The Sabbath Recorder

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 multitudes 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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SABBATH RECORDER :: PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY
The Sabbath Recorder

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

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WHOLE NO. 3,094

Christmas Bells
I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat;

Of "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
And thought how, as the day had come,
The bells of all Christendom
Now toll along
The unbroken song
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men,"

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
"God is not dead; nor dasht to sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,"
"The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men,"

—Longfellow.

Will the People Forget? Some things in the minutes of the Tract Board will interest you. We hope you will read them, and especially the item in which Treasurer Hubbard records a balance of $193.15 on hand and a debt of $1,000. When you see this, please remember that we are one week nearer the new year, and that the week for bringing in the year's subscription to the Sabbath Recorder is here. If you did not, will you forget them and fail to send your gifts for the Master's work?

The holiday time would be most appropriate for such an effort. The subscriptions for a new year are due soon, and there should be a strong united effort on the part of our friends in every community to increase the list of subscribers. It would be good missionary work to send the paper into many homes that are now without it.

Thankful for Sympathy. Sympathy goes a long way when an individual or a society is overtuled and toiled against odds to carry on a good work. It puts new hope into the heart, and nerves one to bear the strain. Many a worthy undertaking has been carried successfully through on the strength given the toilers by encouraging words spoken at the right time. Here is a letter from a small struggling church in the West, that should encourage us greatly. The editor knows the writer well and appreciates his loyalty to the cause we all love:

DEAR BROTHER GARDNER: It gives me pain to know that the Sabbath Recorder is in such great need of funds to keep the work going. I often wish I could give more. I am giving my money through our church this year. I have not much of this world's goods, but am giving more than two tenths of my income for benevolent purposes. We are trying to pay our pastor without asking help from the Missionary Board this year, and we hope to do it, and not neglect other work.

Yours for success in the work God has called us to do.

Something Worth While. In these days, when To Pray and Strive for worldliness appears to be overwhelming the church and when many Christians seem to lose all interest in spiritual things, the tendency of the world is all too great to become despondent and to look upon the
dark side. Sometimes it requires great effort to be optimistic, even when we know that a pessimistic spirit will invariably do more harm than good. It will help us, when days are dark, to cling closely to a few things that are worth while, and pray and strive earnestly to make them ours. You may think of some that seem especially valuable to yourself, of which perhaps no other one will think, but I would offer one or two as being particularly helpful. Let us pray for strength to see the silver lining in every cloud, no matter how dark the cloud may be, and for confidence in tomorrow when things of today are going wrong. Let us strive to appreciate more fully the value of good nature in the face of opposition, and pray for a cheerful spirit when things do not go to suit us. It is better to meet adversity with a smile than with a frown.

Rev. Willard D. Burdick After a month spent in Plainfield, N. J., with the church in New Jersey and New York City. Rev. Willard D. Burdick returned to Plainfield for one more Sabbath and another meeting with the Tract Board. The account of his visit to the Marlboro and Shiloh churches given elsewhere in the Recorder shows how much the people appreciated his work, especially that of the Sabbath Institute held at Marlboro. Pastor Hutchins of that church writes: "We have had a very nice time here with Rev. Willard D. Burdick and others in Sabbath Institute work. Every one speaks highly of the work as being of great profit."

On Sabbath eve, at Plainfield, brother Burdick told us about his Arkansas and Oklahoma trip, using a map of these two States prepared by himself to show the locations of lone Sabbath-keepers visited. His stay of the park at where he was able to learn the wishes of the people, of public meetings held for preaching, and of the joy with which he was received in homes where the people had not seen a Seventh-day Baptist minister but once or twice in many years, was truly interesting. He found some families who long to live again in Sabbath-keeping communities and deeply regret being obliged to live as lone Sabbath-keepers. Many were hungry for denominational news, and sick for their old friends.

After two weeks spent in Rhode Island, brother Burdick goes to his home in Milton, Wis., to spend the holidays, after which his work for the winter will be in the South and Southeast.

Concerning Amusements On page 22 of the Eastern Association Minutes, just at hand, will be found the report of the Committee on Resolutions. Among these resolutions are the following on the question of amusements:

WHEREAS, The Central Association has submitted the following resolution for our consideration, viz.:

"Recognizing the insidious temptations of the carnival, the dance, and to other questionable amusements, this association recommends that our homes, our churches, and our study seriously the amusement problem to the end that a constructive policy may be adopted that will safeguard our young people against the temptation of doubtful pastimes. Also, in view of the influence upon our schools and denomination, that we urge the faculties of our schools to use all reasonable means to eliminate themselves from any position of approval or supervision of said amusements," he it is resolved, "the above policy, which calls for a more serious study of the amusement problem in our homes, churches, and schools, to the end that a constructive and progressive policy may be adopted which will safeguard our young people against temptations of doubtful amusements.

2. That it is our conviction that this problem should be taken up first by the home, knowing that the problem of amusements arising in our school is a symptom—one of a condition in the home that needs correction rather than in the school.

3. That so far as consistent, the faculties of our schools shape their policy in regard to amusements in accordance with the higher ideals of those patrons who wish for their children a school free from the temptations of worldly amusements.

We are glad to see, in these resolutions, the emphasis placed upon the home, for we have long felt that schools are too often blamed for conditions for which the home is responsible. In the Recorder of last week our readers were given a clear and forcible discussion of the general question of amusements, by the late Rev. Wardner C. Titsworth, and in this issue will be given the rest of the best we have ever read—by Theodore T. Munger. These articles were sent us by a teacher of many years' experience, and we are glad to give Recorder readers an opportunity to study them, especially as they are so much in harmony with the resolutions of the two associations.

The Sabbath Recorder

Honor to Whom Honor is Due Bon Voyage to Henry Ford We are sorry to see the disposition on the part of so many to ridicule Henry Ford for his efforts to hasten the return of peace. Are we not over-ready to question the good faith of Mr. Ford? He has a genuine abhorrence of war and was therefore ready to respond when appealed to by two distinguished European women to do something to hasten the reign of peace. Whatever the outcome may be, it seems to me we should be slow to impugn a man's motives when they are so apparently good and honest. His peace project should set thousands to thinking in regard to their attitude toward this barbarous war.

There was a time when Abraham Lincoln was regarded as a joke and totally unfitted for any great leadership, but those who ridiculed him had to blush a few years before many years had passed. One thing speaks well for Mr. Ford: he cannot be scoffed out of his honest purposes. While we have misgivings as to his being able to accomplish more at this stage of affairs, still we feel that he can do a good job and spend a million dollars on his peace excursion as Carnegie had to spend a million on a peace palace; and even if it accomplishes no more toward ending the war than the Hague Palace accomplished in preventing the blank endorsement of radicalism. Here is a man who has built up a great business. "on the square," who has shared the profits with his workmen more generously, more fairly, and on a larger scale than any other man has ever done. He did it voluntarily and gladly. He is making good citizens out of hardened outcasts, outlawed men—something nobody else has accomplished in any such way—and he is furnishing comfortable homes for those of his workmen who have families. It requires a broad, noble-hearted man to do these things. Now this benefactor of his fellow-men, this truly patriotic American, is willing to bear the expense of chartering a ship and filling it with thousands of elderly women and men who are ready to take the risks of such a trip at this time, in order to plead with warring nations to cease fighting and settle by arbitration. We wish him bon voyage. Among the many editorialists and "write-ups" that have come to our desk, we find but one or two that seem entirely fair.

From one in the Christian Advocate we select the following:

But let us hope for the best. He has been ridiculed, slandered, persecuted, but he has gone on his way with a smiling face, a brave heart and an unshaken purpose. The party selected and endorsed, and it is composed for the illost part of people without prominence and without influence. In the course of a few weeks peace meetings will be held, and because of the spectacular circumstances of these meetings will be largely attended by all classes.

The unofficial character of the expedition will save our country from any serious complications, and will save the party from the necessity of giving recognition to the project. We are not able to see how harm can come of the honest efforts of well meaning and well behaved people to hasten the conclusion of the war by arousing and spreading the sentiment of peace. We need not fear that Europe will laugh at us because of Mr. Ford's expedition. The neutral nations are too anxious for peace to do much laughing, and a little laugh would do the warring nations good. We hope that Mr. Ford and his party may have a pleasant voyage, and that they may have a pleasant reception in all the countries to which they may journey. Let the people at home cease to ridicule the address, and let us have a must model of a generous man, who has declared that he will go to Europe and tell his vast fortune if he could shorten the war by a day. How much would those who ridicule Mr. Ford's project? Let us be done with talking about the advertising value of the trip.

Christiana's Greatest Peril This is the title of a book of 310 pages, by we seek to make a few remarks on an interesting book, published by the Beacon Publishing Company, Atlantic City, N. J. It is written as a warning against the dangers threatened by the persistent efforts of the Roman Catholic Church to control the political interests of America and to unite church and state once more under the rule of the Vatican. In the Preface, the author says: "We are rapidly nearing a critical point in national existence when we must arouse ourselves to overthrow the insidious influence of Romanism seeking to gain control over our political affairs and dominate our intellectual and religious liberties."

The book begins with "The Rise and Fall of Nations," deals with the subject of "Corruption in Christianity," sets forth what the author believes is "Rome's Intentions in America," and appeals to Protestants to unite in efforts to save the tide of evil that moves toward giving a church the control in civil government.

Without resorting to extravagant de
nunciations and intemperate language, as is too often the case with writers dealing with this question, the author, in a plain, straightforward way, states facts in history and refers to tendencies of present-day activities which lead him to his conclusions.

The book is filled with convincing evidences that Rome still cherishes her ambition to rule the state, and that she allows no opportunity to pass unimproved by which she may gain political prestige. In this book, on page 189, Archbishop Ireland is quoted as saying:

Never, I believe, since the century began, the dawn of which was the glimmer from the Eastern Star, was there prepared for Catholics of any nation a work so noble in its nature and so pregnant with consequences as that which it is our mission to accomplish. The work is to make America Catholic.

