YEARNING AFTER GOD

Jacob, on his way to meet Esau, well enough knew there was a God above him, but that was not enough, and so he wrestled till daybreak for a revelation that should be more than knowledge. Tell me thy name, show me thy very self, is the cry of his needy heart.

Whether we have come to the hour of conscious need or not, it is the demand of every one of us. There are hours when the whole world, and all it contains, shrivels to nothingness, and God alone fills the mind; hours of human desolation, seasons of strange, mysterious exaltation, times of earthly despair, or of joy; the height and excess of any emotion bears us away into regions where God himself dwells. But even if we have taught ourselves to make the impressions of these hours constant, there is still an unsatisfied element in the knowledge.

We long for more, for nearness, for sight of something that stands for sight, for the Father at hand, and the home of the soul. I know that in many and many of God's children there is a longing for God that is not satisfied, because they are children and away from the Father's house. And I know still better that the unrest of this weary world is its unvoiced cry after God.—Theodore T. Mungar.

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This was adopted by the people of Massachusetts after a law passed by the Legislature had been pronounced unconstitutional. Home-stead legislation promises to furnish laborers earning $12 to $20 a week with suitable homes, either their own or rented, on terms they are able to meet. On the theory that sanitary, well-lighted and ventilated homes for its citizens are essential to the best interests of a State, Massachusetts passed a law to go further and promote agriculture that will bring its citizens back to the soil. It is expected that agricultural instruction will be given families residing on lands for the seventh day of the week, or to go prison? Would no right of the Sunday-keeper be invaded?

A Notable Conference On Wednesday, December 8, the Federal Council's Commission on Church and Country Life began, in Columbus, Ohio, one of the most notable conferences ever held in America. It was the first one assembled from all parts of the land in which the interests of the country church and of country life were the main topics for consideration.

The addresses from beginning to end emphasized the fact that rural churches are all too numerous to be efficient; that their membership is too small to give them sufficient support; and that, therefore, their pastors are poorly paid and the influence of the church too much divided to do the good it should and could. The first address of the convention was by Gifford Pinchot, chairman of the Commission. He predicted that the convention in Columbus would prove to be the beginning of a strong national-wide interdenominational movement to prevent efforts to maintain superfluous sectarian churches in rural districts, and called upon residents of both churches to join in efforts to stay the decadence of country churches. Vigorous and sound country life is essential to a permanently sound and vigorous life for our nation. The strength of any civilization is best measured by the soundness of its rural life; and true spiritual ideals of the open country make the most effective barrier against the laxity and luxury of social life that threaten our ruin. Among other good things Mr. Pinchot said:

I believe we are standing today on the threshold of a great movement which will bring to the attention of the people the need of revision and reconstruction of the week. This would probably mean a weekly rest.

Noteworthy Sayings Big work for rural By Convention Speakers churches was mapped out, on the second day of the Columbus conference, by prominent agriculturists and church leaders representing more than a score of denominations. If all plans are carried out, rural churches will soon identify themselves with activities looking toward good roads, better farming, extensive agricultural education, health and sanitation, law and order, and the spiritual needs of the country people is one of the fundamental reasons for the present weakness of the country church. We are not here to advocate the weakening or strengthening of any denomination, at the expense of another, nor have we any theory to exploit or any axe to grind. We merely seek the truth about conditions, and remedies that are both wise and practicable.

The difficulty in maintaining churches in communities where most of the farmers are only tenants was ably discussed by several speakers. Men who do not own the homes in which they live, and who are only transient renters, are not likely to take much interest in building up and maintaining churches in advancing community interests. Upon this topic Rev. Mr. Ward, of Massachusetts, is reported as saying:

Unless this tenant system is remedied the end is either an inferior, subservient peasant class as in England, objects of charity by the city poor, or a rebellious group of agricultural workers, like the laboring classes among them. With the Industrial Workers of the World organizing the seasonal agricultural workers, and farm-owners, becoming absentee capitalists, it looks as though the conflict is developing in a struggle between those who receive income more than ever in community beautifications, in celebrating religious and patriotic holidays, and in promoting agricultural contests for their boys and girls,—all these in addition to their regular religious work.

To work out these ends, the speakers urged cooperation of churches not only with each other but with Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, with school authorities and such organizations as the Grange. Upon these matters Rev. R. S. Hutchinson, of Pittsburgh, said:

The chief end of the country church is not the raising of crops and flocks. It is the development of character for personal and community civic and religious development. The present weakened conditions of this country church as an institution, cooperation is essential for the maintaining of ideals and standards of civic life. The rural church should be the center of its community and not only co-operate with other country churches, but these organizations which aim at the betterment of society.

Miss Jessie Field, of New York, known throughout the land as the "Corn Lady," showed that prosperous Y. W. C. A. organizations in a rural district would provide means of making girls and young women happy. They will be more content with farm life if they belong to a community women's club such as the Y. W. C. A.

Rev. Robert C. Herring, of Boston, said:

The country church suffers from lack of the co-operative spirit. It is never easy to get the community to work together. There are many feuds and factions. The sectarian spirit causes some families to attend church outside the parish, but a real get-together movement among churches will remedy this condition.

The problem of bad business methods in the churches was ably discussed, as was also a report by a committee which recommended "a campaign of education, involving the instruction of church treasurers and trustees in standard methods of financing, budget systems, adequate methods of securing contributions, the regular and definite payments, simple systems of parish accounts," etc.

We greatly mistranslated if this convention does not put new life into the important question of greater efficiency for the country church.
Gifts for Our King

On another page will be found an article from Brother Allen B. West, chairman of the denominational National Board of Finance, which every one should read and carefully consider. It is most timely, and, if its suggestions are acted upon by all the people, this Christmas time ought to be a time of blessing to the denominational boards. Think of it! what an offering some ten thousand Christians could lay upon the altar for their King if they would only give as God has blessed them! If all were fully awake to our needs and in love with the Master's work, every dollar of debt would be paid before the year 1916 begins. How glad everybody would be if the debt were paid before the year 1916.

Let us take five leading industries in the United States and compare them with the liquor business, with reference to the number of wage earners employed. Every $1,000,000 invested in each of these industries the following number of wage earners are employed: Liquor, 77; iron and steel and their products, 284; paper and printing, 469; textiles and their finished products, 578; lumber and its manufactures, 579. What is the ratio of wages paid the workers to the amount of capital invested in the liquor business, as compared with each of the industries noted? Here are the figures: Liquor, 5.6 per cent; iron, 17.6 per cent; paper, 21.3 per cent; leather, 23.5 per cent; textiles, 25.8 per cent; lumber, 27.1 per cent. A quick glance at these figures shows how comparatively little the labor man gets out of the liquor business. If the $2,000,000,000 which we now spend for intoxicating liquor were spent for bread and clothing, the two staple articles in the life of the workingman—it would give employment to nearly eight times as many workers, who would collectively receive five and one half times as much wages as is now the case in the liquor business. Besides this, it would require $600,000,000 worth of additional raw material to what the liquor industry now uses. It would not be necessary to spend all of the $2,000,000,000 for bread and clothing if the liquor industry were destroyed, but if the transfer of this money into the legitimate industries mentioned above would produce the results described, it is not fair to say that substantially the net results would be achieved if the total sum were distributed among all of the industries that would receive the benefit of increased business were men to spend money for the necessities of life, as well as for its legitimate use.

The figures given by the liquor interests as to the number of men who would be affected by the abolition of the liquor traffic are greatly exaggerated. The census report for 1910 tells us that in all manufacturing industries there were then employed 6,076,046 persons. The liquor industry employed 62,920, or just about one per cent of the total, but of this number only about 5,000 were brewers and maltsters, distillers and rectifiers. The remainder of the 62,920 were employed as engineers, carpenters, machinists, teamsters, bottlers, etc., occupations which are not all directly connected to the liquor business. There were more teamsters employed than there were brewers and maltsters, distillers and rectifiers.

There are about 100,000 bartenders in the liquor business. What will become of these when the saloon is abolished? What is it that makes a successful bartender? It is his ability as a salesman, and a man who is a good salesman will make a good clerk or salesman in practically any other kind of business. Furthermore it requires many more people to sell $2,000,000,000 worth of bread and clothing, for example, than it does to sell liquor of the same value. And it is more than likely that at least as many salaried employees, such as traveling salesmen, bookkeepers and stenographers, will be employed.

What about the 15,000 or so brewers and distillers, distillers and rectifiers? They will, of necessity, be compelled to adjust themselves to changed conditions, but this does not mean that they will either go adrift or cause a labor panic. The consequence of this change will be that a considerable part of the liquor business, which is now concentrated in the liquor business, will be widely distributed, and will create an entirely new type of labor. As a matter of fact, however, more workingmen lose their jobs because saloons are open than would be the case were the saloons to be closed. As somebody put it, "When liquor puts a man out of a job it unfitfs him for another job. When no-license puts a bartender out of a job it makes him a wealth-destroying workingman instead of a wealth-creating workingman. It is better that the bartender should lose his job and get a better one than that dozeu of his patrons should lose their jobs and be unfitted for any job."—Charles Stelte, in Christian Advocate.

Never fear to suffer; but oh! fear to sin. If you must choose between them, prefer the greatest suffering to the smallest sin.

Guthrie.
THE SABBATH REFORM

The Sabbath Day

The Sabbath is a bridge between two shores, White arched, strong girded. Loud on either side,
Down to the border of the silver tide,
Eagerly, the noise of traffic roars,
Then falls to silence. Not an echo frets
The lofty span, nor any garish light
Nor soirdid shadow flecks that quiet height
To stain at all its snowy parapets.
Caught in a safe, high calm 'twixt strife and stir.
A little while our hearts are hidden here:
Our souls, like tranquil pilgrims softly shed,
Halt, and forget the weariness of life,
And leaning, find sweet heaven mirrored clear
In the still river of the rest of God.
—From the British Weekly.

Dr. Main's Suggestion to the Federal Council

We give here the matter contained in a neatly prepared folder, written by Dr. Main and presented by him to the Executive Committee and Commissions of the Federal Council, in its meeting at Columbus, Ohio, December 8-10, 1915. It is entitled: A Suggested Minute Relating to the Value and Use of a Religious and Rest Day.

