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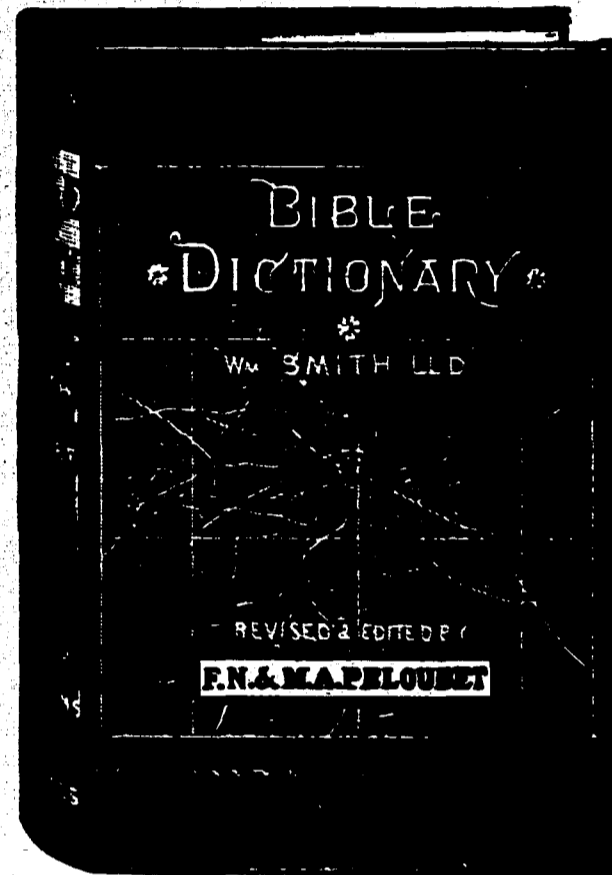
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The Sabbath Recorder

SUPERSENSIBLE

The harp is ever singing to itself
In soft and soullike sounds we can not hear;
The stars of morning sing, and soundless words
Make God's commands run swift from sphere to sphere.

Each flower is always sending incense up
As if in act of holy worshiping,
Till fragrant earth is one great altar, like
To heaven where saints their prayer-filled censers swing.

The stars send out a thousand rays, writ full
Of mysteries we can not read or see,
Of histories so long, and going forth,
So vast, the volumes fill infinity.

Celestial presences have walked with man,
Alluring him to Nebo's lofty height;
Transfigured forms in tender light, too oft
Invisible to our low range of sight.

O Source Divine of things so fine and high,
Touch all thy children's souls with power to see
That vibrant earth and air and boundless sky
Still throb with immanent divinity.

—Bishop Warren, in the Independent.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 83, NO. 15

PLAINFIELD, N. J., OCTOBER 8, 1917

WHOLE NO. 3,788

God's Heroes When a man finds himself confronted in the business world with temptations to turn away from the faith of his fathers in order to make a better living, and after a great struggle deliberately puts self aside, turns his back upon the glowing allurements of worldly prosperity, and accepts the more difficult way, with work not quite suited to his liking, God must count him among the heroes of faith.

The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark and go cheerfully to whatever work he gives. It is heroic to bear the cross in a humbler position and to toil at harder work with smaller pay in order to obey God and be true to his Sabbath when the world offers larger openings and more attractive work for him who will yield to its enticements. We all know men for whom we have the greatest admiration because for years they have worked to disadvantage in order to be true to the Sabbath of Jehovah. Nothing can persuade them to forsake the truth for worldly gain. God knows their struggles, and even though the world at large fails to recognize the nobility of such lives, he will not let them go unrewarded. "Great peace have they that love thy law."

Thwarted, Yet Thankful When king David had conquered his enemies and secured peace and prosperity, he planned in his heart to build the house of God, for it seemed not good for him to dwell in a palace while the ark of God had only a tent. His heart was in the work and he was ready to go forward and build the temple, but Jehovah had other plans for him. There were certain reasons why it was not best to commit to David that great task; therefore it was withheld.

Though sorely disappointed David made no complaint. He accepted the conditions placed upon him and went cheerfully forward with all preparations, in order that his son might be ready to begin the work immediately after his own death. It is remarkable that in the face of such a dis-

appointment David accepted the change in the spirit of true humility and took up his humble service with a song of praise upon his lips and thanksgiving in his heart.

This is a good story for one to study whose plans have seemed to be thwarted, whose earnest desires as to life work have not been realized, and who begins to fear his life is almost a failure. Sometimes we see those whose plans have been large, whose chosen work is in every way worthy, and who yet can not succeed. They have tried hard enough, but owing to some peculiarity, some want of preparation of the right sort, the Lord has not seen fit to set his seal upon their work, and so has made it seem necessary for them to change their life plans.

Happy is the man who, in such a case, can cheerfully take up some other work, and in the spirit of thanksgiving go forward without a murmur. The task God sets such a one may after all be the very thing necessary to be done before another can carry forward the original plans. Many who design to do great things but are compelled by force of circumstances to forego their own desires and follow the will of the Master may after all be laying foundations upon which the next generation can build all the better because these have lived and wrought as best they could. If a man is not fitted for the work his ambitions lead him to undertake, the more gracefully he can accept service in a lower station the better for him and for all those larger interests which should, after all, be dearer to him than personal aggrandizement.

"Something Yet For Me to Do" A man's heart may be all but broken, and yet in resignation he may find healing and comfort. His plans may be headed off, but the new purpose which comes may make him happy as a child. This should be the case where one is consecrated and loyal enough to say in all sincerity, "Lord, I will do what you want me to do." It must have been so with David when his plan for building was

thwarted. He is a wise man who, upon finding he can not do what he has set his heart upon doing, says cheerily, "There is some work yet for me," and then sets about accomplishing it. Failure in one line of work is no reason why one may not be greatly successful in some other. The most foolish thing a disappointed man can do is to sit down and sulk and blame another for his failure. There is not a man living who can truly say, "There is nothing for me to do." We can all begin something for those coming after us to finish. God knows all our discouragements and will reward every one according to his spirit and purpose.

Story of the Picture "Folded Hands" There is a little masterpiece of art, admired by many, called "Folded Hands." It has hung in various studies and art galleries and has furnished inspiration for workers in Europe and America. Its story illustrates the value of sweet, brave resignation when one has discovered that he can not succeed in his chosen life work and must give up his dearest wish for some homely duty which he feels that his Master has shown to him.

Two boys chose the artist's profession and for years studied under the same master. It was evident that one of them possessed real genius, while it seemed to the teacher that the other lacked in those qualities necessary to the making of a great artist. The parents of both boys doted on their sons and could not bear to think of their failure. Both boys tried hard and were faithful in their efforts.

Years passed and the boys grew to be middle-aged men, and still the one could not measure up to the artist's standard. Finally it was proposed that they each make an etching of the passion of Christ. This they did, and when the two pictures were brought together one was found to be cold and lifeless while the other was full of life and beauty. This convinced the one that he never could succeed as an artist. He had reached the years when it would be difficult to change and yet he knew he must lay down the painter's brush and secure a living in some other kind of work. For a moment he buried his face in his hands; then in broken tones, but without a mummur, he exclaimed, "The Lord has not given me the gift of an artist,

but I believe he has something yet for me to do. I have been blind to my shortcomings too long and have lost so much time—" Right there the other broke in, "Oh, be quiet just one moment!" and seizing a pencil skilfully he drew a few lines on paper while the other leaned with folded hands on the mantel.

The next day, when the etching had been filled in, the discouraged one was shown the picture of himself as he looked when with folded hands he had made the sad surrender of his life so bravely and uncomplainingly. "These hands," said his fellow-worker, "may never paint a picture, but they will now certainly *make* one that will move men's hearts in years to come."

And so this picture, representing the spirit of self-surrender and uncomplaining resignation, has been admired by all who have seen it. So, too, must be the influence of him who, like David, cheerfully accepts God's plans, even when they run contrary to his own and when they mean a complete change of life work.

Strengthen Weak Hands Confirm Feeble Knees There is comfort in this passage of Scripture,

"Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees," because it shows the Lord's sympathy for the consciously weak. The Master cares for the weaklings of the flock and calls upon his ministers to give them aid and solace.

When Bunyan's Christian was climbing the Hill Difficulty, he found hands and knees were none too strong. He could not run or even walk, but had to go clambering on hands and knees. All through the Bible hands stand for work and knees represent devotion or prayer. The gospel of work is greatly needed in the church today. If work is symbolized by hands, how many weak hands there must be! No wonder the call comes to strengthen them.

If weak hands need strengthening, so do feeble knees, for these represent prayer. A Christian without prayer is feeble indeed and can hardly so much as clamber when he comes to the steep and difficult places. Feeble knees are poor helps to weak hands. Doubts and fears are sure to come to weak-handed and feeble-kneed Christians, and so they lose their way or fail in their work. Pastors in their pulpits, parents in their homes, teachers before their

classes, social workers confronted with the problems of suffering humanity, all find hills of difficulty that force them down upon hands and knees; but the gracious Lord knows all about it and has promised to be a present helper in every such time.

Be of Good Courage I think it was Mr. Moody who said: "I never knew a case where God used a discouraged man or woman to accomplish any great thing for him." These words are worth more than a passing notice, for we all have our times of discouragement. Even the mighty Elijah was helpless and filled with misconceptions while he lay under the juniper tree and thought of himself as all alone in God's great work. True he had some reason to feel deserted, for no one of the seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal showed any interest in the work or rallied to stand by him; but he could do nothing to make matters better while discouraged and complaining. Never could he have been used of God again if he had not gone to Horeb, and by personal communion with Jehovah received new courage.

Mr. Moody's words were true indeed. If a minister gets "blue" and goes into his pulpit discouraged, and complaining that his people do not rally as they should to the work, his discouragement will soon reach the pews and his congregation, too, will lose heart.

Fellow-workers in the kingdom, let us strive against giving way to discouragement, knowing that we are servants of the mighty God and that he will give the increase if we go on in the right spirit. By thus giving way we shall fail to do our best. When overcome by sadness and despondency we can not draw men either to ourselves or to the cause we stand for; we lose confidence and lack life-giving energy. Our work is done half-heartedly and God can not bless it. Soldiers march best to stirring music, and so the soldier of the Cross will be stirred to better service by inspiring, hopeful leaders whose hearts are strong and courageous.

When Others, Too Were Praying When Nehemiah was greatly burdened over the condition of Jerusalem with her neglected temple and broken-down walls, he turned to God in

earnest, fervent prayer. And we see by that prayer (Neh. 1: 11) that he believed others, too, were praying for the same thing. It was a great help for him to know that many others loved Jerusalem, desired to see it built up, and were also praying for the prosperity of Zion.

A man feels supported and strengthened in his own heart and can pray better when he knows that he has many friends who desire to help and are praying for the cause he loves. Again, a man can work better and accomplish more when assured of the sympathy and prayers of his fellows. Successful work for the kingdom of God is so dependent upon prayer that many a worker longs for the united petitions of his people. If ever the feeling comes to a pastor or missionary or other worker that people are not praying for his success, that they are indifferent to the broken-down walls of Jerusalem and have lost their desire to fear the Lord and to aid in his work, then that very feeling will become a handicap.

We need the united prayers and sympathy of all our people if the walls of our Zion are to be built up. I always love to think of the hearty response given to Nehemiah, when, after his night ride around the city, he told the people of the great need and they said, "Let us rise up and build." "So they strengthened their hands for this good work." It was only by united prayer and faithful work on the part of the people that Nehemiah was, a little later, able to say, "So built we the wall, . . . for the people had a mind to work."

Your Contributed Dollar Where It Goes In the RECORDER of September 3, p. 310, we gave

the words and figures shown on a chart prepared by Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard, and displayed at Conference to let you see in graphic form where your dollar goes when contributed to the Tract Board for use in the Master's work. On the next page is a picture of the chart itself with its one hundred cents of the divided dollar. We know you will be interested in it, as it shows just what proportion of each dollar given goes to the various lines of work we have in hand.

"Living an aimless, useless life, means floating to the Niagara of self-destruction."

American Sabbath Tract Society

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	Cents
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Los Angeles, Cal. Church	1 1/2
Committee on Revision of Literature	3 1/3
Home Field - Sabbath Evangelist	8

Deficit on Publications

Sabbath Recorder	35
Sabbath Visitor	5 1/2
Helping Hand	2 1/2
Junior Quarterly	1 1/2
Tracts and General Printing	2 3/5
Pulpit	3 1/2

Missionary Work

Italian Mission, Rev. A. Savarese, New Era, N.J.	3
Hungarian Mission, J. J. Kovats, Chicago	1 1/2

Miscellaneous

Traveling Expenses of Representatives to Conference, Associations etc.	1/4
President's Traveling Expenses	1/5
Stenographer, Postage etc.	3 3/5
Secretary's Expenses, Salary, Rent, Clerical Help, Postage	1 1/2
Incidentals	15
Linotype (debt)	3/5
Legal Expenses, Treasurer's Ex., Stenographer, Postage	100

NOTES BY THE WAY

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Gentry, Ark.

After turning aside for the two-day visit at Belzoni, Okla, as reported last week, Van Horn and I went on our way north through eastern Oklahoma to Poteau, then to Watts and then to Gentry, Ark., leaving Antlers at two in the afternoon and arriving at Gentry about eleven at night. Most of this trip was through mountainous districts, until darkness came on. Fine fields of corn and cotton were in the valleys, with smaller patches of sorghum and millet, and in the gardens peanuts, sweet potatoes and cow peas, with orchards of apples and peaches. And weeds, weeds, weeds, all along the roadsides, and in the fence corners, and in the fields, everywhere. But this last is not characteristic of Arkansas and Oklahoma alone. I see it from the car windows every place I have been on this trip into the fifteen States that I have thus far visited since the General Conference.

