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VOL. 83, No. 26

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December 24, 1917

The Sabbath Recorder

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Our little times and seasons are but fragments of eternity, and eternity is ours. The sunset on which we gaze with melancholy eyes is a sunrise on the other side of the world, and the vanishing days can take from us nothing that may not be restored by some day yet unborn.—"The Land of Long Ago."

I think that where one so often makes a mistake in life is in thinking of the beautiful past as over and done with. One ought to think of it rather as existing. It can no more be lost than any other beautiful thing or fine feeling can be lost.—A. C. Benson.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday. Today is a king in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all great and good and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank todays. Let us not be so deceived, let us unmask the king as he passes.—Emerson.

And what is going to be our truth for the new year? Is it not that the love which has never deserted us shall come closer to us, because it finds us readier to receive it; making us better, stronger, purer, nobler, more manly, more womanly, more fit for life.—Phillips Brooks.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 83, NO 26

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 24, 1917

WHOLE NO. 3,799

Will the children in the homes of the families in your church look back to the old home and remember that father and mother had the denominational newspaper?

"In Memory of My Mother"

In a letter to Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard, a friend in one of our oldest churches writes: "I am enclosing \$5.00 for the American Sabbath Tract Society in memory of my mother, who has passed to her eternal rest. It was with great interest that mother watched from week to week the statements in the SABBATH RECORDER and the gradual decreasing of the two debts, and I know she was planning to give something as soon as she was able; for she was much interested in the work of the denomination."

I was touched by the words, "In memory of my mother." One of the sweetest, richest possessions of any life is the memory of mother's love, and one of the noblest characteristics of true manhood or womanhood is the abiding love for mother that holds one loyal to the principles she cherished. It would be interesting to know how many of our loyal young people are moved by memories of mother to work faithfully for the ideals she loved. Many a young man has stood true in life's conflict and sacrificed for truth and duty, in memory of his mother. When the allurements of the world tended to draw him from the faith; when tempted to leave the church in which he was reared; when the fascinations of a worldly life invited him to stray, he turned a deaf ear to them all, and clung to the Sabbath and the church and a pure life, in memory of his mother. We can have very little respect for that one who goes back upon his mother's faith and forgets her love for the church and its good work.

No Better Name Than "Mother"

In all generations the people of God have found no better name for the women who have rendered great service and won distinction as leaders and benefactors of nations,

than this word, mother. Adam's name for the woman God gave him was, "Mother of all living." Abraham's Sara was given the distinguishing name "Mother of nations." When Deborah helped to save the day for Israel in time of battle, when she judged Israel so wisely, the greatest name that could be given her was "Mother in Israel."

When we think of mother-love, and what good mothers have done for the cause of truth and for the loyalty of this generation, we wonder there are not more who say, "I will be true in memory of my mother."

The Cyclone Made A White World

That was a fearful cyclone which swept over many States last week and made great havoc with the business interests of the country. While it was raging, everything seemed likely to suffer, men could not face it, traffic was held up, telephone and telegraph lines were torn down, and it almost seemed as though the very Furies were let loose and bent on destruction. A day and a night went by, in which armies of men tried to repair the damage, clear the roads, and start the wheels of business. It was a cold day, and the work of righting up was indeed severe. But on the second morning, with the earth bathed in sunshine, business began to take on life again, trolleys were running between high banks of snow, stores were beginning to feel the usual push of trade, and the ordinary routine everywhere was being restored.

It was necessary for me to ride two or three miles that morning, and as the trolley sped along, the scenes on every hand were simply enchanting. The storm had begun with damp pelting snow which had packed and frozen until every house and barn, every post and pole, every fence and bush and tree were as white as the snow could make them. Tree trunks and limbs and branches were coated deep, and each twig of tree and bush was snow-covered to its

very tip. In the light of the morning sun this old world seemed like some fairyland, and every moment's progress brought effects as beautiful as those made by the turning of a great kaleidoscope. Yes, the fearful cyclone had left us a beautiful white world.

