A NEW YEAR'S PETITION

Light of the Years!
The way is all unknown—
Make plain my path to me,
Give me a faith serene—
The end I cannot see!
Deepen my trust! Brighten my hope!
Ere comes the evening time—
"O Light of the Years!"

Light of the Years!
Give me a work to do—
A life in service spent!
If mine but humble part,
Give me a soul content!
Sweeten my heart! Dispel my pride!
Ere comes the evening time—
"O Light of the Years!"

Light of the Years!
In midst of Life's hard fight,
And its strife and stress,
When burdened oft with care,
Thy presence soothes distress—
Strengthen my soul and nerve my will
To toil till evening time—
"O Light of the Years!"

—Joseph Henry Ayers

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Vol. 82, No. 1  January 1, 1917

The Sabbath Recorder
ALFRED UNIVERSITY

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The Seventh Day Baptist

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T HE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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Plainfield, N. J., January 1, 1917

Whole No. 3748

A Christmas Welcome
One of the most impressive scenes of this Christmas season was in the little city of Salem, where there had been a Christmas Day quarantining permission to go on the homes of their adoption in America. This year the company represented every portion of Europe from the wintry northland to the sunny hills of Sicily.

That was a strange throng of men, women and children, speaking several languages, that crowded around the tables in the big dining-room to receive a message of peace, and of welcome to America. They had made happy indeed the time they marched into the hall until they filled out again laden with gifts.

When Father Moretto pressed forward and addressed them in the Italian language some of the immigrants burst into tears and sobbed were heard all through the great company. The substance of his remarks was to the effect that they had come from a land of war to seek peace and honest work. The speaker had to pause until the weeping was less violent, and then said, "With those same tears in your eyes you are just, nearer your promised land, 'America,' the song you have heard, is the message of peace and good will. It is your welcome here." Then referring to the dark days of war in the land from which they came, he urged the immigrants to pray that peace such as we enjoy may soon come again. And the speech was so moving that the response was spontaneous and unlooked for, and the listening audience was deeply moved.

Then a representative of the Y. M. C. A. of New York City addressed the Greeks in their native tongue, and others, speaking in the Swedish, the Spanish, and the English language, followed until the company had words of good cheer, every one in his own language. Care was taken to make all the children glad with gifts of candy, nuts and toys.

Christmas Customs

In Belgium the little boys and girls would fills their shoes with beans and carrots and set them in the chimney place for old Saint Nicholas' horse. In the morning the beans and carrots would be gone and sweedmeats and cakes would be found in their places. In Italy the children would go to the church and see the pictures of the Saint. In England the children would bring up presents for Jesus makes Christmastime for them. In Spain the little ones would hide their shoes out in the bushes expecting to find them filled with good things in the morning. In France, if the child has been good he expects to find gifts in his shoes; but if he has been bad, then "Noel" would leave only a wooden horse.

In Norway or Sweden candles are placed in windows to guide "Kristiine" in bringing his gifts. All shoes must be nicely polished and set in a row before the Christmas tree. To show that all the family was peaceful in that home during the coming year, and the Bible would be read every evening of Christmas week.

In Germany the Christmas tree would be at home and services in churches would be in order. Just as the candles in the home trees are beginning to die down there would come a loud knock at the door and a large bundle containing some light gift for each member of the family would be thrown in.

Thus in every land from which those children at Ellis Island came some custom peculiar to its people has been cherished for the season. And the strangers on our shores are quite as deeply interested in the festival of "peace on earth" as any of our Americans can be. It is therefore a cause of great pleasure for the aliens arriving at
Christmas time, to find that missionary societies have provided for them a wealth of good cheer for their first Christmas in America.

"This and No More" These words are a part of a sentence found in the first editorial of the SABBATH RECORDER of December 4. The entire sentence reads: "The Tract Board is only the agent for the churches, to do their work with just what the people furnish; this and no more."

These words state the exact truth, no matter whether they refer to prospective work, or to the paying of debts; no matter whether one thinks of field work by the living missionary, or Sabbath School work by the printed page, or paying of deficits on various lines of literature including that on the Recorder year by year; in every case, and for many years, the people have understood in Rhode Island and in the end they have responded to the calls for help, thus enabling the board to meet all obligations. Please turn again to that editorial of December 4, read it carefully, and see if it does not state the exact truth. We would not change a word, but wish to emphasize the whole matter by asking you to read it again.

Recorder Canvas Our readers will be glad to know that there is a net gain in Recorder subscriptions during the last few weeks. Several churches are making a canvass, and one board in Rhode Island has sent in sixteen new subscriptions, all but two for a full year, and expects to send more when the canvass is completed.

Read Secretary Cotrell's rousing article on another page, and give six good reasons why Seventh Day Baptists should be loyal to their own.

The Twofold Christmas Message The Christmas message has been, and always will be a twofold message. There are the plains of Bethlehem, in the land of Palestine, almost a score of centuries ago, the message came to the shepherds, with thase further words, "unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." There the heavenly host sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men," a twofold message—glory to God, and peace among men; a link-

Glory to God in the Highest There is peril in these days of haste and excitement that we shall forget, and thus neglect, to give glory to God in the highest. There is a very real danger that, in the midst of the many perplexing and exacting duties of our daily lives, we shall overlook, and thus omit, the giving of glory to God in the highest. There is, it seems, a tendency, even among members of the church of Christ, driven as they are by the stress of business, overwhelmed as they are by the strain of supporting heavy burdens,—a tendency not to remember, and thus to disregard, the giving of glory to God in the highest. It is well then that, at the Christmas time we make much of song and anthem, of psalms and music, of joyful praise, and glad adoration, for thus do we give glory to God in the highest.

Peace on Earth How much we all desire peace! How much we hope for peace. How much we believe in peace! And yet it is not the peace-believer, nor the peace-hoper, nor the peace-wisher, but the peace-maker that Christ says "blessed." "for they shall be called the children of God." The world is in troublous times, and peace is so much needed. But what is peace? Is a cessation of armed hostility in national peace? Is the ceasing of fighting battles on land and sea and in the air and in the depths of the ocean, that is peace? No, as much as that is to be sought for and labored for. Did you ever see a dog fighting, and some impulse from without possibly the kick of the master's foot, separated them? But they continued to snarl and growl in anger. They were no longer fighting, but there was by no means peace between them. Before there can be real peace on earth the spirit of the Master, Jesus Christ, must rule supreme in the minds and hearts of men.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America—Commission on Sunday Observance REV. AHVA J. C. BOND The third Quadrennial Meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was held in the Second Baptist church, St. Louis, Mo., December 6-11, 1916. There were about three hundred and thirty delegates present. The Seventh Day Baptist representatives were Dean A. E. Main, President B. C. Davis, Secretary Edwin Shaw, and Pastor A. J. C. Bond. Pastor L. C. Randolph was unable to be present, and Mr. Shaw, who was a corresponding member of the Council, was given the privileges of a regular member during the meeting. A message called Brother Shaw to the bedside of his father-in-law in Florida before the meetings closed, and he asked me to report the action of the Council on the report of the Commission on Sunday Observance.

The work of the Council is done largely through the various commissions, of which there are nine or ten, each with its own administrative officers; and the most important business of the quadrennial sessions is the consideration of these reports. Most of the commissions had been busy, each in its own field, during the last four years, and hence came up to this meeting with quite full reports of work accomplished and of plans for the future. I hesitate to undertake a description of the work, lest to the neglect of all the others, lest its relative importance be exaggerated in the minds of SABBATH RECORDER readers. There is danger especially that the Commission on Sunday Observance, so close to our own eyes, shall hide from Seventh Day Baptists the great fields of Christian service represented by such commissions as those on Evangelism, Social Service, International Justice, Education, International Justice and Good Will, etc. And not to see the fields of opportunity, and not to feel the pull and hear the call to occupy them in co-operation with other Christian brethren would be a denominational chagrin. I hope some one, or more, of the members can report periodically through the SABBATH RECORDER on the work of the other commissions of the Council.

The Commission on Sunday Observance had a meeting in New York and brought a printed report for the consideration of the Commission in a meeting held in St. Louis Wednesday morning. While this printed report not be mistaken for a Seventh Day Baptist document, there were unmistakable evidences in many parts of it of Seventh Day Baptist influence. At this meeting there were members present who were not in the New York meeting, and there was a further exaggeration of material which could not be approved by our representatives. The report was then presented to the Council, and referred to the Business Committee, as were all reports, and then came back to the Council for final approval. Following the reading of the report for the first time before the Council, the chairman of the Commission, Dr. Peter Ainslie, read a communication from the Bishop of the Seventh Day Baptist members. In this we said we could not approve some things in the report because they seemed to us to savour of religious legislation, but that we would not be finding fault with ourselves, since we took it for granted that it would be regarded in the light of the constitution of the Council, which in
sures each constituent denomination perfect autonomy in all matters passed by the Council. Dr. Ainslie prefaced his reading with complimentary remarks regarding the fine spirit of our people, with some of whom he had been closely associated for several years. The reading was followed by a spontaneous and hearty applause.

