed much about it, and a failure to reach either here or head meant that the woman would probably always think Christianity was too difficult and unattractive for her to have anything to do with. So the two workers tried to create self-confidence and desire.

Finally she did speak and say: "My husband is very anxious for me to become a Christian, and for his sake I want to, but I don't know the first thing about how to be one." Not a very satisfactory confession an employee's head goes, but it did show some desire and feeling for her husband and the teaching of the Lord.

After that the essentials of the faith were repeated and she was urged to take every opportunity of hearing even the children's Bible-school talks, to welcome any instruction that her husband might give her, and to pray. In about six months after that she was received into the Ishinomaki Church. The missionary always thought it must have been more from the viewpoint that her husband would see that she did nothing very un-Christian than from her own growth in faith.

Soon after that the husband left her and the children for a year's study in Tokio with Mr. Woodworth and Miss Penrod. Then he told his mission to Utsunomiya. There being no church building, the meetings were held in his house. Japanese rooms being separated by paper doors which do not well keep out sound, whether she attended the meetings or not she constantly heard them.

Eight years she had lived in Utsunomiya, and sometime in them her heart must have received God's love and mercy, for she brought one of her neighbors to church and to wish to be a Christian.

On coming to Ishinomaki she again came in touch with the same missionary who had found such an unpromising inquirer ten years before. But her spirit was very different. Her topics of conversation were largely of her husband's work and her desire for its success. She regretted many times that she had not made the advantages which our Girl's School gave her daughter, and seemed to fear, as many a mother has, that her daughter was growing away from her in realms most desirable, but into which she could never go to enter.

One night in May, as three boys were studying in the English class in the missionary's rooms upstairs in the parsonage, the daughter appeared. "Send for a doctor for mother quick!" she said. One student was a doctor's assistant, and he started on the run for his master. Why she did not have the strength to endure that night, no one can exactly tell. Two doctors and two nurses had done what they could 'without avail.

During her illness her husband had often whispered to her, "Remember three things: salvation, Christ, and the Cross. Do you understand?" She signified that she did. But when he asked her at the last, "Do you know the way to the place to which you are going?" she was too weak to give any response.

Her cousin, a refined gentlewoman, but not a Christian, said later: "One day she told me, 'Often I feel troubled about money matters, or about the children and their future, but then I begin to sing hymns and my worries go away and I am happy.' I told her if her heart was in that state it was a good state in which to be." 

The relation of this husband and wife live near, and they made a good part of the audience at the funeral in the church.

It is customary for some friend to read a short history of the dead, aside from the minister's remarks, but, having just come back to this district after eight years' absence, no one felt equal to writing of one so unknown, so the husband gave it. He said he had tried to write it but could not.

Japanese always speak very humbly of their own families, so he spoke of the learning and natural gifts which she lacked as well as the faithfulness and unity
of purpose and obedience which she gave him. He enlarged upon, and gave details of, her sacrifices for her children. "I always remembered, in whatever circumstances we were or whatever was lacking, that she was the mother of my children. Every evening at family prayers we remembered the four children in heaven as if they were one of our family. Now half our family is in heaven, but as we work we shall feel that they are not far away, but we are one family still.”

I am failing utterly in giving you the tenderness and pathos of the occasion, but I think most people came away feeling that to have been "only a mother," a Christian mother, was to have loved and been loved. They have received life’s best, if not most praised rewards.—Alice True, in Christian Missionary.

Ishinomaki, Japan.

Our Work in Java

For the Sabbath Recorder

Dear Friends: I have been longing so often to write to you; but I have been kept busy lately. My thoughts are with you very, very often, especially when I receive the Sabbath Recorder, which I read with lively interest. I am looking out for news about the General Conference, as I want to know if the Lord has answered my prayers by giving you a time of great blessings.

With deep regret I have read about the death of Brother Davis in China. May our Lord comfort his loved ones. Is not the Lord answering my prayers by giving me a clearer sight of his power and omnipotence? I see now better than I could see before, that he will do the work, and I shall look out for him and his might, while I am doing the little things he shows me to do. So I am happy again,—yes, happier than ever I have been.

A loving letter from Mrs. Ellen S. Vincent, Nortonville, Kan., has cheered me very much. Especially I was deeply touched by her mother’s love for me, as she sent me a beautiful gift out of her “Thank-offering Box,” with such sweet words of sympathy. Oh, isn’t it nice to be remembered like that, and to be sustained by the prayer of God’s dear saints! You see, dear mother, how God is answering your prayers for me.

Also I received one dollar sent by Theophilus A. Gill from Los Angeles; but I don’t know his proper address; so I send it on to you by way of explanation.

Bless Gawd, ya, ya,” replied the colored man, “long ago—long ago.”

Then the solicitor asked, “In what company?”

Uncle Ned answered, “I’m a Baptist; I’m a Baptist,—a deep-watah Baptist.”

Mr. Tanksley realized that the old man had not understood the question, but, anyhow, he asked,—

“How long has it been since you joined?”

“I jined,” replied Uncle Ned, “de same day dat de stars fell.”

“Do you carry any insurance?” asked the solicitor, by way of explanation.

Uncle Ned answered, “I’m a Baptis’, sah; I’m a Baptist,—a deep-watah Baptist.”

Mr. Tanksley realized that the old man had not understood the question, but, anyhow, he asked,—

“How long has it been since you joined?”

“I jined,” replied Uncle Ned, “de same day dat de stars fell.”

“Tha’s been a long while. Does your company pay any dividends?”

“Boss,” said Uncle Ned, with a broad grin, “dat question is plumb o’ my reach. What is you tryin’ to git at?”

“Why, Uncle Ned,” said Mr. Tanksley, “a dividend is interest paid on your money; and if you’ve been paying your money into one company for more than thirty years, surely not ought to be experiencing any dividends long before now, especially if it’s an old-line company.”

“Well,” said Uncle Ned, “hit sho’ is de ole-line company—hit sho’ is. De Lawd sot hit up hit’s way back yonder on Cal-varee’s tree. But I ain’t neva hee-aah tell o’ no in’ tru’ ner divverdenders ner nuthin’ o’ dat sawt; an’ you ain’t hee-aah me say nuthin’ ‘call bout payin’ in no money for thirty yeats—you know you ain’t. Salvation’s free, white man, salvation’s free—you know dat ez well ez I do.”

“Oh, I see,” said Mr. Tanksley, with much condescension,—"I see that I’ve misunderstood you. You’re talking about your soul’s salvation.”

“Dat’s what I is,” chimed in Uncle Ned, “—dat’s what I is.”

“I came,” resumed the solicitor, “to talk to you about insuring your body in case of accident, sickness or death.”