With this thought in mind, as I remembered the cataclysm of war now devastating the nations, sweeping like a cyclone over the earth, threatening to engulf everything in a common ruin, I could but hope that the mighty One who overruled the storm would, in his own wonderful way, as he alone is able, bring a white world out of the deluge of blood. Nations have sown the wind and now they are reaping the whirlwind. It has been so before in the world's history; but out of every conflict, however deadly, the Almighty has brought a better world. We can already see evidences of greater unity among Christians, of a stronger and truer brotherhood of faithful workers for Christ and humanity than the world has ever known before. Why shall we not still have faith in him who sees the end from the beginning, and trust that out of this storm he will yet bring a white world?

Israel's Hopes Revived No event of the
By Zion's Deliverance war has seemed more significant to the Hebrew people and aroused greater hopes for their future in the land of promise than has the recent capture of Jerusalem by the British. The announcement that, after twelve hundred years of almost uninterrupted Mohammedan rule, the Holy City is once more in the hands of Christians, with the prospect that the Cross will displace the Crescent in Palestine, has caused a sensation throughout the world. Israel's yearnings for the restoration of Zion have suddenly received a new impulse for which Jews of every land are profoundly grateful.

The fact that the British Government last month declared in favor of making Palestine a homeland for Jews made it seem all the more certain that the promises of Jehovah to Abraham were being fulfilled when British troops marched into Jerusalem. The land of Palestine has so long been plundered and outraged under the Turk, that the protection of nations like Great Britain and the United States,

both of which have expressed purposes favorable to restoration, will receive a hearty and joyous welcome.

Expressions of gratitude and hope come from leading Hebrews in Europe and America. Historic memories are revived, religious aspirations are springing up. The fact that the news of the surrender reached the world on the very day on which the Jews celebrate the victory of the Maccabees and the rededication of the Temple, makes the day of Jerusalem's capture one of profound historical interest and gives the event a large meaning for the future. One of the leading Hebrews, Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, writes of this as follows:

It means the opening up of a new chapter in the history of Israel, a chapter which, in importance, may outshine even the brightest that has been written before. It means the gradual restoration of Palestine to its former-day fertility, toward which a splendid beginning has been made by the thousands of Zionists who have returned there within recent years to their ancient-day honorable vocation of farming. England's conquest of Palestine may mean the solution of the world's Jewish problem.

From many testimonies published in the *Jewish Exponent* we select a few words from Rabbi Marvin Nathan:

The taking of Jerusalem by the British forces on the first day of Hanucca is certainly a remarkable coincidence. The festival of Hanucca commemorates the victory of the Jew over the tyranny and the autocracy of the Syrians, a victory for democracy, the right of the Jew to work out his own religious and political destiny without interference, free from the trammels of a foreign culture. In the war in which we are fighting today for ends and ideals not dissimilar from those of the Maccabean struggle, the capture of Jerusalem is truly significant. Not only is it a great political victory for the Allied cause, but the fall of the Holy City, following so closely after the declaration of England and her allies and informally indorsed by the United States, of making Palestine a national home for our people, has filled our hearts with a great hope and a deep joy. The war is not yet over. No one can foresee what turn events may take. But the century-old longing of our people of a return to the Promised Land is nearer realization today than the boldest ever dared to dream—so near that we firmly believe that the realization is practically at hand.

Age-long Yearnings One picture that
Of the Hebrew People does not fade since my visit to Jerusalem is that of devout Jews from far and near gathered at the "wailing place" pray-

ing for the restoration of Israel. I watched them in their devotions both here and at other shrines held dear by them, and could not avoid the feeling that in view of Jehovah's promise to his chosen people, still relied upon by Hebrews scattered among the nations, such prayers in the spirit of ever-loyal devotion must in God's own time meet with favorable answers.

Really it was the old, old story of the people of Israel longing for their return from captivity, now being re-enacted in these latter days—a prayer for deliverance from the nations among which they have been scattered:

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad. Psalm 53: 6.

Save us, O Lord our God, and gather us from among the heathen, to give thanks unto thy holy name, and to triumph in thy praise. Psalm 106: 47.

O God, thou hast cast us off, thou hast scattered us, thou hast been displeased; O turn thyself to us again. Psalm 60: 1.

Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Isaiah 64: 10.

O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. . . . Help us, O God, of our salvation, for the glory of thy name: and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name's sake. Psalm 79: 1, 9.

Precious Promises We do not wonder at
To Israel and Judah the heart-yearnings and constant prayers of the scattered Hebrews, when we consider the many promises in which they have faith, and which though long delayed, they expect to see fulfilled. Prophetic visions of a coming better day are still cherished, and to Israel the turn of things in Jerusalem is full of import.

