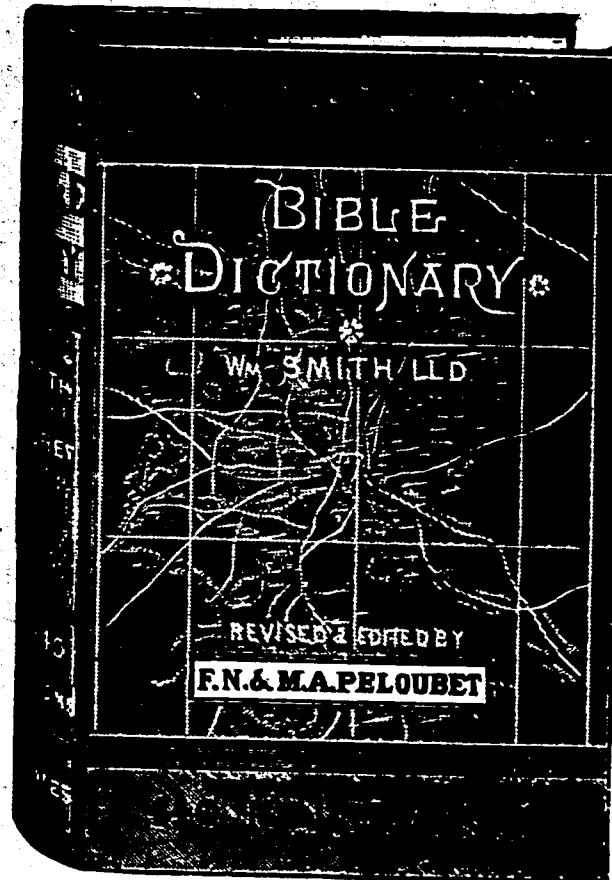


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THE SABBATH RECORDER

Plainfield, New Jersey

Leather Edition
\$2.25 Postpaid

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 83, NO. 24

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER, 10, 1917

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

this opportunity to say that the door is wide open to receive any gifts, large or small, which they may desire to make. This is the next great forward movement our denomination should undertake, and we hope every one will be ready at the first favorable opportunity to take hold and lift all together.

Rev. J. W. Crofoot The friends of the China Sails for China Mission will be interested to know that Rev.

Jay W. Crofoot, who has visited many of our churches during the last year, sailed for China this week. He is now somewhere on the Pacific on his way to resume work in Shanghai. He leaves his wife and children in America. Mrs. Crofoot will make her home in Alfred in order to give the children opportunity to go on with their education. This separation from loved ones is a cross our missionaries have to bear when their children reach school age, and we know that many of our readers will sympathize with Brother and Sister Crofoot and pray for the Father's blessing to rest upon them.

Brother Hosea Rood's For more than ten "Grand Army Corner" years Brother Hosea W. Rood, patriotic instructor under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Wisconsin, has edited his "Grand Army Corner" in the *Madison Democrat*. That paper has allowed him two columns each week (in the Sunday edition), which he has faithfully used, not having missed more than two or three issues in all the ten years. He tries to write something worth while every time. On another page we give what he had to say in a recent number of the *Democrat*. It will be interesting in more respects than one.

Brother Rood and wife have passed their golden wedding day and are improving the hours of life's evening time in efforts to help and cheer their fellow-men.

We Welcome the On another page we publish the report of Brother J. C. Branch, who was appointed by the Church of God Conference of Michigan to attend to transferring their church property from the churches under

that name to the churches now known as Seventh Day Baptist. Our readers will be interested in this report. In the *RECORDER* of October 29 the first editorial tells of the vote by which three churches accepted our name, and on page 551 of that issue Evangelist D. Burdett Coon writes at length of the steps taken at their last conference that led to this change, and shows a half-page picture of the people in attendance.

Let me assure these good people that the *SABBATH RECORDER* reciprocates the kindly feeling indicated by the words of Brother Branch in his report in this issue. "We do hope and pray that our new relations will be as pleasant in the future as they have been in the past, and that we together may make a much stronger body of Christian workers than before."

Inspiration and courage and strength should come to both parties in this union. We all need the power that comes from unity of spirit and purpose in our Master's work. Our motto should be: "Sabbath-keepers united and standing together for the neglected truth of God."

Give to the Soldier Not long ago we **The Sword of the Spirit** saw a large picture showing a great company of soldiers and sailors holding up Testaments that had just been given them to carry to the front. It must have been an impressive scene when, after a Christian address and call to the standard of the Cross, those hundreds in khaki and blue arose and held aloft this "sword of the Spirit." The Red Cross and Young Men's Christian Association are alike dependent upon the American Bible Society for these Testaments for the soldiers. This society has not, like the other societies, an elaborate and far-reaching organization by which to compel public response. It must depend upon volunteer co-operation of pastors, churches, and Bible schools for its funds, and we know that every church and school to which its appeal comes will be moved to give for the purpose of putting a Testament in each soldier's pocket. The society has promised the Young Men's Christian Association a million of them, and during the week now passing asks the churches of America to raise \$400,000 for this purpose.

Make the Entire Nation We are hearing a good deal in these days about white

zones around our soldier camps. Commendable steps have been taken toward protecting cantonments from the destructive inroads of drunkenness and vice. Evidently a little space of neutral territory between our soldiers and that supremely treacherous internal foe—the liquor traffic—is not protection enough. If the belt of insulation extended twenty miles instead of five, with the present opportunities for rapid transit the camps would not be safe. It would be out of the question adequately to police a section so wide around each encampment.

If this nation desires to preserve the manhood of its young men and increase the efficiency of its soldiery, it should arouse to meet the emergency, not in little patches, not merely by military edicts for the time being, but by the united voice of its people, saying once for all this great country shall be *one white zone*. If liquor endangers the morale of our army and navy, reducing efficiency and exposing the soldiers to vices that always accompany the saloon, if it is necessary for army and navy to keep sober in these strenuous times, then why should not the whole country, under its enormous obligations, resolve to keep sober also for the sake of the army and navy? Why should this people continue to give any quarter to its acknowledged foe, this well-known sapper of vitality and virtue, when to banish it means untold gain in every way?

Nothing but nation-wide prohibition can stop the enormous waste of foodstuffs which brewers and distillers persist in destroying. How ludicrous is the spectacle of a great nation clamoring for "food conservation to win the war" while it goes right on permitting nearly 70,000,000 bushels of food grains to be made into worse than useless booze! Why should the country keep on giving license to a business that endangers every munition plant in the land? Why give such leeway to the power that has long been notorious for its financing of political propaganda for evil, and which makes close connection with federations of suspicious German societies in every great city?

The real thing for the American people to do now is to insist in no unmistakable

terms that the House of Representatives immediately pass the bill already approved by the Senate, to submit to the States the prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution. Then it won't take long for the people of two thirds of the States to consign John Barleycorn to a grave from which there can be no resurrection.

"Are You Ready?" "EDITOR OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Are you ready for the soon coming of the Son of Man to fulfil the angel song of Bethlehem, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men? (Luke 2: 14). Faithfully yours."

This question is as old as the gospel. It was urged in one form or another by Christ and his apostles, and in every generation it has been pressed home to the children of men as a means of bringing them to the Savior. The coming of the Lord is mentioned in the New Testament about forty times, I believe, and always in a way to command attention. We all believe in the doctrine of the second coming of Christ. We don't know how "soon" the coming will be any more than Paul did. He and the other disciples looked for it in their day, and I suppose that very looking helped them to keep God in mind and made them better subjects of his kingdom. But even Paul did not act or teach as though he thought this doctrine was the *main thing* to talk about. He was a very practical Christian, laboring for men and teaching them in every line of divine truth, for he believed the kingdom of heaven was then on earth and he was one of its citizens, loyal to the King.

Sixty generations of men have come and gone, in each of which Christ was expected to come soon. He has been coming soon to every member of his kingdom during all these generations. His coming to take each believing child home can truly be described by the word "soon." The imminence of his coming has always been a spur to loyalty, and so it must be today.

The kingdom of heaven is on earth yet, and men are still expecting the King. Whether he will come in the clouds in my time or not, I can not tell. But I am sure he will soon come to take his servant away from earth-scenes. In this sense I know his coming may be spoken of as *soon*. Why

should I fear? Why should any believer hesitate to say, "Yes, I am ready, for I know in whom I have believed. I have trusted in him, and my main desire is to be found doing my best for him when he comes."

If the gospel promise of peace on earth could be fulfilled even this year, and the beautiful reign of the Prince of Peace could begin as described in the figurative language of the Bible, where is there one of God's children who would not gladly hail its coming? Think of a kingdom where sin never troubles and where sorrows never come! What child of God would not welcome it?

Is the Money Excuse A Reasonable One? Have you ever heard anything like this: "I don't go to church.

I used to go, but nearly always there was some plea for money and I grew tired of it. I want to hear the gospel when I do go, but if I must be hounded for money every time, I will not go at all."

There is a close analogy between the church and the home. The church is really the spiritual home. I never knew a man to grow in grace—to develop in spiritual life who went back on his church home; he who does so is always the loser. His pathway is all downhill when he ceases to care for the church of God.

What would you think of one who took such an attitude toward his home? We will suppose that a certain man has a home as attractive as need be and a devoted wife to do what she can in love and tenderness to make it a place of help and comfort. She shares in his burdens, sympathizes with him in his cares, and without her, life would lose its sunshine. His children, too, fill his home with light and joy. It is a heaven below when the toils of the day are done and all are gathered there around the fire to rest in its peaceful glow. Yet in that home scarcely a day passes without some plea for money! The flour is used up, or the meat, or the meal; the shoes of the children are worn out, the fuel for the fire must be replenished—a hundred things conspire to make demands for money.

Now imagine this man saying, "I can't go home without being called upon for money, therefore I prefer not to go at all, and I will stay away." Would this excuse

be a reasonable one? What would be the result as to his manhood if he were to take such a course? Is it any more reasonable to leave the spiritual home because it, too, must needs have money for its support?

Two Great Papers Become One After fifty years of vigorous history, the *Advance* of Chicago unites with the *Congregationalist* of Boston to make one denominational organ for the Congregational churches of America. Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, of Oak Park, Ill., who for five years has so ably edited the *Advance*, retires, and Dr. H. A. Bridgman takes charge of the combined paper, now called the *Congregationalist and Advance*. It will be published from the official publishing house of that denomination and will have no competitor in the great Congregational family.

It is the familiar story of hard times and reduced income so well known in these days in all denominations. Both great papers were affected by it, and after two years of careful study by an official commission of the national council of that people, the consolidation was recommended.

Brother Richardson's Great Bereavement Our readers will be grieved to learn of the bereavement that has darkened the home of Pastor and Mrs. Thomas W. Richardson of the Mill Yard Church, London, England. The account, on another page, of the death of his son in action in the British Army, accompanied by the testimonial of his superior officer, will touch all hearts, especially the hearts of those who have sons in the army.

The SABBATH RECORDER extends to Brother and Sister Richardson most heartfelt sympathy, and hopes that the dear Lord may spare their other sons who have been called to the colors. Great indeed is the sacrifice that fathers and mothers of England, France, and America are laying upon the altar for the good of humanity.

"Trust in God and keep your powder dry" was the Roundhead slogan in Cromwell's day. James Schermerhorn, of the *Detroit Times*, has an improvement on it, "Trust God and keep your country dry!" —*Christian Advocate*.

THE MORALE OF OUR ARMY—SOME QUESTIONS

HOSEA W. ROOD

I have heard that a lady, intensely interested in the moral welfare of our soldier boys, has made the statement that very many of the soldiers of the Civil War came home victims of venereal diseases; and that the boys now going to war should be so cared for as not to get into so awful a condition.

I am as glad as I can be that she will do her best for the good of our brave fellows soon to cross the ocean to fight for world freedom. I do not know who this lady is. If I could see her, and know that she had made such a statement concerning the soldiers of the Civil War, I would urge her to tell by what authority she had done so. I would tell her that, having served nearly four years in that war, I hardly ever heard of any such disease—never knew a comrade who had the name of being so afflicted; that I hardly ever heard any talk concerning the matter—never read anything about it in the newspapers of those days, such as I am now seeing in print day after day. I would say to her that I now have at hand bound files of Civil War papers and that, though I have read them pretty thoroughly, I have not seen in them mention of any such thing. Also I would tell her that I have of late asked several of our comrades whether or not they knew of such diseases as being common in our army, and found that they agree with me that diseases of that kind were practically unknown amongst us. Whoever made so unfortunate a statement concerning conditions among our union soldiers—if made at all—must have been born since the war, and made it without good authority. There are some old Civil War surgeons still living who may give some testimony bearing upon this subject.

