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January 10, 1916

The Sabbath Recorder

ELEMENTS OF NATIONAL GREATNESS

What makes a nation rich? The number of men the nation has who are noble, wise, pure, self-sufficing. ... What doth it profit a nation if it gain the whole world of tools and ships and goods, if the men in the factories are broken in spirit, if workmen go sullen to their tasks, if wives commit suicide? ... There is a wealth that is poverty. Woe unto the nation that loads itself down with thick clay, supposing it to be wealth.

The greatness of an individual and nation is threatened when intellect is ahead of the conscience, and culture is ranked above morality. Mental power and moral principle must journey forward side by side. Unfortunately, our generation seems, to know the right, but to be losing the power of doing it. The school has lent the intellect wings, but the conscience crawls. The reason moves swiftly along the highway with the speed of a palace car; the virtues follow slowly, as if moving in an ox-cart. Would that our generation could do all it knows and obey every principle it has discovered.—Nevill Dwight Hillis.

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T E W HOLE NO. 3697.

The Sabbath Recorder

Our Forward Movement. When the Israelites and the New Year were in distress on the shore of what appeared to be an impassable sea, and the outlook seemed dark, then it was that God's word came to Moses: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." From that day to this, whenever the people of God have propagated a forward movement that required faith and consecration, and strenuous effort, and whenever the way has seemed closed or particularly difficult, the call of Jehovah has been, "Go forward," and the assurance of divine help to victory has been given. God's call has ever been along the line of progress, and there never was a time when the need for his people to hear and heed that call was greater than it is today. His leadings are always onward and upward, and the people who will not heed the call and follow where he leads are doomed to die in the wilderness.

Do you not hear the call now for a forward movement? Is it not God's call for his Israel of today? Does it not mean enlarged vision, increased efficiency, greater usefulness, and a stronger influence for good? Are you not ready to fall in line and go forward? As a people we are confronted with problems that cause some to fear as to our future. Our efforts to extend the kingdom of God and exalt his truth have not broken down the barriers which we—the people—had hoped, our boards are in debt, and nearly half the Conference year has passed with but little progress along some lines laid out in our annual gathering. There may be those who feel that we, too, are shut up between the mountains and the sea, and that we can not go forward. But this will not prove so if we will but recognize God's hand, still held out to open the way, and listen to his command. When the Master says, "Go forward," no mountains of difficulty, no sea of discouragement can prevent the forward movement.

Why not listen to the voice of Jehovah as it comes to us in the new year, urging us to go forward in the work he has committed to us? His Spirit has moved our leaders to preach upon the Forward Movement; urgent messages have been written regarding it; our boards have appealed to you for help to carry on the work; some of the churches are arousing to make personal every-member canvasses; many young people responded to the call at Conference, pledging their lives to the Master's service as opportunities might open for them. Let our God is just as ready to lead us forward as he was to lead our fathers. With consecration to him and faith in his power to lead, we can not fail. The main thing is to keep in close touch with God. The "power from on high" is always ready for those who are prepared to use it. Then in this new year let us go forward, laboring as though everything depended upon us, and yet never forgetting that our Master leads us every step of the way, and that our success depends entirely on him.

HOLIDAY OFFERINGS. And the Debt. Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard has placed in my hands twenty-three letters received by him about Christmas time, bringing gifts to the Tract Society. While most of these contained regular offerings from churches for the general fund, they show that people did remember the appeal for "white gifts for the King" during the holiday season. How widespread this spirit of giving has been is suggested by the fact that most of these gifts were anonymous, and the cause was among our people is not yet known, but it is encouraging to know that so many responded to the call.

Four of the letters were from lone Sabbath-keepers whose gift amounted to $30. One of these expressed the hope that the entire debt would soon be liquidated. Four others were from Sabbath schools, and contained, all told, $76.39, and one was a letter, including $20 for life membership.

Since our last report we have received on the debt alone, making $156.00 designated for the debt since the appeal was first made. One letter, from Wisconsin, reporting
$2.00 as "Tract Society offerings from the Sabbath-school white Christmas services," containing a gift of $1 which was half of a twenty-cent piece, the treasured gift of a father long since dead. This letter closes with these words: "We hope there will be other responses to the appeal for funds, so that before 1916 the society may be free from debt."

Just at this point the morning mail brings another letter, from West Virginia, with $5 enclosed and the following message: "This being the last day in the year, I have been wondering what you would do, and make the ring with speeches for what he called "the temperance revolution," never resting until, his country spoke out the last saloon, in his speech at Springfield, Ill., on Washington's Birthday, 1842, Lincoln spoke of this temperance "revolution" as the breaking of "a stronger bondage, the freeing from a viler slavery," and the depositing of "a greater tyrant," than that disposed of in 1776. It was regarded by Lincoln a revolution that would heal more diseases and assuage more sorrow than any other, and one that would bring plenty to the land, and comfort to weeping widows. In this prophetic address, Mr. Lincoln spoke of the pride this land would take "when the victory is complete—when there shall be neither slave's day nor master's night."

We wonder what comfort the distillers and brewers can get by quoting Lincoln as their friend, and assuming that if he were here today he would repute prohibitionists and prodigious the new law. A man who at nine years of age promised the dying mother never to drink intoxicants, who early joined the Sons of Temperance and the Washingtonian Movement, and made telling pleas among the citizens of Philadelphia for the abolition of saloons, a man who never allowed liquors in his own home, who said when preparing to meet the committee that brought him the news of his nomination to the presidency, "I never promised in the house and don't like to begin now!": a man who sent a temperance evangelist into the army to induce the soldiers to sign the pledge; a man who when the internal revenue bill was offered for his signature, hesitated for two weeks to sign it even as a war measure, and signed it at last only when an agreement was made that it should end with the war,—such a man would be expected to advance the temperance army, as step by step it has met the changing conditions of fifty years; and to stand squarely for prohibition. This is all the more certain when we recall a sentence that fell from Lincoln's lips on the day of his life. He said to Major Merwin, the temperance reformer: "After reconstruction, the next great question will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic."

What if Washington

In the article referred

Did Have a Distillery?

to above, the Anti-Prohibition Manual banks a good deal on the fact that George Washington mentions his liquors and his distillery in his last will and testament. It quotes seven paragraphs from Washington's writings to show that he used "rum," "Madeira," "claret," etc., and closes by saying: "An unbiased study of the biographies of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln will lead to but one conclusion, namely, that neither of these two great men were prohibitionists."

The brewers and distillers must be hard pressed when they have to go back over more than a year for arguments with which to turn the minds of men away, from the glaring and damaging facts about their business of today. Facts that condemn it in the mouths of men of the time; facts that cannot be denied and about which no good thing can be said. They forget that times and conditions have changed since Washington's day, and overlook the fact that the Father of his Country, if living today, would probably be found in the advance guard of the army that is fighting America's greatest foe. Washington the way he was in his time, but in the face of changed conditions that gives no ground for believing he would still keep slaves if living today.

**The Sabbath Recorder**

THE FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

**This is the name of a new organization resulting from the reaction of many minds against the great world catastrophe that is filled with authentic horror. After a day or two of Christian conference in Garden City, Long Island, by men and women of different faiths, the combined feeling prevailed that Christians should strive in these troubled times for a deeper interpretation of the Christian message. The tragedy of the war, the many evil social conditions, and the confused utter-
ances of churches and Christian leaders greatly distressed them; and the conference expressed its conviction that those who believe in the love principles revealed by the life and death of Christ shall be so completely united in human hearts that they will never think of retreating to arms. The Fellowship of Reconciliation is dedicated to the deeper work of a new discovery of God, a fresh return to the sources of life, a preparation of living channels of power.

The explanation is made that the society has "no program to offer as the one path to its goal. It realizes that it is not dealing with a single problem, and that there is no one exclusive way through which the Spirit works." It is announced that only those are desiring members who will devote their powers to the flight of prayer and spiritual means, the ideals proposed by the organization.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation was born in Cambridge University, England, less than a year ago, and now has a membership of 4,000 men and women who accept its principles for themselves, and are pledged to seek a more effectual way of life in Christ.

Illness of Mrs. D. H. Davis

Recorder readers will be sorry to learn that Mrs. D. H. Davis, of our China Mission, has been stricken with a very serious illness, has removed a gall stone, and was obliged to submit to a critical surgical operation in the hospital at Shanghai. She had taken up her work of teaching four classes in the mission school, but was forced to give it up for a time. It was thought that she would have to remain three or four weeks in the hospital. When she had been there one week, Mr. Crofoot wrote that she was doing as well as could be expected. Her son Alfred and wife were with her as much as possible and he wrote very hopefully of her prospects for recovery. All her friends will anxiously watch and hope of news of her complete restoration to health.

Praying for Good Rulers

"O Lord, make all the rulers of men wise to choose the good and to rule in righteousness." This was a good prayer, made in sincerity, and it is to be supposed that all who heard it said in their hearts, Amen. In hundreds of pulpits week by week, similar prayers for rulers were offered God's own heart have been offered. This is well. We would have all Christian people pray for those in power, in power, but we cannot help asking why we should wait until we have chosen our rulers before we begin to pray for men after God's own heart! If Christian people would seek godly men regardless of party and insist upon their nomination for office, refusing to vote for ungodly rulers, we should many times be able to answer our own prayers. We defeat ourselves whenever we work one way and pray another way. It always did seem out of place for Christian citizens to work like heroes in politics to elect godless, unchristian men to office, and then go on to pray and try all the year for rulers after God's own heart! The time for a Christian man to do some practical work toward securing good rulers is before, and in, the primaries. After he has done all in his power to elect bad rulers, his prayers will avail but little.

The Farmer Comes Into His Own

In Professor Alfred A. Titworth's article, "One of the Old Colonial Colleges," on another page, the readers will find something of special interest to farmers and their boys. Don't fail to read it. One of the best slugs of our times is, "Back to the farm," and the universities and colleges of this country are providing the education that will make it a college for thousands to remain in the country and follow agriculture as a profession.

Don't Miss the Sermon on "The Home"

Last week an article appeared in one of the denominational papers entitled, "The Craze for Short Sermons," in which the writer affirms that the great danger confronting the church in America is the possible decadence of the pulpit. Nothing can take the place of preaching, Christ's own way of spreading the gospel. That article closed with the question, "How is the pulpit to be saved from decay so long as the sermonette craze is abroad in the land?"

Whether you agree with this or not, let me urge you to read the sermon on "The Home" by Dr. William L. Burdick, in this Recorder. Please don't pass it by because it seems long. It is filled with practical teachings, no one of which can well be omitted, so there is no way to shorten it. You will miss a good deal if you pass this by unread.

