

us not to make that *first*. Paul was a tent-maker and worked at his trade while on his missionary journeys. Peter might have been a fisher of men at the same time as a fisher of fish, if a wider work had not been demanded of him than the little villages about the sea of Galilee would permit. Man of business, Jesus asks of you to be diligent in your work, but he does not want you to put it before him. He wants you to make it a means of pushing his kingdom forward, of bettering the world, of lessening its evils. If it overbalances in importance in your mind the cause you profess to love, you are in a dangerous place and need to be careful. If it should come to a place where you would have to leave one, which one would it be? Sometimes a person will leave the Sabbath of Jehovah because he can not keep it and follow the line of work he wants to. I hear the Lord saying, "Lovest thou me more than these?"

Love without service is of little value. Love is glad to serve and to be served. As this question was put three times, three times it was followed with a great commission. If you love me, "Feed my sheep." Love is not a matter of words. It is deeper down than the tongue or lip. Love delights in service. It is constantly asking of itself, "What can I do to please the one I love?" It is uneasy unless it find something to be doing. Love finds hard labor easy and the long task short. The apostle of love, John, says, "My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and in truth." It is the service that tells, after all. The parent proves love to the children by care and the service of a life freely given. I care not how loud the voice of the orator, nor how eloquent his words may be in profession of his patriotism and love of country, it is his deed which counts, in sacrifice to that country's peril.

Love not only delights in giving service, but it delights in receiving service as well. It is happy to remember and happy to be remembered. Jesus asked of his disciple service in taking care of his sheep because, in doing that, Peter was serving him. All work in accord with his will, is service rendered to him.

Dear friend of the Master, it is after this fashion that the Lord calls upon you. He asks for and wants your love. He

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Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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wants to be first in that love. Better than you love your business, better than you love your companions, better than you love anything else, he wants you to love him. The love of these do not often run counter to his; more often they are aided and increased by it; but if it should come to a choice between them, he must be first. If you love him, the world is full of opportunities for showing it. There are the hungry to be fed, the naked to be clothed, the broken-hearted to be bound up, the light to be shed upon the darkened, and the lost to be saved. If you love him, prove it by service rendered in His Name.

(Continued from page 698)

war possible, and the spirit which has made our entrance into the war imperative. But as Christians there should be no hatred in our hearts for our fellow-men. May God keep our hearts pure and our young men clean, until—democracy shall have triumphed in the earth.

A. L. DAVIS.

North Loup, Neb.,
Nov. 11, 1917.

It is reported that Henry Ford is going to present \$500,000 worth of ambulances to the army. We wish a few extra ambulances might be had for his military and non-military critics. They certainly need some sort of a conveyance until they come to a better mind.—*Standard*.

"Harsh words are like drops of vitriol; they burn all that they touch, and leave everywhere little scars."

The Sabbath Recorder

IT IS not too much to say that the history of modern liberty is the history of Puritanism. If we analyze the qualities that lent the Puritan his power and influence, we shall find that his crowning characteristic was his faith in the unseen God.

Happy—thrice happy—our generation, could we exchange some of our tools, our knowledge of bugs and beetles, our outer embellishments, for the temper and spirit of the fathers! Because they worked "under their great taskmaster's eye" they needed no paid overseer to see that they slighted no task; no timekeeper to see that they came not late nor went early, . . . they lived in God's presence, as flowers live and unfold in the soft enfolding sunshine, as birds sing when the morning rolls in warm billows o'er them. . . . When our fathers' faith in God shall go, when we become materialistic and bow down to a mud god, and live by ethics of pleasure, not duty, then justice will forsake the laws our fathers left us; liberty will fade from our institutions; . . . and peace will pass forever from the American home. For the loss of faith in our fathers' God would be the most disastrous loss that ever befell the young republic. . . . To the vision of God that like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night—led the Puritan forward, let us add the emphasis of civic righteousness and the recognition of conscience and duty rather than pleasure and selfish gain. . . . Our age does not need more tools, luxuries, or comforts so much as it needs the fathers' sense of righteousness and justice.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

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Mistake in page. - out of order

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 83, NO. 23

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 3, 1917

WHOLE NO. 3,796

"When the People Want It They Will Have It"

These are the words of a friend who was speaking of the new denominational building. He said, "It is evident enough that the people do not want this building. When they really do want it, they will have it."

These words are undoubtedly true, and we have thought much of them during the week. Yes, when they want it, they will have it; but when and how will they ever come to want it? That is the main question now. After two and a half centuries of denominational life, during which Seventh Day Baptists have shown but few signs of wanting such a building, what hope is there for their wanting one in our day, if no one tries to show them the need and to impress them with the good sure to come from carrying out such an enterprise?

Never have we had anything by way of a forward movement until the people have wanted it and had a mind to work for it. After many years, some of the people began to want a real denominational paper, and so commenced to plead and work for it. It took several years to bring them to the point where they wanted it enough to buy it, and Dr. Lewis had a hard, discouraging time before he secured funds to pay for it and start a publishing plant. This was a forward movement of untold value to the denomination. It was worth while, and no one now would be willing to go back to the old way. The wonder is that the people did not want it long before.

We are glad so many are beginning to feel the great need of a denominational building. It is the first step toward having one. The man who said, "When the people want it, they will have it," looked at his car in which we were sitting and remarked, "Two or three years ago it would have been out of the question for me to think of buying an automobile, but when I came to the point where I wanted it, I got it." I feel that it is a good deal so with the people and the new building. We are already thinking we ought to have one, and the more we look at the matter the more we are going to wish

we did have one. By and by—I hope it will not be long—Seventh Day Baptists in every part of the land will begin to show some enthusiasm over the new forward movement; old and young will talk it up; many will wonder why it was not set on foot long ago; some will be ashamed to think we have been so slow about beginning; even the children in our Sabbath schools will want to earn a few bricks for the publishing house, and all the young people will plan to have a share in it. Then indeed will we have one. It will be something in which every one has had a part, something to show the world that we have faith in our good cause, and something to pass along to the generations to come that will always bear testimony to that faith.

Friends, how long must we wait for this? Many of us are getting along in years. We must soon lay down our work. How glad we should be if we could see this building rise before we have to go. May we have grounds for hope, or must the movement now be allowed to die and wait years for a resurrection?

Services in Old Piscataway

Scattered here and there throughout the land are those whose early home was within the bounds of the old Piscataway Church at New Market, N. J. These friends often recall the days when they dwelt among the worshipers there and, if I mistake not, there sometimes comes a feeling of homesickness for the happy associations of other years. Any good news from the dear old church will be welcome, and it will be a pleasure to know that it is holding on in its way of faithful service, even though just now it has no pastor.

It was the editor's privilege to preach to the congregation there a few days ago, to enjoy the whole-souled greetings, and to see how willingly young and old took part in the services of the day. At that time a letter was read regarding the Fouke School, in which help was asked to replace the buildings recently destroyed by fire. The deacons promptly announced that a canvass

ily go when they can not go anywhere else.

But hustle and bustle and restless ambition do not bring happiness and contentment. It is time to call a halt. It is a virtue to know where to stop. In a recent number of the SABBATH RECORDER, under "Resolutions of Famous People," we find the following by Frank R. Stockton: "For many years, my motto, by which I endeavor to guide the ordinary actions of life, consists of one word which is 'Stop.' It is generally very easy to go on no-matter what you may be doing, good or bad. But to stop when the right time comes to stop is so difficult that I endeavor to keep continually in my mind the importance of so doing."

But to stop does not mean that we should settle down and take our ease, for absence of occupation does not bring contentment, but rather do we find rest in work well done. The one who is active in the affairs of life that make for character and are for the best interests of humanity is the one who finds a sweet peace at the close of the day,—a peace with which nothing that the world has to offer can compare.

Contentment does not come as a result of wealth, learning, and fame. We find those who have reached the heights of their ambition and who yet do not know the first lesson of contentment. They are sighing for more worlds to conquer. The secret of contentment is a life which is in close communion with God, whether in the business world, in the home, or in any other walk of life. I remember hearing a minister once tell of a young man who had been blessed with good surroundings, a moral young man, but who did not feel his need of being a Christian. For a time all seemed to go well with him, but when he was called upon to pass through some great trial he was crushed with the weight of his sorrow. He had not found and accepted Christ as his friend so he had nowhere to go for help. If Christ has been taken into the heart one can find peace and even contentment in the dark days through which all are called to pass.

A contented mind is a constant feast. The closer we live to nature, the more we enjoy the simple, commonplace things of life, the more will we be able to have the state of mind and heart that lifts us above the petty cares and things that annoy us and into the realm of contentment. But

is anything commonplace that God has made? The grass, the birds, the trees, the flowers are all so wonderful and yet we may have them for our friends. We have only to look out over the green fields and up into the beautiful sky to refresh our minds and hearts, for is not God in every sunrise, and is not his great love for us manifested in everything about us?

The home is necessarily the place where children are directed as to their course in life. How important, then, that the atmosphere of home be such that the children may catch a vision of the course to pursue to become what God intended them to be. Parents too often make the mistake of wanting their children to be great instead of good. But we have only to turn to the Holy Book to find these words,—“Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

The business manager of the Anderson evangelistic party, at one of the cottage prayer meetings held before the tabernacle meetings, said that the great grief of his life was his having spent some of his early years in sin. His mother, a Christian woman, whose great ambition for her boys was that they should be Christians, was called to her heavenly home before they gave their hearts to Christ. He said that as soon as he had decided to forsake his sinful ways and to live the Christian life he sought her grave, and prostrated in grief, wept long hours because he had not made his decision for right when he could have brought happiness to his mother's heart. But now he is trying to atone for his great mistake by going up and down the world winning souls from sin. And I think that even now up in glory that mother is happy because she chose for her boys the better things of life.

Chancellor Bradford, whom it was our great privilege to listen to a few evenings ago, left with us this thought, that “as our boys have gone to the front to help win the great war for democracy, it is the part of those who remain at home to prepare the world for democracy.”

Let us teach others the secret of contentment; that the big thing is to live as brothers; then shall wars forever cease and our hearts shall be attuned to the greatest song ever heard on earth—the song the angels sang, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

MISSIONS

LETTER FROM JAVA

MY DEAR GENEROUS FRIENDS:

A few days ago I saw my letter of April in the RECORDER. But I never saw the letter I wrote in March, which I sent with two photos of the colony. Did you not receive it? The photos I sent registered by book post. What a pity it would be if all got lost. Sometimes I read in the papers of mails that have been lost by the war, and it is a good time ago since I got the last letter sent from America. I wrote to Brother F. J. Hubbard and to Brother A. L. Titsworth in August; to the SABBATH RECORDER August 1, to Brother E. Shaw, Miss Minnie Godfrey, Mrs. W. R. Potter, Mrs. E. G. Saunders in July; to the SABBATH RECORDER and to Brother A. L. Titsworth in June; to Mrs. Adeline S. Polan, Charles D. Coon, F. J. Hubbard and the RECORDER in May. Now you can see if any of them got lost.

I feel far from well lately; writing is a great strain on my head, as I feel so dizzy and shaking. I shall soon be fifty-three years old. You will say it is not very old, but the fifteen years I have worked in this work with all its difficulties and hardships count double. And I have never been overstrong. There is a nephew of mine, married, with one baby child, who is willing to come and work here with me; but he wants to know, first, if the churches in America can give him some salary. He says he will be satisfied with \$20 a month. If I can get him for this work, that would mean a great deal. He has worked in sugar and kapok plantations for years; so he knows all about cultivating the ground, and about the Javanese and their language, and his wife has been a nurse.

While I am feeling so weak and miserable lately, I was greatly comforted by the Lord's words: “My power will be made perfect in weakness.” Often I am not able to hold meetings, as my head feels so heavy and my thoughts are all mixed up. What a comfort it is to me then to look up to our blessed Lord, who will do *his* work, even without me. I can see how he is working in some of these dear souls. Surely he will get the victory, and he will not

leave this work. I hope you will never forget us in your prayers, dear friends.

There are a great many difficulties; but St. Paul says: “I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then I am strong.” I am waiting for the Lord's power to be made perfect in my weakness.

With hearty greetings to you all, and thanking you with all my heart for your generous help and kind sympathy.

Yours in our Saviour's love,
M. JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, Tajoe p. o., Java,
September 14, 1917.

THE BIRTH AND DECADENCE OF PROTESTANTISM*

REV. GEORGE C. TENNEY

The world gravitates away from God and consequently from the truth. Retrogression is the natural process of perverted nature. The elements of evil are also elements of decay. Decay is not a sudden development, but a process, often imperceptible in its stages, but sure and persevering to the bitter end unless checked by some remedial agent that is set in operation to counteract the ravages of evil influences. The constant insinuations of wrong principles, the incessant inducements of gratified sense, the unjust complainings and suspicions of a tempting evil spirit, wear away our virtue and lead us unconsciously, perhaps, to yield our integrity, and as individuals we find ourselves doing things today that would have shocked us to contemplate doing a few years ago. A plausible defense is upon our lips although our hearts from their depths may insist that we are losing ground.

This is the common experience of humanity as individuals and as collective bodies. This has been the experience of God's people ever since he took Israel by the hand to lead out from Egyptian night and bondage a people for himself. The plagues of Egypt and the thunders of Sinai impressed them for the moment, but were soon forgotten in the stress of trials that followed. The people, confused became the easy prey of evil agencies and wandered far from God. Then followed trouble and distress, and in the final crisis the Spirit of God

*Address delivered at the Battle Creek (Mich.) Sanitarium, Sabbath Day, November 3, 1917.

ship and manipulation of business for the good of the people will continue to be heard from in many States until the voice of the people settles it. Citizens may as well look these matters squarely in the face and be prepared, for sooner or later the people are sure to be called upon to settle the questions involved, and to do this, and do it right, requires our most careful study.

Java Letters All Published Probably the censors have prevented some of our RECORDERS from reaching the friends in far-away Java. They have sometimes delayed letters coming from Java to America, but so far as we know all have finally reached us and have appeared in the RECORDER. In reply to the inquiry in our Java letter, we would say that the letter accompanied by the two full-page photographs referred to appeared in the RECORDER of May 14. Miss Jansz' April letter is in the issue of July 9; one written May 23 appears in the August 6 number; the June 24 letter is in the RECORDER of August 20; and the one referred to as written August 1 appeared in the issue of September 24.

NOTES BY THE WAY

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Real "Indian summer" weather has prevailed all along the line from New Jersey to Wisconsin, a welcome opportunity to the farmers to gather in grain and fruit and vegetables, and attend to other preparations for the winter season.

The visit of the secretary in his work to Milton and vicinity is both joyous and sad. Memories of the twenty-five years during which this place was his home and field of labor are rich with pleasure and delight. The changes that have come during the past ten years cause those feelings of loneliness which are akin to sorrow, and belong to what he calls "the tragedy of advancing years."

Pastor Lester C. Randolph in his work for Milton College had appointments at Farina, Ill., for the Sabbath of November 17, and so it had been arranged that the secretary should so plan his visit to Wisconsin that he could take the pastor's work for Sabbath eve and Sabbath morning. It

was both a privilege and a pleasure thus to meet the friends of former years.

And yet it was no easy task that Sabbath Day. The message which the secretary has upon his heart and life concerning a denominational building, he well knew does not meet with favor, especially at the present time, with many, in fact with a large majority, of the people to whom he was speaking. It was his purpose to present and to explain the attitude of those who do favor this movement, that any misunderstandings of the past might be removed, and others avoided for the future, and that the honest differences of opinions and judgments might be seen and known by all.

He tried to show that a denominational building, while promising material advantages for which there are great needs, is after all a means to an end, just as a church building in itself is a means to an end, just as the material equipments of a school are means to an end. He tried to show that the end in view was the enlargement and the enrichment of the religious life of individuals, of churches, of communities, of schools, of societies. That this movement had a deep spiritual significance. That its purpose was to unite all the spiritual forces of the denomination in a common cause, and give us greater power to live and to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and his Sabbath.