WE HAD NO CAMP FOLLOWERS

So far as I know in all my service there were no such women as are now called camp followers. We hardly ever saw women in our camps, except hospital nurses and now and then one who came in to sell pies, and cakes and fruit. These were always treated with respect. I never heard a soldier of ours speak an indecent word to any woman—not even to a colored woman. I do not say that such a thing

was never done yet I have no recollection of hearing anything of the kind myself. I have asked several comrades if they ever heard such language before women, and every one to whom I have spoken concerning the matter has given the same testimony. I suspect that in rare cases there were such indecent things done. It would indeed be strange were there not, for we had some indecent men in our army. Yet the thing of which I speak must have been very uncommon or we should all have heard more about it.

TWO EXCEPTIONS ABOUT WHICH I KNOW

When our army in its northward march through the Carolinas in the spring of 1865 had arrived at Goldsboro, N. C., a soldier—drunk, I presume—assaulted a woman. General Sherman had him court-martialed, and the next day shot. This shows something of the attitude of General Sherman toward such a crime. I have today read that an American soldier "somewhere in France" has lately been shot for the same thing.

Captain F. A. Bird has told me that a man of Company D of his regiment, the 20th Wisconsin, being drunk, shot a woman, I find this statement opposite his name in the roster of the company, "Executed November 11, 1864, Mobile Point, Alabama, by sentence of general court-martial."

SOME THINGS ABOUT WHICH WE NOW READ

Not long ago I read a statement to the effect that at the present time there are 300,000 soldiers in the hospitals of Europe under treatment for venereal diseases. I do not know whether this number includes German soldiers or not. But our workers "over there" in the Y. M. C. A. service are beginning to testify concerning the ravages of such diseases. It is said that virtue is easier there than in our country. Yet at the same time we hear much about very unfortunate conditions in and about some of our camps right here where our own boys are in training. I sincerely wish that the morale of our army may not be so bad as we hear it to be. Yet there must be too much truth in what the papers have to say about camp followers and attendant evils. Evidently conditions about camp—though in many respects better than they were with us—are in the matter under consideration a great deal worse. All honor to the

noble men and women who are doing so much to help our boys live right lives in the army. May the Lord bless them! I wish we could have had some such help. We knew of nothing of the kind in our service.

A STRING OF QUESTIONS

And now, if conditions about our military camps are as bad as they are reported to be; if they are such as to require so much effort to safeguard our boys—and girls, too, who visited the camps—why are they so? Why are such conditions worse than they were in our Civil War? If they are worse, is it not our duty to ask why and to find out, if we can? As a people, do our moral standards have a downward tendency? If so, why? Do not the teachings of our churches, our schools and various other organized activities for social and moral betterment, have for their purpose the creation and development of higher ideals among our young people? Indeed they do, yet if the reports which we are reading from time to time be true, there must be something that in some way counteracts the best of preaching and teaching.

Is it out of the way to ask, if possibly, our present standard of modesty—or lack of it—does not have some influence in this matter? When we boys enlisted and went to camp we never saw women in such costumes as they now wear. We could hardly have been led to believe then that fashions would lead to such changes as have come to pass in these later years. What we would then have thought to be extreme immodesty has now come to be common custom. Is it possible for women and girls to exhibit themselves as too many of them do to the gaze of young men and no harm come from it? It is almost impossible to believe that good women either young or old will show themselves to men as they do in modern bathing suits, or even in what the girls say they must have to wear at parties. And then when thus costumed there seems to come a corresponding freedom of behavior that puts modesty to the blush. We sober folks, old enough to have been in the Civil War, do not go where fashionable ball dresses are worn, yet the pictures of them are put into our magazines where we are made to know to what extremes some don't-care-women dare go. Some women excuse themselves by saying

that men want them to dress that way. But that can not be said of good men.

I suspect that when I ask if mischief is not sure to come from this sort of thing, I shall be answered, "To the pure all things are pure." But that is only an attempt to dodge the question. It does not justify bold temptation to impurity in the minds of those who, though truly pure, yet are only human.

I do not need to speak further concerning what seems to me a very serious matter. I have intended only to ask if herein does not lie something of an answer to the above string of questions. It is barely possible that I should not have spoken upon this subject at all. If not, I am perfectly willing to be forgiven.

Is it not true that modesty and virtue are twin sisters—always together, and not easily known the one from the other? When one is gone the other is missing. Both find their home in the soul of the real lady—the true gentleman, too. Blessed is that girl, that boy, that lady, that gentleman, in whose soul these twin sisters find a happy abiding place.

A QUESTION ABOUT CIGARETTES.

A few weeks ago at Battle Creek, Mich., I was in a car with a young man in khaki. He seemed glad to have a comrade wearing the little bronze button shake hands with him. After some talk, I said that as an old soldier I would give him free two bits of advice—the first, always to obey commands, even when he did not know just why they were given; that if he would make himself obedient every day to proper authority, he would be sure to avoid no little trouble. He told me that during the month he had been in the service he had already learned that much.

And then I said, "I wish you would not smoke cigarettes."

He answered promptly, "Say, let me tell you something about cigarettes. I enlisted six months ago and when I went to be examined, I was rejected. This surprised me, for I had supposed I was perfectly well. Yet the surgeon told me that my heart was bad, and asked me if I was not a cigarette smoker. I had to tell I was. He said that that was what was the matter with my heart. Well, I had to go, but I made up my mind to quit the cigarette habit. After five months of going without smoking I enlisted

again, and then easily passed the examination. You bet I will let them alone."

Since then I have noticed that almost every young man in khaki had a cigarette between his lips, as if that and the uniform are supposed to go together. This fact has raised certain questions in my mind: Was the Michigan doctor right or wrong in rejecting the young man and telling him the trouble with his heart came from the use of cigarettes? If he was right, was the young man a rare exception, or do cigarettes tend to make many other young men unfit for the strenuous life? I am told that students under training at the university for a big game, or some other supreme test of strength and endurance, are required to let cigarettes alone.

Now, if this kind of smoking does such harm is it not pretty sure to reduce the efficiency of our soldiers over yonder? I have read within a day or two that some of the soldiers in France are coming to be inveterate smokers; that while the occasional use of cigarettes does not seem to do much harm their excessive use is having very serious effects. And at the same time we are being urged from certain sources to contribute money for supplying them with the very thing that tends to reduce their efficiency. We want our boys who are fighting for us the battles of civic righteousness to have every necessary, and as many comforts, as practicable; yet is it good policy, is it patriotic, is it even good to them, to send to them that which will make them less capable of service? Is it consistent? I wish some medical men of recognized ability would conscientiously and scientifically answer the question here involved.

FOR THE COUNCIL OF DEFENSE

While I am asking so many questions, I'll write down one more. I wish some capable members of the Council of Defense would answer it.

We are asked to save every crust of bread, to lick the platter clean, to have a meatless and a wheatless day at least once a week, and to see to it that every foot of ground possible be made up to produce something to help Hoover win the war. And we are gladly doing it. Yet how about the thousands of acres of the best soil of Wisconsin that is used for raising tobacco—land that would produce a million dollars worth of food for our soldier boys? Is all

this consistent? If so, how? Children are asked to sign pledges to do without candy and other goodies to help win the war, yet how about men's going with cigars and cigarettes? A letter was read in the Bible school today asking the boys and girls to go without Christmas gifts so that what they would cost may go to feed the starving people in Armenia. Does any one ever think to ask men to save their tobacco money for just such a practical patriotic purpose? Why not?—*Madison (Wis.) Democrat.*

COLUMBIA IMPERILED CALLS

Wake, wake, thou great Republic! Hark the call across the sea!

A brotherhood of glory hails a kindred soul in thee.

From white-clad, lofty Shasta to the darkling everglades

The thunder of thine answer leaps the ocean's barricades.

March, march, O righteous legions! Sail, O fleets of fealty!

Arise, ye dauntless Demos, to defend thy sanctity; For Justice is thy citadel, a freehold thy demesne—

Columbia imperiled calls—and calls us not in vain.

The trumpet sounds a summons and the listening land hath heard,

From East to West the rallying host with steeled resolve doth gird

To quench the hydra's venom and to quell his vassal-brood,

Lest o'er the Nation sweep the plague of minioned servitude.

Unfurl the starry banner with a freeman-faith revered—

Brave flag of hope's fulfilment that our father's death endeared.

Beneath thy folds a myriad are masters of their souls,

Beneath thy sway doth manhood choose the pathway to high goals.

March, march, O steadfast legions, on the foe of liberty,

Our lives shall guard the birthright that our children may be free.

Let not the War-Lord conquer and thine heritage be dust—

America, arise ye, and uphold the hallowed trust.

To thee, O Land of Promise, we have consecrated all,—

In gathering clans of loyalty the valiant heed thy call.

Our blood and brawn and treasure is the pledge we render now.

Till earth shall lift her head in peace and freedom deck her brow.

—*Walter Hart Blumenthal, in Jewish Exponent. Philadelphia, May, 1917.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

ONE DAY AT A TIME

One day at a time, with its failures and fears,
With its hurts and mistakes, with its weak-
ness and tears,

With its portion of pain and its burden of
care;

One day at a time we must meet and must
bear.

One day at a time to be patient and strong,
To be calm under trial and sweet under
wrong;

Then its toiling shall pass and its sorrow shall
cease;

It shall darken and die, and the night shall
bring peace.

One day at a time—but the day is so long,
And the heart is not brave, and the soul is
not strong,

O thou pitiful Christ, be thou near all the way;
Give courage and patience and strength for
the day.

Swift cometh his answer, so clear and so
sweet:

"Yea, I will be with thee, thy troubles to meet;
I will not forget thee, nor fail thee, nor
grieve;

I will not forsake thee; I never will leave."

Not yesterday's load we are called on to bear,
Nor the tomorrow's uncertain and shadowy
care;

Why should we look forward or back with
dismay?

Our needs, as our mercies, are but for the day.

One day at a time, and the day is his day;
He hath numbered its hours, though they
haste or delay.

His grace is sufficient; we walk not alone;
As the day, so the strength that he giveth
his own. —Annie Johnson Flint.

EVERYDAY CONTRASTS

ISABEL, who lives on the upper West Side, perilously near Fifth Avenue, called on me at my office a few days ago. Her maid, dressed in a black cape and bonnet, came with her; for Isabel is just eleven and never goes out on the street alone. As she sat in one of my high office chairs with hands primly folded, I cast about in my mind for something to say to her.

"I suppose you'll be going back to school

soon?" I questioned at last, by way of breaking the ice.

Isabel's rosy little face broke into smiles. "Oh, no, indeed!" she answered. "School won't open until late this year. We're afraid, even in the private school I go to, of the epidemic. I'm so glad that I won't have to go back right away. I hate school! I hate to study!"

Shortly after Isabel left me, Yetta, of the East Side, dropped in. Yetta is just about Isabel's age, and she lives—has always lived—in a tenement on one of our most congested city streets. She greeted me effusively and perched herself on the arm of my biggest chair.

"I suppose," I ventured, when at last I got a chance to speak. "I suppose you're mighty glad, Yetta, about school?"

"About school—what?" answered Yetta quickly.

"About school opening late, on account of the infantile paralysis!" I answered.

The child's face fell. Even her tight-braided pigtails seemed to quiver with grief.

"Don't talk about it," said Yetta sadly. "I feel awful bad about it."

"But why?" I questioned. "I thought all little girls liked a vacation. I did."

Yetta eyed me soberly. Then she spoke: "It's lonesome without school," said Yetta. "I love school!"

ONCE, when I was a little, little girl, I owned a plaid dress that I hated with one of the fierce, unreasoning hates of childhood. It was a serviceable warm dress, but the colors were too brilliant, and the style was too flouncy, and perhaps I realized it in my little girl way. I had been brought up to wear the clothing that was given to me and so I wore the dress without protest; but I was unhappy while I was arrayed in its flaunting red-and-greenness.

One day I wore the hated dress to school, and even though I was uncomfortably aware of its brightness, I was grateful for the warmth it gave me, for it was a cold day. As I stood in the cloakroom taking off my heavy little refer, I noticed one of my classmates eyeing me wistfully. She was a small girl, with a thin face and big eyes, and she never looked properly clothed. Her mother was a widow who took in washing, and even buying the food they ate was a struggle for them, sometimes. As I passed

her on my way out of the cloakroom she reached toward me with a slender hand and touched the too full ruffles of my skirt.

"What a pretty, pretty dress!" she murmured. "Oh, what a sweet dress! How I'd love to have one just like it!"

I stared at her in surprise. It had not occurred to me before that any one could see anything worth while in the dress. And as I looked at her a thought took root in my little girl brain.

"Why," I reasoned to myself, "there's nothing in the world that somebody doesn't like; nothing in the world, no matter how you hate it, that somebody wouldn't be glad to have!"

