"THE GREAT TEST"

of

The Struggles and Triumph of Lorna Selover

BY REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

This is the serial story which ran in The Sabbath Recorder and received so many favorable comments by the readers of that magazine. It is the story of the perplexities of a young college girl in her religious life; whether she should follow the dictates of her own conscience or accept the beliefs and practices of her family and friends. Into the life of Lorna Selover comes Montrose Ellington, a young man who is preparing to become a Presbyterian minister. The trials, perplexities and joys which befall these young people is admirably told by the author in "The Great Test."

"The Great Test" is a book of 275 pages, 5½ by 8½ inches, printed on fine antique book paper and bound in full cloth permanent binding. It is sold at this price only from the fact that the type was saved as was printed in The Recorder and the paper was purchased before the phenomenal advance in price.

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December 4, 1916

The Sabbath Recorder

PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO COME AFTER US

O God, we pray thee for those who come after us, for our children, and the children of our friends, and for all the young lives that are marching up from the gates of birth, pure and eager, with the morning sunshine on their faces. We remember with a pang that these will live in the world we are making for them. If we are wasting the resources of the earth in our headlong greed, and they will suffer want. We are building sunless houses and joyless cities for our profit, and they must dwell therein. We are making the burden heavy and the pace of work pitiless, and they will fall down and perish by the wayside. We are poisoning the air of our land by our lies and uncleanliness, and they will breathe it.

Help us, O God. To break the ancient force of evil by a holy and steadfast will and to endow our children with purer blood and nobler thoughts. Grant us grace to leave the earth fairer than we found it; to build upon it cities of God, in which the cry of needless pain shall cease; and to put the yoke of Christ upon our business life that it may serve and not destroy. Lift the veil of the future and show us the generation to come as it will be if blighted by our guilt, that our lust may be cooled and we may walk in the fear of the Eternal. Grant us a vision of the far-off years as they may be if redeemed by the sons of God, that we may take heart and do battle for thy children and ours.—Rauschenbusch.

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Who Are the "Recorder People"?

"Elsewhere in this paper will be found Secretary Cottrell's short article, "Another Word," in which an overworked pastor, after expressing regret that he can not find time and strength to help the Sabbath Recorder campaign for new subscribers, says: "If the Recorder people want to put a man in here to canvass this field, I will be only too glad."

Many who read that article will wonder who the "Recorder people" are. Some may get the impression that the Sabbath Recorder belongs to a group of men doing a publishing business, whose interests would be served by sending out canvassers among the churches. If the members of the Seventh Day Baptist churches throughout the denomination are not the Recorder people, then the Recorder has no people. The men responsible for the work at the publishing house, including that done on the Sabbath Recorder, have no more ownership in the publications than have any or all other members of the denomination.

The Recorder is absolutely the property of the denomination, placed in charge of the American Sabbath Tract Society to be published in the interests of the people belonging to the Seventh Day Baptist cause. The Tract Board is only an agent for the churches, to do their work with just what means the churches and people furnish; this and no more. The group of men composing the board can not be called Recorder people, in the sense of ownership, any more than can the group composing some one of the churches be so called. The Recorder people are all about you in your church and community. The prosperity of the Recorder depends upon you of the churches, and surely you are as anxious as anybody to make it succeed. The great cause we love needs its own paper, suffers loss without, and the people—the true Recorder people—can not afford to neglect a work so vital to all their own best interests.

Brother Cottrell's expression of sympathy and his prayer for God's blessing to abide with the overworked teachers and pastors are sincere and merited. His question, "Where are the rest of our church workers?" is also well put, and should stir up many to do something for their paper.

Salaries of Teachers

A letter from a friend who is not connected with either of our colleges is just at hand, in which a strong plea is made for the underpaid teachers of two of them, who are bearing heavy burdens for the good of others. It seems that the salaries of teachers in the colleges at Milton and Salem have been supplemented for a few years by the personal contributions of a friend of both schools. This help can no longer be given, and a good brother writes regarding the matter as follows:

Dear Dr. Gardner: I believe something should be done at once in reference to the income of instructors in Salem and Milton Colleges. Alfred is more fortunate. With incomes of the presidents and teachers of these colleges cut this fall $1,000 (a donation which has been made by a private individual for five or six years), and the high cost of living which is now a reality, I don't see how these instructors are to get along, unless some parties take it upon themselves to lift a little. The one who has made this gift in the past has been compelled to discontinue it. Will not some one else take the matter up and see that a living salary is paid to these worthy instructors? A drop of $100, $150, and $200 from what is their natural income each year, will make it very hard this winter for these instructors. I hope through your efforts in the Recorder something can be done to remedy matters.

Sincerely yours,

An Observer.

Nov. 24, 1916.

"Playing the Game" In the New York Tribune of November 25 Rev. Charles E. Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle draws some interesting comparisons between a well-organized baseball team and a live church. He finds several things in a ball game that the church would do well to imitate, and discloses some points the church and the ball game hold in common. The one essential thing for both is that every one "play the game," not indifferently but faithfully and enthusiastically. He must not only play well now
and then, but all the time. Each one must do his best. A listless, careless player is soon sent from the field. Half-heartenedness is unendurable in a ball game. Every one must be wide-awake and dependable.

Paul the apostle liked athletics and pictured the Christian life under the figure of an athletic contest in which the athlete wins the prize under the rules of the game. He must strive to win, for he cannot give up until the victory be won.

What could the church not do if all its members were as earnest and true to each other and as faithful to duty as are the players in the ball game?

Strange Extremes

Last night in a crowded street a boy some ten years of age was seen leading home a drunken man, supposed to his father. It was difficult for the man to keep on his feet and walk without falling under some one of the many street cars and automobiles that were turning the corner where they had to pass; so the little fellow held on fast until his dad did his best to keep the staggering man out of danger. Both man and boy were poorly clad, and one could imagine a desolate home to which they were going. We watched them as they slowly made their way homeward, and the prospect of their achings were warning them, and if children had to go to bed hungry and cold.

When first we saw them they were near the door of a saloon which the city was permitting to be run on its principal street for a few hundred dollars license money. It is in a most favorable place for tempting men and boys, and is usually well filled with them all the long evenings. There are seven or eight just such dens of drunkenness established in favorable places in the business portions of the city. We have often wondered why a city of homes and churches and missions should tolerate saloons to ruin its citizens and rob its homes of comfort and peace. While thinking of these things we remembered that right over the heads of that boy and man, and within a few feet of the saloon, hung the great clock-face being used just now to show progress in a team-work design for raising $200,000 with which to erect a Y. M. C. A. building. People in the street were watching the clock-face, the hand of which pointed to $95,000 as the sum contributed to date. Up the street, within a stone's throw, are the home rooms of the Rescue Mission in which down-and-outs are housed and fed after the saloon has robbed them of their money, and a little more than a block away is the Rescue Mission chapel where faithful men and women are trying to save the victims of the saloons. The mission and the Y. M. C. A. are both supported by the gifts of the people; and there are thousands of dollars to be raised to give thousands of dollars to establish means for saving its boys, and missions to rescue them after the serpent has coiled itself about them, and at the same time receiving money from rum-sellers who buy the privilege of ruining them!

The Prayer of Habakkuk

The following editorials contain the substance of a sermon given by a editor at the yearly meeting of the New Jersey and New York City churches, held with the church in New York on Sabbath morning, December 2, 1916.

Texts: "O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make it known; in wrath remember mercy" (Hab. 3: 2).

"Wilt thou not revive us again? wilt thou not make us prosper in thine inheritance?" (Ps. 85: 6).

"For it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and righteousness upon you" (Hos. 10: 12).

O Lord

The prophet Habakkuk was greatly concerned about Israel. He lived in a time full of turmoil and trouble—a time of baffled hopes and broken promises, when his people were being carried away with worldly prosperity until one could hardly tell them from the heathen. He remembered how Jehovah had manifested himself at Sinai, and how marvelously Israel had prospered whenever the people were true to God; and he was familiar with the judgments that had overtaken them when they lost their love for spiritual things and turned to idols. While there were some in Israel who were strong and loyal to the faith of their fathers, still the multitude had drifted away, and the prophet foresaw the impending calamity which could only be stayed by a genuine revival of religion. His spirit was stirred within him and he exclaimed from the depths of his soul, "O Lord, how long shall I cry, and thou wilt not hear!" Then, inspired by a vision sent from Jehovah, he pronounced the woes sure to fall upon a cold and sinful people unless they should mend their ways and return unto their work. Though in the writhing idolatry, he found solace in the thought that "the Lord is in his holy temple.

Habakkuk was a man of strong faith, and when the Lord spoke his soul was filled with reverential awe and he prayed, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make it known; in wrath remember mercy." Knowing, as he did, God's ways with a sinful people in years gone by, he could but see the probable future when prophetic warnings of captivity should be filled, and in agony of soul he sought a remedy—the only way of escape. He must have remembered the prayer of David, "Wilt thou not revive us again that thy people may rejoice in thee? Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation."