It is not easy to say things with which friends and fellow-workers do not agree. And hence that part of the Sabbath morning message was given with reluctance and hesitation, and yet with a conviction that forbade silence. The secretary believes in the principles of democracy, and abides by the decision of the majority. But as a member of the small minority he must express his belief in the need and value and power of this denominational building movement.

At the time of writing these "notes" the work for which the secretary planned this trip to Wisconsin is advancing nicely. Milton and Milton Junction are the headquarters for four of our denominational boards, active, working boards. It was to come into closer touch with these boards that the joint secretary of the Tract and Missionary

CONTENTMENT

MRS. BELLE BOWDEN

Paper read in Laymen's Hour at the Yearly Meeting, Marlboro, N. J.

The subject of this hour, that of "Contentment," is most timely. Now that our country has plunged into the great world war that the honor of our flag and the rights of our citizens may be protected, we who have been singing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee" because in the past brave men were willing to give their lives, must in this hour of peril rise and defend our freedom that those who shall come after us may sing the same blessed anthem, with the same sweet consciousness with which we have sung it, that ours is the land of the free and the home of the brave. We who may not be called to the front have a duty to our country in this hour of trial. We must strive as never before to better the morals and elevate the social life of our people. We must teach and live the gospel of contentment.

The seeds of discontent were sown early in the history of the race. At the dawn of creation, when God placed the first man and woman in the garden, a beautiful spot made perfect by the Creator and furnished with everything to supply their needs, they soon became dissatisfied and longed for the forbidden fruit; and all through the ages men have allowed this spirit to so possess their hearts and lives that we are now engaged in the most terrific war the world has ever known. Germany, not satisfied with her great wealth and the fame of her higher institutions of learning, sought for still greater power, and after years of preparation started out to conquer the world. But Germany forgot God, and after three years of persistent effort she is getting still farther and farther away from the goal which she is seeking.

So all our efforts made apart from God are attended only with disappointment and failure. The spirit of unrest that has gotten hold of the people today is most appalling. All are seeking for the thing which they think will bring happiness. Some are intoxicated with success, others are worshipping the god of fame, while still others are putting all on the altar of gold. Men are forgetting that they are brothers, and use their fellow-men as rounds on the ladder by which they are climbing. The home is becoming a place where the fam-

societies came west at this time. These boards are the Sabbath School Board, the Woman's Board, the Young People's Board, and the Finance Board, mentioned here in order of their establishment.

A joint meeting of the members of the Sabbath School Board and the Young People's was held Sunday afternoon. The matter of the Forward Movement among Seventh Day Baptists was considered and discussed till it reached the stage of appointing a committee to reduce to form the general conclusions that were reached, and then the meeting adjourned for one week to hear the report of the committee and then to meet officially as two boards in different rooms to adopt the findings of the joint meeting.

This afternoon a special meeting of the Woman's Board is to be held to consider the work of the women as it is related in particular to the Missionary and Tract societies. The Missionary Committee of the Northwestern Association is also located at Milton Junction and Milton. The secretary is to have conferences with that committee in reference to the missionary work of the northwest in which the Missionary Society is especially interested. Likewise those matters in which the Sabbath School Board comes into close relation with our Tract Society concerning the publication end of Sabbath school helps is to have consideration in conferences.

The secretary is taking the readers of our denominational paper into his confidence in thus telling in detail parts of his work. May these united efforts increase the interest and loyalty of all our people, and make them as one in power and purpose for spiritual growth.

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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. 23 PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 3, 1917 WHOLE NO. 3,796

"When the People Want It They Will Have It"

These are the words of a friend who was speaking of the new denominational building. He said, "It is evident enough that the people do not want this building. When they really do want it, they will have it."

These words are undoubtedly true, and we have thought much of them during the week. Yes, when they want it, they will have it; but when and how will they ever come to want it? That is the main question now. After two and a half centuries of denominational life, during which Seventh Day Baptists have shown but few signs of wanting such a building, what hope is there for their wanting one in our day, if no one tries to show them the need and to impress them with the good sure to come from carrying out such an enterprise?

Never have we had anything by way of a forward movement until the people have wanted it and had a mind to work for it. After many years, some of the people began to want a real denominational paper, and so commenced to plead and work for it. It took several years to bring them to the point where they wanted it enough to buy it, and Dr. Lewis had a hard, discouraging time before he secured funds to pay for it and start a publishing plant. This was a forward movement of untold value to the denomination. It was worth while, and no one now would be willing to go back to the old way. The wonder is that the people did not want it long before.

We are glad so many are beginning to feel the great need of a denominational building. It is the first step toward having one. The man who said, "When the people want it, they will have it," looked at his car in which we were sitting and remarked, "Two or three years ago it would have been out of the question for me to think of buying an automobile, but when I came to the point where I wanted it, I got it." I feel that it is a good deal so with the people and the new building. We are already thinking we ought to have one, and the more we look at the matter the more we are going to wish

we did have one. By and by—I hope it will not be long—Seventh Day Baptists in every part of the land will begin to show some enthusiasm over the new forward movement; old and young will talk it up; many will wonder why it was not set on foot long ago; some will be ashamed to think we have been so slow about beginning; even the children in our Sabbath schools will want to earn a few bricks for the publishing house, and all the young people will plan to have a share in it. Then indeed will we have one. It will be something in which every one has had a part, something to show the world that we have faith in our good cause, and something to pass along to the generations to come that will always bear testimony to that faith.

Friends, how long must we wait for this? Many of us are getting along in years. We must soon lay down our work. How glad we should be if we could see this building rise before we have to go. May we have grounds for hope, or must the movement now be allowed to die and wait years for a resurrection?

Services in Old Piscataway

Scattered here and there throughout the land are those whose early home was within the bounds of the old Piscataway Church at New Market, N. J. These friends often recall the days when they dwelt among the worshipers there and, if I mistake not, there sometimes comes a feeling of homesickness for the happy associations of other years. Any good news from the dear old church will be welcome, and it will be a pleasure to know that it is holding on in its way of faithful service, even though just now it has no pastor.

It was the editor's privilege to preach to the congregation there a few days ago, to enjoy the whole-souled greetings, and to see how willingly young and old took part in the services of the day. At that time a letter was read regarding the Fouke School, in which help was asked to replace the buildings recently destroyed by fire. The deacons promptly announced that a canvass

would be made during the following week and every one would be given an opportunity to do something for this worthy cause. We have not heard the result, but know full well that the little flock will do what it can.

This church voted to conduct its own services half the time while without a pastor, the young people's society, and the young men's class taking turns with others as leaders. For two Sabbaths I had the pleasure of teaching the young men's organized class—which is a very interesting one—and I was impressed with the interest its members take in the work. Just before dismissal the class president called for the class motto, and it would have done you good to hear the members say in concert, "Young men working for young men, standing by the Bible and by the Bible school."

A Pleasant Day Sabbath, November 24, At Marlboro, N. J. was a day in the midst of the yearly meeting of the New Jersey, New York City and Berlin (N. Y.) churches. I had preached to the little company of Sabbath-keepers in Philadelphia at half past two in the afternoon, and had then hastened on to Marlboro for an evening service there. It was like going home, to be once more with an audience of the dear friends of "South Jersey," and every moment there was heartily enjoyed. Some one who could attend all through will write about these meetings, but I would like to tell how I enjoyed one service. It was the hour before preaching. Provision had been made for a Thanksgiving offering to aid the Fouke School, as had been requested of all our churches through the SABBATH RECORDER. Three persons were present who taught in Fouke and who knew the conditions and realized the needs. No one could fail to be interested as each one told the story that was upon his heart. Then an offering was taken which amounted to \$50, a generous thank offering for the people of that section to make.

Aged Pilgrims Enjoy Christian Greetings Deacon Judson F. Randolph and his brother Preston, of Salem, W. Va., have for more than half a century been untiring workers in the Master's cause. Brother Judson served the

Greenbrier Church as deacon, and during its darkest days he was always found at the post of duty. Brother Preston in the Salem Church was long its superintendent and leader when the little company of worshipers was unable to support a pastor. He was a pioneer in education in West Virginia, teaching school year after year among his townspeople until almost everybody called him "Teacher." For a long time the feebleness of age has been creeping upon these brothers, until now both of them, having passed their fourscore years, find it extremely difficult to attend church at all, I think, without being assisted.

On two successive Sabbaths, recently, the pastor and the president of the college, some of the teachers and a good company of friends from the homes went in the afternoon to spend an hour with these aged pilgrims, greeting them with Christian songs and words of cheer. One of the brothers writes, "It was a delightful greeting to those so near the end of life's journey."

Where weary toilers are resting and waiting in the sunset of life's day, after years of faithful service in the Master's vineyard, what could be more appropriate than for the children of the kingdom to gather in the earthly homes to speak words of cheer and sing of the heavenly home toward which all are hastening. Such scenes are not only helpful to the aged ones, but bring strength and courage to all who witness them, and I trust that even to read and think of them will prove helpful to many.

The Salvation Army, Too The Salvation Army is doing a splendid work with the soldiers at the front, and in many respects stands as an equal with the Y. M. C. A. in self-sacrificing service for the boys in khaki. The army lassies live and work under the same conditions as do the soldiers and cheerfully toil in the advance camps in France, even where they must depend upon the gas mask to save themselves from suffocation. Sometimes drenched by chilling rains and obliged to sleep in fireless tents where no lights can shine to show the Huns where to drop their bombs, these faithful lassies work on with faces illumined by divine light and hearts warmed with the love of God.

Corresponding somewhat with the canteens of the Y. M. C. A., the army "hutments," as they call them, provide rooms warmed with great stoves, around which the men when off duty gather in large numbers to dry their garments, the steam from which "sometimes gives the place the appearance of a Turkish bath steam-room in full blast." In these hutments men find music, reading matter, games, sandwiches and coffee, and chances to write letters. Many things are provided to make the boys think of home and to keep them true to God. When the reckoning day comes and credit is given for labors of love concerning which the Master will say, "Ye did it unto me," the faithful workers of the Salvation Army will come in for a good share.

Los Angeles Banishes the Saloon The most remarkable victory for prohibition in all the long fight with John Barleycorn was gained in Los Angeles, Cal., on November 20, when that city of more than half a million people voted out the liquor traffic by over 20,000 majority. Other cities larger than this are dry, but not by vote of their own people alone. Some have been made dry by the edict of a ruler, and some by state votes that gave the aid of country populations outside city limits. But when a city the size of Los Angeles rises up in its might and says by such a decisive vote that the accursed traffic can no longer be tolerated there, certainly the rum power must see the handwriting on the wall as never before. The people of Los Angeles recognize in the miserable liquor business a most formidable ally of our country's enemies—an ally that handicaps the government in its prosecution of the war by destroying the manhood of citizen and soldier alike and by a wholesale waste of money and food. Evidently the Los Angeles people are patriotic enough to place under ban the very thing that everybody knows is reducing efficiency in every branch of civic and military life, sapping our nation's vitality, stimulating crimes, and supporting itself by the wages of sin.

The amazing thing is that a land filled with intelligent and conscientious citizens does not arise and banish the curse. Why should so manifest an evil be fostered and protected by law, when every prompting of

decency, morality and humanity calls for its destruction? What an inconsistency is evident when the nation-wide cry goes up for self-denial in every home, for wheatless and meatless days, for all kinds of food-saving to help win the war, while at the same time the destructive liquor business and the demoralizing saloon are allowed to go on with their persistent waste of food-stuffs!

The splendid majority against the saloon in Los Angeles will serve as an inspiration to prohibition workers all over the land. It will deepen the consternation already evident in the ranks of the rum power, and give an impetus to the temperance sentiment that will soon carry other cities into line with prohibition.

All honor to the *Evening Express* and the *Morning Tribune*, edited by one man, which for a dozen years have rung true on the prohibition question. These dailies have had much to do with bringing the victory. We are glad to see great dailies all over the country wheeling into line; and now we are looking for rum's Waterloo.

We are also informed that the Billy Sunday campaign in Los Angeles had much to do with winning the vote against the saloon.

Votes That Show The Trend of Thought Voters in the State of Massachusetts this autumn gave heavy majorities for three amendments to the state constitution. The first amendment forbids state aid to private institutions, such as schools and churches; and although the Catholic people carried on a vigorous campaign against the amendment, it was carried by a majority of 75,781.

The second amendment forbids absentees voting and received 155,052 majority; and the third gives the State, cities and towns authority to go into business and buy and sell the necessities of life in times of emergency; adopted by 208,696 majority.

Two of these amendments—the first and third—show the trend of thought in this country upon questions of nation-wide significance. More and more does it become certain that the people of this land must face and settle the problem being forced upon them by representatives of parochial schools who clamor for public money. And the question of public owner-

ship and manipulation of business for the good of the people will continue to be heard from in many States until the voice of the people settles it. Citizens may as well look these matters squarely in the face and be prepared, for sooner or later the people are sure to be called upon to settle the questions involved, and to do this, and do it right, requires our most careful study.

Java Letters All Published Probably the censors have prevented some of our RECORDERS from reaching the friends in far-away Java. They have sometimes delayed letters coming from Java to America, but so far as we know all have finally reached us and have appeared in the RECORDER. In reply to the inquiry in our Java letter, we would say that the letter accompanied by the two full-page photographs referred to appeared in the RECORDER of May 14. Miss Jansz' April letter is in the issue of July 9; one written May 23 appears in the August 6 number; the June 24 letter is in the RECORDER of August 20; and the one referred to as written August 1 appeared in the issue of September 24.

NOTES BY THE WAY

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Real "Indian summer" weather has prevailed all along the line from New Jersey to Wisconsin, a welcome opportunity to the farmers to gather in grain and fruit and vegetables, and attend to other preparations for the winter season.

The visit of the secretary in his work to Milton and vicinity is both joyous and sad. Memories of the twenty-five years during which this place was his home and field of labor are rich with pleasure and delight. The changes that have come during the past ten years cause those feelings of loneliness which are akin to sorrow, and belong to what he calls "the tragedy of advancing years."

Pastor Lester C. Randolph in his work for Milton College had appointments at Farina, Ill., for the Sabbath of November 17, and so it had been arranged that the secretary should so plan his visit to Wisconsin that he could take the pastor's work for Sabbath eve and Sabbath morning. It

was both a privilege and a pleasure thus to meet the friends of former years.

And yet it was no easy task that Sabbath Day. The message which the secretary has upon his heart and life concerning a denominational building, he well knew does not meet with favor, especially at the present time, with many, in fact with a large majority, of the people to whom he was speaking. It was his purpose to present and to explain the attitude of those who do favor this movement, that any misunderstandings of the past might be removed, and others avoided for the future, and that the honest differences of opinions and judgments might be seen and known by all.

He tried to show that a denominational building, while promising material advantages for which there are great needs, is after all a means to an end, just as a church building in itself is a means to an end, just as the material equipments of a school are means to an end. He tried to show that the end in view was the enlargement and the enrichment of the religious life of individuals, of churches, of communities, of schools, of societies. That this movement had a deep spiritual significance. That its purpose was to unite all the spiritual forces of the denomination in a common cause, and give us greater power to live and to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and his Sabbath.

It is not easy to say things with which friends and fellow-workers do not agree. And hence that part of the Sabbath morning message was given with reluctance and hesitation, and yet with a conviction that forbade silence. The secretary believes in the principles of democracy, and abides by the decision of the majority. But as a member of the small minority he must express his belief in the need and value and power of this denominational building movement.

At the time of writing these "notes" the work for which the secretary planned this trip to Wisconsin is advancing nicely. Milton and Milton Junction are the headquarters for four of our denominational boards, active, working boards. It was to come into closer touch with these boards that the joint secretary of the Tract and Missionary

CONTENTMENT

MRS. BELLE BOWDEN

Paper read in Laymen's Hour at the Yearly Meeting, Marlboro, N. J.