The Sabbath of Moses was intended to be a blessing to man and beast, not a burden.

An ordained Christian ministry is a symbol of the universal priesthood of believers. So the dedication of times and places to religious uses is a symbol of the essential sacredness of all time and of every place. The privilege and right of men to assemble for public worship should be sacredly guarded.

The one day of rest each week should be secured for all hands and brain toilers, by legislation, if necessary.

It is within the province of human governments to close liquor saloons and other recreations harmful to the edifying of the home, to the health of the body, and to the activity of the mind.

Your's fraternally,
Arthur E. Main,
Member of the Commission on Sunday Observance.

Alfred, N. Y.

Amusements

REV. WARORNER C. TITSWORTH*

The First Epistle to the Corinthians has largely to do with questions of casuistry; i. e., questions which depend upon the case at issue for their answers. The killing of a man is a grave casuistry; whether it is murder or not depends upon that particular case. The court has to determine not only the fact of the killing, but the circumstances under which the killing took place.

conditions of the case are taken into consideration and I am not adjudged a murderer. But if I take another’s life with malicious purpose, I am condemned to death or imprisonment. This is sufficient to illustrate what is meant by questions of casuistry, or questions which depend for their answers upon the case with which they are connected.

The question of casuistry in connection with our text has the following as its circumstances:

Corinth was a heathen city in which were heathen idols and their temples of worship. They would take the sacrifices from the altars of the idols and sell them for food in the public market places. There were some of the disciples who thought it wrong to buy and eat this meat; and there were others who did not see any harm in it. So a dispute arose about it. Paul refers to it and says, essentially: “If you think it is wrong to eat such meat, do not eat it of course, but I would buy what is publicly exposed for sale without asking anyone to disturb your conscience; for an idol is nothing and meat that has lain upon the altar of an idol is food as much as ever, and has received no damage, nor has it experienced any change. But there are cases where it would be best to let it alone for love’s sake and for appearance’s sake.” That is, it would be best to let it alone when Christians would be hurt by one of their number eating it. But the ap­pearances would be likely to be against the cause of the church and of Christ; for there are Christians whose consciences will not allow them to eat such meat, and it hurts them to see their brethren eat it. There are heathen who will say that a sacrifice means worship, and that he who eats of their sacrifice shares in their worship. A Christian will freely give up what others will not accept and lose, and loss of the cause of the Master, whom he follows. Now I believe we will look a long time before we find a nobler and loftier doctrine than that, or a nobler and loftier manhood than that which has these principles for its foundation.

The case, in the decision of the apostle about which the text was written, appears to be as follows: It would seem that Chris­tians were accustomed to receiving invita­tions to banquets at the homes of such of their friends as were idolaters. Now we wish to make a careful study of the words of the apostle, because we regard the question of amusements, in the sense in which this word is commonly used, as belonging to the same category as the case now spoken of. Notice Paul’s words: “If one of them that believe not, give you an invitation, and you are inclined to go, eat whatever is set before you, asking no questions about the food to disturb your conscience.” That is, if a Christian should decide to go to a banquet given by an idolater, and should so decide in all conscience, he would go, and eat whatsoever was offered him there to be eaten, and to do whatever was to be done there, because he had good reason to know both at the time he decided to go. A Christian had no right to go to a place where he knew the meat offered for food would be that which had been offered in sacrifice to idols, and then to eat and fellow-guests uncomfortable by being thoughts about him before him on the table. If it was not right for a Christian to do what was done there, it was not right for him to be there at all,—something which a great many people form about the ordinary Christian is not necessarily or significant parenthetical clause—“and ye be inclined to go”—quietly admonishing them, as Grotius says, that it would be better if they would not go.

We may be a little surprised at this decision of the great apostle. He boldly assert the principle of the liberty of the Christian conscience, and appeals to the Christian’s loyalty to his brother, to the cause of Christ, to the Master, for his governing principles. But, to apprehend the full meaning of Paul’s decision that a Chris­tian is free to follow his own conscience in such a matter as that of going to a feast in an idolater’s home, we must remember that Corinth was notorious for its wickedness; that its religious feasts were marked with scenes of lewdness and intemperance which it would not be right to describe in a Christian congregation. Doubtless, therefore, its private brothels not a, not altogether elegant and pure. But Paul hedges them about with no restraints, and really declares that their own consciences must decide the question, and then as much as says, “I shall be surprised if you determine to go in view of the case being as it is”, or, to use his exact words, “If any one of them that believes not, invites you, and you be disposed to go.” There are two principles, then, plainly laid down in this verse: (a) Christian liberty, and (b) Christian freedom. They are in the distinction between which I hope, will be made to appear before the discourse is done.

I have chosen this text from which to speak upon the question Amusements, because I think it true that with regard to the Christian’s relation with them, Paul would answer in the same way as he answers the question already discussed. That is, the apostle would assert the Christian’s liberty to all amusements which are not wrong on the plainest grounds of morality, and would say that it is a matter of the conscience of no one but the individual directly concerned. At the same time, freedom of conscience and life is better than liberty of conscience and life.

In the discussion of given technical amusements, it may be best to state some principles upon which we must proceed and from which we must be guided.

1. In the first place, we must try to be as nearly absolutely truthful as it is possible to be. We must not make distinctions that do not exist, nor relate as facts things that are unadmissible, facts that are governed as little as possible by prejudice, society, popular current, and control. Recreations may thrive as facts things that are not wrong on the plainest grounds of morality, and would say that it is a matter of the conscience of no one but the individual directly concerned. At the same time, freedom of conscience and life is better than liberty of conscience and life.

2. We must discuss our subject with as much Christian charity as possible, but in all plain dealing as becometh Christian disci­ples. It will help us a little in the direction of charity if we will try to put ourselves in each other’s places; if the older ones will recall the days of their youth, and the younger ones will remember that the ex­perience and observation of the older ones make their judgment mature and calmer than their own, and lend at least worthy of respect if it is near the truth.

3. Recreations are as much a part of life as work is, and are necessary to most people. Both the body and the mind need recreation. They are relief from the steady strain of toil, and, therefore, recreations are worthy of some attention—a great deal more than they get—i n the way of culture and control. Recreations may minister to strength and manliness, or to weakness and indolence and lack of manhood.

4. Therefore, where recreation we have should be hearty. Not a few people only half give themselves to recreations which are absolutely essential to their well-being. They look askance at pleasure, and only dare to laugh with half the mouth at a time. To be forever in a giggle is abominable, but there is a time for laughter and play, and then we ought to laugh and play with all the heart.

5. Life is a great deal more than passing away time, and enjoyment. With many people, living is simply killing time. It is a sad thing when a man or a woman finds the whole meaning of life in its recreations and amusements. You will find, as a rule, that such people are entirely destitute of a high moral or religious purpose, and that they are entirely governed by their own caprices. They do just as they feel like doing, without regard to consequences to themselves or others. The result is flipp­pancy, absence of character, aimless, and endeavor, selfishness, petulance, and weakness. The world is no better for their lives. They make miserable homes, unhappy fathers, mothers, and hus­bands and wives, and are a source of sorrow upon the backs of those who are trying to build up the pure things of human life and society. Obligations, of any kind, are nothing to them. They can get out of the way of them. Life’s daily toil is a nuisance except as it furnishes the money with which to follow impulse. Restraints of home and society are irksome and galling, impatiently endured, and an unchangeable law of nature—lives; they make miserable homes, unhappy fathers, mothers, and husbands and wives, and are a source of joy and comfort to those who are trying to build up the pure things of human life and society. Obligations, of any kind, are nothing to them. They can get out of the way of them. Life’s daily toil is a nuisance except as it furnishes the money with which to follow impulse. Restraints of home and society are irksome and galling, impatiently endured, and an unchangeable law of nature—lives;
est grounds of moral teaching. Christianity has not made a new moral law, nor has it forced some new chapter into the old one, or is it a code of restrictions upon the pleasures of life.

7. When the Christian disciple has decided upon the essential right or wrong of a given course of life, he is not by any means one determined. One may always do that which is intrinsically right and be a true disciple of Jesus after all, but live a most selfish life, destructive of the happiness of others, and ruinous of the good name of the Christian religion. Even Jesus pleased not himself, and Paul said, "If meat make my brother to stumble, I will eat no meat while the world stand, lest I make my brother to stumble." Life is more than the present and a few years long. It extends into the infinite age of God, and we should remember this.

But the question is not what I would say, but what the apostle would say about these things concerning which we have been speaking. I think he would say about them much rather than give an invitation to a feast in the home of an idolater. He would assert the liberty of the Christian to do them all, but he would add, "And ye be disposed to go:" or, to paraphrase again, "You are of course free to go according to your own conscientious judgment, but I would be free from that, I would not be inclined that way." A very rare thing is a person given to amusements who has also a high moral and religious purpose, or who can be depended upon in the work of God. It is tempting to do in the world. The spirit of Jesus is not against amusements by any means, nor is the disciple of Jesus to be forever set in scruples against them, but the work of the kingdom of God languishes and is neglected when Christian discipless are much given to amusements beyond the needs of recreation. It is a rare thing to find a Christian much given to amusements who keeps up a private devotion, or retains a straight forward purpose in his religious life. They furnish material for thought which is not high and noble, and, when they absorb the mind, all higher and better things must be crowded out, and the consequence is that the duties of everyday life become tame and distasteful, the common relations of life are not romantic and exciting enough; and a frivolous, dangerous, and sometimes vicious, life is the result. The more wholesome and serious the view we take of life, the more we are governed by judgment and reason, and not impulse, and the less shall we seek for mere amusements. When Paul used the clause—"and ye be disposed to go"—he well understood that many of the best and purest of the Corinthian Christians would not at all be disposed to go. They would be in too great freedom for that, a freedom in which their inclination to go would be quite taken away. They would not be kept back by scruples, not even scruple on, but by the very Christian freedom which ennobled their lives. They would be at liberty to go, but they would be too free to go. The Christian, in so far as he is a Christian, is not down on the level of one who asks what he may do under the legal sanction of morality. That kind of motive does not have much influence with him; and when you come to him offering certain amusements, he does not upon his conscience, asking whether he may have them, or try to tease his reluctant conscience to let him have them; but more likely he says, "No, I don't want them; I would not think of it, that's all." He doesn't do this because he is somewhat soured against the pleasures of life, but because they do not belong to the plane of life on which he lives.