In the Midst of the Years

Are Peculiar Dangers

The prophet's words, "In the midst of the years, make it known; in wrath remember mercy," suggest a time of special need and peculiar danger to Israel. The nation had long since passed the period of its youth, and the enthusiasm of the days of Isaiah should come. Israel was far removed from the days and the prophet could see that dangers multiplied, and many centuries were rapidly leading the people from the faith of their fathers, still the multitude foresaw if Jehovah no longer marked the years through which they were passing. There was little attention being paid to spiritual things; unbelief was gaining ground; enemies were threatening to overpower them, and many centuries must pass before the promised Messiah should come. Israel was far removed from the days when Ephraim was a child, and the prophet conceived that dangers multiplied and evils gathered in this middle period and threatened Israel's ruin unless He who was still in his holy temple should revive his people and "in wrath remember mercy." Our people now have no doubt as to the final triumph of the armies of Israel if they were careful to keep their communications open between themselves and Jehovah and never to lose touch with the great Source whence must come their supplies. Will they seek the help of their God or will they permit all their vain attempts and failures to incident as the times in which they live?

We today know the sad record they made, and we shall do well if we profit by the lessons which their history brings.

True of Individuals

It is in life's mid-period that man finds his greatest dangers and is confronted by his most tempting temptations. The middle-age danger zone with its formidable evils, its ambitions, its dissolutions, its tests of faith, its carnal passions, its animal appetites, its pride, its endless period of peril in which man's only hope is to keep the holy fires of religion lighted on the altars of his soul.

Our life-pilgrimage is much like climbing a mountain. The true and healthy life will be one continual ascent. Where it is not so, the man has plainly missed his way. The Alpine-climber starts out inspired by the glorious vision of snow-clad heights that gleam in the morning sunshine. Later he finds himself entangled in undergrowth and making progress difficult. He has come to the edge of an unknown world; he has climbed the gilded summit of a mountain; he may never know the path he has trodden; he may never know what the path he is on will mean for his soul. The mountain climber recognizes that this is a period of peril in which man's only hope is to keep the holy fires of religion lighted on the altars of his soul.

One can easily see why the middle age is a dangerous period. It is a time when the old restraints are gone and the man is his own master. In too many cases the religious faith that held him in early years is being weakened. He finds himself in possession of means for self-gratification, worldly predominates, and before he is aware, the fences are all down, gulls fly on either side, and if his spiritual eyes are not opened he is doomed to fall in the midst of his years.

There is, however, one glorious truth that stands over against all the evils and dangers of life. No matter how formidable the dangers may be, they are avoidable; for failure is not the divine scheme for your life, but the path of the one who does not know the sure remedy; and that remedy holds good today. The secret of victorious power is the same for all men and in every age. Un-
der the leadings of Him who is able to re-

vive us again, thousands have been con-
quered. Glorious indeed is the good fight of
faith and there is nothing grander on this
earth than the struggle of souls that win.

True of a Denomination Whether the “speech”
of Jehovah that made

the prophet “afraid” was the voice of God
in his soul, or the teachings of history that
compelled him to predict the futur from
what he knew of the past, it matters not to
us today. As a watchman on the towers of
Zion he knew enough of the tendency of
things to give him great concern for the
future of his people. The command to be a
faithful watchman he could not ignore.

“I will stand upon my watch,” said he, “and
set me upon the tower, and will watch to
see what He will say unto me, and what I
shall answer.”

The principles that guided Habakkuk
still hold true, and the speech of God may
still be heard if people only listen. As a
denomination in the midst of the years, we,
too, are facing dangers due to the middle
passage of our denomination. Naturally
enough the freshness and enthusi­
asms of our early years and the pentecostal
seasons peculiar to the young life of a
people called of God to a unique and special
mission have somewhat disappeared. Our fathers
lived the simple life of pioneers in a land
that was in its infancy. Riches they had not;
endowments and memorial funds were
unknown; of life’s luxuries they were desti­
tute. Their one source of strength was
simple reliance on their God. The church
was the one all-important institution to
which the hearts of the people were wedded.
In this the power from on high was fre­
quently manifested and revivals were many
and welcome. Well do I remember the
enthusiasm and activity of our people more
than half a century ago when such leaders
as Bailey, Hull, Lewis, Huffman and others
were standing in a line and the fire of Christ
in the churches. In many sections new
churches were formed and souls were con­
verted to Christ and his Sabbath. Changes
have come, riches have increased, great
emphasis has been placed upon machinery
and methods, upon human wisdom and so­
cial institutions; tides of worldliness are
sweeping many away from their spiritual
moorings, and the tendency is great to de­
pend upon ourselves rather than upon God.

In the midst of the years many seem to be
losing interest in the Lord’s work. How is
it, friends? Is there a sense of spiritual
dearth in our churches? Are we becoming
careless and losing interest in the Sab­
both? In our preaching toward a neglect of religion? Are we for­
getting our Lord and Master amid our
struggles for worldly gain?

When Israel dwelt in “a good land,” a
land of brooks of water, of fountains and
deepen that spring out of valleys and hills;
a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and
fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive
oil, and honey; a land wherein they could
“eat bread without scarceness,” a land
whose stones were iron and out of whose
hills” they might “dig brass,” and when
the people had “built goodly houses, and dwelt
therein; when herds and flocks, and silver
and gold had multiplied,” then it was that
special warnings were given lest their hearts
be lifted up and they forget the Lord their
God. Dangers due to the midst of the
years had to be guarded against; hence the
prayer, “O Lord, revive thy work in the
midst of the years; in the midst of the years
make it known.”

Friends, are we not living in such a land?
Is not this such a time? Then indeed “it
is time to seek the Lord, until he come and
rain righteousness upon you.”

Hope in Christ Only Other Schemes Have Failed

Since the day of Pentecost no other scheme for
saving men and women has given such promise as has the revival
of religion. Many an organization has had
to confess failure in its efforts for human
betterment because Christ was left out and
religion ignored. If in any way religion
has seemed to come short, it has been
through the failure of its friends to work
according to God’s plans. What this great
city needs more than anything else today
is the manifestation of the presence of the
savior in his churches because
it is God’s own way for bringing men into his
kingdom. He chose Moses, Joshua,
Eljah, Nehemiah, John the Baptist, Jesus,
and the apostles, at various times in the his­
tory of his church, to rise up special for
interest and lead the people to move simul­
taneously, and often with marvelous power,
away from their sins, away from worldliness,
back to righteousness and true holiness
by the way of repentance and faith.

The history of Christianity has been the
history of revivals. By these the Chris­
tian world has come to fuller appreciation
of divine truth, and risen to higher and
nobler planes of living. The church
was born in a revival, and the survival of the
church has been along a continuous line of
revivals. When a church ceases to wel­
come revivals, it will cease to be a church
and its light will go out in darkness.
Instead of one or two evangelists like Bre­
en Coon and Burdick today, there
should be a general movement in the churches for
pentecostal seasons, and the spirit of revival
should be abroad in the land.

Evidences of the Need Of Revivals In Our Own Churches

If we examine our own
hearts and look at our
churches, shall we find
abundant evidence of
our need to make the prophet’s prayer for
revival our prayer. As individuals, are we
satisfied with our lives? Do we enjoy the
presence of the Holy Spirit, having his
witness with our spirits that we are his chil­
dren, as it is our privilege to have and as
we would like to have? As to our
churches, how shall we account for the lack
of interest taken in the prayer meetings?
For the empty pews Sabbath after Sabbath?
Is your church doing its best to be the light
of the world? Are you doing what you can to
brighten its light or is its light dimmed through your influence?
Such questions as these, honestly
faced, will soon convince us of our need.

The Lord pronounced woe upon them
that are at ease in Zion. Do we realize
how our indifference and coldness affect
those about us? Absenteeism tends to fos­
ter unbelief and rob us of what faith we still
have. We do not know how the millions
who are striving to build up the kingdom;
it grieves the Spirit and tends to beget cold­
ness among the brethren. Oh, if men
would cultivate the spirit of confidence and
brotherly love, the church could withstand
all the forces of evil. I have read of three
soldiers who, having perfect confidence in
one another, were able to hold a great mob
at bay for hours by standing back to back
and facing the men. When one of them
were to be true to his part of the circle.
On every side the enemies found a soldier
awake to his duty and so were powerless.
Such must be it in our church; the Spirit
orders toward strengthening our confidence
in one another and making us, as a people,
strong before the foes of the kingdom.
Mr. Moody once told of a father who went out with his little boy on a bright morning for a walk. Becoming tired the father sat down under a tree to rest, and fell asleep. When he awoke, his son was gone. Thoroughly alarmed he ran to a precipice near by and there on the rocks at the bottom was his child dashed to death. I fear there are too many fathers in the churches, today, sound asleep while their children wander fearfully near the brink of ruin.

Is It Not Time?

With some of us life's work is nearly done. Since we began, a whole generation has passed into eternity and we now find ourselves surrounded by people of another generation. If some of these are saved, it must be done soon. The harvest day of our great salvation is almost at hand.