One of the Old Colonial Colleges

PROFESSOR ALFRED A. TITWORTH

In 1766, ten years before the Declaration of Independence of the United States, a few prominent Dutch colonists of New York and New Jersey obtained from William Franklin, governor of the Province of New Jersey, in the name of King George III of England, a charter for a college in New Jersey to be called Queens in honor of the royal consort Charlotte. In order to obtain amendments and changes in this charter a new charter was granted in 1770 and sessions of the college began at once.

It is proposed to celebrate with appropriate ceremonies the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of this college at its seat in New Brunswick, N. J., next October. Many distinguished visitors will be present and a very complete history of the college will be published at that time which will show that, contrary to the ordinary effect of time on material things, the college has grown younger and more vigorous with the years. This is in agreement with the effect of time on things which perish not.

In 1825 the name of the college was changed from Queens to Rutgers, after Colonel Hugh Rutgers, a prominent citizen of New York City, whose memory is still preserved in the name of a street, a church, and a woman's college in that metropolis. It was made what at that time was considered a very generous gift to the college of $5,000. I suspect that this circumstance furnished a desirable excuse to sever all association of the name of the college with King George III, but may be assumed that for the same reason the name of Columbia University in New York City was changed from "Kings" to Columbia.

Queens was the eighth college to be founded in the American colonies. The order of the founding of those preceding was: Harvard (1636), Williams and Mary (1693), Yale (1701), University of Pennsylvania (1740), Princeton (1746), Kings, now Columbia (1754), and Brown (1764).

The chief purpose in establishing this college, in common with the other Old Colonial colleges, was to educate young men for the "learned professions" and particularly for the holy ministry; to turn out ministers, lawyers, etc.

The first class to be graduated from Queens College consisted of one man, Matthew Leydt, in 1774. It is difficult to call him a class and preserve the dictionary definition of that word. The last class to be graduated from Rutgers College consisted of 78 members. The college entered upon the present year with a membership of 459 college students in five divisions, the entering class numbering 180. Including the students of the short course in agriculture conducted in the winter, and those of the summer course of six weeks known as the Summer School, the number totaled last year 1,067.

In 1864 Rutgers College was made the "State College (of New Jersey) for the Benefit of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts" and scholarships are awarded to students of the State who successfully compete in examinations held once a year in the several counties. This grafting of a scientific school upon the old classic trunk has brought about many changes and conditions. It has broadened the choice of elective science subjects of the classical school and has tended to prevent the scientific school from becoming too technical. The technical courses offered show a larger ratio of so-called cultural subjects to purely technical than those of other state colleges. More time is given to instruction in fundamental conditions and time to shop and field operations, in the conviction that, in general, what the young man learns in college will never be acquired later, while, on the other hand, skill in shop and field operations may be more quickly attained, and the operations often more effectually taught, after the student has been graduated and has entered upon the practice of his profession. Knowledge of principles is necessary for successful advancement in practical life, while manual
operations are but incidental to success, and only sufficient time should be given to them to thoroughly demonstrate and illustrate the principles taught. This method of technical teaching may handicap the graduate for a time in his competition with the graduate who has had a highly specialized technical education but only for a time, after which he gains distinct advantage. He soon learns the technique in practice and has the knowledge of principles and the mental strength acquired in learning them in addition.

The farmer is the man of the hour; he is rapidly coming into his own. Hit-and-miss farming has given place to scientific methods of working the soil. The farmer boy no longer looks at farming as a calling involving a life of arduous and monotonous labor with a doubtful reward; rather he is attracted by the scientific methods employed, followed by certainty of results, by the lightening of labor in the use of machinery, by the advantages good roads give him for hauling his produce to market at minimum cost and permitting him to visit his neighbors in the leisure season in his Ford, instead of in the old carryall with mud to the hubs. The farmer is in evidence everywhere, but in embryo nowhere more than in the state colleges. The four-year course in agriculture at Rutgers College draws more students at the present time than any other one of the technical courses. This is in striking contrast to conditions that existed a few years back when it was almost impossible to induce a student to elect that course. Among the factors producing this change of heart in the student is that when he graduates he is surer of a job at a better pay than the graduate from the other technical courses.

Among the many distinguished graduates of this old college may be mentioned Simeon DeWitt, eminent physician and statesman, who was probably the originator of the system of public land division in the United States; Joseph, P. Bradley, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, famous in the electoral dispute between Hayes and Tilden for the presidency; Theodore Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State under President Arthur; Garret Harris, Vice President during McKinley's first term. Among the recent graduates of distinction are L. F. Lorce, president of the Delaware and Hudson Company, famous as a railroad manager; Charles L. Edgar, president of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston and thirteen other companies of that city and vicinity; the late Thomas B. Stillman, who was professor of engineering chemistry at Stevens Institute for many years and who was well known for his attainments in chemical development, besides many others who have attained distinction in divinity, medicine, law, science and engineering.

Rutgers College.
New Brunswick, N. J.
Dec. 29, 1915.

Rey A. P. Ashurst—An Appreciation

To quietly submit to the graciously decreed means of delivering them from the deadly bite of the fiery serpents.

The late Rev. A. P. Ashurst, of the Ham mond Seventh Day Baptist Church, was such an one. For ten years he faithfully administered his office as pastor of this church. He was beloved by his own church and also by the First-day people in the ten churches, in which he often preached. He was capable and thoroughly devoted to his work. There was steadfastness in his labors which was not diminished one jot when he passed over. A man of strong convictions, of marked ability as a sermonizer, instinctively a lover of his kind,—he marked him for success in his chosen field of labor. To shine he was to love him—attested on every hand as he mingled with men. His loyalty to the Sabbath truth was a marked virtue since he embraced it so late in life.

He recently said that "the intrinsic worth of an individual life to the world is what that life is." That fact counted for much with our brother. His consecrated life is a benediction as such as saw in him a continuous object-lesson of righteousness. "/"
Eden that stepped into the shadow of the Cross. One song says,  

"Let me live from day to day,  
and thousands sing the prayer,  

"Let me live from day to day,  
its shadow o'er me."

But the Cross can no more cast a shadow than can the sun, for it is the radiance from the Cross, not "afar," but near, that reveals the Savior's love. A shadow is cast only by an opaque body standing in the light, never by the light itself; so often, most often, indeed, the shadow which we see, and I am sure we seem to stand, is only the shadow which the days themselves cast as we stand with our backs to the Cross. But when we turn to the Cross with unveiled faces, we see no more shadows, but ineffable glory; and what before seemed a heavy, overshadowing burden, we know to be light afflictions working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; and we ourselves are changed by it from glory to glory.

The Cross means a new creation. Thus, "If any man be in Christ, there is a new creation"; and we come into Christ only by his death, "We are baptized into Christ only by being baptized into his death." It is "through the blood of the Cross" that we have peace. By his suffering on the cross he brings us to God; therefore we can know God only through the Cross of Christ. So the Cross stands for all the joy that comes from being face to face with God, and having perfect communion with him.

Perhaps you are wondering what this has to do with the Sabbath. Let us retrace the steps by which we have come, and we shall see. We have just learned that it is the Cross that we are brought to God, and the Cross that we are united with him. Now read the words of the Lord by Ezekiel: "Hallow my sabbaths; and they shall be a sign between me and you, that ye may know that I am the Lord your God." Still more specifically, he says to his people: "I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them." The Cross is this by which we are brought into intimate relationship with God, and experience his sanctifying power; and the Sabbath is the sign of our knowledge of God and his sanctifying power. May not the Sabbath, then, rightly be called the sign of the Cross?

Still further: The Sabbath is the sign, the memorial, of a new creation—a finished, perfect work. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the hosts of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." This rest still "remains in the people of God. Mark the words, it remains! It is left to us from the beginning—a remnant of Eden.

And how do we find this rest? The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us: "We which have believed do enter into rest, as he said, As I have sworn in my wrath, They shall not enter into my rest;" although the work was finished from the foundation of the world. And he spoke in a certain place of the seventh day on which it was, And God did rest the seventh day from all his works; and in this place again, They shall not enter into my rest. The Sabbath of the Lord is, therefore—God's rest—is that into which we enter by faith. Now read the answer of Christ to the Jews who asked him, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?" Jesus said: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."

Compare these two texts, and see what they together tell us. One says, "We that believe enter into rest;" the other, that to believe is to have the works of God. Is there any contradiction? Far from it. How so? Because the text first quoted tells us that the works were finished, to the foundation of the world. Now when the work is finished, and, like God's work, it is "very good," then rest, perfect, satisfying rest, must be at once. So when we believe on Christ, and thus have God's finished, perfect work, we necessarily enter into his rest.

The two thoughts are combined in one in the Epistle to the Ephesians: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works [our own works], lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before prepared that we should walk in them."

Now lest any have become confused by the quotation of so many passages of Scripture, let us briefly recapitulate. By faith in Christ we receive the works of God.

The works were finished from the foundation of the world. The works are perfect, for "God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." The evidence is that the works were finished and were perfect, that is "God did rest the seventh day from all his work, and perfect rest from all work can not be had until that work is all done, and well done."

At the end of creation God had a perfect man—a"new creation"—to share his finished work, that is, to rest in God's work. The rest was lost by disobedience; but "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost;" by faith we are brought back to God's rest.

Thus, since the Sabbath—God's rest, rest in God—the sign of perfect work complete, and the rest of the means by which the new creation is effected, we again see that the Sabbath is the sign of the Cross, the sign of justification by faith.

These works were brought back to God's rest. Thus greatly they err, therefore, who imagine that the keeping of the Sabbath is a means of gaining the favor of God—of attaining to righteousness. It is not a work to be done, but a glorious rest to be enjoyed. If there is a means of gaining righteousness, but the evidence that the perfect righteousness of God is attained through the Cross of Christ. It is not a means of securing the favor of God, but a sign that we have been restored to his favor—have been made "accepting in the Beloved"—and so can hear the Father say, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.""

Again: The exceeding great and precious promises of God in Christ, which become ours by the Cross, make us partakers of the divine nature; that is, by them we become "Spirit;" it is a Spirit. But since God is Spirit, his rest must necessarily be spiritual rest, not mere physical rest; therefore we can keep his Sabbath only when we are spiritual. So once more we are brought face to face with the fact that the Sabbath is the sign of the Cross, that it is "a Spirit;" and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." A man may rest physically every moment of the twenty-four hours of the Sabbath Day, and no more keep the Sabbath than the veriest heathen; while another, as the priests in their sacred ministrations, may do physical labor on the Sabbath Day, and keep the Sabbath properly.