I was very favorably impressed by the country at and about Gentry. Sunday afternoon we went twelve miles west out into Oklahoma to Beck's Schoolhouse for a preaching appointment, and this gave an opportunity to see something of the land in that direction. I am told that this has been a good year, much better than last, when it was very dry. It is a good fruit country, and I liked the climate. The air tasted right. The plateau region of the Ozark Mountains give an altitude favorable to the atmosphere. Gentry is quite a town, with a goodly number of places of business and fine, comfortable looking homes. The Seventh Day Baptist church building is said to be the best one in town. There was a time when its seating capacity was taxed to the limit with chairs in the aisles on Sabbath days, but so many people have moved away to other places, Milton, North Loup, Fouke, etc., that the congregation now has plenty of room, in fact so much room that it almost seems lonesome for those who are there.

Professor Fred I. Babcock was in Gentry the same time that I was there. He was on his way to Fouke where he is to be the principal of the school for this coming year.

His home is in Albion, Wis. He is a graduate of Milton College and has been a teacher in the public schools of Wisconsin for several years. He is to be the pastor of the church at Fouke while teaching in the school there. While at Gentry he preached Friday evening and Sabbath afternoon, helpful sermons, which were much appreciated by the people. Out at Beck's Schoolhouse he taught a class in the Sunday school before the preaching service, a difficult task for a stranger, but he was quite equal to the occasion.

T. J. Van Horn as general missionary for the Southwest has his home at Gentry and is pastor of the church. This is a very large field and a very promising field. We might well have three men on this field, one each for Texas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma, spending all their time in holding Sabbath evangelistic meetings from place to place. The problem is, how to support them. For two reasons we can not expect the support from the field to any large extent. The people are as a rule rather poor and so do not have the means. And then they have not been trained in giving. In some places the country is almost overrun with preachers, men who support themselves and preach as occasion offers. And the plan of supporting a man to give his full time and energy to the gospel ministry is not common on this field. But I have the feeling that as a mission field for our people it offers exceptional opportunities.

I feel like making public acknowledgment here for the kind helpfulness at Gentry of a Mr. Phelps, a retired farmer of North Dakota, who with his wife is spending a time in Gentry, traveling about the country in their automobile, from place to place. They spent the winter last year in Gentry, coming as strangers. This summer they have been as far west as Colorado, coming back through northern Texas. Through his friendship for Mr. Van Horn he practically put himself and his automobile at our disposal while we were in Gentry, giving us the opportunity to go about the town and country with ease and dispatch, especially the trip to the Beck Schoolhouse region. The church at Gentry feels a little discouraged, for no other reason, however, except because of the waning membership. I feel that the tide will turn

soon. It is a good place to live, and other people will be coming thither, and additions will be made from those now on the field. But the people need the sympathetic interest and prayers of the rest of us, just as we all are helped by the "tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

Memphis, Tenn.

The trip from Gentry to West Virginia was a little farther by Memphis than it would have been by St. Louis, but I am glad that I decided to return by that route. Here I had the pleasure of visiting for the first time two homes where there are Sabbath-keepers.

In the one is a dear lady, a Mrs. Harber, well along in years. Accepting the Sabbath she has become a non-resident member of the church at Gentry. She lives with a married daughter. She told me that another daughter with her husband had very recently accepted the Sabbath and just commenced its observance. They with their family of five children were not in town, and so, much to my regret, I did not have the privilege of meeting them. Because of a fall resulting in a broken hip bone, she has been unable to walk or stand for over a year, and has only recently been able to ride out in an automobile. The sweet Christian patience and trust of this woman, and her loyalty to God's word of truth, are a power and influence that are widely felt.

The other home is that of the late Professor C. H. Threlkeld. A married daughter with husband and baby lives in the same home. Mrs. Threlkeld was in her girlhood a resident of Hartsville, N. Y., and she and the children now have their membership in the Hartsville Church. There is a son, a young man, in the automobile business with his brother-in-law and three unmarried daughters, the youngest a child of about ten. Here I was given the most delightful hospitality, and was charmed by the spirit of faithful allegiance to the truth of the Sabbath, a loyalty to convictions, gladly given, without complaint or suggestion of sacrifice. I shall long remember this visit to Memphis, even including the trip in the afternoon to the Tri-State Fair as a guest of the family, and an auto ride through the beautiful park of which the people of Memphis are justly proud.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES

I. N. KRAMER

Iowa Yearly Meeting

Men in general are in constant anxiety, toil and perplexity, seeking after worldly possessions and pleasures. This undue anxiety is not confined to the people of any one country, nor to any age, for it has existed in all times and places, and has even entered the church that professes to live wholly in dependence on the living God. It is not surprising, therefore, that Jesus when upon earth, should have charged his disciples not to take thought for their life, what they should eat, or what they should drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed; not to lay up for themselves treasures upon earth, or labor for the meat that perisheth; and not to take thought for the morrow.

The intent of this is not to conflict with the Scripture that says he that will not work shall not eat, and he that provideth not for his own house is worse than an infidel; for the meaning is that man should not in an excessive degree seek after the things of this life, even the more necessary things, for God knoweth that he hath need of them. For all things are in God's hands to give or withhold, and all our strivings and anxieties can not change his purpose to give or withhold his blessing on our labors to secure these things, as he sees best for us.

In the course of human life God has established times and seasons that in their nature more particularly forbid any excessive interest or anxiety for the increase of worldly possessions. The early stages of human life are designed to be free from anxious care and thought for the storing up of properties, and provisions for the things of this life. If the minds of the young be overcharged with anxiety and care for gain and the possession of goods, clothing and money, it will have a deleterious effect in after life, when desire becomes greed, and the individual becomes grasping and selfish, and thereby unfitted for the real duties of life. Parents and friends often, perhaps unsuspectingly, lead, teach or encourage children in these ways both by word and act.

To keep up with neighbors in show and extravagance seems to be the leading thought of the majority of people. Get

rich quick is their slogan or pass word. The simple life with its trust in God is rejected as "old fogyism" or "a back number." The unassuming home of the quiet studious man is despised.

Another stage of life, which in its nature forbids all anxious care for the acquisition and laying up of worldly goods is the time of old age. At such a time the great battles of life should have been fought, and the cares, labors and anxieties finished; and though the conquest may have been small, and the surroundings limited, yet a quiet, reverent submission to God will bring peace and quiet of soul that no earthly possessions can give. It is a time, not of anxiety for the fleeting possessions of the world and its frivolous pleasures, but of simple trust in God and a readiness to leave the scenes of this turbulent world and to enter into the immediate presence of God and to joy in that presence. What, then, shall earthly possessions have to do with such a one's happiness?

In a time of war there are elements that indicate that worrying desire after riches should have no place. At the time Israel was captive under the Syrian yoke the general who commanded the Syrian army was a leper who was induced to come to the prophet of the conquered nation to be healed of his leprosy; and when healed he offered the prophet great gifts and rewards, which were refused. But Gehazi, servant of the prophet, a man of modern type, followed the Syrian general and by false statements obtained a portion of the goods for himself, which he hid and then returned to the prophet. The prophet, being aware of what had been done, with cutting rebuke asked him, "Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and man-servants, and maid-servants?"

As the Israelites were humiliated under the Syrian yoke because of their sins, the prophet and teacher of their religion did not deem it proper to receive such gifts from the Assyrian conqueror, lest by such an act he show his lack of confidence in, and dependence on, God, who is abundantly able and willing to supply the needs of all those who walk in obedience to his will. Further the prophet sought to teach the Syrian general that his healing was not accomplished by the power of man, but that it could come only from God, and

could not be purchased with money or earthly treasures; and that he might see the power and goodness of the God of Israel to him. It was more important in the eyes of the prophet that these things should be impressed upon the minds of Israel's conqueror, than that he should receive gifts and properties for himself.

The present time is a time of war, which has swept like a whirlwind from nation to nation, which none can escape. May not this be the preparation for the battle of the *great day* of God Almighty? It indicates the approaching harvest of the earth, for it is becoming ripe, and ready for him who sits upon a white cloud to thrust in his sharp sickle and reap; "for the harvest is ripe, . . . the press is full, the fats overflow; *for their wickedness is great.*"

Comotions and unrest pervade all lands, and wars and rumors of wars abound in greater proportion than has ever before been conceived of by man. The terrors, wastage and distress of the war now progressing are beyond comprehension, and the end is not yet. Elements are now at work capable of turning the whole world into anarchy and confusion. Labor troubles, mob violence, and resistance to authority exist everywhere. Spies and enemies, both home and foreign, fill all lands with apprehension. Resistance to draft, race and color antipathies, the strides of Catholicism in trying to seize the reins of government, and the I. W. W. and anarchy menace, are indications to some that the dissolution of earthly governments is at hand. As yet the world may have seen only the beginning of sorrows coming on the earth as God's judgments on a wicked world.

Is this a time to receive money, to add farm to farm, to build mansions and pleasure grounds, to get manservants and maid-servants, and to live sumptuously every day?

A Southern clergyman of the Presbyterian Church was enjoying his first visit to Niagara Falls. He was a typical representative of the best spiritual and educational culture of the Southland. On reaching the point where the Falls appears at its best, he was seen to lift his silk hat, and then, standing in silence for a moment, was heard to speak with suppressed emotion: "My God! My God!"—*Selected.*

MISSIONS

Monthly Statement

September 1, 1917, to October 1, 1917

S. H. DAVIS
In account with
THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Dr.	\$	227 45
Balance in hand September 1, 1917		
Capt. Arthur E. Druitt, Debt Fund	3 18	
Jesse E. Hutchins	4 21	
Clarence Crandall, towards Life Membership..	10 00	
Dr. S. C. Maxson, cred. to Leonardsville church	5 00	
Churches:		
Milton	27 25	
Plainfield	15 42	
Adams Center	25 00	
Syracuse	1 00	
One-third Collection at Conference	65 51	
Woman's Board:		
Miss Burdick's salary	150 00	
Miss West's salary	150 00	
General Fund	10 00	
Debt Fund	10 00	
Special for telegrams	1 39	
Washington Trust Company Loan	1,000 00	
Interest on checking account for July.....	1 10	
	\$1,706 51	

Cr.	\$	58 34
George W. Hills, Aug. salary		
J. J. Kovats, Aug. salary	20 00	
J. G. Burdick, Aug. salary	29 16	
R. R. Thorngate, Aug. salary	29 17	
T. J. Van Horn, Aug. salary	41 67	
Luther A. Wing, Aug. salary	37 50	
D. Burdett Coon, Aug. salary, trav. exp.	91 62	
J. W. Crofoot, Aug. sal., trav. exp., child allow.	88 75	
Edwin Shaw, Aug. salary, trav. exp.	75 51	
Dr. Grace I. Crandall, Aug. salary, trav. exp. .	48 33	
Dr. Bessie B. Sinclair, 1/2 Aug sal., trav. exp. .	91 66	
T. L. M. Spencer, Sept. salary	50 00	
Jesse W. Lippincott, exp. with gospel tent in Michigan	5 70	
Western Union Telegraph Co., telegrams.....	1 39	
Washington Trust Co., interest on note	18 78	
Treasurer's expenses	20 00	
	\$ 707 58	
Balance on hand October 1, 1917	998 93	
	\$1,706 51	

Bills payable in October, about

Notes outstanding October 1, 1917

S. H. DAVIS,
Treasurer.

E. & O. E.

EDUCATION AND CITIZENSHIP

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK

Conference Paper

At such a time as this, when so much is being said about citizenship, when tests of true citizenship are coming in so many ways, far more than in common times do we need to understand what makes for good citizens.

I am speaking to a people who believe that not only do we have a citizenship in heaven, but that we have one on earth as well and that we owe fealty and honor to both. I think the most of us believe that

God has intended that we should be formed into states and nations for safety and protection of life and property. If the apostle Paul was inspired, then we must believe that "there is no power but of God; and the powers that be are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, withstandeth the ordinance of God; and they that withstand shall receive to themselves judgment." I am speaking to a people who believe in law and order and not in anarchy or injustice. We do not think any man ought to be allowed to do as he pleases when, by so doing, he jeopardizes the life or happiness of others; nor even concede him that right when he injures himself; for being a part of the community, when he weakens himself, he weakens the community.

Of course, if every one was a perfect Christian, there would be no need of governments. The law of kindness would be in every heart. Such a time as that is yet a great way off. Now, the law of selfishness is ever present, leading the nations into war and causing the ruin we see so plainly at the present hour. It is seen among the classes in all lands today. Each body of men seem to think that all other bodies are trying to obtain an advantage over them and they must accomplish that object first. Notice how there is no care for the welfare of others in the action of such groups as the I. W. W., who, because they can not rule in everything to their own advantage, burn and destroy that which is not their own, but which belongs to the people. One hardly knows which is the more vicious and traitorous, these or that class which have enriched themselves greatly at the expense of the whole people by unjust profits on the necessities of life. As long as the world is as it is, we will have to have law, and governments to enforce that law.

In the years before us we are going to find many hard and intricate questions to face and solve. Perhaps never before in the history of the world has there been a greater need of an educated citizenship than at the present time and that time which will see the great war finished. The exigencies of the events which we are facing will make us study well the path in which we are to travel and choose well, or else find ourselves amid the ruins of national life. Questions of what is termed

Democracy. What does one mean when he uses that word? Does the president of a college mean the same thing by it that the anarchist means? Do you and I want the ignorant, the man of untrained thought to settle what shall be the policy of this nation in its future? I know you would not like to trust the destiny of our dear land to a class of unbelieving and ignorant demagogues.

What, too, shall we do in regard to the future control of the prices of the products of field and mine which now we are, for the first time, attempting to regulate? Shall we try to protect the consumer as well as the producer? Shall we say to the former, "We will guarantee you two dollars a bushel for your wheat," and not say to him, or to the trader, "You must not ask more than that"? What are we to do when the war closes, along these lines? I am not one who fears the invasion of our nation by the army of a foreign foe, but I do fear the invasion of foreign principles and doctrines. On an educated citizenship will our safety in the future depend.

We notice how much is made of educated citizens in war time. In the large numbers called to the training camps for officers did you notice that it was from among the best trained in the schools of the country that these were taken? Here were your college and university men, men who were ready to enter the professions and businesses of life and very few, if any, who had not a good high school education. It will be no less necessary for our leaders in times of peace to be men of the best minds, if we wish to win out.