That night I told the story from the beginning to my mother. I told her how I hated the dress—and how the little poor girl loved it. And the next time our washing went out to the child's mother a vivid plaid frock was on the top of the basket with a tiny note pinned to it.

And the little girl wore it to school gladly—so gladly that every time I saw her in it I learned my lesson over again.

I KNEW a boy who was a sophomore in college. He had been away from home just long enough to realize that the little house he came from was not very pretentious. He had visited other boys who had numerous servants and Paris-gowned mothers, and fathers who always wore evening clothes to dinner. And he began to be ashamed of the home where his mother sat, in a neat print frock, darning stockings; and where his father, dressed in blue overalls, fussed over the kitchen garden.

This boy made friends with a rich student who belonged to the same fraternity. Folks called the rich student's father, "the cotton king," and his mother's picture appeared very often on the society pages of certain daily papers. The boy had visited at the great mansion that they called home, and had enjoyed every kind of luxury. The luxuries made him look down, even more, upon his own home. And then, suddenly, at the beginning of the Easter holidays, the rich student walked into the boy's room, and said: "Say Dick, the mater's giving a big party this week—and I'm tired of big parties. Can't I go home with you?"

And the boy, groaning inwardly, said as cheerfully as he could: "Why, certainly,

old man, I'd be glad to have you. But," he added, doubtfully, "you'll find our home very simple—very different from yours!"

The rich student laughed. "I'll like it that way," he answered. "You're *all right*, you are, to let me come."

There was nothing to do but take him home. The boy realized that. For he was under an obligation. So he wrote to his mother and said,

"For goodness' sake, have everything as nice as you can! I'm bringing a *very rich friend* to spend my vacation with me."

And the mother was delighted, for, she said, "Dickie has brought home so few of his friends." She didn't realize why.

So Dick came home with his rich friend. And the father, in overalls, met them at the station with a buggy. And the rich friend drove home sitting on a soap-box, for the buggy was small. And he laughed and said it was fun, but the boy was strangely silent. And the mother, in her freshest print dress, met them at the gate and kissed them both, "For," she said. "I know I'll love any of my son's friends!"

And the rich man's son thought of his coldly formal home, and he kissed her while he winked, just a bit, because there was something in his eye that bothered him. But Dick dragged him away worriedly, and led him to the guest chamber.

And then they had supper in the cool dining room, and there was home-made strawberry jam to eat, and hot biscuits: And as the rich student was eating his seventh biscuit he turned suddenly to the boy. "You're lucky, Dick," he said gruffly. "You don't know how lucky you are!" And then Dick understood, just as I had understood about the dress. And he realized that his friend envied him. And he wasn't ashamed of his home any more.

THERE'S nothing in the world, no matter how scornful we are of it, that somebody wouldn't enjoy. Maybe it's school, or a dress, or a home. Maybe it's a family or friends or love. When you find yourself ashamed of something or disliking something, just look at it in that way. When you, the ones of you who are schoolgirls, find yourselves hating your lessons, think of the girls who would give anything to go to school. If your clothes aren't fine enough, remember how wonderful they

would seem to some little factory drudge. If your home seems dull and common-place, think of the people who live in a home without love; *think of the people who haven't any home at all!* And when you get thinking along these lines, somehow you generally begin to feel a bit thankful yourself for the things that other people would enjoy.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in *Christian Herald*.

WORKERS' EXCHANGE

DE RUYTER, N. Y.

The Woman's Benevolent Society of our church held its annual meeting for election of officers and opening of thank-offering boxes, on the evening of December 1, at the hospitable home of Deacon G. W. Burdick and wife. The first in order was the election of officers; then the program was in the hands of the hostess. Select readings, songs, and original poetry were given. Each member had been requested to bring with her offering a verse in rhyme. Some responded in that way but the offerings were more in evidence than the poetry. The amount given during the evening was upwards of \$20.00. A box luncheon was served and a pleasant social time followed.

Officers elected: president, Mrs. L. A. Coon; vice-president, Mrs. J. H. Hurley; recording secretary and treasurer, Mrs. H. B. Ames; corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. W. Ames.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

ROBERT HAROLD RICHARDSON

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, LL. D.

A letter, dated November 16, just received from Lieut.-Col. Thomas W. Richardson, the pastor of the Mill Yard Church in London, announces the death of his son, Lieut. Robert Harold Richardson, in action, on the Ypres Front, in France, on November 6, last, at the age of twenty-five years. He was an architect and a surveyor, a Freeman of the City of London, and, previous to the war, was employed in the offices of the British Government at Somerset House, London. Upon the outbreak of the war, it was his desire to enlist, but his official superiors refused to let him do so. He did become a "special constable" at once, however, and he also joined the new "Volunteers." He was finally given leave

to enlist, and joined the Officers' Training Corps, in November, 1915; later, he was assigned to the 18th London Regiment (London Irish Rifles), and commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, July 11, 1916.

When he was first sent to the front, he was assigned to duty as an engineering officer, for which his professional training had well fitted him. But he desired activity which was more really military, and was made a bombing officer. His previous experience as a motor cyclist attracted him strongly to aviation, and he joined the Royal Flying Corps last summer, after which, ob-



2nd Lieut. Robert Harold Richardson, R. F. C.

taining a week's leave of absence, he reached home, July 1; nine days later he reported at Reading for duty, and was immediately hurried on to Brooklands (Weybridge) for training as an observer. On August 14, he left home again for the front, where he remained at his post of duty until his untimely death. The day before his fatality, he wrote his parents that he would be home on the 16th, eleven days later. This letter reached home on Friday, the 9th; the following day, on their return from the regular Sabbath service, his parents received the official telegram announcing his death.

His father writes,

"Today he was to have been home with us again, but instead of his bright face, we have aching hearts this Sabbath eve. His poor mother is still watching for his arrival, unable to believe the truth. Even I can not help looking at the door in contemplation each time I pass it."

In announcing his death, his commanding officer wrote as follows:

"10/11/17

6 Sqd. R. F. C.
B. E. F.

Dear Sir:

It is with the deepest regret that I have to tell you of the sad circumstances of your son's death in action.

The accident was a most remarkable one. The machine in which your son was flying was seen to suddenly turn over, and fall into a large lake.

Although assistance was promptly to hand it was with difficulty that the pilot and observer could be got out, owing to the depth of the water—12 feet—and to the fact that the machine was upside down. When the bodies were got out it was found that both officers had been killed by the fall.

Your son's death is most sincerely lamented by the whole squadron.

He was gallant and efficient and had done very well indeed during recent operations.

On behalf of my squadron and myself please accept my deepest sympathy in your loss.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. W. H. JAMES (?)
Major.

The chaplain writes,

"His brother officers brought his body and that of Lieut. Cato [who was killed at the same time, apparently] here yesterday, and we laid them side by side, in Lissenthoek [Lissenthoek] Military Cemetery where crosses will mark their graves.

Today I commend your son to the love of God, praying that he may find peace in God's paradise."

To the present writer, who made his acquaintance nearly nine years ago, the news of Harold's death brings a sense of personal loss, as it terminates a friendship that was very real, and he testifies to the manly qualities of his lamented young friend.

Of Colonel Richardson's four sons, three have gone to the front. The second son, Corporal William Albert Richardson, has been disabled different times, from wounds and disease (rheumatism), but has returned to duty each time upon recovery. Harold was the third son. The fourth son, Ernest Gilbert Richardson, is, like his brother Harold was, a member of the Royal Flying Corps, in which he, too, is a 2nd lieutenant. The Colonel's wife has been actively engaged in relief work almost from the beginning of the war, when she became

a worker in a Belgian relief organization.

Mr. George H. Vane, the secretary of the Mill Yard Church, went to the front early in the year 1915, joining the Royal Army Medical Corps; his brother, Alfred Vane, also a member of Mill Yard, died in a hospital, on May 26, 1917, from wounds received on the preceding day, in an air raid on Folkstone, England. So far as the present writer knows, he was the first Seventh Day Baptist to lose his life in the present war; but Lieut. Robert Harold Richardson appears to be the first soldier from a Seventh Day Baptist home to be killed in action.

Newark, N. J.,

December, 2, 1917.

A PLEA FOR MORE CONSECRATION

DR. J. C. BRANCH

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." (Mal. 3: 16-17). "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. 3: 1).

What a mystery! What a revelation of mercy, goodness and judgment! "But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?" Christ has set up a standard of righteousness that has never been lowered. God's law has been violated; men have worshiped gods of gold, of wood, and of stone; and this is a good question to ask ourselves, Who shall stand when he appeareth? Our God designs that his people shall worship him. He has ever been jealous of his law, and he purposes to purge and purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. "Then shall the offering of Judah and Jesus alone be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years" (Mal. 3: 4).

Though the people have forsaken the

Lord, yet they must return unto him and keep his law. The Bible teaches that offerings of bulls and goats can no longer atone for a broken law, for Christ was offered to bear the sins of many—yes, he became sin for us. A rebuke has gone forth, "Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them." How true are these words, and they could be applied to the people of this age. But here comes an encouraging thought, "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts."

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me." Yes, God has been robbed in so many ways, robbed of his honor, robbed of praise, robbed of the material things which belong to him, robbed in tithes and offerings, and God has cursed the people with a curse; the manifestations of the Spirit are lacking, the church of the living God does not stand where the Holy Spirit is flowing freely in all its avenues. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Do we believe these words? Have we faith that, if we bring that which truly belongs to the Lord and give it to him, he will bless our efforts? Yes, he surely will. Did we ever try it? Yes, some have tried the Lord and found him as true as his word. I believe that if we would give the Lord what belongs to him, we should prosper and the cause would not lack; we would be more interested in the cause we are supporting, and the Lord would rebuke the devourer for our sakes, and "he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground." Praise the Lord! Let us try it and see for ourselves.

If we were more faithful, we should enjoy more of the love of God, and we would not have it to say that it is vain to serve the Lord. Then they that fear the Lord would be speaking often together, and the Lord would be pleased to hear them, and a record would be made of all said and done; and we should have the satisfaction of feeling and knowing that we are the Lord's people and that we shall be among the jewels when the Master comes.

Let us make Jesus King; let us sell out

all that keeps from a complete fulness; let us exclaim,—

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be."

Let us have a denominational prayer meeting, and for this, Christmas eve would be a good time, and let us pray for a general uplift of the church; and to prove that we are in earnest, let each of us seal this prayer by sending one dollar to the Sabbath Tract Society, and see what God will do with our dollar this coming year.

"All hail the pow'r of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

It should be our meet and drink to please God.

"O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!"

I long to see a general uplift among God's people, laying aside of all vain things, an awakening to the cause. Brothers, let us plunge into the work and be fully and completely given up to it. If we desire showers of blessings, this is the way to get them. There is so much need of humbling ourselves before God in prayer.

"Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?"

We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

Prayer is the key that unlocks heaven and brings the needed blessing down; so let us pray and trust our God for a full and complete salvation.
White Cloud, Mich.

In searching for a text for a sermon on the power of sympathy, which among you has ever preached from Ezekiel 3: 15, "I sat where they sat"? Dr. John A. Hutton shows its possibilities in a sermon-editorial in the *British Weekly*, in which he dwells upon the thought that most of our differences are solved when we put ourselves in the place of our opponent, "sit where he sits," and so get his point of view.—*Christian Advocate.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

CHRISTMAS GIVING

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Christian Endeavor Topic for December 22, 1917

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Giving ourselves (2 Cor. 8: 1-5)
Monday—Giving the best (Hag. 1: 7-11)
Tuesday—Giving to the poor (Prov. 19: 17)
Wednesday—Feasting the poor (Luke 14: 1-14)
Thursday—True religion (Isa. 58: 5-10)
Friday—A gift that grew (1 Kings 17: 8-16)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Christmas giving (Christmas) (Matt. 2: 1-12)

A CHRISTMAS CATECHISM

Why should we give?

Not only that others may be made glad, but that we ourselves may continually cultivate an unselfish, generous spirit.

"What I spent, I had;
What I kept, I lost;
What I gave, I have."

To whom should I give?

Jesus said when you give a feast to call in the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, because they have not wherewith to recompense thee. The same would apply to Christmas giving.

In what spirit should I give?

In the spirit of gratitude to God and love for our fellow-man. We are in the position of the widow in the poem, who receives a turkey from a rich neighbor, and feels that in turn she must give the chicken she has prepared to some orphan children across the way. We can not return gifts to God directly, so we must "pass it on."

What is the best Christmas gift I ever received?

"For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2: 11). The best gift a father ever gave his children is the example of a Godly life. So the best gift of God to man is the life and example of Jesus.

What is the best gift I can give in return?