I know some of you are anxious for the children and your neighbors' children are unsaved. Every year brings the time nearer when you must do it for them. Now is the time to buy. The edition was limited and not large, and it is more than probable that it will be impossible to get a copy by the first of January. Send in your order, or see your local agent soon.

Have you had nearly all my potatoes furnished. I have received bushels of peaches, pears, apples, and all kinds of fruit in season. I have had all but one ton of hay given me for my horse and a good deal of corn. The Ladies' Aid Society has furnished many things for the parsonage, besides doing a great deal of sewing and canning and caring for the children while the mistress of the manse was in the hospital. Then there has been an annual donation of provisions (I dare not call it a "pound party" because there was nothing in it which would come under that weight, except the few greenbacks found in the midst of things). And last, but not least, this "good position" calls me to be away from home for weeks, perhaps months, at a time. I love the home and the happy times with four lively children. I love my study with my books and papers, but all of these and the responsibility of caring for the home I must leave to the wife and mother. Now, Tom Shirley, don't that make your "good position" look like a two-cent piece? Sincerely yours, "for the love of the truth."

One of the "Fortunates."

"If you would have your business done, go; if not, send."

Tract Society Notes

Complimentary copies of Mr. Clarke's book, 'The Great Test,' were sent to a selected list of libraries. In acknowledging the receipt of the book, the librarian of Colgate University says, 'I have read the book myself with interest, and, while I do not accept all the positions of the author, I would be glad of the opportunity to say that I regard the character of the heroine as admirably drawn.'

Orders are coming in from the agents for ten and twelve copies at a time, and many single copies are being sent out by mail. The book is being well received. Now is the time to buy. The edition was limited and not large, and it is more than probable that it will be impossible to get a copy by the first of January. Send in your order, or see your local agent soon.

We have for distribution three little booklets put out in an attractive form. Have you seen them? The titles are, "Baptism," "The Sabbath as the Family's Day," and "The First Day of the Week in the New Testament." If you are interested, send us ten cents in stamps and you will receive a copy of each. Then possibly you will wish to send for several more copies to give to your friends and neighbors.

Have you had nearly all my potatoes furnished. I have received bushels of peaches, pears, apples, and all kinds of fruit in season. I have had all but one ton of hay given me for my horse and a good deal of corn. The Ladies' Aid Society has furnished many things for the parsonage, besides doing a great deal of sewing and canning and caring for the children while the mistress of the manse was in the hospital. Then there has been an annual donation of provisions (I dare not call it a "pound party" because there was nothing in it which would come under that weight, except the few greenbacks found in the midst of things). And last, but not least, this "good position" calls me to be away from home for weeks, perhaps months, at a time. I love the home and the happy times with four lively children. I love my study with my books and papers, but all of these and the responsibility of caring for the home I must leave to the wife and mother. Now, Tom Shirley, don't that make your "good position" look like a two-cent piece? Sincerely yours, "for the love of the truth."

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"If you would have your business done, go; if not, send."
Men used to obey law because it was the king's command. It made no difference if the law were simply a royal whim, a sense of loyalty would assure obedience to it. Now that is past and men obey the law because it is their creature, and is established by them to serve their high purposes. They obey in both cases, but the reasons for their obedience differ. In much the same way I observed the Sabbath under my views of ten years ago; I observe it under my present views, but the reasons for my observance are different now from what they were then. The fact remains, but the pre-suppositions underlying the fact are new. I can no longer wax enthusiastic over the idea of abstract obedience, advice to give you, many people. I can gladly observe a day of Christian character. If your ideals are called up higher, for in general they do not, I beg of you, become a loyal Seventh Day Baptist minister. Yes, some people. I was glad to be thus closely, or either if I took the oath of service, I must in so doing put myself into the way of duty, to go wherever those in command thought best to send me. I was to perform service—to consecrate myself to the call of duty. During the coming four years I saw some of my worthy comrades promoted—put into the positions made vacant by the death of some able and faithful and get shoulder straps. It did not, of course, become me and others in the ranks to find fault with promotions that were made from time to time. It was better for us to be faithful where we were—to fit out our present person to do something better in both position and pay. Oh, yes, some of our boys were a little selfish and found fault from time to time, for our service was strenuous and pay small—and we were there. I wish first to know just what kind of duty camp or garrison, or to march, and wish, to do—to have an easy time of it in time. It was better, though, part in the thing for the Bells of Shepherdsville.
MISSIONS

Mission Notes

A letter just received from Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg tells of the serious illness of her collaborator, Dr. Grace Crandall, at Lieu-oo. Another letter from Mrs. H. E. Davis, of Shanghai, written a few days later, says that Dr. Crandall is getting better and is being taken care of by Miss Burdick at the Shanghai mission. The following words from Dr. Palmberg's letter are interesting and enlightening:

"Dr. Crandall has been very ill, but is convalescing now. She is too weak to do anything. She tried to write a little with a pencil while lying down today (October 15), and even that exhausted her. I am not well myself, but in all the trials since the summer, I have tried to stay my heart and not let trials help me. Still, I hardly realized how anxious I was over Dr. Crandall till the turn for the better came, when I was so happy I had to send a telegram of rejoicing to our Shanghai friends, which read like a Methodist meeting testimony."

Evangelineic Meetings at Berea, W. Va.

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

On the night of October 11 Brother George Birsey met Elder D. Burdett Coon and me at Pullman, five miles from Berea, and took us to his pleasant home where we spent the night and the following forenoon. In the afternoon we went to the parsonage of Jonathan Lowther at Berea. Mr. Lowther was ninety-seven years old, and had spent most of his life near Berea.

The village of Berea is on the South Fork of the Hughes River. There are in the town fifteen stores, three grocery stores, a grist mill, blacksmith shop, schoolhouse with three teachers, a Seventh Day Adventist church, a Methodist Protestant church, a little distance out of town, and our church a little over a mile from the village and up the Oterdale. The people also own over forty acres of choice land in the loop of the river near the village. On this they hope sometime to build a new church and a better parsonage.

A short paragraph in the September number of the Bookschapper gives the information that Dr. Th. Luyken, who had been in Holland and serving as pastor of the Rotterdam Seventh Day Baptist Church, and giving valuable help in the editorial department of the Bookschapper, has departed, starting for his home in Galicia. But just as the Bookschapper was going to press word came that Brother Lucky was very ill in a Christian Sanitarium in Saxony. And the paragraph ends with the thought that we should all remember the dear brother at the throne of grace, that the Father's loving care may be about him and bring him safely to his home. No further word has been received.

The New Auburn (Wis.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, known as the Cartwright Church, has asked the Missionary Society for a little financial help in supporting a pastor. What shall we do? The board has already made appropriations for next year beyond any income yet in sight. Here is a growing field, a great need of young people, but hardly able to support a pastor. Help is asked. What shall we do? It is beyond the board. It is up to the people.

Evangelistic Meetings at Berea, W. Va.

On the night of October 11 Brother George Birsey met Elder D. Burdett Coon and me at Pullman, five miles from Berea, and took us to his pleasant home where we spent the night and the following forenoon. In the afternoon we went to the parsonage of Jonathan Lowther at Berea. Mr. Lowther was ninety-seven years old, and had spent most of his life near Berea.

The village of Berea is on the South Fork of the Hughes River. There are in the town fifteen stores, three grocery stores, a grist mill, blacksmith shop, schoolhouse with three teachers, a Seventh Day Adventist church, a Methodist Protestant church, a little distance out of town, and our church a little over a mile from the village and up the Oterdale. The people also own over forty acres of choice land in the loop of the river near the village. On this they hope sometime to build a new church and a better parsonage.

We began meetings on Thursday night and continued them for a little more than four weeks. The weather was unfavorable for a few nights, raining four out of the first eight, but most of the remaining time the weather was pleasant and the roads were fine.

The meetings were well attended, and the interest was good. We were glad to see some backsliders reclaimed; the general interest of the church increased; and that several decided to be Christians. At the closing meeting on Sunday night we met over twenty-five persons who were not church members rose, expressing their desire that Christ help them to live a better life. Then the large congregation came forward and greeted us with the typical West Virginia handshake, and we sang, "God be with you till we meet again." We all felt that much good had been accomplished in the meetings, but the field is so large and the needs so great that we were sorry to leave the field without seeing far greater results than were realized. We met growing people excusing themselves from Christian living because of the real or imagined faults of others; and it is equal distressing to see so many young men of splendid possibilities squandering, and making life miserable for people about them.

Berea has a splendid record for having sent out so many teachers and preachers. Think of this small church sending out within a few years Elders E. E. Sutton, Clyde Ehret, and Ira S. Goff! The denomination can well afford to spend money on such a field to build up the church, and encourage more of the young men and women to fit themselves for good work as teachers in the churches. It seems to me that some of the boys and girls and young people who attended the meetings so faithfully will be better men and women because of aspirations gained to live better lives and do better service for others.