You are to know that the education for citizenship I am advocating here should be prefixed here by the word, Christian. Without this, I should be fearful still. There is no question which relates to our national life but is bound up with right and wrong. Some, like that of prohibition of the liquor traffic and social vice, come very close to our religious convictions and work. We need an educated Christian citizenship to settle these in the right way and for all time. Here, again, would you like to have these questions dealt with by an ignorant and vicious electorate? There is no principle of government that is likely to claim our attention, about which we would not feel safer if the intelligence of the land

should have the settlement of it rather than the ignorant should have a voice in it.

Seventh Day Baptists have ever been at the fore, not only in advocating higher standards of education but in seeking it for their children. They should not desist now; for only by the well trained mind and broadened views, such as education gives, will our children be able to weather the tempestuous times that appear to be just before us.

EVOLUTION

LOIS R. FAY

An editorial discussion concerning the subject of evolution and the Bible has recently been printed in the *Sunday School Times*, and various important conclusions have been made. One is concerning the oft quoted theory that man evolved from an ape, concerning which the editorial says:

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held in New York City in December last, the question of man's relationship to the ape was considered, with special reference to the question of the "missing link." A notable change of view was expressed, and the problem was raised whether the ape is related to man by ascent or descent. One of the most recent authoritative publications by a well known German anthropologist urges that "the apes are to be regarded as degenerate branches of the pre-human stock." This means in a word that "man is not descended from the ape but the ape from the man."

This has been the opinion of a considerable number of humble minds ever since there has been a discussion of the subject by the press, and also the pulpit, which has not always maintained opinions of integrity on this and similar subjects. It is well to have the suppositions and oppositions of scientific theory exposed to the light, that they be not permitted to overthrow the inexperienced faith of struggling souls.

Of the order of descent of animal life so carefully arranged by scientists in museum exhibitions, this paragraph from the same editorial is of interest:

Skeletons of creatures from the lowest monkey to the highest type of man himself may be arranged in exact order. So may automobiles, from the first rude and crude and grotesque models of twenty years ago, to the most artistic landolet of today. But there is no model evolution here, no germ in one automobile that has produced the next better by forces within, through natural selection, in any sense whatever.

There has been nothing more than a suggestion of some change that might be made for the better, and this suggestion was in a *mind without*, and the change came wholly from the *mind without*, and through a new creative act. The orderly progress in the natural history museum proves no more than this: Each step in the orderly progress there may have come about only through a suggestion in a *mind without*, and been produced by a creative act *from without*.

It is well known that if any single cell of life, in plant, insect or animal, can not take in from without, the issue is death. There is no such thing as development merely from within, for development is also dependent on appropriation of force from without. If there is nothing taken in from without there is no development from within, and it is this that Genesis specifically teaches.

Thus in spite of all the brilliant discoveries of science, the plain fact abides, that we must come back to the Old Book for an explanation of the origin of life.

When the doctrine of evolution first became popular, it was thought to express a gradual, regular and unbroken process in which the previous condition always accounted for the present condition. All suggestions of special creations, sudden breaks and interruptions, and great changes were considered impossible.

Yet it now appears that this earlier view is altogether inadequate, for evolution proceeds by "leaps" as well as by slow processes. From all this it is perfectly obvious that the theory of evolution is still a hypothesis (a supposition) which we have a perfect right to question until the facts are forthcoming to transform the hypothesis into scientific truth.

The first chapter of Genesis has the same order of events as may be seen in scientific records today.

Those who are apt, on insufficient grounds, to rush to the conclusion, that everything modern is right, and that most ancient things, especially in the Bible, are wrong, should give themselves a little more study both of the modern and the ancient facts of the case.

One modern fact that needs attention concentrated upon it, is the lack of knowledge of things ancient, and because of this lack of knowledge, faith weakens before the doctrines of evolution, when it should be increasing in strength and power continually. Few appear to appreciate the fact that the Bible teaches evolution; not evolution as the agnostics' science, complicated by the imaginations of undevout minds into a confusing labyrinth of conflicting ideas, but evolution pure and simple that follows "the strait and narrow way."

It may be news to many supposedly well-informed minds to hear that Moses believed in evolution. This is one of the combined ancient and modern facts which, when better known, will certainly strengthen Christian faith.

Before quoting Moses' words on the subject, let me emphasize that evolution pure and undiluted is simply an unrolling, from the Latin verb *evolvo*, meaning to unroll, or roll forth. With this fundamental definition in mind, I will bring to the reader this sentence from the wonderful "Prayer of Moses the man of God" as recorded in the second verse of the Ninetieth Psalm:

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

From a casual reading few would find any evolution here, but the evidence appears in the Hebrew text of these words, "or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world". The Hebrew word translated "thou hadst formed" means to whirl or roll. The meaning seems to be that God rolled or whirled into existence the earth and the world; this is certainly a powerful and wonderful act of evolution in its purest form, and true science testifies thereto.

This beautiful psalm is often read as a selection to afford comfort when death brings sorrow into a household, and its messages will be much more prized when it is seen to contain ideas that can never become obsolete, nor be shattered by the blows of mistaken scientists. Moses' record of the creation seems greatly intensified with marvelous interest, when one realizes that evolution in its purity is not heresy, and faith can feast upon its mysteries without being lost in the labyrinthian byways of conflicting modern theories.

There is one idea inherited and inbred in some modern minds which prejudices them against acceptance of the Creator's evolving methods and miracles of creation and salvation; and as that obtruding idea has no Scriptural authority, it should be immediately dropped. I refer to the idea that creation week consisted of days twenty-four hours long. The text is: "In six days God made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day." These are the words of Exodus 20: 11, and other passages agree thereto; the twenty-four-hour limit is an imaginative suggestion of the finite brain. It has no "Thus saith the Lord" as its authority, and therefore is a fallacious addition that deceptively places limitations on the work of the Infinite.

"Every word of God is pure," says a

wise proverb, and continues, "Add not unto his words lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar."

This is an excellent test for any idea, any theory. If we feel compelled to add to the inspired Word to perpetuate any theory, we had better discard the theory before we become reprov'd and be found liars. It is therefore not wise for our finite minds to limit the time of the Infinite, especially when both Moses and the apostle Peter bear direct testimony to the extent of time with the Creator. In the fourth verse of that wonderful Ninetieth Psalm, Moses' words are:

"For a thousand years in thy sight are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

And Peter in the eighth verse of the third chapter of his second epistle wrote: "A day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

Study of Moses' creation narrative recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, with the light of his wonderful psalm glorifying it, establishes the fact that God's creative work was a process of evolution, an unrolling and unfolding, a whirling into existence, of the earth and the world abounding with life and activity, and leading on to a glorious future in the "new heaven and new earth."

There are numbers of discoveries of modern minds, which are used by undevout minds to perpetuate infidelity, agnosticism and their attendant evils. Evolution is one branch of discoveries so perverted.

There are numbers of discoveries which are received by devout minds with delight as fulfilling the inspired records made ages ago, and used by devout minds to perpetuate devotion, faith, wisdom and their attendant blessings. There are also things hidden from medieval times but revealed in these latter times to confirm prophecy. Evolution is one branch of discoveries so used.

We attribute to Columbus the discovery that the earth is round but the Bible taught it from the beginning. The minds to whom Columbus showed his ideas were too burdened with tradition and superstition to accept what he felt the world needed. To others is attributed the discovery of evolution, but the Bible taught it from the beginning. Especially is this true of the Hebrew text. There was no day of creation without some record of this fact, but

human additions and traditions buried this truth till it had to be dug out like a hidden treasure.

Columbus had some mistaken ideas interwoven with his correct idea of the shape of the earth. It is not safe to navigate by his charts, but his ideas that agreed with the divine Word have made his name great the world over. The discoveries of evolution also have interwoven some mistaken ideas into their doctrines, and their charts can not be relied upon; their greatness also will increase only as their thoughts are proved in harmony with the Divine.

As the bright autumn heavens attract the attention above things merely mundane, let us seek to have our own thoughts also in harmony with the Divine. And also let us remember that the Sabbath, the memorial of creation and the type of heavenly rest, is the divinely ordained opportunity for studying the Bible, the divine record of divine work. "The sabbath was made for man." To this day we may turn for a legitimate transformation of darkness into light concerning all the wondrous plans of the Creator, who will give us a mind and heart to trust, even though we can not always see how or why.

SUNSHINE FARTHER ON

The mountain's base is wrapped in gray,
And chill and cheerless is the way
As slow I tread the shadowed trail
That stretches upward still and pale.
But as I rise I see it glow
With what seemed mist and cloud below,
And soon I stand amid the dawn
Of warmth and sunshine—farther on.
O soul that beats the shadowed air
Above the base of summits fair,
Be brave and patient. Mists obscure
The lower way, but holds secure
The higher path. For thou must rise
On toiling wings to clearer skies;
And though the way seems dull and gray,
It lightens toward the summit day.
Thou, too, shalt stand amid the dawn
That flowers in sunshine—farther on.

—British Weekly.

Henry Ford is fighting submarines in a very effective fashion by helping to till British soil. The first battery of tractors is on its way to England and in another year 50,000 of them, sold at cost to the British government, will be doing the work of 600,000 horses and a million men. Who said that Henry Ford was not a patriot?—*The Standard*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

NEWS FROM LIEU-OO

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

Most honest people on this side of the globe are still asleep, as it is only four o'clock and no sign of daylight, but I have been vainly trying to "go to sleep again", so I thought I would waste no more of the precious quiet hours, but arise and relieve my conscience of this letter to the RECORDER which has been burdening it for some time. There seems to be little to write, which is the reason I haven't written, but I am afraid there are people at home who may be anxious to hear from this place, knowing that I am staying here alone through the summer.

So, in the first place, will say that we are all well. It has been a most remarkable summer so far. It began with ten days of great heat the latter part of June and first of July, and such a long time of drought as we have seldom seen here, giving rise to real alarm as to possible famine. There were predictions that it would be the hottest summer on record, to make up for the coldest winter in twenty-four years, last winter.

But on July 5 came rain, and a great drop in the temperature, and since then we have had only five days of heat above 90 degrees, and rain just as it has been needed, with the prospect just now of the best cotton and rice crop for years.

So as far as physical comfort is concerned we could hardly ask for anything better.

There are, however, a good many things to disturb the mind and heart. In the first place, the general unsettled political condition of the country, and then the last news that bogus government in Peking has declared war on Germany, with all that such a thing entails. It makes the sad burden of the world war which has already nearly crushed my heart, even heavier. Not that I am afraid, but it seems so sad that peace should be so completely taken from the earth, when Christ and his law of love was

supposed to govern most of the peoples involved.

Yesterday several things happened here to sadden me, and now for nights I have not been sleeping well because our watchdog is gone. The other day some of our remoter neighbors poisoned him and ate him, I suppose, for his body disappeared before we could get it and dispose of it after the news of his death reached us. He had been here within the hour. Perhaps it is a fulfilment of the law, "According to your faith be it unto you," for I had been feeling for some time that there was danger of just such a thing, for he was such a splendid watchdog and so large and strong. He was born on the place and seemed to understand so well his business. He never interfered with the patients or people passing, but let any idler come into our private premises and he immediately gave him warning to leave, and at night he was always at home and slept out of doors in the midst of things so he could hear any noise. If I waked in the night, hearing any noise, I would think, "Buff is there and not barking, so all is right," and go to sleep again. Now when I arouse, I have to listen carefully to see what the noise is, then I am wide awake and can't go to sleep again easily. Whether he was killed by people who want the chance to steal, or only for his flesh, we do not know. Many Chinese are very fond of dog meat, especially at this time of year. There is a sort of bean which cut up finely and mixed with meat will kill a dog very quickly and they say that people can eat it without harm. I shouldn't like to try, unless I was prepared to die, however! Aside from the anxiety, his cruel fate makes us sad, for he was such a loving, friendly fellow, with great, soft brown eyes, that it seems to me like murder of a human being, and a friend.

Two of the sad things that happened yesterday were in the dispensary. There were so many eye cases, and among them two men of less than thirty, who were totally blind who came to me with hope that I could do something for them. But there was not the slightest hope in either case, and the change in the faces from the expression of eager hope to that of despair just hurt my heart. The blindness of one was caused by general disease and he may not live long, but the other was a fine strong young man, whose sight could easily have

been saved had he come to me at once. I inquired his circumstances of the men who brought him. They said he had no male relatives, only an old mother who depended on him, and *laughingly* added, "Begging for him." Almost invariably when a Chinaman tells you about a death or great misfortune to some one not *related to himself* he laughs, and that laugh is hard for me to endure, though I try to persuade myself that it is a sort of nervousness. However I notice that when it touches themselves, they do not laugh, even from nervousness.

The verdict of blindness and then the pain of opening some boils on his head was no laughing matter to the man himself, and he fainted away and had to be laid on the floor and have especial, absorbing attention given to him for some time before he was able to arise and leave the room. Ah me! What sadness in that home, and all so preventable! There are many such homes in China. He lives right in town and could easily have come.

I have had a good many accident cases lately, and I am glad to see that people are actually learning that if they will come to me or send for me immediately, before they have put any of their usual remedies on the wound, the chances are of a speedy healing without suppuration. I was called out one evening lately to a case of hemorrhage from a cut deep between the thumb and hand. The man had been bleeding profusely for over an hour, with a Chinese doctor trying to stop the hemorrhage with cold water and medicines. He had begged them to send for me but the Chinese doctor insisted that he was using western methods and that I could do no better. At last in spite of him they sent for me. I went as fast as I could go, immediately called for boiled hot water, pulled off the stuff the doctor had put on, so I could see the condition, and in about a minute after I got there had the hemorrhage entirely stopped by simply pressing the thumb tight against the hand. Then I washed up the hand and bandaged it tightly in that position, with not the slightest hemorrhage afterward. It was almost a greater shock to the half-hundred onlookers to see it stop so suddenly than the hemorrhage itself had been. His hand healed without the slightest trouble, but it will be a long while before the man recovers his strength, because of the loss of blood.