The subject of this hour, that of "Contentment," is most timely. Now that our country has plunged into the great world war that the honor of our flag and the rights of our citizens may be protected, we who have been singing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee" because in the past brave men were willing to give their lives, must in this hour of peril rise and defend our freedom that those who shall come after us may sing the same blessed anthem, with the same sweet consciousness with which we have sung it, that ours is the land of the free and the home of the brave. We who may not be called to the front have a duty to our country in this hour of trial. We must strive as never before to better the morals and elevate the social life of our people. We must teach and live the gospel of contentment.

The seeds of discontent were sown early in the history of the race. At the dawn of creation, when God placed the first man and woman in the garden, a beautiful spot made perfect by the Creator and furnished with everything to supply their needs, they soon became dissatisfied and longed for the forbidden fruit; and all through the ages men have allowed this spirit to so possess their hearts and lives that we are now engaged in the most terrific war the world has ever known. Germany, not satisfied with her great wealth and the fame of her higher institutions of learning, sought for still greater power, and after years of preparation started out to conquer the world. But Germany forgot God, and after three years of persistent effort she is getting still farther and farther away from the goal which she is seeking.

So all our efforts made apart from God are attended only with disappointment and failure. The spirit of unrest that has gotten hold of the people today is most appalling. All are seeking for the thing which they think will bring happiness. Some are intoxicated with success, others are worshipping the god of fame, while still others are putting all on the altar of gold. Men are forgetting that they are brothers, and use their fellow-men as rounds on the ladder by which they are climbing. The home is becoming a place where the fam-

societies came west at this time. These boards are the Sabbath School Board, the Woman's Board, the Young People's Board, and the Finance Board, mentioned here in order of their establishment.

A joint meeting of the members of the Sabbath School Board and the Young People's was held Sunday afternoon. The matter of the Forward Movement among Seventh Day Baptists was considered and discussed till it reached the stage of appointing a committee to reduce to form the general conclusions that were reached, and then the meeting adjourned for one week to hear the report of the committee and then to meet officially as two boards in different rooms to adopt the findings of the joint meeting.

This afternoon a special meeting of the Woman's Board is to be held to consider the work of the women as it is related in particular to the Missionary and Tract societies. The Missionary Committee of the Northwestern Association is also located at Milton Junction and Milton. The secretary is to have conferences with that committee in reference to the missionary work of the northwest in which the Missionary Society is especially interested. Likewise those matters in which the Sabbath School Board comes into close relation with our Tract Society concerning the publication end of Sabbath school helps is to have consideration in conferences.

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"The man who takes God for his guide, never walks in the dark."

ily go when they can not go anywhere else.

But hustle and bustle and restless ambition do not bring happiness and contentment. It is time to call a halt. It is a virtue to know where to stop. In a recent number of the SABBATH RECORDER, under "Resolutions of Famous People," we find the following by Frank R. Stockton: "For many years, my motto, by which I endeavor to guide the ordinary actions of life, consists of one word which is 'Stop.' It is generally very easy to go on no-matter what you may be doing, good or bad. But to stop when the right time comes to stop is so difficult that I endeavor to keep continually in my mind the importance of so doing."

But to stop does not mean that we should settle down and take our ease, for absence of occupation does not bring contentment, but rather do we find rest in work well done. The one who is active in the affairs of life that make for character and are for the best interests of humanity is the one who finds a sweet peace at the close of the day,—a peace with which nothing that the world has to offer can compare.

Contentment does not come as a result of wealth, learning, and fame. We find those who have reached the heights of their ambition and who yet do not know the first lesson of contentment. They are sighing for more worlds to conquer. The secret of contentment is a life which is in close communion with God, whether in the business world, in the home, or in any other walk of life. I remember hearing a minister once tell of a young man who had been blessed with good surroundings, a moral young man, but who did not feel his need of being a Christian. For a time all seemed to go well with him, but when he was called upon to pass through some great trial he was crushed with the weight of his sorrow. He had not found and accepted Christ as his friend so he had nowhere to go for help. If Christ has been taken into the heart one can find peace and even contentment in the dark days through which all are called to pass.

A contented mind is a constant feast. The closer we live to nature, the more we enjoy the simple, commonplace things of life, the more will we be able to have the state of mind and heart that lifts us above the petty cares and things that annoy us and into the realm of contentment. But

is anything commonplace that God has made? The grass, the birds, the trees, the flowers are all so wonderful and yet we may have them for our friends. We have only to look out over the green fields and up into the beautiful sky to refresh our minds and hearts, for is not God in every sunrise, and is not his great love for us manifested in everything about us?

The home is necessarily the place where children are directed as to their course in life. How important, then, that the atmosphere of home be such that the children may catch a vision of the course to pursue to become what God intended them to be. Parents too often make the mistake of wanting their children to be great instead of good. But we have only to turn to the Holy Book to find these words,—"Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you."

The business manager of the Anderson evangelistic party, at one of the cottage prayer meetings held before the tabernacle meetings, said that the great grief of his life was his having spent some of his early years in sin. His mother, a Christian woman, whose great ambition for her boys was that they should be Christians, was called to her heavenly home before they gave their hearts to Christ. He said that as soon as he had decided to forsake his sinful ways and to live the Christian life he sought her grave, and prostrated in grief, wept long hours because he had not made his decision for right when he could have brought happiness to his mother's heart. But now he is trying to atone for his great mistake by going up and down the world winning souls from sin. And I think that even now up in glory that mother is happy because she chose for her boys the better things of life.

Chancellor Bradford, whom it was our great privilege to listen to a few evenings ago, left with us this thought, that "as our boys have gone to the front to help win the great war for democracy, it is the part of those who remain at home to prepare the world for democracy."

Let us teach others the secret of contentment; that the big thing is to live as brothers; then shall wars forever cease and our hearts shall be attuned to the greatest song ever heard on earth—the song the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

MISSIONS

LETTER FROM JAVA

MY DEAR GENEROUS FRIENDS:

A few days ago I saw my letter of April in the RECORDER. But I never saw the letter I wrote in March, which I sent with two photos of the colony. Did you not receive it? The photos I sent registered by book post. What a pity it would be if all got lost. Sometimes I read in the papers of mails that have been lost by the war, and it is a good time ago since I got the last letter sent from America. I wrote to Brother F. J. Hubbard and to Brother A. L. Titsworth in August; to the SABBATH RECORDER August 1, to Brother E. Shaw, Miss Minnie Godfrey, Mrs. W. R. Potter, Mrs. E. G. Saunders in July; to the SABBATH RECORDER and to Brother A. L. Titsworth in June; to Mrs. Adeline S. Polan, Charles D. Coon, F. J. Hubbard and the RECORDER in May. Now you can see if any of them got lost.

I feel far from well lately; writing is a great strain on my head, as I feel so dizzy and shaking. I shall soon be fifty-three years old. You will say it is not very old, but the fifteen years I have worked in this work with all its difficulties and hardships count double. And I have never been overstrong. There is a nephew of mine, married, with one baby child, who is willing to come and work here with me; but he wants to know, first, if the churches in America can give him some salary. He says he will be satisfied with \$20 a month. If I can get him for this work, that would mean a great deal. He has worked in sugar and kapok plantations for years; so he knows all about cultivating the ground, and about the Javanese and their language, and his wife has been a nurse.

While I am feeling so weak and miserable lately, I was greatly comforted by the Lord's words: "My power will be made perfect in weakness." Often I am not able to hold meetings, as my head feels so heavy and my thoughts are all mixed up. What a comfort it is to me then to look up to our blessed Lord, who will do *his* work, even without me. I can see how he is working in some of these dear souls. Surely he will get the victory, and he will not

leave this work. I hope you will never forget us in your prayers, dear friends.

There are a great many difficulties; but St. Paul says: "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then I am strong." I am waiting for the Lord's power to be made perfect in my weakness.

With hearty greetings to you all, and thanking you with all my heart for your generous help and kind sympathy.

Yours in our Saviour's love,
M. JANSZ.

*Pangoengsen, Tajoe p. o., Java,
September 14, 1917.*

THE BIRTH AND DECADENCE OF PROTESTANTISM*

REV. GEORGE C. TENNEY

The world gravitates away from God and consequently from the truth. Retrogression is the natural process of perverted nature. The elements of evil are also elements of decay. Decay is not a sudden development, but a process, often imperceptible in its stages, but sure and persevering to the bitter end unless checked by some remedial agent that is set in operation to counteract the ravages of evil influences. The constant insinuations of wrong principles, the incessant inducements of gratified sense, the unjust complainings and suspicions of a tempting evil spirit, wear away our virtue and lead us unconsciously, perhaps, to yield our integrity, and as individuals we find ourselves doing things today that would have shocked us to contemplate doing a few years ago. A plausible defense is upon our lips although our hearts from their depths may insist that we are losing ground.

This is the common experience of humanity as individuals and as collective bodies. This has been the experience of God's people ever since he took Israel by the hand to lead out from Egyptian night and bondage a people for himself. The plagues of Egypt and the thunders of Sinai impressed them for the moment, but were soon forgotten in the stress of trials that followed. The people, confused became the easy prey of evil agencies and wandered far from God. Then followed trouble and distress, and in the final crisis the Spirit of God

*Address delivered at the Battle Creek (Mich.) Sanitarium, Sabbath Day, November 3, 1917.

lifted up a standard, the true-hearted rallied around it, and a reformation was produced in which the truth was exalted once more and devout souls again found God and peace and assurance. There are many features of encouragement and discouragement in the oft-repeated process of retrogression and reformation. They reveal the weakness and instability of our nature and also the compassion and patience of God.

At the time when our Lord appeared in the world we have perhaps the most striking example of retrogression from the truth and of brilliant reformation the world has ever seen. Never was there darkness more dense, bigotry more flagrant, ignorance more prevalent, truth more obscure, or the Kingdom of Heaven more inaccessible than then. Never was the truth more apparently set forth, the way of life made more plain and easy of access, righteousness more beautifully glorified and illustrated than then. After the appearance of the great Teacher the people, under the teaching of his followers and the outpouring of the Spirit, saw their opportunity and the kingdom suffered violence, the violent taking it by force. For a hundred years the gospel of divine grace went forth seated on a white horse, conquering and to conquer. The rising cause of truth spent another century under the fires of pagan persecution. Three millions of martyrs gave their lives as a testimony to their faith, and then, of a sudden the scene changed. The Roman emperor became a convert to the despised cross and inscribed it upon his victorious banners. The Christian religion became the religion of the empire, pagan temples were converted to Christian churches and pagan priests became their ministers. The floodgates of worldliness were thrown open and an overwhelming tide of error, born in pagan philosophy, rushed in and the purity of the gospel was obscured and corrupted. Ecclesiastism took the place of evangelism, pretentious establishments superseded the simple methods and equipment of the primitive church.

The shadows of this dreadful apostasy were thrown athwart the path of the great apostle, who, with prophetic gift foretold its work of desolation. He said sorrowfully to the Ephesian elders, "For I know that after my departure grievous wolves shall enter in, not sparing the flock. Ye of your own selves shall men arise speak-

ing perverse things and shall draw away disciples after them." To the Thessalonian church he wrote, "The mystery of iniquity doth already work." "That day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God showing himself that he is God." The apocalyptic visions are largely employed in setting forth the dreadful character which this gigantic apostasy assumed under the figures of ravenous and grotesque beasts of prey. The bishop of Rome arrogated to himself spiritual supremacy and laid claim to the keys supposed to have been entrusted to Peter as his successor. The civil power was invoked to give force to this claim and thus the unholy alliance of church and state was formed. The bride of Christ was divorced from her rightful spouse and was joined in spiritual adultery with the god of force of this world, and rapidly degenerated into that vile woman seated upon the scarlet colored beast, who bore upon her brazen forehead the title, "Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth."

The whole world was brought under the power and influence of this monstrous combination of Christ and Cæsar, and the church which had for two centuries drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of misery and persecution now became in turn the rapacious destroyer of the earth. In her hand was a cup filled with the filthiness of her vile intercourse with a godless world. This cup she presented to a lost and sinful world in the name of the sinless Christ, and those who refused to drink became the victims of her wrath, the vengeance of which was wrecked upon them by the arm of civil law. The door of knowledge was shut and locked and the key was thrown away. The Bible which so pointedly exposed this terrible system of iniquity was proscribed under penalty of death. Necessarily there settled down over the earth the shadow of a darkness when the very light was darkness itself, and for ages the world staggered blindly being led by blind leaders, and both fell into the ditch. During those days death and hell followed the rider of the pale horse who had power to kill with the sword, and with hunger and with death and with the beasts of the earth. The light of heaven

was almost totally extinguished, though in the valleys and caves of the mountains God was preserving for his kingdom some of the precious seed of the earth. And occasionally from the unnatural darkness a bright star from heaven shot across the darkened skies and stirred the hearts of the patient faithful few. Finally there came faint signs of an awakening. The Dark Ages were followed by the renaissance of learning, of art, and finally of religion.

In the early dawning of the new day there arose a small galaxy of bright stars illuminating the darkest hour of the long night. First, the morning star of the Reformation, John Wycliffe, was born in 1324 and lived for sixty years. He shed a light over England that has never been quenched, and which reached the Continent. He gave the Scriptures to the people in their own tongue. Then John Huss, of Bohemia, shone forth with a strong and beautiful light that formed a proper prelude to the great Reformation that was to follow. He lived from 1373 to 1415, and the flames of his martyrdom still throw a halo of glory over his country and his day. Contemporary with him was Jerome of Prague who also sealed his testimony with his life. Still a little later Italy saw a great light emitted from that stalwart reformer of Florence, Savonarola, who let light into the dark ways of that monstrous system that did business for the devil in the Lord's livery. He never lived to see his way out of the church, receiving absolution and the last sacraments at the hands of her priests just before being led forth to the fires of martyrdom at the hands of the same church. Catholics to this day do not know in what catalog Savonarola belongs, whether with the heretics or the faithful. Perhaps he did not know himself, but his fearless strictures of the prevalent customs and sins won him the crown of life promised to those who are faithful unto death. His testimony did much to pave the way for what was soon to follow.

Martin Luther, around whose name the glory of the great Reformation clusters, was born in Eisleben, Germany, November 10, 1483. Going to the university to prepare for the legal profession he was graduated in 1505 with a master's degree. By chance coming across a copy of the Scripture he changed his purpose and decided to take up a spiritual life and withdrew to a convent.

It is not possible to give here even a

sketch of this remarkable life. Endowed with a penetrating mind and an indomitable spirit he discovered and sought to abate many of the serious errors that marred the professed work of God, and was led, not without great reluctance on his part, to take a most determined stand against the abuses that were practiced in the name of Christianity. Visiting Rome he saw even greater forms of evil existing at the very heart of religious practice and as he crept up the stairs of penance a flood of light broke into his soul while he heard the heaven-born truth, "The just shall live by faith."

After his return from Rome he was made doctor of divinity but this did not satisfy his desire for truth. He had at this time no purpose to separate himself from the church, he only aimed to rectify its teachings and practices. But he had unwittingly entered upon a course of thought that would lead him far away from the established ecclesiasticism of those days, degenerate and hoary with unholy customs and practice.

Only a few mountain peaks of his career will claim our interest this morning. First was the nailing of his ninety-five propositions or theses to the door of the church in Wittenberg. This act was the signal for the Reformation. It occurred on the 31st of October, 1517, four hundred years ago. It is in celebration of this event that the topic of this morning is presented.

On their face those theses were intended to expose the abuses of the church, especially in the sale of indulgences by which sin and sinful practices were absolved and encouraged. But in their deeper meaning they preached for the first time since apostolic days, the doctrines of pure evangelism.

The next step that stands out with special boldness is the burning of the bull of Pope Leo X, which spoke condemnation to the heretic with a citation to Rome to answer for his conduct. It was treated with contempt and the paper was burned in the presence of his many friends in the churchyard at Wittenberg, November 17, 1526.

This was the act which more than all others separated Luther from the church and placed him under the ban of heresy and made him an object of execration and dire punishment.