As the experience readers already know, Elder G. H. Rich Randolph came on to this field last summer. He has the confidence and respect of the people—both the Sabbath-keepers and the Sunday people—and we believe that under his pastoral leadership the church will become more united, more spiritual, more helpful in raising the Christian standard and in winning the lost for Christ. The church has a great mission, and it has a large and needy field in which to work. The responsibility rests heavily on our church there to live and work for the saving of all in their families, and the many who have no connection with other churches.

Brother Coon and I are experiencing the pleasure of enjoying the far-famed hospitality of the people of West Virginia. At Berea our headquarters were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Jones, who did everything possible for our comfort. The field was so large and the invitations to visit the people were so many that we were able to see all of the people in their homes. How we enjoyed the many walks over the hills! We never went over the hill to the south of the village but that we turned and admired the view before us—the steep hillside in the foreground; the cemetery and site of the old Pine Grove church a little farther on; the place where Thomas Zinn, of Farina, used to live, a little higher up and to the left of the cemetery; the road blasted out of the rock to the left that leads down to the village; the loop of the Hughes River enclosing the Seventh Day Baptist church farm in about the middle of the panorama; the village of Berea to the left of this pansyrow proper; and still beyond, the steep hill on the far side of the river, with scattered peaks and hills encircling the view. But you should see its beauty!

We were at Berea during that portion of October and November in which the autumn foliage was most beautiful, and the hills were made the more attractive thus clothed in their gorgeous colors. Brother Coon and I can enter more heartily than ever before into the spirit of the song, "The West Virginia Hills."

"Oh, the hills, beautiful hills, How I love the West Virginia hills. Pleasant, and yet a te'a room, Still I think of happy days. And the friends among the West Virginia hills."

New Milton, W. Va.,
Nov. 22, 1916.

Sainthood is not innocence; it is conquest. It is the experience of men and women who have met many temptations, sometimes falling before them, but gradually their conqueror, until their days become organized victory. —W. C. Gannett.
Truth’s Solitary Champion

Truth is eternal and unchangeable. The statement seems almost trite; but men’s attitude toward truth throughout the centuries shows that while many mentally recognize these qualities of truth, in practice they utterly ignore them.

Men will fight over a fact or a reality or a truth, seeming to say that the strongest must be right. Can fighting a duel determine which is right? The victor always on the side of truth? Can wars determine of themselves alone what is just?

Appeals to force are not arguments for truth; yet force is men’s time-honored expedient. If a wall is black, will arguments or quarrels or appeals to force make it white? Men’s attitude toward truth does not change truth, though it may change men.

Truth can not be determined by calling an election.

Over and over again, it has been seen that some certain individual has held a closer, finer, more excited conception of truth than all the others; and yet he said, “The majority that Sigismund was emperor of Germany. He wanted a council of the cardinals and other prelates of the church to see if they could unite under one pope; for there were two popes at that time, both claiming to be the true and head of the church, and each bitterly fighting the other. Hence to settle this dispute, and another matter also, a great council was called at Constance, in Switzerland.

Never before was there such a gathering. The emperor was there in great state. The pope of Rome was there also. And there too, were seven patriarchs, twenty archbishops, twenty cardinals in their royal red cloaks, twenty-six princes, ninety-one bishops, one hundred forty counts, hundreds of doctors of divinity, and many priests—over four thousand in all. Then the refractory people came, filling the old town to overflowing, and making the duff streets alive as they had never been before. Peddlers, hucksters, tricksters, mountebanks, charlatans, tramps, monks, friars, beggars—all, too, flocked to Constance.

While the council sat month after month, to the great profit of all the shopkeepers and grocers in the place, the one man here-fore mentioned was shut in prison. True, he came of his own free will; came because his emperor wished; came with a passport in which the emperor gave his sacred word to protect him.

But why was he in prison? Had he not the emperor’s written promise of protection?

Oh, yes! But the council declared, and the pope asserted, that faith was not to be kept with heretics. John Huss was in the power of the council; and regardless of promises, he was in prison to pay the penalty for being a heretic.

One against four thousand

But pause a moment. Watch the narrative, and you will see that even popes, emperors, and cardinals can not break their word, even with a heretic, without disaster. Truth is mighty, and will prevail, though over four thousand stand on one side against it, and only one is left its champion.

One with God is a majority. The events of history, as with men of God, write this eternal truth regarding the council of Constance. Listen to the record a little further, and you shall see.

July 6, 1415, John Huss was to be roasted at the stake. By this means, the truth was to be demonstrated, and righteousness plainly set forth, forever!

The procession forms to escort the prisoner from the cathedral. The cross-bearer is at the head. He carries a gilded cross, that crucifies a symbol of the Lamb of God, who died because he refused to resort to force, to call upon his Father for legions of angels; who said his kingdom was not of this world, wherefore his servants would not fight; and who proclaimed, in solemn dignity, that if any man received not his words, he judged him not.

Behind the cross-bearer comes the bishop of Riga, in his gorgeous robes, then a company of armed soldiers, guarding the prisoner against escape. The procession winds through the crowded streets, and enters a great hall. The emperor is there, wearing his golden crown, and seated in a royal chair. At the right stands the duke of Bavaria, holding a cross; at the left, the governor of Nuremberg, with a drawn word. Around are cardinals and archbishops and priests, monks and friars, and a great multitude of people. John Huss ascends the platform, mounts a table, kneels, clasps his hands, and looks up toward heaven. The soldiers file away. The dignitaries take their places in the council.

"EXECUTE THIS STIFF-NECKED HERETIC!"

Bishop Landinus ascends the pulpit, and preaches a sermon from the text, "Shall we continue in sin?" Here is a great act; the greatest a man can commit. It destroys the church. The secular magistrates should destroy those with whom it originates. Turning to the emperor, he says:

"It will be a just act, and it is the duty of your imperial majesty, most invincible emperor, to execute this stiff-necked heretic, since he is in our hands; and thus shall your majesty attain an immortal name, with old and young, so long as the world shall stand, for performing a deed so glorious and so pleasing to God."

At length the bishop reads the charges against Huss:

"You have disobeyed the archbishop of Prague. You teach that there is a holy catholic church other than that of which the pope is the head—a community of all the faithful ordained of God to eternal life—which is heretical."

"I do not doubt," Huss replied, "that there is a holy Christian church which is a community of the elect, both in this and the other world."

"Hold your tongue! After we get through, you may answer," says Cardinal Von Camerach.

"I shall not be able to remember all the charges."

"Silence!" shouts the archbishop of Florence. John Huss drops upon his knees, and lifts his hands toward heaven. If they will not hear him, there is One above who will. "O God," he cries, "I commend my cause to thee."

The ROYAL BLUSH OF SHAME

The last charge is read. John Huss turns toward the emperor and dieta. He came to this council of my own free will, with a safe-conduct from the emperor. I came in the full confidence that no violence should be done me, and that I might prove my innocence. The emperor grows red in the face; and that blush of shame has its mighty influence in days to come, when another emperor is tempted by church dignitaries to destroy Luther, though he has a passport, as had John Huss. All the bitter years, over a hundred of them, have preached their lesson; and Luther goes away from the council unharmed. Thus the truth has grown mighty enough to prevail against the church dogmas that faith need not be kept with heretics.

But to resolute: Sigismund blushes at the true words of Huss, for the emperor knows the safe-conduct has been taken away. In shame, the emperor sits, with downcast eyes. Everybody can see the reddening of his cheeks. Without trial, Huss is sentenced to death. He is to be burned. Huss prays for God to forgive them, and the council smile at his prayer. Then Huss is officially degraded. A bishop’s robe in derision is thrown over his shoulders.

"Confess your errors and retract them before it is too late," Huss said to people. "The bishop," he says, "wants me to retract; but if I were to do so, I should be a liar before God."

They place a chalice in his hands, then take it away, saying, "O thou cursed Judas, we take from thee this chalice, in which the blood of Christ is offered for the remission of sins."

"Confiding in my God and Savior," Huss replies, "I cherish the hope that he will not take from me the cup of his salvation."

DOES MIGHT MAKE RIGHT?

Thus did majorities seek to prove that they rule in questions of conscience, of right, of truth. But greater than the majority, greater than the emperor, pope, or archbishop, is John Huss, calm, peaceful,
quiet, while the emperor sits shamed face, a coward. One word of his would set the prisoner free. But a trimmer to the demands of the enemies of Huss, he has come to think that he is not obliged to keep faith with his conscience. He even believes that the council has power to make wrong right. Yet the emperor cannot forget the untruth of his act, and can not read the dictates of conscience. He knows that he is committing an act that will ever be potent to redress his cheeks with shame.