We are not having many patients in the hospital. One who went out recently because she felt she could not stay longer was also an eye case. When she came in she could see no light even, the eyelids were terribly inflamed and what I could see of the eyes themselves did not make me very hopeful, but I urged her staying because I felt sure absolute blindness would be her fate if she didn't. When she went home she could see everything, but the lids were not yet healed, never could be, and she will probably have a relapse. That was another sad case. The husband works in Shanghai, does nothing to support her, but uses his wages to support another woman in Shanghai, and leaves his poor little wife with a child and his own blind mother to support and care for, and she herself undersized in both body and mind, lame with chronic rheumatism, and also afflicted with this severe eye trouble, probably contracted from the blind mother-in-law! How these sad things weigh on one's heart, even though they are so common. One never gets really used to them, unless the heart gets hardened.

Daylight has come, the sun is just peeping over the horizon, the physical world just now is beautiful with the green trees against the blue sky, thin fleecy clouds floating about and the fields richly laden with their crops of cotton, rice, corn and beans. Sounds and signs of life are appearing, a few early risers are seen on the roads, and the smoke is arising from the chimneys of the homes round about, as the early breakfast is being cooked.

I think my letter is long enough so I will close. I am thinking much these days of Dr. Crandall and Dr. Sinclair and their possible doings and of the great Conference to be soon in Plainfield. May God be with them all, and with us.

Your friend,
ROSA PALMBORG.

ANNUAL LETTER OF THE WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

*To the Women of the Local Societies of the
Seventh Day Baptist Conference and
Lone Sabbath-keepers.*

"Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied."

DEAR SISTERS (in local organization or isolated): In distances we are widely sep-

arated, but in spirit and oneness of purpose we may be constantly growing nearer and nearer together. How we hope you will accept this letter as a personal message to each one of you, far and near. We esteem it a privilege to greet you in this way, and trust you will receive our greeting with pleasure.

The accounts of the women's meetings at the recent Conference show an unusually large attendance, and the best of interest manifested by all present. This makes a good starting point for the year. Let us continue the earnest feelings displayed in those meetings throughout our work the coming months.

Now that the board scholarships for our three schools, Alfred, Milton, and Salem, are paid in full it was thought best to increase the contributions for the Twentieth Century Endowment Fund. The plan of expending money sent for this fund was plainly stated in our letter of 1913, as quoted from the annual report of the Education Society in 1912 *Year Book*, page 210. At that time Miss Agnes Babcock, of Leonardsville, N. Y., who has served the board most efficiently for eight years,—and who has recently been called to the heavenly home,—was influential in placing before our women the great need of better educational advantage for our young people, and it was largely through her efforts that \$500 was pledged that year (1913) for that fund. In memory of Miss Babcock's devotion to the cause of our schools it is proposed to raise the sum of \$300 this year for this fund.

The Ministerial Relief Fund is another worthy object that has been rather neglected of late owing to the needs of other calls. Some have remembered it with donations, all of which have been gratefully received. It was decided to raise, at least, \$250 for this purpose.

How thankful we are that Dr. Bessie Sinclair has been so providentially spared to us! She will soon go to Lieu-oo, China, to assist Dr. Palmborg in hospital work. We want to raise \$100 toward her salary for the year.

In order that in our efforts to sustain the cause of foreign missions we do not neglect the needs of the home fields, it was thought best to pledge \$250 for evangelistic work in the Southwestern Association where, as has been said, Pastor T. J. Van Horn has

a parish of more than 3,200 square miles, and where one may travel for sixty miles without even seeing a church. In this way we may help to send the gospel to those who are in need of it and are waiting for it.

The Woman's Board, as you know, is an auxiliary of the Missionary Society. Our budget shows the items that are pledged yearly to its support of missionary work. Any other cause of missions to which you may wish to contribute if sent through the treasurer of our board will reach the object for which it is sent, and credit will be given on our pledge.

For a long time we have not been satisfied with the support we have given the Tract Society. Here is the home of the SABBATH RECORDER, so dear to the hearts of all loyal Seventh Day Baptists. It stands for the truth concerning the Sabbath, and aside from the high moral and spiritual character of its articles, it comes to us, week by week, as one lone Sabbath-keeper expresses it, "like a letter from home." "We can not get along without it," "It is a tie that binds us together as a denomination," are some of the things that are said about it. We must subscribe for it liberally, and thus help to pay the expense of publication, then read it faithfully, and pass it on to others.

Tracts are another means, and a very important one, of spreading the gospel. "If you can not cross the ocean; if you can not preach like Paul," you can give or send a tract that, under the blessing of God, may be used to bring a soul to Christ or to the observance of the Bible Sabbath. Then there are the Sabbath-school publications—the *Helping Hand*, *Junior Quarterly*, and *Sabbath Visitor*. Have you noticed how insufficient is the means for their publication? Can we afford to do without any of them? In view of the lack of funds necessary to carry on this work, it was thought best to continue for another year the pledge of \$900 to the Tract Society, and that a special effort be made to raise it as early in the year as possible, and that in making contributions they be designated for special objects. In accordance with this idea the board, at its meeting on September 10, voted to recommend that \$500 of the amount pledged (\$900) be given for the support of our publications. Thus, to summarize the budget for handy reference, it will stand as follows:

Salary of Miss Susie Burdick	\$600
Salary of Miss Anna West	600
Toward salary of Dr. Bessie Sinclair	100
Miss Marie Jansz, Java	100
Evangelist work in Southwestern Ass'n....	250
Ministerial Relief Fund	250
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund	300
Fouke (Ark.) School	200
Board expense	100
Tract Society	900
Total	\$3,400

The board appreciates the work our women have done the past year, and the spirit of good-fellowship that has been shown in many ways, and we again entreat your sympathy, prayers, and co-operation as in the past.

If this brief outline of work is not quite clear to you, or is not in all respects exactly according to your own impressions, will you not feel free to write to any member of the board at any time? It is your work and ours together. Watch the Woman's Page of RECORDER for further explanations and details, and do not forget to write something yourself, occasionally, for this page.

Your own local needs, also, appeal to you, and ask for a large share of your energies. This is as it should be. The terrible tragedy of the world war affects us all, and we must every one do our part in the work for Red Cross societies are calling. The most that we can do seems pitifully small and insufficient but we can be brave, hopeful and trustful.

Let us seek a deeper consecration to God, and with "Service" our watchword may we be used of him in the work of the coming months.

In behalf of the Woman's Board,
 METTA P. BABCOCK,
Corresponding Secretary.

Milton, Wis.,
 Sept. 18, 1917.

A HOLIDAY GREETING OF YEARS AGO

Below we publish a little poem by the late Mary Bassett Clarke, written years ago as a Christmas greeting for the annual meeting of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church. The manuscript, in her own handwriting, was sent us by her aged husband, William L. Clarke, president of the Missionary Board.

Brother Clarke is now one of the company referred to in the last stanza of the poem, waiting to be gathered home. He

is "sharing in the peace of God, abiding in his love," and only waits by the river banks for the messenger to bear him to the other shore, where the dear one awaits his coming.

In Christmas time or glad New Year,
 Though sometimes far they roam,
 The children of one family
 Delight to be at home.
 From East or West they gather in,
 With clasping hands and smile,
 While song or speech or merry jest
 The fleeting hours beguile.

Not wasted time, for hope and joy
 Grow fast that happy hour,
 And brighter mid the wintry blast
 Blooms love's unfading flower.
 Then fainting hearts new courage take
 Earth's ills to bravely bear,
 And trembling souls grow strong again
 Life's work to do or dare.

Brothers and sisters all, are we
 Who gather here today,
 As children of one family
 We work and sing and pray.
 United by a common hope,
 A common love we share.
 We claim each other's happiness,
 Each other's burdens bear.

What blessing shall this meeting bring
 For those who gather here?
 What helpful thoughts or purposes
 To mark another year?
 In union there is strength, and they
 Who battle for the right,
 Shoulder to shoulder, firm must stand,
 If they would win the fight.

May not some hearts new courage take
 To work for God and truth,
 Some hearts where dimly burn in age
 The holy fires of youth?
 Shall not some souls shake off the dust
 Of worldliness and sin,
 To witness by the outward life
 A higher life within?

May not some weary ones find rest
 And strength and comfort here,
 With which to walk a thorny path
 Of toil, another year?
 Some struggling soul perhaps may feel
 When in temptation's way,
 With saving power, the friendly touch
 And handclasp of today.

May we not all, as friend with friend,
 By common purpose led,
 A closer fellowship obtain
 With Christ our living Head;
 In singleness of heart, to serve
 And follow him, as guide,
 With zeal to win from paths of sin
 The souls for whom he died!

The time for service here is short,
 The years will soon be passed
 And, one by one, this company
 Be gathered home at last.

But sharing in the peace of God,
Abiding in his love,
We work, and wait the gathering
Of all his saints above.

CONTRIBUTION OF SALEM CHURCH TO GOVERNMENT SERVICES

PRESTON F. RANDOLPH

Salem Sabbath-keepers are loyal to the government. Eight offered their services. One was too young. Seven are enlisted: two captains, two lieutenants.

Frederick Swiger, a son of Deacon F. M. Swiger, was appointed captain in competition with a number of young men among whom were two sons of the governor of the State. Captain's portly bearing will honor any company to which he may be assigned.

Ernest Sutton, principal of the schools at the West End, resigned his position there to enter the government service. He is now at Hattiesburg, Miss., with Company K, First Regiment, W. Va. Volunteers.

A. S. Childers, a soldier of the Civil War and an important officer in the church, contributes to the service two worthy sons, both graduates of Salem College: Ellsworth W. Childers, whose present address is Lieutenant E. W. Childers, Ohio Engineers, Company F, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.; and William Childers, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., Battery D 314, Field Artillery.

Hurley S. Warren and his roommate, Burdett Costilow, both college students, purposed to enlist. Burdett Costilow was on examination found to be too young. Hurley S. Warren passed splendid examination and is in Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Harold Randolph, son of Ray and grandson of Preston, volunteered soon after the call and was sent with others to guard a long tunnel east of Parkersburg. They were in daily training there. Recently he was sent south with others through poisonous swamps and detained for a time where they had to boil their drinking water. From there they were taken to Camp Shelby, some distance from Hattiesburg, Miss.

Edward Davis, M. D., volunteered and was assigned to the training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. He is in training there as lieutenant of the medical corps.

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the churches of Iowa was held with the Church of God at Marion, Iowa, August 24-26.

Over fifty delegates attended. Among these were Rev. Charles Sayre, of Albion, Wis., Rev. H. C. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, Minn., and Loyal F. Hurley, of Garwin, Iowa, who did the preaching.

The sermons, five in number, coming as they did from such honest, earnest, whole-souled Christians, were interesting, inspiring and instructive.

At the close of the Sabbath-school hour a generous contribution was given for the local Red Cross society. On Sabbath afternoon was held the Junior Hour, which was a new feature of the meeting. An interesting program, successfully carried out by the Juniors, showed their interest in the work and might well be a lesson to older ones, and others who lack enthusiasm.

At the business meeting on Sunday morning, the resolutions concerning our relations with the Council of Federation of Churches, as presented to the Los Angeles (Cal.) Church, were read and earnestly discussed, resulting in a unanimous vote to adopt the same in full.

Elder Cramer read an interesting essay, which was requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

The interest of the services was helped much by plenty of splendid music, given in solos, duets, trio, a ladies' quartet from Welton, and a men's chorus. A small orchestra of three instruments from Welton was also a big help in the congregational singing and was much appreciated. The meeting was full of the feeling of harmony and good will, which helped greatly to make it interesting and a success. We all felt that the time had been profitably and pleasantly spent.

After singing "God be with you till we meet again," good-bys were said, with the hope that we might all meet again.

LOTTIE BABCOCK,
Secretary.

WORD FROM ATTALLA

SABBATH RECORDER: I noticed in Secretary Shaw's report to the RECORDER of September 17 that the Attalla Church had no stated pastor. We are very glad to say that we have one, Rev. Verney A. Wilson.

MRS. MAUDE HAWKINS.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE, HOMER, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

RELIGION IN POLITICS

PAUL S. BURDICK

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
October 20, 1917

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A lost city (Gen. 19: 1-7, 24, 25)
Monday—Godless power (Dan. 4: 24-33)
Tuesday—A city without God (Rev. 18: 1-20)
Wednesday—A city redeemed (Isa. 52: 1-15)
Thursday—A penitent city (Zech. 12: 9-14)
Friday—A prophet in politics (Amos. 6: 1-11)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Putting religion into politics (Good citizenship day) (Isa. 1: 10-17)

If the people of any age needed to study the first chapter of Isaiah and apply it to themselves, it is those of our own age. Accustomed to think of religion only in connection with a special place, the church, or a special time, the day of worship, the Christian people of our nation allowed many forms of evil to intrench themselves firmly in our national life without lifting a hand to prevent it. Yet, surely, so long as we make no attempt to abolish the liquor traffic and other resorts of vice, much of our solemn assemblies and "new moons and sabbaths" are mere vain oblations. Since we live under a democratic form of government, we are to blame if these things exist, and they will never be abolished till we, the rulers of this country, determine to abolish them. The question arises whether we shall take our religion with us in this undertaking or leave it at home, nicely folded away with the go-to-meeting clothes.

A certain minister was once sorely vexed over the attempts of a village rowdy to disturb his meeting. "Here," he cried out, "some one hold my Bible while I whip that fellow". We believe in taking our Bible with us in our fight against evil, for it will be our strongest weapon.

Those people who say they "don't like to have a minister preach about political questions" and "do hate to see a Christian man dabbling in politics", are guilty of one of two misconceptions. Either they think of politics as a sort of mudhole where all who enter are permanently soiled, or they think of religion as an ethereal realm far removed from all earthly concerns. But

neither of these views is correct. There is "dirty politics" and there is "clean politics", depending entirely upon the purposes and methods used by the men engaged. Moreover, religion,—and every one of the Bible passages noted above will bear me out in this statement,—religion concerns itself very largely with the practical affairs of life, of which government is one.