For lo, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel and Judah, saith the Lord: and I will cause them to return to the land that I gave to their fathers, and they shall possess it. Jeremiah 30: 3.

Behold I will gather them out of all countries, whither I have driven them . . . and I will bring them again unto this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely. Jeremiah 32: 37.

For I will take you from among the heathen and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land. Ezekiel 6: 24.

And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God. Ezekiel 6: 28.

And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant

vineyards, and drink the wine thereof: they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God. Amos 9: 14-15.

Message of On another page we
Rev. James F. Shaw publish the message of Rev. James F.

Shaw, of Fouke, Ark., given at the Southwestern Association in September. Most of our readers among the younger class have little knowledge of this brother and his work, but those who are older remember him as a staunch pioneer in Sabbath reform work in the Southwest some thirty years ago. He was brought up a Baptist, but under the influences of Sabbath-keeping missionaries and the *Sabbath Outlook*, he became a Seventh Day Baptist and, in 1886, first pastor of the Texarkana (now Fouke) Seventh Day Baptist Church. For some years he published a paper called the *Sabbath Outpost*, which did a good work on that field.

As missionary under the auspices of the Missionary Board, he was influential in bringing a number to the Sabbath of Jehovah and assisted in organizing several small churches. He also led in organizing the Southwestern Association. In 1890, Brother Shaw attended the Seventh Day Baptist Council at Chicago, and was recognized as delegate from five churches in the Southwest; Texarkana (Fouke), Hewitt Springs, Miss., Dewitt, Ark., Rupee, Tex., and Bulcher, Tex. At this council and at the Conference following in Milton, Wis., we first met Brother Shaw—as did many of our people of that time. His picture on another page shows him as he looked then. More than a quarter of a century has brought changes, and Brother Shaw, now a man of seventy-two, is spending life's evening time in his quiet home at Fouke. May the light of a golden sunset cheer this servant of God and the hope of a glorious morning fill his soul.

A Splendid Victory In spite of the strenuous efforts of the
For Prohibition rum power to defeat

the measure, the bill for an amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor in the United States and its terri-

tories passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 282 to 128. The prohibitionists may well rejoice over so signal a victory. It was greater than many dared to hope for. This bill passed the Senate in August, but was slightly amended in the House, so now it goes back to the Senate for concurrence before it can be submitted to the States for ratification. Three-fourths of the States must ratify this amendment before it can become a part of the Federal Constitution. Before this RECORDER reaches its readers, we trust that the Senate will have accepted the amended bill, and then for the verdict of the States.

Twenty-eight States are already under prohibition or have laws making them dry. If these stand true, it will require only eight more States to make the nation dry. The amendment prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages within the United States, forbids transportation of liquor for drink within our borders, and liquor can neither be exported or imported. It begins to look as though many of us who have been in the fight for years may live to see our beloved nation freed from its great curse.

Duty of Non-Combatants In Time of War Some years ago we came into close touch with the peace people, and so admired their theories of conscientious non-resistance that on several occasions we advocated them strongly. The "turn the other cheek" principle of the Sermon on the Mount is indeed an ideal one, and we sincerely hope the day may come when men and nations will be able to live by it. But the Master, who foresaw the world devastated by wars, must have understood that through scourges of war nations would be educated to hate strife and welcome the policy of ruling by love.

We think no less of the ideal principles still held by conscientious non-combatants; but when hordes of men have been drilled for conflict and educated to devastate lands and kill men, women, and children indiscriminately; when German legions insist on outraging every tradition of humanity, every fundamental decency, every treaty; when like wild beasts they destroy every one that comes in their way; when hospi-

tal ships and liners loaded with sick and wounded are hunted down on the high seas and ruthlessly sunk, and men and women escaping in lifeboats are shelled and sent to the bottom; and when this relentless foe openly announces "unrestricted" submarine war against everything that sails, until finally—after long waiting and after every peaceful effort is exhausted to secure safety for America and her people—the Government is forced to recognize the fact that Germany is at war with us, we see no way but to take up arms and destroy the ravening beasts before they destroy us.