God wills it, and our hearts shall lean toward it with Crusader enthusiasm.

On page 100, we find this quoted from the declarations of the Catholic Missionary Union:

How near at hand do you think is the time when America will be dominantly Catholic? We must labor to gain the confidence of the American people. This once gained, the Catholic Church, on her way to claim the American heart, may carry a thousand dogmas on her back. Again, on the same page, the author quotes the World (Catholic) as follows:

Protestantism is disintegrating before our eyes. The time is ripe to build a Catholic America, and strong men are now laying the foundation.

In the Syllabus of Pope Pius IX we find these words:

The State has not the right to leave every man free to profess and embrace whatever religion he shall deem saved. There was only power without the permission or consent of the State. The Church has the right of perpetuating the union of Church and State.

The Church has the right to require that the Catholic religion shall be the only religion of the State of which the State is the sovereign. The Church has the right of requiring the State not to permit free expression of opinion.

The Catholic Sun says:

The Pope has given the order to make America Catholic.

These and several similar statements by those high in Catholic councils are given to show that the world-wide slogan inspired by the Vatican is: "Make America Catholic."

In page 77, the author presents data from the Knights of Luther Handbook, which are most significant when considered in connection with what we have just given. We quote in part:

Thirty-one, States now have Catholic Democratic central committees. Twenty-two States have Catholic Republican committees. The National Democratic Committee is a Catholic body with a Catholic president and secretary. A Catholic managed the national Wilson campaign, and the President's private secretary is a Catholic. Over 70 percent of all appointments made by President Wilson are Catholic. Ten States have Catholic administrations. Twenty thousand public schools have one-half Catholic teaching, and over 100,000 have a large proportion of teachers of that faith. Six hundred public schools now use Catholic readers and the Roman Catholic catechism in teaching. Eight of our largest cities employ 75 percent Catholic teachers in their public schools. In all cities of 100,000 in the United States, an average of 85 percent of the police force are Catholics, and in 15,000 cities and towns the Catholics have a majority in the city councils.

Home of J. Franklin Browne Destroyed by Fire

This morning, December 14, a card came to hand bringing bad news from our good friend, J. Franklin Browne and his family, Brimfield, Mass. Their home and all the outbuildings were destroyed by fire on the evening of November 18. The fire broke out while Brother Browne and his wife were at a friend's house, but he reached the burning building in time to help save most of the furniture and clothing, though not all. The loss of goods in the house was considerable, and all but seventeen out of fifty-two employees in the outbuildings were lost. Their two cows were saved. There was only $300 insurance on the buildings and none on the goods.

Brother Browne, though in distress, begins his note by assuring us that God's promise, "In the midst of trouble I will revive thee," comforts him in his grief. After describing his loss he says: "So much to be thankful for. We are housed for the winter." Beyond this he does not know what they can do, for he does not feel able to rebuild. He says: "The future is uncertain but not dark; it has the everlasting light in it."

Brother Browne is in feeble health and his wife is not well, and all Recorder readers will regret that they must face a rigorous New England winter so poorly prepared to meet its cold. He offers to send some two or three hundred books from an old library to Salem College if some one will pay the freight. We wish he could find something to do in the South and so escape the cold of our Northern winters.

Our Opportunity

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is proving as true today as it did in the time when Paul wrote to the Galatians. The no-law teachings of past decades are bearing their harvest; and it is abundant.

The no-law theory was aimed at the Sabbath of Jehovah. It hit its mark. The world turned far from it. Attempts were made to anchor the drifting world to the pagan Sunday. Failure marks the attempts. Holierday and vice reign.

Efforts are being made to save Sunday from full and complete annihilation. Ball games, open business places, boats races, excursions, and the swarms of pleasure seeking the respite on Sunday declare these attempts utter failures.

Bodies of people, calling themselves Christians, organize to do the unchristian act of persuading the legislatures and cities to grant the authority to compel Sunday observance. Fortunes are being spent in this attempt.

Church standards are being lowered; unchristian methods are being followed; Christian principles are ignored. Eyes are closed to the teachings of the divine word. Ears are deaf to the voice of justice and fellow-sympathy, while the crusade is being pressed.

The world has not only turned from the Sabbath of Jehovah, but also from other fundamental and vital teachings of the Book of God. The no-law teachings of the past have had no small influence in this movement. Isms, ologies, and numerous substitutes for churches have sprung up all over the land, until the one who loves the Old Book is appalled, and religionists of every stamp are bewildered.

And his word are not changing wilderdering conditions; yet many who claim to be the representatives of God and his world in the world are changing to meet the world's demands, while they overlook the world's needs.

Is it not the greatest need of Seventh Day Baptists, under this testing pressure, to study the divine word and to take less of man-made theories and teachings about the Bible? Do we not need more of the spirit of the true disciple, that we may better know the will of him who is its author? Do we not need to turn all our powers and strength of criticism upon our own lives and heart-conditions, under the light of the Holy Spirit, using the Bible as our standard of test, that we may know how much or how little our lives conform to the will of God? Is not this the vital knowledge that we need? Everest since the call of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, God has been in search of a "peculiar people," made peculiar by close adherence to his leadership, that he might use them for his own peculiar service.

Should we not see and accept our opportunity?

From Lost Creek

REV. W. G. STILLMAN

I lost one pair of glasses this morning. About noon I found them right under my nose in another pocket. It was a pleasant surprise to find them so near.

There were surprises on the recent round of associations. It would not do to tell all that surprised me but I venture with some of it.

At Little Genesee in one of my speeches I attempted to show that we should have national prohibition to more completely have even state prohibition. I had made a surprising failure. One of those good old radical free-soil souls that can not bear to have the loaf sliced, must have the whole loaf or nothing, took occasion to tell me, "You haven't got prohibition in West Virginia." Never till my time in my coffin will I cease to rebuke myself for not immediately asking, "Have you got religion up here in York State?"

At DeRueter it was a happy privilege to meet some very interesting friends and acquaintances and get some new ones. We had very pleasant experience at all the places. The attendance for the first two
days was just about the same at each place, only thirty or forty people including the ministers and delegates from long distances. This would be surprising to me had I not seen the same for some years. I might not do better as a father since time is money on those two days, and money is in great demand. However, it would certainly suit the delegates better to have a half-hour at such time as the people would attend. If they will only attend on Sabbath, our number of delegates and representatives should be restricted, or sent at such time as the people will hear. I say this the more freely because no one need say that I was in any disappointment on this round, but I have for years seen how some had plenty of reason to be disappointed.

At DeRuyter we walked on the ground of some very interesting history. It is one of the churches in which some of our most useful men of the past received culture. It was our leading educational center back in the generation that went to Wisconsin in the 30's and early 40's to find the Milton, Wisconsin, we know today. DeRuyter has good reason to be a strong church holding glad memories of the firm and loyal men in its history.

We three rounders took occasion to see something of the big city of human hands. We came along Park Avenue, a place on which were two police stations. The police showed some impatience with the behavior of some of our visitors, as is money on those two days, and the police were not easy to be held spellbound for two hours.

October is certainly a lovely month and was exceptionally good this year. After the Little Genesees sessions we did not have a day in which people were kept away by bad weather. There was an air of health and all of this year's attendance in proportion to our numbers. Their farm work was not driving, and they have a strong appreciation of the event because they are more isolated from the many public attractions. Our sessions seem more welcome to them, and many of other faith were in attendance.

A neglected Bible means a starved and strengthless spirit, a comfortless heart, a barren life, and a grieved Holy Ghost. If the people who are perpetually running about to meetings for crumbs of help and comfort would only stay at home and search their Bible, there would be more happiness in the church, and more blessing in the world. It is prosaic counsel; but it is true.—F. B. Meyer.
wanting that the first day of the week had yet received this name. 3 I have no desire whatever to rob these few New Testament references to the first day of the week of all possible religious significance. But, supported by many modern, eminent, and devout scholars, I insist that these instances are not to be pressed into service, unduly; and that they ascribe absolutely no sabbatic principle to the Sunday. I am willing however to take all these Scriptures at any fair value, and to stand with them in the faith of Christ. And Lord. 4-6 Of far greater significance to me are these passages in the Acts of the Apostles, and kindred references in the Gospels. The persons spoken of here as devout, fearing God, and working righteousness, including such men as Cornelius, and the centurion of Luke 7: 2-9, and forming a numerous class, were non-Jews who, religiously, had forsaken the heathen gods, had found intellectual and spiritual satisfaction in the lofty ethical monotheism of the Hebrew religion. They attended synagogue worship and observed the Jewish laws and traditions, but were not members of the Jewish religion, and still adhered to a number of Jewish beliefs. Among them Christianity had its most rapid spread, because among the seven healing, was on the eve of the Lord's Supper, and the Spirit works more within, where the new life from him feels the law written on the heart. Christ and Paul had been understood that there would have been no hierarchic, antinomianism, legalism, asceticism, or mysticism; for the common faith establishes law, and confirms, in Christ, the universal priesthood of believers. Sin in Paul, that is, Paul himself, was in the sleep of moral death; but the law cried, Thou shalt not covet, and awakened him to a sense of the body of this death, physical and eternal. He had sat for his own likeness; but when deliverance came through Jesus Christ our Lord, Paul found that the law and the commandment holy, and righteous, and good. The newness of the spirit had brought infinite expansion to the oldness just as the Savior taught on the mountain. 

For further discussion of the following group of passages see Neander, Purves, Sunday, New Century Bible, Hastings, Meyer, and others. Galatians 4: 10; 5: 12.-We have here a white heat protest against contemporary Judaism, and the work of those false teachers who sought to impose the commandments of the Law, which had come through Christ. Romans 14: 5.—This passage is a rebuke, always needed, of religious scrupulosity concerning food, drink, and the regard of merely days.