"Let him be accused of God and man eternally." Such is the decree against Huss; but he replies, "I am willing thus to suffer for the truth in the name of Christ." Then they place a paper cap upon his head—a mock crown, with figures of devils upon it, and the inscription, "This is a heretic." At last the emperor speaks the fatal words, "Give him over to the beadle." And so they burn him, though Bishop Silvius says of him, "He goes as if on his way to a banquet." Huss is not afraid. He trusts in the power of truth and the great God of truth, though he be burned in the fire they kindled, they throw his prisoner free. But a trimmer to the devil's dictates of conscience. Jo

Majorities do not rule, can not rule, in questions of conscience. Man's will can and must be coerced. Religious liberty is each man's God-given heritage, his royal birthright. All the hosts of earth can not take it away. Christ came to "break every yoke," and to "let the oppressed go free." Stone walls can not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. He whom Christ makes free, is free indeed. All the men of earth but he may join in voting him martyr or slave, but he may still remain in his divine prerogative a free, true man.

Truth is what it is, regardless of men's attitude. It is eternal, unchangeable. It is forever mighty, and it will and must prevail.—Lucas A. Reed, in Signs of the Times.

"Holiness, says Dr. Phelps, quoting an early New England divine, "is something of God, wherever it is. It is an efflux from him, and lives in him; as the sunbeams, although they gild this lower world, and spread their golden wings over us, yet they are not so much here where they shine as in the sun from whence they flow. For such holy joy in God we must have much of the spirit of him who rose up a great while before day and departed into a solitary place and prayed the morning star finding him where the evening star left him."
less the reluctance to commit themselves was due not so much to unwillingness as to an appreciation of the difficulties of the undertaking, self-distrust, and failure to count upon the Power available for their help. I should add that at each of these meetings Mr. Davis has, in a few earnest words, charged each personal responsibility that each one had to the relatives and friends whose only chance of hearing of the Savior might be through them.

It should be said that at this meeting it was reported that, of the thirty-three probationers reported at the first meeting, twenty and an additional five personal recruits had been baptized, and there were twenty-seven new probationers.

It was left with the Executive Committee to arrange the program for the consecration services for the newly elected officers of the church. This committee came together on a week-day afternoon, some of them business men and living a half-hour's journey or more from the place of meeting, and for two full hours considered matters pertaining to the work of the church. This certainly was something to notice and for which to be grateful.

The consecration service, which was held on October 7, included the installation of the presidents of the different offices of the church. This committee came together on a week-day afternoon, some of them business men and living a half-hour's journey or more from the place of meeting, and for two full hours considered matters pertaining to the work of the church. This certainly was something to notice and for which to be grateful.

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Mr. Davis, replied, expressing his appreciation of the work done by Dr. Davis, saying that the church of today is what it is because of the work and workers of years gone by. He emphasized the fact that the church of the future will depend in large measure upon the character and work of Christians of today. Mr. Davis has been doing a man's work ever since his arrival in China and his efforts, as well as his remarks on this occasion, have been with the purpose of inspiring the church members to take hold of the work with determination and enthusiasm.

Following his remarks those elected to the offices of evangelist, deacons, superintendents, and Bible-women, each gave a brief statement of his or her conversion and experience and then all the officers-elect went forward and all stood while the consecration prayer was offered.

In connection with these meetings it will be seen that there has been much to encourage us, and those who know about such work need not be told there have also been disappointing features. The movement has all been along the right line, however.

There is a matter which, following the principle of first asking the God of heaven and then telling the people, ought to be passed on to the Recorder readers.

It has been mentioned in various connections that the last concession of territory in Shanghai to the French included our compound. Before Dr. Davis passed on to his reward some French authorities came and drew a line along the eastern side of the compound where the Girls' School stands, taking a strip of the land from twenty or more feet wide to twelve, and passing the entire distance of the school including one of the dining rooms, a recital room, the nurses' rooms, the wash rooms, and wash rooms. Their purpose was to widen the road on the east and to straighten it. This road is the boundary between Chinese territory and the French Concession. The road is already unusually wide but doubtless the French wish to widen the part that they control. Dr. Davis was on hand to remove the line and to make what seemed to be an effective protest. We were told that the French said at that time that it would wait for our buildings to burn down.

Two or three weeks ago the French waited upon us again, coming with quite a company to survey our compound. When a protest was advanced against their trespassing Mr. Davis immediately went out and claimed the land as his own. The movement has also been considerable. The movement has also been considerable.

Mr. Davis has been to the Consul to see what can be done about it and finds that beyond insisting upon an appraisement of the value and insisting upon some recompense being given nothing can be done.

Some small buildings along the roadside, while not the name and address of the owners, are necessary to us. We have not been able to see what we can do if there are to come down. If the owners of the land west of the church would sell us a suitable lot and if there were money with which to buy it and to put up the buildings we would feel that the exchange had been a blessing. Our present building is in rather too conspicuous a place for a girls' school since the canal to the sea has been converted into a thoroughfare and the footpath on the north has become a road.

On the man-side of the situation, so far as the French are concerned, there seems little to hope for: so far as the money is concerned, there are only the few hundred dollars we have been saving for some years in sight. On the God-side of it we know there is unlimited power and wisdom.

You will have heard how Dr. Palmborg and Mr. Crandall have been putting in some work from well. You will be glad to know that Dr. Crandall is with us in Shanghai. There were many reasons why it was the wisest thing for Dr. Palmborg to bring her here. She will have charge of the dining room and though she might be getting steadily better. We hope Dr. Palmborg will be getting better soon, too. She has certainly had a de-
who are without it. It seems to me, her safe

of witchcraft, as were blessed

States in which Lone

school. don't

A Letter

the teacher was converted dur-

years ago a young man of our city

DEAR

thirteen year the teacher was converted dur-

there would rejoice if this could be said of all the

stated that Indiana was entitled to first if a revival breaks out in

degree-like


glad-if;

that Indiana was entitled to first if a revival breaks out in

1007 Jackson St.,

MRS. MARTHA H. WARNER.

La Porte, Ind.,

Nov. 21, 1916.

Another Word

I have just come from the funeral in their great new cathedral of Bishop Mills-

paugh of the Episcopal church here. His
crowning work—the new $100,000 cat-	headral—was nearly complete when he was
called to his reward.

I had been taking life easy today, writing

nothing for the Recorder. Thought if the
editor published my last remittance it would
be strong enough for two. And then I sent
out some telegrams this week and am begin-
ing to get replies that open my eyes and
compel me to add a word. There are two:

Shame and confession are the portion of

mankind. I have no business to be occupied

with is my excuse. I am going to have the canvass for

subscribers made. Plans have already been laid and the young people are to make

the canvass. I expect to give, full co-

operation.

"Your telegram came last night. I am sorry that I can not hold out on the Re-
corder Increase Campaign; but I am loaded to the breaking point, and can not take

that added burden. If the Recorder

people want to put a man in here to can-
vass the field, I will be only too glad."

What I want to say now is, first, God bless and uplift our overburdened preach-
ers; and second, where are all the rest of

our church workers besides the pastors?
Why should not the trustees of the church,
or the Woman's Society, or the Young Per-

son, or the Sabbath school, or some com-
mitee take up this work? No need to ride

the pastor to death, if there are any other live ones in the church, with an ounce of

initiative, Brethren, pray get busy in your

church, and you'll have your pastor's man-
cipation.

THE PASTOR'S FRIEND,

G. M. COTTERELL,

Secretary L. S. K.'s.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Hope

M. E. H. EVERTT

How all the world is changed, dear,

When the sun is gone away,

And over fields once golden

Strange, waving shadows stray;

The winds that sang so lightly

When everything was bright

Breathed but a mournful cadence

To greet the coming night.

How everything would change, love,

If hope should fly away;

Strange shadows from the future

Would fit across our way.

Our hearts that sing so lightly

The present of delight

Would wait in boding silence

The coming of the night.

We can not keep the sun, dear,

That is in God's own hand.

And he will bring it back to us,

For that is what he planned:

But hope may never more return

If once she leaves her nest.

So we will hide her safe and warm

Beneath our throbbing breast.

Out in India in the mountains I have

heard, in the twilight hour, a call from the
ridge that rings through the stillness
comes a call, and from the ridge above me
comes the response. And then I can hear
in a moment more a faint call from a far
ridge, away up and beyond, sounding
almost like a distant echo. What did it
mean? I thought if the man close above me
was passing the word from the man be-

low to the man beyond. The man below
could never have reached the other man ex-
cept for the man who stood on the middle
ridge. Oh, friend, if he is a man down here
who will never hear the Man up there,
unles you become the one on the middle
ridge.—Unknown.

It is estimated that in Africa as many
people lose their lives in one year as a result
of witchcraft, as were killed in the first
year of the war in Europe. This is a part of
their religion, and yet there are dear
good souls who think the heathen should not
be disturbed in the "enjoyment" of their
religion. The Mohammedans do not think
so. Already every third person in Africa is
a Mohammedan, and unless the Christian
Church bestirs herself millions more will
go over in the next few years.—Baptist
Commonwealth.
A Prayer

"Almighty God, grant, we beseech thee, that thy Word may be preached in the earth, until all nations shall have heard the glorious truth of the one living and true God; the intellect no longer degraded; the reason no longer offered up in superstitious sacrifice; the body, soul, and spirit thine—thy wanderer, thy strayed sheep, but called by thy undying love back to thyself, until at last the wide, wide world shall know the Father-God, and there shall be but one fold and one Shepherd, one God and Father of us all. Amen."