The other act was the promulgation of the protest against the decisions of the second diet of Spires. This edict forbade any

further infringement upon the established usages of the church, enjoined upon the Reformation churches the restoration of the mass, and virtually placed an embargo upon any further progress in the study of the Scriptures which the reformers had adopted as their guide and arbiter. Concerning this protest I wish to read the following extract from Chamber's Encyclopedia, an established authority.

"The essential principles involved in the Protest, and in the arguments on which it was grounded, were: 1. That the Catholic Church can not be the judge of the Reformed churches, which are no longer in communion with her. 2. That the authority of the Bible is supreme, and above that of councils and bishops. 3. That the Bible is not to be interpreted and used according to tradition or use and wont, but to be explained by means of itself—its own language and connection. As this doctrine, that the Bible, explained independently of all external tradition, is the sole authority in all matters of faith and discipline, is really the foundation stone of the Reformation, the term Protestant was extended from those who signed the Speier protest, to all who embraced the fundamental principle involved in it; and thus Protestant churches became synonymous with Reformed churches. The essence of Protestantism, therefore, does not consist in holding any special system of doctrines and disciplines, but in the source from which, and the way in which it proposes to seek for the truth in all matters of faith and practice; and thus a church might, in the progress of research, see reason to depart from special points of its hitherto received creed, without thereby ceasing to be Protestant. The symbols or confessions of the Protestant churches were not intended as rules of faith for all time, but as expressions of what was then believed to be the sense of the Scripture. When, at a later time, it was sought to erect them into unchangeable standards of true doctrine, this was a renunciation of the first principle of Protestantism, and a return to the Catholic principle; for, in making the sense put upon Scripture by the Reformers the standard of truth, all further investigation of Scripture is arrested, the authority of the Reformers is set above that of the Bible, and a new tradition of dogmas and interpretations is created, which differs from the Catholic

tradition only in beginning with Luther and Calvin, instead of with the apostolic fathers."

In this famous document, from which those who signed it and their successors and coadjutors received the name of Protestants, and in the comments made by this writer we have truly stated the essential principles of the great Reformation. It is designed to be an appeal from the vagaries of ecclesiasticism, the superstitions of past ages, the decisions of councils, the commandments and doctrines of men to the undefiled Word of God. The Bible, and the Bible alone, as the exponent of faith and duty was thenceforward the keynote of Luther's teaching and has ever been the watchword of real Protestantism for four hundred years.

But it is pertinent and important that we should stop and take reckonings and discover whether Protestantism is still true to the Reformation, and as to how far creeds and sectarianism have come to usurp the place that should be held sacred to the Bible itself. A stereotyped creed becomes an obstacle to spiritual advancement and the progress of revealed truth. It is a sad fact that each step of progress out of the Egyptian darkness of Papal supremacy has been marked by the establishment of a creed which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, changes not. If any earnest seeker for truth will advance beyond the limits of these established lines he must do so by leaping over these dogmas into new pastures leaving behind the associations of the past and incurring for himself the reputation of an apostate and renegade. Let us be thankful that in our day there are signs of the giving way of the sectarian limitations to thought and investigation. The cry, long since raised by Luther and his associates, "To the Bible," is still in the air, and broad fields of sweet and sanctifying truth lie before those who will venture out into them. Do not be frightened at the deprecating calls of conventional and long-established customs when the Word of God bids you go forward. The time has come for the church to lengthen her ropes and strengthen her stakes, not for the inrush of higher criticism and modern agnosticism, but to a new and better understanding of the Holy Scriptures which through all her struggles has been the hope and guide of God's faithful children.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

FOUR QUESTIONS WITH MYSELF

1. How long would it take to make my community really Christian if every other follower of Christ worked at it and prayed about it just as I do?

2. How long would it take to make my whole nation really Christian if all Christians gave their prayers and efforts and money toward it just as I am doing?

3. How long would it take to make disciples of all the nations if all other Christians were to give this great program of Christ the place in their lives that it has in mine?

4. Have I any moral right to expect or demand of other Christians, or even of preachers and missionaries, any service or sacrifice for Christ that I am unwilling to give myself?

The work of winning the world to Christ is my work as really and as fully as it is the work of any one else. Let me not avoid it nor shirk it.

—J. Campbell White.

THERE is great rejoicing that in the great drive of the Y. M. C. A. for \$35,000,000 for the war work of the association the men of our country responded quickly and so wonderfully, so that the Y. M. C. A. "went over the top" with \$50,000,000. That is a great record for the manhood of our nation. I hope the future writers of history will remember and put that in their books, right alongside of the fact that America tried in every way possible to keep out of the war.

While the men were hurrying to sign up for this great fund, the Food Administration has kept its workers in the Council of Defense busy visiting the homes and getting the women to sign the administration's food card. This campaign, too, has been unusually successful, and few are the women who want the passer to notice that no food card hangs in their windows. The demand for these little cards has been much greater than the supply—at least in some localities.

Wisconsin was one of the first States to call for one wheatless day and one meatless day in each week, and many of the house-

holds in this State are being conducted on that basis. The hotels and restaurants of the State have been required to observe these days. Tuesday has been designated as meatless and Wednesday as wheatless days. In some homes these days are varied to suit the family convenience. The desire to follow these rules without a clear knowledge of wheat products sometimes brings about laughable mistakes, as in the case of the mother who said she just must make a birthday cake for her little daughter on wheatless Wednesday, and being advised to try barley flour, the next day triumphantly declared that she got the cake and she did not use barley flour either. When asked what she did use she said, "Graham crackers." In her case it was a mistake of head rather than heart. That is where the *mistakes* connected with this war are usually located, it seems to me, for patriotism is very much a matter of heart, and if the heart is not loyal the things we do are not mistakes.

Chicago has just been making a registration of its women for war work. This has been a gigantic task but the women who have been conducting it have been quite successful in their work, and their visits among the homes of the foreign population, where very careful explanations have been made, have resulted in great encouragement for the workers. It is thought that one result of this work will be to bring to the foreign-born woman a clearer idea of what it means to be an American, and this will make her more loyal to the country that gives her its protection. The workers found many women among the hardest working classes who wanted to register for some work for the government or for the Red Cross, some without pay.

Now we are having another canvass of women. This time it is a big drive by the Young Women's Christian Association for funds for the war work of that Association. You may ask what does the Y. W. C. A. need of a war fund? They do not go to war—the Red Cross is sending the nurses. Many calls have come to the national headquarters of the association and there has been formed a committee of one hundred women from all parts of our country, known as the War Work Council. This council will find its work to help in the

social, economic and industrial readjustments in the lives of many women and girls, especially those in the vicinity of army camps and munition factories.

There are many ways in which this work is being conducted. Club work for girls is mentioned as an important branch of work. Groups of high-school girls, factory girls, business girls are organized, for educational work, or for recreation, or for Red Cross work, or many other kinds of activities.

The council has a "Social Morality Committee" to work with women and girls to create sentiment in favor of high moral character and womanly standards. This committee has secured the co-operation of women physicians who will go, if called, to any community to give a series of lectures to women and girls.

The "Social Morality Committee," knowing that knowledge alone will not keep young people from danger, is co-operating with the War Work Council's Committee on "Activities" to give these girls an emotional outlet in games of skill and prowess.

The great influx of women to the munition factories and war industries has developed a need of approved boarding places and healthy recreation; these are being provided. This is as important as the clubs for girls around the army camps.

Another great thing that this War Work Council is doing, is providing hostess houses in or near the training camps. These have been requested of the association by the commandants of some of the camps. Houses are erected and special workers are employed to give their whole time to the women relatives and friends who come to visit the army men. Very often there are no adequate accommodations near for these women. I have heard of one young woman who sat all night in a garage, as that was the only place where it was light enough so that she did not feel afraid. To this woman and to thousands like her the hostess house will fill a real need.

The Junior War Work League has enlisted thousands of the younger girls in the Patriotic League. The pledge of this league is as follows:

I pledge to express my patriotism:

By doing better than ever before whatever work I have to do;

By rendering whatever special service I can at this time to my community and country;

By living up to the highest standards of character and honor, and by helping others to do the same.

Not only is the Young Women's Christian Association doing all these things in this country, but invitations have come from France, from Russia and from England for workers to go to these countries to give assistance and advice. Five secretaries are at work now in foreign countries and it is expected that more workers will be sent over later to help the women of those countries to work out their problems.

Very much worth-while work all of this! We all want a share in it. This call for funds is not so large as the Y. M. C. A. call was; the funds required seem very small after the \$50,000,000 that the Y. M. C. A. raised. We want to be ready when the workers come to us during these early days of December to give our share. It has been estimated that if each woman will pay fifty cents to this fund the association will be able to carry on the work that it is now planning. Fifty cents is a small sum, but all our fifty cents put together will accomplish great things for humanity—and we are a part of humanity—so we will be really giving for ourselves. Undoubtedly there are many of us who will live to feel the benefits resulting from this great effort on the part of the Young Women's Christian Association.

WORKERS' EXCHANGE

BOULDER, COLO.

L. R. W.

Report of the Missionary Society of the Boulder Church for the Year Ending October 31, 1917

During the year twenty-one meetings have been held. It has been the custom to devote the second meeting in each month to a program; but on account of the amount of work to be done, the program meetings have been somewhat slighted.

Considerably more than half the meetings have been work meetings. More than the usual amount of quilting has been done, several quilts have been pieced and other sewing done.

Program meetings have been held when possible. An open meeting was held at the home of Pastor and Mrs. Wing, March 31. The evening was a stormy one, but the attendance was good. The program

consisted of readings by Mrs. Lombard and Miss Wheeler, music by Mrs. Lombard and a play entitled, "Miss Susan's Fortune," given by Mrs. Alice Davis, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Lombard, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Andrews and Miss Mildred Bonwell. A pleasant social hour was enjoyed after the program. Refreshments were served and a silver offering taken.

An all-day meeting was held with Mrs. Sutton on January 17. A fine dinner was served at noon to nineteen, each one present contributing something to the feast. The afternoon was devoted to the transaction of business and a short program.

A Roll-call service was held May 23. Each member present responded with either music, reading, or something enjoyable. Letters were read from former members, among them Mrs. Charles Saunders, of Alfred, N. Y., Miss May Dixon, Salem, N. J., Mrs. A. L. Davis, North Loup, Neb., Mrs. Carl Trower, Sheridan Lake, Colo., and Mrs. Anna Gard, Belfry, Mont. There were letters also from two members who were absent on visits—Mrs. Margaret Hummel, and Mrs. Elizabeth Van Horn. The society is always glad to hear from its old friends. Before the meeting a picnic lunch was spread on the banks of Boulder Creek and enjoyed by at least twenty. Good appetites prevailed and some degree of hilarity.

At the meeting held October 1, it was voted that a social under the auspices of the society be held once a month during the winter. A different committee was appointed for each social, and some pleasant times were had. One social, in the form of a "beefsteak fry" was held at Pulpit Rock.

During April, a farewell party was given Mrs. Kittie Potter, who soon after left Boulder for her new home at Scholl, Colo. Mrs. Potter's friends assembled at the home of Mrs. Coon and the afternoon was spent in visiting. Refreshments were served, after which Mrs. Andrews, in behalf of the society, presented Mrs. Potter with a fern dish.

A few days later a "shower" was given Miss Mildred Bonwell (a daughter of Mrs. Eve Stillman Bonwell), who has since married and removed to Sheridan Lake, Colo.

May 23, it was voted to hold only one meeting a month during the summer; also

to serve refreshments at these meetings, the members paying 10 cents each.

The church has been cleaned twice during the year, once in November and again in June.

Two "cooked food sales" have been held at Royce's department store, one January 25 and the other May 7. These sales proved to be very successful, and the plan will probably be tried again another year. Flowers have been sent to the sick, and postcard showers have been arranged for several shut-ins. The calling committee has done faithful service in looking after those confined to their homes.

Although there are over thirty names on our list of members we have not more than ten or twelve active members. And several of these have their time so well occupied that they are unable to attend the meetings at all regularly.

However, the obligations of the society have been met and a good degree of interest has been shown. Several of the members have been very prominent in the Red Cross work of the city.

The day of the annual meeting, July 18, happened to be the birthday of the hostess, Mrs. S. R. Wheeler. Refreshments were served by her daughters and daughters-in-law and a beautiful dish was presented to her by the members of the society. Elder Wheeler, although not at all well, had charge of the devotional exercises. The society enjoys meeting with these good people. May many more such occasions be enjoyed!

Officers were elected for the coming year as follows: president, Mrs. L. A. Wing; vice president, Miss Mina Coon; corresponding and recording secretary, Mrs. Lillian R. Wheeler; treasurer, Mrs. Ayars; chorister, Mrs. Loretta Lombard.

It is in doing Christ's work that the church has the promise of his presence. Go teach all nations, he said; "and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." To take his yoke is one of the first conditions of receiving his power. The very life of the church depends upon her faithfulness in fulfilling the Lord's commission. To neglect this work is surely to invite spiritual feebleness and decay. Where there is no active labor for others, love wanes, and faith grows dim.—"The Desire of Ages."

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING AT GRAND MARSH, WIS.

The semi-annual meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of Minnesota and northern Wisconsin convened with the church at Grand Marsh, November 10-11, 1917.

The Sabbath morning service was called to order by the moderator, Dr. W. D. Tickner. The congregation though small, sang with enthusiasm, "Lord, Plant My Feet on Higher Ground." Rev. C. S. Sayre read Galatians 5, using the first verse of the chapter as the text of the sermon, in which he emphasized the contrast between liberty in Christ and the bondage of Satan. This was followed by prayer, and singing, "Tell Me the Story of Jesus," and the benediction by Dr. Tickner.

At one o'clock in the afternoon Sabbath school was called to order by the superintendent, Mrs. E. L. C. Greene. After the opening exercises the lesson was freely discussed in the several classes and the school was dismissed by song and prayer. "I Will Shout His Praise in Glory" was the next inspiring song. Isaiah 55 was read by Rev. Mr. Sayre who also offered prayer. "Open My Eyes that I May See" was reverently sung, after which Dr. Tickner brought the message from the text, "He doeth all things well." Instead of announcing where the text was to be found he asked that each one find it for himself. The thought was brought out that in order for us to do things well we must know Christ, not with mere intellectual knowledge but by intimate personal acquaintance. "Coronation" was sung, followed by the benediction.

The evening meeting was opened by a short song service. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Rosa Williams. After the song, "Lean on His Arms," Rev. Mr. Sayre gave an encouraging talk and led a prayer and conference meeting in which nearly all took part.

Sunday morning the business session was opened by singing, "Will There be Any Stars in My Crown?" Scripture reading by Dr. Tickner and prayer by Rev. Mr. Sayre.

Mr. George Truman gave a verbal report of the semi-annual meeting at Exeland, Wis., also of the Cartwright Church at New Auburn, Wis. He especially commended the Ladies' Aid for their good work

and by request Mrs. Rosa Williams gave a more detailed account of the excellent work done by that society.

A letter from the church at New Auburn, Minn., and the report of Rev. H. C. Van Horn, delegate to the Iowa yearly meeting, were read. A bill of \$6.00 was presented to cover the expenses of the delegate. M. J. Green and Mrs. Williams were appointed a committee to apportion this amount among the churches. An offering of \$2.65 was taken for the Missionary Society. Rev. Mr. Sayre gave a general report of the churches at Albion, Milton, Milton Junction, and of the quarterly meeting at Walworth. Verbal reports of the Grand Marsh Church were given by Myron Green and Dr. Tickner.

It was voted to hold the next semi-annual meeting at New Auburn, Minn., with Frank Hall as moderator and Mrs. A. Abbey as clerk. Business meeting adjourned.

The Sunday afternoon and evening sessions were devoted especially to Christian Endeavor work, and to this rally were invited all who were interested in young people's work throughout the county.

The Union Christian Endeavor of Grand Marsh (Congregational and Seventh Day Baptist) holds its regular weekly meetings in the Congregational church on Sunday evening, and by request of the society the rally was held in that church, the Congregational pastor, Rev. Mr. Geiser, giving up some of his appointments in order to be present.