A life wholly surrendered to his service. "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a

living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service" (Rom. 12: 1).

What kind of an observance of the holidays would be most acceptable to God?

Isaiah told the Jews how they should observe a fast day in a manner acceptable to Jehovah, and with a little revision, his words show us how to observe our modern feast days: "Is such the feast that I have chosen? the day for a man to overload his stomach with food? Is not this the feast that I have chosen: to deal justice unto weak and oppressed peoples, to give bread to the starving Belgian and Armenian children, and to care for the orphan and the homeless in your own midst. Then shalt thou call and Jehovah shall answer, thou shalt cry and he will say, Here am I."

Must we give in order to live?

"Forever the sun is pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow;
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give
Is to live."

(Note.—The answers to these questions are merely suggestive. You are to answer them in your own way. The leader may give these out, along with others he can think of, to be answered in the meeting.)
Welton, Iowa.

WHAT SMALL HABITS HELP OR HINDER OUR USEFULNESS IN CHURCH WORK?

MRS. CARRIE E. DAVIS

The subject given me is a broad one and in the short time allotted I can merely touch on a few habits that seem to be the most helpful or that hinder the most in church work, while a whole paper or sermon could be written on any one habit that I shall mention.

Some of you would probably select altogether different habits to write about but I shall speak of only a few that seem to appeal to me at this time.

Our very lives are a network of habits. One habit hinges upon another and as soon as we hear the word spoken a thousand and one personal habits seem to flash through our minds. Many of them are good and helpful and many perhaps are bad and

harmful, and it should be our part each day to change the bad habits to better ones. Some one has said, "Good habits are like a well-made harness, enabling us to do our work in the world with less friction and waste of energy."

The dividing line between efficiency and inefficiency largely rests upon our habits. A young clerk once asked a bank president how he could distinguish the counterfeit bills from the good. The banker replied, "Get familiar with the good bills and you will recognize the bad bills at sight." So it is with our habits, cultivate the good ones and you will quickly recognize the imperfect and the false.

The physical, mental and spiritual life are so closely connected and so complicated that church work is greatly helped or hindered by the physical, mental and spiritual habits that go to make up our lives. One of the most common habits and one that will sap the physical and spiritual life is *worry*. I believe it is one of the most pernicious habits we have and fairly clings to every one in a more or less degree.

We all know how worry will quickly destroy physical health—how the little worries, enlarged by our imagination and carried from day to day, depress and kill and not only spoil our own lives but the life of every one with whom we come in contact. There is a vast difference between troubles and worries; the first strengthen and develop us if bravely faced, while the latter only sicken us if allowed to live. In direct contrast with the *worry* habit let us look at *cheerfulness*, and how different we feel as soon as we begin to think and write upon it. There is as much difference between a worrying person and a cheerful one as there is between day and night. What doors of usefulness open to the one and how church work and all work is benefited by the cheerful person.

Some of the best men and women we have ever known have been sunshiny Christians. Some of the great evangelists and soul-winners have been of the joyous type and the solemn task of calling sinners to repentance was made easier by a friendly word in season, spoken cheerily and with smiling lips.

Very closely related to cheerfulness is the habit of *politeness*. It is not a thing to be thrown off and on with dress coat or a

fine gown, but is a very part of the man or woman. We do sometimes see a politeness that is only veneer, but genuine politeness is built on a foundation of good character, and good character on that of good habits.

Politeness is good capital in any business. A polite man or woman is always at advantage and can win favor, friends and good fortune. I recently read of an incident in which a customer said to the clerk, "I am going to report you." Instantly the young lady had visions of walking the streets looking for another job, looking up she asked, "For what am I to be reported?" The customer replied, "For being courteous." If good manners and politeness help so much in social and business circles, do they not pay equally well in church work? Would the immediate results and dividends not be much larger if each of us would be a little more polite to the other and to the stranger within our gates? It is perfectly true that an easy manner and polite ways are more natural to some than others, but that should not be an excuse for the Christian man or woman to hide behind.

Coupled with the habit of a polite manner is that of polite speech. Gracious speech possesses both charm and power. Paul in his letter to the Colossians said, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer each one." **For the sake of Christ**, the Colossian Christians were to consider the words of their mouths that they might be acceptable both to the non-Christians and to those who were already of the household of faith. This applies equally well to modern Christians.

Many a person is helped or hindered in church work by a timely or untimely remark. "It is more important to watch your tongue than to watch your step." "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." "A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul." "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

The Christian ideal is a man or woman who never needlessly offends or hurts a fellow-mortal by unkind or ill-tempered speech. Whoever has learned to control his speech has come far toward self-mastery. There is a prescription for speech that is spiritual, that builds up, that becomes Christian men and women as a rose becomes the

bush on which it grows. "Season your conversation with salt, the salt of common sense, the salt of affection, the salt of truth, the saving salt of a genuinely good humor."

I call to mind a Christian business man in a large city who exemplified many of the things I have spoken of. He was cheerful and good-natured, polite by word of mouth and manner, always interested in every boy or girl that chanced to cross his path, interested in every man or woman, rich or poor. A polite good morning or good afternoon and a courteous good-by together with the business that was necessary to be transacted was not all of this gentleman's habits, but a succession of questions asked regarding his or her personal life would often send a boy or girl, man or woman away with a lighter heart and a feeling that some one was really interested in them and not from any selfish standpoint or with a view of getting a few more coins in his pocket.

Hand shaking is another good habit for Christians to practice. It is only another form of politeness and often helps, together with the pleasant smile and cheery word.

Then there are the old, old habits of pride, selfishness, appetite, temper, that always hinder our usefulness in church work. The strongest habit is that of Bible reading and prayer. It is the one habit that will carry us safely through any event or crisis, however serious, that may cross our life's pathway.

In closing I shall quote from Dr. Frank Crane in a recent McClure's Magazine, on "The Little Graces": "The American character is deficient in the 'Little Graces.' We do the big things splendidly. But after all, what is it that counts success or the temper of success?"

"It is well to see the goal and strain for it, but life must be lived meanwhile and what about a few flowers and merry tunes by the way? 'O toiling hands of mortals!' says Robert Louis Stevenson, 'O unwearied feet traveling ye know not whither! Little do ye know you own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.'

"Today is worth stopping for and looking after; it has its need of bread and cheese and kisses, its dividends of laughter and serenity.

"It is the characteristic impatience of

Americans, their lack of leisureliness in the daily business of existence, their swift contempt of roadside beauty in their eagerness to reach their aim, it is this that destroys in us the Little Graces of life and invests us with a certain unloveliness which visitors from older civilizations are quick to note. On the street car, in the elevator, among the crowd in the street, you have marked the brusqueness that makes Americans a bit repellent.

"Strangely enough, we seem to get away from this in a measure when we get away from the city. The motorist on the country road generously turns out for another to pass, he is quick to offer assistance in distress, and at night he dims his headlights when he sees an approaching car. We used to associate boorishness with rustics. Has city life ceased to polish and begun to scratch us?"

"To quote again from Stevenson: 'There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good—myself. But my duty to my neighbor is to make him happy—if I may.'

"For when our task is done and old age brings its final estimates, we shall find that what we value most, both in ourselves and others, is that best portion of a good man's life, his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.'"

Shiloh, N. J.

TO THE RESCUE

ANNIE L. HOLBERTON

The world's war is upon us; we hear the earnest call

For sacrifice and conflict that stirs the souls of all.

The precious lives we cherish must face a cruel foe

While fond hearts bravely struggle to quell the fears of love.

But years of wrong and carnage have made the strong appeal

That to our own republic its duty must reveal; And oh, may God sustain us worthily in his sight

To make the strike for freedom a victory for the right!

Then may our nation's evil receive the final blow,

The curse that ruins manhood forever be laid low;

May total prohibition insure the blest release, And heaven, home and country unite for perfect peace!

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, Edgar, Battery A, 130 Field Artillery, Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla.
- 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.
- Knight, Raymond, Co. A, 1st Battalion, 110th Engrs., Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla.
- 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.
- Spooner, Malcolm (Brookfield, N. Y.), U. S. A. School of Military Aeronautics, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
- Stephens, Earl D., Co. A, 1st Battalion, 110th Engrs., Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla.
- Stephens, Corporal Thomas A., Co. A, 1st Battalion, 110th Engrs., Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla.
- 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 Hurlley 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.

Dr. John Kelman, of Edinburgh, who has mingled with the British soldiers in England and France as intimately as any minister, says: "It is noticeable how steadily atheism recedes as you go up toward the firing lines."—*Christian Advocate*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

WHITE GIFTS FOR THE KING

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

The little white church gleamed with the radiance of a star in the darkness of the December night. Every shining window, large or small, every tiny stained glass pane in the big double doors that were slightly ajar, bespoke a welcome to the passersby. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" gaily rang the old bell in the tower. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" joyously sang the children in the front pews.

Betty Sturtevant, passing the building for the third time that Christmas night turned abruptly back and rested one foot on the lowest step while she adjusted her furs and changed her violin case to the other hand.

"Have you decided to go in, Betty?" asked Vivian Metcalf, who had just returned from a short stay in the vestibule. "They haven't much more than commenced, and some of the children are simply too funny for anything—regular little backwoods-men. Why not come inside? I don't see what good it does to keep wandering up and down the street. It surely doesn't make waiting any more agreeable."

"Well, I haven't decided anything at all," replied Betty, peevishly, "unless it's if I ever want to get anywhere never to go with a doctor. I can't see why mother insists that father should take us out to Sue's, when we could just as well have hired a taxi and been there hours ago. I guess Sue won't invite us to another house party. It's seven o'clock now."

"Isn't the baby any better?" Vivian spoke very low that the occasional latecomers to the Christmas entertainment might not notice them there on the steps.

"Yes, but father says he may not be able to get away for an hour yet, for the mother is dreadfully nervous, and there seems to be a half-dozen other babies, or not much more than babies, there in that tiny grey house, all clinging to her skirts. I don't dare leave my violin there for fear they'd put their sticky little fingers on it."

"And you didn't dare leave it in the car, of course."

"Assuredly not. I don't want it stolen. And father won't even let me find some one to take us on to Sue's. He said we'd either have to come back to the grey house and stay or else go into the church and wait for him. I don't know which I'd rather do. Babies with convulsions aren't very pleasant to visit, and I'm not sure that Sabbath school concerts are much better, they're always so dry. I don't see why father had to take that case when the grey house people are not his patients at all. There's not much fun in being a doctor or a doctor's family at Christmas time. There, Vivian Metcalf, I believe it's going to rain. If this isn't the luck!"

Perhaps it was the drop of rain that fell on Betty's exquisitely gloved hand held out to discover if it were really going to storm; perhaps it was the music wafted out to her through the door that some one had carelessly left open that finally caused her to decide to go as far the vestibule, but no farther. If any one saw her with her violin she might be asked to play, and that she would not do—not for little Tinkertown folk, when Sue Emerson's distinguished guests were even now waiting for her to play for them and wondering why she did not keep her promise.

"Come thou, O Christ of Bethlehem,
Our hearts' doors open wide;
No gift from thee can we withhold
This joyous Christmastide.
Be thou our constant Friend,
Guard our every way;
Grant us thy peace and love;
Abide with us, we pray."

Betty Sturtevant suddenly stopped stock-still in the middle of the tiny vestibule. It wasn't so much the words of the song that had arrested her attention as it was the beautiful voice of the singer.

Sacred songs could be heard any time, but only once in months could one hear such a voice as that unless one happened to live in the same town with it. Notwithstanding her intention to keep her mind strictly on the house party at Sue Emerson's country home, seven miles away, Betty found herself listening for every note. Before the song was ended she had tiptoed softly to the door. She must discover the owner of that voice even if all Tinkertown saw her. Perhaps she wouldn't be noticed

anyway, for the main part of the audience room was dim now, only the platform was brightly lighted.

One glance was sufficient. "It's Aleck MacBride," she whispered to Vivian, who was close behind her. "I didn't know that he ever sang in any but the best churches, and at the highest prices. I wonder if Tinkertown realizes that it is hearing the boy wonder. I can't understand why he is here."

All this time Betty had unconsciously held her violin case in her hand. Her muff she had dropped on the floor when she first entered the vestibule, and Vivian had silently rescued it. Now, pushing it under Betty's arm and pointing to an empty seat seat, she whispered, "Let's go inside for just a little while. I'd really love to."

Betty started to object, but quickly changed her mind and stole quietly into the vacant pew.

The church was beautifully decorated in white and green, with here and there a touch of scarlet and crimson; even Betty appreciated that fact. Some one had tried to glorify the plain little building with the wealth of the winter woods. Festoons of evergreen seemingly hung everywhere; wreaths of ground pine vied with sprays of holly and mistletoe. In the center of the platform stood a large white cross, outlined in green and illuminated with many tiny electric lights. Above the cross was a great silver star.