Big Jobs Awaiting Us

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, December 2nd

Daily Readings
Sunday—A nation-founder (Gen. 12: 1-5)
Monday—Joshua’s job (Deut. 3: 1-18)
Tuesday—Priestly feast (Exod. 28: 1-10)
Wednesday—A city-builder (Neh. 2: 11-20)
Thursday—A lone apostle (2 Cor. 10: 7-18)
Friday—The city (Ezek. 9: 1-10)
Saturday—Big jobs awaiting us (Exod. 3: 1-14)

Stated in general terms, the jobs that are awaiting Christendom seem incomprehensible, staggering. We must use such common parlance in speaking of the work of the kingdom of God. Time was, perhaps, when religious work was not closely enough associated in vocabulary with everyday drudgery, but we have now gone to the other extreme. We Americans are always going to extremes. Some preachers now even dare to make use indiscriminately of slang in their preaching. My dictionary says that a "job" is "a piece of work, especially of a tempering nature; any scheme for making money or securing private advantage at public expense." Not long ago a trusted official of Onondaga County, New York, did that kind of a job. He had been a citizen of good reputation. He has just been convicted of bribery, and there is a prison sentence hanging over his head. The county had to follow him to the wilds of South America to find him. It cost the county and State thousands of dollars to convict him. Reputation and honor gone; five years he has kept it up, and I have nothing to write that would do any one good; so I didn’t do it. Lately life has been too strenuous to admit of it.

A Letter From Dr. Palmberg

Dear Home Friends:

In looking over some old RECORDERS the other day, I came across a list of the Tent Legion on the Young People’s Page, and remembered that when it first came I felt inclined to write and tell you how much I enjoyed being a tither, but I think I never did it. So, as I was intending to write to the Recorder anyway in this mail, I will send my letter to this department this week. When I found, after a careful searching of the Bible in regard to the Sabbath question, that it was my duty to become a Seventh Day Baptist, I also found that I ought to give at least as much to God as the Jews were required to; so I began a new church meeting and started at the $1,000 level. At that time my tithe amounted to fifteen cents a week, and I gladly put it by itself in a little box, and always had something to give to every cause, cheerfully, as it was already given and not mine, so there was no cause for questioning whether or not I could afford it. When I became a teacher, I think my pleasure in receiving an increase in income was as much on account of the larger tithe as for any other reason. All these thirty-five years I have kept it up, and I simply mean to show that tithing for love of God brings joy, and a joy in giving for his work. He also takes care that the one who cheerfully tithes shall not suffer for it financially. So I am rejoiced over the growth of the church, for it is sure that it opens the windows of heaven for the blessings to come through.

It was my turn to write to the Recorder in August, but I was so "blue" that it seemed I had nothing to write that would do any one good; so I didn’t do it. Now there seems to have come a little oasis in the general dreariness and I am availing myself of its calm and quietness. For the time being I have vacated our vacations either in the spring or fall, but this year we thought best to take them in the summer, I having mine first. I went to Japan with Mrs. D. H. Davis to the home of a lady doctor, an old friend of both of us. I had been there only a little over a week when I was taken sick. The trouble was one I had had about one fourth of the time for almost a year, but in an aggravated form, which would not yield to treatment. The doctor in whose home we were was sure I had a disease which in this country, and Japan too, is practically incurable. I came home, thinking I could do better looking after my diet, etc., at home, and soon, as I seemed a little better, I persuaded Dr. Crandall to go for her vacation, as there were rather important reasons why she should. She did so very reluctantly, because I was not quite well, but I felt I would be able to get on and do barely what was necessary. I have had some very hard cases, which I could not well refuse, as I was the only one here who could save them. My old helper, who left me to be married three years ago, also came out to stay with me and try to regain her health. For many months she had been ill and growing worse. Her heart was in a very weak condition. While here she had
dertaken by the Young People’s Board—our board—for the coming year, as set forth in our budget and goals? Are you among those who are working with the necessary sacrifices that are needed to carry out the work?"
an attack of fever which continued for several days, during which her heart grew much weaker and one morning it refused to go any longer, and she suddenly and quietly passed away. Then I had to send for her husband, who was sickening from his work. Miss Bailey of the family came from their home eighteen miles away, and we had a funeral service the next day, Mr. Eugene Davis kindly coming from Shanghai to conduct it.

There were many signs that the Lord was watching over me, and providing for my needs, when they seemed to be more than I could stand up under. One such was when my old teacher, who is also our chief helper in Shanghai, Mr. Dzau Sing-chung, appeared suddenly to help me out with the Sabbath school. There was a missionary friend who had gone to Shanghai—via Christian Home, but here to see her at my request, so he was in the hospital. We have money for the night.

I must close, and in doing so I ask your prayers for ability to do the work before us, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Your fellow-worker,
Rosa Palmborg.
Lieu-oo, China.

Self-restraint for Verse Makers

One of the greatest newspapers in this country finds it necessary to issue words of advice to versifiers who send their metrical output in great volume to its editor. Fifty productions of this sort are said to arrive each day. In partial explanation of the fate which most of these suffer, it is alleged that they are not written plainly enough to be read with ease; they are not accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors; they are written on both sides of the paper, and are often spread on large unfolded sheets, which require the use of huge envelopes, and make huge inconvenient packages for a busy man’s desk.

The grievance of our office is not merely that these defects are all illustrated in the copious effusions which arrive, but also that there is a multitude of persons who could write good prose if they tried will insist on trying to write poetry, which is impossible for them. Five sixths of the unsolicited contributions sent to us are in verse, though unnumbered; the paper with care must know that only a few inches of poetry are ever introduced into our columns.

No one should write poetry if he can avoid it. Persons who are tempted to try their hands at it should realize that they have acquired no energy to possess. If, after attempting to suppress the effervescence within them, they find that it must have vent or produce a catastrophe, we suppose that the principle of “safety first” would permit the discharge of the inspiration in accommodating stanzas.—Christian Herald.

There is contagion in a sweet and beautiful character, for health is contagious as well as disease. We are all the time giving to others either wholesome or unwholesome moods—poisoning their atmosphere with doubt and suspicion, or clearing it with helpfulness and good cheer.—Phelps Brooks.
The Bigger Contract
ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

"Want any help holding down your job, Billy?"

Billy MacArthur, frantically searching among the letters and papers stowed away in the numerous drawers and pigeon-holes of the old-fashioned desk in the front part of his father's store, looked up in consternation. "Could it be possible that it was one o'clock, and the boy was already on their way to Slade Park? At any rate, here was Ted Wilkins, just at a time when Billy did not care for his company. But Ted's father is sick, everything seems bound to go wrong. Have you any errands to do?"

"Not just now, Ted; there's one special job for me to attend to just now, and I shouldn't know how to help with it. You're both needed at the park, anyway, so trot along. Maybe things will straighten themselves out in an hour or so; but if I'm not on hand, don't worry. I'll come if I can. If I don't come, you'll know I can't, so don't send for me!"

"You won't fail us, Billy?" Dick put in, anxiously. "I wish you'd promise us that much. The races won't be anything unless you're in them. Better shut the bandbox in the office one."

"I'll come if I can," Billy repeated, turning abruptly back to the desk and the waiting pile of letters.

"I know well enough what they're saying," he thought as he hastily sorted the envelopes. "They're saying it's all nonsense to keep this store open even one day in the week, when there isn't business enough to pay a clerk's wages, and not even enough support three people without the help of the farm. Let me think it over."

If Grandfather MacArthur had given us the place to use just as we pleased, instead of tying a string to it by putting it in the will that the store must be kept open —a paper of which neither Mrs. MacArthur nor Billy knew anything. Why the order had come to the little country store, no one seemed to remember. Bert had accepted it thankfully, though he was half sick when it came, and now, try as hard as he might, he couldn't seem to remember where he had put the long list of articles. Without this, the contract was lost.

But there might still be a paper of pins or a yard of calico, we could have sold it and moved to town. The farm's all right, but what can any one expect from a store in a poky little village of a dozen or two houses, a church, and a blacksmith shop? And what can we do when order teams come from the city three times a week, and will bring folks anything they want? I don't wonder the boys take us as a joke. But what else can we do? And why that paper? And Billy worked frantically while the hands on the clock moved nearer and nearer the hour.

This was the Boy Scouts' Field Day, the great event of the year at Dayville. For months the boys had been planning and working for it, hoping that it would be a success. Indeed, success meant a two weeks' outing at the camping ground at Watchaugh, while failure meant no outing at all. And outings in Dayville were few and far between. It had worked as hard and as enthusiastically as any one under three or four weeks before, when his father had been taken with a slow fever. Since then, most of the boy's time had been spent at the store. There had been even less business than usual, and he had had little trouble in attending to it; but, late yesterday afternoon his father had awakened from a long, restful sleep, seemingly much better, and with a clear mind, but greatly worried about the order he had agreed to fill and deliver in good condition by six o'clock of the fifteen day of the month. Today was the fifteenth, and only four hours remained in which to get together the long list of groceries and supplies and deliver them at the camp at Elston Pond, a distance of eight miles. A party of young men from the city were expected at the tent for a race with themselves. Mr. Henderson, with whom Mr. MacArthur had made the agreement, was probably already looking for the supplies.