Christian people are off from other people's amusements, not because they are not right for Christians, because what is right for anybody is right for a Christian, but because the love of Christ constrains them. I am not speaking of these things, not claiming any superior excellence because of it, nor with any greater show of piety because of it, but simply because they have grown too free to want them any more. Shall we then as Christians be continually asking where the harm of this or that is? Is it not better in such things to be free? There is a better freedom than that,—to be so free that these things are not the wheat of life, but the chaff.

One evening little three-year-old Mildred saw the new moon for the first time. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "see the angel's finger nail in the sky!"
THE SABBATH RECORDER

For the Quiet Hour
MARY A. STILLMAN

"I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by this side. The works that I have in hand will finish afterwards. Now it time to sit quiet, face to face with thee, and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure."

"In the night of weariness let me give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee. It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a freshener gladness of awakening."

"This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart. Give me the strength light to bear my joys and sorrows. Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service. Give me the strength never to disown the poor or to bend my knees before the insolent might. Give me the strength to raise my son, high above daily trials. And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love."

"When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out from beyond, come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest." —Rabindranath Tagore.

It may be of interest to RECORDER readers to learn something of the Bengal poet who was recently awarded the Nobel prize for literature. Rabindranath Tagore belongs to an illustrious family which for ten or twelve generations has been noted for its great men—artists, poets and philosophers. His father, the Maha Rishi, devoted a lifetime to philanthropy and to work for overthrowing idolatry in India.

Rabindranath with his young wife took charge of the family estates on the banks of the Ganges. His quiet life here gave time for meditation and for the study of nature. His early poems reflect this influence, and contain the most beautiful love songs in the Indian language. Then came a great sorrow; in a single year death claimed his wife, his daughter and his youngest son.

Instead of alienating him from God this experience only drew him closer to the soul of the universe.

"My house is small and what once has gone from it can never be regained. But infinite is thy mansion, my lord, and seeking her I have come to thy door. I stand under the golden canopy of thine evening sky and I lift my weary eyes to thy face."

"I have come to the brink of eternity from which nothing can vanish—no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears."

"Oh, oh my emptied life into that ocean, plunge it into the deepest fulness."

From this time his poems, plays and essays took on a religious character. "Gitanjali, song offerings" are love songs of the soul to God. Many of these hymns are sung in the Indian churches to Mr. Tagore's own music, for he is a musician as well as a writer. They might refer either to human or divine love, and have much the style of the Psalms or the Song of Songs. These poems bring us face to face with the Creator, bridging over our half-belief, and touching the very springs of our existence. They reveal in sunshine and in darkness, in wind and in water, in all the manifestations of life, the living spirit of God. The morning light has flooded my eyes, this is thy message to my heart."

"It is as if our own souls were singing and appropriating the joy of existence."

In "Sadhana" lectures on the realization of life which the poet delivered at Harvard University and in England he points out that one can not have joyous communion with the eternal spirit if the heart is full of selfishness, greed and pride. "The free spirit is one who can have measureless love for all creatures, even as a mother has it for her only child."

It is a coincidence that poems written in a foreign language translated into English proses can retain so much delicacy and rhythm.

"Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well as the song."

"Oh thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colors and sounds and odors."

"There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth. And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pith from the western ocean of rest."

"But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form, nor color, and never, never a word."

To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over the plow-share or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray—these are the things that make men happy. —Ruskin.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

The Triumphant Christ
REV. IRA LEE CUTTRELL

Substance of Address on the last evening of the Southwestern Missionary Conference, in Memphis, Tenn.

Of the thirty-four Conferences I have attended, it seems to me this is the best one of all. I have been wondering how the mighty uplift, the enthusiasm, the consecration, the love and spiritual power manifested here can be conserved, to be used in the years to come, to bring forth with the results that we all wish to see.

In the first place we need a definite object in view, in order to attain our best. A few years ago President F. E. Clark suggested that the United Christian Endeavor Society should try to gain 1,000,000 new members and 10,000 new societies in the following two years. It looked for a time as though they would not succeed in doing it, but they did. This year President Clark said: "Here is what I ask you to achieve, in the name of the Master, and trusting in his favor for the coming years the next two years: 1,000,000 new Christians, 1,000,000 new members for our societies; 1,000,000 new church members; 1,000,000 new dollars for missions; 1,000,000 advocates of the Peace Union," etc. "Then let us set our standard at 5,000,000 new members before the summer of 1917. We can do it if we will. We must do it if we can."

The united temperance organizations have adopted as their goal, and resolved to win, by the blessings of God,—National Prohibition in the United States. See the f r i g h t of the enemy! A liquor authority has predicted National Prohibition two years earlier—that is, in 1918. It has been proposed to make Prohibition worldwide.

The Methodist Episcopal Denomination has made 250,000 new members their goal for the next year.

Now let Seventh Day Baptists get in line. Our Conference has passed resolutions making our goal the next three years 500 new members added annually to our churches, above all losses; 500 new members added annually to our Sabbath schools, above all losses; and approved the plan of work of the Young People's Board for the next Conference year, namely: "To secure 125 converts; 200 new members of Christian Endeavor societies; 125 new church members from the Christian-
deavor societies; 125 new dollars for missions; 1,000 new members of the Peace Union; 10 new societies; 500 new comrades of the Quiet Hour; 50 new members of the Tenth Legion; 75 Christian Endeavor Experts; 50 Life Work Recruits. "We can do it if we will. We must do it if we can. Our people have done it before. Accordin' to Elder Bailey's History of the General Conference, page 318, in the year 1831-32 there was a net gain of 535 members when the whole membership was only 3,775. From 1839 (with 3,047 members) to 1832—those were annual gains of 401, 267, 355, or 1,263 feet in three years, an average of 421 annually. This was a remarkable increase, and we have heard tell of the wonderful revivals of those times. It seems to be nearly double what we are attempting to do, but I think we shall do well, very well, if we reach our goal in our time. With God's help may no failure come through our neglect. I see from the same source there is recorded a gain, in the year ending with 1843, of 717 members. It may be well for us to notice that, for eight years after 1843, there were only six Conferences, or one in three years; also that in these eighteen years there was not so great an increase as in the one year previous to 1843. In that year there were 717. In the eighteen years, with triennial Conferences, there were 616 additions. In the year ending in 1914, there were reported 501 additions, but only 214 above all losses. In the three years to come let us attempt something more than in the past. Let us "do our best' and put forth more consecrated work than ever before.

The world, the past year, has witnessed a demonstration of what may be called consecration on a large scale. Germany and Austria have made what human beings may accomplish by being devoted to a given task that perhaps has no parallel in history, and they have astonished the world. If this can be done for the sake, as it seems to the outside world, of material power and national aggrandizement, by an attempt to crush the powers about us, that consecration may be manifested by those serving under a leader who has given his life for his followers, and promised a country of more beauty and glory than earth has ever seen, and assured us of a life that surpasses this as the life of a noble man or woman surpasses that of a mere insect of a day. And, too, he, our Leader, calls his followers to begin the life and the work he came to live and do, in helping to carry on his grand and noble work of saving men. May this work call all of us to consecrate ourselves as never before, and be assured that, as we shall ever and again come with rejoicing, bringing the harvest of life's sheaves with us, to enjoy, with the noble of earth, eternal life.

That we may realize all this and more, let us "mobilize, vitalize, and evangelize our forces, and "Keep rank, keep rank, make Jesus King."

A Pleasant Surprise

On Sabbath afternoon, November 27, at the close of the Christian Endeavor meeting, Pastor Skaggs with his band of loyal Endeavorers crossed the street and very unceremoniously and uninvited entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Delos Babcock. As Mrs. Babcock could not see their faces, each member was introduced to her, and cordially welcomed. They were soon seated with Miss Iva Davis at the organ. At once they proceeded to give a fine sacred concert, singing many of the old-time hymns which will never wear out, and closing with "In the sweet by-and-by."

Mrs. Babcock assured the Endeavorers that her fondest anticipation in life is the miracle at the half a dozen lingoes heam around a threslin' bee. For I was born a Yankee, an' that's good enough for me.

But somehow, when my wife was sick an' I was short-sighted if you

Then Hilda-she's my neighbor's gal-come to make the neighbors down on Farmer's Crick.

But the lingo makes no differ, an' the\n
Then Hilda-she's my neighbor's gal-come to make the neighbors down on Farmer's Crick.

But the lingo makes no differ, an' the

"Keep rank, keep rank, make Jesus King."

WOMAN'S WORK

MR. GEORGE E. CROSBY, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

WILL JONES' NEIGHBORS

I got all kinds o' neighbors where I'm livin' by the Crick.

Some Polack and a Pole, and the Dutch is pretty thick,

An' there's seventeen Norwegians that haul milk along the road,

An' she's Irish, some; an' others, I ain't figured what they guessed.

An' some o' em is different in their livin' ways to mine—

I reckon it's their raisin'—an' I never got a line on the half a dozen lingoes heam around a threslin' bee.

For I was born a Yankee, an' that's good enough for me.

But somehow, when my wife was sick an' I was mighty blue.

Then Hilda-she's my neighbor's gal—come up and pulled us thru.

An' she broke my laig last fall, an' huskin broke me.

The Polock brought the Dutchmen and they cribbed 'er number one.

An' when that mighty horse got cut, an' laid up plowin' time.

An Irishman he lent Bill one, an' never charged a dime.

An' take 'em here and yonder, as fur as I can see.

The lot of 'em together is just like you an' me.

I'm proud that I'm a Yankee, an' Pete's proud that he's Dutch,

But the lingo makes no differ, an' the creeds don't matter much.

Fer we goin' to pull together—Yank an' Swede an' Mick an' Finn—

Till we've sowed a crop of Brotherhood, an' bright the harvest in.

Fer that's the way we figger that our boys an' gals'll git

Their chance as we've had our'n, an' we'll help to fashion it!

An' the ain't no man can stop us, and the ain't no one can say.

That the neighbors down on Farmer's Crick ain't pullin' all one way.

—F. S. and H.

AN INDIAN DINNER PARTY

The following letter was written for the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Deborah class of La Porte, Ind. Mrs. Martha Wardner is the teacher of this class.