Betty and Vivian were surprised. They had expected to see a small candle-lighted tree, fairly well-laden with candy and oranges, possibly with presents from the nearest five-and-ten-cent store, but never electric lights here in this forsaken little village. And strangest of all, there was no tree. Where were the gifts for all the little children whose heads were continually bobbing up from the front seats?

But the little girl in the white dress was making explanations. So this was a White Christmas, this little Tinkertown Christmas and, instead, of receiving gifts themselves, all the little yellow-haired and black-haired and brown-haired boys and girls were bringing white-wrapped gifts for those less favored and laying them at the foot of the cross, which fairly shone with the unselfishness and glory of it all. "White Gifts for the King," they called them.

Yes, they were bringing them now, each wriggling little class; not one was left out. Blessing Bearers followed Bible Students; Willing Workers trooped up behind sunbeams and Jewels. With song and story they gave their gifts, then, with empty hands but happy hearts they filed silently back to their places.

Betty and Vivian learned many things as they sat there in the back pew of the little old church. Instead of being bored, as they had expected to be, they were interested—so interested that, for a few moments, they forgot the gay house party they were missing and the impending storm; they even forgot the busy doctor bending over the smallest of the grey house babies a quarter of a mile away.

This Tinkertown Christmas was such a happy Christmas. There were no regrets for gifts that failed to come; there was no fretting over presents that did not please—only thankfulness for the blessings of the year and joy in the giving of the White Gifts. And such gifts! Gifts in packages and gifts in envelopes; gifts of self and of service and of substance! No wonder the little church was resplendent with electric lights. The white-haired minister talked of the King's wonderful gift to mankind, the talented boy singer sang again, and Betty Sturtevant and Vivian Metcalf listened and wondered, and at last understood.

White Gifts for the King—Betty thought of the evening before and of all that long Christmas day. What had she given for which she did not expect even more in return? Never in all her life had she received so many choice gifts. They were all around her now—the beautiful set of furs from her mother, the tiny gold watch and chain from father and the boys, the pearl ring, the bracelet, the new gloves, the dainty lace handkerchief. And in the suit case back there in the auto were presents—yes, in that same suit case were gifts for the members of the house party that would bring other gifts in return. Had she ever given a White Gift to the King? No, she had not given half as much as the very tiniest of the Tinkertown givers. She had even been unwilling to spend this Christmas night at home and assist mother in entertaining her little class of girls from the stores and shops—girls who stood on aching feet and measured yards and yards of silk

and ribbon and lace for her; little errand girls who were so tired when Christmas came they just wanted to lie down and cry. And mother had been so anxious for her to stay and play with them. She could almost see Sally Endicott now, this minute, with her big black eyes watching, studying every motion of her violin bow. Sally was passionately fond of music and the dream of her life was to some day play as Betty Sturtevant played; but there would be no music for her this Christmas night. The Victrola had been loaned to the mission, and there was no one to use the piano.

Betty no longer wondered why Aleck MacBride was here in this little Tinkertown church, giving untold pleasure to a common little Tinkertown audience. This was his White Gift to the King.

A light touch on Betty's arm suddenly brought her to her feet. Doctor Sturtevant had stood there by the pew for five minutes, and neither of the girls had noticed him, so intent were they on their own thoughts. The children were singing now, and it would be a good time to steal softly out. It was exactly eight o'clock.

"It's raining hard," announced the doctor, as he stood by the outside door, buttoning his coat, "but I can get you to the party in half an hour if the roads are not gullied from last week's storm. We'll have to start at once, though, for you young ladies must remember that I've a ten-mile ride back to town from here."

Betty looked at her father's tired face and drooping shoulders. Probably he, too, had been giving a White Gift to the King as he bent over the little grey house baby. Then she looked at her friend.

"Vivian," she asked in a strangely sweet voice, "would you mind so very much if we went back with father? I can't seem to get mother's girls out of my mind. We could still have an hour with them if we hurried right away, and I do want to give at least one White Gift to my King this Christmas time. But you are my guest, so please tell me the truth."

"O Betty, I am so glad. It would hurt me dreadfully to have to go on to Sue's now, for the White Gifts have touched me, too. We can telephone Sue the minute we get home. She probably won't expect us in such a storm, and she has so many more important guests she will hardly miss us."

"Couldn't we leave just a few Christmas gifts from the suitcase for the little grey house babies?" queried Betty, as she followed her father out to the car. "Candy and handkerchiefs and some ribbons? I'm afraid their Christmas hasn't been a very happy one."

"Indeed you can, and thank you for the thought. Perhaps you'll find something for the tired little mother, too. She's a brave woman."

With the aid of Doctor Sturtevant's flashlight the gifts were soon found. There were even more of them than Betty had mentioned, for both suitcases were made to yield a generous share of their treasures. The little grey house was very still when the auto stopped at the front gate and the tired little mother was asleep in her chair, so she did not hear the doctor quietly open the door, place the white and red and green packages on the table, then as quietly vanish.

Great drops of rain fell on the top of the Sturtevant car as it glided down the narrow little Tinkertown street, but the occupants of the car hardly noticed, their thoughts were so far away.

"Come thou, O Christ of Bethlehem,
Our hearts' doors open wide;
No gift from thee can we withhold
This joyous Christmastide."

Betty hummed softly, so softly that only Vivian heard and understood. White Gifts had been brought to the King that night that might never have been brought had it not been for the service in the little Tinkertown church. Perhaps the little church would never know of these gifts, but the King knew.—*Kind Words.*

"My dear," said the young husband as he took the bottle of milk from the dumb waiter and held it to the light, "have you noticed that there's never any cream on this milk?"

"I spoke to the milkman," she replied, "and he explained that the company always fill their bottles so full that there's no room for cream on top."—*Jewish Exponent.*

"Next to the sin of voting wrong," said Dr. Theodore Cuyler, once, "is the sin of not voting at all." Let this be remembered in all campaign against the liquor traffic."

THE CONFERENCE OF THE CHURCH OF GOD IN MICHIGAN NOW SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS

DEAR BROTHER EDITOR:

I desire to make a brief report through the RECORDER. At the Michigan conference I was appointed to make conveyance of the church property belonging to the Church of God to the proper channels, after which we were to be known as Seventh Day Baptists.

On November 9 the Bangor Church was conveyed to Brother Merrill Pennell, and afterward to the Seventh Day Baptist church by him. On November 10 the church adopted the Covenant and Exposé of Faith of the Seventh Day Baptists and became Seventh Day Baptists by name. Brother M. B. Kelly, of Battle Creek, and Brother L. J. Branch were present at this meeting, which lasted over the Sabbath and Sunday. Brother L. J. Branch occupied the pulpit on Sabbath morning, and Brother M. B. Kelly occupied the pulpit in the afternoon. At both of these meetings the Spirit of the Master was present, and many tears of rejoicing were shed. On Sunday afternoon Brother M. B. Kelly preached again, and Sunday evening the writer occupied the pulpit. This closed a very interesting meeting.

On November 16 the church property at White Cloud was transferred to Brother Nathan Branch, and on the 17th the church adopted the Covenant and Exposé of Faith of the Seventh Day Baptists, and became Seventh Day Baptist by name. On November 23 myself and wife went to Kalkaska where we met the little church at that place. On Sabbath Day, November 24, after preaching we presented the Covenant and Exposé of Faith of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, which was adopted, and thus the little church of Kalkaska became Seventh Day Baptist by name. This was a very profitable meeting. We held meeting Sabbath and Sabbath evening and also on Sunday evening. On Sunday morning I spoke in the Disciple church to a very appreciative audience. The little church at Kalkaska has no house of worship of their own, but there is a Grangers' Hall on Brother Henry Mirrison's place which they can and do use for worship.

On Monday the 26th we returned home feeling that we had accomplished the work assigned at the Conference, and that the

Church of God was no more by name in Michigan. We do hope and pray that our new relations will be as pleasant in the future as they have been in the past, and that we together may make up a much stronger body of Christian workers than before. The church property which was conveyed to Brother Pennell and Brother Nathan Branch was conveyed back to the trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist church at their respective places where the church was located.

On November 10 Brother Babcock and wife, of Battle Creek, came over to White Cloud and organized a Christian Endeavor.

Respectfully,
J. C. BRANCH.

THANKSGIVING DAY

HOSEA W. ROOD

Written for the family Thanksgiving gathering
of the Roods

Another year has passed away—
Thanksgiving Day is here,
And we are gathered once again
In love and friendship dear.
Our Father has been good to us,
Been with us all the way;
His guiding hand with tender care
Has led us day by day.

We have been blessed with health and
strength,

With wholesome toil and rest,
With happy homes and loyal friends,
With food and raiment blessed;
Now as we gather round the board,
With generous bounty spread,
Our Father's promise comes to us—
"Thou truly shalt be fed."

Dear Father, through the coming year
Watch o'er us day and night,
And help us all the time to live
As in thy holy sight.
Help us in faith and hope to walk
Along our heavenward way
With every day in every year,
A glad Thanksgiving Day.

You have the child's character in these
four things,—humility, faith, charity, and
cheerfulness. That is what you have got
to be converted to.—*Ruskin.*

Those who say they will forgive but can't
forget an injury, simply bury the hatchet
while they leave the handle out ready for
immediate use.—*Dwight L. Moody.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

A WHITE CHRISTMAS

The Sabbath School Board at a recent meeting voted unanimously to recommend to all our schools that no Christmas presents be given this year, unless it be to the younger children.

The White Christmas idea has been spreading year by year. I know of no school that has once adopted it which has afterward gone back to the old plan of allowing personal presents to be placed indiscriminately on the Christmas tree.

The pampered child of luxury whose name so frequently smote the air of our Christmas eve celebrations in former days was done a great injury. He was made more self-centered. He was pumped up with the sweetened air of his own importance. While other less fortunate boys usually rallied to the duty of inserting pin pricks into the inflated consciousness, the reception of so many tributes to his importance encouraged the growth of an alligator hide, puncture-proof. The Sabbath school has better business than that of promoting snobbery and selfishness. When thou makest a feast, call not thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors . . . lest a recompense be made thee. . . . But call the poor, the lame, the blind. For they can not recompense thee.

Ours are Christian Sabbath schools. If we are *not* Christian, we are not anything. Let our Christmas be a time of giving—not receiving.

And oh, this year 1917! Children in Poland starving. Belgians with insufficient food and clothing. Thousands of Armenians whose future existence depends upon us. Our European allies in desperate need of the supplies we have been in the habit of using so lavishly. The call to invest in Liberty Bonds. The tremendous programs of the Red Triangle and the Red Cross. The campaigns for our colleges. The unparalleled opportunities for world evangelism. The enlarged duties of every church and Sabbath school. A Receiving Christmas

this year would be pagan—not Christian.

And are we not in danger of underestimating the consecration and intelligence of the children? Are they not capable of understanding the situation sufficiently to join heartily in the same cause? The child heart will respond to the spirit of sacrifice. Put it up to your class and see if it is not so. Try it out in your school and find to how young an age the children will voluntarily join with the grown-ups in making this a Giving Christmas.

MINUTES OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

The regular quarterly meeting of the Sabbath School Board of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton, Wis., Sunday afternoon, September 23, 1917, at 2 o'clock, President A. E. Whitford presiding and the following Trustees present: A. E. Whitford, Mrs. C. S. Sayre, D. N. Inglis, E. M. Holston, G. E. Crosley and A. L. Burdick. Vice-President W. D. Burdick and Pastor C. S. Sayre were also present.

Prayer was offered by Rev. W. D. Burdick.

The minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Committee on Publications reported that they had secured the services of the former editors of our publications, with possibly one exception, for our periodicals for next year. On motion the report was adopted.

The treasurer's report was presented and upon motion the report was received and ordered placed on file, as follows:

Treasurer's Report	
From July 1, 1917, to September 23, 1917	
General Fund	
Dr.	
1917	
July 1,	Balance on hand \$505 02
7,	Dele F. Randolph, Farina, Ill. Church 1 80
7,	William Stillman, Plainfield, N. J., Church 12 25
9,	B. I. Jeffrey, Milton, Wis., Church 1 85
16,	William Stillman, Plainfield, N. J., Church 12 31
16,	N. C. Clarke, Farina, Ill., S. S. 3 54
19,	W. S. Wells, Riverside, Cal., Church 4 77
19,	Edgar P. Maxson, Westerly, R. I., Church 3 33
28,	W. Scott Davis, Salem, W. Va., Church 8 63
Aug. 1,	Riley Brannon, North Loup, Neb., S. S. 18 79
9,	S. V. Davis, Shiloh, N. J., S. S. 42 00
9,	Mabel Jordan, Nile, N. Y., Church 7 87

13, Mrs. Emma Cockerill, Berlin, Wis.	1 00
Sept. 4, W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y., Collection at Conference, 1917	23 00
5, Corliss F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y., Church	7 96
5, Mrs. F. E. Tappan	2 00
5, N. A. Coon, Milton, Wis., S. S.	10 70
	<u>\$666 82</u>

Cr.