The paper containing the order must have been the one Billy's father had mentioned so many times during the past few weeks—a paper of which neither Mrs. MacArthur nor Billy knew anything. Why the order had come to the little country store, no one seemed to remember. Bert had accepted it thankfully, though he was half sick when it came, and now, try as hard as he might, he couldn't seem to remember where he had put the long list of articles. Without this, the contract was lost.

But what else can we do? And why that paper? And Billy worked frantically while the hands on the clock moved nearer and nearer the hour.

It was stifling in the little, narrow room, and from the one large window Billy could see low banks of thunderclouds which might break a storm. It would be a long hard drive to Elston Pond. If he had everything ready to start at once, it would be hard enough; but to be caught out in a thunderstorm, in the long, lonely stretch of woods between Dayville and the camp, was not an experience he would like to have. If only I could leave the store now, thought Billy as he sat there, "I might have a chance at the races; but the only race I seem to be having is a race with myself. Shall I go? Would it be right? Maybe I ought to have searched the back store first. Anyhow, I guess I'd better shut that window near the flour barrels, in case it does storm."

The clock struck half past two just as Billy brought the window down with a jar that sent to the floor a small packing box resting on top of one of the flour barrels. Its contents were scattered in several directions. Billy, stooping to pick up a hammer, some nails, and a shingle, discovered something that caused him to stand stark still for half a minute, then suddenly to rush pell-mell to the deck.

"The list! the list!" he cried as he drew a carefully typewritten paper from an envelope. "Yes, sir, here it is. It's found! Father must have dropped it when he tried to open those last cases, and I haven't had any occasion to notice them since he was taken sick. This means work. I guess I'll run over and tell the folks first, and then come back and lock the door against interruptions.

From Slade's Park came occasional sounds that ordinarily would have caused Billy MacArthur to lose no chance of adding his voice to the chorus; but not today. Resolutely he turned his back on every outside noise. Again and again after a long search he took from the well-filled shelves, and deposited on the counter nearest the door. Fortunately, every item on the list was in stock. If the little country store couldn't supply baseball mitts at a minute's notice, it could furnish any article of food at the best quality one would be likely to find in such a place.

"There, that's done!" thought Billy, as he carefully checked each item. "It must have meant more to father than I realized. I wonder how it would do to put in a bushel or some of those early apples, just for good measure. Apples always come in handy." Billy knew that his father would experience to be caught out in a thunderstorm, in the long, lonely stretch of woods between Dayville and the camp, was not an experience he would like to have. If only I could leave the store now, thought Billy as he sat there, "I might have a chance at the races; but the only race I seem to be having is a race with myself. Shall I go? Would it be right? Maybe I ought to have searched the back store first. Anyhow, I guess I'd better shut that window near the flour barrels, in case it does storm."

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Thunderclouds were still to be seen, and Billy took the precaution to put in an extra waterproof cover; in case it rained. The horses were slow, and probably would persist in taking their time. Between Dayville and Elson Pond there were just six houses, and these were far apart. If caught in a storm, there would be little chance to secure shelter. If the supplies could only be made to the camp before the rain fell, Billy would be thankful.

On and on Billy urged the little farm team, and nobly did they respond to his urging. So, in spite of poor roads and almost unbearable heat, they made much better progress than he had dared to hope. Still, they might go a little faster. Past the fourth house they hurried. It was thundering now, and far away in the distance Billy could see an almost incessant display of lightning ahead of the greater part of the way, the tall, thickly growing trees on either side of the road, and the clouded sky, made the wood seem darker than ever. An occasional drop of rain warned Billy that it would be wise to cover the supplies before he went on. One could tell what might happen before he reached the camp, which must now be two miles distant.

It took but a short time to adjust the covers, Billy making sure that every article was well protected. This was not so well favored, for he had not once thought of his raincoat, and to attempt to carry an umbrella was altogether out of the question. Ten minutes after he passed the fifth house, the storm broke. Billy was half tempted to go back and seek shelter in the old deserted barn not far from the road. But time was too precious, and another mile would bring him to the camp. It was so dark now that he could hardly see the road ahead of him, except when sharp flashes of lightning showed him the way. Somewhere, not many rods off, a tree crashed to the ground, and the horses cringed at its fall. Soothingly he urged them on.

"Never mind, we're almost there," Billy spoke at last as he turned the little bay team into the narrow road that led to Camp Elson. "'Whew, but it's fortunate there's a barn here."

Mr. Henderson spied the team before Billy could jump down from his seat. "I'll open the shed door, and you can drive right in," he called from the back porch of the old farmhouse. Billy was only too glad to do this, for here the supplies would be safe until the storm was over. The horses needed attention first.

"It looks as if some one besides the horses needs attention," said Mr. Henderson, as he helped unfasten the traces. "You're wet as a drowned rat."

"Just feel like one, too," laughed Billy, shaking the water from his coat. "It's the worst storm I ever traveled in."

"It's the worst we've had in years, and it's not over yet," replied Mr. Henderson. "Now you just make a bee line for the house and a fire. You're not going back tonight."

"Not if you'll keep me one," agreed Billy, starting to run. "The folks will not expect me if it storms."

"Anything wet?" asked Billy some time later as, arrayed in a much-too-large suit of Mr. Henderson's, he helped carry the contents of the wagon from the shed to the house.

"Not a thing; everything's in first-class condition. These apples are beauties. The fellers will get wild over them, for we've had a hard time getting good apples this summer. Tell your father I'm well pleased; he'll hear from me later."

"I shouldn't mind camping here myself," thought Billy, as he turned away from the Henderson camp very early the following morning. It looks lots more inviting than the store down home. It's even better than Watchaug, and that's no mean place. The Hendersons must make money on their camp. I only hope the folks here'll have as jolly a time as the fellows are going to have—that is, if things went off all right yesterday. Somehow those races seem ages off now. Morning for the store and work! I'll take some ordering to fill up those shelves again."

Five days after the Boy Scouts' Field Day had gone down into history as a great success, in spite of the storm that had interrupted the last of the sports, Billy MacArthur handed his father an envelope so thin that it bore no evidence of its valuable contents, an envelope by which Joshua G. Henderson had left at the store a few minutes earlier.

"Open it, Billy," Mr. MacArthur said as he gave it back to his son. "My hands are not good for much these days." So Billy opened it and read.

**DEAR SIR:**

I know that you are not yet able to talk over business matters, but perhaps a little good news was necessary. We are planning to put two sawmills in the wood this summer. Dayville is just beyond Elson Pond this fall, one at the north end, the other at the south. There's timber enough there to keep them for a long time. In a few days I shall be ready to talk over the matter of signing a contract to furnish all necessary groceries and supplies for a large force of men at each end. Help will be housed on the land. If you can do as well with this as you did with the smaller order—and I know you can—you will mean a big thing for you. With all good wishes,

Respectfully yours,

JOSHUA G. HENDERSON.

"Shall we sign it, Billy?" asked Mr. MacArthur, after a moment of intense silence. "If we do, and make good, the success of the store is certain, for other business will be sure to follow."

"Sign it? Why, of course we'll sign it! We'd be only spiting ourselves not to," declared Billy, as he started for the door. "Won't we sign it, though?" he repeated as he opened the old-fashioned desk in the store ten minutes later, preparatory to marking out an order for supplies. "Joshua G. Henderson's the man for Maybe of course we'll sign it! moment."

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The Necessity of Short Sermons

An extended clipping comes to the Continent from a daily newspaper, telling of a Congregational meeting in which a call was issued to a minister by a large church. There are several arresting things in the story which invite comment—such as the suggestion that one brother ought to be called because he could be had at a smaller salary than another on account of being less laden with family cares. But attention is challenged especially by the favorable argument in behalf of a candidate (it seems that four "candidates" were voted for at one time—a custom which we thought obsolete) that he preached short sermons!

A pillar (no, not a pillow) of the church said that "dozens of people" had come to him during the quest for a pastor and had urged that whatever they did they must not get a man who preached long sermons. The candidate mentioned would exactly fill the bill, because he preached only twenty or twenty-two minutes—the pillar knew because he had made inquiry in his home city! The clipping did not go so, but at least at just this point one said, told again, as though he had just heard of it, that "President Hadley of Yale once said" that they had no rule as to the length of sermons in Yale chapel, but it was generally understood that no one is saved after the first twenty minutes to meet the necessities of grown men!

"Two minutes to meet the necessities of grown men!"—said the minister, "short, swift, soon over, so that reading long editorials in daily papers nowadays? Most papers do not expect them to be read, so they serve their readers paragraphs so brief that no serious question can be seriously dealt with, knitting writing is the thing—short, swift, swift, so that readers can get to the next thing. It is wretched mental habit, of course, but who is to tell us that? Even banquetts cannot be content with one speaker; there must be several, each speaking but a few minutes; make a pledge of the committee as to time. Men ought not to be asked to think long a time about anything. Business interviews are set to the minute; minds will not endure lengthy presentations.