My dear Friends of the Deborah Class:

The sun had dropped like a great ball of fire behind the western hills, leaving the sky tinted in deep amber, when we stopped before the postoffice, a low, unpainted and dilapidated building, and in the small battered desk I received a handful of letters. One bore Mrs. Wardner's familiar handwriting, and brought a request, or perhaps I should say an invitation, to have a part in our annual entertainment; and since I never refuse either Mrs. Wardner or the Deborah class anything that I can give, I began to wonder what I might say that would be of special interest to you. Then the inspiration came; an Oklahoma sunset is enough to inspire the dullest mind. All that day I had been at an Indian "big eat" and I was sure you would want to hear about it. Such an occasion is always a most unique affair, and you would have opened your eyes and stared just as I did at first, could you have been there.

"Yesterday I was passed around that Tone-mah, one of the deacons, was to give a dinner at his home on Monday. All were invited, and no regrets were handed in. The day dawned clear and sunny, with a big breeze. We started early—think of going to a dinner party immediately after breakfast—but even then the Indians were ahead of us; for as we drove into the yard, it was filled with hacks, buggies, wagons, and vehicles of all descriptions. Three tents had been put up together, making a room as long as a house. In the kitchen of their home Tone-mah's wife, daughter and some intimate friends were setting tables and cooking dinner. All the guests were assembled in the tent. As many times as I have seen the Indians on festive occasions I never cease to marvel at their way of entertaining. It is so different from that of the white people. If there were those present who were not Christians, we might consider it courteous to keep our religion hidden; not so the Indians. Tone-mah had invited many unconverted friends. As I took my place at one end of the tent, Lucius, the interpreter, whispered: "Give a good Bible lesson to the unconverted." Knowing what to expect I had prepared a talk from Jesus' first miracle at Cana—turning water into wine and after telling the story of the "big eat" where Jesus was a guest, I spoke of his transforming power, and then gave some
plain, strong talks, as the Indians call it, to the unsaved. Testimonies followed. Many of them were urgent appeals for the unconverted to come into the "Jesus Road." At twelve o'clock Tone-mah's wife announced dinner. An old Indian arose and said, "Now we who are Christians must stay and find and let all of us and unconverted friends have seats at the table first; then we can go in"—a little, I thought, of the spirit that must have been in our Master's heart when he said something like this: "When ye go to a feast, choose not the chief seats, etc." If wishes could have peeped in at the doors and seen the four long tables set—one reaching the entire length of the house. All were decorated in fancy colors, and were filled with good things. There were the cakes that the young women proudly told me they had made, the beef that had been dried in the sun, the fried chicken, the fruits and candies, besides many plainer dishes. The women and children ate on the floor; the men and the missionaries were seated at the tables. Lucius gave thanks and then the food began to disappear with amazing rapidity. When the natural capacity for carrying food had been exhausted, sacks of all sizes were brought forth and what remained was taken away by artificial means. It would have been considered extremely impolite to leave on the tables any of the good things prepared by the hostess.

After dinner the guests scattered everywhere in the bright sunshine. The groups of gaily-dressed Indians sitting here and there chatting happily together made a most picturesque sight. After the dishes had been washed, the house put in order, and digestion aided by much fun and laughter, a few of the Indian men gathered again in the long tent and began to sing. The Indians came from all directions—the mothers with papooses on their backs, the fathers leading little children, and soon the meeting place was again filled with Indians great and small. There was another Bible lesson, many more testimonies and prayers, and the meeting before the service closed. There were many expressions of gratitude to our host and hostess, then the horses were hitched up and the long procession drove away turning in every direction to their homes. It had truly been a "big eat" for both body and soul, and who can tell what seed had been sown that might in some future day bring forth fruit.

We look upon the Indian with pity—he is so far beneath us. And it is true that he has much yet to learn. But I think that these simple children of nature, crude and unlearned, can at times teach us a lesson. And I wondered that day, as I drove home through the soft, hazy autumn light, if we had as truly learned to do all things "as unto the Lord" as had our simple-hearted Indian brothers and sisters.

May God's choicest blessing rest upon the Deborah class and the dear teacher as you enter another year of service for him. Lovingly yours,

GERTRUDE MITHOF

Baked Beans
REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS

Baked beans and ice cream, Isn't that a dainty dish to set before a king? What king, and what about it? The King of Glory, the Lord Jesus, who is served with a plate of beans and a dish of ice cream.

The church comes to the end of the year with a large deficit. At the business meeting a committee is appointed to solicitation of every member and attempt to raise the money. After a sweating time of it the committee confer together and find that they are still quite a sum behind.

They come to the next church meeting and the chairman of the committee begins to tell of all the trials and tribulations of Brother So-and-So, how he has had a little misfortune this year, and his bumper crop did not turn out so well as he had expected, and he has not received as high a price as he had hoped to receive, so that it is impossible for him to pay all that he would like to. Then there is that other So-and-So—he has lost one of his best horses (one that ought to have been dead and converted into fertilizer years ago) and he has had to spend the money he was saving for the church to help buy a new horse, so that it is impossible for him to give anything at present. Then that other brother from whom they expected so much had an accident to his automobile while out on a pleasure trip Sabbath Day and it took all the ready cash he could scrape together to put the car in running order again. There was also a good sister who had counted on raising chickens to help the church, but the eggs didn't hatch good and the rats got in among the few that did hatch and she hasn't much to give, and so she goes through the list. Consequently there is still quite a deficit.

The people thus collected talk about stocks and bonds, farms and crops, cattle and horses. Finally some one thinks of the Ladies' Aid as a means for raising the debt, and promptly a motion is made to ask the Aid Society to help the church out of the difficulty. The ladies call a meeting and vote to have a baked-bean supper. They get to work. Each woman spends from fifty cents to two dollars to get some baked beans and accessories together, which they serve for twenty-five cents a plate. The whole general public is appealed to help provide some other else's debt and at last the deficit is met. Thanks to the Ladies' Aid which has so generously "given" to the public a fifty-cent supper for twenty-five cents, and has received enough to pay the deficit. But it is the Lord's work, and we had a good time. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Next Sabbath the pastor announces that he is to be away the following Sabbath and that a visiting brother will occupy the pulpit. It happened to fall to proud Brother Committeeman to introduce the visiting brother, who is sitting there in the pulpit he is much charmed to notice that the carpet is getting very badly worn and thinks that the preacher can not help but notice it. The last note of the bell dies away and the preacher is introduced, but the Committeeman can not get his mind on the splendid message which is being delivered. On the next Sunday the regular business meeting of the church is held and the need of a new carpet is brought before the church. A committee is again appointed, and of course, since this man was the one who first noticed the worn carpet, he is put on as chairman, also because he was so successful in raising the money for the debt.

Again a thorough canvass is made with like results—there is a little lacking. Again the money is gone over laboriously, reviewing the straitened circumstances of each individual member who has spent his money for everything from a new trotting horse to a pair of lace curtains. A great dilemma confronts the church. A happy thought comes in the mind of the Ladies' Aid, which is again asked to help out. A meeting is called at once and the Ladies' Aid votes to have some more baked beans and ice cream. The process of baking and freezing and furnishing is all gone over again, and a big supper is held, and everybody gets tired out, and the next day is Friday, and the children hide all day long while the work is being done—except while their mothers are out leaning on the back-yard fence going over the whole performance again. At last the quiet Sabbath eve draws on with its restful, blissful moments, and the old church bell calls them again to the blessed hour of prayer. "Prayer meeting? Well, I guess not! We have all been too busy doing the Lord's work. We shall have a new carpet. 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'" It is not long before it is noticed that the old cushions are about gone. Oh, no, I'm not going to go over that same story again, which by this time has become so familiar to everyone in church community in the country. It is a good thing for church people to come together occasionally for a social evening and supper, but does it not seem unnecessary in the work of Christ's church that the only way that it is possible for the most of the able to give is for some one else to give twice as much in proportion and then pay the same as others, and have the pleasure of seeing some eagle-squeezer come to the table acting as though he had been fasting for a week, and then make up for lost time? After he has finished a bountiful supper he turns to the president of the Ladies' Aid and remarks, "I really don't see how you can put up such a supper for a quarter." She smiles and thanks him for the compliment, but thinks to herself, "I really don't see how you can put up such a supper for a quarter."

Moral: How does your church raise its money?

"Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants."
Letters to the Smiths

To George Smith.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: Let me change your question from, "What is a Christian?" to "Who is a Christian?" and I will reply that he is a near neighbor of mine, one whom I have known well for years—a Scotchman from the north of Ireland, yet a genuine American. About the first thing he did after coming to this country was to enter the Union army, and thus become a sturdy boy soldier for the freedom of man and the integrity of our government. Ever since those days he has continued to be a good soldier of our republic, contending with voice, example and ballot for civic righteousness. Though a lover of peace, I suspect that he would go to war again, if need be, against injustice and oppression.

He is as Christlike as any man, I know, and Christ once wielded a whip in the very temple of God to express his righteous indignation against greedy grafters.

This neighbor of mine is human—intensely human—so I can not say that he is perfect. He would declare himself far short of his own ideal of Christian manhood, yet to us who know him in his everyday life he is Christlike. An old schoolmaster of his told me that John was a genuine boy, full of fun and sometimes unduly mischievous.

And now, my dear nephew, I am wondering if the carpenter’s Son of Galilee was not himself a genuine, wholesome boy.—so much so as to enjoy fun and sport, even to relish a joke now and then. The Bible story of him is necessarily short and lacking in many little details of his boyhood that I would like to know about. I like to think of him as a real boy, yet growing in knowledge and truth and wisdom until, by and by, the great purpose of his life took possession of his strong nature and he became able to triumph over the temptation in the wilderness. I think that sometime, someday, his neighbor may have had a similar struggle with the tempter, and that he too came out of the wilderness a conqueror—able to enter the pulpit. Because of his daily life his prayers and his sermons are wonderfully impressive. If some person in our community should ask me what a Christian is, I would attempt no abstract definition. I would ask him to observe the life and study the character of this neighbor of mine, we may as Christlike as he seems to be.

UNCLE OLIVER.