Our country did not declare war. It was forced upon us against our will. And now we are in the final struggle of civilization against barbarism. Every hour we are in jeopardy. We hate war as much as any pacifist or non-combatant. There is no war party today but Germany, and while she is in the field desperate days are upon us as a nation. Facing such conditions, with spies and pacifists within our borders fanning flames of animosity or counseling dangerous delay, and secretly or unwittingly aiding our foes, no loyal citizen should utter a word that might tend to turn those who can fight and are willing to fight from their duty. No one should speak a word to encourage the "Bolsheviki" within our land to carry on their work of disintegration and to propagate their theories of non-resistance and disarmament. Every movement that tends to destroy the unity of the American people, or that would discourage that of the Allies by fomenting discussion of peace without victory is a disloyal movement. Every one who ignores the hard facts of war and persists in advocating disarmament must be utterly mistaken as to his relation to the present conflict. One who thinks, after three years of this war, that the strongly organized forces of sedition, treachery, and crime can be met with theories of non-resistance and lasting peace be thus secured, certainly overlooks the fact that enduring peace can only come after the pestilential influences of German autocracy are utterly removed. This can be done now only by force of arms. Without arms, our nation could never have been born; without arms the curse of slavery in America could not have been put away and the

Union could not have been preserved; and without arms today everything for which our fathers fought must certainly be lost.

In view of these things the RECORDER questions the propriety of publishing theories that can not be workable under the terrible strain now upon us. A theory that can not be put into practice when the nation is in greatest need of help and when its very life depends upon the practical application of war methods—a theory that is sure to encourage treachery until anarchy reigns supreme and we have to reap the harvest of our non-combatant seed-sowing is a theory that would far better be abandoned until our loyal soldiers, commanded by our trusty and level-headed President, are able to win peace in the only way now possible—by force of arms.

FOR THE NON-COMBATANTS

LOIS R. FAY

Here is a mother who says, when asked if yet reconciled to her son's draft to a military training camp: "No! And I never shall be."

Not so very far west is a congregation of several hundred persons known as the Church of God people, who made a unanimous resolution against bearing arms, at their recent conference.

Then there are the Quakers, already famous as non-combatants. But what use are these disaffected people, anyway?

People who try to pacify fighting dogs always run considerable risk of being injured themselves. Whoever attempts to separate the infuriated belligerents must possess sagacity, and an adroit moderation, to successfully check the fight. Even then the angry beast may regard its rescuer with extreme antipathy and vent its unspent fury on him as a new victim.

The would-be pacifiers of the strifes of humanity usually experience danger not so very dissimilar, if a peaceable settlement or a cessation of hostilities is suggested before the infuriated ones have carried into execution their angry purposes. And if the pacifist takes a position "on the fence" so to speak, and endeavors to convince both contestants they have each made individual mistakes which occasioned present difficulties, what scorn is heaped upon the neutral party! Coward, slacker, pessi-

mist, traitor, are epithets too good for the one who will not join the fight when called upon.

One business man's view of Quakerism was very mildly expressed when he said to a member of that denomination, "Now is the time for you Quakers to get square with the world," implying that now, during the present war, is a chance for Quakers to lay aside once and for all their principles against bearing arms, and join the rest of the world in its war.

But viewing the work of the Quakers at constructing new homes for those the war has made homeless, and restoring to cultivation land made desolate by war, one must be blind indeed who does not see they are more than square with the world. The military leaders in the world's carnage may not recognize the value of Quaker principles. An army general would probably consider all the Church of God people, Quakers, and non-combatant individuals in the world, as worthless and more of a hindrance than help in the present world conflict.

But if faithful to the law of their God and in "the things that make for peace and by which one may edify another," as the apostle wrote, they are far from worthless in the divine plan. The seed they may sow wherever they may be called, will yield a harvest that will be appreciated when the days of reconstruction—instead of destruction—are ushered in. At home non-combatants may encourage all those just and fair relations in business and social dealings one with another, for "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" includes vast domains of generous practice of humane dealings.

People who are so impressed with the horrors of war that they can not conscientiously bear the rifle, bayonet, hand grenade or other death-dealing weapon, will find people anywhere and everywhere who need food and clothing. There are many who need healing poured into their wounds and shelter given them by good Samaritans who retain no clannish animosities. There are many more needing to be shown that the way of salvation is not merely to gather the diseased and wounded into retreats that soon become places of congestion; it is also to prevent the disease and wounds by teaching fellow-man to live in accordance with divine law.