A proper understanding of the Sabbath, its nature and purpose, would forever preclude the inquiry which often arises: "How can I keep the Sabbath, and make a living?" or the fearful plea: "I must work on the Sabbath, or else I shall lose my position." Men's first business in this world is not to make a living. The old catechism rightly defined "man's chief end" to be "to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." Therefore the words of Christ: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." "God gives us the Sabbath to have, and not to keep."

If we can not trust the Lord for the life that now is, how can we persuade ourselves that we are keeping him for the life to come? If we are afraid that God will not keep us today, if we trust him, with what face can we profess to trust him for eternity? Nay, again, the Sabbath stands as the mark of our acceptance of the Cross of Christ, by which we are made rulers of the world to come. And if one has not yet trusted in God—if one has not committed the keeping of his soul to God, as unto a faithful Creator, and so taken the power and joy of the world to come—he can not keep the Sabbath, no matter how hard he tries, for the more he tries, the farther he will be from keeping it. The Sabbath is not a work, but the perfection of rest in the everlasting arms.

"The Sabbath was made for man." It was given to us to work his burdens, but to make all his burdens lighter, to save him from them. The Sabbath is designed to make the week's work easier, so that one's strength may be renewed in the midst of toil, and life itself be a perpetual joy. This is
Liquor Men's Questions Well Answered

The correspondence given here appeared in the Survey of December 25, under the heading, "Prohibition the Job-Maker." It is evident that the lines of battle are being drawn for the men who are more and more on economic rather than religious lines. The strongest argument we have seen from anti-prohibition writers is the one on the question of employment for those who may lose their business if prohibition prevails. This question is well met in the correspondence that follows.

To the Editor: In the Survey for November 13, Elizabeth Tilton describes prohibition as a "job-maker." If this is so, will that extra $1,000,000 spent for liquor and let it buy boots, shoes, clothing and the like, and it will make more jobs.

But the whole matter is deeper than that. It is the money invested in productive industries that in the end creates the wealth that makes employment. Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, the well-known economist, has brought this out so well, that I am going to quote him.

Economically, the workmen lose immensely more than the existence of the liquor industry. The fallacy of the workmen looking for new industries in the retail trade alone, that a national prohibition law would throw out of work?

What would become of tens of thousands or more employees in the allied trades?

Will Elizabeth Tilton please be specific and describe just how this flourishing new industry of "job-making" is to spring up? Where is it to be? and when and where?

At present automatic machinery is making the cycle of work shorter and shorter, and increasing the ranks of the unemployed. If no better provision than unemployment has been provided for them, what fate is more than 40,000 employees and about 250,000 proprietors in the retail trade alone, that a national prohibition law would throw out of work?

If this is so, Elizabeth Tilton's statement is a fallacy, in the case of the workman, if the alcohol business continues, so many jobs will thereby be kept in existence—that is, they are "self-evident," if this business is prohibited, so many jobs would be cease to be.

But the workman does not stop to remember that the money now spent for alcohol, if the business were prohibited, be spent for something else and that whatever else was spent must be used and must therefore employ labor.

The woman who would not only not be injured by prohibition law he would be benefited by the wiping away of all the liquor industries. He would be the beneficiary.

First, by saving him from the physiological poison of alcohol, thus increasing his working (and therefore producing or earning) capacity. Second, it would lengthen life and increase the working-period of life for workmen. Third, it would save for him and useful ends the vast amount of grain and grapes which are now wasted. Fourth, it would enable the workman engaged in these lines to turn their attention to producing in other more useful and more beneficial directions.

Of course, it is quite true that any sudden disruption of the brewing and distilling industries would cause a depression and a real hardship, temporary for most and permanent for some, among the individual men employed in these industries, but to doubt as far as labor is a whole is concerned that those who would be even temporarily injured would be a negligible percentage, while those who would be permanently injured would be a negligible fraction of one per cent. The other 99 per cent would be greatly benefited.

Cambridge, Mass.

A Request

We wish to hereby request our pastors east of the Rockies to notify us when any of their members, or friends outside of their allegiance, move to Los Angeles, so we may try to meet them, if they wish to be directed in finding people or places, possibly we might be of service to them. Please ask them to call on us or address us, Da. A. C. Ross, Room 656 Security Building, Corner 4th and Spring Streets.

George W. Hills, 264 W. 42nd Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Sabbath Recorder

War's Paupers

Those who know the peoples of Galicia, their habits and their land, and understand the effect of the war upon their fortunes, agree with others who say that nowhere has war's affliction been more bitter. It is said that Belgium, at the height of its woe, might have ceased its sobbing out of every amazement at the miseries of these poor peasants on the frontier of Austria and Russia.

Galicia, it is stated, has been almost depopulated. Villagers and farm dwellers alike who have been thrust from their homes and forced to flee across the Carpathian passes into the regions around Vienna, there to accept what haven they could find. For numbers of them life opened the haven. Resistance to their fate was impossible. They became a people without a country, and for a refuge knuckled at the door of a house threatened by famine and disease.

How they have survived the winter, these hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of paupers, is beyond knowing. But they are. —The Christian Herald.

Perfect trust casts out anxiety. The child reposes on the bosom of its mother like a pilgrim in some immortal shrine, like a shipwrecked traveler to doubt as far as labor is a whole is concerned that those who would be even temporarily injured would be a negligible percentage, while those who would be permanently injured would be a negligible fraction of one per cent. The other 99 per cent would be greatly benefited.
**WOMAN’S WORK**

**MRS. GEORGE E. CHOBLETTY, MILTON, WIS. Contributing Editor**

*Love Waithet Yet to Greet Thee*

Though the ice-storm swept over, And the summer blooms are dead; Though the darkness stooped lower From the cloud-wings of the world; There is blue beyond the cloudings, There is sunshine, and you know The flower-heart only sleeps In its ice-wreath and the snow.

Though the soul be touched by anguish, And it shivering stands apart; Love’s lips are cold and silent In the rapture-land of God. There is joy beyond the dead; In its arisen, arisen, arisen.

Yet, though she put him to the test, For the earth was not the place; And the cloud-wing, the cloud-wing, Is forever! For the earth was not the place; And the cloud-wing, the cloud-wing, Is forever! For the earth was not the place; And the cloud-wing, the cloud-wing, Is forever! For the earth was not the place; And the cloud-wing, the cloud-wing, Is forever! For the earth was not the place; And the cloud-wing, the cloud-wing, Is forever! For the earth was not the place; And the cloud-wing, the cloud-wing, Is forever!

*Let Us Make It Personal!*

Chicago has had another startling and sanguinary revelation of the prevalence of the “boy bandit.” Because the group or groups of boys involved happened to contain a number who had been “paroled,” another heated discussion over the parole law has arisen. Also we have a renewed torrent of explanations, excuses, blame- placings, and suggestions for more community action from public officials and social reformers.

The thought suggests itself whether most of us who are thinking out loud about the “bad boy” problem are not thinking too much in terms of social responsibility and community action and too little in terms of personal responsibility and personal action. Are we beginning at the real beginning of the situation which so startles and puzzles us?

At least one voice has been lifted among the many that are heard in the press and wherever thoughtful men and women speak together, to affirm that we are not getting back to the beginning of what has been termed “the manufacture of criminals.” It is the voice of Justice Craig of the Illinois Supreme Court, affirming that “the bad boy problem is the problem of the home.”

The impulse of defiance, the unlawful authority—the impulse of “doing as I please” and “getting what I want,” no matter how or with what disregard of the rights of others—where does that begin to shape a boy’s conduct and mold his character? Is it not at home, in the home relations? Is it not self-evident that a boy must begin to “go wrong” at home? The tendencies to evil may not be planted there, but if unobserved and uncorrected they will grow and begin to flower there that later in the streets bear such evil fruit.

Has not the time come for a more thorough examination of conscience by fathers and mothers—for a stricter and more thoughtful and prayerful inquiry whether each of us is doing all he or she can to keep our children from evil ways and to lead them to prefer good ends over evil means? Is it not a matter of personal responsibility and personal action? Are we not beginning to think of the boy as a child, with a heart that grows and a nature that begins to form itself?

Let us make the question most acutely personal, for the sake of the boys, for the avoidance of such sorrows for ourselves and the fathers and mothers of these pitiful “boy bandits” fee’d to say, “As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.” Yet is it not the truth? And shall the problem be solved if we do not make personal effort? If we do not our best, and then more than our best, to avoid evil ways, how shall we answer at the judgment bar of God for bringing them into the world?—Chicago Herald Editorial.

**Hannah’s Boy and Mine—An Every Day Talk With Mothers**

In the Bible, first of all, womanhood and motherhood are described, there is much in the lives of Bible mothers that is of inspiration and help to the mothers of today. Knowing this to be true, I want to talk with you now, in very simple fashion, about the influences that surrounded the life of the young child Samuel, and their message to you and me.

The first influence in Samuel’s life was Hannah the mother, and her first gift to her infant son was the offering of a great love. Mother love is as old as the world and so ever-present that we sometimes think of it as trite and commonplace. Yet, with all our modern learning, it still remains the only adequate solution for the problems of home training and home influences. We are forced to a moment over the dark spots in your life with your children, the moments that you would fain forget; and see whether they were not largely due to a faltering love that grew nervous and impatient, that failed to appreciate and understand.

I have known several boys of fine, manly character, yet with wilful, stubborn, traits, who have grown to manhood believing that their mother loved them less than their more timid, gentle, girl, but they also need a wealth of appreciative love, a love that sees and helps and understands. I have known just one woman in my life, the firm, decided mother of eight children, who said that she had never once disciplined a child in anger, but had waited until she was calm enough to see the fault as it really was. The self-controlled, self-forgetful love that punishes, not because the deed is annoying, but because it is wrong, and hurtful to the child himself, is one of the most sacred influences in the life of the growing child.

But Hannah gave to Samuel also an unselfish love. She loved him not because he ministered to her pride and pleasure, but because God had sent him to perform a holy task. There is a way of loving our child that is only a bigger way of loving ourselves. We work our fingers to the bone over Mary’s dainty white dress, that no other little girl at the party may be lovelier; and we give a larger allowance than our pocketbooks afford; that John may be able to hand out the nickels as generously as any of the rest. Our main thought too often is of our own selfish gratification of the child, and not of that which really ministers to his own best good. I have known mothers—earnest, faithful Christian women, who have reared other children of their own training, following their teacher, ahoy when they chose life tasks that were humble and self-sacrificing. True love covets earnestly the best gifts for our children as for ourselves, not the gifts that pamper and spoil, but the gifts that are abiding and eternal. It was hard for Hannah to put her first-born baby out of her arms and leave him to the care of an old man; but her tearful eyes looked backward to the sorrows of the present to a time when this child Samuel should grow to be an inspiration to a mighty people.