Colossians 2: 16-23.—This is a condemnation of Judaism, asceticism, and an existing insidious, false philosophy of supernatural relations. If these passages are against all external observances, as such, then Paul is self contradictory; for outward things have a place in both his teaching and practice. If they oppose sabbatizing on the seventh day they avoid sabbatizing on the first day; for the fetters of a Christian ordinance would be no better than the Jewish yoke. —Adeney in Biblical World for November, 1906. 7 The rational and true interpretation of the doctrine of Paul and the Master seems to be that it swept away dead formalism; that the teaching of the contemporary, legalistic Judaism; lifeless theology and superstitious philosophy; and the outward observance of any ordinance as though one's salvation depended upon it. No set of minute rules is given; but principles that may include the Sabbath, baptism, the Lord's Supper, prayer, praise, creeds, ordinances, the Sabbath, Good Friday, Lent, and so on, are plainly and strongly enforced. My indignant answer would be, "Away with this letter that killeth. I am my mother's son by the laws of life and love; it may be that the exacting of law and love in me require not only nineteen but a hundred and nineteen things of filial service." Imagine one going with a statute book saying, "Here is a list of nineteen things that you must do for her with scrupulous regularity, in order to become her son." My indignant answer would be, "Away with this letter that killeth. I am my mother's son by the laws of life and love; it may be that the exacting of law in me require not only nineteen but a hundred and nineteen things of filial service." Imagine one going to the apostle and saying, "Now, Paul, in order to become a servant of the Lord and a member of his kingdom, I must observe circumcision, observe baptism, keep the Sabbath, practice baptism, join the church, pay tithes, observe circumsicion, drink wine, abstain from meat offered to idols, and so on." The apostle would have exclaimed, "Away with such a letter, and with such a letter that killeth. I am a child of God and a bond-servant of my Lord by the laws of eternal life and love. And if the spirit of true correspondence; if love to God and man; if the incipient religion, righteousness, and peace, require of me, I will joyously keep the Sabbath, teach baptism, unite with the Christian community, give as the Lord prosper me to do; and circumsicion as in the case of Timothy and forbade it in the case of Titus, and I will not eat flesh, or drink wine, or do anything whereby my brother stumbleth. For we are not under law— a regime of formalism with a long code of commands and prohibitions, but under grace—a regime of the Spirit and the principles of love; and the list of love's commands is infinite in length." The boys and girls of our Sabbath schools can see the difference between these two ways of saying things: First—I love my father and mother, my brother and sister, my grandfather and grandmother; and am trying to do everything I can for their comfort and happiness. And, second—I do not want to be punished, or lose my home, food and clothing; and so I will do for father and mother and the rest, only if I must do that I may not in any way be punished.

Theologically, the first is "under grace," the second "under law," that is, legalism. The Church needs the service of representative and royal priests and prophets, and some to promote worship, teach truth, and guide salvation. The problem is how to balance, rationally and spiritually, their claims and labors in the realms of ceremony, knowledge, and life. Holy love to God and man, good character and conduct, fellowship in spiritual realities—these are the supreme things. Both Jesus and Paul opposed legalism, and syncretism, and law, beauty, and order; human authority in matters of religion and externalism as a substitute for the essence of Christianity. Ritual robs it of its true meaning and worth only as it helps to warm up of piety and purity of life. According to the teachings of Jesus and Paul concerning law and liberty, one of the food, drink, and tithes, of obligations, and there can be none higher than "a Christian expediency and a dictate of Christian freedom." When one becomes a Christian, a child of God, one should understand that the whole will of our Father is to be done voluntarily and joyously, out of love and gratitude, and because the doing of that will promote individual spirituality and righteousness and extend the kingdom of heaven. —Arthur Eames Mum, D. D.
A Christmas Miracle
MILDRED FITZ RANDOLPH
I
"Who is he?" asked the New Boarder, eagerly, when, with an abrupt "Excuse me," he had risen from the table and left the room. "I don't mean his name," she continued, "but who is he? He has such a distinguished air that he seems interesting, even though he does act reserved and unfriendly. Is he always so?"

"Interesting indeed!" It was the Young Reporter at the end of the table who spoke. "He and I have boarded here together for five years, and during the whole time, our acquaintance has never passed beyond a curt 'Good morning' and a barely civil reply to a direct question; or, very occasionally, some cynical remark when the general conversation has taken an especially cheerful turn."

"It is rather hard to see him here every morning and night, looking so gloomy, but I suppose he is naturally so, and can't help it," suggested the Elderly Spinner, opposite.

"He is disagreeable," volunteered the Young Girl. "Perhaps his life has been ruined by some great calamity; perhaps it is a secret sorrow that makes him what he is." The Young Girl was very young, and given to romance. "But he might be half-way friendly, even then," she added. And so the table talk rambled on.

And the Disagreeable Man? Out in the hall, putting on his overcoat, he could not fail to overhear the still, in surprise at first, then in anger. Those whom, until now, he had barely noticed, were discussing him, criticizing him. But his anger was without regret. Even a very Disagreeable Man may feel sorrow. Closing the door softly behind him, he stepped out into the snow.

For a long time he walked, occupied only by his own thoughts, and not unpleasant thoughts. The Young Girl was right. Something had happened, years ago,—what it was, matters not here—to take the joy out of life for the Disagreeable Man; and Gross thought his presence spoiled everything; yet, now he isn't here, we really miss him."

"It is strange," replied the Elderly Spinner.

"I wonder what business he could have out on a stormy night like this,—and Christmas Eve, too."

She received no answer, for the Young Girl, who was sitting at the window, suddenly rose and pulled aside the curtain.

"Just look! Surely it can't be—yes, it is. Do go to the door, somebody, quick!"

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"Here, youse'll spend the night in the station hall, putting on his overcoat, he could not fail to overhear the still, in surprise at first, then in anger. Those whom, until now, he had barely noticed, were discussing him, criticizing him. But his anger was without regret. Even a very Disagreeable Man may feel sorrow. Closing the door softly behind him, he stepped out into the snow.

For a long time he walked, occupied only by his own thoughts, and not unpleasant thoughts. The Young Girl was right. Something had happened, years ago,—what it was, matters not here—to take the joy out of life for the Disagreeable Man; and Gross thought his presence spoiled everything; yet, now he isn't here, we really miss him."

"It is strange," replied the Elderly Spinner.

"I wonder what business he could have out on a stormy night like this,—and Christmas Eve, too."

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From the Field  
REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

I am continually meeting people who ask for more news from the churches and the mission fields through the pages of the Recorder. This is not mere curiosity on their part, but it is a manifestation of their interest in our denominational work.

Many people shrink from the publicity of writing often for the Recorder about conditions around them, but such accounts are needful to increase interest in our work, and to get the people to pray and give for the extension of the kingdom of God. It is because I feel the importance of acquainting the people with the conditions of the fields that I visit, while in the service of the Tract Society, that I write so often for the Recorder.

And there is great reason that we become better acquainted with conditions, needs, and prospects of the fields in which our Missionary and Tract societies are specially interested, we shall in this way come to feel the need of supporting the work, and make these societies to be continually embarrassed with debt.

The treasurer of the Tract Society tells me that twenty-seven of our churches failed last year to make contributions for Tract Society work, and that nearly all the churches failed to give as much as the denominational budget called for. This indicates a lack of interest in the work that our denomination especially stands for, — Sabbath work.

But I started to write something more about our interests in West Virginia. Pastor M. G. Stillman has written about the ordination services at Lost Creek, and I will not write more about that enjoyable service.

I spent several days in getting better acquainted with this people. Often the people told me how much they thought of Pastor and Mrs. Stillman, and how glad they were to have them stay longer with them. Another hopeful sign was that several said that they wished evangelistic meetings might soon be held in our own church.

I hope that several of our young people who are now in Salem college will return after awhile to Lost Creek, so that the beautiful and rich hills and valleys about there may not all pass from our hands, and that this church may long be kept alive.

I next went to the Greenbrier Church, holding meetings on Thursday and Sunday nights. This rural church has been weakened by deaths and removals, but those still living there feel that they have a mission, and by their prompt and tender responses in the conference meetings that we held after these services is still good territory for Seventh Day Baptists to hold and work. They have been good territory in the past, as is evident when we think of the men and women now in active service that have been reared in West Virginia, we have the following ministers now in active service who claim this Society as their early home. President B. C. Davis, Pastors R. G., A. L., and W. L. Davis, E. E. Sutton, A. Clyde Ehret, Ira S. Goff, and A. J. C. Bond.

And I believe that there are now just as promising boys and girls and young people in the homes and in Salem College as these I have mentioned when they were being trained in their homes, and churches, and college.

I am anxious that many of these young people shall have ample and splendid preparation for efficient service in life, but return to Lost Creek, Roanoke, Greenbrier, Middle Island, and Berea, and in truly Christian homes build up these churches, and at the same time make their influence felt in bettering business and society interests.

After spending a day or two at Middle Island, I went to a number of these societies in West Virginia and started for New York. The Treasurer's report at Lost Creek, and I am anxious that many of these should be located at Berea. This church is known as the Ritchie Church. There is a host of young people in that section, many of whom are not in our churches, so that a pastor could help the Sunday-school and young people's work. It is this need that now in the parsonage at Middle Island this pastor would find enough work to keep him busy at Middle Island, Greenbrier, and surrounding country.

I was pleased to learn while on the field that Elder Seager was working this plan out with the people. I believe that it is the wish of those especially interested in this plan to secure help from the Missionary Society to the extent of $200 each year for each of the two missionary pastors. I sincerely hope that this can be done, and that two consecrated, tactful, and aggressive men can be found for the field before it suffers from neglect. I am confident that if this is not done we shall look back in ten years upon another one of our serious mistakes in not working for permanent results. Are the people in West Virginia as serious about their future as they ought to be? Will the denomination respond as promptly as they ought to the needs of West Virginia? Do the Missionary Society can assume responsibilities in this State as it is asked to do?