“Ain’t de Lawd fer us all,” said Uncle Ned, with a far-off expression on his face,—“accordents is fer us all, an’ dah ain’t no gittin’ ’round death.”

“That’s true,” responded the patient solicitor,—"that’s true; insurance companies can’t prevent sickness and accidents and death any more than you can, Uncle Ned, but insurance companies can and do help you bear your burdens in time of trouble.”

"Dat’s jes’ what my ‘ligion does,” said the old man with supreme satisfaction,—"dat’s jes’ what my ‘ligion does.”

Only a faith which is sufficient to believe beyond the seen—a love which is able to walk childlike and lowly with its God are willing to acknowledge the stupendous mystery without losing heart and trust.—Henry Wilder Foote.

"There are three things a man needs: a faith, a health, and a guide sense. If he can have these three, let it be a faith sense; for God can give him health, and God can give him grace, but nobody can give him common sense.”
WOMAN'S WORK

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

The Missionary's Call

My soul is not at ease. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit like a dream of
night.
That tells me I am on enchanted ground.
My soul is not at ease. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit like a dream of
night.
That tells me I am on enchanted ground.

Medical Missionary Conference at Battle Creek

MRS. A. E. WHITFORD

For several years a medical missionary
conference has been held at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, the missionaries and
delegates being the guests of the sanitarium.
It was a great privilege to represent
the Woman's Board at the seventh annual Medical Missionary Conference, November
fifteenth.

The program was rich and varied and
increased in interest as the sessions con-
venered.
Rev. Harlan P. Beach, D. D., dean of
Yale University School of Missions, pre-
 sided. Over twenty-seven fields outside
the United States were represented. While
it was a medical missionary conference, by
no means were all the missionaries phy-
sicians. Several from mission fields in
our own United States were present.
The conference was opened by a fellow-
ship banquet, Tuesday afternoon, November
second, served in the beautiful dining-room
of the sanitarium. This was followed by
an introductory meeting in the chapel with
addresses of welcome by Dr. J. H. Kel-
logg and others. After this came the re-
ception, when the reception committee very
pleasantly introduced the delegates to many
of the missionaries present.
At all times the hospitality and good
cheer of the sanitarium were felt and
deeply appreciated by the guests.
It will be possible to mention only a few
of the very able and inspiring speakers on
the program.
Rev. William Axling, Baptist Board,
Tokyo, spoke most enthusiastically of "The
Christian Conquest of Japan," contrasting
the attitude of the emperor of twenty-five
years ago toward Christianity and the gift
of $25,000 of the present emperor to carry
forward the good work. He said, after
being years on the field, he wished to cor-
rect any ideas formed from reading the
newspapers that war was imminent be-
tween Japan and the United States. "Ja-
nan has no idea of war," he said, "and
most of what we read along that line is yel-
low journalism."

Perhaps there was no more popular
speaker in the conference than Rev. W. D.
Powell, of the South Baptist Board, a typi-
cal southerner, who kept all laughing with
his negro dialect stories, which he told as
only one who knows the negro can.
For many years a missionary in Mexico,
but now of Kentucky, his address on
"The Uplift of the Gospel in the South"
re-
 planned him to be a deeply spiritual man,
doing a wonderful work. For nine years he
has averaged organizing one church a week.
W. Henry Grant, whom Dr. Beach in-
 troduced as the father of Canton Christian
College, spoke briefly of "Missionary Med-
icine and Experiences," and introduced Pro-
 fessor Sz-To Wai, who is principal of
the primary school. It was exceedingly inter-
esting to watch his face light up as he de-
scribed the daily work of his boys. "I
ask them, 'What could it be?"' he said, "and
could he do otherwise than succeed when his heart
is so full of love for his work!"
Rev. Orville Reed, secretary of the Pres-
bbyterian Board, spoke of the great need of
nurses on the foreign field. He said there
was money enough to send them but it was
extremely difficult to find the nurses.
Surely, an unusual experience to have the
funds but not the workers to go. More
often are we begging for the money to
send those eager to go. This was followed
by the actual experiences of a trained nurse
in East India, Miss Bertha Johnson, home
on her first furlough.

"The Aspects of Medical Work in West
China" was most interesting illustrated by
Dr. Edgar T. Shields, who told us there
was only one missionary station further
west in China than this and that only thirty
miles. He was dressed in Chinese cos-
tume, evening dress for a gentleman. The
scenery was very beautiful, showing the
queer Chinese boats and their methods of
pulling the boats along from the shore.
No missionary made a more profound
impression on me for his spirituality than
Rev. H. L. Weber, M. D., Kamerun, West
Africa. This territory being German, is
now in the war zone and so dangerous that
the missionaries have no assurance of being
allowed to return with them. Dr. Weber
left before the conference was over to pre-
pare to return. Only two or three mis-
sionaries are allowed to return at a time.
A wonderful work is being done among the
natives, with hundreds of conversions. All
who express the desire and intention to
become Christians are taken on probation
for two years. One of the necessary steps
is to renounce the fetish religion, another
Thursday evening, at ten o'clock,
Kellogg's corn flake factory and
were served a banquet there.

Wednesday afternoon, at four o'clock,
by special invitation, we visited W. K.
Kellogg's corn flake factory and were
served a banquet there.

Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, we
were given an automobile tour through the
city by courtesy of the chamber of
commerce.

Sunday afternoon, November seventh, at
the home of Mrs. J. H. Kellogg, it was a
great pleasure to meet the Ladies' Aid So-
ciety of the Seventh Day Baptist Church.
We talked together of the work of the
Woman's Board, striving to get into closer
touch in the work of our Master, in whose
service we are all engaged.

Milton, Wis.
After the reading and correction of the minutes, the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. Babcock in December, who was informed that the ten-year-old sister of the bride married the eleven-year-old brother of the bridegroom. As the girl he was marrying was prettier and fairer than his sister the bridegroom had to pay about $25 to boot for what he was getting. Had his sister been as pretty as the girl he was getting in exchange for her, there would have been no need of passing any money.

“When a boy intimates to his parents that he wants to marry a certain girl, or if parents think that a certain girl would make a good daughter-in-law, the following customs are observed: The father of the boy and a few friends visit the home of the girl. If the girl's parents are dead, the eldest brother takes the father's place, in accordance with Biblical customs. After the cordial reception, accompanied by black coffee, is given to the visitors, they proceed with the business on hand. The parents and bridegroom, with the girl’s father of course, consulting their children. This done they decide upon a date for the engagement.