Yet, though she put him to the test, Hannah gave to her boy a constant love. Through the passing years, when other children came to bear her heart and hand, she never forgot the growing child in the temple of Ei. Every year, no matter what her cares might be, she took the long journey there to Shiloh and brought her boy a dainty garment, the work of her own loving hands. O mother, holding your rosy, laughing baby to your breast, do not forget that it is the growing boy who needs you most.

We were lingering about the breakfast table one morning watching with eager interest while little two-year-old Charlie opened his A B C’s.

“I know those letters,” cried the six-year-old lad, “I can say them, every one.” “Oh, do be still,” cried the whole family in a breath, “don’t you see that we’re trying to listen to the baby.” It was nothing strange, to be sure, that a six-year-old boy should know his A B C’s, but the manly little heart was yearning for the same appreciation that made the baby dimples with roguish glee. Across on not the other side of the table were thirteen, silent and reserved. He would not have dreamed of reciting the A B C’s for our amusement, but down in his heart was a deep, awaking consciousness, the A B C’s of life’s tasks filled with a troubled wonder at the unpunished sins of Eve’s sons. Selfishness, falsehood, crime, forced themselves, with cruel brutality, upon his awakening perceptions. And so one night, when he had the whole family saying all these things, God spoke to him through the darkness.

You have seen the beautiful picture of the lad Samuel, a chubby, curly-haired child of five or six, wearing his cap, his garment, the glad call of Jehovah. It is a remarkable conception, but I do not believe the boy who heard the voice of God was just like that. I believe
that he was a shy, growing lad of twelve or thirteen beginning to feel, through his awakening consciousness, the awfulness of sin. This was the boy that God called out of the darkness. And what was the very first message from God to this young lad's heart? A sweeping condemnation of the man who should have been his inspiriting father, the time is fast approaching when God will speak to that growing boy of yours. What shall be the first divine message to that dawning spiritual life? That father or mother has failed in life or influence? That the home in which he is growing up is not all that his heavenly Father intended it to be? God grant that it be not so!—May Griggs Van Voorhis, in Missionary Tidings.

The Home

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK

I purpose this morning to talk about the home. This is the subject with speakers and writers; I myself have often referred to it. It is a subject that has brought out eloquence, poetry and sentiment; but it is impossible for me to be eloquent on this topic today. I believe it will be far from poetic or sentimental; I want to deal with plain facts regarding what constitutes real home, its relations and duties, its place among human institutions and its defense.

The text is found in 1 Timothy 5:8, and reads: "But if any provideth not for his own, especially his own household, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever." Fairbairn explains this by saying, that those who will not provide for their own families and homes are "not true to the moral instincts of their own nature and fall beneath the standard which has been recognized and acted on by the better class of heathens. I suppose that the apostle has in mind the providing of the physical needs of the household, but the application of the principle is larger; in its larger application it means that he who will not provide the social, moral and religious needs of the home as well as the physical has denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever. It has a larger application still; it applies to the state, society and the nation and, as well as the individual; if the state will not provide for the homes which constitute it, and their protection, it has denied the faith and its legislators are worse than unbelievers; also if the school, the church and society; large will not provide for the homes, their needs and defense, they have denied the faith. We will commence another passage with this one, namely, Colossians 3:18-22, which reads: "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands, as is fitting in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing in the Lord. Fathers, provoke not your children, that they be not discouraged."

WHAT IS A HOME?

If we are to provide for the home, its defense and betterment, we need to know its nature, and the first question we will consider is, "What is a home?" There would be a great variety of answers to this question, if people were afraid to be afraid to be poor; that is the not the worst of it, they are afraid to appear poor when they are. There are two times when people should be poor, one is when the assessors come around and the other when the subscription paper is passed; at other times people are ashamed to be looked upon as poor. But two young people need not wait till they can have as many and as nice things as their parents before commencing home-building; if they are frugal, industrious, clean, sweet, tidy and loving, two rooms and a few articles of furniture will make the true beginning of an ideal home, the contrary notwithstanding.

Another would say in answer to the question, "What is home?" that "home is where love is." This is fine, for it recognizes that home is a place of abode and also that supreme factor, love. There can be no real home without love, constant and abiding; it's a misnomer, if so called. Though the history of marriage among all people is very long, it shows that principles other than love have been the ones upon which men and women have generally mated, yet love is the true one, the one on which God intended man and woman to mate, and that is the rule in marriage. It has taken humanity many millenniums to reach this principle of mating, and it is more-fully realized in our own land than any other; writers tell us; but all other principles are the relics of barbarism. People in our land are still sometimes marrying for a home, or money, or convenience; but she who marries for a home will never know a home, and he who marries for money or convenience is a greedy or lustful brute or both. Marriage without love in our land is generally legalized in name, but in practice, it is all if it be based on love, but if you do not love the one with whom you are contemplating a match, break with that one, and the sooner you break the better, for real homes can and indescribably may await you, unless you do. Love, therefore, is essential to any real home, love supreme to God first of all, then loving one another above all others except God, and finally together loving the little ones whom God sends to bless the home and fill it with sunshine and happiness.

But we are not through with this definition of home. From what we have said we would conclude that home is a place of abode where love reigns. We need to go farther, for to marry and live together, loving each other supremely; but that would not constitute home, and no intelligent person would think so, much less a person who has been forced to make an arrangement. Therefore we add another element in a real home, namely, it is where a family dwells in love; husband and wife, parents and children, living in love at home. You let a father or mother be taken away, and it is not home any more and never can be: you let the children be taken or grown up and go away and it is not home any more and never can be. Many do not realize this because they never knew what a real home was; love with its patience, sympathy and kindness was never there. I have seen families whose place of abode was infinitely more like a home after the father was taken away than it ever had been before—a thing that was no compliment to the father—but when he was husband and wife, father and mother, and children, it is never quite home and those who have enjoyed real home know it.

There are those who think that the home does not need to be complete, that husband and wife are all that are needed, and therefore they avoid bringing forth children that they may give them...
selves to pleasure, ease and gain; this is contrary to nature and God, and criminally selfish. "There are many good people who are denied the supreme blessing of children, and who, whether from viciousness, coldness, shallow-heartedness, self-indulgence or the mere failure to appreciate the difference between the important and the unimportant—such creatures (you can hardly call them men and women) merit contempt. Their conduct spells race suicide, and they sink down to the level of animals, and below; what an unloving being such a woman is! and what an unhallowed being such a man is! In the case of those who have not the blessing of children, the defect caused thereby in the home life is often made up in part by adopting homeless children. This is a very worthy and noble work, for the adopted child of parents who need homes, and they are an infinite blessing to childless people.

There is one thing more that is needed to complete the description of a home and that is God's love in religion. Writers on anthropology, the history of marriage and sociology, all tell us that the family had its earthly origin in religion and that its development has grown out of religion. Elwood says in his work on sociology, "No stable family life has existed anywhere in history without a religious basis." And he says also, "As the first cause is God and the final cause, we must put the decay of religion, particularly of the religious theory of marriage and the family."

As the home is not real home without children, neither is it without God; as it is not home at all without love, neither is it without the great fountain of love, God; as it is not home without an earthly father, neither is it without a heavenly father, "Father," as it is not complete without mother, neither is it without the great mother heart of God.

We describe a home, therefore, as that institution, in a place, where a family—husband and wife, parent and child—dwell in love and in fellowship with God. That is home, sweet, sweet home, whether located on this planet or somewhere in the realm of ethereal space.

Domestic Relations—Husband and Wife. Paul gives both the permanent and the temporary, between the fundamental principles and temporary teachings made necessary by the circumstances and the customs of the time.

The first injunction, "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands, as is fitting in the Lord," is colored by local circumstances. It was the custom then, as in all the human societies, to hold the woman to be subject to her husband, as were the children and the slaves. For the apostle to have interfered with this custom or with the custom of human slavery, though half the world were slaves at that time, would have meant the snuffing out of Christianity. Paul no more intends to justify tyranny on the part of any father than he does the practice of any slaveholder. There is as much and as good authority for the one as there is for the other, unless there be more for human slavery, for Paul returned Onesimus, a runaway slave, to his master, Philemon, but we do not know that he ever returned a wife who had broken away from the tyranny of her husband.

Paul and Christ did not attempt directly to interfere with either human slavery or the husband's demanding obedience on the part of the wife, but they did set in motion principles of a higher law, and the church was to liberate the wives in this country. The heart of these principles is stated in this passage, when he says, "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them; 2 but compass them about with kindness, and show them with all kindness and affection, as a man that is a father of children, and not for the day; or worse, for the sake of the world."

There is a connection between the religious theory and the permanent domestic relation that is this: The husband has his sphere and duties; the wife has hers and duties; and while they are to counsel with one another and help one another, yet each is absolutely supreme in his or her sphere. The only decent way to treat a modern woman is to give her her way in her sphere, and the only way to get along at all with a man of any of the recent ages is to give him his way in his sphere. This is easy enough till you come to the question, "Where the question equally concerns both. What is to be done in these cases? It is quite generally supposed that man has always assumed to settle these and all other questions of his own sphere and activity, and that any other is simply not possible.

Some writers, on the history of marriage, have thought they found very good evidence that there was a time when the woman was the head of the household, ruling the men and children, as the men have been bossing the women and children in historical times; this is called matriarchy as is the rule of the father's sphere and activity. It is established that among many peoples the family name descended from the mother in ages past, but that matriarchy was ever common is not so well established. Regardless of the question whether man has been the head of the family in all past ages and whether he will continue to be in all time to come, love and a decent respect for the part and sphere of others as well as they are now doing, dictate that each leave the other free in his or her own sphere; but where their works overlap and they are not agreed as to what is best, one or the other must decide, and from the nature of present society the responsibility falls on the man. To this extent it is well that wives "submit themselves to their husbands."

But the point we chiefly care to emphasize is that the usefulness and blessedness of the home and married life depend on each of the principals thereto giving the other absolute freedom in the other's sphere and helping the other therein with love, and not strife and bitterness.

Parents and Children. The relation of parents to their children is equally as important as the relation of husband and wife in the home. The sixth commandment is simply the general thing about parents helping and encouraging their children to the best in life. The next day an old toper, who was present and who had led his boys to lives of drunkenness, came and wanted me to preach the next week on the duty of children to their parents; it was the other side, the children's duty to their parents, that he wanted to hear. It is the other side most people preach about when they talk of domestic relations. Paul gives both sides; he says, "Children, obey your parents," and then he says, "Fathers, provoke not your children, neither do thou discourage them.