From Secretary Saunders
DEAR RECORDER READERS:
The second letter on the Forward Movement has been sent out to our churches, and a number of replies have been received. In the First Hopkinton Church we are, this week, making a house-to-house canvass to learn what the church can do for the entire community. The village and surrounding country has been divided into about seven or eight districts, and will be canvassed by as many of our interested Christian workers. We are meeting each week at the various homes for consultation. The following, in substance, has just been received from the clerk of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church:

"The church has unanimously approved the Forward Movement, and has appointed a committee of nine, representing the church, the Sabbath school, and the Christian Endeavor. It has prepared the following resolutions, which were presented by Pastor C. A. Burdick, and approved at the morning service.

First. A forward movement must begin with the members of the church itself. Individually we must move forward in our own life. It is suggested that if each member spends more and regular time in prayer and meditation, in relation to this movement we plan, and for our work, it will prepare us for success.

Second. More prayerful study of the Bible, not only in connection with our Sabbath-school lessons, but more than that, of a wider acquaintance with the Scriptures—not the outward word, but the inner life of what it would bring.

Third. A willingness to stand more earnestly back of all the appointments of the church, giving at least as much time to the work of God's own pleasure, and willing to be used of the Master in any way he may suggest to our mind.

Fourth. That we start at once holding cottage prayer meetings.

Fifth. The Church can suggest a monthly meeting of the officers and teachers of the Bible school, in charge of the superintendent, to talk over matters of interest and perhaps glance at some of the lessons.

Sixth. That we bring any movement in the community which has back of it the plan for the improvement of the religious condition of the people.

Seventh. That each one do all that he can in the line of work suggested by the superintendent for all other work of the church as well as the Sabbath school."

From the Farina Church:
"I think our people have started in the right way when they inaugurated this movement. I am sympathy with it. We are doing what we can. We had one meeting some time ago of those interested, and we talked over some plans. We hope to be able to do something at the beginning
of the year. The Sabbath school is working on the plan to get new members. This will be easier for them to accept one new church member for every twenty. The first of the year we added twenty-two new names, but that was before the campaign began. You can depend on us to cooperate with zeal.

From the Riverside Church:

"The Advisory Committee of the church, consisting of the pastor as chairman, the deacons, the superintendent of the Sabbath school, the president of the Dorcas Society, and the president of the Christian Endeavor met one week ago tonight. We meet from place to place every alternate month, beginning with January; have supper together about six o'clock and spend the whole evening making plans and discussing problems. At this last meeting we talked over the plans as outlined by the Conference Committee for the Forward Movement and voted to undertake our part in the matter; heads of each department to have charge of this department. Every one was enthusiastic in the matter and there was a splendid spirit. We are now in the midst of a union evangelistic campaign and some of our young people have already made a start in the Christian life, and we are praying for more. There is a deep interest on the part of many in personal work for souls. Pray for us that we may have a real Pentecostal feast."

We wish to thank the churches and their pastors for the way in which they are taking hold of the Forward Movement.

E. B. Saunders,
Corresponding Secretary.

Letter From Holland

Rev. E. B. Saunders,
Secretary Missionary Society.

DEAR BROTHER:

I was greatly rejoiced when I received your kind letter of October 26 and the good news of the recovery of Brother Boersma. During the month of October he traveled by means of a season ticket all over the country to visit our isolated members and to hold meetings wherever he found an opportunity. They were very glad to see the last of Sabbath of his journey, in Groningen, was wonderfully blessed. There were about twenty Sabbath-keeping friends together: six non-resident members of the Haarlem Church; one foreign boarder (who adopted our denomination at that time); and several young people. At the end of the meeting, at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, it was as if the Holy Spirit fell upon the young people and, quite unexpectedly, there were even seven in tears for baptism. Their parents trust the sincerity of their confession and probably they will be baptized next week in Haarlem.

Then the little church in Groningen will number fourteen members. May the grace of the Lord remain with these dear young souls!

It was a great privilege for me to serve the Arnhem Church for two Sabbaths in October during the absence of Brother Boom. The audience numbered about thirty persons on the Sabbath. On Sunday evening there were more. Of course they have their difficulties there in a young church, some of whose members were formerly living far from God, but it is blessed work Brother Boersma is doing. Let us pray for him that he may be contented in the humble work of serving our small churches and trusting for the precious truth entrusted to our care. Brother Boersma is more in his element when addressing large meetings than as a pastor of a small church, but I believe the latter work is just the best spot for him. I will hand to him the document you sent him.

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Ending of letter:

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ing of the Cross. The awful fact and consequence of sin; the mighty love of God through Jesus Christ; the vicarious sacrifice for man's redemption—all of these are to be learned nowhere as from our Lord's Church.

Finally, from the Church we get the right view of the Graveyard. Here we learn that the grave is not the goal; that if a man die he shall live again; that the soul is immortal, therefore that the carnal nature is to be kept under, that the spiritual may have its highest development and triumph.

Following the sermon a half-hour was set apart to the work of raising the $3,800 still needed to dedicate the church free of debt. In thirty-two minutes over $4,000 was subscribed. Methodism is strong in Topeka and Kansas. The bishop had to dedicate another church in southeastern Kansas the next night. Protracted meetings are being held in this new church since the dedication.

Dr. Young of the First M. E. church has added about ninety to his church in the last two or three weeks by the "still hunt" method—that is, by house to house work. Very effective in this case. Why shouldn't all Methodists enjoy such revival this winter, if they can't have the more public kind? This is what I understand Brother Saunders is commending in his Recorder article of December 6.

Two more Methodist churches have their plans for enlarging, and erecting new buildings. Three or four years ago the First church added a $50,000 Sunday-school temple to their already fine church. The foundation for another M. E. church is laid in the suburb of Highland Park. The Christian Church is planning a new church on the West Side—outgrowth of a Sunday school.

The Catholics have laid the foundation of a third church in the city.

Last Sunday I heard a very clear and exhaustive discourse from the Second U. P. church, by an evangelist from Philadelphia, upon Second Corinthians 9: 15: "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!"

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, after two or three years' absence, is back again with the Central Congregational church, having the help of an assistant pastor. He is nearing the close of his winter Sunday-evening story, which has been of gripping interest under his theme, "Of One Blood." I noticed on their last program their financial budget for the coming year. For its possible inspiration or suggestion I hoped to quote, but find I haven't the paper; will give what I can from memory.

Total to be raised, $10,000, of which, in round numbers, $8,000 was for the church and $2,000 for various missions; $4,300 for the two pastors; $600 for music; $500 for the Sunday school; $200 for printing; $100 for boys' work; $100 for girls' work; $100 for clerical work. Then there was janitor, heat, interest, parsonage, and miscellaneous. And the mission fund went to the American Board, Woman's Board, Church Board, Sunday School Board, Education, and Ministerial, with the largest amount—$500 or $800—to Kansas home missions.

Topeka, Kan.,
Dec. 11, 1915.

Notice

Sabbath Day, January 1, 1916, will be the time of the annual roll call of the Second Hopkinton Church and it is hoped that all the members will make a special effort to be present in person or by letter to make response to their names as they are called.

We are specially anxious for this service as there are so many of the members of the church we have not yet met. Arrangements have been made to observe the week of prayer beginning January 1. We would like to believe that all who read this notice will remember us in their prayers, praying that this first week in January shall be the beginning of a real spiritual awakening. Let us pray for the strengthening of the stakes of Zion.

E. Adelbert Witter,
Pastor.

The Christ Day is to bring us closer to the great brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God—to lift humanity from the darkness of selfishness into the light of the Bethlehem Star of love, peace and good will.—M. Carter Pratt.

Anything that will help to send a man from his sins to God is a godsend.—The Christian Herald.
tree all lit up and loaded down with the best. Say, s'pose we all make a big wish for it, or try praying like they do at the Mission. That tree would hold enough for the whole block!"

"Aw, go chase yerself—pray nawtin!" said a 'blessed' cripple in a high voice, "I tried de stunt once me'self!"

"Wen wuz dat, Chick?"

"Wen, wen I wuz sellin' papers last winter after de big fire, me feet wuz fros' bit an' me back hurt like 'ell, but I had to stay to it."

The boys closed around this little Ther­sites with delight, his sharp tongue and wit pleasing them no matter who it fell on. Fate was privileged to speak his mind in safety. They would rather hit a girl than sites with delight, his sharp gun de skylight an' I prayed don't yer never take no stock in dat.

"I got down on me marror bones under de ice, an' made de snow a snow-gun! Yous fellers never see me cry."

"No!" they interoped as one man.

"Well, I cried then. I couldn't help it, wen I wuz prayin' de Lord to cure me an' looked back!"

"Didn't do no good, eh, Chick?"

"Naw!" said Chick, "dat's all a fake, don't yer never take no stock in dat spiel!"

"Aw, Chick, I think yer a 'Jonah.' It won't be no harder to try de prayin's stunt at Christmas. Something might drop our way!"

In their absorption the boys had forgotten the fire, it had gone out and in the si­

wind papers to another boy. Built tenements. Little Chick gave his monia, and Christmas Eve the frail, misplaced, tender little tongue still, the waxen hands folded over the brave little heart that dared to challenge the "goodness" of God as it was manifested to him.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth the cold wave was broken. It passed after midnight. Unconsciously the starveling sleepers stretched their cold-cramped limbs and slept peacefully. At daybreak the snow began to fall in soft featherly flakes and fell until the unsightly dump and back­
yards were transformed into a white won­derland. The Old Fir Tree was laden with the soft whiteness and stood out in the clearing sunlet like a Christmas benefic­
tio.