The afternoon meeting was opened by singing, "The Fight is On." This was followed by prayer by Mr. B. Smith and a short talk by Mrs. H. Burdick, president of the local Christian Endeavor society.

A special song by four girls and another song by the congregation were followed by an address by Dr. Tickner, a few short talks by others and an address by Rev. Mr. Geiser. The session was closed by singing "Stand Up for Jesus," and prayer by Dr. Tickner.

The regular weekly Christian Endeavor meeting, led by Mr. Geiser, opened the evening session. After the opening song, several short prayers and Scripture reading, the topic, "Seeking Worth-while Things," was discussed. Mrs. Geiser read an interesting story telling of how a young girl was led to be loyal to the Christian Endeavor pledge. After singing again, all repeated the Mizpah benediction.

Matthew 7: 1-27 was read and prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Geiser. An offering was taken to be used in county Christian Endeavor work, after which Rev. Mr. Sayre brought the evening message from the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

After another song the delegates by rising expressed their thanks to the people of Grand Marsh for their hospitality, and the meeting closed with the benediction by Dr. Tickner.

MRS. E. L. C. GREEN,
Secretary.

DOINGS AT NEW AUBURN, MINN.

Notwithstanding a chilly, damp, foggy morning, on November 11, about seventy-five people assembled at the Seventh Day Baptist church for the "Home-coming." Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Socwell, their son, Charles, and their grandsons, LeRue and Glenn, were present from Dodge Center, also several from Glencoe, with neighbors and friends of New Auburn.

The dinner, served on a long table at one side of the room, one said seemed like the last supper of our Lord. Rev. Mr. Socwell gave a short address and offered prayer before the meal. There was nothing elaborate or fancy about this meal—which would have seemed out of keeping with the times, but all seemed pleased with what was served. The chicken pie and other substantial dishes were pronounced good by many.

After dinner the congregation sang "The Star Spangled Banner." As the quartet were singing "What Did He Do?"—expressing the story of the Redemption,—the sun came out, and shone like a benediction upon the assembly. Florence Hall recited the 19th Psalm. The congregation sang "Praise Him, Praise Him." Letters were read from distant friends who are now, or were once affiliated with the church. Extemporaneous speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Socwell, Mrs. Abbey, Mrs. Fred Richardson, Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. Mary L. Gibbs, interspersed with songs,— "My Saviour's Love," by the quartet, "America," by the audience and choir, and a solo by Clyde Clapper, "He Is All in All to Me." The meeting closed with singing, "Blest Be the Tie."

It was a happy time and also a time of sadness, as many tender memories were revived of bygone days, of friends who will

never meet with us again this side of eternity, and the thought that in all probability we shall all never assemble together again in the same manner.

Rev. Mr. Socwell preached an excellent sermon at the First Day Baptist church in the evening, which was a fitting close for the Home-coming. The meeting was planned with the object of cementing the bonds of Christian fellowship among the New Auburn people.

If we knew each other better,
We should love each other more.

November 18 another joyous occasion was the celebration of Henry Bailey's eighty-second birthday, when twenty-four guests assembled at his residence to do him honor. An excellent dinner, prepared by Mrs. Bailey and daughter, Mrs. Myra Dresser, and granddaughter, Mrs. Ruby Dresser, was enjoyed by all. A number of small gifts were left with Mr. Bailey to help him remember the occasion. Mr. Bailey spoke a few words of appreciation.

The Senior and Junior Christian Endeavorers are preparing a patriotic-religious program to be given at the city hall.

Elder Hilliard, a Seventh Day Adventist from St. Paul, has commenced a series of meetings. The first three were held in the First Day Baptist church. They are to be continued this week in the Seventh Day Baptist church.

The interest in the Sabbath services keeps up. Most of the people are faithful and appreciative.

ANGELINE ABBEY.

New Auburn, Minn.,
November, 18, 1917.

You will find it helpful to bring home the absolute truth of two sayings—"Thou, God, seest me" and "God is love." Realize that in all times and in all places you are ever in the sight of God who loves you and it will help you to do that which is right and good.—*Lord Roberts.*

There is no more important work in this world, no greater duty, than to help others to keep up their courage. He is our best friend whose words of cheerful confidence give more life to the heart; and he is our enemy who, by his words of doubt and his spirit of fear, saps this ardor and takes from us our courage.—*J. F. Clarke.*

REPORT FOR THE THREE MONTHS JULY—SEPTEMBER, 1917

To the Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society:

DEAR BRETHREN:—Our work continues much as usual. The Mill Yard services are regularly held. The Sabbath morning services at my house were not discontinued for the holiday months, but were not held on three Sabbaths in September when my wife was away for a much needed rest. She has been very actively working for the Belgian Refugees' Home in Tollington Park ever since the war began (the home has just been closed), and we have been without a servant for ten months, doing the housework between us with but an occasional outdoor help, and she was very much "run down" in health—the doctor ordered immediate rest.

We were away in the Isle of Wight on holiday when the war began, but I have only taken a one-week holiday during the three years it has now been on. We have to be exceedingly careful in order to "make both ends meet."

Two items in my half-yearly report to the church will be of interest to you:

"Tract distribution, including a lot of back numbers of the *Sabbath Observer*, has been more extensive than before. Some 472,000 pages of our Sabbath literature has thus been circulated during the half-year."

"Since the alteration of Rules, the box at the door has received three shillings besides tithes."

The alteration of Rules was made at a special church meeting on February 25, this year. By Rule II, dating from 1840, collections of money on the Sabbath and at the Lord's Supper were forbidden. At the said church meeting we officially formed our "Voluntary Tithing Circle," and, chiefly for the convenience of tithe payers, decided to place a "box at the door." The altered rule now only applies to the Lord's Supper.

For several years I have thought that rule inadvisable, and not at all called for by the Scriptures (though I can clearly see its motive), but being very conservative in such matters I did not like to suggest its alteration. "Meddle not with them that are given to change" is an important warning.

In the letter I reproduced in the current *Sabbath Observer*, p. 190, I overlooked a

printer's error. In the third line after "Dear Sir," it should be "Sunday trading and Sabbath breaking." This is just a matter of accuracy; as an article it makes but little difference.

Our eleventh annual Vegetarian Teetotal service on September 1 was attractive as usual; and we now look forward to our Orangemen's service on November 3—"Protestant Sabbath."

The German attacks on London have caused a little excitement for us very "matter-of-fact" people. The tube railways, as places of safety, get crowded with poor people who are chiefly foreigners, and it is quite a struggle to get home. At one of the recent raids we had two households (one from near and the other from about two miles away) come to ask refuge in our classroom. It certainly provides more protection than their flimsily built small houses. We were threatened with a "seven hours' bombardment." The chief danger, however, is from our own shells. The time of the expected attack passed; two hours passed and still no attack. Like the watchman I went to look "What of the night?" During the day I had been wondering whether the Lord would intervene, and if so in what manner. When I looked out I found he had put his "pillar of a cloud" between us and Pharaoh's host. I gladly reported that the sky had clouded over; and shortly after that we heard that a storm was rising at the coast, and people could safely go to their homes. Most of the company had probably never before rejoiced in a storm. I took the opportunity for a little Bible talk; and the "pillar of a cloud" became the subject of my next sermon at Mill Yard.

A young lady of the Church of England (Episcopal), who had already come to the Sabbath, has attended Mill Yard for some six Sabbaths, and is now seriously considering baptism.

In the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus,

Yours fraternally,
THOS. W. RICHARDSON, *Pastor.*

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong; yet, far over the waters, its friendly light is seen by the mariner.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

CHRIST OUR PEACE

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Christian Endeavor Topic for December 15, 1917

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Peace and plenty (1 Kings 4: 20-25)
Monday—War's judgments (Joel 2: 1-14)
Tuesday—War of revolt (Judges 6: 1-10)
Wednesday—The divine ideal (Luke 2: 14)
Thursday—Peace through transformation (Isa. 2: 1-4)
Friday—Earth's hope: justice (2 Pet. 3: 13)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Christ is Our Peace. National ideals; War or peace? Which? (Isa. 9: 6; Eph. 2: 14-17)

A PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILMENT

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Isaiah 9: 6.
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased. Luke 2: 14.

Many of us will read these words over again, this Christmas time, with new and varied feelings. We had hoped that the time was not far distant when these promises would find their fulfilment in the world at large, but now we see our beautiful peace palace shattered and tumbling about our own ears. We feel like saying in a sort of hopeless resignation, "Well, that peaceful time of which we dreamed will have to be thrust away into the future again, a hundred, perhaps a thousand, years." But do these words hold no meaning for our generation?

This prophecy of a time when peace shall reign upon the earth has, like many other prophecies, a condition attached. Not till the conditions are fulfilled, will the prophecy come true, and, I am inclined to think, whenever and wherever the conditions are obeyed, the prophecy will begin to come true at once,—not at some time in the distant future. And what, then, are the conditions necessary for the fulfilment of this prophecy?

We are all familiar with the prophecy in Isaiah (2: 4) that people shall "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nations shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." But how often have we studied the verses that im-

mediately precede this? The situation there described is of a people wholly devoted to the worship of Jehovah; earnestly desirous of learning his will and obeying it. This forms the condition,—the "if,"—that must be obeyed before the prophecy will be fulfilled.

And Second Peter also shows a condition that is necessary "But, according to his promise, we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" (2 Pet. 3: 13).

Now the significant thing about these passages is, to me, that they do not demand international boards of arbitration, or Hague tribunals, or anything else as a condition for universal peace, but just rightness of heart before God. Whenever this condition is found, there is true peace. And that peace, although it be found in but a single soul, will spread out like a river till it envelops the whole earth in its bounds.

CHRIST IS OUR PEACE

I am inclined to think that universal peace will not come until peace is established in the hearts and minds of men. That must mean the putting away of anger, fear and greed.

Anger must be replaced by love, even in war time. The man who puts up the hardest fight is not the one who gets "mad" easily. When the anger is over, then the desire to fight is gone. But it is the man who prefers not to fight, but who sees the necessity of it as a matter of duty. He fights for a principle, and does not quit until that principle is established.

Some Belgian children were praying before a crucifix. When they came to the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," all but one stopped praying. She kept on till she came to the word "forgive." Then she had to stop. A voice was heard behind them completing the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who have trespassed against us." They turned and beheld King Albert. Surely, Americans could learn a new spirit from him.

We must put away fear. That is possible only when we are willing to trust God so completely that nothing else matters, and to trust our fellow man so much that we can see possibilities of good in him where others see only brutality and sin.

We must get rid of greed. It is all right to seek the good of yourself and

friends, so long as you do not encroach upon the rights of others. But when the welfare of self is put above the welfare and the rights of all others, then it becomes selfishness. And this is the cause of almost all our strife and wars.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE LEADER

Have the pastor or some other experienced person explain the meaning of the Christian Endeavor Peace Pledge. Give an opportunity for those who so wish, to sign it.

If your society has not already seen to it that every young man entering the army from your town is supplied with a Testament and some good literature, this meeting would be a good time to start such a move. But, best of all, are the letters which the society may send, especially if it be a young man from your society. In this connection, reread the articles on pages 506 and 509 of the RECORDER for October 15.

Welton, Ia.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in adjourned session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, November 18, 1917, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, Joseph A. Hubbard, William C. Hubbard, Clarence W. Spicer, Frank J. Hubbard, Henry M. Maxson, Theodore L. Gardiner, Esle F. Randolph, Marcus L. Clawson, John B. Cottrell, Iseus F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Franklin S. Wells, Charles P. Titsworth, Irving A. Hunting, Edward E. Whitford, Alex W. Vars, James L. Skaggs, Arthur L. Titsworth.

Visitors: Sabbath Evangelist Willard D. Burdick, Abert Whitford.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Willard D. Burdick.

Minutes of the meeting held October 14 were read.

Minutes of the meetings held November 11 were read and approved.

The Advisory Committee reported matters in relation to the employment of Rev. Willard D. Burdick as Sabbath Evangelist.

After a statement by Brother Burdick, it was voted that we say to him, that we will conform our time for his services to such

period as may best suit his relations with the church he may serve.

The Supervisory Committee reported business good at the Publishing House.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported as follows for the month of October:

TRACTS SENT OUT	
Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists.....	45
Sabbath Post Card	25
Pro and Con	45
Bible Readings	45
Sacred Day	45
Lovest Thou Me?.....	45
Not Under Law but Under Grace	45
Evangelistic Tracts—95 each of Gospel Tracts 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.....	475
Gospel Tract No. 1	145
	915

RECORDER	
No. new RECORDER subscriptions	8
No. RECORDER subscriptions discontinued	5
Net gain	3

The Committee on Italian Mission reported eleven sermons by Mr. Savarese with an average attendance at New York of 7, and at New Era of 12, and 200 tracts distributed.

The Treasurer reported that about \$500.00 additional would be realized from the bequest of Electra A. Potter, from money deposited in a bank at Buffalo, N. Y.

Correspondence with report was received from Rev. George Seeley.

Voted that the bill for stenographer's services at the sessions last Sunday be ordered paid.

Voted that the bill for printing the Directory of the Board be ordered paid.

Time was given to an informal expression of opinion as to the situation in regard to the denominational building, in which every member present took part, and by vote following, the committee was requested to arrange for further conferences among our people as they may deem best, and to let it be known that any contributions to the project will be added to funds already in hand, thus creating a fund to be used for the erection of a denominational building after the close of the war.

Minutes read and approved.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

Patience is a plant that grows not in all gardens.—*Longfellow.*

MEN IN THE SERVICE

The American Sabbath Tract Society, following a suggestion which was made at our late General Conference, has offered to send the SABBATH RECORDER to the men who are in the service of the government during the war. This can not be done without the help of relatives and friends who will supply the correct addresses. The following is a list so far as the addresses are now at hand. The assistance of all is desired to make corrections and additions. Send to Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.

Men in the Service from Seventh Day Baptist Churches

Allen, Joseph L. (Alfred Station, N. Y.), Co. K, 108th U. S. Inf., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Atz, S. David (Milton Junction, Wis., and Alfred, N. Y.), Co. C, 502d Eng. S. Branch, Camp Merritt, Tenafly, N. J.

Ayars, Cook, Lister S. (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. K, 108th U. S. Inf., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Babcock, Corp. Ronald (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. K, 108th U. S. Inf., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Bass, Sergt. Elmer (Alden, N. Y.), Co. K, 108th U. S. Inf., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Brissey, Private, William (Berea, W. Va.), Battery D, 314 F. A., Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.

Brooks, Albert (Waterford, Conn.), Supply Co., 327 Inf., Atlanta, Ga.

Burdick, Arthur E. (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. A, 48th Inf. Newport News, Hill Branch, Va.

Burdick, Lieut. Philip (Little Genesee, N. Y.), 1012 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

Burdick, Sergt. William (Nile, N. Y.), Battery C, 307 F. A., Camp Dix, N. J.

Burnett, George C., Co. D, 168th U. S. Inf., 84th Inf. Brigade, Rainbow Division, care Adjutant Gen. Expeditionary Forces, Washington, D. C.

Canfield, Paul C. (Nile, N. Y.), Battery B, 307 F. A., Camp Dix, N. J.

Champlin, Lieut. E. V. (Alfred Station, N. Y.), Military Branch Postoffice, Trenton, N. J.

Childers, Lieut. E. W., 148 Inf., Co. C, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

Childers, Private A. T., Recruit M. O. T. C., Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Childers, Private W. J., Battery D, 314 F. A., Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.

The above are brothers and their home is Salem, W. Va., and all are members of the Seventh Day Baptist church of that place. They are certainly entitled to the Sabbath Recorder, for their father, A. S. Childers, has been "paying for three subscriptions to the Sabbath Recorder, for several years."

Chipman, Lieut. Charles C. (New York City), Battery E, 306 Field Artillery, Camp Upton, N. Y.

Clark, Vergil (Little Genesee, N. Y.), Co. B, 36th Inf., Fort Snelling, Minn.