It is this second command that many people besides the old toper overlook, and for this reason I want to emphasize parents treating their children as God intended.

Sociologists tell us that the home exists for the children and that any other idea of the family is a failure. John Fiske in his book entitled, "Through Nature to God," tells us, and many have repeated it after him, that man is the only animal whose offspring is under the parents' guidance any length of time. With some of the lower animals, the parent care and direction only a few days, with others, a few weeks, while some are left to themselves from the start; but with man the period of parental care, the children's care and direction given the offspring extends over a score of years, and is one of the chief factors in the development of man above other animals. This is not accounted for in the laws of evolution, but for the child's good. Whatever treatment a child receives from parent, guardian, teacher or any one, that militates against the highest development of the soul, the body and mind, it is not putting the child on its place; it is not putting the child in the proper place; it is not loving the child. I understand Paul to teach that the par-
ent's treatment of the child and the treatment accorded it by all, must be fair, kind, gentle, considerate and loving on all occasions and under all circumstances. For instance, I understand Paul to mean, and the spirit of the gospel to teach, that I have no more right to treat my child unfairly, harshly, and with impatience, or give it obedience, but this does not justify a thing, anything good or bad, and its lust of men—a relic of barbarism. I suspect some of you will go home and say, 

"The pastor is wrong regarding the position of children in the home, church and state," if you do not say this, you are better than some others; but for the truth of this position I appeal to God, to the Christ of God who was once a child on earth, to elevated human sentiment, to the Bible and to the science of modern sociology. 

If we are to provide for the home and its defense, we will do well to keep before our minds the enemies of the home and fight them with eternal vigilance, for it has enemies instinctive and fallen, and for the truth of this position I appeal to God, to the Christ of God who was once a child on earth, to elevated human sentiment, to the Bible and to the science of modern sociology. 

No matter how dear the child is, he is to be treated as an individual, and it is his fate to be governed. To say that he is a relic of barbarism is an insult to the child. 

The very thing which makes the child important is its innocence. It is the child who is to learn the lessons of life, and it is the child who is to be governed. 

Is not the child to obey? By all means he is; he is to obey whether the parents treat him well or not. It is nothing less than a calamity for a child not to learn obedience; but this does not mean that a parent's doing whatever he pleases with his child because it is his child. The home, the church, society and the state exist for children—theology, biology, humanity— and to teach us this; to rear noble men and women is the chief and the highest occupation of this earth and its institutions; and if these do not provide for the children and defend them, they have denied the faith. Many people think, or act as though they think, that anything is good enough for a child—an old cracked plate, sour milk, a greasy cup, a dingy room, old cast-off things, and a relish for a child, particularly a boy. But this theory of domestic relations is a relic of that system which harbored polygamy, made slaves of men, women, and children, and greed and lust of men—a relic of barbarism. I suspect some of you will go home and say, 

These twin vipers can not live unless the homes near boys and girls for. them. Do we want the homes of a land to furnish victims for these hydra-headed monsters? Do you want your home to? If you do not, then clear your children by breaking the legalized saloon out of existence and by hanging the white slider and the mistress of the brothel. 

There are other enemies of the home, such as the divorce and the labor system. For greed, gives a starvation wage and forces mothers and children of a tender age into the sweatshops; but these things are not to be compared with divorce. Divorce is only a symptom and has its roots in the other evils just described. Abolish the saloon and the brothel, and let both husband and wife be what they should be, and you have eradicated some of the chief causes of divorce. 

We have now considered what a real home is, two of its chief relations, and a few of its worst enemies. From these considerations and many others which we would bring up if there were time, we see that it is the foundation of all that is good; upon it are built the church and the state and all human institutions; and therefore to fail to provide for it and its defense and betterment on the part of the individual, the state or the church is to deny the faith and be untrue to God and the highest human instincts. 

**Better Homes, the World's Need**

The great need of the world today is not more wealth, or luxury, or better singing and preaching, but better homes and home life. 

Home is the place where the great are sometimes small and the small are often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world. 

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness. Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is a central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires from all directions, though extending thousands of miles, that are never disconnected from the one great terminus. The center of our affections, around which our hearts' best wishes twine. A little hollow, set in the edge of the wind-swept hill of the world; where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances. 

**The Sabbath Recorder**
A New Year's Letter

THE SABBATH RECORDER

THE SABBATH RECORDER

REV. ROYAL R. THORNHAG, VERONA, N. Y.

Contribution Editor

A New Year's Letter

No. 2

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

In my first letter I told you something of Helen Keller's early life. In this second letter I want to tell you more particularly of her at Winona Lake.

One could feel the intense wave of sympathy that swept over the audience of four thousand or more people as Mrs. Macy spoke of how Miss Keller was handicapped by her afflictions. "She can not come onto this stage unless some one leads her here. If she wants to take a walk she must wait until some one is ready to go with her. When she writes a letter she can't mail it until some one has read it. She has learned to manage a typewriter perfectly. Her hands are like those of a bony typewriter, but typewriters are craky things. Sometimes a ribbon slips and all she has to show for hours of work is a lot of blank pages. I have never known her to manifest any impatience over this, but when told what had happened she would laugh and say, 'Then I have to do it over again.'"

In Mrs. Macy's opinion Helen Keller is not a genius, but her accomplishments are the result of hard work through her determination to surmount every obstacle in her way.

At the conclusion of her lecture Mrs. Macy retired from the platform and returned a moment later with Miss Keller leaning upon her arm. She led her to the desk, and after placing her left arm upon it so she could get her bearings, took a seat near by. Miss Keller did not stand in that position, however, while delivering her address. She essayed the expression of a little color in her girlish dress she was dressed in pure white, an emblem, so it seemed to me, of the purity of her soul. She carried a bouquet of white roses in her hand, and occasionally inhaled their fragrance.

Miss Keller's voice is peculiar and without modulation. If we reflect that she has not heard the sound of a human voice—not even her own—since she was nineteen months old, it will be apparent that her voice must of necessity be artificial. To me it is not unpleasant but one has to learn the voice and even then it requires the closest attention to catch it.

While I understood many words, I failed to get two full sentences in succession during her address, but other causes were responsible in part for this.

The subject of her address was "Happiness." I will give you the sentences which I fully understood. "Light is stronger than darkness...I am not afraid of the darkness because the light is in my soul." "If we have doubts we can not be happy...If we believe and trust we are happy." "The life that is lived for others is the only life that is worth living."

One must hear Miss Keller to realize what an impression her words make upon an audience. They make one feel as if he were listening to a voice from another world.

Miss Keller's afflictions are being wonderfully overruled for the good of humanity. She is touching thousands and thousands of lives by her noble example and lofty purposes; and multitudes who are passing through the valley of affliction take new courage as they catch the joyous notes she utters so sweetly.

If this were all, would it not be a sufficient compensation for her deprivations?

But there is something still more precious. The loving Father, who notes the sparrow's fall, has come very near to this lovely soul. She was first told there was a God by Phillips Brooks. She replied: "I have always known there was a God, but I didn't know His name. It is like warm sunshine." How many people have a personal knowledge of this stupendous truth.

When Miss Keller had concluded her address, Mrs. Macy came to her side and told the audience she wanted them to fully understand that this matter was just as it was being presented, that she would give those who were present the privilege of asking any question they desired. She would repeat the question. Miss Keller would read it from her lips and give the answer. She stated as a guesswork; Miss Keller would read some of the words and guess the others. With one exception she read all the questions correctly. She could read from one's lips.

if they speak slow enough, as well as she can from Mrs. Macy's. While reading the questions, she held the fingers of one hand on Mrs. Macy's lips and the thumb on her girdle. This was a very interesting part of the program. I understood her answers to the questions perfectly.

A gentleman arose in the audience and said: "I want to congratulate Miss Keller on her progress she has made. I heard her two years ago." Her face became radiant with joy as she read this statement from Mrs. Macy's lips. "Do you really think so?" she said. "When assured that he did, she replied: "Then I am glad." Probably tears sparkled in other eyes than mine over the joy these words of encouragement gave her.

In reply to questions, she stated that mathematics was her favorite study; that mathematics was very difficult, but she mastered enough for use and to pass her examinations. Whenever if her address was prepared, she laughed outright as she replied, "Of course." It is needless to say that she carried the audience with her in the spirit of laughter.

In reply to the question, "Can you hear applause?" she said, "The same as I do music—with my feet." Mrs. Macy explained that she feels vibrations; that she knows when it thunders or when the wind blow; that in the days of her early training, when the wind blew she would say, "The wind barks like a dog." But I must pass by the remainder of the questions and their answers, save the one that claimed my greatest interest. "Where did you get the idea of immortality?" was asked. "From the butterfly," she replied. "The butterfly is beautiful when it leaves the cocoon, and the soul must be beautiful when it leaves this earth."

This was a beautiful closing to the afternoon lecture. Leaning on the arm of her wonderful teacher, she gracefully bowed her acknowledgment of the applause from the stage.

The lecture was repeated in the evening, varying only in the questions that were asked. I will only tell you of the closing part of the program.

A gentleman asked if she had any favorites among Longfellow's poems. She replied, "Yes, 'A Psalm of Life.' I like that because it illustrates what I am trying to do."}

In compliance with his request she recited the poem. The packed house had been very quiet all the evening, but the stillness of death, broken only by her voice, reigned supreme while she recited that immortal poem.

"I unconsciously committed to memory that poem when I was a child, and it has always been a great-inspiration to me; but it was invested with a deeper, fuller meaning as I heard Helen Keller recite it after her statement that it illustrated what she was trying to do. It was illuminated as it came out from her pure, noble soul.

A lady to whom I was giving an account of this lecture asked if Miss Keller seemed to be happy, and appeared to be puzzled when I replied that she did; but what to her is a mystery, to me is perfectly clear. I can best illustrate this by an extract from the story of "A Ship in a Storm.""}

Mrs. Macy is near a rocky coast which threatened to drive the ship and all on board to destruction. The passengers were terror-stricken. In the midst of this man made the dangerous passage to the pilot house where he saw the steersman lashed to his post, holding the wheel firmly in his hand and in reply to you the new year will bring many rich experiences, I remain,

Very cordially yours,

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

1007 Jackson St.
La Porte, Ind.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me what is a hypocrite?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

L. S. K. Letter

The Crown and Heart of Christmas.—Christmas has come and gone, and with it all the usual fervor and furore of well-wishing and well-doing that accompany the annual festival. Tens of thousands of the poor have been fed and comforted because of the spirit of good will that seems to possess everybody. I’ve been asking myself the cause of it all and have concluded it is love. This has been called “the greatest thing in the world.” I guess it is the divine love that brought us our Christmas, and caused the angel choir to sing “peace on earth, good will to men.” It is this love in the hearts of millions of Christ’s followers that makes the Christmas time the gladdest time of the year. This kind of love can conquer everything. It could even end the awful tragedy being enacted in Europe, if it ruled in the hearts of the men in high places. It is a different kind of love, one that solves all of our personal or larger difficulties, if it fully possesses us. Love casteth out fear and hate; it is kind, thinketh no evil, is long-suffering, is kind, is kind, is kind. O love, would ye not be at the heart of all things? Would ye not be the heart of our hearts, the heart of the entire world? Would ye not be the heart of the world?