The whole matter then went to the Business Committee, from which it came back to the Council Monday afternoon; and immediately there was something doing. The Business Committee recommended the approval of the report of the commission, with the omission of the pet resolution of the Seventh Day Baptists, which had been added at the St. Louis meeting of the commission, and which called upon the government to protect the divinely instituted Sunday from desecration by moving picture shows, etc. Of course, we had already registered ourselves, and the Business Committee of thirty members had no doubt been influenced thereby. The discussion from the floor which followed the presentation of the omitted resolution was animated, and withal interesting and informing. Its chief supporters were two, Mr. Bowby, of the Lord's Day Alliance, and Dr. Prime, president of the National Reform Association, both members of the Council representing their respective denominations. The former desired the help of the law in protecting a divine institution, the latter had no interest in a particular day, but since the law had established a day to be protected by law. Two very different viewpoints of course, but both pointing the same direction so far as their desire to have the resolution passed was concerned.

The opposition was voiced mainly by Dr. Lawson, Baptist, of New York City, Dr. Wenner, Lutheran, New York; Prof. Allison, of Colgate, and Dr. Moore, missionary secretary of the Methodist Church. South. Dr. Lawson was a member of the Business Committee, and stated that there was no dissenting voice in the matter as reported, and he was supported in his statement by Mr. Scott, Presbyterian, of Philadelphia, a close associate of the committee. Dr. Wenner said he represented some millions of Lutherans who claimed no divine sanction for Sunday. Dr. Moore said he could not support the resolution because Seventh Day Baptists were constituent members of the Council. (Dr. Moore said to me privately, later, that the day of the Sabbath had no more right in the discussions of the Council than had the mode of baptism.) After some discussion, Mr. Allison said they would have to include Baptists with Seventh Day Baptists as opponents of the resolution, because of principles involved. Some one pertinently asked if churches were to be included in the proposed prohibition by law of Sunday moving pictures. The resolution was finally amended so as to strike out any reference to the sacred character of the Sabbath, recognized by a majority vote, determined by the show of hands, but with a large opposing vote.

The Council soon closed, leaving me with an increased admiration of many of my brethren of other communions, and with increased confidence in the contributions which my own denomination has made, and under the blessing of God, is still to make, toward the clarification of thought regarding the vital question of the Sabbath in the most essential and far-reaching councils of Christendom, represented by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The fields of service are so vast, and the opportunities for service are so great, that I can not close this article without calling upon the brethren everywhere, throughout the denomination to pray for the new officers of the Council; for the Seventh Day Baptists who are members of the Council for two years; for our members on the commissions for the next Quadrennium; and for the denomination, that with fuller knowledge and sympathetic love, Sabbath-keeping Baptist Christianity may be true to its Heavenly-ordained task of helping to bring in the kingdom of our Lord, by making the principles of Jesus regnant in a world torn asunder and destroyed by sin.

Salen, W. Va.,

Let us read that twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew again some time, and if we have not been before, we shall be profoundly impressed by this strangely severe and significant judgment of Christ. The text was pronounced upon men in every case for the things they didn't do.—Charles S. Macfarland.

SABBATH REFORM

Tract Society Notes

Our Sabbath Evangelist, Rev. Willard D. Burdick, after a few days of rest at his home, will spend the month of January with the church at Milton in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Lester C. Randolph, who has charge of the campaign. Milton College is making to increase its endowment fund up to two hundred thousand dollars before commencement season of 1917, when it celebrates its fiftieth anniversary as a college.

Following this month spent at Milton, Brother Burdick plans to hold several Sabbath Institutes in New York. He will also give a series of lectures at Alfred Theological Seminary. He has entire charge of his schedule, and all correspondence in reference to his work should be directed to him at Milton, W. J.

The Publishing House has been very busy these weeks just before the holidays. There has been a good deal of printing for the Christmas season, cards and folders for "Greetings," special bulletins for several of the churches in Plainfield, extra work for business men at the close of the year, besides the regular issues of the various papers and magazines. All such work will bring in a little profit, and will help to meet the inevitable deficits on our publications whose paid subscriptions fall below the cost of production.

The Corresponding Secretary of the Tract Society was asked to attend the quadrennial session of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which was held in St. Louis, Mo., December 6-11, 1916. He was called away before the sessions because of illness in his family, but he feels that his visit was well worth while to the denomination that he represented. He makes no claim to securing converts to the Sabbath so far as that is a question, but the sympathetic attitude of practically all the leaders of the Federal Council towards us as a people, and of their unwillingness to take any action by way of legislation for Sunday laws that would be unacceptable to us.

Strictly speaking, the Federal Council is not a church federation. It is not a federation of churches. It is, as its name signifies, a council of committees coming from thirty different religious bodies of Protestant Christians. These people are not delegates; though that word has been applied to them. They are rather members, and that term is now being used. As a council they have no authority over any of the churches, and have no power to legislate for them. Whatever action the Council takes is merely suggestive, and its work is an endeavor to get the various denominations to cooperate voluntarily in doing such work as they can unite in. And since we as a people can not unite in the promotion of Sunday legislation, the Council out of regard to our position is ceasing to have a Commission on Sunday Observance, and in its place a Committee on a Religious Rest Day, and is making no effort to secure civil legislation to sanction the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath.

Sabbath-keeping has for its fundamental authority Divine sanction. It rests upon the eternal Word of God. But we shall often miss the mark if we emphasize only the outward observance of the individual, and give little attention to the impulse from within, for that is also important. "Out of the heart the mouth speaks," and out of the heart cometh Sabbath-keeping. I believe that from the point of argument and the presentation of knowledge and facts the Sabbath truth has become widely known and accepted. It remains for us to show by a living practical demonstration that it is possible to keep the Sabbath of Christ in the spirit of Christ.

"The Seventh Day" "A Solemn Rest"  
Arthur L. Mauaus

God finished all his work in "the sixth working day. On the "seventh day" He neither worked, nor wanted the "seventh day," therefore, became God's rest day, "A Sabbath of solemn rest unto the Lord." This fact is plainly stated in the "the
expressing yourself on the subject sounds natural.

I will truly enjoy being kept in touch with the Sabbath truth through you and your ministry. I will give you the addresses of a few more centers where the Sabbath truth is growing.

I like your style of literature. I see your line is more on the lines I am led out on.

Christian love to you in Jesus' name,

Pastor Harry Morse

The Sabbath Recorder

G. M. COTTRELL

I confess I am stumped. A third of the year gone since Conference, and so far as the reported activities in the churches show (I have not seen this week's paper) you would not know that such a thing as the Recorder canvass had ever been heard of.

- Seventh Day Baptists, what is the matter with us? Are we stupid? Are we blind? Are we deaf? Are we bankrupt? Have we no ordinary judgment, or business judgment? Have we no sanctified Christian judgment, or interest in the kingdom committed to us?

Have we lost the heart of flesh? Can we no longer be thrilled by the clarion call to holy endeavor, noble purpose, united effort? Are our strongest impulses as transient as the morning dew? We have been rightly shocked with world examples of rebellion and ungodliness. Mid smoke and thunderings the Almighty hurled his defy to his rebellious people at Sinai. They were duly impressed, but in a few days a made a golden calf to go before them in the place of their God. On Calvary God gave his only Son to save and reconcile the world. The world in masses will not have this man to rule over them, and skepticism and unbelief in both blatant and subtle forms deny his right and power to the divine office.

The present world wars have been a God has not taken away either our old-time fervor and anointing in the Spirit, and the Spirit of the Lord is giving liberty. Your letter sounds solid on the subject. Your way of
There are many trade-unionists in the churches who should co-operate in this movement and they are urged to communicate with Mr. Stelzie—addressing him at 105 East 22d Street, New York City—signing their willingness to help. These church men will be requested to distribute literature among their fellow-trade-unionists in shops and labor unions to enlist as many trade-unionists as possible in the work of the Fellowship.

Health

ARTHUR L. MANOS

According to Dr. Strong's Exhaurstive Concordance of the Bible the word 'health' occurs but twice in the English Authorized Version of the New Testament. It is from two Greek words, soteria and haplogeo. The first of these Dr. Strong defines thus:

"Soteria (so-tay-ree-ah), fem. of a der. of soter (as prop. abstr.) noun; rescue or safety (phys. or mor.)."