Clarke, Walton B. (—), Officers' Training Camp, Presidio, Cal.

Coon, Aaron Mac (Alfred, N. Y.), Medical Division U. S. Hospital No. 1, Brainbridge Cr., Green Hill Rd., New York City.

Coon, Raymond H. (Westerly, R. I.), Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., Medical Division, Base Hospital. (Formerly of Camp Dix, Co. E, 310 Inf.)

Davis, Dr. Edward (Salem, W. Va.), M. O. T. C., Co. 11, Barrack C, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

Davis, Karl (Fouke, Ark.), son of S. J., Co. A, 335th Machine Gun Bat., Camp Pike, Ark.

Dunham, W. E. (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. K, 108th U. S. Inf., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Fillyaw, Walter Judson (near Charlotte, N. C.), Medical Dept., Co. F, 4th Inf., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Greene, Ernest G. (Alfred Station, N. Y.), Battery C, 307th Field Artillery, Camp Dix, N. J.

Greene, Paul (Nile, N. Y.), 328th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Custer, Mich.

Greene, Robert A. (Alfred, N. Y.), Med. Dept., 52d Inf., Chickamauga Park, Ga.

Harris, Private Laurence (Shiloh, N. J.), Co. B, Battery Depot Department, Camp Dix, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

Hill, Frank M. (Ashaway, R. I.), Naval Reserve Force, Torpedo Station, Rose Island, Newport, R. I.

Hunting, Elmer Leon, (Plainfield, N. J.), U. S. Army School of Military Aeronautics, Princeton, N. J., General Delivery.

Kenyon, M. Elwood (Westerly, R. I.), Naval Reserve, U. S. Submarine Base, New London, Conn.

Lamphere, Leo (Milton, Wis.), Co. M, 128th U. S. N. G., Camp MacArthur, Texas.

Martin, Howard (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. B, 23d U. S. Inf., A. E. F. via New York City.

Maxson, Leslie B. (Little Genesee, N. Y.), Battery B, 307th Field Artillery, Camp Dix, N. J.

Randolph, Private Harold C. (Salem, W. Va.), Headquarters Co., 139th Field Artillery, Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Randolph, Milton Fitz (New Market, N. J.), Naval Militia Armory, Foot of 52d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Randolph, Lieut. Winfield W. F. Fouke (Ark.), 1st Pa. Field Artillery, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

St. John, Sergt. Milton Wilcox (Plainfield, N. J.), son of DeValois, Co. B, Machine Gun Battalion 310, Camp Meade, Md.

Saunders, William M. (Garwin), Co. B, 168th U. S. Inf., 84th Brigade, 42d Division U. S. Expeditionary Forces, Camp Mills, N. Y.

Shaw, Lieut. Leon I. (Alfred, N. Y.), 14 Hesketh St., Chevy Chase, Md.

Spencer, Malcolm (Brookfield, N. Y.), U. S. A. School of Military Aeronautics, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Sutton, Ernest (Salem, W. Va.), Co. 2, M. P. Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Sutton, Eustace (Middle Island, W. Va., New Milton P. O.), 44th Aero Squadron, Wright Field, Dayton, O.

Swiger, Capt. Fred E. (Salem, W. Va.), 223d Machine Gun Battery, Camp Sherman, O.

Thomas, Herbert (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. L, 311th Inf., Camp Dix, N. J.

Thorngate, Roscoe M., U. S. Naval Training Station, Camp Decatur, Barracks 843 N., Co. 52, care W. Hopkins, Great Lakes, Ill., son of Rev. R. R. Thorngate.

Warren, Private Hurley S. (Salem, W. Va.), Co. A, 1st Reg., W. Va. Inf., Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Whitford, William (Nile, N. Y.), Co. A, 83d Division, National Army, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

Whitford, W. G. (Nile, N. Y.), Co. A, Headquarters Trains, 86th Division, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

Witter, Adrain (Alfred, N. Y.), Battery E, 17th Field Artillery, Camp Robinson, Sparta, Wis.

If we are to supply our Allies with the necessary food and are to reduce our own prices of foodstuffs during the coming winter, it can only be accomplished by the utmost self-denial and service on the part of our people, through the elimination of waste and by rigid economy in the use of food.—*Woodrow Wilson.*

"The might of the Christian is the dynamite of God."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

BLUE SKY OR GRAY?

TONY, I'm ashamed of you, clear down to the very bottom of my heart, I'm ashamed. Yes, you may run home now and think things over. Close the door when you go out."

"Yes'm."

Isabel Morrison forced herself to watch the stolid little figure that was already clumping across the fast darkening school room. Not once did Tony Comi look back. When the heavy outside door had finally opened and shut, letting in a draft of damp, chilly air, Isabel knew that the last troublesome little pupil had gone and she was left alone to think over the failures of another dreary day. There were more failures than she could count on all the fingers of her two capable hands. And, worse still, there would be other days of the same kind stretching endlessly ahead of her—days that were bound to be filled with stolid, troublesome little Tonys.

"And I'm the biggest failure of all," she thought as she sat there at her battered old desk and watched the raindrops splashing steadily against the window. "If it were not for mother and father I'd pack my trunk and run away from Woodville by the first train. I'll never be a success as a teacher, and I do want to succeed at something. I'd just like to know who could do anything worth while in such a backwoods place as this is. The people don't even care enough for their school building to paint it a decent color. I suppose red paint is cheap, and Billy Rogers says there was a lot of it left over from the last painting, so they used it again. And look at the walls and floor! Tony Comi and all the other little Comis and Johannsens and Fennesys can leave more tracks than Uncle Benny's flock of sheep. And everything is so much worse when it rains. I'm just sick and tired of taking off and putting on sticky, muddy little boots and rubbers."

For a long time Isabel sat there in the dark, chilly room and thought, and the longer she thought the more discouraged she grew. Outside the wind whistled and shrieked in the pine trees that almost sur-

rounded the tiny red building. An especially dismal wail warned her that she ought to be starting for home. So she hastily regulated the dampers in the old-fashioned coal stove that was used to heat the building, closed the one window she had dared to open and then went out, carefully locking the door and placing the key in her green felt bag. A former teacher had accidentally left this same key in the door one night, and the following morning her pupils had locked her out. Every little American and Finlander and Irishman who could remember to tell anything at all had told Isabel this story the first week of school.

"I wonder what they'll tell about me," she thought, as she went slowly down the road. "Nothing very complimentary I'm sure. Tony Comi's probably laughing up his ragged little sleeve this very minute because I didn't whip him for fighting with Joe. He seems to expect a whipping for everything that goes wrong, but I couldn't bear to do it on a day like this. And I thought the atmosphere was quite damp enough without starting any more showers. So many of the children would have cried, of course they would. Hilda Johannsen is a veritable fountain of tears."

The narrow little country road seemed narrower and lonelier than ever that night, but Isabel trudged bravely on, bracing herself to meet each increasing gust of wind. "Oh, but I'm thankful to be home," she said as she opened the farmhouse door just as the clock struck six. "It doesn't seem as if I ever wanted to see that schoolhouse again."

A bright coal fire burned in the kitchen stove and from the various kettles and pans over which Mrs. Morrison anxiously bent came delectable odors that brought a look of pleasure to Isabel's tired face.

"O mother o'mine, what are we celebrating tonight?" she suddenly demanded as she lifted the cover of the smallest kettle, "Christmas or Fourth of July or Labor Day? I can't seem to think of a single holiday I ought to remember, but it's glorious, whatever it is! Just let me get out of these wet clothes and then—"

But Isabel's eyes had suddenly spied a great flaming bouquet of carnations in the center of the dining table, and long before her mother could answer her question, she

was burying her nose far down in the midst of the cheery red blossoms.

"What is the meaning of all this, father?" she demanded as she lifted a bright smiling face. "Here I come home from school feeling as cross as a bear, and ready to scold everybody within reach of my voice, and then, almost in a minute, lose every bit of my crossness in a bunch of red blossoms. What does all this extravagance mean?"

"We're making our own weather, child," laughed the slender, white-faced man in the big chair, as he put down the paper he had been trying to read. "It's going to be a wild night outside, and that we can't prevent, but we can have plenty of sunshine in here. Thanks to Miss Binney, we can have more than usual."

"Miss Binney?" Isabel was astounded. "You don't mean that Miss Binney sent us all these magnificent flowers—not the famous Miss Binney from Ivy Hall School, who's staying with the Roger's family this winter?"

"The very same person, I should judge. I was quite surprised myself to have Billy Rogers leave this immense bouquet at my door an hour ago. There was only a bit of writing on the card that accompanied the box which Billy insisted I was to open. 'For the brave little girl in the teacher's chair at the red schoolhouse. Please have on the table when she comes home tonight.' Not a very long message, was it? Of course I knew the sentiment didn't fit me, and I was quite sure mother hadn't ever been inside the red schoolhouse yet, and she says she's not a little girl anyway, so there you are. It's a shame you had to walk home in all this storm. When I get well and rich you shall ride in a seven passenger car. Now run get into some dry garments so we can sample mother's chicken dinner."

Isabel could hardly keep back the tears that came rushing to her eyes. So Miss Binney had understood how hard she was trying to help the pupils in the red schoolhouse that day she had come to visit—the day she had hated to think about because everything had seemed to go wrong. It had been just such a rainy, disagreeable afternoon as this one, and the children had seemed duller and more unattractive than ever. And she had thought Miss Binney had come to criticize. Oh, how she had misjudged her; she had been so blind. And

now Miss Binney had sent the carnations to make this dark, discouraging day's ending a little brighter. If a few beautiful red blossoms could help a tired little teacher, what couldn't be done for a baker's dozen of wriggling, noisy little scholars? What was it father had said about making our own weather? We couldn't prevent the storm from raging outside—no, of course not, but within. A score of plans that Isabel had dreamed about long ago, before father's illness had sent them to this lonely little town, began to dance around in her head. The sky might be gray and gloomy, but she and the children would make believe it was blue.

"It's lucky Mr. Rogers is a member of the new school committee," she thought, as the plans began to take shape. "He's more progressive than the others, and he seems to want his children to have the best of everything. I'm quite sure he'll stand back of me, and I want to do so many things. I may even want to paint the schoolhouse a little later. It would be so pretty all white with green trees around it. But the inside must come first. We must have a library. I can spare a few books as well as not. Why didn't I think of them before? And the pictures Aunt Ruth gave me are just what I want for the walls, after they're scrubbed. Of course there will be flowers. I know mother can spare a few geraniums, and possibly a begonia. Yes, indeed, the little red schoolhouse is going to blossom out."

But suddenly all the joy went out of Isabel's face. There was one thing—the very worst thing of all—that couldn't be helped. The long, dreary noontime with its cold lunches and noisy games would have to be endured. Tony Comi would still eat his dry little sandwiches and then fight with Joe Fennesy over the water pail. There ought to be a remedy for this—surely somebody must have solved this problem. If the children could only have something warm and nourishing for lunch, wouldn't it make a difference in their work, if not in their behavior? What would she do without her own thermos bottle? And yet she disliked to carry it for it seemed selfish for her to enjoy things that her pupils couldn't share. And Tony Comi and the others could never afford thermos bottles. What was it Aunt Ruth had told her about the

school near her? Suddenly the whole story came back to Isabel as she lay there and thought. She hadn't been interested when Aunt Ruth had told it, but now she remembered that it concerned just such a school as her own. The other teacher had persuaded the school committee to allow her to serve something warm and nourishing every day for lunch. It hadn't been an expensive plan—the children had furnished their share of the supplies needed, and it had made such a great difference in their work.

"I believe I'll try a little experiment tomorrow," she finally decided as she drew back the curtain and peered out into the darkness. "Even if it is pleasant, it'll be cold and damp, and we might as well begin now as any time. If mother can spare the oil stove and a little cream I'll serve hot cocoa. Later, when I've talked with the committee, it may be possible to have baked potatoes or soup. Won't Hilda Johannsen's blue eyes shine? There will be no tears tomorrow noon, and she can use the big pink-bordered handkerchief she wears pinned on her dress for a napkin. It may be that Tony and Joe will even forget to quarrel. I wouldn't be surprised if they offered to help scrub the walls. Really, it does look as if the little red schoolhouse might be going to blossom out, and all because of Miss Binney's carnations and mother's chicken dinner. Perhaps the children will blossom out, too. Wouldn't it be wonderful if all the little Comis and Johannsens and Fennesys should prove to be roses instead of thorns? Maybe I've been looking at them through the wrong kind of glasses. I can hardly wait for a new day to come."

"How goes the little red school?" asked Mr. Morrison one dark, stormy night two months after Isabel's plans had been put into practice. "Mother and I have been thinking about you all day. Have any of the little Tonys been unmanageable?"

"Not a single one, father. We hardly realized that it rained, we were so busy. Tony Comi must have forgotten how to fight for he hadn't given me a bit of trouble in two weeks. And, father, you mustn't call my schoolhouse red any longer; it's going to be white the first pleasant day. Isn't it splendid to think of its blossoming out so soon?"—*Alice Annette Larkin, in Kind Words.*

FIXING MOTHER'S FEELINGS

"Goodby, Mr. Hallam. I hope you'll have a pleasant Thanksgiving."

John Hallam turned in response to these courteous words spoken by his assistant, Miss Lee.

"Goodby, Miss Lee. Do you go out of the city?"

"Sure. I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't run up against Ma and a square meal once a year. What's the use o' living if you can't do anything but pound a typewriter?"

She went out and the door closed behind her so that Hallam was fortunately relieved from philosophizing upon a matter which was all too hazy in his own mind.

He turned again to the window from which vantage point her words had called him. Far below the crowds were hurrying. The holiday joy was already apparent. Nothing could check its increasing intensity. He wished it were all over. The garlanded turkeys in the shop windows had before this started an unpleasantness by conjuring up dreams of a lonely feast and a spiritless partaker. Miss Lee's words had brought the dream over into the realm of reality. Loneliness was bound to run the coming race side by side with joy.

"A pleasant Thanksgiving!"

He was called from his dismal thoughts by the insistent call of the buzzer. He started. Then by an effort he shook himself free from a mental state which might impair his efficiency as a mere machine and entered his employer's private office.

Edson Brewster sat at his desk. A faint smile lingered on his face as he laid down a heavy cream envelope.

Hallam looked at him calmly expectant, waiting to hear the reason for a call, unusual at this hour.

Brewster did not speak at once. He had long ago attained that mastery over outside forces which made him more or less indifferent to anything except his own plans.

John Hallam waited with no sign of animation.

The hands which held the envelope were thicker than the slimly built body of Brewster would seem to call for. They were masterful hands and an unusually deep, broad chest was capable of furnishing the necessary wind to make their grip a good one. At last he seemed conscious of the waiting man.

"I want you to write a letter."

Hallam reached for a pad as he held a pencil.

"Wait," interposed Brewster. "I don't intend to dictate. I haven't time. Write it yourself. Make it plain to Mother that I can't come home tomorrow. Suppose it was your mother and she had a childish notion that you must be home on a certain day. What would you say to her? Do the same for me. There is no reason why I can't run up next month instead. Try and make her see it. Of course I'm sorry that it happens so."

Through Hallam's impenetrable office manner Brewster must have detected the spirit of the man below moving for he added, "Never mind, you're hired to do my bidding and you do it well."

He rose and put on his coat. As he reached for his gloves he asked, "Did you order those violets sent to Miss Levant?"

"Yes. They are double in price because of the scarcity. I knew you wouldn't mind."

Brewster nodded his approval. He drew on his gloves and reached for the heavy cream envelope.

"Telephone her that I'll be there at seven tomorrow evening. I can't stop."

His hand was on the knob of the open door before he said, "I give you carte blanche to fix up Mother's feelings as you see best." Then the heavy mahogany door closed behind him.

Hallam stood mutely staring at it. He had never found himself in a more unpleasant situation. Edson Brewster always kept his mother's photograph upon his desk. Many people had remarked upon the delicacy which led him to thus honor her.