The Time of the Associations

Number 2

REV. A. J. C. BOND

In a former communication I gave some of the reasons why the Southeastern Association voted to continue to hold its annual sessions in the autumn. These reasons may be considered as those peculiar to our local circumstances. I felt that I would not be fair to myself, however, if I did not mention another reason which was very strong with me in considering the matter; a reason which would apply equally to all the associations, if it will stand the test of the good judgment of the wiser heads in the denomination.

There are some among us, of course, who look upon Conference as a closing climax to the year’s work in the denomination. In a sense this is true, and the Conference should bring to us, through the annual reports of the societies, and through messages from the field, something of the results of the year’s work. A little hot air, and other frills and thrills, such as were indulged in on “Stained Flag Night” of our late Conference, may be allowable, perhaps serviceable. But there is another and more important service that Conference can do. That is, to make out and present to the denomination a program of activities for the church year, upon which the churches enter in the fall. The work of the Board of Finance is in line, and some of us are very grateful for the thorough manner in which they did their work this year. The launching of the “Forward Movement” is a case in point.

The logical as well as the most practical way of getting these interests before the people, is through the associations, held soon after Conference. The association at Berea this year demonstrated the value of the present order.

The conception of the absolute, eternal, unmovable sovereignty of the Infinite, and nothing less than this, is the ultimate and fundamental of a real religious faith. The man is not worth his dust in who does not stand in awe of God. In all history and biography, in every age and clime and nation, this has been the spirit that has hated iniquity, broken tyranny, induced righteousness, wrought liberty, and made men worth making. And there never was an iniquity hated nor a tyranny broken nor a righteousness induced nor a liberty wrought nor a man worth making made without it. A good-for-nothing God in theology means good-for-nothing prophets in the pulpil and good-for-nothing men in the pulpit. This neighbor of mine is human—in a very true sense—Will a true father encourage his children in their sin by countenancing it? Is God a seller of inducements? The Fatherhood of God calls for the forbidding of sin, and if he ignores it he is no true Father. God is so good and loving and tender that he is supremely concerned for the moral welfare of his children. He wants them to be righteous. He has placed the barrier of retribution between them and evil that they might turn from evil. Judgment, retribution, punishment, belong among the evidences of love.


Rejoice if in the Book of Life thy name is spelled;
If in thy thought a dream is held
Of rapture on ahead when thou art free
Across the vistas of immensity—
Thy name is very own, inscribed midst words of light
Beyond the vale of death and night!
Rejoice; but as thou dreamest apart,
Be sure the Christ-name shines across thy heart.

—George Keight.

"Tis the grandest theme thro’ the ages rung;
'Tis the grandest theme for mortal tongue;
'Tis the grandest theme that the world ever sung—
Our God is able to deliver thee.

—W. A. Ogden.
Many Recruits for the Seventh Day Baptist Tenth Legion

Over 200 already enrolled!

Although the Tenth Legion department of the Young People’s Board has only been organized since September, already 217 members have been definitely enrolled, most of whom were gained at Conference. There are, without question, hundreds of others in the denomination, but these have been recorded definitely with the Young People’s Board. Corresponding secretaries, please send in the names of all of your Tenth Legion members to Carroll B. West, Milton Junction, Wis., and state whether or not they are enrolled in the United Society at Boston, and as such, have received their enrollment cards. Individuals who wish to be included in this progressive movement, and to declare their intention of giving at least one tenth of their income to Christ’s work, please send in your names also. Be sure to read over carefully the Tenth Legion Efficiency leaflet or catechism, which will be printed in these columns. Individuals who wish to be included in this department are the Riverside society recently reported eight Tenth Legion members. They are coming in fast. The following are only a few of the large list, parts of which will be published occasionally.

Angeline Abbey, Chicago, Ill
Blanche E. Babcock, New Auburn, Wis
Ellie Babcock, Grand Marsh, Wis
Fred I. Babcock, Kankauna, Wis
Grace I. Babcock, Milton, Wis
James O. Babcock, Welton, Ia
John T. Babcock, New Auburn, Wis
Lillie Babcock, Grand Marsh, Wis
Mr. and Mrs. Lou Babcock, Milton, Wis
O. W. Babcock, Delmar, Ia
D. Fern Barber, North Loup, Neb
Herbert Barnes, Milton, Wis
Adelaide Bartholf, Milton, Wis
Elston L. Belknap, Burlington, Ia
Herbert Belknap, Burlington, Ia
M. E. Bigelow, Battle Creek, Mich
Susie D. Birvin, Bridgeport, N. J
Theo Blume, Milton, Wis
Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Salem, W. Va
Stella M. Boss, William’s Bay, Wis
Isabella Brown, Milton, Wis
Alice Burdick, Milton, Wis
Allison L. Burdick, Milton, Wis

The Call of the Country Church to Young Men

GLENN L. FORD

Paper read in Young People’s Hour, Southeastern Association

The call to any vocation is the call of service. The greatness of the call can be measured only by the needs of the field from which the call comes. It seems to me that there is no call to young men from any field unless there is an appreciation of the opportunities for service. Consenting to take this part on the Young People’s program has brought me face to face with the call from the Country Church, and what I have written is the result of my reflections on the needs of the Christian Country Church.

I could give you statistical evidences of the decline in religious ardor in the Country Church if manpower and vacant pulpits count for anything. Different denominations have authorized committees, and given money freely, for the purpose of collecting statistics showing the number of pastorless churches and abandoned houses of worship—taking the religious temperature as it were—and in almost every instance the results have shown a decline in outward expressions of religion. This does not prove that people are less religious, but it does prove that there is not a vital connection between their interests and the interests of the church which is their country church. Perhaps I had better say that we have acquired interests which are vital to them but do not see their relation to the church. Not that the church is less vital in its possibilities but it has through inactivity lost its hold upon the people. We can not have a live church in the midst of an indifferent people. The church and the people are one.

I want to make this plainer. Let every one ask himself or herself, What does the church really mean to me? As you hear the word, I, with thoughts go-back to some particular church, built down in one of these valleys; it may be the church of your childhood around which cluster many beautiful memories, and I would there were more who had such memories. But stop, we must think in larger terms. The church is more than wood or stone or pleasant men. The church is composed of human souls; people are the parts of the whole which is the church. The church building is but a symbol that strife and envy are at an end, that harmony and unity prevail, that the Christian spirit has its abiding-place in the valley. Yet we forget that it is through us that the church expresses itself.

Let us add another C to the Country Church; the Christian Country Church, the three Cs. What a world of meaning that third C carries with it, suggesting to us the spirit of the Christ. This spirit is beautiful, earthy, it is these borrowed words: “His great intellectual power combined with an attractive modesty; his tenderness with courage; his meekness with boldness; his self-sacrifice with a great manly spirit; his enthusiasm with patience; his humility with self-respect; these elements so mixed in him, that nature could rise up and say, He was a man” that men of all ages can point to him and say, Behold the Prince of men.

As we look for our Country Church, we are led to a condition with and prompted by only the purest motives. The church is hospitable to strangers and accommodating to his neighbors, but he is becoming unsocial. Many, communities will go for six months without coming together for a common purpose. We even get so far apart that we fail to respond when the church leaders call. The church and the community need the church. We Seventh Day Baptists who live in the country have lost in a measure the habit of visiting our neighbor. We haven’t time to spend an evening now and then by our neighbor’s fireside. His plans and purposes are unknown to us. We want comradeship, but have forgotten how to be friends. Hoping to find this comradeship

an thousand years of experience and struggle over Peter, so why should we not be more loyal and steadfast?

Let us examine the foundation of the country life. Do all its phases favor true Christian living? Surely man is not born with tendencies antagonistic to Christian influences, at least not normally so. Then we must look to his environment for influences which lead him astray. Is there anything in his natural environment which hinders the development of the Christian spirit? There can not be. On the contrary, I think there is everything to awaken and develop it. The natural is the doorway to the spiritual. We who live in the country are especially blessed with our natural environment, suggesting as it does faith, hope, patience, endurance, and unselfishness. Yet with this advantage our Christian living is cold and indifferent. Why is it? Are our eyes blinded to the beauties about us because the struggle of maintaining a respectable existence is too strenuous? Is there no time for the culture of the spirit? Or is the struggle too easy? Somewhere a great soul, a great spirit, a great act has been committed to sleep in the cradle of self-sufficiency. The independence of the farmer is exalted, but it is a dangerous possession. He does not know the bonds of union which come with a common interest with his fellow-men. Neither does he know the strife, envy, and hatred which are the outcome of close competition. The ties which bind him to his fellows can not be based on anything selfish or utilitarian. These ties must be based on the principles back of the life of the Master. It must be the result of a condition with and prompted by only the purest motives.

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we have gone to the cities. Our children become restless and seek for pleasures in outward things. We want to enjoy the world without becoming a part of it. We want a knowledge of things without paying the price. This may be a natural result of conditions in the country, but it is not normal. The conditions must be changed.

To facilitate better social conditions we need better roads, better agricultural methods, better schools, and live churches. Of these I haven't time to say much, even though they are vitally connected with my subject. If, because of methods used in farming, success is impossible, and life could be made easier and success made possible by other methods, some one whose life is not grounded in the old ways should warn of the dangers and encourage new and better ways. Such a leader ought to have the broadest foundation in his preparation; in addition he should have a scientific knowledge of farming, road-building, and school methods. Our theological seminaries ought to provide for such training. Better farming will demand more religious training.

When the farmer realizes this, these community interests will be mutual and social conditions will improve.

Every child of the farmer should have the opportunity of being educated in a free high school, in which the teachers are deeply religious. I believe there can be no true education unless it leads to deeper religious expression. To separate intellectual culture and spiritual culture is impossible. We must consider that it is the preacher's business to look after the spiritual side of life and the teacher's business to look after the intellectual side of life. A so-called spiritual person without intelligence is a stumbling block and intelligence without a corresponding spiritual vision is as dead as an encyclopedia of facts. We need more preachers with intelligent spirituality, and more teachers with spiritual intelligence.

How much easier and how much more could be accomplished by teacher and preacher if the homes of the country were more ideal; if there were more who really knew the meaning of home. "The holy service with its words: love, comfort, honor, serve, keep in sickness and in health," and etc., ought to be studied and its meaning allowed to sink deep into the heart of every home-maker. Divorce after divorce, and the union by intelligent ministers of couples whom they know have no conception of the meaning of home-making tend to cheapen the significance of the marriage relation. I think most men and women are so sincere, feel something of the meaning of home-making when they enter into this sacred relation; but when the tests of selfishness come, the self-denials, the self-sacrifice, how easy it is to let sad changes come over us.