Think, too, of the men of the Bible who mixed religion and politics. Daniel and Nehemiah remained faithful to their God, even though they rose to places of high honor at the court of a foreign king. David strove to please God as the ruler of a kingdom. Moses, the great lawgiver, sought only to be the mouthpiece of God. Paul was always ready to talk with men in authority, to convert them if possible. We, in our day, feel much safer if our government officials are Christians. Washington, Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson,—it must be a providence of God that we have had these men in times of great national crisis. Thus we see that it is important that the leaders of a nation be men of deep religious conviction. Yet that imposes an added burden upon us who live in a democracy. It means that all the people must be given religious training, in order that only good men shall be chosen to fill the offices of government. To quote the words of President C. B. Clark, in a recent RECORDER: "In the entire Church and nation the conviction is gaining ground, that the education of the future must be so vitalized and spiritualized that the coming citizen shall instinctively place God at the center of human experience, that from it shall radiate to the remotest corners of human relationship all the virtues of the Holy Christ".

Already the activities of religious people in the politics of the state and nation are bearing fruit. Such movements as the attempts to get laws restricting child labor and shortening the hours in which women have to work, have gained much support from Christian people. The effort to abolish the liquor traffic has been supported and carried on largely by the members of the churches. Yet these things are merely the beginning of what should be done. Let us continue to work until not only the saloon is closed, but also its brother evil, the cigar store. We have spent too much time in dreaming about a future time when all men would be good, and evil removed by some great

cataclysm from heaven. But I doubt whether that time will come until we have done our part, in the slow, plodding fashion in which all reforms have been brought about, to bring that event nearer.

QUOTATIONS

Lyman Abbott summarizes the aim of democracy as the diffusion of happiness, through the development of character, by a process of gradual growth, the secret of which is the indwelling of God in humanity, the end of which is the brotherhood of man.

There are always selfish men who are willing to adulterate goods, to secure unfair concessions which will give them an advantage over their competitors, to avoid restrictive laws (for example those on child labor), which lessen profits. Shall we stoop to such methods?—*J. W. Jenks.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MEETING

Ask one or more to report on the recent progress of the prohibition movement. What States are now "dry"? Discuss the law closing distilleries for the period of the war; the possibility of a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, etc.

Another good topic for discussion would be the ways in which the Christian Endeavorer is being trained to be a better citizen. Could the society do more than it is now doing along this line?

Little Genesee, N. Y.

MEMBERSHIP INCREASE

The members of the Second Brookfield Christian Endeavor Society were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Pastor and Mrs. Hutchins, on Thursday evening, September 13. A short business meeting was held at which time the constitution of the society was read and several new names signed. The time passed very quickly with games and contests and the young people left for home voting our pastor and wife royal entertainers.

Sunday evening, September 16, the young people enjoyed a corn and potato roast in Fitch's grove, the occasion being the result of a contest of the Christian Endeavor society started several months ago, in which the losing side was to entertain the winners. The true spirit of the society was shown

at this time. A much relished lunch was served, after which the time was passed in song, ending in yells for the society and college, this being the last gathering of all the members for this season, as many of the boys and girls are soon leaving for their work in school and elsewhere.

M. E. C.

WITH THE MASTER IN BUSINESS LIFE

WALTON H. INGHAM

Presented at the Northwestern Association, Battle Creek, Mich., September 2, 1917

The spirit of the Master has come into business life so much yet so gradually in late years that I hardly know what phase of the question to refer to first. As a general rule all reform movements start with the common people in distinction from those in authority. The Christ spirit seems, however, to be quite as pronounced in the lives of the great and influential as in those of humble walks of life.

By the term, "the spirit of the Master in business life", I mean that policy and purpose to carry out in dealings and relations with another the essential principle of the Golden Rule, to "do unto others as you would have others do unto you"; possibly even more than that injunction comprehends, by doing unto others all that can safely be done for them.

Reduce to its simplest terms it means fair play as the basis of all dealings and intercourse. In barter and trade it means 16 ounces to the pound, 36 inches to the yard, and 100 cents of value for each dollar expended; in commercial transactions it means truthful representation without prejudice or equivocation; in social matters it implies no personal advantage by any underhand method, and a willing inhibition of the faintest breath of suspicion, slander or scandal as affecting any person, especially any woman; in religious life it means the acknowledgment of Christ as your Savior in the presence of scoffer or saint, and the opportunity to put his spirit in service without affectation or severity.

But it is to the business world that I am supposed to confine my remarks, and it is in the industrial field that the spirit of the Master has its largest sphere of activity and expression.

This spirit finds expression first of all in the pay envelope of the employee, that

which a man gets in exchange for his labor, and, second, in the changed relations that are coming about between capital and labor, between employer and employee.

In most of the large plants of this country it is the fixed purpose of the employers to pay a good wage, not so much because they are forced to by threats of strike or labor troubles as because they want to. Employers wish their help to be men, not serfs; thinking machines, not tools; and to feel that they are a part and parcel of the business. Not all plants are able to pay the big wage that is said to be paid by the Ford Motors Company, namely \$5.00 per day, but big concerns are thoroughly interesting themselves in the personal welfare and social well-being of their men.

The operation of the profit-sharing plan is gradually becoming an established custom of big institutions. Its operation cultivates a better relationship and begets a good spirit, the spirit of contentment and satisfaction in the hearts of the workmen. This condition affords opportunity for the development of both the social and religious life in the homes of the workers.

You may say that this is merely good business sense and that its operation yields a compensating return. I'll grant this and on the other hand contend that good business is after all a progressive step toward best business, and best business is neither more nor less than putting into operation to the fullest extent the spirit of the Master.

See how greatly heads of big institutions are concerned in the proper housing, surroundings and conditions of the laboring class, and especially in the helpful environments and conveniences for young women who work in store, office or factory.

Never in the history of the world were men so deeply concerned in the eradication of vice and evil, of wrongs and shams as they are today. They give their money freely—they have always done that—they give themselves to this big undertaking. It is not concealment nor segregation of vice that satisfies them now, as it formerly did, it is the uncovering and annihilation of the wickedness for which they contend. The quacks and medicine shams that have bled the confiding public to the extent of nearly one billion dollars a year are being put out of business. This improved condition is due in some part to the aid of the

government and to a better class of officials, but in a larger degree to the fact that legislation and business have been influenced by the spirit of the Master.

Men in executive places are finding out that not only society but their own associates are demanding of them faithful stewardship of the large trust confined to their administration, and woe be unto those who betray this trust.

May I mention here something of a personal matter? Twelve years ago this summer the insurance world was startled by the revelation of crookedness in high places, that men of great wealth and power had betrayed the people's confidence, squandered their money and grossly abused their trust. These men were exposed, driven from office and socially ostracized. The newsboys on the street pointed the finger of scorn at these erstwhile leaders of finance. The disgrace and ignominy crushed their lives, and in short time one was an expatriate and two were dead of a broken heart,—not figuratively but actually so. Today these same companies vie with each other in the careful conservation of their policyholders' funds.

You may say this upheaval and bettered condition was due not so much to a new spirit as to the result of an outraged public sentiment. This doubtless is true in part, but the successors of these deposed kings of finance were chosen quite as much for their recognized Christian principles as for any exceptional qualifications as insurance executives.

The spirit of the Master will henceforth prevail in these great institutions, and boards of directors will insist that they to whom so great holdings and opportunities are intrusted shall be men conspicuous not so much for their questionable shrewdness as for their high ideals of business ethics. Hereafter the Golden Rule will be the supreme authority in these institutions, and the Golden Rule is never operated by proxy.

For a great many years there has been one line of labor that has been much neglected; and where industrial conditions have not improved. I refer to the coal mines where the loss of life has been frightful. The character of the help accounts somewhat for this indifference as it is composed largely of the Slavs of southern Europe. We had become so accustomed to read from time to time of this and that appalling

calamity that our sense had become blunted, and we passed these accounts by with scant concern on our part and as a necessary adjunct of the mining business.

Only recently, or comparatively so, has this indifference given place to a quickened sentiment that, after all, coal miners were human, and deserved at the hands of the operators safe conditions of labor and better treatment. Today big business is spending million of dollars to make miners safe, and their homes more habitable. They are doing this service unbegrudgingly, not because necessity compels this expenditure but because the Master spirit prompts it. It is doubtless true that some corporations seem to be soulless and without good conscience, but their number is decidedly in the minority. The infusion and operation of Christian principles of action are becoming exceedingly infectious.

True it is also that legislation has done much in late years to make conditions better by endeavoring to right the wrongs and overcome the indifference, and to care for the injured and helpless; but legislation is, after all, more concerned with punitive than with remedial measures. What is it but an engrossed expression of a people's will and wishes in a purely legal aspect?

There has been legislation defining the powers of masters and the rights of servants ever since Jacob returned from Padan-aram to Canaan to found the Israelitish nation.

Today it is becoming the practice in large concerns to do all that can be done for the help, to plan not how to get the best of them but the best for them, and this condition has come to stay. It is here, not because there is a workman's liability law in force making the concern liable for the injury of a fellow-workman, nor because there is now established a fixed monetary value upon human life, but rather because the spirit of the Master dominates employers, and they are squaring their lives by the terms of the Golden Rule.

In no field of human activity—should I say of inhuman activity?—is this Christ spirit so forcefully expressing itself as in the treatment of prisoners of war. Let me briefly refer to this marvelous change in sentiment and action, and then I am done. Going no farther back than our Civil War, a period of a little more than fifty years, the hatred and heartaches on

either side are being forgiven and gradually forgotten, but the inhumanity toward the prisoners of war can never be forgotten nor excused. Neglect, hatred and revenge spent their fury in the treatment of these unfortunates. There were neither mercy, kindness nor the most common decencies of life shown them; if they lived, good and well; if they fell victims of wounds, disease and indifference, all the same, it mattered little to those in charge.

Ten years later in the Franco-Prussian war there were manifested some signs of humane treatment for prisoners. During the various wars and conquests in Africa a form of justice has tempered somewhat the treatment of the natives but without any deep concern. During all these years the barbarous Turk of the East and the revengeful Mexican of the West revealed in their savagery the extent to which brutality and barbarity can go when the Master's spirit is lacking.

But it fell to the lot of this nation in its conquest of the Spanish possessions in the East to demonstrate to the world what the rule of Christ meant applied to a conquered people. Our treatment of these little brown cousins of the Philippines was so considerate, kind and generous that it was with difficulty that they could be dislodged from the delightful state of prisoners of war. The financial recompense to Spain of the value of her possessions, and the safe return of her army and citizenry were acts of unselfishness and love such as the world had never before known. If ever there was an example of noble altruism and the Christ spirit it was manifested in this policy of our government.

The awful measures of war that have been devised and employed by Germany and Austria in their ruthless aggression in superinducing death by disease, suffocation and slow poison are a sad commentary upon the so-called ethics of modern warfare, and in the employment of these horrible agencies of death the Allies have not been altogether blameless. But the savagery of attack and the cruelty of conquest find no corresponding response in the treatment of prisoners of war; captives though they be they are safe. Revenge, hatred and indifference have completely given way to a magnanimity of spirit and an expression of compassion the like of which the world has never seen. Every means that science

has yet devised to care for the injured and restore to life and health the crippled are being employed in the camps and hospitals on the battle fields of Europe, and in this service this land of the free is sending its best surgeons, physicians and nurses gladly and without price to do its big bit in this work of mercy and humanity.

If there be one thing more than another that will in time help to obliterate the hatreds and distrusts between the European nations that are now at war it will be not indemnity, nor the restoration of territory, nor even the end of hostilities and the return to peaceful pursuits. It will be the memory of those deeds of love and service that were showered upon the helpless prisoners to be recalled when this cruel war is over and they each return to their respective lands but desolate homes.

Some may be pleased to term this service an expression of a kindlier humanity that has come into the world; that much it is but it is more than that. It is the spirit of the Master that prompts the surgeon, the nurse, the Red Cross and the other messengers of mercy to sacrifice their own lives, if need be, that those who suffer may be cared for and comforted, and that they who are wounded may be restored to health and usefulness. The spirit of the Master is coming into the hearts of men and women as never before in this troubled world of ours. It is coming into the offices of big business quite as much as it is into the shop of the small dealer. It is coming as a fixed policy in the administration of great industries as it is in the petty dealings of everyday life. It is coming in national life and eventually into international relations as it is being manifested in the administration of states and municipalities, and his spirit is coming to stay.

Men in all walks of life are meeting their Master face to face, and learning by personal experience that his rule of life concerns the relations of man to man in all business transactions quite as much as it does man's accountability to his Maker. Gradually the business world is accepting as a fact the truth which the Master lived to demonstrate and died to establish, that regardless of all differences of surroundings or distinctions of class we are in the entire social scheme of life our "brother's keeper."

MY COMFORT

ANNIE L. HOLBERTON

I have a friend, a more than friend,
For through the words of cheer
That one so often brings to me
I many voices hear,
Which speak in truth's convincing tone
Of what I joy to know,
And warm in no uncertain sound
From wrong we should forego.

Ofttimes when clouds obscure my sky,
In hours of vague unrest,
Uncertain of the dusky way,
Unknowing what is best,
'Tis then my mind may rest upon
A word of happy thought
Which, as a weekly visitor,
My precious friend has brought.

My dear SABBATH RECORDER is
That friend of many years,
Which always brings a touch of joy
Whene'er its form appears.
It speaks of peace, it teaches love
For all that's right and true.
And minds well stored their treasurers bring
Its pages to renew.

True to the holy Sabbath Day
God sanctified and blessed,
Its columns in his cause uphold
That time of sacred rest.
Be mine to scan its pages still,
Its counsels e'er to heed,
Whose help I oft have gladly found
In times of utter need.

When grandma discovered that drinking five cups of tea a day left her fingers trembling, her head dizzy, her nights sleepless, she said, "I must get rid of this habit—right away!"—a good name for five cups of tea a day, there being exactly five letters in the word HABIT. "Suppose," said grandmother, "I get rid of this habit by drinking one less cup a tea a day!" So she drank four cups, but still had ABIT of the HABIT left. "Suppose," said she, "I drop one more cup; I *must* get rid of this habit." Still, a BIT of the HABIT was left. "Well," she mused, "I won't be beaten by a few cups of tea. I will leave off another cup of tea, and only drink two hereafter!" But she still had it left. "Then," she exclaimed, "I'll only treat myself to one a day." Even then, she had the T left. "I have it!" cried grandmother. "How childish I have been in my way of getting rid of this habit! I must stop drinking even one cup of tea," which, when she did, completely did away with the troublesome HABIT!—*F. K. Brown.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THAT POSTOFFICE

It's the secretest thing that ever you knew!
It's down in the Porter apple tree;
Nobody knows it but Margie and me
And our fathers and mothers and brothers
And you!