1917	
July 28, Roy F. Randolph, New Milton, W. Va. Field work	\$ 3 95
28, Dr. A. L. Burdick, Janesville, Wis. 200 double post cards	6 75
Aug. 14, Dr. A. L. Burdick: Expenses to Conference, 1917	40 00
30, Lucius P. Burch, Pub. House: 300 Annual Reports, Conference, 1917	15 00
30, Mrs. Herbert Polan: Editing "Visitor," July, Aug., Sept., 1917	30 00
Sept. 8, Mrs. T. J. Van Horn: Editing "Junior Quarterly," 4 qrs., 1917	17 50
	<u>\$113 20</u>
Balance on hand September 23, 1917	553 62
	<u>\$666 82</u>

The report of the Committee on Score Cards was presented by the chairman, E. M. Holston. The report showed that the Ritchie Sabbath School at Berea, W. Va., received the banner for the last year, and that the schools at Milton and Albion, Wis., were tied for second place. The report was adopted and ordered placed on file. A bill for \$1.50 for postage for the use of the Secretary was allowed and ordered paid.

By general consent the Board resolved itself into a committee of the whole for the discussion of Sabbath School Board matters and the program for the year's work, during which time the Secretary, who was the Board's representative to Conference, presented his report and told of the discussions of Sabbath school work at Conference.

It was moved and carried that when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet the first Sunday night in October, at 7.30 o'clock.

The minutes were read and adopted, and after prayer by Pastor C. S. Sayre the meeting adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

MINUTES OF THE ADJOURNED MEETING

An adjourned meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton, Wis., Sunday night, October 7, 1917, at 7 o'clock, President A. E. Whitford presiding. The following Trus-

tees were present: A. E. Whitford, George M. Ellis, W. H. Greenman, E. D. Van Horn, E. M. Holston, D. N. Inglis, George E. Crosley and A. L. Burdick, and Vice-President W. D. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Rev. E. D. Van Horn.

The minutes of the last meeting were read.

The President stated the nature of the business before the meeting, and after an informal discussion it was voted that the chair appoint the standing committees for the ensuing year. The following committees were appointed:

Committee on Publications: Rev. E. D. Van Horn, Prof. D. N. Inglis, Prof. A. B. West.
Committee on Field Work: E. M. Holston, Dr. A. L. Burdick, Dr. L. M. Babcock.
Committee on Finance: Dr. George E. Crosley, George M. Ellis, W. H. Greenman.
Auditing Committee: Grant W. Davis, George M. Ellis.

The matter of a textbook on Teacher Training was presented, and on motion was referred to the Superintendent of the Department of Teacher Training, Professor D. N. Inglis.

A bill for \$1.40 for printing, in favor of the Davis Printing Company, was allowed and ordered paid.

Upon motion it was voted that a special meeting of the Board be called for some evening in the first week of November.

Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

SPECIAL MEETING OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

A special meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held at the home of Professor A. E. Whitford, Wednesday night, November 7, 1917, at 8.30 o'clock.

The meeting was called to order by the President, with the following Trustees present: A. E. Whitford, E. D. Van Horn, D. N. Inglis, F. M. Holston, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, L. C. Randolph, L. M. Babcock and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Pastor E. D. Van Horn.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The Committee on Publications reported that Rev. W. D. Burdick had been secured

HOME NEWS

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—Rev. Jay Crofoot, who is on his way to resume his work as a missionary in Shanghai, China, will be with us over the Sabbath and will speak Sabbath morning. It is hoped a large number will be out to hear him.

Plans are being perfected for an informal reception at the church Thursday night for Rev. Mr. Crofoot. This will be the only opportunity the public at large will have to meet Mr. Crofoot, so an invitation is extended to all to be at the church Thursday night.

Arrangements have been made for the ordination of deacons at the regular hour for the prayer meeting tonight. The evening hour is chosen that the pastor may have the assistance of Rev. Jay Crofoot and that the Sabbath morning hour may be given to Mr. Crofoot. John Cruzan and Raymond Bee are the ones chosen as deacons.—*The Loyalist*.

MILTON, WIS.—Pastor Randolph is lecturing for the University Extension Division at Arcadia, Holmen and Wild Rose this week.

In the recent examinations at the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, George Thorngate, Charles Dunn and Prof. A. J. Rabuck won the honor of the appointment of 1st lieutenant. George is home for a week and Charles for a month's visit with relatives and friends before assignment to duty.

Sunday evening was also a "ladies" meeting at the Seventh Day Baptist Brotherhood meeting, where an interesting talk was given by F. F. Burdick on Electricity. Apples and salted peanuts were served at the conclusion of the meeting.—*Journal-Telephone*.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Seventh Day Baptist Church gave a New England supper in the church dining room Monday evening served cafeteria style. A large crowd enjoyed the event and the affair was a success socially and financially.

A union Thanksgiving service was held at the Seventh Day Baptist church Wednesday evening. The sermon was delivered by Rev. W. D. Hamilton, of the M. E. church, and music was furnished by the

to prepare the Sabbath lessons for the 2d, 3d, and 4th quarters in the *Helping Hand* for next year and that Dr. A. E. Main had been asked to prepare the Sabbath lesson for the first quarter.

The Committee also reported progress in the matter of graded lessons. Upon motion the report was adopted as a report of progress.

The Committee on Field Work made a partial report, which was accepted as a report of progress.

Communications relative to the Forward Movement were read from Joint Secretary Edwin Shaw, and upon motion it was voted that this Board invite the Young People's Board to meet with us in joint session at an early date, to confer with Secretary Shaw upon this subject, and that the details as to time and place of holding this meeting be left with the President of the Sabbath School Board. Sunday, November 18, was suggested as the time.

Upon motion it was voted that this Board appeal to the people of the denomination, through the Sabbath schools, to make the coming Christmas season a time for general gifts rather than for personal remembrances, and that such objects as the Armenian relief be generously remembered at this time. The contributing editor of the Sabbath School Page of the RECORDER was asked to make special mention of this action.

Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Lesson XII.—December 22, 1917

PREPARATION FOR THE MESSIAH.—Malachi 3: 1-12
Golden Text.—Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Matt. 3: 2.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 16—Mal. 3: 1-12. Preparation for the Messiah

Dec. 17—Jer. 31: 1-9. God's Redeeming Love
Dec. 18—Jer. 31: 10-20. Happy Restoration
Dec. 19—Jer. 31: 21-30. Jehovah's Compassion
Dec. 20—Jer. 31: 31-37. The New Covenant
Dec. 21—Jer. 23: 1-11. Future Blessedness
Dec. 22—Jer. 33: 12-26. The Sure Covenant.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

"It is no more possible that what would be evil in man would be good in God, than that a circle on earth would be a square in heaven."

Seventh Day Baptist choir and special music by the Adventist people.—*Journal-Telephone.*

JACKSON CENTER, OHIO.—Little has been said concerning the Jackson Center Church, how it is progressing without a pastor, the various things they are doing and the *spirit* in which they are *successfully* carrying on their work. Some of the former members of this church, who now reside at Milton, Salem and elsewhere may be anxious to hear from their "old home church" and on that account this article has been written, and for the purpose of showing that our church is *not* dead, but still has a place on the Seventh Day Baptist denominational map.

Some of those who are members of churches led by a pastor may wonder how we progress without a pastor, or in other words, without a leader. We have no *leader* in that sense of the word, we have *leaders*. It is these leaders who, with the zealous support and efforts of the other members carry on the work in such a pleasing and enthusiastic manner. And why shouldn't they, for it is *God's* work and who should not be interested in his work?

Each Sabbath Day we have a sermon read by a leader who has been appointed by one of the deacons. He does not have to read to empty seats, but usually to well-filled seats. Two weeks ago Rev. D. K. Davis preached to us and his sermon was heartily appreciated by all members present. We have been well blessed also in hearing some inspiring sermons from our pulpit delivered by Dr. L. C. Randolph and Rev. Herbert Polan, whose visits we fully appreciated.

In turning toward some of the other functions of the church I wish to say that the Ladies' Benevolent Society is very enthusiastic in its work. They meet once a month at the home of a member and enjoy a good and inspiring program as well as a good social time. They have two quartets in the society and we are well supplied with music at their gatherings.

The Brotherhood, too, is getting along nicely and co-operates with the others in church work.

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society is a band of industrious little workers and under the leadership of its superintendent,

Mrs. M. I. Stout, took charge of a Sabbath Day's service a few weeks ago.

The Senior Christian Endeavor has increased its membership and the work is being carried on with great enthusiasm and zeal by the officers and the members of the society. The attendance is very good at the Christian Endeavor meetings and the programs carried out ought to inspire each and every one to work more zealously for Christ and his cause. The young men take a remarkable stand in this work as contrasted with the young men of the Epworth Leagues of the other churches here. They have organized a glee club under the direction of Mr. J. D. Jones and through his efforts, patience, and instructions they have sung several times at the Christian Endeavor meetings.

In considering all the functions of the church, I wish to say that the Jackson Center Church is progressing very nicely, and through the leadership of the faithful ones, through the support, persistent efforts and co-operation of all, it is trying to let its light so shine before men that they may see its good works, and *glorify* the Father which is in heaven.

AN INTERESTED MEMBER.

PROPER QUESTIONS

Standing for national prohibition when it was before the United States Senate, Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, propounded certain interrogatories which were pointed, among them these:

"Why do we prohibit the boys in the army and navy from having booze and permit those who remain at home to have it?"

"Is it not as much waste of foodstuff to put it into beer as to put it into whiskey?"

"Is patriotism purchased by beer worth while anyway?"

"Is beer more essential to the American people than bread?"

"Will beer patriots win the war anyway?"

"Are we willing to sacrifice everything except beer to win the war?"—*National Advocate.*

No other recompense doth need,
A noble act, a generous deed,
Than doing it doth bring.—*Calderon.*

"Trains bound for heaven have no baggage cars."

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

THE STORY OF JOB

OR

THE TRAGEDY OF SUFFERING

REV. THEODORE J. VAN HORN

Suffering is one of the fixed conditions of a sinful world. It would seem that we have now arrived at the climactic stage in the history of the world's suffering. The mystery of this question has a stronger fascination for the mind in these fearful times than ever before. We may, therefore, turn with renewed interest to the narrative of Job, the servant of God.

But we ought to remember that the tragedy of suffering is not the only question involved in this great story. A careful study of the Book of Job may convince us that this is not even the principal lesson taught here. Is it possible for a man to retain integrity of soul after every conceivable calamity has befallen him? Is there such a thing as loyal, disinterested service? Do men ever serve God and their fellowmen apart from the hope of compensation? Or does every man have his price? Is the philosophy of the pessimist a true philosophy verified by the universal conduct of men?

"There is no good, there is no God,
And faith is an idle cheat
That bares its back to the devil's rod
And scattereth thorns for its feet."

Will the sneer of Satan, "Does Job serve God for nought?" find justification? These are questions which have a clear answer in the book, and which some scholars believe it was intended to answer. But that a man may so fix his faith and affection upon God that after he has passed through the furnace of trial and the crucible of suffering there shall remain a generous residuum of pure gold, the book clearly teaches.

But what about this man Job? Briefly told, he was a rich man, living in a province in northern Arabia. His strength of character and his wealth brought him influence and power. He was doubtless one of those far Eastern princes whose influence had gone out to remote provinces. Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar were three friends who lived

many miles from his place, in the land of Uz. He was surrounded with every means of happiness and enjoyment. He had many children with whom he held delightful associations. There was an almost interminable round of festivities, feast after feast, being held in celebration of their birthdays. It was remarkable testimony to his sincerity of purpose and love of righteousness that at the close of every feast Job made a special sacrifice for his sons for fear they had committed some act of disloyalty to God.

But Satan never saw a happy home but that he loved to destroy it. He could not endure the scenes of bliss in Eden, nor could he afford to witness Job's felicity and prosperity. Thus it came to pass one day, somewhere beyond the circle of the material realm, there was a meeting of the sons of God. It is said that Satan also came among them. He had been, as he expressed it, "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it." In other words he had been looking for mischief. He was bound to make trouble for some one. He was looking for sorrow and misery as well as harmony and blessedness, adding fuel to the fire of the one and throwing discord and wretchedness into homes where peace and contentment ruled.