The hearts of the little ones who talked with Chick when they built their last fire were oppressed with the near mystery of his death, but they watched the tree with a fearful fascination, for who could tell what might happen in a world so strange as this? The first, distant pale stars looked out and saw the wistful eyes of the little ones fixed on the tree, but—no Sleigh with Reindeers and no snowy dash with silver bells atten­dant.

Yet, as the night deepened, God hung a crescent moon of Hope with one rare crescent moon of Hope with one rare

manners, and Christmas Eve the frail, mis¬

shapen little body lay at rest in a cheap casket, his sensitive mouth and sharp, pro­

fane little tongue still, the waxen hands folded over the brave little heart that dared to challenge the "goodness" of God as it was manifested to him.

The minutes of the November meeting were read. Mrs. Maxson not being present on account of illness, Mrs. Babcock was asked to take the minutes in her place.

The Treasurer's report was read and adopted. Receipts for the month, $108.70; disbursements, $32.91.

The Corresponding Secretary reported letters sent to the National and Territo­rial Secretaries, according to the instruc­tions of the Board at the last meeting, in the interests of our pledges to the Tract Society and Twentieth Century Endow­ment Fund of the Day of Prayer for Foreign Missions.

It was voted that the Board share equally with the other Boards of our denomination located in Wisconsin the expense of pur­chasing this book.

Voted to instruct the Corresponding Secretary to procure the usual amount of stationery for the use of the Board corre­pondence.

The minutes were read and approved. Voted to renew the subscription to the Missionary Review of the World. Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Whitford on January 3, 1916.

METTA P. BACCOCK, 

Secretary pro tem.

Amusements

THEODORE T. MUNGER*

I would prefer to avoid entering on the question as to the right or wrong of cer­tain amusements, because I think it a very poor and profitless discussion. It was better to take the subject out of the plane of scruple and all, and let us place it where you would decline to allow that a particular amusement be called profane, any more than you would say that eating was unlawful, or that some particular food was un­fit for man. It would be easier to sweep out the whole by a single act of heroic protest than it was to enter into a nobler atmosphere. Instead of haggling over the proper allowance of amuse­ments of the day ....

I would prefer to avoid entering on the question as to amusements all.

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yards were transformed into a white won­derland. The Old Fir Tree was laden with the soft whiteness and stood out in the clearing sunlet like a Christmas benefic­
tio.

The hearts of the little ones who talked with Chick when they built their last fire were oppressed with the near mystery of his death, but they watched the tree with a fearful fascination, for who could tell what might happen in a world so strange as this? The first, distant pale stars looked out and saw the wistful eyes of the little ones fixed on the tree, but—no Sleigh with Reindeers and no snowy dash with silver bells atten­dant.

Yet, as the night deepened, God hung a crescent moon of Hope with one rare crescent moon of Hope with one rare

manners, and Christmas Eve the frail, mis¬

shapen little body lay at rest in a cheap casket, his sensitive mouth and sharp, pro­

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The minutes of the November meeting were read. Mrs. Maxson not being present on account of illness, Mrs. Babcock was asked to take the minutes in her place.

The Treasurer's report was read and adopted. Receipts for the month, $108.70; disbursements, $32.91.

The Corresponding Secretary reported letters sent to the National and Territo­rial Secretaries, according to the instruc­tions of the Board at the last meeting, in the interests of our pledges to the Tract Society and Twentieth Century Endow­ment Fund of the Day of Prayer for Foreign Missions.

It was voted that the Board share equally with the other Boards of our denomination located in Wisconsin the expense of pur­chasing this book.

Voted to instruct the Corresponding Secretary to procure the usual amount of stationery for the use of the Board corre­pondence.

The minutes were read and approved. Voted to renew the subscription to the Missionary Review of the World. Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Whitford on January 3, 1916.

METTA P. BACCOCK, 

Secretary pro tem.

Amusements

THEODORE T. MUNGER*

I would prefer to avoid entering on the question as to the right or wrong of cer­tain amusements, because I think it a very poor and profitless discussion. It was better to take the subject out of the plane of scruple and all, and let us place it where you would decline to allow that a particular amusement be called profane, any more than you would say that eating was unlawful, or that some particular food was un­fit for man. It would be easier to sweep out the whole by a single act of heroic protest than it was to enter into a nobler atmosphere. Instead of haggling over the proper allowance of amuse­ments of the day ....

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certain things. Meanwhile we have been learning that our Faith, which ultimately regulates such matters, is not keyed to such a note, but is a gift, and a spirit that transforms all things. Our traditions and our knowledge have come into conflict. One side says, it has always been held wrong when barriers are thrown down, rushes into knowledge have come into conflict. One must abstain. The other side denies the binding force of such logic, and, as always happens when barriers are thrown down, rushes into extremes. On one side is bigotry, on the other license. Each mistakes—one in applying the restrictions of religion to things not essentially evil, the other forgetting that innocent things may not be the best, and may be used as very bad things. All the great steersmen, however mistaken, has been on one side, all the eagerness of human nature on the other side. It is not strange that, in such a state of the question, young persons do about as they choose. Truer distinctions will be made when we have higher considerations, that our Faith is not a system of restriction, but a bringer-in of higher life; not a rule, but an inspiration. When the order and habits of the Faith are established, the question of amusements will arise. It is hard to settle practically. It tells us that whatever is not in itself evil, whatever is not in excess, and whatever does not naturally minister to vice, are free. It does not, however, say that it is best to use this liberty to the full, nor that you are not to come into ways of thinking that shut amusements out of all power to tempt or injure. The President of the United States is wholly free to pull in a boat-race, but higher considerations may render it unwise that he should do so; and, having weightier matters on hand, it is not probable that his desires run strongly in that direction. Nothing so tends to break down all sense of right and wrong, as basing conduct on false reasons. All application of truth to society is a matter of faith. The technical amusements should not be made habits; it is recreation—a very different thing—that is to be made habitual. The question of rule and principle may be asked: Would it not be better, to make it a matter of rule and principle, and abstain altogether? We can make rules, but not principles; they are made for us. The standards in distinguishing between use and abuse, between the bad and the innocent, and not in a blind rejection of the whole matter. As to the rule, it is a nobler and wiser way of treating young persons, to demand rational distinctions, than to shut them up to rules they have no mind to observe.

I have said so much on amusements, chiefly to get them into a region of clear thought; but I have another and more difficult end in view, namely, to take you altogether away from them, or to lead you to regard them as but trivial and secondary matters. They are not of the substance of life; they do not form the heights of our nature, but are turned toward the child-side of it. They are not the stuff out of which manhood is built, nor must they enter largely into it. It is not without reason that I call the

I wage no crusade against amusements; I am only solicitous lest you rate them too highly, and weigh them too carelessly. It is painful to see a young man of sound conscience in a flutter of question if he may engage in this or that amusement.

It is not without reason that I call you to the severer estimate of the subject. As matters are going, society seems to be shaping itself into an organization for generating the greatest possible amount of pleasure. The commonest figure today—I fear he is almost typical—is the young man demanding, as first of all considerations, that he shall be amused; amused he must be at whatever cost, and if society and education and church are not shaped to that end he will have nought to do with them. Meanwhile the health and college and social life hasten to comply, suggesting that the main business of each is to keep up a "show." One wishes with Douglas Jerrold "that the world would get tired of this eternal guffaw. Let me say to the young men who read these pages, that while the many are amusing themselves, a few earnest ones turn aside and seize the prizes of life. I would have you of this number. I would persuade you to extricate yourself from the grip of circumstance, and make the question of life worth living even if it does not provide you with a stunning amusement every twenty-four hours. I would have you strong and clear-headed enough to try the methods of your example against the insidious, emasculating idea so prevalent, that the main object in life is "to have a good time." I would have you realize that a "soul sodden with pleasures," is the most utterly lost and degraded soul that can be. When pleasure rules the life, mind, sensibility, health shrivel and waste, till at last, and not tardily, no joy in earth or heaven can move the worn-out heart to response.

But shall a young man have no amusements? He is not shut off from any that seem to demand a high ambition of; but if these governing principles are not kept at the fore-front of life, nothing is just. Now amusement seems to be primary, while, in truth, it is the last thing about which we need to concern ourselves. What does a bird, or an angel, think of? In each wings his way, and his flight is his joy.

Mr. Ruskin touches our theme most aptly: "All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to hope, to pray; these are the things that make men happy. Mr. Ruskin is too lofty, to say you; he is playing his role of grand gambler. We find ourselves after this long discussion simply exalted to nobler feelings and ambitions, and left befogged in clouds of high sentiment; life, after all, is made up of real acts; we want to know with what form of pleasure we may offset our toil of brain or hands,—how shall we let off exulting in what we have got? Mr. Ruskin would win our souls to nobler feelIngs and ambitions, and our spirits that trans­form-a very different thing—that is to ask them to leave off their play, and to let off their play in the fullness of the heights of felicity.. . . .

The technical amusements should not be regarded as true recreation or play. They do not rest one, they consume vitality rather than furnish a channel for it, and they can not, from their nature, be closely enough ingrained with daily life. They may serve as an occasional pleasure, but the enjoyment possible to man on foot, with cheery company, or in a boat, with the sun at their backs, and the wine of overflowing life.

Mr. Wayland was asked what pleasures he would recommend. He said, "Take a walk." It was not so very good advice, nor will it seem so to any one who has not sunk into a prosy state of mind and body. Thoreau considered a walk the height of felicity, if you come to the point, if you would get into close contact with nature and cultivate the intimacies and sympathies that look in that direction, you would win an enjoyment far finer than that to be got from the theater with its cold, feederless feather accessories. Climb the hills about you. What do you know of the ravines and waterfalls within a ten-mile radius? Do you know the haunts and habits of the animals that live in the forest? Do you know the trees, the flowers and their times? Do you know the exaltation that comes with seeing mountain tops, and the tender awe that dwells in thick woods and deep glens? Do you know the forlorn heart to response. full-blooded man. . . .