It's our own little postoffice box!
It's a dear little, queer little hole—
You won't tell a soul?
And we drop down it whatever we please;
In a secret place one doesn't need keys
And locks!

Our mail isn't like grown folk's quite;
We send posies and apples and pears,
And things like that, for which one cares.
We sha'n't mail letters till by and by—
We do not care to. Margie and I
Can't write.

—H. G. Fernald, in *St. Nicholas*.

PETS OF A GREAT MAN

To write of Charles Kingsley, the author of that loved book *Water Babies* and not mention his pets would be to deprive young folks of something very delightful.

Kingsley loved every living thing with all the big, generous heart of him, and as a natural result every living thing loved him—his cats, dogs and horses giving him a devotion that was almost human.

His riding horse followed him about like a tame tabby cat and the far-famed dogs of Eversley Rectory—Dandy, Sweep and Victor—moped and grieved during his absences until it was frequently feared that they would die.

Dandy was a terrier, "long, low, with short, crooked legs, big paws, a broad head with plenty of room for his brain, and soft brown eyes that expressed every thought in his heart as plainly as if he had had the gift of speech, the only human attribute denied him," writes Rose Kingsley, in an article about her father's dogs. Dandy was his learned master's shadow and made it his especial duty to accompany him on his visits among the people of the parish. Sometimes Dandy attended church, and when he did, "he behaved with his wonted discretion," says his mistress, "calmly lying down on the top of the high, old-fashioned pulpit steps, looking around on the amused congregation as much as to say, 'If you attempt

to annoy my master, I am here to defend him.'" Dandy lived to be thirteen years old and when he died Kingsley himself dug a grave and placed a stone at its head, engraved, "Fideli Fideles. The faithful to the faithful."

Sweep was another of the Eversley dogs—a great black retriever noted in several ways. One thing was his ability to bear a pet cat all over the place by grasping her head in his mouth. Miss Puss and he were devoted friends, and for years she would very complacently allow him to bear her about in this fashion to amuse guests at the rectory.

Sweep did not like the church bells, and whenever they began to chime he began to howl, and as he did this while racing over the lawn full speed, the musical announcement of service time became also a time of much unholy glee to the small folks at the rectory.

Victor was another dearly beloved pet of the great author. He was a dachshund of the royal breed, for he was given to Kingsley by Queen Victoria herself from her own kennel. He was "five inches high and a yard long when he was grown," says his mistress. "And he acted like a spoiled child and ruled the house. He insisted on sleeping in my bedroom, and if he was put out his shrieks roused the house. He had very aristocratic tastes. No power on earth could make him go down by the back stairs, and if the maids invited him to the kitchen he would leave them to go down their own way, and running round by the front stairs, would meet them at the kitchen door.

"Victor had not the least objection to the bells, but he felt it right to show his sympathy for his dear friend Sweep, upon the principle that imitation is the sincerest flattery. So as soon as the bells began, out of the house shot Victor. Over the lawn, along the garden paths and through the yard he followed Sweep in his agonized race, turning when his friend turned, stopping when he stopped and adding shrill yelps and howls to the big dog's lamentations."

When this little dog fell ill the man whom even royalty loved to honor laid aside his busy pen and for two nights and days nursed the suffering little animal. And when Victor's big, wistful eyes closed forever, their last glance was for the kindly

man whom he had loved all his life with the devotion of his doggy heart.

It is good to know these "little things" about the great ones who have given us our literature. It is even better to read and then make our own something that Charles Kingsley wrote for one of his own children not so very long before his busy life ended: "You can find a work to do, and a noble work to do, chivalrous work to do—just as chivalrous work to do now as if you lived in any old fairyland, such as Spenser talked of in his *Faery Queen*. Now you can be as true a knight-errant, or lady-errant, in the present century as if you had lived far away in the dark ages of violence. So, for your own sakes, if not for God's sake, keep alive in you the sense of what is, and you know to be, good, noble and beautiful, and I don't mean beautiful in art, but beautiful in morals."—*Baptist Boys and Girls*.

ON THE TRAIL

No. 3

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS

At Fresno we found Mrs. B. D. Maxson in a very critical condition of health. The other members of the family are well, but very much burdened and solicitous for the afflicted one. We could not call at the home, but Brother Maxson and daughter Genevieve called upon us at the Segnoia Hotel.

Mrs. Edna Davis is still in the city. She was a highly esteemed member of our church while I was pastor at Nortonville, Kan. A very pleasant evening was spent with her and her husband at their home.

A short distance out from the city are Mr. and Mrs. Starr Williams, on a raisin-grape ranch. Mr. Williams is an old Lost Creek (W. Va.) boy.

It seems that nature has tried to outdo herself in the valley in the vicinity of Fresno, in producing fruit of the greatest excellence. When you come to Fresno come during the very last of August or the first of September. Eat figs, peaches, grapes; and if you have ever found better ones anywhere, give that piece of information to Starr Williams. He will be anxious to know where that country is.

You will think the San Joaquin valley weather too hot for comfort, but you must remember that that surplus heat is a neces-

sary factor in depositing nature's sugar in the fruit.

Our next calling point was at Trimmer, Cal., on the rushing Kings River, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This place is reached by auto-stage from Sanger, on the railroad about thirty miles away. About half of the distance is over typical mountain roads, with frequent places that suggest that the last crop of stones has not yet been gathered. The plains part of the road is very good; the most of it is oiled.

HERE AT TRIMMER

are Brother and Sister C. N. Maxson, who once lived at Lost Creek, W. Va. They have been at this beautiful nook in the mountains for twenty-six years. They own the store, blacksmith shop, great barn and hotel. They keep the postoffice, and have more than a thousand acres of land on which Trimmer stands. Should they remove their worldly possessions, not a scrap of Trimmer would remain.

The patronage of this place comes from residents of the community, from cowboys, prospectors, tourists, city people seeking rest, foresters and Indians, for a radius of many miles. In one direction it extends more than sixty miles up into the mountains.

This is a beauty spot, nestled down on the river in a little valley of fifty or sixty acres, in a triangle, surrounded by mountains that smile their welcome to every comer.

Next month the government plans to begin work on a reservoir dam a few miles below here, and convert this great cut in the mountains into an irrigation water supply for about one million acres of very fine land in the valley below.

The dam is to be three hundred feet high. This will raise the water at Trimmer to a depth of about one hundred feet.

When the government is ready to take this place over into its full possession, Brother and Sister Maxson plan to find a home among our own people again, where they can have the many advantages and privileges of church life, which they have been so long deprived of and for which they so much long.

Grief can take care of itself; but to get the full value of a joy you must have somebody to divide it with.—*Mark Twain*.

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

WHAT WE HAVE DONE AND WHAT WE MAY DO

BANNER TO RITCHIE

The banner goes this year to Ritchie, as announced at General Conference; average standing 63.5 per cent. Albion and Milton are tied for second place with 60.5 per cent. Syracuse and Plainfield tread on their heels at 59 per cent and 58.5 per cent.

The other schools that reported for both February and May were Milton Junction, First Verona, New York, Gentry, Grand Marsh, Walworth, Brookfield, Marlboro, Greenbrier, Chicago, Salem, Rockville, and Windfall Lake and New Auburn, Wis. Nearly all of these schools ran near enough the leaders so that an extra effort would have put them in the front.

Fouke and Welton both had a higher standing in February than Ritchie, but did not report for May. Farnam and Waterford also had a very creditable showing in February. The other schools reporting for February alone were Jackson Center, Middle Island, Shiloh, Boulder, Dodge Center, Petrolia, Riverside and Stone Fort. Many of these schools lost out by having no workers' meeting, and several by having insufficient data.

Alfred had the remarkable standing of 75 per cent for May, but did not report for February. The other schools reporting for May alone were Farina, Berlin, Leonardsville, Independence, West Edmeston, Condersport, Cumberland, Hartsville and Nortonville.

ANYBODY'S RACE

It is noteworthy how many schools would have had a good chance for first place if they had had a workers' meeting, if they had reported for both months, if they had given complete reports, if they had put more punch into their work, etc.

It is anybody's race for next year. Your school has as good a chance as any. Study the score card carefully, and let us all get earnestly into the campaign. The score card is merely a device to help us take

account of stock, to furnish a standard, to stir us up to good works. It is a good instrument for the purpose. Use it. Let every school report for both months the coming year.

RAISE THE STANDARD

Then let us raise the standing all along the line. We all should have a higher percentage than the winner had this year; 63.5 per cent is not a passing mark in our colleges and high schools. Every school should aim to reach at least 75 per cent. Why not? The requirements are not unreasonable; a 100 per cent school is not impossible; 95 per cent could very readily be reached. Six points: percentage of church members in Sabbath school (all should be); attendance of pupils; attendance of officers and teachers; percentage who studied lessons; percentage attending workers' meeting; percentage of collection based on five cents per member.

Don't wait for February and May or any other months. Get busy now. Set the standard and keep pushing. The Bible-school work is the greatest work in the world, for it is associated with Christ in building his kingdom in the hearts and minds of men.

Lesson III—October 20, 1917

THE TEMPLE REBUILT AND DEDICATED.—Ezra 3: 8-13; 6: 14-18

Golden Text.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Ps. 100: 4

DAILY READINGS

Oct. 14—Ezra 3: 1-13. Foundation of Temple Laid

Oct. 15—Ezra 4: 1-6. Difficulties Encountered

Oct. 16—Hag. 1: 1-11. Renewed Exhortation

Oct. 17—Ezra. 6: 6-12; Hag. 1: 12-15. Building Operations Resumed

Oct. 18—Hag. 2: 1-9. Builders Encouraged

Oct. 19—Hag. 2: 10-23. New Blessings Promised

Oct. 20—Ezra 6: 13-22. Temple Rebuilt and Dedicated

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

A LETTER THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

JOHN T. FARIS, D. D.

Prepared for the religious press by its own co-operating representative in the offices of Food Administration

What would an American mother do if she should receive a letter like the following, from her son, "somewhere in France"? "DEAR MOTHER:—I didn't think much of the talk of the necessity of food conser-

vation before I left home; I thought that there always had been food enough for all, and that there always would be. But since I have come over here I have had my eyes opened; I have talked to some of the thousands of prisoners who are coming in every week from the German trenches, and have learned something of the scarcity of food in their own land; I have been in the homes of both poor and rich in France, and have seen how carefully every bit of food is handled. And I realize today that unless you save immense quantities of food for us, there is grave danger that the armies in France will go hungry. You know what that would mean. No soldier can fight without plenty of food. If the day comes when we can no longer fight, the great sacrifices America has made that the world may be made safe for democracy will have been in vain. And all because there are too many who felt, as I once felt, that food conservation is unnecessary.

"Save the food, Mother, and help us fight our battles."

After receiving such a letter any mother would be eager to start a campaign of food conservation in her home. She would welcome the opportunity to sign a card like the following, and she would be eager to make the weekly reports on the food saved:

.....Church.....City.....State.....
FOOD SAVING—WEEKLY REPORT		
WASTE NOT THAT OTHERS MAY WANT NOT		
I have for my family during the week ending Sabbath Day,.....		
	(Date).....	
	Actual number of meals reported	Number of meals I should try to report
a. Had "Wheatless" meals (with no wheat bread).....	7
b. Had "Meatless" meals (with neither beef, mutton or pork).....	14
c. Had "Wasteless" meals.....	21
Signature.....		
.....Street.....City.....State.....
This card should be filled out and handed in at church on the Sabbath.....(Date) or stamped and dropped in letter box same date.		

While no mother has received a letter in precisely the words of the missive quoted in this article, it is not because such a letter would not be in accordance with the facts.

And this is the reason millions of mothers are co-operating with the United States Food Administration. This is the reason the churches have been asked to enlist every

family to fill out the weekly report cards for nine weeks, beginning October 28.

Those who have not been able to come in touch with the food conservation program should write to the United States Food Administration, Washington, D. C., for full information blanks, pamphlets, etc.

American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasurer's Report

Receipts for July, 1917

Contributions, General Fund:	
Mrs. Emma A. Cockerill, Berlin, Wis.	2 00
R. Tirzah Cook, Danville, Vt., (L. S. K.)	10 00
Churches:	
First Horkinton, Ashaway	21 00
Salem, W. Va.	90 00
Little Genesee, N. Y.	16 54
Second Alfred, N. Y.,	33 07
Fouke, Ark.	12 00
Milton, Wis.	35 14
Milton Junction, Wis.	28 28
Plainfield, N. J.	24 25
Carlton, Garwin, Iowa	7 40
Farina, Ill.	35 51
Berlin, N. Y.	12 00
Marlboro, N. J.	5 00
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.	44 93
Farina, Ill., S. S.	6 20
Riverside, Cal.	10 90
One-third collection, Central Association (balance)	3 77
One-third collection, Western Association	19 11
	\$ 417 10

Contributions on Debt:	
Mrs. Harriet Burdick, Lowville, N. Y.	3 00
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin F. Randolph, New Milton, W. Va.	1 00
W. I. Babcock and family, New Auburn, Wis.	2 50
Mrs. Jennie Williams, Fouke, Ark.	2 50
Mrs. M. A. Ayars, Panama City, Fla. L. S. K.	2 50
L. E. Maxson, Minatore, Neb., L. S. K.	2 50
Mrs. J. D. Washburn, Earlville, N. Y., L. S. K.	50
Mrs. H. C. Brown	5 00
W. E. Phillips, Oriskany Falls, N. Y.	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Babcock, Riverside, Cal.	10 00
Mrs. Martha P. Brown, Portville, N. Y.	1 00
A Debt Hater, Milton, Wis.	2 00
Mildred Wiard, Conneautville, Pa.	3 50
Mabel Wiard, Conneautville, Pa.	4 00
H. Waldo Wiard, Conneautville, Pa.	4 00
Mrs. H. W. Wiard, Conneautville, Pa.	3 50
Churches:	
Little Genesee, N. Y.	3 90
Second Alfred, N. Y.	25 00
Milton, Wis.	34 19
Second Alfred, N. Y., Inter. Soc.	2 50
Chicago, Ill., S. S.	4 00
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.	67 31
Piscataway, N. J., from a California Sabbath Keeper	3 00
Salemville, Pa.	24 25
Dodge Center, Minn.	5 00
	\$ 226 65

Income from Invested Funds:	
George S. Greenman Bequest....	126 00
Elizabeth L. North Bequest	3 00
Richard C. Bond Bequest	3 00
Julius M. Todd Bequest	3 00
Nancy M. Frank Bequest	08
Lois Babcock Bequest	12
Deborah Randall Bequest	12
Susan E. Burdick Bequest	18 06
Eliza M. Crandall Bequest.....	4 51
Marilla B. Phillips Bequest	10 00
Amanda B. Greene Bequest	18 07

John G. Spicer Bequest	1 33
I. D. Titsworth Bequest	2 78
Sarah E. V. Stillman Bequest....	2 78
S. D. B. Memorial Fund:	
American Sabbath Tract	
Society Fund	\$ 11 84
D. C. Burdick farm.....	15 15
Eugenia L. Babcock Be-	
quest	72 68
George H. Babcock Be-	
quest	887 35
Sarah P. Potter Bequest.	27 59
D. C. Burdick Bequest.	113 57
Henry W. Stillman Be-	
quest	60 30
	\$ 188 48

Sinking Fund Account, on account linotype..	\$ 1,390 33
W. D. Burdick, refund salary	500 00
City National Bank, interest on balance	43 33
Publishing House Receipts:	5 65
RECORDER	\$ 181 49
Visitor	20 44
Helping Hand	58 15
Tracts	1 95
Pulpit	1 30
Junior Quarterly	5 42
	\$ 268 75

E. & O. E. \$ 2,851 81

F. J. HUBBARD,
Treasurer.

Plainfield, N. J.,
October 1, 1917.