The engagement takes place usually in the village. The future bride and groom are present at the engagement; the former is betrothed, however, is under no circumstances to part with mutual addresses until the latter, the bridegroom, who stand on the roof of the house of the young couple bringing to their home of the young couple the handkerchief a coin is put in. In this handkerchief a coin is given to the visiting groom and, as the bridegroom, who stand on the roof of the house of the young couple their relatives. The bridegroom must be present. As for the bride, he is to be present at the engagement; the one to be betrothed, however, is under no circumstances to part with mutual addresses with the bridegroom, who stand on the roof of the house of the young couple bringing to their home of the young couple the handkerchief a coin is put in. In this handkerchief a coin is given to the visiting groom and, as the bridegroom, who stand on the roof of the house of the young couple their relatives. The bridegroom must be present.

“The custom of Biblical times of marrying in one’s family or in the village where one is born is seldom observed. It is generally known that inhabitants of the villages of Judæa prefer to get wives from the Nablus district; the population of the district being poor, girls can be obtained at lower rates. The price is primarily based on the bodily charms of the ‘merchandise.’ Like in the day of Rachel, ‘eyes brilliant and large like those of a gazelle’ and white, smooth skin are still regarded as important qualities in a woman. But the demand is also for knowledge of household duties, obedience, taciturnity and last, but not least, good ancestry. Among the Falahs (the common people, or peasantry) the price for a girl ranges from $50 to $150. City girls bring up to $800 apiece. There are times when daughters of various families are exchanged. A friend of mine told me of a case in Silwan, near Jerusalem, a purely Mohammedan village, which has preserved its customs in spite of being near the city. For said that the woman of the bride married the eleven-year-old brother of the bridegroom. As the girl he was marrying was prettier and fairer than his sister the bridegroom had to pay about $25 to boot for what he was getting. Had his sister been as pretty as the girl he was getting in exchange for her, there would have been no need of passing any money.

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mentioned in the New Testament in connection with the wedding of Cana. He is the leader of the entire affair, and all must obey. Of all the guests several rise in the same time, sing, dance and make merry. Old and young of both sexes watch these men at their dances, and yells of the women resound through the house. I took part in such entertainment in Dshenem, and have joyous the harmless affair.

"While these entertainments go on, the nearest relatives go to the city to purchase jewelry and the wedding dress for the bride. Many times I met such caravans through the mountains on their way to Jerusalem. Their joyous yells echoed for miles."

"Then finally the day of the bringing home, the climax of the affair, comes. The bride is helped by her friends in making her ablutions. While this is taking place the girl friends who are with her sing and dance before her. After the ablutions she is dressed in her wedding gown and her jewelry. The bridegroom, on the other hand, is carefully shaved by his friends and attired in the festive garb. Among the Christians now follows the church ceremony. The men take the bridegroom to church. Behind him, heavily veiled, follows his bride on horseback, with her women friends. The marriage in church also is legalized only by the presence of witnesses, just like the engagement. After the church ceremony the bride is taken by friends to her father’s home and the bridegroom by his friends to his father’s home. Among the Mohammedans the marriage takes place by the Kadi, the judge of the village, the bride and groom being only represented by two men. Festivities on that day last until sun down. These, however, are not the same in all localities. They differ greatly. In the evening the real wedding festival begins.

"The first thing after the march through the village by the entire gathering is the supper. The guests, invited and uninvited ones eat down on the floor of the ill-lighted room, and earthen bowls with meat and rice are handed to them. Six to eight persons eat from the same dish, as they are gathered around it. When they have enough, they move away from the dish and others take their places at it and eat what is left. After the meal, warm, pure milk is given to the distinguished guests. After that each guest is handed a cup of coffee.

"While the coffee is being consumed the friend of the bridegroom, aided by his assistants, looks over the guests minutely and invites those who do not wish to leave the house without delay. If they show a desire to remain they are taken out by his assistants. This done, the music begins to play. It consists of three musicians. Their instruments are a mandolin, zither and drum. The instruments are accompanied by songs. Several guests rise to begin the sword dance. In some places the sword is not used any longer in the dance. A handkerchief is swung in the right hands of the dancers. Those who do not take place in the sword dance have to pay a fine in money, which goes to the musicians. After the dance the friends of the bridegroom place a handkerchief on the floor. In this the guests have to place coins as wedding gifts. The sum placed in the handkerchief is called out by the friend, together with the name of the giver and with a blessing for him. Some guests place their donations in small installments, that their names may be called out several times. The givers expect the newly married man to give at least an equal sum on their festive occasions, so that it is really a loan, not a gift. Among Christians this part of the ceremony is substituted by each giver placing the money in the hand of the bridegroom.

"While these festivities go on in the home of the bridegroom, similar festivities take place in the home of the bride. The givers are only for women. The only men present are the bridegroom and his father, together with two very near friends. After a dance, started by the bride’s mother, the bride is dressed for the journey to the home of the bridegroom. If any of her relatives complain of not having received his present from the bridegroom, the bride is not allowed to leave her father’s home. In some cases the bride’s brother, even if he is only ten years old, can go from going to her husband, by complaining that he was not given what he expected to receive from the bridegroom. Sometimes scenes happen among the new relatives on both sides for such actions, and the festivities end with mutual curses.

"When at last everything is in readiness for the proceeding of the bride and her retinue to her future home, another hindrance takes place. The heavily veiled bride insists that she does not want to go to her bridegroom. This has been done in accordance with the traditions of her people. She may burn with anxiety to see the man she married, she may be feverish with love for him, but she has to pretend not to want to go to him. At times it takes an hour to persuade her to go to him. When at last they persuade her, the party starts out with yells of joy and songs.

"When the bride arrives on the threshold of her bridegroom’s home she takes a piece of dough and puts part of it on her own forehead and part on the door post. These actions are supposed to symbolize her duties of baking bread and carrying water. Once in the room she throws herself on the floor and her women friends put gold leaf on her nose and forehead. This done, the bridegroom takes off the veil of her face and she is officially declared his wife.

"At the Sacramento the bride’s mother takes a handkerchief in her hand and holds it out to the guests to put money donations in it. The women before placing the coins in the handkerchief press them first on the forehead of the bride, some also press coins on the bridegroom’s forehead. This is the end of the wedding ceremony.

"There are localities where the ceremonies differ. In some cases, the bridegroom is led to the home of the bride and she kisses his hand as he unveils her and as the friends wish them happiness and peace, part, leaving them for the first time together. In this way the marriage customs in the land of the Bible have hardly undergone changes since the days of the Old and New Testaments."—O. Leonard, in *Jewish Exponent*.

"For the heart grows rich in giving; All its wealth is growing grain. Seeds, which mildew in the garner, Scattered, all of them again. Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give health. Give love, give tears, and give thyself; Give, give, be always giving; Who gives not is not living. The more we give, the more we live."
Our Pledge

Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, Verona, N. Y.