This word occurs about forty-five times in the Greek New Testament, and is rendered in our Authorized English Version by the term "salvation," forty-one times (as Luke 7:16; "deliver," Acts 4:34; "heal," Acts 4:29; "saved," once (Rom. 10:1); "saving," once (Heb. 11:7).

The other Greek word from which the word "health" comes in the New Testament is defined by Dr. Strong thus:

"Haplogeo (hoo-ee-ah-eh-no), from hapo to have sound health, i.e., be well (in body); fig. to be uncorrupt (true in doctrine)."

This word occurs about twelve times in the Greek New Testament, and is rendered in our common English Authorized Version by the term: "that are whole," once (Luke 7:31); "whole," once (Luke 7:10); "safe and sound," once (Luke 15:27); "sound," six times (1 Tim. 1:10; 2 Tim. 1:13; 4:3; Titus 1:9; 2:12); "wholesome," once (1 Tim. 6:3); "may be sound," once (Titus 1:13); "be in health," once (John 3:20)

When I look at my guiltiness, I see that my salvation is one of our Savior's greatest miracles, either in heaven or earth. —Rutherford.

MISSIONS

Mission Notes

The Secretary had the pleasure the other evening of sitting down with our missionary, Rev. Jay W. Crophy, and listening to letters written to Mrs. Crofoot from China, from Miss Burdick, Miss West, and Dr. Crandall, and a post card to Miss Burdick from Dr. Palmberg.

The letters were of course personal, and it was often necessary for Brother Crofoot to stop and interpret, in order that the Secretary might understand. For example, it seems that among the missionaries, Dr. Palmberg is known as "Dr. Palm," and the family of Rev. H. Eugene Davis is known as "the V's." Then there were the names of native helpers, and a few expressions evidently as used by the Chinese, that needed explanation.

These letters leaving Shanghai the 16th of November bring the information that Dr. Crandall was so nearly back to normal health that she was planning to return to Lien-oo the following week, and yet it seemed best that Miss West should go with her. Unfortunately, Lien-oo is the scene of much missionary work, while Dr. Crandall has been convalescing at the mission at Shanghai, Dr. Palmberg has been alone, of course with native friends, at Lien-oo, taking the best possible care of himself and doing only work that was absolutely necessary.

Miss Burdick had made a visit to Lien-oo, and a part of her letter was written from there, and a part while on her way back to Shanghai. She felt quite encouraged about Dr. Palmberg's health. These letters lead us to believe that when Dr. Sinclair and a fair addition of the other men come home for her furlough of a year, and then when she returns Dr. Palmberg will come home for a longer period. Though no definite word has been received from Dr. Sinclair we are looking for her to arrive here from England about the middle of January.

In these times of anxiety and strain in the mission at Shanghai, with so much of real serious illness, the assistance of Mrs. D. H. Davis has been an unfailing source of help. Just as in years gone by, when her husband was living, she has been freely giving of her faith, efficient service, teaching in the school, caring for the sick, leading in gospel service, giving wise counsel, helping and directing in the work of the mission. May her loving, loyal labor continue on without a break of any kind, the production of work well and faithfully done, but may it be known and appreciated by the people of the denomination.

Missionary Crofoot plans to be at Plainfield December 30, at New York City January 6, at Westerly January 13, and at Ashaway January 20. In the meantime he will attend the Missionary Board meeting, January 17, and the Foreign Missions Conference in New York City, January 8-10. With Mrs. Crofoot and the two children, Burdett and Anna, he is spending the holiday season at New Market with relatives and friends. He attended a Conference of Medical Missionaries at Battle Creek for a week early in December, and then visited Chicago, preaching on Sabbath Days in both these places for our people.

After closing a series of evangelistic meetings at Middle Island about December 10, our Evangelists Coon and Burdett spent a week at Lost Creek before going to their homes in Battle Creek and in Milton for the holiday season. They had been on the field since about the middle of September, at Shepherdsville, Ky., and at Berea, Middle Island, and Lost Creek, W. Va.

The Secretary, on his way to St. Louis, stopped at Salem, W. Va., and had a consultation with these devoted, consecrated men. Well may we as a people take courage and go forward with confidence when we are represented by such able and faithful leaders giving themselves in the service of our Master for the salvation of men.

January 1, 1917, Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins will enter the work of our Missionary Society as an evangelist to labor with Evangelist D. Burdett Coon. Plans are being made for a series of meetings to be held in the month with the church at West Edmiston, N. Y. Let us remember these men and the people of West Edmiston and vicinity in our daily prayers.
Java Letter

Dear Friends:

Last month I have not been able to write, as I have been ill with influenza. Before that I have been away to have my throat examined by a specialist. I have been suffering from my throat nearly all my life; but lately it was so bad I could not do my work in the school and the meetings. The doctor caused me much pain; but he said by and by I should feel a great relief; and I think he is right; I can speak and sing much better now.

I also attended a conference, a kind of revival meetings, for a few days, where I met very new and old friends. That was something very refreshing, only I felt not well in body; the strain was too much for me; so I came home with influenza, and for weeks felt very bad and weak. I am getting better now, please God.

At that conference I also met Sister Alt, and we were very happy to see each other again. Sister Alt looked very tired, somewhat as if her work was too heavy on her; but she told us she felt very well and happy in her new work. Sister Slagter is with her now to assist her.

A few days ago I read with deep regret in the Recorder about the death of Brother Saunders, a dear and beloved friend. He had so much to do to support his loved ones, and sustain them in their loss. It will surely be a great loss also to the Missionary Society. I wonder if Brother Saunders received my letter with the photo sent by Brother Manoah? The photo represented a little church in Ocatamanud with all its members; and I was greatly touched by the nice faces of the women, and the dear little ones. Brother Manoah wrote the whole church was willing to keep the Lord's Sabbath. They were greatly in need of a school; and Brother Manoah urgently appealed for a small sum of money every month to meet some of the expenses. I always send him what is in our church box, at the same time with my tithes; but that is so very little. Could not a little money be sent to him by the dear friends in America, I wonder? Brother Manoah himself has a wife and four children, and he is always going round to preach the gospel. I believe he is doing a very good and urgent work.

I have a very, very trying time this month with all sorts of difficulties. Often the devil tries to make me entirely discouraged. You can never tell how a Javanese will be in the future, he may seem ever so good and faithful at present. One of the men, and he can be trusted; he is a young man since the years, has been deceiving me and stealing rice, while it was cut on the fields, since a long, long time. I was warned by several persons, but they would not have their names mentioned, as they were afraid he would do them harm. In fact he has a dreadful temper, and even the head of the village came to warn me for him, as he was afraid the man would kill the persons he suspected of telling me about his fraud; and he would poison the colony horses and rob me at night. Therefore I bagged the man mad, and I had to send for the head of the village, and for one of the Javanese officials to help me settle the things. That same day while I was so sad, I got two letters from America. Oh, can you imagine my surprise, when I opened them, and found so many touching tokens of sisterly love, a lot of beautiful and useful things: handkerchiefs, soap, stockings, little bags, laces, ribbons, ears, etc. They are a dress, broches, a nice booklet, etc. Oh, really, I did not know what my eyes saw, I was looking in real wonder from the one beautiful thing to the other. And, like a voice from the other world, the other letter contained words, a card with the words: "Be thy stronghold, whereunto I may always resort: Thou hast promised to help me; for Thou art my rock and my fortress. Can you wonder that tears came in my eyes, while I knelt down to thank my heavenly Father for his tender thoughtfulness to let me receive those packets just on a day like that? Again and again I read those comforting words: "Thou hast promised to help me." Yes, and he came to our help! The next day the official came and spoke to that bad man. He ordered him on all I had done for him, since he was weak and miserable, had come to me; and how I had taught him about God and eternity. I don't know whether the man really repented, or that he was only afraid for the official, who was as mean and hard as he could be. He gave back, the horse he had taken away, and promised to behave well. Yet I am glad he had, the day before, laid down his work as overseer on the rice fields; so I have another man for that work; and I do pray our Lord to make this one faithful; as I am too old and weak to go to the rice fields again.

Now, before I close this letter, I must mention about seven more dear souls, who have been baptized. Among them is one who came to me the first of all, now fourteen years and a half ago only. I am being only a little lad. I was so very, very glad when he was asked to be baptized. But you see how weak these poor creatures are, and how they can not stand the least temptation. Therefore dear friends, I ask your fervent prayers on their behalf. Oh, may the name of our Savior be glorified in them, and may he "see the travails of his soul, and be satisfied." M. Janisz.