Receipts for August, 1917

Contributions, General Fund:	
Mrs. P. R. Harbert, Memphis, Tenn. \$	50 00
Mrs. C. H. Threlkeld, Memphis,	
Tenn., L. S. K.	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Ball, Couders-	
port, Pa.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hemphill, Cou-	
dersport, Pa.	2 50
Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Fisk, Couders-	
port, Pa.	2 50
Churches:	
Plainfield, N. J.	10 99
Independence, N. Y.	15 88
Farnam, Neb.	20 00
Shiloh, N. J.	28 00
Coudersport, Pa., S. S.	9 00
North Loup, Neb.	38 48
Lost Creek, W. Va., church and	
S. S.	50 00
Little Genesee, N. Y.	4 40
Marlboro, N. J.	2 50
	\$ 240 25

Contributions on Debt:	
D. S. Allen, Port Lavaco, Tex.	5 00
Mary A. Davis, DeGraff, Ohio	1 00
Sarah A. Briggs, Stonington, Conn.	1 00
Lois R. Fay, Princeton, Mass., L.	
S. K.	2 00
E. J. Hill	50
Rev. L. O. Greene, Farina, Ill.	5 00
Jesse F. Randolph, Salem, W. Va.	102 97
Mrs. Mary C. White, Sioux City, Ia.	5 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Stillman, Leonards-	
ville, N. Y.	3 00
Mrs. Charles Stillman, Alfred, N. Y.	10 00
L. S. K., Wis.	5 00
Lamont Stillman, West Edmeston,	
N. Y.	2 50
Miss Mary A. Stillman, Providence,	
R. I., L. S. K.	5 00
Mrs. William Saunders, Robbinsdale,	
Minn., L. S. K.	2 00
Kitty Worth, Cartwright Church.	1 00
A. M. Wells, Nortonville, Kan.	5 00
A Friend, Brookfield, N. Y.	2 00
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Payne,	
Hitchcock, S. D., L. S. K.	5 00
Mrs. C. H. Threlkeld, Memphis,	
Tenn., L. S. K.	5 00
George F. Randolph, Nortonville,	
Kan.	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Crosby, Grand	
Junction, Colo.	6 00
Mrs. James Barbour, Westerly, R. I.	5 00
Alice A. Peckham, Watson, N. Y.	5 00
S. L. Ford, West Union, W. Va.	12 50
H. I. Coon, Walworth, Wis.	10 00

Miss Celia Hiscox, Westerly, R. I.	2 00
M. J. Greene, Adams, Wis.	1 00
W. D. Crandall, Nile, N. Y.	1 00
D. L. Langworthy, Alfred Station,	
N. Y.	10 00
Mrs. Myra Dawson, Newport, R. I.	5 00
Mrs. Nichola Greene, Grand Junc-	
tion, Colo.	2 00
Mrs. A. I. Wheeler, Boulder, Colo.	2 00
Woman's Executive Board	122 13
Young People's Board	50 00
Churches:	
Salem, W. Va., Inter. Soc.	1 50
Cartwright, New Auburn, Wis.	5 00
Marlboro, N. J.	5 00
Little Genesee, N. Y.	2 00
Cumberland, Manchester, N. C.	5 31
	\$ 425 41

Contributions for Italian Mission:	
Garwin, Iowa, C. E. Society	1 68
Contributions for Marie Jansz:	
Riverside, Cal., Jr. C. E. Society	1 00
Contributions for Life Membership:	
Alice A. Peckham, Watson, N. Y.	20 00
Publishing House Receipts:	
RECORDER	\$ 106 67
Visitor	11 85
Helping Hand	72 28
Lorna Selover	3 00
Junior Quarterly	1 20
Pulpit	50
	\$ 195 50

E. & O. E. \$ 883 84

F. J. HUBBARD,
Treasurer.

Plainfield, N. J.,
October 1, 1917.

Receipts for September, 1917

Contributions, General Fund:	
Woman's Executive Board	\$ 10 00
Churches:	
First Alfred, N. Y.	42 89
Plainfield, N. J.	14 32
Milton, Wis.	13 98
Adams Center, N. Y.	20 00
Collections:	
One-third Conference	65 51
White Cloud, Mich.	12 17
	\$ 178 87

Contributions on Debt:	
T. A. Saunders, Milton, Wis.	\$ 5 00
Chicago, Ill., church	4 00
	9 00

Income from Invested Funds:	
George H. Rogers Bequest	\$ 30 00
S. Adeline Crumb Fund	28 50
Rosannah Green Bequest	75
Lois Babcock Bequest	75
George Greenman Bequest	45 00
Marie L. Potter Bequest	15 00
Ellen L. Greenman Bequest	6 00
Paul Palmiter Gift	6 00
Nancy M. Frank Bequest	12 00
Sarah E. Saunders Bequest	3 00
Mary A. Burdick Bequest	1 80
Mary S. Stillman Bequest	7 50
Sarah A. Saunders Bequest	60
Mary Saunders Bequest	60
Reuben D. Ayres Bequest	7 50
Charles Saunders Bequest	1 50
Benj. P. Langworthy 2d Bequest.	1 50
Villa Ridge, Ill., Church Fund	3 57
Susan E. Burdick Bequest	1 08
Sarah Elizabeth Brand Bequest	1 35
	\$ 174 00

Publishing House Receipts:	
RECORDER	\$ 303 57
Visitor	14 07
Helping Hand	52 59
Junior Quarterly	3 65
Pulpit	1 25
Tracts	1 00
	\$ 376 13

E. & O. E. \$ 738 00

F. J. HUBBARD,
Treasurer.

Plainfield, N. J.,
October 1, 1917.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

REV. ALVA L. DAVIS

Sermon preached at the General Conference,
Plainfield, N. J., August 26, 1917

Text: *With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.*—Isaiah 12: 3.

We are living in jostling times. We have seen our conventional standards, international treaties and international laws broken down as easily as wooden fences. Our working assumption of international relationships lie in ruins. Political and economic safeguards in which we have trusted have been burst asunder as easily as toy balloons.

Yes, we are living in jostling times. We are pushed and crowded on every hand. We are prone to grow feverish and impatient, hasty and irritable in temper, discouraged and pessimistic. There are multitudes of Christians who wish to think aright and act aright, but everything is seen from the wrong angle. They may be zealous, but everything is undertaken with such a serious sense of necessity that life becomes almost a martyrdom. The sins and evils of our times are so great, the task of reformation so huge, they despair, and forget that life is full of glory, privilege and blessing.

The scarlet thread of joy runs throughout the whole Bible, whether in correspondence, or biography, or history, or psalm. "Praise ye the Lord," is upon the lips of every saint of God from Abraham to John. "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

How these words of Isaiah thrill us, inspire us! We wonder at the joy and enthusiasm that filled his soul. In spite of the hard and difficult tasks that were his to perform, and the discouraging conditions under which he labored, he was an optimist. In spite of the decline of Israel's devotion to God, of their flickering and vanishing hope, he found occasion for rejoicing. With prophetic vision he sees the great and glorious day when "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places

plain." "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

I am not unmindful of the great world-conflict into which we have been drawn, of the great world-tragedies being enacted hourly, nor the superhuman task placed upon the Christian church. But amidst all the distracting cares, confusion of minds and appalling tragedies, the foundations of our faith stand. "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." "Hallelujah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

I am not unmindful of the conditions confronting us as denomination,—spiritual apathy; intense selfishness, worldly conformity, secularism and materialism, jealousies and dissensions, and the manifest lack of spiritual power. But this is no day for a narrowed vision and a vanishing hope. "If difficulties multiply they are made to conquer. If obstacles increase, the dynamic of the gospel is not weak. The showbread of the Tabernacle is the continual bread of the Presence. God is with us. He is more masterful than the storm." Let every child of God rejoice that he sails not without chart and compass, and rejoice most of all in the presence of the Master Pilot who can still the tumult of the people and bring calm to the troubled waters. "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

What inspiration these words bring us. The same great message has been ringing down the centuries. Jesus Christ was the "Man of Sorrows,"—hungry, thirsty, homeless, despised. But these, said the blessed Christ, are the pathways to tranquility, joy and power. The seventy were sent out on their mission of mercy,—to heal, to bless, and to prepare the way for the coming of the Christ. "And they returned with joy, saying, Lord, even the demons are subjected unto us." The early Christians were a joyous company. See Paul and Silas, with backs cut and bleeding, joyfully singing praises to God. See those early Christians dying at the stake, thanking God for the privilege of martyrdom.

And the dominant note in the lives of Christians ought to be a note of joy,—the joy of obedience to the will of God; the joy of fellowship with the Father; the joy of Christlike redemptive ministry.

THE WRONG POINT OF VIEW

1. And we may well ask ourselves if we find it so. Do we find the Christian life a source of joy and hopefulness? Are we drawing the refreshment and the inspiration from our connection with the church and mingling with each other that we should? How often we rob ourselves of much of the joy that ought to be ours by persistently seeing the disagreeable, or weak side of our fellows; by looking for their shortcomings, failures and weaknesses, instead of their virtues. It is a truism, but one that needs to be stated over and over again,—it is just as easy to see the good in the lives of others as it is to see the unlovely side. If we make up our minds that a person is unlovely, disagreeable, unjust, unkind, etc., we are pretty apt to find something to confirm our opinion. But if we look for manifestations of goodness, kindness, sincerity, honesty, etc., we are sure to find these.

THE RIGHT POINT OF VIEW

One of the first things we Christians need to do is to get a vision of a joyful Christian life, and believe in the inherent good in people. Of course we can't all see alike, or do things in the same way, or even act alike. Things will always happen, or be done, that are not in accord with our ideas. But we should not allow these smaller things to mar our own joy, or by our criticism take the joy from other lives. The Bible ever counsels moderation. "Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye who are spiritual restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness: looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

2. Then to be real happy in our Christian service we must ever keep the child-heart. "Except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Who does not feel sorry for the individual who can no longer find joy in daily routine, in the prattle of childhood, in the merriment of the home? Whoever can keep the childheart and can hold fast to youth on to old age has caught the secret, in a large measure, of the happy, joyous life.

3. Another requisite for joyful Chris-

tian service is to learn to labor faithfully without the worry and wear of haste. Every animate thing in the universe of God moves, often with incredible swiftness, but without haste. Steadily on, and ever on, the stars move in their orbit; with never-ending regularity night follows day. Seedtime and harvest come and go, but they can not be hastened. The greatness of Christ was indicated by the fact that he was never in a hurry. Pressed on every side by the multitudes,—the sick, the sorrowing and the needy calling him, the mobs and rulers threatening him, he never "rushed ahead of the divine leading."

How applicable Matthew Arnold's familiar words:

"One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
One lesson of two duties kept at one.

"Of toil unsevered from tranquility;
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplishes in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

"Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy quiet ministries move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labors that shall not fail, when man is gone."

4. Then if we are to "draw water out of the wells of salvation" with joy, all our service must be rendered in the utmost patience,—patience in our work, patience amid persecutions, misrepresentations and abuses, patience with loved ones, friends and enemies. Said our Master: "In your patience possess ye your souls."

But brethren of the ministry, I can't close this sermon without speaking something of the joys of the active ministry. I have not had the years of service that many of you have had. But twelve years of labor in the active ministry have not been without their trials and troubles, their heartaches and their tears. I know something of the blighting effect of criticism, the wither-effect of stolid indifference, and the repressing, distressing effect of an inadequate salary. But—what are these compared with the joy set before us? the joy of ministering to the sick and needy; the joy of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ's love; the joy of winning lost souls to Jesus Christ; the joy of pleading

with men and women, "Be ye reconciled to God"; the joy of planning, working, watching, praying, waiting, for the transformation of character, the transfiguration of human life into the likeness of God our Father?

Christian friends, for six days we have been sitting together in heavenly places, singing, praising God, working, praying, planning for the coming year's work. These have been glorious days, mountain-top experiences. Like Peter, when the Master was transfigured before them, we can say: "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

But the hour draws near when we must come down from the mountain-top of ecstasy and glory, down to the lowlands, down where men and women are toiling and suffering, cursing and praying, sinning and dying,—down into the sweat and grime, the sin and the heartaches at the foot of the mount.