A very good prayer, and I have complied with the request. Let us hope that on the tenth day or some day, all who send this may have some great joy or blessing. Indeed there is a blessing in the copying and sending, while we are doing it. How can we avoid a joy when we are breathing this prayer and sending it to 9 others, and their letters should reach 81, and the third copy 729, and the fourth link of the chain reach 6,561, probably as many families—as there are in all our denomination. Wonderful how four times copying! Too much work and expense, say you? I do not. If you have a typewriter it will take but little time; 9 one-cent stamps; and at the tenth cent store I can get ten envelopes for one cent. The paper might cost another cent. So eleven cents covers the cost.

Two packages of chewing gum or one or two tickets to the “movies” will about settle the cost. Many have given their time and labor. Love lays its possessions upon the altar. “God so loved the world, that he gave.” Christ is the measure of God’s love for us, who in turn gave himself for us; and he bids us to “love one another, as I have loved you.” Such love is a sacrificial, generous, giving love. There will be no lack when such love possesses us. Our gold and myrrh and frankincense will be showered at the Master’s feet. Before we get beyond the spirit of this Christmas, it is well that we examine our hearts and see if such love is there; and whether it is proved by the fruitages thereof.

The Chain Prayer.—This week I received from Rhode Island a chain letter with an “Ancient Prayer,” and a request that I make nine copies and send to nine friends; but here is the letter in full:

“The following prayer is going around the world. Copy it and send it to nine friends in nine days. Don’t Break the Chain. It was said in ancient times that all who wrote it would be free from misfortune.

“Look for some great joy on the tenth day.”

O Lord, I implore thee To bless my chain Thine blessing Bring us to thee. Keep us to dwell with thee.

“And do not break the chain, O Lord, Thine alone.”

You see, the prayer and the request nearly everybody; and when he “brings us” to himself, he knows whom we have in mind that we wish to include with us.

Encouragements.—Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find a return, after many days. . In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, on whether they both shall be alike good.”

Not all the seed cast into the ground comes forth to maturity. The sower is execrated, cast by the mockers. The sun, the flooding waters, the choking briers, the devouring fowl. May all be doing against it. On the other hand, no harvest can be reaped where no seed has been sown. So in spiritual things it is ours to sow the seed with faith in the law and Lord of the harvests, with the assurance that it will be ours to come rejoicing, because Christ is the sheaves with us.

Here is Brother Ross Marsh of Flintville, Tenn., and his family, converts to the Sabbath. Another sister, in Memphis, Tenn., has commenced the observance of the Sabbath and wants to join one of our churches, so reports Mrs. Thrifteld, the L. S. K. state secretary. The lady’s daughter is a prominent church woman of that city but has not been so deeply perturbed over the matter. Perhaps the secretary can secure more converts to the Sabbath; and if Flintville isn’t too far from Memphis, Brother Marsh might join them and have a little church of their own.

Mrs. Marsh writes that, on account of ill health or age, their pastor will have to retire, and they would like another man to come and live among them and farm and preach, once a month, and of course do what they could toward his support.

I was greatly cheered by one sister who was asked to do some work, and who answered, “I’ve had a lot of reasons why she couldn’t and in her mother was almost ready to surrender the whole cause; but after being sent another letter, she was able to see things in a new light, and could hear the voice of God and the finger points of duty. These are some of our encouragements.

The Old and the New.—This letter is already too long, but I had one more thought. This fall we finished building a beautiful house for sale. When completed and after first looking it over, I remarked that I guessed I better buy that house myself. Oak finish, fireplace, built-in bookcases, buffet entirely across one side of the dining-room, 5 mirrors, full-bevel plate mirror door, 3 bedrooms in white and natural wood, with mahogany finished doors, white enamel and nickel-plated bath with drawers, cupboards, and clothes chute to basement, sleeping porch, full cement basement, best of furnaces, elegant decorations, electric lights, etc. It looked like a bargain. I would pay less than $4,000 would buy it; but, it would mean almost a big investment, and more money in new furniture, perhaps more work for the lady of the house to keep it up, more style all around her entertainment—for what’s the use in having such a nice house if you can’t show it off? It would mean from this quarter less money for the Tract Society and the Missionary Society, and the church would lose some converts that get their fingers into my pocketbook. What do you think I did? I am still in the old house. And perhaps I’ve made a discovery.

You know people often complain that the rich, and some who live in the most expensive style, do not bear a proportionate part of the financial burdens of the church just from love. And often the poor or those of humble ability are the largest contributors to the support of these causes. How can a man do much for the Lord, if he is spending all he has upon one cause? Will he find any spare change for the contribution if he supports a fancy automobile, lives in a palace, travels for pleasure, and dresses in the height of fashion? Who of us could not use up his income on himself, if he should make a try at it? Should we do it? Should we put the Lord’s tenth in with our nine-tenths and spend it all upon ourselves? Yet in this thing, saith the Lord, ye have robbed me—in tithes and offerings. As we today step out of our old house, 1915, into our new, 1916, can we not with profit apply some of these thoughts? Let us not selfishly seek for carnal things, vain show and glory, but may we seek the larger things of the Spirit, a broader faith, a richer love. To this end we wish you all a happy and prosperous new year, based upon foundations divine and eternal.

G. M. Cotrell.

Topeka, Kan.

Stranger—Well, little boy, what are you going to be when you’re a man?

Child—Nuffin’!

Stranger—Nothing? Why is that?

Child—‘Cause I’m a little girl.
Some Boys I Know

The city square on which I live is in one respect a most remarkable one. What makes it remarkable is the fact that five boys live on this square and every one of these five is a different kind of boy from any of the others.

One of these boys is a studious boy, one a thoughtless boy, one a polite boy, one an unkind boy and one a helpful boy.

There are a few stories I want to tell about three of these boys, and then you may make your choice of the ones you would like me to introduce to you.

Every morning as I start to my office I meet a bright, cheerful, manly-looking boy—about twelve years old. I should say—with his schoolbooks under his arm. After we had met a few times we felt that we knew each other well enough to walk along together. And what do you think I found out about him? Why, just this: That he has read a large number of the great English classics—and he knows something about them, too; that he's father has told him himself. A No. 1 in all of his classes; that he always has every lesson perfect; and, more than that, he is the best baseball player on the school team.

Whenever I meet that boy I feel like taking off my hat to him, and I expect to hear some good news about him when he becomes a man.

Last winter I was sitting by my study fire one afternoon when there was a sudden crash and I looked around to see one of the windows scattered all over the floor. I went to the window and looked out just in time to see my next-door boy neighbor scurry into the kitchen door of his home.

Three or four days later I met him as he entered his front gate. We had always been good friends, and I didn't think a broken window was enough to break up a friendship, so I spoke to him as usual and went on. The next day I found him waiting in my study when I got home.

"I've come to pay you for that window," he burst out, shamefacedly, and I'm sorry for all the trouble it caused you.

"That's all right," I said, "but how did it happen?"

"Why," he replied, "I fired a snowball at a bird, and I never thought about the window behind the bird."

He did the right thing by coming to me about it, and all in all he's a fine, manly fellow, but how much embarrassment he'd have saved himself if he had saved his neighbor "if he had thought.

And that is only one of the many, many troublesome things he has done because he did not think.

The other boy is a pet car a few days ago when one of my boy neighbors got out and went up to a front seat. Two gentle- men were sitting just in front of me, and this is the conversation I heard them carry on:

"That's a fine boy, Sam."

"Yes, said Sam, whom I recognized to be a prominent business man. "I have my eye on him and some day I hope to have him in my business."

"Not if I can get him first," said the other, who was also a business man. "He's the most polite boy I ever saw, and a boy who is always polite is generally worth while."

There's a record any boy might be proud of, and it's not only a noble record—it's also worth dollars and cents to him.

A Tribute to "Grandma Summerbell"

Extracts From a Letter

"Last night as I lay thinking, I tried to recall my memories of her from the very first. I remembered the first Christmas tree at Alfred, when Grandpa carried me through the snow and Grandma gave me the wax dolly which she had dressed."

"Then there was the time that I sat in the bay window and she, wearing the dress with the brown moons, was watering her plants and singing in her old-fashioned way, 'Comin' thru the Rye.'"

"Another time was a wetter's night. She and Grandpa and I sat around the big coal stove and they were reading; and the funny little half-moon teakettle was singing mer- rily. Grandma then, into the pantry, got the folding table, heated milk, and we had bread and milk and some of her good rice pudding. No one could make it so good as she.

"And afterwards, while she cleared the things away, Grandpa held me on his knee and sang the funny little jingles that chil- dren love.

"Another time I remember coming into the back kitchen when Grandma was bak- ing. There was a table just full of cookies and pies in rows. Grandma's face was all red and her hands covered with flour. She had just put a new pan into the oven and when she turned around she took a cooky up with her left hand full of flour and handed it to me, and said, 'There, now, run along and get out of my way.'"

"Then there were the times and times when I rode with her and Grandpa behind Old Nelly, and the time when it was June, and hot and I ran out of doors when she called me into the house in a mysterious way.

She opened the folding doors into the parlor, where it was all dark and cool and smelled different.

"At first I saw just the what-not in the corner, and the lace curtains held back showing the closed blinds and the big chair with the tidy, 'From Frankie and Fred,' 'Chums,' the two little cats sitting on a log; and the little low slipper rocker with the Rose of Ages tidy, and the center table with the cover embroidered in morning-glories.

"All those things I saw, and then—right in front of the table—my birthday present—the doll carriage and my dolly."

"I can remember how I sat beside Grandma so many times in church, and especially one night at prayer meeting in the little upstairs room. It was close and warm and the lamp chimney was smoky and they were singing, 'My soul, lie on thy guard. I can see Grandpa so plainly sitting at the table singing, and Grandma was singing, and I held my head on her arm."