The grandest thing about which we need to concern our- selves of all is the last monthIng as we note the gait; air, sun, motion, the birds, the hills about, the trees, the flowers and their times. What do you know of the figure of a man seen in Great Britain for hundreds of years. Mr. Ruskin knew what pleasure was in other forms, but he knew nothing higher than this—a glorious manhood intoxicated with the wine of overflowing life.

The President of the United States is wholly free to pull in a boat-race, but higher considerations may render it unwise that he should do so; and, having weightier matters on hand, it is not probable that his desires run strongly in that direction. Nothing so tends to break down all sense of right and wrong, as basing conduct on false reasons. All application of truth to society is a matter of faith. The technical amusements should not be made habits; it is recreation—a very different thing—that is to be made habitual. The question of rule and principle may be asked: Would it not be better, to make it a matter of rule and principle, and abstain altogether? We can make rules, but not principles; they are made for us. The standards in distinguishing between use and abuse, between the bad and the innocent, and not in a blind ways instead of looking for external excitement.

I may seem to have reached a very lofty conclusion, but I claim that motion in the open air, under clear skies, and in close contact with nature is the finest and keen­est recreation possible to a healthy-minded, full-blooded man. When it is not so regarded, it is because neither mind nor body is in normal condition. The distinguishing mark of those who are devoted to the amusements, as contrasted with those who delight in open-air recreation, is listlessness,—a very common thing as we note the gait, air, and voice of any young men. The grandest figure of a man read for a hundred years was Christopher North. We have him described as running amongst the Highlands for hours, exulting in what De Quincey calls "the glory of motion." Wilson knew what pleasure was in other forms, but he knew nothing higher than this—a glorious manhood intoxicated with the wine of overflowing life.
they find a hobby. There is a provision for one in nearly every man; seek it out, and gratify it wisely. If a horse, let it be that, steering wide of all jockeying and the vulgarity of the race-course; if animal pets, nothing is more wholesome. And there are the athletic sports and the broader field of art, fine and mechanical, the turning-lathe, the garden, music, pictures, books, science,—the keen and un­ anxious joy of the amateur awaits you in each.

As our last and weightiest word on the subject, I would press the distinction between amusements and enjoyment. One is a pleasure manufactured and served up for us; the other is the satisfaction that flows from the sportive action of our own fac­ ilities. In other words, amuse yourself in­ stead of depending upon others. Learn the joy of the exercise of your own powers rather than offer yourself to be played upon from without for the sake of a new sensa­tion.

From within out is the order of all life, from smallest plant to man. And because it is the order of life it is also the order of joy.

The Incarnation

"Unto us a child is born." The first in the list of births in every family record—sacredly enrolled and treasured, it may be, for generations in the old Bible—I inscribe with amending pen the name of Jesus. Unto us—to every race and tribe and family and individual—a child is born; a child revealing all childhood and potential of all mankind; the first fruits of Earth’s har­ vest of sons; the type of all; the normal child—Immanuel, God with us. Blessed to the soul as clear sunshine and crystal fountain and azure-tinted hills—this per­ fect child—of the prophets, of the angels, of the shepherds, of the manger; the divine Child whose divinity needs no other evi­ dence than the sum of its regenerating power, or the fountain of its life-giving elixir, or the everlasting hills of their supre­ nal charm.

This Babe of Bethlehem through all the centuries has kindled in the hearts of men the divine flame of Godhood, causing the soul to spring up into new tenderness and sympathy, and pity and love; calling it forth into rich fellowship within the un­ seen; rousing it to the endeavor of untried heights of living and of brotherhood and bowing every knee at last before the con­ sciousness of the God-presence in the hearts of the children of men.

And so the "great unknown," out of which we come, is irradiated at Bethlehem by the glories of the Eternal Purpose. And the "great darkness" that receives us is all am­ ple with the Glory of the Infinite.

Unto me this divine child is born this day! I will not expose him to perish on the bleak hillside of blind indifference; but welcome to the warm sanctuary of my life this messenger of light—Florence Morse Kingley, in Nautilus.

Now Wake, All Ye That Slumber

M. E. H. EVERETT

Now wake, all ye that slumber! A message dear we bring, For in a wayside manger Is laid your new-born King; Rise up in haste to seek him Nor rest till he be found; For peace to earth he bringeth, Heaven-sent and angel-crowned.

The footprints of the shepherd Shall show the way to go; For light, the Star of Morning Hath left its fadeless glow.

Ye shall not fail to find him If heart and soul ye bring To seek with adoration Your Lord and rightful King.

In Bethlehem of Judas’s King The morning hath its birth— The light in darkness shone That lighteneth the earth; Then wake, all ye that slumber, And smile, all ye that weep, To rise in haste to seek him—Where he is, there shall be rest.

A political speaker, warning the public against the imposition of heavier tariffs on imports, said, "If you don’t stop shearing the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg, you’ll pump it dry."

"She—Anyhow, you must admit he is a well-read man. Did you notice his knowl­ edge of Aristotle?"

"He—I did; and, if you want my can­ did opinion, I don’t believe he’s ever been there."

Social Life in the Rural Community

MAY DIXON

Paper read at Young People’s Hour, South­ eastern Association

The farm is the corner-stone of our na­ tional prosperity. One third of our entire population is made up of farmers, and all of us depend upon them for sustenance.

The problem of keeping the youth of the present generation upon the farm, and pre­ paring them for country life in its fullest and richest sense, is one of national impor­ tance. We must build up a country life that shall be satisfying. Man is a social animal and likes to live in crowds. One of the drawbacks to social life in the country is the isolation due to bad roads and mud.

The effects of isolation in country life are manifested in various ways. The well­ known conservative attitude of the farmer on all new subjects is the most noticeable effect. This is shown in the hesitancy with which he accepts suggestions for im­ proved methods. Neighborhood strife, jealousy, and lack of a community spirit are also due to isolation.

All advance, then, in rural districts, it seems to me, is dependent upon the high­ ways. Every phase of rural life is affected by them. Church and school attendance, marketing, and social gatherings are well­ nigh impossible for a greater part of the year.

Farmers need to develop a community spirit. All differences should be put aside. Co-operation should be the keynote and all should work together for the betterment of rural life.

Road-building is often in charge of county officials who know nothing of the work. Roads are worked at the wrong time of year, or loose material is allowed to accumulate upon hard roadbeds and the constant freezing and thawing cracks the underlying stone. There is $17,000,000 spent upon roads annually. Most of this expenditure is overseen and disbursed by officials who have had no training along that line. By sending to the Office of Pub­ lic Roads, Washington, D. C., one may ob­ tain, free of charge, a printed lecture, illus­ trated with lantern slides, on the subject of Roads and Road Building.

The teacher should institute a good­ roads sentiment among the children of the community. Raveren’s Road Primer, pub­ lished by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, should be in every school library. The school may and should become a com­ munity center for the dissemination of knowledge.

It should be the aim of every teacher to cultivate a civic pride in his pupils. This may be done by forming literary societies which shall discuss good roads, best meth­ ods of agriculture, social betterment, labor­ saving devices in the home, conservation of energy, and so on.

The development of a new and better country life is largely a question of educa­ tion and guidance. New knowledge, new ideals, guidance and direction are needed. There is a call for young men and young women who like the country and will live there and work for agricultural and com­ munity advancement. To the teacher and the preacher the call comes with especial significance and force.
I think every teacher and preacher in the rural community should study the subjects that throw light on the rural problem. They should take advantage of the university extension courses in the interests of agriculture, and make themselves acquainted with the various bulletins issued by the State Board or by the Agricultural Bureau at Washington. There should be a union of the country school teacher, the agricultural college professor, the rural pastor and the farmer. The country people have a right to insist that their schools shall fit their boys and girls for country life, and, more than that, inculcate in them a genuine love for country life.

In 1910, a teacher in North Carolina organized a Girls' Tomato Club. One thousand girls are now enrolled. Each girl tends her own plot of ground and cans the produce. One girl cleared $130 from one season's crop raised on one quarter of an acre.

As an example of what the country minister can achieve, Rev. Matthew B. McNett, of Plainfield, III., came to his present pastorate in March. He studied his field, organized singing schools, granges, and literary and debating societies for the purpose of bringing the people together in a spirit of helpfulness and sympathy. In a short time they were able to erect a building with all modern improvements.

The business of the church is not merely to save the souls but to fit them for usefulness in life. Rev. George Brown, of Paris, Ill., has hit on a novel plan. On Saturday, at the church, which is engaged in an exhibit of corn. During the day, lectures and demonstrations were given on the subject of corn. On Sunday, the sermon was closely buttressed by the economic studies of the day before. Make your country church a center for the entire life of the community.

Kenyon L. Butterfield, president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, says: "We need preachers who will consecrate themselves to a lifelong service in the country parish. The church needs men who believe that here is a great task, requiring thorough preparation. We must root out the idea that only inferior men can find work in the country parish. It needs our strongest and best men. We make the appeal to every young man we want "hard places." We are not to be made ashamed that here is a man's work—a work worth while.

Ambassadors for Christ

By F. MARIE HILTS

Paper read at the Pacific Coast Association, Los Angeles, Cal.

"We are ambassadors for Christ therefore on behalf of Christ, be ye reconciled to God." 2 Corinthians 5: 20.

REGARDING THE SABBATH

No one can be fully reconciled to God who is not reconciled to God's laws as revealed in His word. Great blessings come to us by obedience, but our favor with God is forfeited when we disobey.

But the right obedience on our part is not enough. To be reconciled to God is not enough. We must bear the message of obedience and reconciliation to others by doctrine and life. They, too, need to be brought face to face with God and his law, as offered by divine grace to all who trust and obey. This gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth" (Rom. 1: 16).