"I know," the Lord seems to say, "you have succeeded very well in all your malicious and nefarious schemes. You find what you are looking for, confusion and disorder and misery, for you have caused it and know just where to find it. But hast thou considered my servant Job? For there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and upright man, one who feareth God and turneth away from evil."

"Oh, yes!" snarled Satan, confused and irritated that a family could be cited where uprightness of life and joy prevailed. "Of course he's all right, why shouldn't he be? He's well paid for it. Doth Job serve God for naught? Hast thou not made a hedge about him and about his house and about all that he hath? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thy hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will renounce thee to thy face."

"Very well," the Lord replies. "Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thy hand."

You can imagine Satan chuckling to him-

self as he goes out from the presence of the Lord. "All that he hath is in my hand, ha! ha! All that he hath in my hand. Well! there won't be much left of Job by another day. When you get his possessions you get Job."

And not long after that Satan begins his work of destruction and the awful record of that fateful day when all of Job's property and his servants and his sons and daughters are swept away by one calamity after another. And all the time you can almost see Satan behind the scenes laughing fiendishly, as he incites one after another of his agents to their respective deeds of violence and murder.

But what was his chagrin and dismay to see Job after this awful day's experience neither rave nor curse but say in deep sorrow, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away; yet blessed be the name of the Lord."

But Satan is a persistent fighter. Defeated in his first effort he returns for a second assault. "Again it came to pass on the day when the sons of God came to present themselves before Jehovah that Satan came also among them to present himself before Jehovah."

Jehovah calls Satan's attention once more to the man Job and reminds him of the collapse of his boasted scheme to overthrow his faithful servant. "He still holdeth fast his integrity, though thou movedst me against him."

Satan sneeringly answers, suggesting the well known fact that a man's material possessions form no part of his real existence. "All that a man hath will he give in exchange for his life." Job is a man of such sordid disposition, with so little real affection for the members of his family, that he can lose all these, and yet live in contentment provided no personal bodily harm is inflicted. "But put forth thy hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh and he will renounce thee to thy face."

"Behold, he is in thy hand," Jehovah says, "only spare his life."

Then the awful stroke of physical suffering falls upon Job. During this period of affliction, there is set the debate between Job and his three friends taking the larger portion of the space in the book. It is

elaborate, picturesque, much of it inspiring. But the arguments of the three friends, proceed upon a false premise, namely, that if a man does right he will be prospered in material blessings, and if he does wrong he will be punished by a loss of these things. Job rightly contends through all the trial that he has not knowingly or wilfully sinned against God. But he is human and he acknowledges a bitterness that is akin to rebellion that God has thus dealt with him. He urges, however, that if God would only reveal himself, there would be a satisfactory explanation of all the mysterious dispensations of God's providence. And he pleads for this revelation. "Oh, that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat!" (23: 3-9). And as he wails out of the midnight of his calamities, he reminds us of David, who in his exile wanderings cried out, "As a hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

And the longing of Job is soon to be satisfied. He has succeeded in putting to silence the three friends who have contended with him. But Elihu, a younger friend, who has modestly stood in the background listening to the argument of his elders, now comes forward with an elaborate and ornate speech. His speech, delivered with increasing boldness, holds up the majesty and power of God in contrast with Job's impotency. What he says encourages our imagination to picture an approachning storm cloud. There are flashes of lightning and reverberating thunder from this cloud now rapidly covering the sky. These Elihu tactfully uses to impress Job with God's "terrible majesty," and thus to humble Job's exalted opinion of his own strength and righteousness. The speech is interrupted by the sudden breaking of the storm, and "Jehovah answered Job out of the whirlwind."

Even such a brief résumé of this elaborate story may suggest three practical lessons we do well to ponder.

1. Suffering is a result of the disorganizing and devastating curse of sin. God does show his displeasure against the violation of his laws in physical suffering. But it does not follow that every one that suffers has committed an act of rebellion or disloyalty against him. Job's mistake was in a wrong attitude of mind toward God,

assuming in his misery that God was not properly discriminating between those who loved and served him and those who were in open rebellion against him. That tares must flourish amongst the wheat and that the righteous must suffer along with, if not on account of, the wicked was a law of the moral world that Job was either ignorant of or one of which he did not take cognizance.

2. Job was oblivious to a fact that we, after the lessons we have had from the Bible, ought to be familiar with, namely, that Satan is always and secretly plotting our discomfiture and overthrow. Somewhere, in that mysterious realm beyond our consciousness, the devil is seeking occasion against us. It would be easier for us if our foe would fight us in the open, in material form. But "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but . . . against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in heavenly places." Peter little realized his danger from this secret enemy until Jesus warned him, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat." We must, therefore, accept the warning and "put on the whole armor of God that ye may stand against the wiles of the devil."

3. But God has control of this world. What Satan does *God permits*. "He will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear, but will, with the temptation, make a way for our escape." He has set bounds beyond which the devil can not go. He, without knowing it, is God's slave, and is working out what God plans for us, just as he did for Job,—a deeper and richer experience. "These light afflictions which are for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." And the archenemy finds at length that his spiteful blows have only chiseled away superfluous matter, and he sees to his everlasting chagrin the polished and chastened character which he thought to destroy.

We can afford, therefore, to trust God as Job did. In our blindness we assume, in this mighty cataclysm of wickedness and consequent suffering that the world has fallen into in this universal war, that God has forsaken his world. Surely "the mystery of iniquity doth already work," and Satan is having his way. But let us "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

This world is coming out of the fierce heat of this crucible of suffering into which it is cast, a safer and purer world. We may have the faith of Job, who said out of the midst of his crucible of pain, "He knoweth the way that I take." "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

"THE WAY OF FAITH"

"Really I can not understand it! It is the strangest, oddest thing I ever saw!"

Mrs. Benjamin Rhein was not in the least an impulsive person, but she said this in a very impulsive and forcible way. Very plainly she was agitated, and as she was ordinarily a quiet, self-contained person, the agitation was noticeable.

The Benjamin Rheins were people of prominence in Branford, and not least of the prominent families in the town. The two daughters were young women of education, refinement, and true Christian spirit. When I had opened the mission at Barwood and asked for teachers in the Bible school, I had not thought to ask the Misses Rhein; but they came on the first Sunday, and took classes, entering upon the work with much zeal and animation. The younger, Miss Edith, took a class of Italian boys, four in number, and at that time the only Italian children in the village. They were bright, quick to learn, hearty to appreciate, and as devoted to their teacher as she was to them. They came out of the three Italian families in the place, all of them nominally Catholics, but never attending the Catholic church at Southfield, six miles distant.

The Bible school had been going on for perhaps a month or six weeks, when one morning Mrs. Rhein came to my office, much perturbed and excited.

"I must tell you something very annoying, and very inexplicable," she said. "I am sure they are from your mission, or I wouldn't have thought of bringing it to you. I have not said a word to the girls, as they are so interested in the mission, and it would vex them. But I must tell you: every morning just at sunrise, some coarse little boys come on our lawn, and lie down, and roll over and over; and then run away. I first saw it Tuesday morning. The next morning I was awake at the same hour, and looking out, there they were again, rolling on the grass. Thursday, Friday and today,

it was the same. Really I can not understand it. It is the strangest, oddest thing I ever saw."

She was sure it was a proceeding that did not mean any good, and she expressed a fear that it was with some sinister purpose. She suggested that I inquire into it, and if I found that the offenders were mission children, that I reprove them. I proposed a different plan. I told her that we would let it go till Monday, and that at sunrise I would be at her house, and see for myself. To this she agreed.

At the appointed time I was there. Screened by a hedge I waited. At the first rays of the sun, from across the fields quietly came four boys, the Italian boys in Edith Rhein's class. Throwing themselves on the dewy sod, they each went through the performance described by Mrs. Rhein and then, jumping to their feet, ran up the street.

My curiosity was aroused. Toward night I drove over to Barwood, and from among the children on the street I had no difficulty in finding the four boys, and in getting them to go with me to the hall to sweep the room. After this had been done, I questioned them straight.

"Why do you go on Mr. Rhein's lawn in the early morning?" I asked.

"Why!" they answered, "We just go and roll, and come right away!"

"And why do you do that?" I asked.

"To show Miss Rhein that we set by her!" they answered.

"Set by her?" I repeated.

"Sure!" was the reply. "To show we got faith in her, and what she says Sundays, you know! That is the way!"

"The way!"

"Yes, sir. We ones goes up to Southfield every morning to sell the New York papers and we stop by her house going. Up to Southfield they say we are wrong to go in our Miss Rhein's class. But we ain't And we shows it, too!"

That was all the explanation I could obtain. Incidentally one of the boys said, "My mother says it does!" This suggested that I see his mother, and I did so.

"It's the way of faith, sir," the woman said. "It is common in Sicily. To show respect and belief in a teacher, we not only say we would do anything, but we say we would go in dust and ashes to prove it. That is what the lads do!"

The greensward evidently was considerably better than "dust and ashes!" I found that it was, as she said, an old custom, and this I explained to Mrs. Rhein, much to her relief. The strange proceeding was carried on till snow came, and I am not sure but even then the boys rolled in the snow. That they were sincere in their esteem was made manifest, and although two of the boys removed to Newark, the other two united with the church that grew out of the mission. One died in 1911. The other, Martino Licasti, a prosperous fruit dealer at Southfield, in 1915 sailed for Naples to enlist in the army, where he is doing evangelical work among the soldiers, pointing out the way of faith.—*W. H. Morse, M. D., in Alliance Weekly.*

Hartford, Conn.

WHAT THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE ARE DOING

Maude Radford Warren, the well known writer, has written an article for the December *Woman's Home Companion* on what the women in England and France are doing, and she says:

"In England and in France I met women of all classes, giving all there was of them to their country. The poor woman, who thought she was working as hard as she could, has been taught by the war that she can get more out of herself. The career of the great lady is no longer society, but the business of war, and she asks more of herself than she ever used to ask of her maids. The first great lady I saw at work was Lady Henry Grosvenor. I found her, not in either of the beautiful homes that were hers before the war but in Queen Mary's Hostel, a barracks-like building which is a boarding house for women munition workers at Woolwich. Her sitting room, heated by an ugly little gas stove, was less than commonplace. The only objects which gave it distinction were two pieces of old mahogany and the photographs of two handsome young men in uniform. The handsome, vivid woman in black who came forward to meet me is not only a social power in her own right, but is connected with many powerful families in England. She is the aunt of the Duke of Westminster, the sister-in-law of the Duchess of Teck, and the cousin of so

many nobilities that only an East End woman of the poorer classes, always keen on titles could possibly reckon them all.

"Three years ago Lady Henry Grosvenor was leading the usual leisurely life of her class, differing from her friends chiefly in the fact that she was a collector of antique furniture and art objects, and gave a good deal of time to the study of her hobby. Now she lives in a cheap building with munition girls, eats the same kind of food they do and works even longer hours. She is in charge of the Y. M. C. A. canteens in Woolwich Arsenal and in the Vicars factory at Crayford, and also supervises two hostels for women and one for boys. She buys food by the ton, employs thousands of workers, and feeds, daily, tens of thousands. And she does it so skilfully there is no waste and no complaint."

"In a sense, every woman in France is a nurse and a mother to the soldiers. In Paris the Gare du Nord is the railway station to which the French soldiers come on their furloughs, and from which they pass back to the front. Early in the war Madame Courcol, a brilliant and charming Parisienne who was doing canteen work in the Gare du Nord, realized that the Gare had no place where the soldiers could really rest. 'Figure it, Madame!' she exclaimed, her great brown eyes flashing, 'these poor boys enter Paris at all hours of the day and night, some of them having to wait several hours in the meantime with no place to go. And so I talked and begged. The railroad authorities gave me a large basement room here in the Gare, and my friends did the rest. Seventy-five beds, Madame, and it is rare, indeed, that one is vacant, and only too often the men are sleeping on the table. My enterprise lives from hand to mouth, from day to day.'

"And who, standing in that dim room, looking at the sleeping men, would not be glad to give? There they lie, those blue figures, with their pale, worn faces, their great packs beside them, the heroes who are saving France—and us. Such weary, brave faces, such sudden smiles when they awake! And Madame Courcol moves among them, dressed in white, handsome, vigorous, motherly; she puts a hand on this man's shoulder, pats the cheek of that one, sweeps them smilingly wherever she wants them to go—and they adore her. When the long, long

train streams out slowly, taking the men back to the front, they lean out of the windows and cheer and wave, brave fellows that they are! There are none of their wives or mothers or sweethearts on the platform; that would be too hard to be borne. There are a few American girls from the American Fund for French Wounded, with good-by gifts of comfort-bags; and there is Madame Courcol. Many and many a homesick boy, who can only get to Paris on leave, not to his own far province, carries away the memory of her as the best thing he can take back to the front. Many a man watches that white figure on the platform until it is only a little white dot. As long as any soldier can possibly see her Madame Courcol waves and smiles. When the train is out of sight, she weeps."