Contributing Editor

MELVA A. CANFIELD

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 11, 1915

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Promises reasonable (Heb. 6: 13-20)
Monday—Jesus' pledge (Gen. 15: 5-18)
Tuesday—A pledged people (Exod. 24: 1-7)
Wednesday—A covenant reminder (1 Cor. 7: 17-20)
Thursday—the pledge-keeper (Ps. 103: 17-22)
Friday—Put on our honor (Matt. 5: 33-37)
Sabbath Day—The reasonableness and value of the pledge (Ps. 61: 1-8)

David strikes the keynote of the lesson in the last verse of the Sixty-first Psalm: "So will I sing praise unto thy name forever, that I may daily perform my vows. Yea, in righteousness, and in uprightness hast thou dealt with me; Thou art my trust, and my soul rests in thee." What is the "righteousness and uprightness" which cause spiritual growth? The trained athlete must diet. That does not mean that for a few days he shall abstain from rich foods, only to indulge the more because he has denied himself. It means three times, daily, and between meals he is caring. His physical growth and strength... We are to struggle against the natural fear which keeps us silent and hinders our growth. We are promising in Christ's strength to take some part in every service and to assist in the duties of the church organization. To the timid soul this seems the hardest clause, but it would not if we would go back to that part of our pledge which says, "I will read my Bible every day and pray,—earnest prayer that..."

SOME BIBLE PLEDGES

What covenant did God give to man in the days of Noah? (Exod. 9: 15-17.)

What covenant was given the Israelites? (Exod. 34: 28.)

As Christians are we members of this covenant? (Eph. 2: 12.)

How long does God remember his covenant? (Ps. 106: 45; 111: 5.)

Is it right to pledge God our service in return for what he has done for us? (Gen. 28: 20-22.)

To THINK ABOUT

How has the pledge helped you?

What clause have you left out?

What clause is hardest to keep?

To what extent am I relying on God for help?

Would all active members take part in every service?

How often does "I can't" mean "I won't"?

The Christian Endeavor Type

AMOS R. WELLS, LITT. D., LL. D.

Editorial Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor

There is a recognized type of W. C. T. U. women. There is a recognized type of Y. M. C. A. young men. There is a recognized type of Gideon. Any organization which says, "I will do all that you would have us do. This means..." --David.

We are to struggle against the natural fear which keeps us silent and hinders our growth. We are promising in Christ's strength to take some part in every service and to assist in the duties of the church organization. To the timid soul this seems the hardest clause, but it would not if we would go back to that part of our pledge which says, "I will read my Bible every day and pray,—earnest prayer that..."

The present, national citizenship superintendents of Christian Endeavor societies is Daniel A. Poling. During the last election he was Prohibition candidate for governor of Ohio—one of five Christian Endeavor candidates for governor in that election in five States and of different political parties, but all for clean government.

Poling was probably the youngest man that ever was gubernatorial candidate in any State. He hired an automobile, made a most remarkable speaking tour all over the State, and with his splendid oratory won so many votes that he far exceeded the record of his party. Moreover, he is as great a favorite as a speaker for the Anti-Saloon League as for the Prohibition party, and has done more than any one else to bring about the present union of temperance forces in the United States. He is a fine athlete and a most lovable fellow as well as a speaker and organizer of the first rank.

A Chinese Christian Endeavorer in California owned a raspberry patch. The raspberry grower warned him not to get in the habit of packing their fruit on Sunday ready for the Monday market, as the raspberry is a particularly perishable fruit. This Chinese Endeavorer, however, refused to pack his berries on Sunday, and his berries lasted longer than any others and brought a dollar more a crate.

When the Menlo blew up in Havana harbor, America was very proud of the new Endeavorer, Carlton H. Jencks. He had served on several war-ships, where he had organized Christian Endeavor societies among the men. In Nagasaki, Japan, he had not only established a Christian Endeavor home for sailors—a much-needed institution. The evening before the terrible catastrophe Jencks was the leader of a Christian Endeavor prayer meeting on board the Menlo, and his last words in conducting this meeting were most significant, "I am ready..."

Over in China a native girl, whose name means "Brave Virtue," was about to marry, but refused to take part in the usual idolatrous ceremonies, All one day and far into the night her relatives pleaded with her and threatened her, but in vain. After her marriage she stood out for the Christian Endeavorer. When her cross old mother-in-law would not have money enough for her ferry fare over to the Christian Endeavor meeting-place, her Christian Endeavor friends paid the way. At last she even started a Christian school in her own house, and a church has grown out of it.

Illustrations like these might be given literally by the hundred. They would concern young men and young women and...
boys and girls. They would picture whites and blacks and red and yellow, the young people of every country and every class. All over the world the Christian Endeavor type is the same. It is brave and devoted. It is sane and sensible. It is intelligent and aggressive. It is consecrated and faithful. It is conscientious and determined. Above all, it is fervently and loyally Christian.

Such a type of character is well worth perpetuating and multiplying in the earth.

An Open Letter to the Pastors of America

FROM REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D. D., LL. D.,
President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union

The great two-year campaign upon which the members of the societies of Christian Endeavor throughout the world have already entered so heartily, I believe will be of particular interest to you, as a pastor and leader of the young.

This campaign which, as perhaps you know, contemplates the bringing to Christ of a million young people within the next two years, is itself the following standards, among others.

A Million New Converts, A Million New Church Members, A Million New Dollars for Missions.

That these are not mere catch words, and that these are not impossible standards that have been set up, has been proved by the fact that in more than one of the States throughout the country the campaign is already in progress; and an apportionment has been made to each State, and in many States to each county and local union, and by these unions to each society, of the numbers for which these societies, unions and States should strive. The apportionment has been accepted with the greatest enthusiasm, and in some States and unions have decided to take more than their apportionment of the "millions."

That these plans are not chimerical is also proved by the fact that, some years ago, a similar campaign which had for its object "Ten Thousand New Christian Endeavor Societies and a Million New Members" was entirely successful, and more than the proposed gain was made within the next two years.

We have every reason to believe that this campaign for the two years to come will be no less successful. It is much broader in its scope, and, as you see, contemplates not only a million new Christian Endeavorers, but, as has been said, an equal number of new additions to the churches and to the invisible kingdom of Christ.

We confidently believe that such an effort will appeal to the pastors of the land, and, if heartily endorsed by them, and the young people encouraged to do their best, there can be no doubt that the proposed numbers will be largely increased.

Is not this a revival of religion worth striving for? Is not this an effective type of evangelism in which every church in the country may have some part?