"And there was the time when we all went to the old home for Grandpa's funeral. When we walked up the snowy path and turned to the side door, where Grandma stood holding out her arms with tears streaming down her face.

"Oh, this will never do! I think and think and wonder why I did not write of- tener and say, 'Grandma—Grandma—Grandma—you know—I suspect you are all feeling the same.'"

RACHEL WARNER BAILEY.

Norfolk, Va.

Social regeneration will not be performed by building better houses, if there is no concern for better men and women and homes within those houses.—C. S. Macfarlane.
SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. L. C. RANDOLPH, D. D., MILTON, WIS.
Contribution Editor

Christmas at Milton Junction, Wis.
The Milton Junction Sabbath School kept a White Christmas this year. And because it was a White Christmas, they celebrated it on Christmas Eve, which was also the eve of the Sabbath, and the service seemed to all the more sacred for coming on that night.
The walls surrounding the platform were hung with soft white drapery outlined in green. The front of the platform was also of white with sprays of green Holly. In the center of the platform stood a large white cross, also outlined in green, and above it was a silver star.
The light was turned onto the platform, that in the auditorium being dim, and the church was seen as a Cathedral, as all the little children washed in by classes, the little children leading and the gray-headed people bringing up the rear.

After an opening song Blanche, dressed in white, her face fair and red, told the Legend of Cathay, and explained how we, like the people of old who loved their king, were bringing white gifts to our King, the greatest of all kings.
The choir sang a beautiful anthem and Pastor Jordan led the people in prayer. Then while somewhere in the distance young voices sang softly "Holy Night," Luke's story of the holy night was read from the second chapter of his Gospel. A hymn and responsive reading followed and then began the offering of the white gifts by the representatives of the different classes, who came to the platform and laid the gifts at the foot of the cross.
The representative of the cradle roll came first and reminded us that Jesus had said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In the hope that the babies of far-off China might be brought to Christ the gifts of this department were for the little ones of the Lien-oo Hospital, something to help to equip it for their care.

Then all the children of the primary department gathered on the platform and sang, "Sing to the King," and the youngest class of all, the little "Sunbeams," brought mysterious white packages and laid them at the foot of the cross with the words, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and their teacher explained that these gifts were for the children of China. The Sunbeams were followed by the Busy Bee class. Each one of these children had in some way earned the money they brought in their white envelopes to be sent to the Girls' School in Shanghai, and each one told in a verse how he or she had earned the money. The children had also cut out pictures for scrapbooks and pieces for quilts to be sent to the girls of the school.

The Blessing Bearers followed with gifts of money for the Fouke School, which they gave with a song.

Long ago, before Anna West went to China, she taught in the Sabbath school a class of little boys. These boys are no longer little boys but they have never forgotten their teachers-who, although so far away, has continued to show an interest in them. They gave the Boys' Home class, and their gift of money was for Anna West. But that was not all. They are each to write to her a letter describing some one of the various activities of the church in which they attended and which is so dear to her. One will tell of the White Christmas, another of the recent evangelistic meetings, another of the Junior Christian Endeavor society, another of the Y. M. C. A. work and the teaching of the New Testament work in the church. It gave us all a thrill of joy as we thought with what pleasure these home letters from the boys would be received and read.

The Gideons, a class of older boys, showed their growing interest in denominational work by giving their offering for the equipment of the Lien-oo Hospital, and the one presenting it told of the needs of the hospital work in that distant field.

The Workers, a class of young girls, gave a package of beautifully hand-made gifts, to be sent to girls of the Fouke school whose names were furnished by Mr. Godfrey, now a teacher at Milton Junction Butlereh, at Fouke. These gifts like the others were wrapped in white and laid at the foot of the cross.

Then, interspersed with appropriate music, such as "Angels from the Realm of Glory," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," the adult classes, five in number, brought their gifts. One gave flour and other necessary to a family deprived by death of the husband, another gave its gift of money to Marie Jones, another to the Fouke School, and the fourth to the Tract Society, while the fifth class, having in charge the arrangements for the Christmas program, took upon itself the payment of all expenses connected with it. The home department contributed money to send the Sabbath Recorder to Lone Sabbath Keepers not of the few subscribers to it.

A little club of Junior girls, called the Helping Daughters, demonstrated their right to the name by giving useful gifts of their work to the Orphans' Christian Home of Council Bluffs, Ia.

On the Sabbath before Christmas there had been given to every one connected with the church envelopes containing suggestions of "White Gifts of Self, Service and Substance." These were collected by the ushers at this point in the program. The report on them at the next morning service was delightful that there had been also a whole-hearted response. There were many pledges of service in church, in Sabbath school and in Christian Endeavor, and many pledges to a more real living of the Bible. The gifts of substance were contributed to a wide range of church and denominational activities, in sums varying from a few cents, the children from dollars from the older people. One gift of a twenty-dollar gold piece seemed especially sacred, for the donor had been given years ago by a father, long since dead, to his daughter, who after ten years all these gifts brought it as her White Gift to the King.

After the collection of envelopes, one of our young teachers took her place upon the white platform and told the beautiful Christmas story as given by Henry Turner Bailey.

It was the old familiar story but the little ones in the Sunbeam class leaned forward in their eagerness to catch every word and the grey-haired people listened intently.

The crowning feature of the service came last when, after the song, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord," six members of the Sabbath school came forward to the platform and gave themselves to the service of Christ. With tender words the pastor addressed them and the congregation. One by one the children made their offering to the church and were accepted.

The beautiful service closed with the Doxology and the benediction.

HATTIE E. WEST.

Lesson IV.—Jan. 22, 1916

The Spirit of Life—Romans 8: 12-20

Golden Text.—"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God." Rom. 8: 14.

DAILY READINGS
Jan. 16—Rom. 8: 12-17. The Spirit of Life
Jan. 18—Col. 2: 1-15. Reveal the Truth

For Lesson Notes, see "Helping Hand"

American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasurer's Report

Receipts for October, 1915

Contributions:

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<th>Source of Power</th>
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Churches:

| Milton, Wis. | $64.00 |
| Riverside, Cal. | $64.00 |
| Glendale, Cal. | $64.00 |
| Milwaukee, Wisc. | $64.00 |
| New York City | $64.00 |
| Parma, Ind. | $64.00 |
| Salem, Va. | $64.00 |

Collections:

| 1/3 Western Association | $12.15 |
| 1/3 Eastern Association | $15.55 |
| 1/3 Western Association | $18.68 |

Income on Invested Funds:

| D. B. Episcopal Fund | $244.80 |
| S. B. Memorial Fund | $244.80 |
| D. B. Memorial Fund | $244.80 |
| S. B. Memorial Fund | $244.80 |

Income from Bequest:

| Orlando Holcomb Bequest | $80.00 |
| George Greenman Bequest | $60.00 |
| Joshua Clark Bequest | $90.00 |
| Russell W. Green Bequest | $40.00 |

Notes.

Miss F. R. Saunders Gift in Mem-
ory of Miss A. K. Saunders ... 4 50

Receipts for November, 1915

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<td>Miss Lula Benjamin, Antioch, Ill.</td>
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| Mrs. J. Duane Washburn, Karl-
son, N. Y. | | 5 00 |
| Mrs. John H. Burdick, Little
Camera, N. Y. | | 4 00 |
| Ethel C. Rogers, New Market, N. J. | | 5 00 |
| Mrs. J. J. Williams, San An-
tonio, Tex. | | 3 00 |
| Emma Rogers, Grand Rapids, Mich. | | 5 00 |
| R. S. Edwards, Armore, Okla. | | 3 00 |
| Thomas C. Stover, Franklin, Ind. | | 5 00 |
| A. S. Kendall, Hackett, N. Y. | | 5 00 |
| Individuals at Salem, W. Va. | | 2 00 |
| J. B. Hovey, Roanoke, W. Va. | | 1 00 |
| Miss E. E. Bond, Roanoke, W. Va. | | 2 00 |
| Juniper, Excellent, Greenvio-|
| Church, W. Va. | | 2 00 |
| Mrs. Charity Whitford, Brook-
lake, N. Y. | | 2 00 |
| Mrs. Mary G. White, South-
ampton, N. Y. | | 2 00 |
| Mrs. Mary C. White, Sioux City, Ia. | | 2 00 |
| Mrs. Bell Burdick, St. Louis, Mo. | | 2 00 |
| Sabbath School, Milton, W. Va. | | 10 00 |
| J. A. H. Portsmouth, Va. | | 10 00 |
| Churches: | | 2 00 |
| Plainfield, N. J. | | 21 48 |
| Chelsea, N. Y. | | 1 50 |
| Shiloh, N. Y. | | 1 50 |
| New York, N. Y. | | 1 50 |
| Milton, Wis. | | 2 50 |
| First Brookfield, N. Y. | | 25 25 |
| Collections: 1/2 Southern Association... 4 25 |

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<td>Mrs. W. B. Tabor, Milford, Wis.</td>
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<td>Woman's Executive Board</td>
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| Dr. Sherman G. Phillips, Phila-
phia, Pa. | | 5 00 |
| Churches: | | 10 00 |
| First Alfred, N. Y. | | 33 34 |
| West Highland, Ill. | | 4 10 |
| Forks, N. Y. | | 1 10 |
| Forks, N. Y. | | 1 10 |
| Chicago, Ill. | | 4 00 |
| Dodge Center, Westerville, N. Y. | | 10 00 |
| Independence, N. Y. | | 7 00 |
| Friendship, N. Y. | | 18 00 |
| Second Alfred, N. Y. | | 7 79 |
| New York City | | 24 48 |
| First Westerville | | 1 50 |
| Battle Creek, Mich. | | 1 10 |
| Berlin, N. Y., Sabbath School | | 4 00 |
| Household | | 15 00 |
| Plainfield, N. J., Sabbath School | | 1 50 |
| General Conference | | 2 00 |
| Hoodshappper | | 3 10 |
| Nortonville, Kan., Sabbath | | 13 07 |
| Landis School, W. Va. | | 13 83 |
| Walworth, Wis. | | 15 20 |
| Milton Johnson, W. Va. | | 15 20 |
| Milton Johnson, W. Va. | | 15 20 |
| Little Genesee, N. Y. | | 32 55 |
| Second Brookfield, N. Y. | | 8 49 |
| Collections: | | 519 58 |
| Publishing House Receipts: | | 54 33 |
| Recorder | | 270 50 |
| George Brown Bequest | | 12 50 |
| Sarah E. E. Phillips Bequest | | 12 50 |
| Total | | 54 33 |

My son, art thou never secure in this life, but as long as thou livest, thou shalt, always need spiritual armor. Thou ought-est manfully to go through all, and to use a strong hand and a strong heart with-standeth thee. Wait for the Lord, be- 
have thyself manfully, and be of good courage; do not distrust him, do not leave thy place, but steadily expose both body and soul for the glory of God.—Thomas a Kempis.