Carry that over into the religious life and you get the one-service-a-day worshipper, with his primary demand for a twenty-minute sermon. Laymen need to face clearly what that means—the lessening of inspirational and instructive teaching of great truths. The minister does not live who can educate and train a church in the great truths of the gospel with such a time limit set on his sermons and the constant sense of the drawing of watches as he preaches.—The Continent.

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. LESTER CHARLES RANDOLPH, D. D., Contributing Editor

Letter From the Secretary of Sabbath School Board

DEAR SABBATH SCHOOL Worker:
The Sabbath School Board extends greetings and comes to you with plans for a more successful year in our Sabbath-school work. Last year a considerable advance was made, the "Forward Movement" idea striking a responsive chord in the hearts of many of our Sabbath-school workers. The Forward Movement is a settled policy of our denomination. This year our goal is 500 new members and we can easily attain it if we work for it. We did better than that last year. Look: we added 574 names to our membership last year, and we did not begin to exhaust our resources.

We are asking you to make a 10 per cent increase to your membership roll this year, the same as last. It means work, but the cause demands it. Look here: of our 574 increase last year, 165 were the names of those added to our foreign Sabbath schools. They are not added to foreign schools made almost one third of the increase. Brethren, let us wake up and do our part.

Have you organized a workers' meeting in your Sabbath school? A Sabbath school without a workers' meeting is drifting and is without a definite aim or goal. Better organize your teachers and workers and have a meeting once a month. Then watch your school grow and do better work.

Will you please read again the article on page 475 in the Recorder of October 9? See what Superintendent Hubbard is doing in the Plainfield School. By the way, at the last General Conference the Plainfield School secured the banner as being the most efficient school in the denomination, judged by the answers received to the score cards we sent out last May. You will hear more from us about score cards very soon.

Did you observe Rally Day and Promotion Day this fall? Are any of your adult or teen-age classes organized? An organized adult class is the most effective means of bringing new members into the Sabbath School.

Why not make a survey of your community and find out just what are the possibilities for increasing your membership? To accomplish the most, systematic efforts must be employed.

Speak to the people that they go forward.

On behalf of the Sabbath School Board, A. L. Burdock, Secretary.

Jonesville, Wis., Nov. 28, 1916.

Lesson XII.—December 16, 1916


Golden Text.—"Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them and they shall be his peoples." Rev. 21: 3.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 10—Rev. 21: 1-14. The Holy City
Dec. 11—Rev. 21: 22-27, Presence of God
Dec. 12—Rev. 22: 1-6

The Conviction of Inferiority

It is a lamentable thing when one is convinced of his own inferiority. Brand such a sentiment upon his immost fibers, and that man is doomed to be a hewer of wood and a draver of water. It is particularly unfortunate when children are twitted, taunted, and terrified with appellations indicating stupidity and imbecility. To be branded "dull," or dubbed a "blockhead," or discounted as a "good-for-nothing" will cruel the spirit of a sensitive child or crush it outright as a shaft of steel smashes bone and marrow. Are not many parents and teachers positively criminal in this respect? God Almighty has the right to affix to any individual the badge of inferiority. Let no man dare assume the divine prerogative.—Biblical Record.

"To feel as time goes by that one is stronger than he used to be, that his besetting sins are losing something of their power, that he is surely on the winning side—this is a reward of a faithful Christian life."
Deaths

Brooks.—Margaret Abigail Brooks was born near Shiloh, N. J., January 2, 1832, and died at the home of her son in Bridgeton, N. J., November 23, 1916, aged 84 years, 10 months, and 21 days.

She was the daughter of Abel and Abigail Ayers Davis. Her early years were spent on the old homestead near the village of Shiloh. She was united in marriage to Jonathan Brooks in 1850. To them were given seven children,—five sons and two daughters. The greater part of her married life was spent in or near Bridgeton. On March 30, 1900, they celebrated their golden wedding and on the eighth of the following July Mr. Brooks was thrown from a wagon and so fatally injured that he died in a few days. Since her husband's death she has made her home with some of the children. Except one daughter, who died in infancy, all her children are living, and are left to mourn the loss of a devoted mother.

In 1884, she was baptized by Rev. David Clawson and received into membership of the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church, and in 1886, transferred her membership by letter to the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she was a faithful member until called to the church above. In 1881, her husband embraced the Sabbath and was baptized and received into the Shiloh Church by Rev. T. L. Gardiner. In her songbook, "Christian Psalmody" (Seventh Day Baptist), were many marked hymns, among which was the following one by Watts marked "My Prayer."

"O could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

"Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

"Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

"Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Thus has ended a useful Christian life in this world but her influence for good will continue to be felt. Funeral services were held in the Shiloh church, conducted by her pastor, Etroe E. Sutton, Sunday afternoon, November 26, 1916.

--George Macdonald.

Christianity when lived so as to help others, taught so as to uplift others and worked out in kindly deeds for the poor, the sinful, the hungry, cold and cheerless, becomes a magnificent reward both to the giver and to the receiver."
The Sabbath Recorder

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
Ludde G. Borch, Business Manager
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Royal Bridal Wreaths

A pretty custom dating from the wedding of the late Queen Victoria was observed throughout her reign, says Sir Henry Lucy, in "Sixty Years in the Wilderness." A sprig of the myrtle which formed part of the royal bride's wreath was carefully cultured and in due time planted out. When the Princess Royal was married sprigs were cut for her bridal wreath from this myrtle tree. The Princess, following her mother's example, had one of the sprigs cared for till it became a full-sized tree, which served for her daughter-in-law's wreath at the wedding of the present Emperor of Germany. The custom was observed on the marriage of the Prince of Wales and all other of Queen Victoria's children and grandchildren. There is already, as the result of this charming custom, the making of a grove of myrtle trees.—East and West.

"I am sorry to see so many of our preachers losing their grip, letting their vision become bewildered, getting frantic because they mistake the transition of temporary institutions for the decadence of eternal truth, wildly running to one expedient after another, wasting their substance in riotous experimentation, mistaking the momentary splash for the unyielding bilow; instead of standing calm and firm and strong in an age if outward transition, waiting with patience and assurance for the sure returning tides of God."—Charles S. Macfarland.
"THE GREAT TEST"

or

The Struggles and Triumph of Lorna Selover

By REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

This is the serial story which ran in The Sabbath Recorder and received so many favorable comments by the readers of that magazine. It is the story of the perplexities of a young college girl in her religious life: whether she should follow the dictates of her own conscience or accept the beliefs and practices of her family and friends. Into the life of Lorna Selover comes Montrose Ellington, a young man who is preparing to become a Presbyterian minister. The trials, perplexities and joys which befell these young people is admirably told by the author in "The Great Test."

"The Great Test" is a book of 275 pages, 5½ by 8½ inches, printed on fine antique book paper and bound in full cloth permanent binding. It is sold at this price only from the fact that the type was saved when the Recorder was printed in The Recorder and the paper was purchased before the phenomenal advance in price.

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Rev. E. E. Sutton, Shiloh, N. J.
Miss Ethlyn Davis, Leonardsville, N. Y.
Rev. A. C. Ehret, Adams Center, N. Y.
Rev. A. C. Ehret, Adams Center, N. Y.
Franklin F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y.
Rev. E. F. Loopboro, Little Genesea, N. Y.
W. Guy Polan, Jackson Center, Ohio.
Rev. Leslie O. Greene, Farina, Ill.
Rev. C. S. Sayre, Athlon, Wis.
Rev. H. N. Jordan, Milton Junction, Wis.
Leland C. Shaw, Milton, Wis.
C. B. Louthbourrow, Walworth, Wis.
Mrs. Mary Andrews, Boulder, Colo.
N. O. Moore, 2096 Howard St., Riverside, Cal.
Miss Tacy Coon, 124 Ann St., Battle Creek, Mich.
John Balcock, New Auburn, Wisconsin.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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THE PRAYER OF THE IMMIGRANT

O God, the Father of us humble folk, we need thy care. We are far from home, we are strangers; and there is none to help us. The tedious voyage, the anxiety of entrance, the confusion, the shrill commanding voices have left us sore distraught. Our women and children are weary with waiting; they crave a home and a place to rest. But thou, our God, hast quickened in our hearts this hope, this eager yearning for a better land, for fairer pay for the labor of our hands, for freedom, and for life. Sustain us. Speak to us, we beseech thee, through human lips that voice thy sympathy and loving care. Send us friends who shall surround us with thy protecting arm. Be tender toward those whom we have left behind, our loved ones too old to risk the unknown; the excluded, unfitted by adversity to endure the test. So hearten us that with cheerful mien we may give our best to the land of our adoption. And through all the trials and uncertainties of our new life, may we not lose our religious heritage, but endure patiently, and strive manfully, in the thought of him who suffered and died that we might live. Amen.—William P. Shriver.

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