DIFFICULTIES

The great first-day world is prejudiced against the unpopular truth of the Sabbath of Jehovah. Prejudice is one of the greatest hindrances we meet. It is allowed to stop the work, to turn the keys that lock many hearts and darken many minds, and forbid the entrance of eternal truth. By this locking-out process, many are compelled to grope and stumble in the darkness along the way of life.

They appear to think that the fewness of Sabbath observers is a sure proof that our cause is beneath their notice. But can the cause of truth be a weak one? Truth is an attribute of God. Is he weak? Truth will ultimately prevail, whether they assist in supporting it or not. Has truth ever been popular?

A candid investigation and honest decision on their part would make their life's burden lighter and shed sunshine and brightness upon their path of daily experience.

But the prejudices of others do not excuse us from our task in bearing the message of truth as ambassadors for Christ. We are not to be frightened out or discouraged by any difficulties and hardships. We must bear the message of Christ with the same courage as our fellow. Our part is to bear the message in his spirit. The results rest with him.

Prejudiced minds, intolerant spirits, and selfish pride blind the vision of many, and a candid investigation can not be followed upon the heart is freed from them. So the first step is to lead them to Christ, to a full surrender of life to him. The truth will then appear dearer and more valuable to them, and worth their effort and sacrifice to secure. The fear of what others will think of them, or of adopting the truth will disappear, for they will have the word of Saul of Tarsus as he met his Lord on the Damascus road, "What wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts 9: 6).

The Sabbath of Jesus and the Bible is in great disfavor. A substitute day crowds it out of most minds and hearts, but it can not crowd it out of the Decalogue.

Another great difficulty is "tradition of the elders" and preachers. Because God the masses keep Sunday and because it has been observed and taught in the past, they teach that we must be loyal to the past and to the popular teacher. But when our Lord was here on earth, "the traditions of the elders" had, for generations, been taken to be of equal value with the Scriptures. It is so now with many on this question. Many who are to be ambassadors for Christ teach that the truth should be preached for the Jews only, and that all who observe it are legalists and Judaizers, and fail to realize that those who refuse to be distinctly and definitely one in their own faith, whatever their professions may be.

All sorts of excuses are offered and personal convenience consulted, and, with many, church membership is for revenue only, and this blinds many eyes and kills much spirituality.

OUR PREPARATION

Our preparation for our work as ambassadors must be the same as that of our King. When he was tempted he replied, "It is written," We, too, must be so familiar with the Scriptures, that we can give a reason for the hope that is within us, and tell what the Bible says about the Sabbath.

We must have a "Thus saith the Lord" and the Bible is to be our Sabbath-message, and be able to wield "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Almost equal in importance is our own living. We must faithfully and consistently observe the Sabbath ourselves. No matter how ably we may argue for the Sabbath with logic and texts, if our lives are not loyal and are not Sabbath-keepers on the law of God, their force for good is destroyed. So our first duty is to make our lives all-worship and try to teach.

Information Desired

The Tract Society voted at its December meeting to send me this winter into the States south of the Ohio River, the Province of the Mississippi, to visit our churches, and the lone Sabbath-keepers in the South and Southeast, and to do such work as opportunity offers.

I desire to obtain as soon as possible all the information that I can get about the people and places I should visit, and the reformers or evangelistic and Sabbath reform work on the field. I want to plan to reach as many as possible at the least expense.

Readers are asked to help by writing me about Sabbath-keepers on the field; persons who once were Sabbath-keepers, or were brought up in Sabbath-keeping homes; people who have shown some interest in the Sabbath question; and any other information that will likely aid me in this anticipated work.

Information will do more good now than it can do after I return from the trip, so please send it on as soon as possible to my home address.

WILLARD D. BUORICK
Sabbath Evangelist
Milton, Wis.

A sailor was called into the witness-box to give evidence. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?" "I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor. "What! Not know the meaning of 'plaintiff' and 'defendant'?" continued the lawyer. "A pretty pretty fellow you," he said, "to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the ship it was the man struck the other?" "Abaft the binnacle," said the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle," said the lawyer. "What do you mean, pretty fellow you," responded the sailor. "To come here as a lawyer and don't know what 'abait the binnacle' means?"—Er.
**CHILDREN'S PAGE**

**Something Must be Done**

**RUTH MARION CARPENTER**

"I think it is simply dreadful, and something must be done," said Hilda as she rushed through the halls of the school. "I know she will fail in the mid-year's."

"But what, Alice?" asked gentle Alice, at once all attention.

"Oh, I mean about Grace; you know how she is lately, so preoccupied, half dazed. Missing recitations most of the time and cutting classes until I should think she would be ashamed to meet the teachers. And she has borrowed notes and even the class materials and..."

"Yes, I know, but what can we do, for I agree with you that something must be done," said Alice.

"I think that something is done," Hilda said, "just the thing; and as we lay back quite exhausted, while we had been talking, Nellie was brought in. We recognized her as Maggie O'Reen, one of a few whites who live up on those mountains. They were so ragged and dirty that my sister, Nellie, whom the most of us call Miss Grant, was eager to get the fifteen girls together; however, Nellie has found Maggie's sister, who was a stranger in the mountains and..."

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garments are laid up there already. You see when Alice came in yesterday, I was just swamped with work and beginning to be discouraged for fear I wouldn't get through and I knew my lessons were suffering dreadfully besides. And then, when she came in this afternoon and proposed a bee, I was delighted, for I felt that something must be done.

All the while Grace had been talking, the girls had been very busy and one or two were pretty sober, but now their tongues were loosened, and there was such a chattering and asking of questions that work began to suffer and fudge to disappear. At the sound of the retiring bell, the work was so well along that Grace could easily finish it in the two days that remained before vacation and Christmas.

The girls returned to their rooms with more of the real Christmas spirit in their hearts. Hilda, especially, was deeply touched and as she crawled into her bed beside her roommate she said "Alice, as usual I am completely ashamed of myself, and when I so crossly said that 'something must be done,' I might have known that you in your own gentle way would be the one to do it. Good night."

Alfred, N. Y.

The Way of the Lonely Heart

Always at the holiday season I had followed the way of the Loving Heart, and my fellow-traveler had been One who laughed with me and sang to the chime of Christmas bells. But the day came when I was left alone, and I knew that never again should I dare joyously, and that henceforth my pilgrimage should be along twilight paths.

And it was thus that I learned of the Way of the Lonely Heart, which is a shadowy way, somewhat steep and stony, and many who travel it need help to reach the heights.

And, following that way, I came first to Jean.

"May I breakfast with you on Christmas morning," I wrote, "and help with the tree-lighting?" And her answer came: "You dearest dear, the morning would have been the hardest, and yet I must keep my sadness from the boy." At nine o'clock I found them, waiting for me, the boy with the scarlet of his cheeks matching the holly in his white blouse, and Jean a tense black figure behind him.

"Last year father lighted the candles," he said, as I came in.

"Yes, dear." Jean's hunted eyes sought mine.

I took the boy in charge after that, and while the little lights starred the tree with pink and green and yellow, I talked of the days when Jean and I were little girls and went to school together.

"She was such a pretty little girl!"

His eyes alone. "With long curls?"

"Yes, I remember the day that she was naughty and cut them off."

"Tell it." And I did. And once Jean laughed, and the hunted look went out of her eyes. And when I went away, she said, "You dearest dear, now I can get through the day."

My pilgrimage took me next to Penelope, who writes stories, and who has a little fame and much beauty.

I found her prone on a couch, her face a white oval between bands of dark hair.

"Don't say 'Merry Christmas' to me," she cried, sharply.

So I kissed her in silence and laid against her cheek a bunch of valley lilies.

She clutched at them and asked:

"How did you know that he always sent lilies?"

And then she sobbed and sobbed.

"My heart is broken."

"But he loves you," I said.

"He loves money more."

"No—he loves you too much to put you into a poor setting, and he is too proud to share your money."

"What is pride against love?"

"Put yourself in his place. If you had lost everything, would you ask a woman to share your poverty?"

"If she were willing—"

"Look at it from a man's standpoint. He has told you that he must wait until he has recovered part of what he has lost. He is sore, sensitive; don't doubt him, dear—"

"Ah," she caught my hand, "talk to me—make me have faith—"

And I preached a little of the doctrine of self-forgetfulness. "You have dreamed so much, and your search is for the ideal. He is a real man. Be patient, and some day he will understand your need of him and his of you."

Gratefully I came to her, and she sat up. "I am going to put a spray of lilies in a letter and send it to him," she said. "I wrote so bitterly this morning."

It was a long way from Penelope's apartment to the tenement where an old man lives who kept books for the One who had traveled with me the Way of the Loving Heart.

I took a basket with me and spread a little table, on which I set out roast chicken and celery and bread and butter, and I made his tea and heated gravy and mashed potatoes and mince pie over his little gas stove.

He sat in a big chair, all crippled with rheumatism, and watched me.

"It's mighty good of you," he said, over and over again; "the woman downstairs cooks my things. But I can't pay much, and she is careless."

When everything was ready, I pinned a bit of mistletoe in his lapel and stuck some holly in a vase. And then we had our dinner together. For the old bookkeeper is a gentleman, and he talked of the One we had both loved.

"He had such a great heart," he said, and he assented eagerly, for I was hungry to finish the Way of the Loving Heart.

"He was an orphan and alone, I asked her to dine with me on Christmas Day."

So I stood up and smoothed her hair, and in the mirror she nodded at me.

"I will come often," I told him, as the afternoon waned. "It helps me to talk to you."

"One lonely heart can always help another," was his simple philosophy, and he was smiling when I left him.

The house to which I came next was a house of Discord. There was a son, and a daughter, and the son's mother. A trio of unhappiness. And the fault may with the son's mother; and yet she was my friend, and I knew that hers was a lonely heart, and that loneliness had made the bitterness and the bitterness discord.