Among the Fishermen of Labrador

"When Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell introduced the work in Labrador as it really is and told of the needs of the deep-sea fishermen of that rugged Northland, a deep interest was awakened in the life and development of that rugged land. In the course of his journey he established several hospitals in that country, the northernmost being at Indian Harbor, with the next to the south at Battle Harbor with 300 miles between. Half way between the two lies Spotted Islands, just off the most easterly point of the continent of North America. They have a population of several thousand people whose daily lines are made up of danger and exposure, and until 1912 their nearest medical aid was eighty-five miles away, with the only way to get there being by small boats along one of the most treacherous coasts. Once in a while a missionary teacher came to Spotted Islands, but that was all in the way of help from the outside.

"All this is changed now for the care of these people has been taken over by the P. A. S. Club of the School of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, in the summer time, and Dr. James M. Wilte, then a student in Cornell, sought for a forsaken and needy place to spend a serviceable summer and found this place on Spotted Islands. He did his work there during that year, and the next year returned and built the little structure which now serves as hospital and chapel. After that he turned over to the P. and S. Club the privilege and responsibility of carrying on the work.

"In 1914 Dr. C. Stevens, secured the services of Dr. M. F. Field, the plan being to send one man who had completed his third year in college, to be chiefly responsible for the work, and one from the second year who might return in a second summer already familiar with the work, and so on. This plan was interrupted in 1915 by the illness of the second-year man, so Dr. Field took his wife along and her endeavors in the industrial and social work was greatly appreciated by William and Harold C. Stuart, both of the Class of 1918, who, entirely new to the work, spent last summer at Spotted Islands.

"These students left New York on June 27 last, having as companion the Rev. James Palmer, Ph. D., of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, sailing on the Stephanos to St. Johns, and there taking the steamer to Spotted Islands. Dr. Palmer remained with them for five weeks, during that period they helped greatly in opening up the religious side of the work, for the students had not only to be doctors, but teachers and pastors. They had to maintain seven small houses, which they might find entertainment, and to encourage the people in their industrial pursuits. Before Dr. Grenfell visited them the long hours of the winter in Labrador were spent in a company that provided a market for their seal-skin boots. Some of the Labrador women are most skilful in making boots, mittens, moccasins, caps, etc., chiefly of seal-skin and deer-skin, decorated with fish and animals, and sold at prices ranging from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. The Field put wool and spinning equipment into the hands of some of the women, and the next thing in order is to teach them to weave the yarn they spin into material that can be sold for clothing.

"Fifteen days after Barnes and Stuart left New York they reached the coast of Spotted Islands, and helped pull ashore in the huge trap-boat which came out to meet them; and I was in a companion boat provided with a boat not a tree to be seen—just rocks and pounding sea. They were, of course, complete strangers, which made the starting of their work a little slow, among the two types of people who inhabited the place—the Newfoundlanders, who are there only after the
ice has cleared away in the spring, and the Labrador people who live there all the year. They are great people, these Labradorites. Their life is one of constant danger. Their daily life is a stern battle with the most powerful elements, and they have little outside of their sturdy selves with which to fight. Their lives depend upon the fish, and in the last two years the fisher-folk have caught very few, enough to pay their summer's expenses to say nothing of the winter's supply for themselves and their hungry dogs, but they do not complain and are happy. The chief work of Barnes and Stuart they are dealing. Once in a while an epidemic of some disease gets a foothold on that isolated coast, this year it was measles, and it ran clear through the Labrador population, and of the natives in Spotted Islands who were susceptible only three escaped. The great amount of work made necessary by the epidemic gave no time for teaching, so the children were forced to go another year without any help from their eager efforts to read and write. So many times a day, however, and were well attended. The club room was maintained also and every night was thronged by the inhabitants to listen to the so-called victoria whose recorded stories filled them with the urge that they had given little more than a screech. It means a good deal to these people to have music and there should be another machine there next year.

"That is not the worst of it, for the owner of the house informed the students that he would need it for his own use next year and a new building will be needed next year. It is proposed to build, and to have a reading-room and a small house or kitchen in one house and the club room in another. If the necessary funds are forthcoming, work upon these buildings would provide the inhabitants with employment by which to pay for the clothing they need so seriously, for it is well-nigh impossible for a Labrador man or woman to buy necessities, stores being inaccessible and prices prohibitive. When Barnes and Stuart arrived Spotted Islands last summer they carried a dozen suits of old clothes which had been given them, but fifty men were absolutely in need of clothes. Any clothing sent to the Club at 346 West Fifty-seventh Street, marked "for Labrador," will be distributed with care next summer.

In addition to the things mentioned, $500 is needed for actual running expenses for one season. Last year the club paid most of this, but it was a great strain upon its resources.

"The sea is the highway in that country, and to carry the doctors to the many needs outside of Spotted Islands, they have the thirty-foot power launch P. A. S., which has a speed of eight miles an hour and is staunch and strong. One time last summer Barnes and Stuart found it necessary to go to Indian Harbor, a distance of one hundred miles, and as there would be no steamer in for weeks then, in company with Rev. Mr. Adams, a whale was caught by them for a few days, started on their journey in the launch. At 8:30 p.m. they had reached Gross Water Bay without incident, and there were only twelve miles to go with water as calm as an inland pond, and as there was at least an hour and a half before twilight passed into night at that time of year, they concluded to finish the journey that night, and picked their way quite safely through without a mishap. The rest of the happenings are best told in their own words:

"The distant hill—that marked our harbor rose slowly from the sea, but its outline was dim, the sun was gone behind a cloud, there was no compass. And soon we did! A straight black line stretched straight across our path just a few score yards ahead. Everything beyond was black. It couldn't be seen. The boat was the only light on the bay. We could just as well have plunged into a great cave. Everything was black. A cold blast of wind struck us square in the face. We could scarcely see each other. Our voices were loud, and we soon understood. Anybody could know what it was. It was a storm. Six miles ahead lay the harbor—a mighty good place to be—and warm beds. Six miles is not far for the Broadway Limited, but it is a long way for a little open boat at sea in blackest night in the teeth of a raging storm. Six miles behind—laid our harbors—we could put the gale at our back and run. But the wind drove us into countless reefs lay between and we soon realized that we could now see no shore till we could almost touch it with our hands. We thought we would prefer to have the wind hold us off than drive us on those terrible rocks. So straight ahead we went.

"And all the time the waves grew higher and higher. Straight up they were. So straight that the tops fell over—"wind-lop" they call it—and the wind would catch the bottom of the sails and hurl them into whatever was in the way—straight back over the cabin came enough of that stinging spray. But soon solid clouds of wave began to fly back. The heaving billows were bigger than our little boat now, would rise up on one and plunge down hard upon the next, and what was left flew back over her as she trembled from the shock. She would strike and quiver, strike and quiver, strike and quiver. We were getting mighty fond of our boat. She was certainly fighting. Ten o'clock came. That was the time for us to surprise the folks at Indian. But the waves were only climbing higher, and the wind was not really getting violent. We were nowhere near any land. We might be driving out into the open ocean, for a deviation of a few hundred yards to the east would take us outside of Indian and then Snares in the next stop. The main ocean was no place for us, especially as there was gasoline enough for only a little more of such work. We had to get to land somehow. Where the land was we didn't know, so we headed due north which should bring us safely into Indian.

"We should have been forced to change our course soon anyway, for due north was dead into the wind, and that was what we had to keep us alive and now. Soon we were using the compass only to keep the boat's nose into the wind. (We didn't like to think of that wind striking on our quarter.) We weren't going anywhere. We could sit and watch, we were just staying on top of most of the water, and there didn't seem to be much use in doing that. We had our oilskins on, but the wind drove the water up our sleeves and heads, and we were wet! It was terribly cold! Stuart was sitting on top of the cabin around the foremost, doing his best to see land. But he couldn't see it, in the first place because we couldn't see to see, and in the second place because the salt ocean was in his eyes, and in the third place because it was dark. It seemed as if we had been in that struggling blackness a week before he saw them on both sides of us at the same time! That was a little too much land all at once! But our pilot had found his bearings. There were only a few islands of the Puffins. We had passed between them before we saw them. But we didn't find out till the next day that boats don't run between the Puffins much more often than people walk through the Red Sea, but we went through that night—"
WOMAN'S WORK

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

"I wish I had a telephone—With golden wires unfurled, And long enough to draw me round, To reach around the world. I'd ring up everybody—Along the line and say, 'A very Happy New Year's To you this New Year's Day.'"

Christmas Wishes

The Poor Rich Girl lived in a brownstone mansion just off Fifth Avenue, and the Rich Poor Girl lived in a dingy brick tenement over by Avenue A. The Poor Rich Girl worked in a department store where she earned six dollars every week. The Rich Poor Girl never did a stroke of work and had gilt-edged securities thrown carelessly into her lap by way of compensation. Both girls were young, fairly pretty in widely different ways and very alive. But there the likeness ended. For the Poor Rich Girl was bored at times, and tired of her overabundance of worldly goods, and unhappy, while the heart that beat joyously under the Rich Poor Girl's threadbare jacket was a happy heart.