Moreover, another item in this campaign is the effort to secure Five Thousand Life Work Recruits, which means that five thousand young people will dedicate themselves to the work of the ministry, or to the mission field, or to some other distinct life work for the Master.

But much depends upon the cooperation of pastor and church with the young people. If they are not or lukewarm in their approval, the young people can do comparatively little. If they are hearty and sympathetic, a limit can scarcely be set.

If you have such a society, may we not confidently count upon your cooperation? If you have not, will you not join us in the "campaign for millions?" Full information about the plans and methods of the Christian Endeavor society and of this particular campaign, will gladly be furnished to any one who cares for it.

Counting confidently on your hearty approval and co-operation, we remain

Respectfully and faithfully yours,

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

En route to Honolulu.

Nebuchadnezzar's Prayer

If tradition is true, Nebuchadnezzar, the great king of Babylon, was the most cruel king in all history. If we may trust the records which Nebuchadnezzar himself has left, no king in history was more pious than he. The Jews have pictured him as the arch oppressor of their nation; they say that so wicked was he that the gods punished him by transforming him into a calf for seven years.

His own inscriptions represent him as a man who had little interest in war, who delighted in restoring the fallen temples and in building new ones, who started anew the fires upon the temple altars, and who was fond of uttering long prayers.

Recently there have been presented to the New York Public Library two cylinders inscribed with Nebuchadnezzar's royal records. One is very large, containing nearly one hundred and fifty lines of writing, telling how he built the walls of Babylon, and his temple. It contains two prayers to local deities. The other cylinder is very small. The greater part of the inscription is a prayer to the great Sun-god Shamash.

There are indications that cruelty and piety go hand in hand, and however oppressive Nebuchadnezzar may have been to the captive Jews, his reverence for the gods was great. He was the king and the high priest. At first his prayers might seem selfish and entirely personal, but in praying for his own welfare, he was praying for the welfare of the state and all of his people. He asked for the destruction of his enemies, but his enemies were the enemies of the state. Even the prayer for a long line of posterity was for the benefit of those yet unborn.

The first prayer in the longer cylinder is to Nin-harrak, the goddess who guards his life and makes his dreams pleasant, and whose temple he had restored. He prays: "O Nin-harrak, Majestic Mistress, when with joy thou enterest thy house, Ehasargal, the house of thy pleasure, may words in my favor be ever upon thy lips. Increase my days and make long my years. Descree for me a long life and an abundance of posterity. Give peace to my soul. Protect me and make my visions clear. Oh, in the presence of Marduk, Lord of heaven and earth, command the destruction of my foes and the ruin of the land of my enemies."

A more beautiful prayer is that to Lugal-Marrada, whose temple he has restored. The inscription upon the large cylinder ends with it.

"O Lugal-Marrada, Lord of All, hero, look favorably upon the work of my hands. Grant as a gift a life of distant days, an abundance of posterity, security to the throne and a long reign. Smite the evil-minded; break their weapons, and devastate all the lands of my enemies. Say all of these days by fearful weapons, which spare not the foe, stretch forth and be sharp for the defeat of my enemies. Oh, may they ever be at my side. Intercede with Marduk for me, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, and make my deeds appear acceptable to him."

The prayer to Shamash, the Sun-god, upon the small cylinder, is perhaps still more beautiful. It reads:

"O Shamash, Great God, look with kindly grace upon my deeds. Bestow upon me as a gift a life of many days, and an abundance of posterity to the throne, and a long continuation of my family reign. Receive in faith the raising up of my hand. In accordance with thy exalted command, which is unalterable, may my deed, the work of my hand, endure forever. May my successor be endowed with royal power; may he be firmly established in the land."

When my hand is raised to thee, O Sovereign Shamash, open the way to the destruction of my enemy, for thou art Shamash. May thy fearful weapon, which is invincible, be at my side for the overthrow of my enemy."

"As the foundations of thy Temple Ebarra have been laid for all time, so may my years be prolonged through eternity."


A man on coming home one evening found his house locked up. After much difficulty, he managed to climb in through a window. On the table in the dining room he found the following note not knowing his wife: "Have gone out. You will find the door key under the mat."—Jewish Exponent.
CHILDREN'S PAGE

Enough for Two

One umbrella and two little girls—
That's how we sit out in the sun.
We snuggle up close to keep the shade;
That makes it all the better fun
For Bettie Louise and me.

One umbrella and two little girls—
That's how we come home through the rain.
We snuggle up close to keep out the wet,
And tell our secrets. We think it's plain
That's what storms are for, you see.

Rain or sunshine, we don't care which,
We two with one umbrella above.
'Most anything's big enough to share
If you snuggle up close, with lots of love,
Like Bettie Louise and me.
—Kate W. Hamilton, in Sunbeam

"Little White Fox"

The story below is the second in a series being now published in The Continent. These stories, written by Roy J. Snell, give "The Adventures of Little White Fox." We publish this one by permission, and we publish it all the better for you, the friends of the Recordia Records, who might read them all. When you have really found, as the story below shows, how wonderful is the loving care of the good Father, who, even in the far-off cold Northland, gives to each little creature just the kind of dress it needs to keep it from storms and to make it all the better fun.

Mother Ptarmigan had forbidden her to go outdoors at all till her new brown summer suit was finished. Miss Ptarmigan hated indoors, and she couldn't understand what difference her dress made, anyway. But she never thought of disobeying till one fine warm day, when her mother was away from home, Little Miss Ptarmigan grew very lonesome.

"I want to go out in the sunshine," she kept saying to herself. "There can't be a bit of harm in it. I am sure I would see old Mr. Owl and she would say something nice about my white dress.

Down at the foot of the mountain was some one else, a some one who didn't think much about the sunshine and the flowers. It was Master Black Fox. He was thinking of his sausage grinder. It hadn't been used much of late, and he was afraid it might get lazy. "A plump chub of a Ptarmigan would grind nicely," he said to himself, snacking his lips, "but they all wear brown dresses these days, and one can not tell them from the weeds and grass."

Just then his eyes opened wide. "Can I believe it?" he whispered. "Is that one of them going down the mountain this minute—and with a white dress on? Yes, sir, it is!"

Then Mr. Fox looked all about him. "Look out as the ground will be all brown. You have been looking for me a whole week, and I have been out here all the time. You didn't know me, but you didn't know me because I had put on my summer clothes. Oh, Little White Fox, you are a very wise fellow! A very wise fellow, indeed!"

"It was Miss Ptarmigan. She had changed her white gown for a brown one!"