Hallam in his extremity reached for it. The face had a wistful expression. It seemed to say that the owner had made the effort to get into her best black silk dress to sit for a picture for her boy but she would feel much more comfortable when she had reached home and could hang it away in the front-room closet. As he looked at the face a great longing swept over him and he dropped a tear upon the glass. He quickly wiped it away with his handkerchief and replaced the picture. He sat down.

One would judge from this picture that its original loved nothing so well as to prepare a feast at Thanksgiving. Hallam could almost smell the savory odors which he felt

certain at that minute were emanating from her spotless kitchen. He knew that she had been seeding raisins and stewing pumpkin and boiling cider for days and there was a man who could write and say that he could not come to her—his mother. With pencil in hand he sat until darkness began to envelop him and he had not even a plan for a beginning.

He went over Brewster's words. "What would you do if your mother had a childish notion that you must be home on a certain day? What would you say to her?"

What would he say? His mother had died when he was a little chap and her ministrations were only a sacred memory. Would he not give a year of his life to be with her in some spot on earth called home just for tomorrow? Would he not send the freighted words ringing over the wires, "I'll be there, Mother, I'll not fail you"?

Hallam dropped his head on the arm of his faded alpaca office coat and sobbed. All the pent-up emotions of years swept over him. The efficient machine was now only a broken man.

At last he grew calm. The outburst had relieved his feelings but it had not solved his problem. It seemed that he must clog the universe with a message which he knew would give Brewster's mother a cruel stab. He could not do it. He could cut off his hand for duty, but this surely was not duty. There was some maladjustment somewhere which brought him to such an alternative.

Suddenly in the midst of his bewildering gloom the last words of Brewster flashed up like a beacon light. "I give you carte blanche to fix up Mother's feelings." A daring idea came to him. His dejected form took on a new and vibrant force. He switched on the light. His fingers flew over the keys as he wrote the following letter: "Dearest Mother: Unless something sufficiently serious happens to turn my small universe upside down I'll be with you in the morning shortly after this letter reaches you. Your loving son, Ed."

Upon rereading the words he seemed satisfied for he sealed the envelope and dropped it in the chute ready for the six o'clock collection. With an almost boyish elation he made the rooms ready for the night and went out.

The next morning Sarah Brewster stood in her doorway with this letter in her hand.

She had already opened it and was scanning the words. Her faded face was alight with joy. A step was heard. With a cry of joy she turned to face John Hallam.

"You know me don't you, Mrs. Brewster? I'm John Hallam, Mr. Brewster's private secretary. Some important matters came up at the last minute and he couldn't get away and he was so disappointed that I came in his place."

The joy all faded from her face but John ignored the change. "He'll be down early next month. You may be sure he was terribly disappointed. Won't you let me be your son just for today? I haven't had a mother since I was six."

A pair of honest brown eyes looked up at her. They helped to make the appeal of the words successful.

"You poor boy," she said clasping his cold hand in her two warm ones. "Of course at first I was a bit disappointed I must confess but when I think how disappointed Ed was himself and how thoughtful he was to send you since he couldn't come, I aint goin' to let my spirits drop a mite below what they was when I opened this letter. Come right in. I've heard all about John Hallam many a time. I know how Ed depends on you. You may know yourself because he showed it by sending you in his place. I'm goin' to call you John right away. It will make you feel more at home."

She ushered him into the old-fashioned room. "Mebbe you smell something," and then she laughed merrily at her own little joke. "Dinner will be ready in about an hour. You can go right up and wash your hands. I don't know how you can entertain yourself after that for I'll be in the kitchen."

"I don't want to be entertained," John returned. "I begin to feel happiness oozing through all my pores already and I want to just sit in this chair by the window and enjoy everything."

"Now you don't say! It's funny how city folks do like to get in the country. Do whatever you want to. Just pretend you've always lived here," and she led the way upstairs to the little room under the eaves where Edson Brewster had slept as a boy. Then she left him.

He looked around. Everything was just as he had imagined it, so simple and yet so fresh and clean. The bed had its newly

laundered chintz spread and every pane was shining. Man that he was he could easily detect that everything had been recently gone over to be in readiness for this great day when the son of the house should be at home. The atmosphere of the whole place told a story—a story which Hallam's heart had ached for years to hear.

At last he wandered down stairs. Mrs. Brewster's step could be heard as she went about her duties. John sat down in the big family rocking chair. Around this chair must have clustered much of the family history. It was no doubt here that Brewster had knelt as a little boy and learned to lisp his first prayer. How many times in after years had his mother knelt here too and raised a fervent petition for his preservation?

It was a sacred spot in Hallam's eyes and it brought him face to face with himself. Had he done wrong? No. It could not be. He knew that Brewster's heart was all right. He had merely grown careless. When she was gone he would awaken but then it would be too late. Now he was only saving him from himself. He was interrupted in his thoughts. Sarah Brewster's form appeared in the doorway.

"Do you want to help me put on the finishing touches?" she asked.

It was the thing he had longed for but had not dared to propose. He responded with alacrity and soon was perched upon a high stool, wearing a long-sleeved apron while he executed various stirrings as they were given him.

Between the minute directions which he received and their awkward execution there was much to talk about. He could tell her all about the little everyday matters connected with her son's life which she so longed to hear. Does he do this or that? Does he have this little habit which he used to have? To all of which questions John was able to make most satisfactory answers.

Sarah Brewster's face became illuminated with a serene joy which did John's heart good to see. "It's really almost better than seeing Ed," she hesitatingly confessed. "Since all this big business came to him he has so little time. It seems as if I had really lost him. He just flies in and then out again. He never seems to be settled down to stay. Everything is ready," she announced at last. "Can you carry this turkey?"

John laughingly confessed that his brawny arms were fitted to no better purpose than to carry that particular turkey. After they were seated and she had raised a heartfelt prayer for the absent and the present one he boldly offered to carve though with inward misgivings. This feat successfully accomplished he insisted that she must not do another thing but let him wait upon her as she had already performed her share of work.

It was a wonderful day for John. He had never eaten a meal that tasted as that one did. He set no bounds to joy but dared her to go to her farthest limits. Together they cleared things away. The turkey, a mere wreck, was mercifully put out of sight and the crumbs carefully brushed. They still had a long afternoon before them and they sat before the burning logs and talked more about her boy.

"It seems as if you really belonged to me, John," she said at last. "You have been with him so long."

Later she must hear all about John's own past and when he had finished the sad story she asked tremulously, "Can't I be your mother? I would so try to make you forget."

John was sitting so near that his head naturally went down on her white apron and she smoothed his brown hair with her motherly hands.

"If you only would," he faltered.

It was daringly thought of on Sarah Brewster's part that John should stay over night and sleep in Ed's own bed and take an early train in the morning.

"Can I wake up in time?" John asked. "Mr Brewster will never forgive me if I am tardy."

Sarah Brewster informed him that there was no danger and they sat contentedly and watched the shadows deepen in the flickering firelight.

At last John piled on more wood and she lighted the kerosene lamp.

"I wish I could do some mending for you, John. It would seem so cosy, for my fingers would be busy and you could read."

John shamefacedly confessed that he had slipped a few stockings in his grip, which were in need of repairs. She laughingly ordered him to fetch them and then they settled for a long and happy evening.

John found that his voice lent itself admirably to reading aloud and the rising

wind outside made the cheer within more appreciated.

The next morning before daylight John bade Sarah Brewster goodby. He tried to tell her what the visit had meant to him but his voice trembled and words were lacking.

"May I kiss you, Mother?" he asked humbly. "A mother's kiss would mean so much."

A moment later John Hallam was striding to the station. Edson Brewster would scarcely have recognized him. His manner was buoyant and he was humming a tune.

At the same moment Sarah Brewster was going about her work and her face too wore a smile.

"It was good of Ed to send him," she said to herself, "but I hope John will be judicious and not tell him exactly what a happy time we had."—*Laura May Burgess, in the Standard.*

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND*

Luke II: 9

CLYDE H. CLAPPER

I was weary with wandering in darkness,
And I longed for the light that is free—
Longed for the Christ, who died to save sinners,
Yes, even me!

But the bonds were too great to be broken
By poor mortal power alone;
Satan had bound his fetters about me,
My heart was as stone.

So I cried in my anguish, "O Father,
If there still is grace that is free,
Send down a portion, a very small portion,
Father, on me."

And a voice, small and still, faintly whispered,
"Seek: he that seeketh shall find"
And now no meshes that Satan can conjure
My soul can bind.

I sought peace in the true holy gospel—
And found what I sought, written there,—
Whosoever shall come, fully trusting,
Heaven shall share.

And tonight I am happy in knowing
Some day I shall see the white throne.
Shall meet friends who for years have been with
him.

For I am his own.

O friend without Jesus, come with me!
May we meet in the bright land above,
Where sorrows and cares never enter,
For all there is love.

And when you've found Jesus, tell others;
'Tis better to give than to take.
Such service as this for our loved ones,
Heaven will make.

* Written at the time of his conversion, June, 1914, during the Coon and Schmidt campaign at New Auburn, Minn.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

ETERNAL LIFE

REV. E. ADELBERT WITTER

Responsive Reading: Psalms 92 and 93.

Scripture Lesson: Isaiah 53.

Text: *This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.* John 17: 3.

One of the great questions to the consideration of which the human mind and heart are aroused is that of eternal life. What is it? How may we become possessed of it? are some of the questions that arise before us as we enter upon this study.

It shall be our purpose in this discourse to set forth the Scriptural teaching,—

1. As to the real essence of eternal life.
2. The means by which it may be possessed.
3. The benefits arising to the life of the individual from its possession.

It is natural for the individual, when this question is brought before him, to think of it as belonging wholly to the future. It is difficult for the mind to disassociate itself from the thought of future existence when contemplating the matter of eternal life.

That eternal life is not wholly concerned with the future, I think we shall be able to show from the various passages of Scripture bearing upon this subject. Eternal life may be entered upon now. This was the thought of John as is seen by referring to John 3: 36, "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life."

No one will deny that John thought of belief as a present act, as a present operation of the cognitive faculties. This being the case, eternal life may be entered upon in the present, for he says he "hath eternal life." Now the verb is here used in the present tense, and can in no way be pushed off into the future. Eternal life is not a localized condition of being, it is a state or condition of life independent of location. It is an essence of being. A full understanding of the real nature or essence of eternal life can not now be possessed. This

knowledge is a coming-to-be process. It is a development, a growth, a resultant of continued and growing acquaintance with the heavenly Father. "The grub might as well try to understand the life of the butterfly, or the chick in the shell the life of the bird. To know what Christ revealed, this is birth into eternal life. To know that love and holiness are the governing powers, in conformity with which all things are carried onward to their end; to know that God is, that he is a father who can not leave us, his children of earth, behind and pass on to his own great works and purposes in the universe, but stoops to our littleness and delays, that he may carry every one of us with him,—this is life eternal. This it is that subdues the human heart and cleanses it from pride, selfishness, and lust, and that inclines it to bow before the holy and loving God, and to choose him and life in him. This it is that turns life from the brief joys and imperfect meanings of time and gives it a home in eternity—severs it in disposition and in destiny from the changing passing world, and gives it an eternal inheritance as God's child. To as many as believe Christ, to them he gave power to become the sons of God. To believe him and to accept the God he reveals is to become a son of God, and is to enter into life eternal. To be conquered by the divine love shown us; to feel that not in worldly ambition, or any self-seeking, but only in devotion to interests spiritual and general is the true life for us; to yield ourselves to the spirit of Christ, and seek to be animated and possessed by that spirit—this is to throw in our lot with God, to be satisfied in him, to have eternal life" (Marcus Dodd, Expositor's Bible, p. 251).

Our text declares that to know God and Jesus Christ whom he sent, is eternal life. This teaching has not, in the past, been comprehended and generally incorporated into the life. Far too many have thought of life as the opposite of death in a physical sense. This thought has not lifted its possessor into the realm of God, where he could breathe the atmosphere God breathes, feel his life pulses quickened with the same impulses and purposes as those that animate the life of God. The prevalent thought of life and death has been very closely allied to the phenomena of the physical world.

With this measurement of the term life, it it has not been possible to understand the real function of life.

In our text the apostle opens to our view a more perfect thought of life. To know God. Hold the thought in mind. Meditate upon it. For such a service you will gain a fuller appreciation of God, a completer conception of what life really is, in the teachings of Scripture and in the thought of the apostles and of the Savior.

I met a man who had been deep down in sin. His way had been marked with forgetfulness of God and with breaking of the laws of the land. By sin he had been reduced to great straits. His face was seamed with the marks sin had left there. I heard him singing with earnestness and deep feeling the songs of grace and love. I heard him speak of the goodness of God, and the change that had come into his life since he had found Jesus precious to his soul. I saw the tears roll down his scarred cheeks as he thought of these things. I asked him how he knew he was a sinner forgiven. I asked him how he knew that it was God who had wrought this change. Without a moment's hesitation he said, "I know I am saved because my life has been changed in its purpose and affections. God said 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' I came. He said, 'He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life.' I believed, and my heart bears testimony that I am saved and am an heir to eternal life."

Though a stranger to the philosophy of the schools, this poor man had reached a philosophical conclusion upon the essence of eternal life. He had entered upon the knowing God, and Jesus Christ, his Son.

"The prevailing Pauline conception of life eternal is that of a transfigured corporeity not subject to death." This thought might be supported by this passage from Romans 12: 2,—*"Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."*

In our study thus far, we find that eternal life consists in that knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, his Son, which shall bring us into his life; that being hid with Christ in God we shall have entered upon that life which is essential to Christ. Jesus says that to have eternal life we must eat his

flesh and drink his blood; that is to say, we must be filled with his life. The essential essence of eternal life, then, is to live with Christ. It is to abide in him, and to have him abide in us. It is to have him in us that well of water springing up into eternal life.

Now let us turn to the second element of our subject—the means by which eternal life may be possessed.

Eternal life is the gift of God, says the apostle. While this is true, we should be careful to understand that the gift of God is not bestowed upon those who are not seeking for it and putting themselves into a way to receive the gift.

Whether we turn to the Bible, the book of nature, or to the book of human experience, we will find that the possibility of being possessed of any special blessing is always preceded by the invitation to come, to walk in "my ways," to do "my will." No special blessing is bestowed only as these invitations are heeded and followed.

The blessing of a strong, vigorous life is greatly desired. That it may be possessed God says, Here are certain laws, the observance of which will bring the desired result; come and observe these laws, and your life shall be strong and vigorous. How natural, how necessary is this course.

Again, the desire for a true spiritual and ethical life possesses the individual. God says in his word, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." This is God's way of saying, This is the way, walk ye in it. This is God's way of saying, Do this, and thou shalt realize the desire of thine heart.

Eternal life is the gift of God; it is a prize worth the striving for. Its possession is to be secured in just the same way that you are to win the strong, healthy body, or the quickened spiritual life. Recognize God's *Come*, and follow after.

Paul, in Romans 8: 14-17, helps us in our search after the how to become possessed of eternal life: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children,

then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."

"The life of the faithful on this earth is inseparably connected with their eternal life from the fact of their deliverance from the sentence of death resulting from a state of estrangement from God." "Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, shall live by me." (John 6: 53-57). "This eternal life, with its divine course and its victorious power, finds its communion of life with Christ, which is the result of faith," faith in Christ as the Son of God. Christ has received the fulness of divine life from the Father in such a way that it becomes his as thoroughly as it was God's.

"This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son" (1 John 5: 11). The real source of life in the world, both spiritual and natural, is Christ. "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son; that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent Him." (John 5: 22-23).

"I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which

are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd (John 10: 9-16). "And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch. Then came the Jews round about him, and said unto him, How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly. Jesus answered them, I told you, and ye believe not: the works that I do in my father's name, they bear witness of me. But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My shep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John 10: 22-28).

Our question has been well answered by these passages. The means by which we come to possess eternal life are to be found in the power of God and of Christ to bestow it. Faith in God and a personal surrender of self, a full coming into accord with the divine purpose and life is necessary on the part of the recipient, that he may be prepared to receive. To know the mind of God we must abide in him.