Every soul is impinged upon by the suffering, sorrowful, needy oppressed, sinful multitude. And he who has found God on the heights will always find an eager people on the plain waiting for him to declare what he has seen and heard and felt, waiting for the message he may bring back to them. And you will find it so. May God send us back to our homes, our churches, and the needy in our community with joy in our hearts, thanksgiving upon our lips, inspired by the greatness of our work, and with a holy resolve to make Christ's message known to others.

Friends, we are not members of Christ's church merely to enjoy each other's fellowship, to enjoy inspiring singing, or to listen to eloquent sermons. These are only incidental. In obedience to Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world," we are banded together as members of Christ's body for the conquest of the world. That stands paramount to every other consideration. And it is not until one loses himself in the ministry *for others* that he begins to know the supreme joy—the joy that abides forever.

The supreme joy of Jesus was not in giving sight to the blind, or healing the leper, or curing the woman with the issue of blood, though such ministries were wonderful. His highest joy was in his redemptive work which brought about reconciliation between God and man. And, thank

God, there is no one here tonight who may not know that joy—the joy of being used of God in working out the restoration, the redemption of our fellow-men.

I know that many of you are extremely anxious about the work of the church, the Sabbath truth, and the work of our beloved denomination. But, remember, Jesus is more anxious about these than we are. He is so solicitous about this work that he has appropriated the resources of Omnipotence. He has given us heaven-sent wisdom, the Holy Spirit, to teach us, to show us how to apply his wisdom to his work. Then, just as if that was not enough, he guarantees us his personal presence. "Lo, I am with you always."

God with us. "Immanuel." If the church would but write that word ever before her eyes, what glory, what power it would bring into the world! God with his people, individually, collectively, to make effective our efforts. Beloved, with such resources at our disposal we can not fail.

A little girl sat in the floor looking at a spot of sunshine. "Isn't it funny, Papa?" she said. "Why is it funny?" the father asked. "Why, it is funny to think that the sun is at the other end of the spot." If to Jesus we have surrendered our lives, God is at the other end of those things which he sends into our lives, whether sunshine or shadows, joys or sorrows, realizations or disappointments. "To them that love God, all things work together for good."

So, friends, if there is one here this evening who feels the sting of defeat or failure, over whose soul creeps the sense of discouragement, doubt or despair; over whose life hangs the heavy cloud of disappointment or sorrow,—for all such I want this sermon to be a message of hope, of cheer, of encouragement. Daily let us do our work and live our lives, and with a joyful spirit, a loving smile, a hopeful outlook, and a faith that is born of God, draw our inspiration and our power from the "wells of salvation."

Consider what God can do, and you will never despair of success.—*Thomas Wilson.*

Words are like that floating mine which drifted out to sea during the Russo-Japanese War, and was forgotten till it struck the west coast of Japan and exploded, killing ten and wounding over 150.—*Tarbell.*

ARE YOU OF THE MARTYR TYPE?

Of all types of women the martyr type is perhaps the most uncomfortable in the home. Most of us have met her at some time or other. The woman of violent temper, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, sweeps abreast of her family in true hurricane style, and works disaster while she blows, but when all is over there is the calm of perfect peace after a wild tempest.

But the martyr type blows neither fierce nor wild, but is always there with her resigned and patient air of unlimited martyrdom. And the most detestable thing about her is that she is usually a thoroughly good woman.

One can not get around that. There is no denying her goodness. We should like her better if there were. Yet she has the power of casting gloom upon the merriest crowd and robbing the most innocent joy of its flavor.

Her pained but patient smile reduces one's most harmless persiflage to sacrilege, and the tiniest act of thoughtlessness to well-directed insult. No amount of "jolly-ing" or coddling can lift her from her heroic gloom. The more she is coddled the deeper is the shadow of her depression.

She has the happy faculty of putting all who come near her in the wrong. There are husbands and children, friends and relatives, who live under the tyranny of such women year in and year out. They are constantly being rebuked by the martyr's attitude, if not by her tongue.

The greatest pleasure that this type of woman enjoys is the knowledge that she is unappreciated and misunderstood. Her whole attitude breathes the idea, even if she does not tell you in so many words, that she is not appreciated by her family nor her friends.

At first one's sympathies are aroused, but when one realizes that the martyr actually hungers after martyrdom, that her complainings, gentle though they may be, are persistent night and day, then one's sympathies change front and one wonders how such a girl or woman ever gains love.

This type of woman develops more frequently after she has passed 30, and girls are apt to think, "Oh, I'd never be as trying as that." Yet one often sees the incipient martyr in youngsters.

They begin by getting the idea that they are not appreciated by their family. So

every uncomfortable incident is magnified into a grievance. Sometimes this attitude is only revealed in the home circle, and outsiders wonder at the lack of affection shown by the family of so charming a girl.

They do not know her as she really is—morbid, highly sensitive, self-centered and constantly looking for slights. Is it any wonder that she does not inspire devotion in the bosom of her family, who have to regulate every word and act for fear of wounding sensibilities strung to the pitch of morbidness?

This sort of girl often clothes her selfishness in a manner of sweet though pained resignation. And to do her justice, she is as often as not unconscious of her selfishness. But this does not make her the less trying to live with, and her capacity to nag has the gentle, unrelenting persistence of the true martyr.

The girl who desires to breathe happiness at home and dispense it abroad will be careful to avoid the martyr's manner. It is easy enough to slip into, particularly if one actually possesses a grievance, and it may, for a time, bring one a certain amount of coddling, but it soon exhausts friendship and affection.

No matter how difficult one's life may be, one makes a mistake to take the martyr pose. A smiling face will win countless friends, besides actually making a grievance appear less grievous.

One sees the martyr frequently in her worst stage of development in office life. Perhaps she has some fancied wrong against her fellow workers; but whether it is real or fancied she succeeds in making a bugbear of herself and it.

The entire staff comes under the gloom of her imaginings. If there is a rush of work she groans gently beneath it, firmly convinced that she is being imposed upon, until she reduces the whole office to an apologetic stage.

No matter what conditions exist, she succeeds in weaving a crown of thorns to ornament her brow, and she wears it with inward satisfaction though with much outward woe.

The woman who conquers fate and molds life to suit her desires is the woman with a smiling face. The martyr type gets nowhere. The love and consideration she craves are turned from her by her attitude of injury and gloom.—*From The Continent.*

MARRIAGES

JOHNSON-PALMER.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Rockville, R. I., September 22, 1917, by Rev. I. L. Cottrell, William Nichols Johnson, of Hope Valley, R. I., and Lucy Chapman Palmer, of Rockville, R. I.

BRISSEY-DAVIS.—At the home of the bride, near Salem, W. Va., September 5, 1917, by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, Mr. A. G. Thurman Brissey, son of George W. Brissey, of Berea, W. Va., and Miss Goldie M. Davis, daughter of Chesley Davis. Their home will be in Harrisville, W. Va., where the groom is principal of schools.

MARIS-ANDERSON.—At the home of the bride's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Leader, Topeka, Kan., by Rev. W. E. Brehm, August 29, 1917, Mr. Edwin I. Maris, of Nortonville, Kan., and Miss Helena Marie Anderson, of Lewis, Kan.

DEATHS

PECKHAM.—Ellen Louise Peckham was born in Petersburg, N. Y., January 25, 1839, and died August 24, 1917, aged 78 years, 6 months, and 29 days.

She was the daughter of Stephen Stetson and Cornelia Brown Peckham. She leaves one sister, Mrs. H. J. Martin, and two brothers, Silas C., of Petersburg, and George Peckham, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. When seventeen years of age she was baptized by Rev. L. C. Rogers and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Berlin, N. Y. Although her church privileges have been few she has lived a life strong in the faith. She was a member of the home department of the Berlin Sabbath School and took quite an interest in the study of the Bible. She was also a frequent giver to denominational causes.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. H. L. Cottrell, from her late home in Grafton, Sunday, August 26, 1917, and her body was laid to rest in a family burying ground a short distance from her home.

H. L. C.

MAXSON.—In Westerly, R. I., September 5, 1917, Ann Maria Maxson, in the ninety-sixth year of her age.

Ann Maria Maxson was born in the town of Westerly, October 2, 1821. She was the daughter of Amos and Lucinda (Champlin) Barber, the third child in a family of six, all of whom have now passed on. In 1841, she was married to Charles Maxson, of the firm of C. Maxson & Co., contractors and builders, which for many years, did a large business in Westerly and the surrounding communities. There were two children of this union, Charles Clarence Maxson and Mrs. Abbie M. Hickox.

When quite young and living near Ashaway, she accepted Jesus Christ as her Savior, was baptized and united with the First Hopkinton Church, but on her marriage or soon after she united by letter with the Pawcatuck Church, of Westerly, where she has since been a faithful member.

She was one of the home bodies, quiet and unassuming and yet with many friends. She had been in good health until this year when she began a gradual decline, finishing her pilgrimage on the morning of September 5. For many years she had lived with her daughter, Mrs. Hickox, her son and family occupying a part of the house. Besides these children, she leaves of her immediate family three grandsons, Dr. Charles F. Hickox, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry M. Maxson, of Montreal, Can., and C. Clarence Maxson, of Westerly, R. I.

C. A. B.

CONFIDENCE, THE ONLY TRUE WORSHIP

Confidence in God is meant to be the creature's life. Without it, we had better disbelieve whatever we do not see, while we can do no better than acknowledge that all we see is a burdensome enigma.

It is worth our while to have lived, if only it were to have known the delight of trusting God. He is a living Being, who is not only in the most intimate relation with us, but who has a peculiar character of his own, upon which the whole of our love and worship of him is molded. Moreover, confidence in another is the surrender of self. We sit down no longer under our own shadow, but we go and rest beneath the sovereignty of God.

There is something so monstrous in not trusting God that we should have thought it must be a rare thing among good people. But experience teaches very differently. Many persons live for years always intending to begin to form habits of prayer, or habits of particular examination of conscience, and never really begin the one or the other. The real cause of this procrastination is want of confidence in God. *Believing* prayer is by no means common. This is probably the reason why such an immensity of prayer seems unanswered. Many men content themselves with a mere indeterminate hope which can never carry heaven by storm. Confidence has an irresistible tendency to prayer. It is almost prayer itself, that unremitting prayer of which the gospel speaks and which, of all things commanded, looks the most like an impossibility.

But, more than this, it seems to make direct prayer the necessary center of the soul. It does not so much strive to pray as that it lapses into prayer.

A special devotion to the providence of God is another means of acquiring confidence. Even temptations against the faith, which trouble it so terribly, leave an increase of it behind them when they go, like a legacy from an unkind relation. But, above all, the habit of working for God only, of doing our best for him, and caring little about its success, and of doing it secretly, which we instinctively do when we do it only for him, is the royal road to confidence in him. We must extend it to everything that happens to us. All the events of life, all the things of this outer world, must come under its influence. In truth there is good reason for this, because, after all, human wisdom and worldly prudence are nearly as important in the common affairs of life as they are in our spiritual warfare. Is it not our experience that it is always God who does things for us, even those things which we seem to do most ourselves?

We must trust with a special trust all that belongs to God or looks like him. Our trust must be universal, prudent, and bold. It must be gay, playing blithely with difficulties; for difficulties are the stones out of which God's houses are built.—*Faber.*

WHY JOIN THE CHURCH?

Why, indeed? How often the question is put: "If I am already living to the best of my ability, a Christian life, actively assisting by my presence, contributions and personal labor in the worship and work of the Church, and thereby showing my sympathy therewith, is it necessary that I should go further and formally join the Church? Can not a man be saved though he be not a church member?"

Newell Dwight Hillis has made answer to this sort of query, in this striking manner: "This is a question between you and God, not between you and the Church. We set no limits to his mercy, but if you will put your argument in the form of a prayer, saying in substance, 'Our Father, we have followed thy Son (to a certain extent); we have obeyed his commands (with certain exceptions); we have kept company with his disciples (taking care not to be

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counted among them); we have done something to forward his kingdom on earth (declining to be naturalized as its citizens); in short, we have tried to do our duty to everybody except Jesus Christ, and we think we ought to be excused for our failure to honor him openly! what answer do you think ought to be made to such a plea?" —*Christian Advocate.*

If there be lying before you any bit of work from which you shrink, go straight up to it. The only way to get rid of it is to do it. In every piece of honest work, however irksome, laborious and commonplace, we are fellow workers with God.—*F. B. Meyer.*

Talking is like playing the harp. There is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop the vibrations as in twanging them to bring out the music.—*Gail Hamilton.*

"The Christian Church is no place for "Kickers and Knockers."

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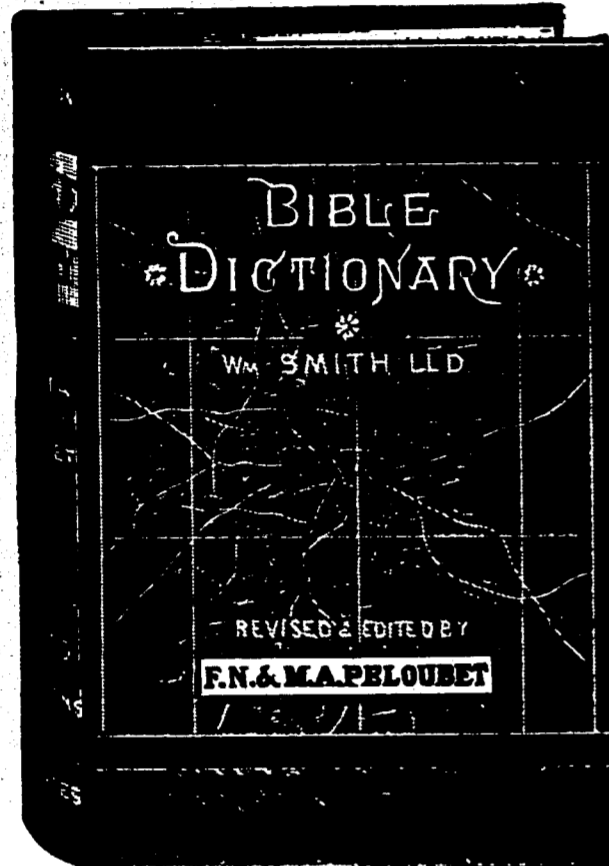
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