The Poor Rich Girl and the Poor Rich Girl happened to meet, by chance, on Christmas Eve. If coincidences had not dipped a finger into Fate's pie, they never would have met; for Fifth Avenue and Avenue A are very far from each other—and the distance is not measured in miles. But a coincidence did intervene: and as the Poor Rich Girl, hurrying home from her beloved Christmas shopping, swung her smart little car (the car that she drove all by herself) down a crowded side street, the Rich Poor Girl, seeing a rift in the stream of traffic, was ready to dart across the way. There was a muffled scream, a dull, horrid grinding of brakes, and the Poor Rich Girl, rather white-and-sick-looking, spanning out on the roadway. Many gay packages, tied with holly and red ribbon, were shaken to the sidewalk.

The Rich Poor Girl lay in a heap almost under the car. Her eye's were closed, and one chapped little hand was clenched tightly on nothing at all. The Poor Rich Girl knelt at her side, oblivious of the crowd that was forming, and raised the head in its cheap velvet hat. "Oh!" she quavered; "is she dead?"

A burly traffic policeman elbowed his way through the crowd. He spoke threateningly to the Poor Rich Girl. "You reckless drivers," he growled, "you have a lot to answer for!"

Her heart will often side with wealth—particularly when wealth is well dressed and attractive. "The girl," some one volunteered, "threw herself right in front of the car. It was her own fault!"

The Poor Rich Girl ignored both remarks. She seemed fascinated by the pale face of the girl she had run down. "Is she dead?" she half whispered.

As if in answer the Rich Poor Girl opened her eyes. "No," she murmured the Rich Poor Girl. "I ain't dead! But I gotta hurt foot!" She made a weak little grimace.

All at once the Poor Rich Girl rose to her feet. "Some of you," she addressed the crowd impersonally, "help lift her into my car. I'll take her with me, and get a doctor."

The policeman and a bystander lifted the rather limp body of the Rich Poor Girl into the car, there was a flurry of taking names and the Poor Rich Girl touched the self-starter. The smart little car whirred, sprang forward. A small messenger boy sighed wistfully as, he watched it go. "Some bus!" he murmured. The crowd drifted away.

Preparations for a dignified Christmas were being made in a brownstone mansion just off Fifth Avenue. There were lights springing up in the windows and the dignified butler was hanging holly wreaths in the doorways. A footman came hurriedly down the steps to open the door of the car. The Poor Rich Girl started him by grasping his arm, "James" (why are all story footmen named James?), she said, "I've run over a lady and I want to carry her into the house. Up to my room."

James lifted the Rich Poor Girl in his sturdy arms. She moaned a bit, when he lifted her, for her foot was very sore indeed. He carried her, that was not hard to carry. Six dollars a week do not make one heavy. He laid her tenderly upon a soft bed. "And now," the Poor Rich Girl told him, "you had better send for a doctor." She rang nervously for her maid.

Two hours later, her ankle in a bandage, the Poor Rich Girl told the Poor Rich Girl the story of her life. "It was not a thrilling story," her father answered; "I was a little kid. Soon as I was fourteen I went to work. I liked school. I wish I could've went longer to school. When I was eighteen, I got a job in the store. I'm nineteen now. I get a proudly—six a week." "My father," said the Poor Rich Girl, "and my mother are dead, too. I'm alone. You get six...what?"


"All alone nothin!" said the Rich Poor Girl. "There's Bill!"

"Bill?" the Poor Rich Girl was puzzled. "Bill?"

"My feller," the other told her. "He's a shippin' clerk in the store. Some day we'll be married. He's makin' twelve a week. If you love him?" questioned the Poor Rich Girl.

"You bet I do!" came the answer.

There was silence for a moment. The clock ticked brokenly. 'Then the Poor Rich Girl said, "If", she said, "a very wonderful Santa Claus were to creep down the chimney tonight, a very wonderful Santa Claus indeed, what would you ask for? Would you ask for money, clothes, or a house like this one? Would you ask to be me instead of yourself?"

The Rich Poor Girl raised herself gingerly on one elbow. "No," she answered at last. "I wouldn't ask to be you. I'm glad I'm me."

The Poor Rich Girl swallowed her surprise. "If," she said, "if I were Santa Claus—if I offered you the education that you wanted and couldn't get—If I offered you a fine new dress, or a house like this one? Would you ask to be me instead of yourself?"

"I'm nineteen now," said the Rich Poor Girl. "I'd say, ten years ago. What'd Bill do if I was to go away and be educated?"

"Isn't there anything?" questioned the Poor Rich Girl, "that a particularly nice Santa Claus might give you for a gift?"

She hesitated. "When I get"—the Poor Rich Girl hesitated—"married, I always hoped that I'd be able to have a half-dozen silver spoons. None of your plated kind; real ones. They're so classy! If there was a regular Santa Claus, now—" She hesitated.

The Poor Rich Girl mewed over to the window, and stood looking down on the brilliantly lit office. Her voice was shaky, just a bit shaky, when she spoke.

"Little happy girl," she said, "Santa Claus will bring you all the silver you want. And Santa Claus will invite your Bill up. For his, Christmas dinner. And Santa Claus will—her voice relapsed into silence.

Five minutes later the Rich Poor Girl ventured a remark. Her voice was shy, embarrassed, almost.

"If," she said, "Santa Claus was to bring you a present, what'd you ask for? Not," she added, "that there's anything you'd want.

I'd ask," said the Poor Rich Girl, "for love!"

Under the Rich Poor Girl's threadbare jacket there beat a joyous heart. But the Poor Rich Girl looked down into the street and the lights blurred strangely as she named, and then—"

"I'll ask,"—Margaret E. Songster Jr., in the Christian Herald.

Workers' Exchange

West Edmiston, N. Y.

During the six months beginning with May, 1916, and ending with October, 1916, eleven meetings of the West Edmiston Seventh Day Baptist Ladies' Aid Society have been held, mostly with a fair attendance. The officers elected in May were: president, Mrs. A. G. Crofoot; vice president, Mrs. C. M. Stone; secretary, Mrs. Grant Burdick; treasurer, Mrs. Geno Rogers; chaplain, Rev. A. G. Crofoot.

During these months old papers and magazines, the amount of 2,800 pounds were collected and sold. For these the society received $12.72. Letters and flowers have been sent to the sick.

May 24, at the meeting held with Mrs. Crofoot and the husband of Mr. E. A. Felton was celebrated. He was at the dinner, and shared his birthday cake with those
present. The next meeting, June 7, at the home of Mrs. W. D. Crandall, a similar event was enjoyed, this being the birthday of Mrs. Cora G. Nichols.

August 16, the Rev. J. W. Crofoot, from China, was present and gave a very instructive talk on his work, exhibiting many Chinese curios, which added interest to the occasion.

Our work has been the making of aprons, piecing and tying quilts and comfortables. Our chief source of income has been from our regular diners.

During the year we have paid our apportionment of $19.25 to the Woman's Board. Also we have paid $25.00 on our pastor's salary, besides some smaller sums for the benefit of the church and society.

On the whole the minutes of the meetings held make rather interesting reading, and show that there has been a good interest in the society, with a spirit of unity and fellowship which gives us a hopeful outlook for the future.

Our president, Mrs. Crofoot, has been present at every meeting held during this term. Mrs. W. D. Crandall is the lady whose record is true to that of our president, that she missed but one of the eleven meetings. Evidently all the members have tried to do the best they could.

Our sincere thanks are also due to those ladies who, while they have not placed their names on our membership roll, have been faithful and very helpful to our society. We now have about twenty members.
portance and the value and the singificance of this ordinance as an expression, and outward manifestation of our oneness in fellowship. We feel it and know it, and enjoy it, and are helped by it, season by season, as we gather at the table of our Lord for the remembrance of our hearts that oneness with the Father and his Son and with each other, and we would show it out in some way, and as often as we do this, we do show forth the Lord's death.

This then is the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love,—inwardly a conscious feeling of fellowship with all who truly love their Master and who through him, in service for some feature of, "..."

Any feature of...

So, thus helpful.

Those who through him, in service for some feature of, "..."

Together for some feature of, "..."

Together for some feature of, "..."

Together for some feature of, "..."
amusement question beyond a doubt. But we rush so headstrong into what our carnal natures crave, and often fear, to stop to ask this question, possibly lest we may thus lose the selfish gratification. "Is there any harm in this? Can't I do that?" would be less an argument, if we considered the matter of pleasing Him who died to redeem us.