Dodge Center, Minn.—Home news from this part of our "Zion" has been scarce for a long time. Who is responsible for it? The writer is not "the cor-
respondent." If there are no glowing things to be said, there ought to be some thing to add to the interest of readers. The church can not report revivals or growth, but is obliged to admit that its numbers are decreasing by several families, moving to other societies. This past year several more have gone to New Auburn, Wis., and a few are moving the same. The church lost a good pastor— 
helpful wife and daughter. It seemed as though he had just begun to be able to 
reach the homes and hearts of the people, when serious sickness nearly removed him forever from earthly ministry. It is a joy to his friends here to know the good work he is now doing on a needy field, but we have been without a pastor ever since.

Rev. E. H. Sowell is at present supplying the church and giving us some good sermons that ought to help us, to a better life.

Church attendance has been light of late, owing to much sickness, the wage of "grapple" seems very small and holds others away. There have been very few social events worth recording. The Ladies' Benevolent Society is doing its part toward making life more interesting. Whether or not the going without a pastor for so many months and the present situation show us as depending upon a man more than God, we will not pretend to say. At any rate we have the value of a pas-
tor, an "underseer." When a new 
broom to sweep clean" shall come it is hoped that there will be a better apprecia-
tion of him, though ex-Pastor S. R. Wheeler once said, "it takes an old broom to get into the corners," and that was a truth too little helded.

The Sabbath school has held its annual election. Miss Myrtle Ellis was re-
elected superintendent. Her heart is in it and she is a growing, faithful, worker. The annual holiday entertainment had to be postponed a few days on account of sick-
ness among the children. The committee decided to let the usual Christmas tree go by this year and have only a program of song, recitations, etc. Having no leader the church is postponing the Forward Movement.

The church has a large parsonage but a majority voted to sell it and build the church lots a new and up-to-date modern one with city water and lights. The trustees did not think it advisable to sell, and rebuild with a good respectable opposi-
tion. It is expected that with the coming of a pastor new courage will be manifested and the church will take its place again as one of those "desirable places in the den-
nomination." Land and property have been booming, and had the great majority who have moved away the past twenty years stayed to have the benefit of the "raise" they would have been far better off financially and the church one of the largest and most prosperous in the West. Farms have nearly "tretched" in six years, some now selling for $125 to $150 an acre and more. The editor thinks this too pessimistic, he can not conceive it. Some might venture to say it is optimistic! Perhaps it may depend some-
thing upon the glasses we wear. Some-
ting better may be soon written.

VERONA, N. Y.—We have an enthusiastic superintendent, who does much to make the church a success.

During the month of July, it was decided to hold an attendance contest. Accord-
ingly, the school was divided into two parts, "reds" and "yellows"—with a cap-
an over each, etc.

The contest seemed to be a great success, in the increased attendance; and when at the end of the given time the "yellows" declared victors, the "reds" gave them an oyster supper and song of victory were given by the winners. The church parlor was prettily decorated for the occasion, with flowers, and red and yellow decorations.

Pastor Thorngate tendered his resignation the latter part of October, to take effect May 1, 1916. At a special church meeting it was voted to ask him to reconsider.

Pastor Thorngate has not yet given his decision.

Christmas exercises were held on the
evening of December 22. The exercises, recitations, and drills by the children, and the cantata by the young people were very well rendered, and to a large and appreciative audience.

Z. THAYER.

Dec. 31, 1915.

Marlboro, N. J.—January 1 was a dark, dismal day and yet the sun comes up bright on Marlboro for the new year. We will have to go back a little to see why. At the last of October things looked pretty dark around the parsonage because of the serious illness of the pastor's wife, which necessitated an operation. But recovery was remarkably rapid and the end of the year found her in excellent health.

Brightness No. 1.

On November 27 President Davis was with us and gave an excellent inspiring sermon. On Sunday night Rev. Willard D. Burdick began a Sabbath Institute week. He was assisted by Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn and Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, who each preached twice. In the afternoons Bible readings were conducted by Rev. Mr. Burdick. Sabbath Institute meetings were exceptionally strong and gave us a greater desire to keep the commandments of God. We feel that our church has been blessed by the presence of these men.

Brightness No. 2.

On January 2 we held our annual church business meeting, which revealed a decided gain in all the activities in the church. A greater interest is being taken in all branches of the denominational work and more money is being raised for all purposes. We hope that we may be able to get along soon without outside help. A live, active Junior Christian Endeavor has been organized. Brightness No. 4.

As soon as the business meeting was over, all went up to the church basement, where an excellent dinner had been prepared, which was properly disposed of. This was followed by a happy social after­noon in which everybody was bright.

J. E. H.

MILTON, WIS.—A crowded house listened to the excellent Christmas program given at the Seventh Day Baptist church on the evening after the Sabbath. The cantata given by Doris Randolph, Chloe Van Horn, Russel Burdick and Myrl Davis was very interesting. The readings given by the Misses Zea Zinn and Isabelle Brown and George Ives were excellent. Other recitations and carols sung by the primary class were heartily enjoyed. After the program, bags of candy were distributed to the Sabbath-school children. No individual presents were brought to the church, but each class appropriated its money for some charitable or missionary purpose. The decorations, a large, brightly illuminated star and two trees, were very suggestive of the season. At the proper time Professor Summerbell and meetings that were very suggestive of the season. At the proper time Professor Summerbell and meetings that were assisted by Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, Russel Burdick and Myrl Davis.

The cantata by the young people were very well received, and on the evening of December 22, 1915. Mrs. Santee was the daughter of Benjamin Bentley, of Westerly. Early in life she professed faith in Christ and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church. At sixteen years of age she entered Alfred University, where she studied for two years, then returned to Rhode Island and taught school for five years. In 1873, at the age of thirty years, she was married to Mr. J. E. B. Santee, of Hope Valley, and made her home in that city. She is survived by her husband, three daughters and one son.

Mrs. Santee has been a woman of remarkable, executive ability; she was profoundly interested in religion and in the social betterment of the community; it was largely through her influence that the Seventy Day Baptist Church at Hope Valley was organized and that the brick church building was erected. She was a member of the Current Events Club of Hope Valley, and also a member of the Women's Council of the Baptist Church. She has been interested in hospital enterprises, tuberculosis campaigns and all efforts for the betterment of the physical, moral and spiritual welfare of the community. She was a woman of unusual cheerfulness, always an active and interest­ ing person, and affectionate mother and grandmother. She loved the beauties of nature, the great out-of-doors, the ocean, the woods and the flowers; in them she saw the love and wisdom of the God whom she worshipped and served.

The funeral occurred Monday afternoon, December 27, at the family residence. President Summerbell officiated. Mrs. Santee was buried in the Hope Valley Cemetery.

Booth C. Davis.

CHIPMAN.—William McKee Chipman, the son of Nathan Fellows and Martha Burdick Chipman, was born in Hope Valley, August 27, 1845, and died at his home in Hope Valley on the morning of December 22, 1915, after a lingering illness of eleven years.

He was the youngest of five children, all of whom preceded him to the other world. He received his early education at the village school and later attended the Rhode Island State Normal School then situated at Bristol, R. I. He taught school for thirteen years before entering the ministry of his father, who was a minister and curator. For some time he had a deep interest in bee culture. He filled various important offices of a clerical nature and for several years was assistant pastor in Hope Valley. He was one of the incorporators of Bangworthy Public Library and a director until obliged to resign because of failing health. He was an active member of I. O. O. F., earning the title of Past Grand.

The Sabbath Recorder
The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Napanee, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in their fellowship room, third floor of the Y. M. C. A. Building. All are cordially invited. Rev. E. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services at 11:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. A special service is held at 10 a.m. on the third Sunday of the month. All are invited. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 546 W. Wayne St.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 912 of Masonic Temple, N. E. 42d, Street. The service is at 2 o'clock and visitors are cordially invited. Rev. G. Davis, pastor, 947 S. Ashworth St.

The Church in Los Angeles, CaL., holds regular Sabbath services at 11:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. The service is at 1 p.m. Also the Sabbath morning service at 330 Montgomery Street. The Church holds special meetings in the Winter season. All are invited. Rev. G. Davis, pastor, 4138 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

The Church in New York City holds regular Sabbath services at 11:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. The service is at 3 p.m. All are invited. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 546 W. Wayne St.

If you are inquiring about the Sabbath, please note that the service is at 2 o'clock and visitors are cordially invited. Rev. G. Davis, pastor, 947 S. Ashworth St.

**The Sabbath Recorder**

**THE SABBATH RECORDER**

**Theo. L. Gardner, D. D., Editor & Publisher**

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**Vision**

Proverbs 29:18

Behold, thy people perish, Lord! Thy lands are swept with fire and sword. Men slay till slain themselves they lie, Nor know, nor care, nor question why, Famine and fear and shame are home, While homes are wrecked and hearts are torn. The weak are victims of the strong—How long, O Lord? O Lord, how long?

Then fell the answer, clear and low—"My nation knows not if the Lord be known That where no vision is there is no life! For this, a people perish!"—No people perished, riverside.

To give them prophet-sight and ken. Know ye, great, unsheathed who die, each soldier at his post, Who pays its toil of bitter cost, Is witness of the vision lost. There must be famine, fire and sword When the vision is restored.

—Velda G. H. Fees, in The Christian Herald

"Boy, watch my horse till I come back!" called a man to a boy at the depot, as he hurried off to say good-by to a friend.

"All right, sir," said the boy, taking the reins.

Just then the locomotive whistled and the horse, rearing, started full speed up the road.

The boy started after the fleeing animal, and, as the owner appeared, exclaimed with relief: "Here's your horse, sir!"

"It's a good thing you came now, sir, for I couldn't have watched him much longer."—Baptist Commonwealth

The past is dead, and has no resurrection.—H. Kirke White

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Repentance is neither base nor bitter. It is good rising up out of evil. It is the resurrection of your thoughts out of graves of lust. Repentance is the turning of the soul from the way of midnight to the point of the coming sun. Darkness drops from the face, and silver light dawns upon it. Do not live, day by day, trying to repent, but fearing the struggle and the suffering. Deferred repentance, in generous natures, is a greater pain than would be the sorrow of real repentance. Manly regret for wrong never weakens, but always strengthens the heart. As some plants of the bitterest root have the whitest and sweetest blossoms, so the bitterest wrong has the sweetest repentance, which, indeed, is only the soul blossoming back to its better nature.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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