What are the benefits accruing from the possession of eternal life?

By reason of sin man is alienated from God. Alienation produces a condition of life in which the one alienated can not appreciate the blessing that is offered or bestowed. It is necessary that reconciliation should take place before the blessing or favor can be received to advantage. Because of his great love for mankind Christ undertook to bring about this condition of reconciliation between God and man.

Jesus Christ came to win the wanderer and show to him the Father's love. God made a wonderful demonstration of his love for the world in sin, as is seen in Romans 5: 8,—"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

With our imperfect vision we can only know imperfectly the nature of God, but through possessing the gift of eternal life we shall see no longer as through a glass darkly but we shall see him face to face. We shall grow up into him who is head over all. "The Scripture, as if instinctively, uses the word life to imply felicity, and eternal life to imply eternal felicity; for in

the first draft of creation, to live was to be blest. Glorious alliance! it was bound on earth, when God saw that all here was good; it shall be bound eternally in heaven when he, who is alive for evermore, shall, in the power and diffusion of that life, spread around him happiness, when this sun of the celestial world, gathering round it all the revolving orbs of blessedness, shall shed from its inexhaustible depths, not heat, nor light alone, but heat and light inseparably blended, the heat that quickens all it touches into life, the light that radiates that life to glory. Oh! beloved, if this be indeed the power and the purpose of Christ towards his elect; if he has willed thus to find his highest happiness in making us happy, and lives eternally that we may live; if such prospects as these be our covenanted inheritance, communion with God, the very Lord of glory, immersion in the very fountainhead of life and light, capacities of knowledge and happiness increased, and still filled and satisfied as they increase," then how great is the benefit of being possessed of eternal life.

Think upon these things. To seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. To walk in all his ways blameless. To eat of the bread which came down from heaven. To drink of the water of life that has been brought to light in Jesus Christ. Yea, to seek the inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation.

To seek an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, is to seek eternal life. To seek thus is to put one's self in the way to experience the fulfilling of God's most precious promise. "They that seek me early shall find me."

Hopkinton, R. I.

OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY

For some time the Circulating Library had a good custodian in one of our college students, Mr. S. D. Atz. But he has been called to the great war, and owing to the difficulty of getting another interested and efficient assistant librarian, Professor C. R. Clawson, University Librarian, has kindly and generously offered to take the books under his care. This insures the continued usefulness of the books to all who will avail themselves of the opportunity; and when-

ever practicable books not in the Circulating Library, which can be spared, will be sent out.

Persons who know the titles of books they would like to read will, of course, send such titles with their request for the books. In case they have only names of subjects, they better let us select the books for them. As far as it is possible, books sent for, that are not in the library, will be purchased.

There is no catalog to send out; but the books relate to the Bible; to individual character and conduct; to social service and Christian citizenship; to pastor and church; to the teaching work of the church; to questions of rural life; to theology; to history and missions; and to the history, psychology and philosophy of religion. The collection is really a good one and contains a few hundred titles.

For books or for further information, address Circulating Library, Alfred, N. Y.
ARTHUR E. MAIN.

HOME NEWS

MILTON, WIS.—Rev. W. D. Burdick, who has supplied the pulpit in the Seventh Day Baptist church the past three months left last week for the east in the interest of the Tract Society.

Rev. Edwin Shaw, of Plainfield, N. J., joint secretary of the Missionary and Tract societies of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination, occupied the pulpit in the Seventh Day Baptist church Sabbath morning. He will spend a few days visiting relatives and friends.

Dr. L. Arthur Platts writes his mother from "Somewhere in France" that he is very well, well taken care of, in a little town part of which was there before Christopher Columbus took his famous voyage, that the country is beautiful with wonderful roads, every one with a set row of trees on each side, the people are nice and kind, etc. He adds that "letters are the best thing" they have, and asks that his friends write him. He gives his address as, Lewis A. Platts, 1st Lieut. D. O. R. C., A. E. F. A. P. O., 710, France.—*Journal-Telephone.*

Religion can not pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky, but the stars are there, and will reappear.—*Carlyle.*

MARRIAGES

BARBER-HART.—At the home of bride, Spafford, N. Y., November 7, 1917, by Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, Mr. C. Olin Barber, of Scott, N. Y., and Miss Ella M. Hart, of Spafford, N. Y.

MESCOTT-POTTER.—At the bride's home, in Alfred Station, N. Y., October 31, 1917, by Rev. Ira S. Goff, M. D. Mescott and Emogene B. Potter, both of Alfred Station.

DEATHS

VARs.—Morton B. Vars, in West Hallock (P. O. Edelstein, Ill.), November 7, 1917, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

Mr. Vars, only son of Thomas and Helen (Hull) Vars, was born August 17, 1859, in the house where he always lived and where he died.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Nettie Potter, who died March 24, 1894. This union resulted in four children,—John Bessie (Mrs. Benjamin Shane, of Pipestown, Minn.), Grace (Mrs. Bert Potter), and Mary, all of whom survive.

He was married to Miss Ruth Stillman, of Nortonville, Kan., February 20, 1901. To them was born one son, Harry. Both mother and son survive.

While, for the most part, Brother Vars followed the occupation of farming, he was also engaged in a number of other activities, and held several positions of public honor and trust in the community where he has always lived. In the fall of 1902, he was appointed township treasurer, which office he held until his death. He was elected director of the Farmers and Grange Fire Insurance Company, of Peoria County, Illinois, in 1904 and was elected chairman of the Finance Committee shortly after. In 1909, he was elected president of the company and continued as such until his death.

He was a man of excellent executive and business ability, of upright character, a true husband, father and friend, public-spirited and generous in disposition. Though quiet and reserved as to his religious beliefs, he was faithful in church attendance and was always ready to aid every worthy cause and to give assistance to those in need.

Funeral services, held from his late home, were conducted by his former pastor, Rev. F. E. Peterson, who used as text 2 Corinthians 4: 18. The many beautiful floral tributes, and the large number who attended attested the high esteem in which he was universally held, and the many friends he left to mourn him.

F. E. P.

"He who bears a handful of blessing to another will return with both hands full."

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

How difficult it is to keep the balance between things that are worth while and things that do not count! The not-worth-while things press on us from nearer points than the others. They seem to claim attention because they come to us and we are not compelled to go to them. The worth-while things are often farther away; they have to be sought. The poorer things seem to yield more immediate and swift return, just as get-rich-quick business enterprises attract by the swiftness of their wealth. In most cases also the things-worth-while seem to demand more in every way. It is easier to get and to renew the poorer things of life.

Edmund Vance Cook expresses it regarding books in this way: "Is it not stupid of us to spend money upon dress and dinners and all our spare time upon ephemeral magazines? Yet many a man who will crack a five-dollar bill for a bottle of bubbles will shriek with agony if you suggest a five-dollar book to him. He serves his stomach at the lobster palace, but he serves his mind at the five and ten cent store." That is because these better things take time and thought and bring their reward more slowly. Even thoughtful Christian people display the same feeling when they are content with the fleeting provision of the daily press in news of the kingdom of God and chafe at the suggestion of a religious paper which gives itself to that kingdom and can not always speak the needed word in five or six lines.

The constant challenge of the Christian faith is to give the things that count the first chance in life. It casts no disparagement on the lesser things; it merely insists that they be kept where they belong. When the things of this passing life and those of the kingdom of God are set side by side, it does not minimize the former, but it does insist that the kingdom shall be sought first—the other things being counted an addition to life, not life itself. The things that count have certain marks.

For one thing, they are lasting things and they can be known by their promise of endurance. The meat that perisheth is an absolute necessity for the life that now is, and any man who pretends that he does not care about it is only pretending. And yet it is not lasting enough to be the main object

of life. Any order of society that requires men to give all their waking time and strength to getting enough food for themselves and their dependent ones is doomed when Christianity has its full sway. Under some phases of our present order it sounds like mockery to tell a man not to labor for the meat that perisheth, but it must be remembered that the social and labor conditions under which that charge was first given were much worse than those of today.

The truth is that even when food demands the burden of one's time, it is still possible to put the larger things first and to treat the lesser ones as means to the end rather than as an end. When an embittered girl exclaimed, "What is the use of working like a slave all day long on small wages?" another replied that it was necessary in order to live. "Yes," said the other; "so it is, but is it worth that price to live?" And that will always be the test. Can life be made worth what it costs? That will depend on whether life can be thought of in terms of fellowship in the kingdom of God or not. Neither the meat nor the physical life that it serves will endure, but the life which both the food and the body serve will endure. The things-worth-while are the lasting ones.

Another mark of these things is that they relate to what men are rather than to what they do or what they have. The lust for accumulation breeds a nervous hurry to be doing things, while the desire to be something in the inner life gets crowded out. Parents are compelled to think for their children at the critical stage when many of them are in most danger. Why go on to school, when a position opens in which a decent weekly wage can be secured? All talk about the value of education in the making of manhood seems so much idle talk to many boys of high school age. That a man with inner resources developed by preparation for life may be able to do more with less possession than a man without inner resources is of no importance. This is the stage when having and doing seem immensely more important than being.

Girls at the same stage are often bitten with desire for pleasures or for the lighter forms of training, forms which require them to be less and allow them to do more.

The drill of school seems tame beside a course in music or painting or dramatic art. These are things to do, making a minimum of demand on the purpose to be something. Yet it is being something that counts. Older people have similar drawings away from the best worth-while things, attracted by the claim of things and deeds. The Christian challenge continues, urging allegiance to the better things, the things of life.—*The Continent*.

Sabbath School. Lesson XI—Dec. 15, 1917

NEHEMIAH ENFORCES THE LAW OF THE SABBATH.—Neh. 13: 15-22

Golden Text.—Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Exodus 20: 8.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 9—Neh. 13: 15-22. Nehemiah Enforces Law of the Sabbath

Dec. 10—Ex. 20: 8-11; Deut. 5: 12-15. The Sabbath Law

Dec. 11—Jer. 17: 19-27. Sabbath Observance

Dec. 12—Isa. 56: 1-8. Sabbath Blessings

Dec. 13—Isa. 58: 1-14. Spirit of Sabbath Observance

Dec. 14—Luke 13: 10-17. Cure on a Sabbath

Dec. 15—Matt. 12: 1-13. Lord of the Sabbath

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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The address of all Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 1810 Midland Ave., Syracuse. O. H. Perry, church clerk, 1031 Euclid Ave.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. William C. Whitford, acting pastor, 600 West 122d Street, New York.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. Preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d Street.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry Street.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium) 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Ave.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

WHEN THE FAMILY ALTAR BREAKS DOWN

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman tells of a missionary who had been in China for twenty-five years and returned to America on his first furlough. When he reached the homeland he was waited on by the editor of one

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Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
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of the leading newspapers of the country, who desired that he should travel up and down the Pacific Coast for thirty days, and then submit to an interview, when he would be asked to tell the readers of the newspaper what impressed him most after his long absence from the country. He duly reported on his travels, but instead of commenting on the amazing advance along scientific lines and the growth of the country he simply said, "When I left America twenty-five years ago the majority of Christian homes had in them family altars, and now that I have returned after a long absence, I find that it is the rare exception to find a family altar in a so-called Christian home," and then he solemnly added, "When the family altar breaks down, the home is in danger, and with the home endangered there is serious trouble ahead for the country." If our homes are not protected by prayer, no wonder if our children drift from God, and if our children drift, where will the nation be in a few years' time?—*Exchange.*

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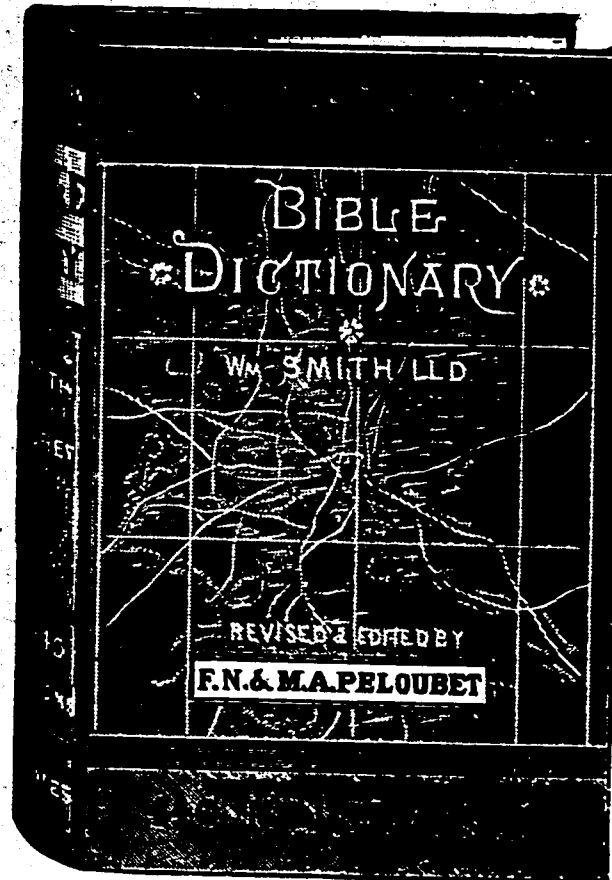
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WHOLE NO. 3,797

Thanksgiving for What? In looking back upon our Thanksgiving days and noting the things most frequently mentioned for which we should give thanks, what one thing seems to you most important? The tendency for years has been to place the main stress upon things of a material sort—to extol and magnify national prosperity, to recount abundant harvests and financial resources, sometimes allowing spiritual matters to come in only as secondary considerations. In these fearful times when the greatest of all world-tragedies is deluging the nations in blood, when supposedly civilized people appear to have relapsed into the most abject barbarism, and when nations claiming to be guided by the principles of the Prince of Peace have deliberately forced the world to take up arms, until many hearts are all but paralyzed as to faith, and thousands are saying, "Christianity is a failure," the *one all-important thing* to be thankful for is faith in God. When faith fails—when confidence in God's guiding hand is gone, when there are no hopeful Christians with hearts overflowing with thanks for the assurance that the great God of the universe will bring good out of this world-trouble, then indeed will the very foundations be removed, and the future for humanity will contain no ray of light.

Human Longings Satisfied by Faith We have heard of some who claimed to have obtained enlargement of life and greater freedom by shaking off the old beliefs and professing ignorance of the spiritual universe. Even Christians have been known to waver and partially lose their grip on God owing to the representations of unbelievers who declare that those who give up their old-time faith have greater liberty and broader views.

But there come times that try the souls of those thus cut adrift—times when, brought face to face with overwhelming calamities, they find all human aid unavailing; and then even the most hardened skeptic longs for the

support felt, though unseen, by those who have never lost the way of trust. At these times we can imagine the unbeliever feeling some such pent-up longings as the following lines express.

"Oh, to be nursed again in the lap of the legends old;
To feel the arms of the old-time faith shutting out the cold;
To see the world again with the eyes of men that saw God;
To kiss again the tender Hand that holds the chastening rod.
Oh, to be warmed again in the things men felt and saw
And wondered at and worshiped before they worshiped Law!"

Neither enlargement of soul for the present nor hope for the future results from the attitude of the agnostic. In times of trouble he can see only relentless law exacting its sanctions, with no compassionate personal God to overrule for good. No wonder then that, when earthly lights fail, the one who has lost his hold on God longs once more "to feel the arms of the old-time faith shutting out the cold." How different is the outlook for the man of faith who can say from the heart:

"Out of the pain and sorrow
That press on the weary earth
The dawn of a glowing morrow
Will rise in a golden birth.

"Out of the dark, the dawning;
Out of the gloomy night
The dreams of a thousand ages
Shall spring to eternal light."

The Door Is Open There may be those who would like to be identified with the movement for a new denominational building by giving something toward so desirable an object. Please remember that the Tract Board already holds a fund that can be used for no other purpose. It is invested at six per cent, awaiting the day when enough shall be in hand to put up the building. We hope it may not have to wait very long; and since we have heard of some who have expressed a willingness to give for this purpose, we take