PLEDGES

Many Christian Endeavor societies have been disbanded and many have not been organized because so many even who were Christian young men and women have thought or otherwise thought it not proper to "take a pledge." Can a person unite with a church and not take a pledge? Did you ever know of such a case? What is a church covenant? Why does the pastor read the church covenant when he is about to receive into membership candidates? Can you be a healthy, active, living Christian and not pray, or do a hundred things showing your vows to God? What does the Christian Endeavor pledge that you are not solemnly obligated to do when you put on Christ in your baptism and church membership? Why did King David make so many vows unto the Lord, and why does God's faithful servant, who has greatest liberty in Christ Jesus, he who vows and pays his vows, or he who never pledges?

A GROUND OF HOPE AND COMFORT

Duty or "oughtness" is from law and lawlessness is death and loss of eternal life. The word duty ought not to scare so many as though one were depending upon outward works for his salvation. Faith is the source of salvation, the gift of God. But, "Show me thy faith without thy works and I will shew thee my faith by my works." Your words will not be dead and profligate. Duty is privilege, glorious privilege. One should think for God the privilege of service, and that he has such a divine and holy and just and serviceable lawfulness. How gloriously David speaks of "commandments, statutes, judgments, precepts, testimonies, laws," as his greatest delights. "Unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in my afflictions." Have you many perplexities in afflictions and otherwise who hate duty and law! None but the children of God are prepared to receive comfort and assurance which obedience affords. They only are enlightened to discover its excellence; to others it is sealed. Obedience pleases God, give the Christian appreciation of the value of God's blessings; in service he feels the glorious effect of it upon his mind, and his heart and ways are suited to the work of God.

What an inestimable blessing are these truths to the world and the church! Bless God for them; and frequently, with greatest attention, read and meditate upon the things herein revealed.

PREPARATORY THOUGHTS

What ought I to do this week to be a "live wire" in the Christian Endeavor meeting? What promises to God have I failed to keep? What may I expect if I make void my vows? How will life look to me when I am about to meet my Lord if I have neglected my duties? How can I serve my fellow-men, to the glory of God and my best satisfaction? Is it not reason as well as conscience that tells me I ought to pray, serve, obey, sacrifice, follow Jesus? Why does God love me and what is my return to him?

A Letter

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

The new calendar reminds me that eight years have passed since, upon the solicitation of your former editor, I first took up my pen in your behalf. During these years you have been much in my thoughts and prayers. Time has wrought changes for us all, but I trust no one has grown old in spirit.

I am wondering if a report of my Fourth of July trip will seem out of place at this time or if the contrast in the seasons will add to its interest. The first part of the trip in this section of the country was cold and wet but July dawned bright and clear, with a temperature calculated to make traveling a delight. Taking advantage of these conditions I boarded the Union Pacific train for Winona Lake where I remained until the fifth.

To me Winona Lake is an ideal place to spend the Fourth. While affording food for the physical, intellectual and spiritual natures it is free from the noise of booming guns and bursting firecrackers so trying to weakened nerves. I usually draw a sigh of relief, as Country, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Tis of Thee," with a depth of feeling," said he, "that I have never seen manifested by the children at home." Of the non-English speaking peoples that Mr. Fairbanks met in his travels, the Japanese seemed to claim his deepest interest. His conclusion of the whole matter was, "The great hope of the world is in the Christian religion.

Of the four lectures, the one by Mr. Roberson on "England and the War" made undoubtedly the deepest impression in favor of peace. While awaiting Mr. Roberson's appearance, a lady, a native of Canada, who had lately returned from a visit to her former home, told me that while there she saw no women doing fancy work nor giving "pink teas." Their time is devoted to work for the soldiers. "The war is a great leveller," said she. "I got to know them all together. One church in Toronto has spent $8,000 for yarn and the women of the church and congregation have knit it up for the soldiers." Pardon this digression.

What an inestimable blessing are the American people, the gift of God. "Is not this a synonym of the whole matter was, marked the close of this one with regret. I attended four lectures of which peace was the dominant thought. A report of the first one, given by Mr. Brian, appeared in the Record on October 2. Kindly consider that an introduction to this letter.

Of the second lecture, which was illustrated, I shall mention only the last picture, which was the climax of the entertainment—a picture of the Christ standing upon a slight eminence above some wounded soldiers lying on the ground, and looking down upon them in tender compassion, while he said, "Did I not tell you to beat your swords into plowshares and your spears into pruning hooks?" The third lecture was given by the Hon. Mr. Fairbanks on the afternoon of the Fourth. His lecture was introduced by Mr. Bryan on Sunday. The two men presented an amusing contrast as they appeared upon the platform. "Billy" is short and quick, Mr. Fairbanks tall and slow. Why does God love me and what is my return to him?

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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What an inestimable blessing are the American people, the gift of God. "Is not this a synonym of the whole matter was, marked the close of this one with regret. I attended four lectures of which peace was the dominant thought. A report of the first one, given by Mr. Brian, appeared in the Record on October 2. Kindly consider that an introduction to this letter.

Of the second lecture, which was illustrated, I shall mention only the last picture, which was the climax of the entertainment—a picture of the Christ standing upon a slight eminence above some wounded soldiers lying on the ground, and looking down upon them in tender compassion, while he said, "Did I not tell you to beat your swords into plowshares and your spears into pruning hooks?" The third lecture was given by the Hon. Mr. Fairbanks on the afternoon of the Fourth. His lecture was introduced by Mr. Bryan on Sunday. The two men presented an amusing contrast as they appeared upon the platform. "Billy" is short and quick, Mr. Fairbanks tall and slow. Why does God love me and what is my return to him?
After going three squares N one of the threads was overtaken by this man who was almost breathless from running. "Oh," said he, "I'm so glad I've found you. I met my brother who I hadn't seen for a year. I asked him about the art institute and he don't know where it is, either. Thank you!"

We were first shown a picture of President Wilson, a map of the United States, and "Old Glory," all of which were greeted with hearty applause. Then we were taken to England where we looked upon scenes of marvelous beauty. As we sat there almost spellbound, Mr. Roberson said, exhibiting a picture of some soldiers loading their guns for battle, "These boys left that beauty for this." The contrast made the demand for peace very real. Several war scenes were shown, while the pulse of the audience fell perceptibly. "Horrible!" exclaimed Mr. Roberson, "forget it," and again we found ourselves in sunny England. There were pictures of the good Queen Victoria and many others of England's leaders; of London, where he was making his ten-minute speech that called out sixteen hundred volunteers for the army.

We saw in moving pictures the Lustmania as she was proudly saluted at port, and crossed the waters until two men came out on deck. As they walked side by side suddenly one of them exclaimed, "My God! here comes a torpedo." A moment more and The ship was wrecked. Oh, the terrible, horrible, heart-sickening scene. Words cannot describe it.

We also saw England's largest gun before the war, in the process of making, beginning with liquid steel and continuing until it stood complete in the field. Two larger ones have since then been made. The following figures are correct, or nearly so. The gun cost $350,000. It took four hundred men more than three months to make it. It weighs one hundred tons and carries 1400-pound shells. It is England's custom to test a gun by firing it off thirteen times, but just as this one was finished the war broke out and it was tested with one shot only.

The next picture was of half a dozen large, noble-looking men in uniform. "That gun," said Mr. Roberson, "was made to kill these men."

None of the pictures appealed to me like those of the roses. I recall the first bunch that appeared upon the screen. While absorbed in its beauty suddenly I noticed, with a pang, that it was fading away. Then another bunch, different but just as beautiful, was dimly seen coming on. They met and for an instant, though distinct, mingled their beauty together, then the former vanished and the latter came out in all its glory. Ah, it is the idea that is this symbol of God's dealings with his children? When he removes a coveted blessing does he not send another in its place? Such at least has been my experience.

Praying that my message, though a meager representation of those great lectures, may inspire you with a greater devotion to the Prince of Peace, I remain, With best wishes for the new year,

MARTHA H. WARDNER.
1090 Jackson St., La Porte, Ind., Jan. 1, 1917.
CHILDREN'S PAGE

Slumber-robé: A Sermon to Boys and Girls

REV. WM. M. SIMPSON

I wish you might see our slumber-robe! It was made by an aunt who was an invalid. Although she could not go about the house very much, she could sit in her chair and work with her needle. In-and-out, in-and-out went the needle; in-and-out, in-and-out, until there were thirty-five blocks. The blocks are of broadcloth, and on each block she worked a figure. There are roses—red, yellow, pink, and white, with their leaves and stems. There are poppies, and daisies, and lilies, and morning-glories, and ferns. There are heads of wheat, and a butterfly, and a hummingbird. On one block she worked a wreath, and within the wreath a blue-bird and her nest with eggs in it. All these figures are worked in natural colors. It is a work of art. Our aunt made it not for herself; for she died and said she should have it; it was a labor of love.