"Years following years steal something every day Until at last they steal us from ourselves away." Let us make another picture; the test comes but it is a means of growth; till, care, and pain are mutual, the fruits of which are patience, fortitude, and courage. But that this may be so, the home must be a religious home, a home where the Christian spirit dwells. The true expression of religion is the religion of the fireside. "It is far easier to keep the true religious spirit in the home than to maintain the fireside be made an altar, and the father and mother God's priests." To forsake the home means to forsake the church and the things for which it stands.

This seems to be an age in which it is hard to hold your conscience in the church. There seems to be so many outside attractions, which are not so apparently wicked, but which, if participated in, will draw us away from the keeping power of the Christian religion. We do not have time, nor are the conditions favorable, for reflection upon the true meaning of life. We live in a fast age and the glamour of it all makes it hard for us to see the real meaning through the confusion of a constantly changing order. I believe there are few who deliberately plan to oppose Christian influences. We younger folks need to know the way that leads to the joy and peace of living in the service of the Master. We need to know that any service, which the world needs and which, when rendered rightly will make the world a safer and a saner place in which to live, is service for the Master. The dignity of the labor when we are co-workers with him will bring us the peace of Jesus Christ—the peace which comes not through some mystical contemplation or vague experience, but by our sharing the spirit of the Master, by the earnest following of duty, the noble facing of responsibility, the bold confronting of difficulties, the quiet endurance of persecution, the brave carrying of sorrow, and the prayerful sanctifying of our joys. The way of the cross is the path of this text. Rest can only follow labor. The overcoming of outward things is by the condition of the inward. The reign of Jesus must come through the power of love and service. This reign must be brought about by preacher, teacher, lawyer, farmer—in fact, every individual must be a leader. Perhaps the greatest task, and with the task the greatest opportunity, comes to the preacher. He is the poet of the way. The several occupations and different view points of other men, narrowed into the channel of their own interests, make it impossible for them to see the whole of life. They may lead men in a profession like their own, but to advise and lead all men they are incompetent and unsafe. The minister in these times must know all of life. He is asked to be pastor of the spirit in the church and the call from the Country Church is a call for young men with special preparation for service in this field. The business of being a Christian is the same business everywhere, but the conditions which make it a successful business are not the same in every place. So to be a leader in the Christian life anywhere the preparation must be broad, deep, and thorough; and in addition the leader should be a specialist in the kind of work the field needs. But in every field the greatest need is for men who will point men to Jesus by their own life, who know the bypaths leading to the suppression of his spirit and can warn men of this way; who can help bring the home, and the school in the community, and the church to a deeper appreciation of its mission; men who, like Jesus, go about doing good.

The Indignation of Our Master

REVA VAN HORN

Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Churches of Iowa

I think, without doubt, we picture Jesus with a wan, sad face, his actions emphasizing meekness and humility, and quiet peacefulness as the dominant quality of his character.

Wrath is a part of every character's equipment, even of the greatest characters. Was Jesus ever wrathful? Yes, he was. I will take a few examples from his life. Jesus was very indignant at the selfishness of Dives. Perhaps the excuse Dives made for himself was that he did not cause Lazarus' poverty. And that, therefore, he was not responsible for it.

If we see some one in trouble and do not make an effort to help him out, does not Jesus consider us partners with the one who caused the trouble?

Let us ask ourselves this question: "Am I doing all in my power to make the moral life of my community the best possible?" I think if more of us would put this question to ourselves we would realize how we need to try harder to raise the standard of our community. Stop and think, What can I do to help?

Another time when Jesus' indignation was aroused was when he entered the synagogue and saw a money changer misusing the house of God. Jesus' indignation was aroused until he even used a whip of cords to drive the money changers out.

Why are we so often ashamed of our outbursts of anger? Don't you think it is because our wrath is altogether selfish? I do. Was Jesus' wrath ever selfish? Was his indignation ever aroused except over others? Paul says: "Be ye angry and sin not." What does that mean? Perhaps some of you know. I will not endeavor to answer that question.

I am attending the Y. W. C. A. conference at present. The other evening I passed a group of five or six girls. My attention was drawn in particular to a girl who was bent on leading another girl to a public dance in a town somewhere near by. I do not remember its name. The rest of the group were thoroughly aroused and angry. Finally a very indignant girl spoke out to the tempter, "You go immediately and don't let me catch you coaxing Anna to any more dances for anything of the kind." I wonder if even such angels as those girls showed ever calls for remorse. I wonder if Jesus were to walk into Welton, Garwin, Marion, or any of our home towns, would there be anything in our social lives that would cause the Mas-
ter’s indignation to rise as it did when he went among the Pharisees.

Jesus never was selfishly indignant. Never let your indignation rise except for the sake of others, is the simple thought I wish to leave with you.

Rev. W. P. J.

The Up Grade
REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON
Christian Endeavor Topic for December 25, 1915

Daily Readings,
Sunday—Rejoice in unworthy things (Matt. 5: 29-30)
Monday—Attention to good (Titus 3: 8)
Tuesday—Meditation (1 Tim. 4: 13-16)
Wednesday—Follow Christ (Rev. 14: 4)
Thursday—Conserving gains (Rev. 3: 10-12)
Sabbath Day—How to keep on the up grade (Phil. 3: 12-16). (New Year’s meeting)

Paul was past middle life, but still in the race. Forgetting the cost, get set, go,” and the halloving at the bystanders, and the fatigue from the race, he was still running; the goal was not yet attained. Has your society reached the goal set by the Young People’s Board? Keep a-going. This is a three-year campaign. Keep in training. This is not merely a forty-year race. There will probably be something to run for after the three-year mark has been reached.

The sprinter’s posture is not one of equilibrium to one standing still. The force spent in running is what keeps him from pitching headlong. Do not try to look as if you are going when you are standing still. If you try to do you will fail. Spend your energies in sending your body towards the goal. It is up grade all the way. There are two essentials to keeping on the up grade—energy and direction.

What habits lead up grade? Down grade?

What are some of the benefits of the difficult up grade way? What are some of the dangers of the down grade way?

How can we keep in training for the upward race?

Who wins in the race?

What is the “prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus”?

Milton Junction News Notes

November is the Thanksgiving month, and our church and Christian Endeavor society are very thankful for many good things that have come to them. Union Thanksgiving services were held in our church Thanksgiving night, and although we were treated to a hard thunder shower, there were about fifty people present to enjoy a most helpful sermon by Rev. E. E. Brown.

Mr. Millar, pastor of the M. E. church, at the close of the sermon he asked the people to tell just one thing for which they were thankful. Thirty took part, and it was indeed a fitting close for Thanksgiving Day.

The Junior Christian Endeavor society remembered the poor on Thanksgiving eve with good things to eat and some clothing. The Good Literature Committee has sent a box of papers to the Fouke School.

The union revival meetings closed on November 21. Several are ready to offer the standard of the heathen to some of these going. This is a three-year campaign.

The members will use Monday Night for “A White Gift for the King” Christmas exercise.

A mission study class is being organized. The members will use “New Era in Asia” by George Sherwood Eddy.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Milton Junction, Wis.

Do you believe in nailing up a horseshoe on your house for good luck? If you do, you’re up to the standards of the heathen who lived in Ur of the Chaldees when God called Abram out of that land because he had something better for him. Archeology has dug up the Chaldean clay substitute for the luck-bringing horseshoe.

Dr. Melvin Grove Kyle, one of the best known of the archeologists, writes every month in the Sunday School Times a review of the latest archeological discoveries and their bearing on Bible truth. This is a sample of the many notable discoveries that are constantly being made by the archeologists,—the men who dig up ancient records in Bible lands. A specimen copy of the Sunday School Times containing one of these interesting and informing articles will be sent on receipt of a postcard request addressed to The Sunday School Times Company, 1031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Home News

WESTERLY, R. I.—The gentlemen of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church held an open-air supper last evening in the vestry of the church on Main Street. The church vestry was crowded at the supper hour and the seats at the tables were soon filled. It was necessary to reset the tables, as there were 175 people served.

A. H. Lawrence was at his old post as chef, and he had an efficient staff of assistants in the kitchen. William H. Browning was in charge of the force of about 20 waiters. Only the highest praise was heard of the supper.

The sale of fancy articles and candy conducted by the ladies of the church proved to be a great success. The booths and tables were appropriately decorated for the occasion and filled with an array of attractive gifts and useful articles, while the candy corner, with the pleasing variety of homemade candies, was very popular.

It is estimated that over $255 was cleared from the supper and the sale of fancy work and candy.

MILTON, Wis.—A total sum of $51 was given by the students to the World Student Federation, which will go towards making up a Christmas gift for the students of the warring nations. This gift was raised as a result of an appeal sent by John R. Brigham to the local Y. M. C. A., which appeal was responded to very liberally and with more or less sacrifice on the part of the students.

The Christian organizations are very grateful to all who gave, and hope that they will receive as much blessing as the unfortunate students to whom it goes.—Milton College Review.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis.—J. S. Nelson accompanied Rev. D. B. Coon to New Auburn, Wis., last Thursday evening, where he will take charge of the singing in the revival meetings Rev. Mr. Coon will conduct there. Professor Paul Schmidt, who formerly had charge of the singing, has resigned for the present.—Milton Journal.

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.—It is not because we do not enjoy the Home News department of the Recorder that something does not appear more frequently from Adams Center, but we have been enjoying, so much, the reports of Conference and the associations that we did not wish to crowd out any such matter with something of less interest.

The services of the church are maintained with a good degree of interest. Isolated as we are from the other churches of the denomination, we miss many of the good things they enjoy, but we are glad to report that some of these good things have been coming our way of late. Dr. C. S. Maxson, of Utica, was with us November 13. He addressed a men’s meeting on Sabbath evening, and spoke on Sabbath morning. The following week President Davis, of Alfred, presided, and also gave us a lecture the evening after the Sabbath.

An event that is looked forward to with a great deal of interest, is the annual harvest supper and giving by the ladies of the church. This event was held in Gramercy Hall on the evening of October 12 and was largely attended. It was a success in a social way and also financially, as the ladies added upwards of $70 to their treasury.