A TEXT FROM THE "BLUE-BACK"

In Webster's "Blue-Back" Speller, as you remember, the third column on page seventeen is as follows: Ho, So, Go, To, Do, Lo, No. Taking this as a text for a recent Bible school talk, Dr. W. M. Lee, of Georgia, said the "Ho" refers to God's universal invitation to the sinner to partake of the water of eternal life: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." The "So" refers to God's universal love: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." The "Go" refers to God's universal plan to redeem sinful men: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The "To" refers to God's universal plan of salvation. "To every creature." The "Do" refers to the duty of gospel evangelists and pastors: "preach the gospel." The "Lo" refers to the promise of the ascended Christ: "Lo, I am with you alway to the end of the age." The "No" refers to the answer given by anti-mission or omission churches to the call of missionary duty and opportunity.—*Biblical Records.*

A modern seer writes: "Everything can be endured except continual prosperity." The life that needs nothing, or that thinks it needs nothing, does not reach upward, and soon drops its communication with the Giver of all good. He who is so rich that he has nothing to ask is the poorest of all.—*Exchange.*

MARRIAGES

THAYER-DAWLEY.—At the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Chester A., and Fanny P. Burdick, in Alfred, N. Y., by Pastor William L. Burdick, Almon A. Thayer, of Fillmore, N. Y., and Miss Leona E. Dawley, of Alfred, N. Y.

BURDICK-BARTHOLF.—At the home of Mrs. H. E. Lyle, Battle Creek, Mich., August 29, 1917, Allison L. Burdick, of Milton, Wis., and Miss Adelaide J. Bartholf, of Milwaukee, Wis., the service being performed by Rev. Henry N. Jordan, of Battle Creek, Mich.

WING-HAYES.—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elisabeth Hayes, in DeRuyter, N. Y., on November 24, 1917, by Pastor J. H. Hurley, Robert W. Wing and Miss Minnie Hayes, both of DeRuyter.

FOX-HINDS.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hinds, in the village of DeRuyter, N. Y., on November 29, 1917, by Pastor J. H. Hurley, Pitts E. Fox, Jr., and Miss Della I. Hinds.

BURDICK-NORTON.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Norton, in Birdsall, Allegany Co., N. Y., November 29, 1917, by Pastor William L. Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., Clifford T. Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., and Miss Edna Norton, of Birdsall, N. Y.

DEATHS

HARTWELL.—In Alfred, N. Y., November 19, 1917, Arthur J. Hartwell, aged 68 years, 2 months, and 16 days.

Mr. Hartwell was the son of George W. and Harriet Bicknell Hartwell and was born in the town of Clarkson, Monroe Co., N. Y. The most of his life had been spent in Brockport, N. Y., but for twelve years his home has been in the town of Alfred, N. Y. His death came suddenly without pain, stress or struggle; he had been to Almond and Alfred on business and when ready to start from Alfred for home, he got into his carriage, sat down and quietly passed away.

He leaves to mourn his departure a wife, one daughter, Mrs. George Vincent, of Hornell, one sister, Mrs. L. A. Rogers, of New York City, and one brother, Anson D. Hartwell, of St. Louis, Mo.

Funeral service, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, was held at the house Thursday afternoon, November 22, and interment took place in Brockport, his old home.

W. M. L. B.

VANE.—Alfred Vane, a member of the Mill Yard Church, of London, on May 26, 1917, at the age of 35 years.

He died in a hospital as the result of injuries sustained the preceding day in an air raid on Folkstone, England. He was a brother of George H. Vane, the secretary of the Mill Yard Church. He was unmarried.

C. F. R.

RICHARDSON.—2nd Lieut. Robert Harold Richardson, 18th London Regiment, and Royal Flying Corps, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Thomas W. Richardson, of 104 Tollington Park, London, N., England, was killed in action on the Ypres Front, in France, November 6, 1917, aged 25 years. (See sketch on another page.)

C. F. R.

BABCOCK.—Iradell Babcock was born near Humboldt, Neb., June 22, 1892, and passed away at Fort Sill, Okla., Sabbath morning, November 17, while in the service of his country. He died of cerebral meningitis.

He was the seventh son of Oscar and Martha Babcock. In the year 1895, his people moved to Nortonville where he has since made his home. He leaves to mourn his loss six brothers and two sisters,—Clarence, Francis, Philip, Herman, Glennie, Viola, Miles, and Madie.

Funeral services were held at the church at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, November 19, after which burial was made from the undertaker's parlors, the remains being laid to rest in the Nortonville Cemetery.

H. L. P.

WOOLWORTH.—Mrs. Helen M. Woolworth, wife of Charles Woolworth, was born in Albion, Wis., April 30, 1865, and died at 8.15 Sabbath morning, November 24. She was stricken with a hemorrhage of the brain two weeks ago, from the effects of which she never fully rallied.

The maiden name of the deceased was Helen M. Collins. She was married in Albion, to Mr. Woolworth, September 19, 1885. She joined the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church in the spring of 1900, during the pastorate of Rev. George W. Hills, of which church she remained a faithful member. She leaves to mourn her loss, her stepmother, Mrs. Thomas Collins, of Albion, Wis., her husband, and seven children: Mrs. Florence Kelly, Albion, Wis.; Mrs. Bernice Stephan, Nortonville; Mrs. Beatrice Crouch, Ladysmith, Wis.; Cecil, a member of Battery A. at Fort Sill, Okla.; Helen, Hazel, and Eunice, who are at home; a brother, Frank Collins, Walworth, Wis.; also a half sister, Mrs. Grace Glaman, and four half brothers,—Frank, Charles, Bert, and Carl Faulkner.

Funeral services were held at the house, at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, November 26, and burial was made in the Nortonville Cemetery.

H. L. P.

DAVIS.—Mrs. Euphemia Vincent Davis was born at Rock River, near Milton, Wis., February 5, 1852, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. V. Werner, Shawano, Wis., November 10, 1917.

She was the daughter of Christopher and Clarissa Burdick Vincent. She was married to Morton Eugene Davis, December 23, 1869. He died sixteen years ago. She is survived by a brother, Joseph Vincent, New Auburn, Wis., and a sister, Mrs. Anna McClafferty, Stoughton, Wis. Four children also remain to cherish her memory,—Mrs. Minnie Robinson, of New York City; Mrs. Jessie Werner, of Shawano, Wis.; Miss Susie Davis, of the State Normal School, at Kent, Ohio, and Morton Eugene Davis, of Green Bay, Wis. There are six grandchildren.

While her children were growing up, she lived in a house near Milton College. Although her resources were very slender, she held an indomitable purpose to keep her family together, help the children to gain a good education and fit them for usefulness in the world. She worked hard to that end and inspired her children with the same ideal. Her brave good cheer until success crowned her efforts was an inspiration to many who knew her. She was baptized in early life and joined the Rock River Seventh Day Baptist Church, her membership being afterward transferred to Milton. A loyal keeper of the Sabbath during her life she entered into rest upon the Sabbath Day. She looked forward to the weekly visits of the SABBATH RECORDER. She trusted in the heavenly Father to whom she had looked for help, and was happy in the love of her children.

Farewell services were held at Shawano, November 13, conducted by her pastor, Rev. L. C. Randolph.

L. C. R.

KELLY.—Fanny Rosanna Oviatt was born at Scio, N. Y., March 1, 1836, and passed away Sabbath morning, September 15, 1917.

She was the eldest of eight children, three sons and five daughters, born to Buell and Nancy Palmer Oviatt. Only two of the family are now living,—Mrs. Emma Gilbert, of Milton Junction, Wis., and an older half sister, Mrs. Emily Cannon, of St. Paul, Minn. The history of the Oviatt family is intimately connected with the early history of Seventh Day Baptist churches in western New York, northwestern Pennsylvania and southern Wisconsin. Mrs. Kelly's grandparents and parents were communicants of the once fairly strong Hayfield Church in northwestern Pennsylvania. Buell Oviatt and his wife were people of staunch religious convictions and active workers in the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination. Mrs. Oviatt was at one time a volunteer for foreign mission work but physical disability prevented her from entering upon the work so near to her heart.

In 1844, Mr. Oviatt moved to Albion, Dane Co., Wis., and settled on a farm two miles distant from Albion Center, and here he reared his large family. Fanny was educated in the rural schools and in Albion Academy, the principal of which was Prof. A. R. Cornwall. Later on she was a student and then a teacher in Walworth Academy. For some years she was a teacher in schools in nearby communities.

On February 19, 1863, she was married to James F. Kelly, of Fulton, Wis., by Rev. Oliver P. Hull, and the happy young couple began their wedded life at Edgerton, Wis. Four children came to bless this union, only two of whom are living,—Dr. Charles Kelly and Miss Alice Kelly.

Mrs. Kelly from her girlhood, was an earnest Christian believer who found happiness in the practical everyday ministries of life. She was at first a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church at Albion and then on her removal to Milton Junction she united with the church there. Mrs. Kelly was a veritable apostle of good cheer whose bright cheery face and kindly words attracted both the old and young. She excelled in the poetic art and her thoughts were expressed in form that was more than mere versification. In spite of the deep sorrow that came to her in the mental breakdown of her son and in the death of her husband two years ago, still she held close to her God and the promises of his word and found deep joy in the companionship of her daughter Alice who so tenderly cared for her mother in her last days.

Farewell services were held in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton Junction on September 17 in the afternoon. Her former pastor, Rev. Henry N. Jordan, of Battle Creek, Mich., was assisted by Rev. George W. Burdick and Rev. O. S. Mills. The burial was made in the cemetery at Milton Junction.

Mrs. Kelly, who wrote the following verses in 1890, requested that they should be read at her funeral service:

"When I have ceased my toiling here,
Passed out from earthly gloom;
And o'er me falls the friendly tear
While robing for the tomb;
Would you then speak together
The words I love the best,
Just say, She's sweetly sleeping
The Christian's peaceful rest.

"When you for me have finished
The little left to do;
And I am ready, waiting
To pass from sight of you;
With marble brow white-pillowed,
Hands folded on my breast;
Just say, She's sweetly sleeping
The Christian's peaceful rest.

"When all with me is over,
And I am borne away;
Safe hidden in earth's bosom
Wrapped in its cumbrous clay;
As you returning miss me
By gloomy thoughts oppressed;
Just say, She's sweetly sleeping
The Christian's peaceful rest."

H. N. J.

If we had less formal notion of prayer, and realized more thoroughly what it was—the speech of a confiding heart to a sympathetic Lord—then everything that fills our hearts would be seen to be a fitting object of prayer. If anything is large enough to interest me, it is not too small to be spoken about to him.—*Alexander MacLaren.*

"No one knows his power till he puts it to the test."

SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jansz in Java will be gladly received and sent to her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.
FRANK J. HUBBARD, Treasurer,
Plainfield, New Jersey.

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.

While sin takes from a man his healthy taste for what is good and his power to loathe evil, it deludes him with the fancy that he still enjoys them. Temptation, when we yield, is succeeded by self-delusion.—
George Adam Smith.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager
Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription
Per year\$2.00
Per copy05

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed.

Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

Advertising rates furnished on request.

THE SKEPTIC'S FOLLY

I contend that the skeptic is of all men on earth the most inconsistent and irrational. He uses a plea against religion which he never uses against anything he wants to do or any idea he wants to embrace; namely, the want of demonstrative evidence. Every day and all day long he is acting on evidence not demonstrative; he eats the dish he likes, without certainty that it is not poisoned; he rides the horse he likes, without certainty that the animal will not break his neck; he sends out of the house a servant he suspects, without demonstration of guilt; he marries the woman he likes, with no absolute knowledge that she loves him; he embraces the political opinion he likes, perhaps without any study at all, certainly without demonstrative evidence of its truth. But when he comes to religion, he is seized with a great intellectual scrupulosity, and demands as a pre-condition of homage to God what everywhere else he dispenses with, and then ends with thinking himself more rational than other people.

—W. E. Gladstone.

MARY T. GREENE

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The Sabbath Recorder

COME, SWEET ANGELS

MRS. M. E. H. EVERETT

On the hearth the Yule fire burns
With a clear and steady glow;
Round the swinging camp are twined
Holly sprays and mistletoe;
Come, sweet angels, sing again
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Lonely lie Judea's hills
Where the shepherds' tents were set,
But the stars they watched by night
Shine from out the vastness yet.
Come with wings of mystic light,
Angels of the Natal Night!

Woe and mourning fill the lands
That should hail the Savior's birth,
And the night that hath no stars
Closeth round the stricken earth;
Come, sweet angels, sing again
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

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