I wonder if you ever saw a white plush slumber-robe? One evening not long ago there were coming down, down, down, many, many white plumes, little white plumes, and then the next morning when I first looked out I saw that the heavenly Father had spread out a beautiful white plush slumber-robe over the many seeds, and insects, and other tiny creatures, that had lain down upon the earth for their long winter nap. The snow will protect them from the severe winter winds. How the heavenly Father must hold all his creatures in his heart. It is a labor of love.

It is also a labor of love when a mother tucks her baby in her bed for the night. How lovingly she places each of the covers, so as to keep out the cold; then she kisses the baby's forehead, and whispers a prayer, and says good-night, and pats her and walks away. Who is it that puts every mother's heart such love for her baby? It is the One who paints every lily (Luke 12:27). He cares for the birds too (Luke 12:7). But He cares much more for boys and girls. Just as mothers often get up at night to tuck the babies in again, so He cares for us whether we are awake or asleep.

Text: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber" (Ps. 121:3).

The Closed Door

She had come to the big city for the Great Adventure, and—a job. So far she had found neither. And she was out of money, out of food, out of lodging.

Bedridden, penniless, discouraged, she found herself, one night in front of a big, grey institution. Over the door was the sign, "Home of the Friendless," and beneath it the bidding of the gentle Nazarene: "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Surely here she would find succor, lodging for the night.

Timidly she rang the bell. More timidly she told her sad story to the hatchet-faced woman who opened the door.

"Are you a bad girl? asked the matron sharply.

"Oh, no, no, am," she said, shrinking into her thin, wet little jacket.

"What I mean is," explained the matron, "have you fallen?"

"Oh, no, please, no," said the shrinking girl.

"Then I have no place for you here," replied the matron. "This is only a home for fallen girls."

"But—" began the homeless one.

"I'm sorry," said the matron. And she closed the door.

The girl hesitated despairingly beneath the invitation of the lowly Nazarene, then she went slowly back into the night.

Some weeks later she found herself again in front of the big, grey institution.

Boldly she rang the bell.

"You can let me in, now," she said to the woman who opened the door.—Selected.

"Last year the United States produced 88,000,000 gallons of whiskey, 15,000,000,000 cigarettes, 32,000,000 pounds of snuff, 270,000,000 pounds of smoking tobacco, and 8,500,000 cigars. How much richer or happier are the people because of this production?"

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Two Omissions

MARY E. FILLIBAY

State secretary for the Lone Sabbath Keepers of North and South Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi

On page 482 of the SABBATH RECORDER for October 16, I find these words, "The reply of our Lord still remains true, 'This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting.' "

In Mark 9: 28-29, Authorized Version, we read, "And when he was come into the house, his disciples asked him privately, Why could we not cast him out? And he said unto them; This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

Omission number one contains the word fasting. The Revised Version reads, "This kind can come out by nothing but by prayer."

But the story of the so-called epileptic is in Matthew also. He says, "Then came the disciples to Jesus apart, and said, Why could we not cast him out? And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence, and it shall be moved; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Howbeit, this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." (Matt. 17: 19-21), Authorized Version. The whole verse is left out of the Revised Version, and it constitutes by its absence, omission number two.

From time to time there have been strenuous efforts to reduce the number of notes or articles that we publish. Often we have appeared "in the Scripture of truth" as written in accordance with "the prophecy that came in old time not by the will of man, but as holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (Luke 24: 27; Peter 1: 21; Dan. 10: 21).

When Jehudi had read three or four leaves of the roll upon which Baruch had written "from the mouth of Jeremiah all the words of which he had spoken unto him," King Jehoiakim, with a pen-knife, cut the roll to pieces and threw it, piece by piece, "into the fire till all the roll was consumed," although three of the men standing by had begged him not to burn it. See Jeremiah 36: 24.

The Israelites had often, as well as individually, rejected the word of the Lord; but passing over them various times we go back to the Garden of Eden, and find our first parents, at the instigation of Satan, rejecting the words of the Lord, and eating the forbidden fruit. And the consequence has been misery and death to all the human race, none escaping, not even the sinless Son of man.

How many times has famine caused prolonged fastings? In King Zedekiah's eleventh year, the famine so prevailed in the city of Jerusalem, that by the ninth day of the fourth month there was no bread for the people; and the city was broken up and the people went into captivity; some of them to death. See 2 Kings 25. That prolonged fast was not "unto the Lord" but caused by the lack of the very necessities of life. On account of this great calamity the Jews ordained other fasts besides the fast ordained by the Lord for the tenth day of the seventh month, all of which they observed in Babylon and after their return to the land.

But it seems that some even while in captivity the people of God were entreating the Lord, speaking through the prophet Zechariah, said, "When ye fasted and mourned in the fifth and seventh month, even those seventy years, did ye fast for yourselves, and for your own harm? (Zech. 7: 5-6). Yet there were some who, like David, fasted for the Lord, and were gloriously rewarded.

If one would fast to the Lord acceptably these are the things that he must do, "Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbor; and love no false oath: for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord." When these are done then fasting "shall be joy and gladness and a cheerful feast." See Zech. 8: 17-19.

When Queen Esther was desired by Mordecai to intercede for her nation, she dared not stand before the king until she and the rest of the people of God fasted three days and three nights. It is not worth while for us to fast in order to gain a hearing at the court of heaven, unless we fulfil the requirements already laid down by the One who "hath power to destroy." James 4: 12. We must do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with
our God. See Micah 6: 8. The Lord, having ordained to the Israelites the fast of the tenth day of the seventh month, called it a feast, because it was to be a day of holy convocation like the weekly sabbaths, which are called feasts. See Leviticus 23: 2-3, 32. A fast to the Lord is a feast to the soul, "a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow on the lees well refined." (Isa. 25: 6). I know this by experience to be so, for to me a day of fasting to the Lord is a day of joy to my soul, because I seem to get nearer to my heavenly Father than at any other time, so much so, that I find myself at times longing to be able to lay aside my work and fast. I long to be able, like Anna of old, to serve God in his temple—the church, the body of Christ—with fastings and prayers night and day. See Luke 2: 37. But to go back to the Two Omissions concerning fasting: they do not seem to me to be according to the tenor of "the Scripture of truth" in those parts. These words in Matthew and Mark that show the necessity for fasting as well as prayer. That some of the early Christians omitted them from their writings only goes to show that they who need the fasting. And they are those now who consider fasting as no longer a necessity to the fullness and power of a Christian life. Not until Christ had fasted forty days and forty nights do we find him healing epileptics, mad men, or raising the dead. "The real test of the possession of the highest power of character and the most perfect devotion to the noblest things in life is not the quality of the direct touch; it is the presence of the virtue in the hem of the garment." Do we want our garments so anointed and saturated with the influence of the Holy Spirit that our passing shadows, like that of St. Peter, might be as "the dew upon the ground," healing and refreshing to the sick, the care-worn and weary and those vexed with the unclean spirits that would lead them astray; then let us follow our Lord and Master into the wilderness of fasting and prayer; if we enter with faith the wild beasts—temptations—cannot harm us. If we would stand with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, we must follow him all the way. See 1 Peter 2: 21.

A Thought For Every Day

Do not only take occasions of doing good when they are thrust upon you; but study how to do all the good you can, as those "that are zealous of good works." Zeal of good works will make you plan, prepare for them; consult and ask advice for them; it will make you glad when you meet with a hopeful opportunity; it will make you do it largely and not sparingly and by the halves; it will make you do it speedily, without procrastination and delay; it will make you do it constantly to your lives' end.—Richard Baxter.

A man's destiny is not won by an act, but achieved by a life. What we are in the world will determine what we shall be in the next. The man that is now creating is the one that he will take with him into the future life.
tions relative to the score card was adopted and the committee was instructed to prepare and send out the score cards.

It was voted that the Board stand its share of the cost of a table and drawers for the mimeograph. A bill for $1.28 for mimeograph supplies in favor of A. E. Whittord was allowed and ordered paid.

It was moved and carried that Vice President Geo. B. Shaw, of Ashaway, R. I., be asked to represent the Board at the annual meeting of the S. S. Council of Evangelical Denominations which is to be held in Boston, Mass., January 16, 17 and 18, 1917, the expenses of the trip being paid by the Board.

The minutes were read and corrected and approved.

Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Lesson II.—January 13, 1917

J O H N THE BAPTIST AND JESUS. John 1: 19-34

Golden Text.—Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world! John 1: 29.