In addition to the teas and thimbles sales which they hold, they have planned five day socials, to which the men are invited, to be held at the homes of those living in the country.

Seven years ago the town of Adams voted no license by a small majority, either 25 or 27, and has remained dry since then.

The hotel-keepers succeeded in having the question submitted to the people at our last election and all four propositions were voted down by about 4 to 1. The majority this year was more than we had ever dared hope for. No doubt it will be some time before it is again brought before the people.

Several of our people were in Syracuse on Monday. The Sabbath school teachers were there, as our church Thanksgiving service was held there.

At present we are having nice winter weather, with the snow from one to two feet deep. Sleighing fine.

W. P. J.

The man who won’t keep his promises to you is just the sort of a man who will get mad if you don’t keep yours to him.—The Christian Herald.
Mary Martha had invited nine of her friends to come to her home for "something very special." She had asked them, "Please do not dress up," and they had come with clean hands and faces, newly combed hair, and neatly attired in fresh gowns of gingham or percale.

"I didn't dress up, but I just had to change my gown, for I had been playing in the sand all the morning," explained Genevieve Johnson, who was apt to apologize for many things which others would not mention.

The other girls smiled sympathetically, and looked conscious, as though they had all gone through the same experience.

"Just changing our dress when it is soiled, isn't dressing up," replied Mary Martha. "I am glad you all have on clean dresses, for I have asked you here to talk of business for the King, and I think we should be neat and tidy to show respect to him.

"First of all, I think we ought to pray. We need our heavenly Father with us to guide us in making plans for his work. Will you all please join with me in praying the Lord's Prayer?"

All knelt down and repeated the Lord's Prayer reverently, after which Mary Martha made a short prayer:

"Dear Father, guide us in our plans today. Help us not to make mistakes. Grant that we may be able to do something to help to bring thy kingdom upon earth. Forgive us our sins for Jesus' sake. Amen."

At the close of the prayer, she said: "Girls, I've been thinking, ever since the Conference, of what that minister said about tithing, and I've come to the conclusion that I ought to practice it. Just as soon as I made up my mind to do it I thought of the rest of the class, and I wondered if some of you wouldn't like to tithe too, so I asked you to come here to talk about it, and see if we couldn't organize a club." "Capital!" said Nellie Gowen. "I'm in for it. I think that will be just fine!"

"Why, what do we have to tithe? We haven't any money or income," this from Ora Reynolds, a very practical little girl. "Well," said Genevieve, "Grace and I have an allowance for candy, gum, and other little things, and I am sure we ought to be willing to spare part of that, to help bring in the kingdom."

Here Rose Wells, who had often said she wanted to be a foreign missionary, spoke up: "I do not think it is right to buy very much candy and gum, anyway, when people in the cities and foreign countries are starving for real food. One thing that minister said I haven't been able to forget. It keeps coming over in my mind. He said the people of the United States spent, in one year, twelve million dollars for foreign missions, and thirteen million dollars for chewing gum, and then asked, 'Do the people care more for the working of their jaws than they do for saving the lost?'"

"I guess the most of us do have more gum and candy than we need. We might buy less, and give that little to missions. It wouldn't be much, but maybe it would help some," said Nellie Gowen.

"Of course it would help," said Mary Martha. "If ten of us pay five cents a week, that would be fifty cents from all, and would be twenty-six dollars in a year."

"Let's do it, girls—but I don't know as my father would give me the same money if he knew I was going to send it to some foreign country. He doesn't go to church, and he laughs at mother for going to the Missionary Society," said Rose.

"Oh, he laughs, does he?" asked Kitty Jones, who had not spoken before. "Then he'll be easy to manage. I'm not afraid of people's laughs. It's their frowns that I'm afraid of. I think if you tell your father all about it, he won't care."

"It's just this way, girls," said Mary Martha, "I think we all spend more money than we realize. If we have a dollar, can we not spare ten cents of it for God's kingdom? If we have a dime, can we not spare one cent of it, and get along with the cents' worth of candy?"

"Shall we start a tithe club? All who are in favor of it, and want to join, please stand up."

Mary Martha was standing. Eight of the other girls immediately rose to their feet. Only Lily Jackman, a pale, sober little girl, kept her seat. The others looked at her, and her face got just a little rosy as she said:

"Girls, I am sorry, but I don't have any money—I just don't have any at all!"

"That doesn't make any difference. You can give a tenth of what you do have. You can do other little things to help bring in the kingdom—lots of little things. Don't you remember what our Sabbath-school teacher said about our being stewards of the money, time, and talents which God has given us? You could probably give a tenth of your time to doing good—we all could—and maybe if you would pray for it, God would send you some money. We want you to join, if you believe in this, anyhow," answered Mary Martha.

"All right, I'd love to help," said Lily, getting up.

"Now," continued Mary Martha, "what shall we call ourselves?"

"The Tenth Legion is the Christian Endeavor name, but I think we want something different, don't we?" ventured Mildred, a very practical little girl who had not spoken before. "How would 'Ten Tithers' do?"

"That would be nice, and have the letters 'T. T.' painted or embroidered on some badges. My brother paints beautifully. Maybe he would put the letters on for us," said Genevieve.

"That would be fine, but don't you think, girls, that we ought to have something about missionary in our name?" asked Nellie.

"Yes," "Oh, yes!" "Of course!" answered several girls at once.

"How would 'Ten Missionary Tithers' do, and have the letters 'T. M. T.'?

"I think that is as good a name as we can get, and I make a motion that we adopt that name," said Kitty.

"Second the motion!" promptly spoke Nellie.

"The motion is," said Mary Martha, "that we adopt the name, 'Ten Missionary Tithers.' All in favor, please raise the right hand."

Nine girls voted.

"The vote is unanimous. You know the chair doesn't usually vote," explained Mary Martha. "Now who will we have for president?"

Every one shouted, "Mary Martha Bowen!"

Genevieve Johnson stood up. "Let's have a regular motion and vote. I will put it, as it might be embarrassing to Mary Martha."

A motion was promptly moved and seconded. The chosen one said: "Girls, I think some one else would make a better president."

"I don't," said Mildred. "You are just the one, because you thought of it. You have plans for the club, probably. You will be a good leader."

"You had better be the first president, anyhow, and help us get started," said Grace Gordon, who was Genevieve's chum.

The vote was unanimous for Mary Martha Bowen to become the president of the "Ten Missionary Tithers." A secretary and treasurer were next elected. Then the question of dues came up. Should they pay a nickel or a penny at each meeting? One of the girls said she thought it would be better to take up a collection at each meeting, paying as they could; adding, "Sometimes we might not have it, and then we would be getting in debt, if we had regular dues."

Every one seemed to be thinking of Lily Jackman; but all studiously looked in other directions.

"I think the collection should not come out of our regular tithes, but be extra," said Mary Pratt, a very generous little girl.

"So do I," said Nellie. "Wouldn't it be a good plan to have some banks to put our tithes in, and open them in about three months?"

Genevieve asked: "Why not have some homemade money boxes with the letters T. M. T. on them?"

A motion was made that the president appoint a committee to make the boxes, and to see about the badges.

She at once named Genevieve as chairman, and asked Grace Gordon and Kitty Jones to help her, as the other members of the committee.

"Shall we have a secret society?" asked Grace.

All agreed that it would be a good plan to keep the name secret until they had found out whether they could make a success of their plans or not; but that they ought to tell their mothers—and fathers, if they wanted to.

Then the girls decided to meet twice a month, on the Wednesday which was nearest to the tenth and twentieth dates.
Confession of an Ex-Convict

Bill Stiles, One of the Last Members of the James and Younger Brothers’ Gang

It was on the evening of October 30, 1913, in the Union Rescue Mission, 145 North Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal., that I was arrested by the Holy Ghost and gave my heart to God.

This was the first time I had been in a church service since a small boy, nearly forty-four years before.

My criminal life began when I was fourteen years of age back in New York as a pickpocket. I had Christian parents and a lovely home. My father was a practicing physician. They did all they could for me, but the devil got hold of me in some way, and I seemingly could not keep from doing wrong. They sent me into the country, but I did no better there. I overheard them talking of sending me abroad the Schoolship St. Mary, and then I ran away.

I drifted westward, and in 1876 joined the James’ gang with the Younger brothers, and was with them in the Northfield robbery. I escaped the vengeance of the law. I had lived the life of a demon at heart. I was liable to be arrested; for I had remained in the outlaw spirit. I went to Tacoma and Seattle and looked up some of my old pals—men who did not care for their lives. With them I planned to go back into my old work of train robbing.

I came to Los Angeles on the 19th day of July, 1913, and began to look up this country, both along the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads, preparatory to “striking” and then striking again. I went into the mountains for a month, in the vicinity of what is now known as Pisgah Grade, and drew my maps and laid my plans. I came back into the city and put my men (as they had bad records and were wanted by the police) into hiding. The night before the intended robbery I walked down Main Street, thinking over my plans and the course mapped out, when I found myself in front of a mission. Just then I saw a policeman coming down the street, and naturally feeling suspicious, I stepped inside to avoid him and walked way up front.

I did not hear much of the service, for my mind was upon the work for the next day. I felt a little uneasy, for I had left my suitcase in my room, and in it some of the “soup” (nitroglycerine), some high explosives, and my guns. I had everything ready, and so far my plans had gone smoothly; but as I say, I felt worried, and was just getting up to leave when one of the workers came and asked me to give myself up to God. I told him that I did not believe in a God. The life I had lived did not allow me to believe in a God. I do not remember his reply, for I kept trying to get up, when a woman came and sat down beside me, and urged me to go up to the altar. I listened to her pleadings for a time and then consented to go, thinking it would do me no harm anyway. What seemed so strange to me was that I did not have any power to resist. It was not the woman, for I have been a woman-hater since my early life; it was the power of God. As soon as I gave my consent my legs were released, and I went up and knelt at the altar. I heard them praying, and a strange feeling came over me. I was so used to keeping so much in my heart, that I began to feel happy; then a warm light came from above and made my whole body burn. How sorry I began to feel for my past life of crime! I could not keep back the tears—tears of real repentance. I heard them tell me to repeat a prayer, but I had found the Lord before that. Oh, what a joy came into my heart! I went out of the mission knowing the first joy and happiness in the Lord. For I was conscious that my sins were forgiven. I could not go to bed for joy, but walked the streets for hours. I forgot all about the train robbery I had planned for the next day; forgot the suitcase and guns.