"Look on your best friends with the thought that they may one day become your worst enemies," was an ancient maxim of worldly prudence. It is for us to reverse this maxim and rather say: "Look on your worst enemies with the thought that they may one day become your best friends."
—Dean Stanley.

Try to live such a life, so full of events and relationships, that the two great things, the power of Christ and the value of your brethren's souls, shall be tangible and certain very beautiful objects of speculation and belief, but realities, which you have seen and known; then sink the shell of personal experience, lest it should hamper the truth that you must utter, and let the truth go out as the shot goes, carrying the force of a gun behind. —Phillips Brooks.
The Harp in the Soul

The afternoon concert was over. The harpist had delighted his audience. His mystic music had touched the cords of many souls. The symphony over, the throngs had left the hall to loneliness and darkness. The harper carefully covered his delicate instrument, for he was to play again at the evening recital. When he returned several hours later he removed the covering and gently touched the many strings. Taking his key he found the concert pitch, plucked at strings after string, altered the tension of them all, until each one of them gave a different tone. He had left it in excellent condition a few hours before; why could he not let it alone? No one had broken the strings or altered their tension. Yet the harper knew that he must retune his instrument, else he could not interpret the genius that sought utterance through his skill. But what had thrown the strings out of tune? Some subtle, invisible, immeasurable and irresistible force in the atmosphere. A dampness in the air had loosened the tension of all the strings, and the instrument needed retuning.

There is something like this in the spiritual experience of Christians. There are occasions when it is in such accord with the spirit of God that the music of divine love and redeeming mercy flows easily over it; and all who come in contact with it feel the soft influences that fill the soul with peace. Yet a few hours later that same soul can not be used by the heavenly musician without being readjusted to the will of God. But why? He has not neglected any duty, nor fallen before some swift temptation. The cords of love, peace, joy, meekness, patience, etc., have not been rudely broken. There is no consciousness of sin which stains the memory and conscience. And yet the soul is out of tune. It can not at once respond to the genius of the Holy Ghost.

A troublessome thing. It is something so subtle that it can not be defined or identified. Something in the conversation or even the spirit of the society has played upon the mood, and unconsciously the harp in the soul has gone out of tune. The harper might go on with his part and pluck the strings harder and faster to drown their wild dissonance, but it will prove a disappointment to his auditors and himself. So the Christian may whip the unstrung faculties into nervous action, but no divine enchantment will inspire the audience. It is only a discordant echo of what was harmonious melody.

The soul needs to be renewed in the spirit of the mind. It needs to be brought again under the delilcately refined touch of the Holy Spirit. The will of God must be sounded again as the dominant note, and all the strings of memory, imagination, conscience, purpose and will be readjusted then to a beautiful sight to see the harper bending sympathetically over his instrument and delicately strumming the strings and retuning them for the performance. It is more wonderful to realize that the divine Spirit lends over the soul, willing and desirous to renew the spirit of the mind, that it may be attuned to that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. Then shall the harp in the soul become meet for the divine minstrel.—Ulfils von der Muhl, in Watchman-Examiner.

Professor E. S. Green Dead

Professor Edward Lee Green, one of America's greatest botanists, for years connected with the Smithsonian Institute and a former resident of Albion, well known to citizens of this vicinity, died Wednesday morning in Providence Hospital, Washington. At the time of his death he was a member of the faculty of Notre Dame University. He was born in Hopkinton, R. I., in the year of 1853. Dr. Green was engaged in botanical work for over thirty years and contributed much to the development of the science by his research work and writing. He was president of the International Congress of Botanists at the world's fair in 1893. He was for a number of years instructor in the University of California, Leland Stanford University and the Catholic University of America.

Dr. Green owned a botanical library of over 4,000 volumes, valued at $40,000, and his herbarium is probably the most valuable collection of botanical specimens in the United States.—Milton (Wis.) Journal-Telegram.

"If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, just laugh at the age of the jokes."
money is spent to support the work, none of the teaching is done within the college walls, and no student is required to take the work. In accepting the work for credit the college treats courses in Bible study just as it does courses in history or mathematics—allowing or rejecting the student's work as it is found academically satisfactory or unsatisfactory.

Briefly I have outlined the history, plan, requirements, etc., of what has become known all over the country as "The Greeley Plan Plan," Religious and Moral Instruction in State Institutions." From the beginning it has been declared successful. The first year about 150 students were enrolled for Bible study work, with a healthy increase in numbers from year to year. Last year (1914-15) there were classes in nine churches in Greeley aggregating 271 pupils, 145 taking the work for college credit.—Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, United Presbyterian, Unitarian, Episcopal, and Christian. The class in the Baptist church this year numbers over twenty, and is taught by Mrs. W. F. Church, a loyal Seventh Day Baptist.

CourcE FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS OF COLORADO

It is hardly necessary to go into the detail of this course, for it is but the "Greeley Plan" adapted to meet the needs of the high schools of the State, and brought about, after two or three years of faithful work, by a committee composed of members from the Colorado State Sunday School Association and the State Teachers' Association.

The plan provided that there shall be a four years' elective course of Bible study for high schools. These courses are to be given by the respective churches, Hebrew, Catholic, and Protestant alike, during the Sunday school hour, if possible, under the instruction of qualified teachers, the pupils successfully completing a course of study, receiving academic credit for the work done.

This plan, too, is clearly within the law. No state building is used for religious instruction; no state funds are used; no public-school teacher gives religious instruction during school hours. The work is conducted in the respective churches, under approved teachers. Each denomination is privileged to do its own teaching, according to its own canons of interpretation. No student is required to take the work, and no high school is required to allow credit for the work done voluntarily. But since the State Teachers' Association has approved the work, so far as I know no high school has refused to give credit for work done, when asked to do so.

Of course, such a course of study when introduced into the Bible school will require the standardization of the school, if the pupil is to receive academic credit for the work done, for the Bible school must conform to academic standards of education. The State Teachers' Association thus declares; "This plan of scholastic attainment of high school teachers shall be equivalent to graduation from a college belonging to the North Central Association of colleges and high schools, including special training in the subjects they teach." They further require that the study period shall be a minimum of one hour on each lesson assigned; that the recitation period shall be forty-five minutes in the clear, in a separate room with freedom from interruption. Final examinations are under the control of the Joint Committee on Bible Study for High Schools for the State Teachers' Association and the State Sunday School Association of Colorado.

This is the first year that the course has been taken up throughout the State, though a little work was done in some high schools last year. I have not been able as yet to ascertain the extent of the work this year. You will be interested that we have in our church a class of eight taking the work, this is too poor a start even of some row for devastated churches and outraged people in the area of invasion, either Belgian or French, but openly courted instead the good will of the Protestant monarchy of Germany.