Jan. 7—Jno. 1: 19-34. John's The Baptist

The Next Step in National Prohibition

A greater gain for the cause of nation-wide prohibition was the closing of 6,000 barrooms by the law this month is the recommendation of William Jennings Bryan that the campaign for a saloonless country be an issue of the Democratic party. The Common council of Denver is an action endorsed of, but he has hesitated to commit the destiny of his political party to the cause of the drys. But in Denver three days after the election Mr. Bryan said: "Prohibition is sweeping the country. It is the presidential campaign issue in 1920, if a constitutional amendment is not submitted by Congress to the States by that time. The returns of the recent election make it easy for the Democratic party to take the lead on prohibition and equal suffrage. Of the twenty-three dry States seventeen went for Wilson, two more were close, and in four other States which he carried prohibition practically has been defeated. A President carried nearly all the States in which women vote. The two issues are paramount to the party. They should not, and will not, be sidetracked." Mr. Bryan is one of the greatest popular leaders of modern times. In the recent campaign he delivered three times as many speeches as any other campaigner, and the tremendous size of his audiences exceeded those which came to hear any major speaker. It was noted that his campaign tour was almost entirely in those States which saved the day for Wilson in the national ballot. Crowds blocked Michigan boulevard, Chicago, last Sunday in an effort to hear him after Orchestra Hall, where he was scheduled to speak, was filled.

Mr. Bryan takes an energetic and continuous pace in the prohibition campaign at times when only elected States are needed to make the two-thirds necessary under the federal constitution to amend that instrument of government. But there are five States on the verge of being dry, and the outdoing of the voted forward to within the next year—these States are Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio, New Mexico and Texas. In each of these States there are many wet towns, but the dry element of the State dominates the legislatures. In Wyoming, already almost entirely dry under option laws, statutory prohibition is expected to be passed by the coming legislature. Delaware has only 600 saloons in a State wide prohibition, according to the reports of the Anti-Saloon League, is only a question of months. In New Hampshire an affirmative vote now must be given in each town to license own beer sold. Of the 244 towns only twenty-one are wet, and the majority in the State against license in 7,600. In Vermont under a similar law only seventeen of the 246 towns in the State have saloons, and a state majority of the recent election of California has cut the wet majority of 170,000 of two years ago to 45,000. In Maryland, where 165 saloons were closed by the latest ballot, (Continued on page 32)
THE SABBATH RECORDER

ary work that is shown by the church. He is supported in the every-Sunday appointment by the young people and other workers. A North Dakota farmer coming to Gentry to spend the winter has generously taken some in his auto to these appointments. Will you join in the prayer that this church may become a warm center of missionary activity not only for the world-wide field but for the nearby lost ones. The Christian Endeavor society recently voted to spend a part of each meeting in a soul-winning study to be conducted by the pastor.

T. J. VAN HORN.

The Look That Corrected

If it hadn't been for that slip of a girl in the subway! I didn't know her—no, my knowledge had never set eyes on her before. Why should she suddenly have turned and gazed at me with such a look of mingled surprise and disgust written on her face?

I'd had a few drinks, of course—Jim and a friend of his had dropped in at the office and we'd spent an hour together at Burma, and there was nothing criminal in that? Surely she must have seen that I was a gentleman.

I had a dinner engagement for seven and hurried home to dress. Try as I would, however, I could not rid myself of that look. It haunted me perpetually.

Why on earth, I kept on reasoning, that was a slip of a stenographer has affected me so strangely? Could it have been that I was at all unwieldy? But I dismissed that from my mind as ridiculous.

How the bunch would laugh if I told them that a few cocktails had noticeably affected me. Why, I had always prided myself that I was "last man up" at all of our little parties.

But that look—that was it. I couldn't just define it. The more I reasoned the more despondent I became. Possibly I'd been going to bed drunk when I should have been alone in the office of the paper. A sojourn in the country would make me myself again. I could run home to Millerton for a few days — hadn't been there for almost two years.

I'd do it—that much I decided at once. I wired mother, packed my grip and just caught the night train.

I shall never forget how beautiful the place looked as old Thurlow drove me up the drive. A spirit of happiness seemed to pervade all. The same smile lighted up mother's face as she came down the steps to meet me. "I've always waiting for you, Dilly boy," she said.

Something inside me seemed to snap—"Just thought I'd run up for a few days, Mummy," I replied cheerfully, and then hustled upstairs for fear she'd catch sight of the tears which struggled to break through.

How natural my bed-room looked. I flung myself on the bed—that dear old bed of boyhood days. Somehow it seemed, but yesterday that I had knelt down beside mother and murmured my good-night prayers. What a change there had been! How often had I come stumbling home, from out studio affairs in town and fallen across my luxurious bed without even undressing?

The little old Bible which I had won for honorary mention at Sunday school still lay on the table. And dad's regimental cap hung over the fall of the bed. Then I thought of the walls of my present quarters adorned with the rakish photos of countless women—women who smiled alluringly across the table while you kept on reasoning. I've perpetually.

I had been slipping into the maelstrom of the city's night life—"But no more," I cried and rushed downstairs. "Mummy, I've decided to take you back with me to the city. Will you come?"

She came. And the little girl in the subway? I never saw her again—but I should like to— Selected.

"The Russians find that savings bank receipts have increased five thousand per cent in the eight months following the closing of the drink shops."

Patience is the ballast of the soul that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storm.— Bishop Hopkins.

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear Of which the coming life is made; And fill our future's atmosphere With sunshine or shade."

The tissues of the life to be We weave with colors of our own; And in the fields of Destiny We reap as we have sown."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

DEATHS

Witter—Samuel J. Witter was born in the town of Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y., February 14, 1834, and died in his native town, December 17, 1916, aged 82 years, 10 months and 4 days.

Mr. Witter was married to Miss Sarah Brown August 10, 1857, and they were born in the town, two of whom have preceded him to the Spirit Land, while five remain to comfort the lonely widow. Neighbors and friends join in sympathy with them and his two remaining sisters, the Misses Perintha and Phoebe Witter, of Lemon Drop, N. Y.

Randolph—Mary Lucretia Fitz Randolph was the daughter of Abram Fitz Randolph and Anna Maria Fitz Randolph. She was born in New York City, June 7, 1837.

Not only were both parents Randolphs, but she married a Randolph, Daniel Fitz Randolph, who died several years ago. Since then she has made her home most of the time with a daughter, Mrs. Edward Ten Eyck, at South Plainfield, N. J.

She has been an invalid for almost two years, and passed away quietly into eternal rest November 11, 1917. She was a member of the Fiscarway Seventh Day Baptist Church. Besides other relatives she leaves a sister, Mrs. Agnes Randolph, a son, and two daughters.

Funeral services conducted by Rev. Edwin Shaw were held November 14, and burial was made at Millington.

A Prayer for the Women Who Toil

O God, we pray thee for our sisters who are leaving the ancient shelter of home to earn their wage in the factory and the stores and the shops of modern life. Save them from the strain of unremitting toil that would unfit them for the holy duties of home and motherhood which the future may lay upon them. Give them grace to cherish the pure surroundings of the old sweetness and gentleness of womanhood and in the rough mingling of life to keep their hearts pure and their lives unmar­

ished. Save them from the terrors of the work place. Tenderize them to stand loyally by their sisters, that by united action they may better their common lot; If it must be so that our women toil like men, help us still to reverence in them the mothers of the future. But make us determine to shield them from unequal burdens, that the women of our nation be not drained of, strength and hope for the enrichment of a few, lest our homes grow poor in the wifely sweetness and motherly love which have been the saving strength and glory of our country. To such as yearn for the love and sovereign freedom of their own homes grant in due time the fulfilment of their sweet desires. By Mary, the beloved, who bore the world's redemption in her bosom; by the memory of our own dear mothers who kissed our souls awake; by the little daughters who must soon go out into that world which we are now fashioning for others, we beseech thee that we may deal aright by all women.— Walter Rauschenbusch.

Setting a New Record

When the last load of wheat was drawn from C. S. Noble's farm, at Nobleford, Alberta, Canada, October 25, the world's record was broken, with a total of 51,210 bushels. A load of 3,000 bushels was left unthreshed on the field. The total yield obtained by elevator weight was 54,383 bushels, or fifty-four bushels and twenty-three pounds an acre. Fifty-three men, two sheen separators and two sheaf-loaders were used in the work. The world's record would have been equaled if the average had been only thirty-nine bushels to the acre, but the last load went close to sixty-four bushels to the acre and thus made an average of fifty-four and a half bushels for the entire thousand acres. The wheat graded Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Northern. All of it was the Marquis variety, the best wheat that has yet been developed for Western Canada purposes. The seed used in seeding this 1,000-acre field was nearly all obtained from the culmination of a one-acre field sown with hand-picked pedigreed Marquis seed.—The Commercial West.

We should employ our passions in the service of life, not spend life in the service of our passions.—Richard Steele.

Confucius said, "Our headstrong passions shut the door of our souls against God."

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