She sat alone in her big front chamber, although there was a merry party in the rooms below. But the son was not merry, nor the son's wife, for over them lay the shadow of the unhappiness upstairs.

"Why don't you go down and join them?" I asked, when I had presented my little gift.

"I am not wanted," stilly; "they have each other."

And then I took her hand in mine.

"Dear Margaret," I said, "is life to go on this way to the end?"

"Is it my fault?"

And, wondering at my courage, I told her:

"Oh, how can you?" she flung out. "It is they who are selfish."

"They are young—and it is we who know more of life who can show them the beauty of unselfishness. You can never win this war; you can only win by following the Way of the Loving Heart."

Her eyes questioned, and so I told her of that Way, and how each year we had tried to follow it, and of how love had always been there for us, and how bitterness would always be repaid with bitterness.

"Peace on earth, good will—" I finished; "why not show good will to your own little boy, who, after all, is still your own life, and to his wife, who at heart is a little troubled girl? It is you who must bring harmony into this home, Margaret."

"I might," her voice was wistful.

Then she stood up and smoothed her hair, and in the mirror she nodded at me.

"I am going down," she said.

And as I passed the door of the living-room I saw the light in her son's face as he welcomed her.

The Way led next to Mazie, who works in a department store, and who lives in a dingy hall-room. She is dear and sweet and good, but life has taught her nothing but drudgery. Her little face, as I saw it, during all the hard weeks of the pre-holiday season, at the ribbon counter, had haunted me, and when I found that she was an orphan and alone, I asked her to dine with me on Christmas Day.

But we did not dine at home. I knew what young girls like, and I had a big bunch of violets to pin on her shabby coat and my gift to her was a set of furs, and
so it was a transformed little maiden who went with me in a taxicab to a certain famous hostelry.

I have never seen anything so lovely!" 

Mazie kept saying as she sat at a table in the corner of the great dining-room and looked upon the golden-lighted rooms, gay with poinsettia, and thronging with music. "I have never seen anything so lovely!"

Her delight in the dainty service, her healthy appetite, which revealed in the delectious food, her eager interest in the people at the other tables, took me out of myself. "How good you have been to me!" she said as we went out. "It only weeks that she have been good," I told her; "you have given more than you have gained."

"Why, what could I give you?"

"You have youth and hope," I said, and as she tucked her hand in mine I knew that my friendship with little Mazie held the promise of many good things for both of us.

When I had taken Mazie home, I came back to Jean. It was late, and the boy was in bed, and Jean sat before the little open fire reading the Book of books. "Read to me," I told her, and she turned to the Twenty-third Psalm.

"It isn't exactly a Christmas chapter," she said, thoughtfully, "but it belongs to you and to me. "Wait—be of good courage—and he shall strengthen thy heart."

I stretched out my hand to her and told her of the Twenty-third Psalm.

"How do you define 'black as your hat?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils.

"Darkness that may be felt," replied the budding genius.

**HOME NEWS**

**ALBION, WIS.—**The annual dinner and business meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist church was held Sunday. It was very well attended and by a unanimous vote Pastor C. S. Sayre was asked to remain another year.—Journal-Telegraph.

**SALEM, W. VA.—**The Seventh Day Baptist church of this city held an every-member financial canvass over the week-end, and when the report of the Portage committee at the meeting of the church last Sunday night, it was found that the church was in a good way toward the raising of the annual budget. All the auxiliaries of the church reported at the meeting and the officers of the church were chosen. The Hon. Jesse F. Randolph was chosen moderator.—Salem Express.

**MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—**The Ladies Aid Society of the Seventh Day Baptist church served another of their popular chicken-pie suppers at the church dining-room Monday night. About 120 were served, adding more than $30 to the treasury.

A. B. West was present at the monthly meeting of the Janesville Methodist Brotherhood Tuesday evening and spoke in favor of the county agricultural agent, which was the topic of the evening.—Journal-Telephone.

**SOMERSET COUNTY, PA.—**The German Baptist Church of Somerset County, Pa., situated near Cairnbrook, which fell into a state of decay many years ago, recently enjoyed a season of refreshing under the ministrations of Rev. William A. Resser, one of the pastors of the Snow Hill German Seventh Day Baptist Church. On the evening after the Sabbath, November 13, a love-feast was celebrated at the home of Elder Emanuel Specht. Subsequently, other meetings were held in the Graves Lutheran Church, near Cairnbrook, not far away. A party of twenty-four friends came from the "Cove" (Salemville and vicinity), and assisted in the singing.

(Continued on page 800)

**MARRIAGES**

**WHEELER-LUGIHILL.—**At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Lugihill, Pandora, Ohio, October 19, 1915, by the Rev. Members, Mr. Ernest Wheeler, Fortville, Nora, and Miss Edna Lugihill.

**DEATHS**

**PERRY.—**Mrs. Nana Dangerfield Perry was born at Walworth, Wis., December 5, 1802, and died at her home near Stanley, Wis., November 10, 1915.

Mrs. Perry was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dangerfield and a granddaughter of Deacon and Mrs. O. P. Clark. She united with the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church by baptism July 15, 1867, of which church she was a faithful member until her departure. She was married to Mr. Bert Perry on October 12, 1839.

Altho. she was unknown to the writer, it is said that her cheerful disposition and sunny temperament won the friendship of all her acquaintances. The church of which she was a member and all her friends at Walworth extend to the bereaved family, especially to the young husband, their heartfelt sympathy, commending them to the One who alone can comfort.

Funeral services were held from the Union Church of Huron, Wis., the Rev. Mr. Griffith officiating.

**RANDOLPH.—**Silas Fitz Randolph, the son of William F. Randolph and Mary Davis Randolph, was born July 3, 1839, on Greenbrier Run, Va., and died December 1, 1915, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Persels, of Farina, Ill., at the age of 82 years, 5 months, and 28 days.

Mr. Randolph was the sixth in a family of twelve children, only two of whom are still living—Judson and Preston, both of Salem, W. Va. His earliest years consisted in several terms in a private school taught by members of his family and a term or two at West Union Academy. He was educated and baptised under the labors of Elder Azor Estee who persuaded him to accompany him to his home at Petersburg, N. Y., to learn the northern style of farming. While living in Petersburg he was called home to assist in the estee home and joined the Petersburg Seventh Day Baptist Church.

For a few years after 1855, Mr. Randolph took one of his sisters and his two brothers who survive him to Alfred, where he entered school. These were the first girls to go from West Virginia to Alfred. While here he met Miss Emily Lusk, to whom he was married on December 2, 1862, at her home in Dansville, N. Y. In January, 1864, Mr. Randolph enlisted as a volunteer in the Civil War, serving in Company I, 5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, until the close of the war. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph moved to Farina on February 14, 1886, after a few months spent in West Virginia. Mr. Randolph was one of the constituent members of the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church, with which he has since held his membership for a few years while in California. In the fall of 1887, he took up a soldier's claim in southern California near Valley Center, and lived there for number of years. He also lived at Colony Height, Riverside, and Los Angeles. In the spring of 1906, he and his wife returned to Farina, where he passed away February 21, 1913. Since then Mr. Randolph has made his home with some of his children.

To Mr. and Mrs. Randolph were born five children: Henry E. Virtue, who died in infancy, Lura, born October 4, 1875; Martha, born February 1, 1877, the wife of O. C. Wells, and Mabel, born Mrs. Wm. H. Allen, all of whom live at Farina, and were present at the funeral, which was conducted by the pastor at the home of Mrs. Persels, Friday afternoon, December 4.

For some time Mr. Randolph had been failing in health. He was a Christian man and an ardent student of the Bible, especially in his later years. For a number of years both his eyesight and hearing gradually left him, yet he kept well informed on matters of denominational interest. He has written a number of articles for the Sabbath Recorder. Before the end came he expressed a desire to go to his eternal home where there will be no more affliction or sorrow, and waited patiently for the summons. The following taken from his scrapbook expresses this sentiment:

"I'd have them answered now,
But I can wait.
If answered they might prove a snare;
God will provide with loving care,
And answers send sometimw, somewhere—
So I can wait.

*I sometimes pray to see the end,
But I can wait;
In his good time, and
He will open the window of
To all the future's golden store—
So I can wait.

*He loves me far too well, I know
To want me any longer here,
So while I pray he whispers, "Though I tarry, wait.""

**CRAFANDAL—**Abigail L., daughter of Sheffield B. and Emily Main, was born in the town of Lincoln, Chenango County, N. Y., March 1844, and died in the town of Portville, N. Y., November 10, 1850.

She came to Portville in 1853. She was baptized when about sixteen years of age, by Henry Green, and united with the Portville Church. In 1874 she was married to Charles Crandall, who died several years ago. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Eddie Mangle, of Portville, and one son, Adelbert Crandall, of West Genesee.
WILCOX—Sally C. Foster, daughter of Harvey B. and Mary J. Wilcox, was born in 1824, R. Moravia, N. Y., and died in the town of Wirt, N. Y., November 17, 1884.

She was the last of a family of ten children, all of whom were born in Allegany County, where she was one year old. They settled near the West Notch in the town of Wirt. She was married to Gilbert Gillette in 1844. Mr. Gillette died in 1885. In the same year she was married to Caleb Wilcox, who died in 1891.

Her home was in Allegany County, with the exception of one year, has been spent in the town of Wirt. She joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Richburg, N. Y., in her early girlhood, and remained a member until her death.

G. P. K.

WRIGHT—In Oak Creek Township, Sherman Co., Neb., near North Loup Valley Co., Neb., on December 7, 1915, Lois Adel, the infant daughter of Willet and Lottie Green Wright.

This baby girl was named for two of her great-grandmothers. Willet and Lottie in this disappointment have the sincere sympathy of a great-grandmother, Willet and Lottie in this.

The people of the community were seriously. Several showed interest in the services. He was ninety-five years of age on September 1, 1915.

THE SABBATH RECORDER