That the Vatican is playing politics and nothing but politics has become so evident that no French layman hesitates to make the charge, and no French ecclesiast has the heart even formally to deny it. Without a doubt the sensitive heart of French patriotism is profoundly hurt, and the return of an Pope will discover to the pope in his French diocese a coldness toward him which may make even him think that a new reformation is impeding in that quarter.

—The Continent.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Dec. 7—Jer. 3: 11-18. Encouragement to Repentance
Dec. 8—Isa. 1: 2-9. A Sinful Nation
Dec. 9—Isa. 35: 1-10. Glorious Restoration
Dec. 11—Matt. 11: 20-30. Jesus, the Giver of Rest

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand.)

BLUNDERED OF INFALLIBLE PONTIF

Nothing is more evident in the European situation than that Pope Benedict XV has blundered fatally in his war-time policy toward France and Belgium. It followed nothing else to impugn the infallibility of the papacy, it would be enough to point to the invertebrate wrong-headedness in which the Vatican has always dealt with France. Whenever the popes have had a chance to win France, they have always done nothing to repel it. But the irony of this blundering was never before so keen as it has been in the year past.

The terrible ordeal of war has rendered the French more susceptible to religion—real religion—than in many an age of history past. And since the Roman Church is the only vehicle of religion known to the great majority of Frenchmen, Catholicism would have been vastly strengthened in that nation if the head of the church had been in the slightest degree sympathetic or even tactful. But at the very moment of this opportunity, Benedict XV turned his back on Belgium, France's Catholic friend, and had never a word to utter even of sorrow for devastated churches and outraged people in the area of invasion, either Belgian or French, but openly courted instead the goodwill of the Protestant monarchy of Germany.

That the Vatican is playing politics and nothing but politics has become so evident that no French layman hesitates to make the charge, and no French ecclesiast has the heart even formally to deny it. Without a doubt the sensitive heart of French patriotism is profoundly hurt, and the return of an Pope will discover to the pope in his French diocese a coldness toward him which may make even him think that a new reformation is impeding in that quarter.

—The Continent.
HOME NEWS

VERONA, N. Y.—At the annual election of our Ladies' Benevolent Society the following officers were elected: president, Mrs. H. A. Franklin; first vice president, Mrs. A. R. Williams; second vice president, Mrs. S. E. Showdy; secretary, Mrs. H. E. Davis; treasurer, Mrs. I. J. Williams.

Our society meets the last Tuesday in each month at the homes of the different members, with a good attendance. At these meetings we often have a short literary program or do some sewing. Luncheon is served about noon during the winter months. The society gave a Hallowe'en social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Thayer, where ghosts of noted people—Washington, Lincoln, and others—appeared and were to be recognized by some insignia, music, the audience, sandwiches, salad, doughnuts, and coffee were served. A ten-cent fee was taken and all enjoyed a very pleasant social evening.

Pastor Thorngate is spending a few days in Scott, where he is assisting in evangelistic meetings. Rev. B. L. Nichols, of the M. E. church in New London, is supplying the pulpit in his absence.

Our Sabbath school was divided in July and left there the night following for Alfred and is now home a part of each week. He administered the rite of baptism to two candidates last Sabbath morning.

Others will follow soon.—Alfred Sun.

A TASTE FOR TRUTH

"Rejoicing not in iniquity, but rejoicing with the truth." 1 Corinthians 13: 6.

Let me state at once where the genesis of this sermon was found. Some time ago I read in the columns of an influential paper, that able possession of a very able book. I do not know the book, nor do I want to know it, for it is evident that an open sewer runs through its pages, and rank and noisome things crowd the field of its vision. The book is said to be written with terrible power, but its brutal incoherence is as obstructive as its force. Even the hardened reviewer shies now and again at the introduction of some unusually ghastly delirium, and he seems to close the book with a gasp! But when he comes to review his unclean pilgrimage, admitting as he does the naked profanity of much of the life, and the coarse and unrestrained vulgarity of its speech, he declares this final judgment: "After all, this is nearer the truth than Ian Maclaren's sentimental sainthood, the odorless speeches, who move through their days in forceless insipidity!"

"This is nearer the truth!" That is the counterfeit coin I wish to nail to the counter. I am afraid that the reviewer's usage of the word is the one with which we are familiar in common intercourse. An unclean piece of scandal is frequently justified on the plea of its "truth." We draw out fold after fold of the dirty roll and excuse our pruriency on the expressed assumption that it is best to know the whole "truth." Now, that usage of the word is infinitely removed from its usage in the sacred Scriptures, and if we could recover the Scriptural content we should be saved from much mental and moral confusion.

KNOW BY THE THINGS WE LOVE

Let us begin the recovery here. That a thing has happened does not make it true. The happening constitutes a fact; it does not inevitably constitute a truth. The sworn and squalid statements of a police court may represent fact; they do not represent truth. Those nauseous, witnesses of brutalized life, belong to the realm of hard fact quite as surely as the sweet and tender fellowships of Darby and Joan, linked together in the serenity of a lovely eventide; but in the one case the fact is true, in the other the fact is untrue. Fact is consonance with reality; truth is consonance with the ideal. The veracious is merely what it is; the truthful is what is and what ought to be. Many things ought to be described as veracious which are often described as true. A fact is a happening; a truth is a happening. A note of the organ may get off on tune, the painful sound is a painful fact, but it is not true! A singer may sing flat; the singer is an agonizing fact, but is not true! The true fact in singing is the tuneful fact, and all discordance lacks the truth. The true facts in life are the facts that wear the beauty of the ideal, that are in tune with the infinite, and that reflect the likeness of our Lord. And, therefore, there is no such thing as an "ugly truth"; many facts are ugly, but truth always carries a winsome bloom. The truth is never deformed, never rotten, never unclean; it is always and everywhere beautiful.