Next morning after my conversion, I told my companions what I had done and they said I was nutty. I told them if I was, I hoped God would give me more. I then separated from my old pals and went their way. I am sorry to say that two of them have paid the death penalty already—one was killed back in the north, and the other in Arizona. For a number of days I sat in the mission. I was happy—happy for the first time in my life. Finally I began to come to myself and to think about what I had known that I was liable to be arrested, for I had revealed my past life. I thought about going away, but was held from doing so by a feeling of love that seemed to draw me closer and closer; and such a delight was in my heart that I knew I was in the presence of God’s Spirit. I was experiencing the greatest joy I had ever known, and the peace of God flooded my soul. I kept getting happier and happier, until it seemed as though I loved everybody and everybody loved me. I knew no evil, and thought no evil— I was “a new creature in Christ.”

That heart of mine was as hard as stone, nothing had ever melted it, and my soul was black with a many a crime, but the Lord took me and washed me white as wool. There is nothing but the power of God that can take the wickedness of a life out, and keep it out. During all my life I had walked in the valleys and through dark paths, until up from the depths below he lifted me out of darkness into his marvelous light. I know that a man who has lived the life I have can never reform, but through the power of God he can be transformed and given a new nature; it is the birth of a new spirit. I would not take the whole world for the joy the Lord gives me.

I broke my mother’s heart, and sent her to her grave in disgrace. A dear old father and sisters and brothers have all passed away, and their last thoughts were of me. I think I can see them now, their faces shining with the glory of God as they look down upon me from the glory-world beyond the skies, and rejoice, for “he that was dead is alive again, and that was lost is found.” Now in the place of carrying guns to destroy life, I carry the word of God that gives life—eternal life.

There is no such thing as reformation for one like me. It takes the power of the blood of Jesus Christ to blot out transgression and clean one out. Nothing else can take away our sinful appetites and set us free from the power of the evil. “He that is free in Christ Jesus is free indeed.”

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them” (Heb. 7: 25). The promise has been made and stands sure, but you can sit there until doomsday and it will profit you nothing until you come. Six hours and forty-two times in his word, God has into communication. “Whosoever will may come.” The “who­soever” covers every man, but the “will” may leave some of you out; “Whosoever will may come.”

I had repeated efforts to go back into the old life since my conversion. Men have even offered to supply the money for necessary outfit or equipment. But it was the strength that I got from God alone that helped me to stand.
Lesson XIII.—December 25, 1915

THE SABBATH, SOCIAL AND ETHICAL.—Amos 8: 4-10; Hol. 2: 11-13

"The Savior of Kurdistan"

Wist deep in the waters of the upper Tigris stood a poor Kurdish washerwoman, plying her vocation. Although her pay was but a pittance, she wrought daily at her hard task for her own livelihood, the education of her bright little boy, and for charity. In winter, when blocks of ice from the streams in the Taurus mountains came floating down the river, she still was there, laboring with strong arms and a strong love.

The missionary from Kharput, making his annual visits, saw in his congregation a face that fascinated him. In it suffering and sorrow and hope and patience and passionate devotion seemed to have wrought their perfect work. At the close of the meeting he said to the native pastor, "Bring that woman to me."

In mean attire and trembling, the woman stood before him, holding with one hand her little boy. The missionary spoke Armenian; she understood the Kurdish.

"Mother, do you love Jesus?"

"I do," she said, "I do."

"How much would you give to him?" asked the missionary.

"O missionary," she cried, "I have nothing. Yet all I earn I give, saving only enough for food for this little boy and myself."

"Would you give your little boy?"

"He is my all—my life!" she cried.

"Think well of it tonight and pray," said the missionary. "I return to Kharput tomorrow."

And the widow went out sobbing: "My only son, my Thomas!"

The remaining hours of the missionary's visit were very busy ones, and when the morning came and his horse was saddled, he had forgotten about Thomas. He reproached himself afterward, but it was too late—he forgot. The journey was long. The mountain torrents were raging. The hills were full of brigands. There was so much of preparation for the journey, so much of necessary adjustment of the work of the mission, so much of the before mentioned, direction and advice, that Thomas and his mother, with the wonderful light in her eyes, passed wholly from his mind. But as he was about to start, the group of mission workers and converts who had assembled to bid him farewell all divided to make room for her to approach him—and there was the mother and Thomas.

At the missionary's feet she laid the little bundle of clothing on which she had worked all night. She laid one hand on her boy's head, and with the other pointing upward, said two words: "Thomas—Christos." Then she went back to her lonely home. But not to a narrowed or mournful life; hers was the joy of one who had made the supreme sacrifice.

Thomas developed all those powers which the missionary had discerned in promise in his face, and had seen in full development in the face of his mother. He led his class. He advanced by leaps and bounds. He was valedictorian at his graduation. He pushed straight on in his Bible study, and when he graduated he went back to his old home, where the mother waited for him, and then far beyond into the Kurdish mountains to a town which, for its Christian faith in early ages, had been named Martyropolis. There he began anew the work that brought new life to crushed and broken-hearted orphans. He sustained the awful massacres. There he was able to work. He was useful to his own family. He was a steady, continuous hard worker so long as he was able. He was united in marriage with Ably Maria Eunis, of Richmond, N. J., who died May 26, 1915.

Two children were born to them—Herbert G. Whipple, of Yonkers, N. Y., and Mary A. V. Hill, of Ashaway, both of whom survive, together with Eola H., the son of the late Herbert P. Hamilton, and George G. and Eola, the children of their son. In 1895, he sustained a shock of paralysis which left him a cripple. In 1911, he sustained another shock which totally deprived him of the use of his lower limbs for the remainder of his life. Notwithstanding his physical troubles, he was cheerful, patient, and uncomplaining in disposition. He was a steady, continuous hard worker so long as he was able. He was well informed on current topics of state and national interest, concerning which he held sound, well-reasoned opinions. He was kindly and indulgent in his family life; reserved but friendly and obliging in his relations with his neighbors; a quiet, upright citizen of high standard of life and conduct.

--The Youth's Companion--

MARRIAGES

STRATFORD-BURDICK.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Stratf, at Berlin, N. Y., October 9, 1915, by Rev. H. L. Cottrell, Mr. Fred L. Stratf, of Norwalk, N. Y., and Alice D. Burdick, of Berlin, N. Y.

GREENE-ARMBS.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Armsby, on November 15, 1915, by Rev. H. L. Cottrell, Carlton L. Greene and Blanche Belle Armsby, both of Center Berlin, N. Y.

DEATHS

WHIPPLE.—George Arnold Whipple was born in Coventry, R. I., August 29, 1868, and died at Ashaway, R. I., July 26, 1915.

He was the fourth of seven sons born to Christopher and Edea Whipple, and the last to pass away. He took up his residence in Ashaway in 1884, and lived there continuously until his death, November 10, 1897. He was united in marriage with Ably Maria Eunis, of Richmond, R. I., who died May 26, 1915. Two children were born to them—Herbert G. Whipple, of Yonkers, N. Y., and Mary A. V. Hill, of Ashaway, both of whom survive, together with Eola H., the son of the late Herbert P. Hamilton, and George G. and Eola, the children of their son. In 1895, he sustained a shock of paralysis which left him a cripple. In 1911, he sustained another shock which totally deprived him of the use of his lower limbs for the remainder of his life. Notwithstanding his physical troubles, he was cheerful, patient, and uncomplaining in disposition. He was a steady, continuous hard worker so long as he was able. He was well informed on current topics of state and national interest, concerning which he held sound, well-reasoned opinions. He was kindly and indulgent in his family life; reserved but friendly and obliging in his relations with his neighbors; a quiet, upright citizen of high standard of life and conduct.

--The Youth's Companion--
Christ is the Son of God in a threefold sense; by birth, by adoption and by inheritance. He is the Son of two Kings, and the King of two worlds—the Son of God and the Son of David. In consequence he is the legitimate heir of two thrones—the throne of earth and the throne of heaven. He was as human as Adam, as Jewish as David, as divine as God. To sympathize with us he must be human; to save us he must be divine. Take away his human nature and he is not man; take away his divine nature and he is not God. In either case he will not be Messiah, the Christ of prophecy and history. It is the mystic union of humanity and divinity, the representation of universal man and the universal God, that makes him both the Son of man and the Son of God.—J. H. Hayley.

We give much blame, and it may be well to let us give more gratitude, and it will be better for the world. It is very sore with many sorrows, many blows; and we know not how much good a tender voice and a soft hand may do. We have so short a time to live, let us feel and give all the gratitude we can. We shall never regret that in the world beyond, where God is grateful for all who have been kind to his children here.—Stopford A. Brooke.

"Bill," the poet gasped, as he entered his friend's room. "Why, what's wrong?" the friend inquired. "Wrong! I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began the first verse with these lines: 'My son! My pigmy, my companion'! The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket. "Read!" he blazed. "See what that compositor did to my opening line." The friend read aloud: "My son! My pig, my counterpart!"—The National Monthly.
CHRISTMAS PRAYER

On this Christmas Day, my Father, I come to thee with a glad heart. Help me to observe the day fittingly, with loving remembrance of the lowly birth in Bethlehem and the sorrows of him who came to bring redemption, and with grateful thanks to thee for thy great mercy.

May this be a true Christmas in my heart. Save me from all selfishness. While I gratefully receive the Christmas blessings, may my heart be opened toward all the world in sympathy and kindness.

Make my life a song; may I go everywhere with joy on my face and on my lips. I pray for those to whom Christmas brings gladness that their joy may be enriched by thoughts of the divine love; for the multitude of little children to whom the day means so much. I pray for those to whom the day brings little joy—the very poor; the lonely and solitary; those far away from their homes, whose hearts will not be warmed by human love; prisoners in their prisons, sailors on the sea, and those who know not thee. I pray for the bereft and sorrowing to whom Christmas brings painful memories, making more real their sense of loss. May they find comfort in the thought of Christ's unfailing love. Amen.—The Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

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