I think, therefore, we shall have to raise our thought and our vocabulary if we are to come into harmony with the usages of the Word of God. We shall have to reserve the epithet "true" for beautiful happenings, for gracious and homely fact, for that usage which is life as it ought to be, life at its best. The reviewer employed an utterly un-Scriptural usage when he described a sewage novel as "nearer the truth" than the strange and unfamiliar heroism of Dr. Maclure. It may have been nearer the facts of the common road; it was infinitely farther away from the truth. Nothing is true which is ugly; nothing is true which is discordant; nothing is true which does not bear the likeness of Christ. "I am the truth," and everything is tested by its ability to ring true to him. Now, according to the apostle Paul, there are some people who find their delight in ugly fact, and there are others who find their delight in beautiful truth. Some there are who rejoice "in unrighteousness," and others there are who "rejoice" in the truth. On the other hand, some people said one form of scandal as a fact; it does not constitute a truth. The sworn and squalid statements of a police court may represent fact; they do not represent truth. Those nauseous, witnesses of brutalized life, belong to the realm of hard fact quite as surely as the sweet and tender fellowships of Darby and Joan, linked together in the serenity of a lovely eventide; but in the one case the fact is true, in the other the fact is untrue. Fact is consonance with reality; truth is consonance with the ideal. The veracious is merely what it is; the truthful is what is and what ought to be.
papers know it and cater for their public. But, indeed we need not go beyond our own hearts. Our minds are dulled by the quiet and sober commonplace; they spring out of their sleep at the suggestion of scandal! The British House of Parliament empties in common discussion; the benches are thronged for a scene! And so it is that grown men and women must seek, in deep communioin, and the highly spiced is more enticing than our daily bread.

"AS THE HART PANTETH AFTER THE WATER BROOKS"

But there is the other side to all this. There are souls that dance for joy at the emergence of the truth. Robert Louis Stevenson was a child of the physical ecstasy when he stumbled upon some exquisite literary expression which fitted the thought as the glove the hand. And in the plane of the moral life there are souls that experience a delightful lift and leap when they encounter some exquisite expression of the truth, some chaste and tender chivalry, some long, recurrent sacrifice of life, spending their spiritual ozone, and they expand their appreciation. They are of those whom it that this superior taste can not be acquired. I will express my own judgment, and say to the superior taste as prime. More and more am I convinced that our youth or in the succeeding stand-

DEATHS

COttRELL—Miss Ann Elizabeth Cottrell was born in the town of Westerly, R. I., April 10, 1827, and died, September 24, 1915, in the house on the Bradford Road, where she was born, and which for 88 years, 5 months, and 10 days had been her home. She was baptized in the Baptist church, in the fifteenth year of her age, on December 25, 1841, and joined the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, R. I. Rev. E. F. Stoltz officiated from 1838 to 1858, which includes the date when she joined the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carr's daughter, Sarah D. Whalen, of Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., was married to James Heath and they have spent their entire life. She had made it a comfort to her in her old age she united with the Seventh Day Baptist church of this village and has been a faithful member for nearly fifty years. She is survived by her husband who faithfully cared for her; one sister, Sarah D. Whalen, of Sackets Harbor, N. Y.; and a brother, B. N. Austin, of Mexico, N. Y.

Funeral services were held in his home, November 18, at 2 p. m., conducted by Rev. R. F. Stoltz, of the Baptist church, assisted by Rev. R. F. Stoltz, of this city, and he is survived by his wife, and by five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. His body was removed to the Adams Center Cemetery.

A. C. E.

HAIR—Lencha Green Heath, wife of James Heath, died at her home in Adams Center, November 15, 1915, aged seventy-one years. At the age of eighteen she was united in marriage to James Heath and they have spent their lives together in the community where they were born. Death came after a lingering illness of more than five years. During this time she suffered from a complication of heart, liver and kidney trouble; for the past three years she has had to walk on her feet. Through all, she has borne her trials with a calm uncomplaining spirit, and has been ever ready to tell of her good deeds and her love for her family. An age she united with the Seventh Day Baptist church of this village and has been a faithful member for nearly fifty years. She is survived by her husband who faithfully cared for her; one sister, Sarah D. Whalen, of Sackets Harbor, N. Y.; and a brother, B. N. Austin, of Mexico, N. Y.

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A. C. E.

Dr. Charles L. White in his new book, "The Churches at Work," says: "A true church has length, breadth, and depth. The length of its arm is often shortened by its spiritual breadth, and depth. The depth of its arm is often shortened by its spiritual depth. A true church has length, breadth, and depth. A true church has length, breadth, and depth."
The Sabbath Recorder

SPECIAL NOTICES

The address of all Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postalage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 3:30 o'clock in the upper rear room, 235 East Genesee St. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 113 Ash Street.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, N. E. cor. 3rd Ave., 5 a.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Zandt, pastor.


The Seventh Day Baptist Church at the home of Mrs. Osborn, 2077 American Park, Riverside, California.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London, England, holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2:45 p.m. Christian Endeavor Services and Evensong are held, also a Union Chapel in Cranmore Cottage, prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, pulpit, etc., are rented. Rev. R. J. Sev- erance, pastor, 1123 Mulberry St.

The City Seventh Day Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sandusky Street Chapel. A. A. Wilson, pastor.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church in Philadelphia, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services at 11:30 a.m., and services for visitors at 10 a.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all friends. Rev. R. C. Hayes, 218 23d St.

The Sabbath Recorder

Then. L. Gardner, D. D., Editor

L. A. Woden, Business Manager

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Terms of Subscription

Per year: Domestic $5.00
Per copy: Domestic 50c.

Exposure to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50c additional, on account of postage.

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed.

Advertisements will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

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

Advertising rates furnished on request.

shells, of coins, of curios, of pictures—who counts the miles when passion sits at the heart? But here is another crusade, inspired by a passion for God, an exploration of the territory of man for human loneliness, a quest for the truth-facts hidden there among the rubbish-heaps, the very gold of the kingdom of God. Who will belong to such an exploring party, a party that shall go out praying, searching, delving for human loneliness, and "rejoicing in the truth"? What a crusade! Ay, and what discoveries, and in most unlikely and slandered places!

The other day I found an exquisite clump of sweet violets hiding in the very heart of a bed of nettles! And I think this discovery gave me more pleasure than those long unending lanes, the unchristened feet down the long unending lane, and keeps the sleepless eyes in ceaseless vigilance, watching for the coveted prize! The quest of butterflies, of beetles, of birds' eggs, of
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SABBATH RECORDER ::: PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

December 6, 1915

WHAT WE CARRY OUT OF LIFE

It is said, "We brought nothing into this life, and we can carry nothing out."
That is true of the physical; but oh, we can carry something out! We receive life as a spark, and we can make it glow like a beacon light; and that we carry with us when we go. Faith and hope kindled and exercised—these we carry out. Love to God and love to our fellow-beings—that we carry out. The best parts of ourselves we can carry out. When the farmer goes into his field in the autumn to harvest his grain, he takes the head of the wheat. That is what he cares for. It matters little to him if the straw and the chaff go to the ground again. In taking the wheat he takes that for which these things were provided. He takes the ripe kernel, and leaves behind the straw and the chaff, which were simply designed to serve as wrappers for the growing and ripening grain. The ripe grain—that we carry out. See to it that you so live that you can go out with your bosom filled with sheaves. Go with the impulse of eternal joy in you, because you love and are beloved.—Henry Ward Beecher.