There are many who need to be shown

that Bernhardt's principles—that war is necessary, commendable, and provocative of good—are basely unprincipled. Bernhardtians can not be convinced by mere preaching. Such preachers are not popular; if they persist in making their voice heard where custom, habit and civil law favor war, wrath as disastrous as that of the mad dog may be visited upon them.

But if the words of life are accompanied by the healing of the seamless dress of Christ, the common people will hearken gladly; and though civil and ecclesiastical leaders may through envy deliver the messengers of peace to death, and save Barab-like robbers alive, as was done in the early days of the preaching of peace through Jesus Christ, this suffering will seal the judgment of the guilty who inflict it, and establish the gospel of peace on an enduring basis, which shall never pass away.

There are many who might enter into the manufacture of death-dealing implements who need to be educated to the horror that follows each weapon. President Wilson called the people to enter this war without anger, malice, or other base impulse, but as soon as the young men become expert in handling the weapons put in their hands, we hear them expressing that malice and anger, which alone is capable of dismembering a fellow human being's body intentionally. It may be possible to sit in a comfortable apartment and declare war on another human being in a comfortable apartment without anger and malice. But to suffer cold and hunger, while training to successfully wield deadly weapons invented and manufactured by other well-fed and housed human beings and then win the war without anger, malice, and cold-blooded madness, is impossible.

It is as impossible to win a war using these weapons without exercise of base motives, as it is to use intoxicating and inebriative manufactures without base motives. As long as the manufacture of intoxicants was permitted and unrestricted by the people of this country, good Samaritan efforts were unable to keep peace with the disease and degradation resulting. Thousands of people considered the use of the brewers' and distillers' inventions and manufactures the only way to be perfectly free, healthy and happy. The brewers' propaganda pub-

lished the statements to this effect and people believed them.

A similar gullibility has existed regarding weapons invented and manufactured to wound, maim, and bring to an untimely end one's enemies. Because the propaganda of munition makers stated firearms were the principal safeguard for money, property, honor, liberty, or religion, people have believed it. But there is a reformation ahead as beneficial to humanity as the temperance reform, or the one Martin Luther helped along four hundred years ago.

Men are not going to hoard such quantities of goods that they have to keep in subjugation with firearms their long-suffering and desperate neighbors, whom they have taken advantage of.

They are not going to associate their honor in such low company, nor shadow it with such questionable dealings, that a duel is the only way to establish that honor in the eyes of their short-sighted associates. Nor are men going to be always armed and in training for such a contingency, just because that is the way advocated by the man who has for sale the latest thing put on the market by the leading arms company.

Women will some day see that it is actually dishonorable to display their honor in ways that make a deadly weapon in the hands of some masculine friend its only defense.

Parents will bring their boys up to find enjoyment without participation in play that underrates the value of life, so that in business and in government they oppose things that belong to the half-civilized. Those barbaric implements with which men in the past enforced on others a recognition of honor, of religion, or of power, will some day be consigned to innocuous desuetude. The folly of Germany in trying to enforce monarchical culture by weapons of war, will be more apparent than ever. The folly of manufacturers in a Christian nation, advertising arms to one nation for aggressive warfare, then to another for defense against the previously stimulated aggression, will be a dishonorable occupation; and the minds of people will regret the days when democracy was so blind as to take up the methods that despised monarchy brandished in her death struggle.

There is indeed a great field for constructive effort open to the non-combatant.

REASONING UP TO GOD

THE words of our Lord are always the expression of great principles. His word is not merely a counsel for a single event, but it is given for our guidance in all the events that may confront us. His teaching is not concerned with a particular act but with the principle of action. And in imparting this general wisdom to his disciples, he again and again gave them a leading principle how to think about God. We are to take the best instincts in human nature, and we are to reason up to our God. God's nature is not something entirely different from the highest instincts in our own souls. We are admittedly evil, but there is a certain grandeur left among our ruins. We know instinctively how to give bread to our hungry children. "Well then," says our Master, "Take your stand there; take your own conduct as your own principle of reasoning, and dare to think that what the finest human instincts would forbid you to do God's will never do, and what the finest parental instincts will prompt you to do will surely be done in infinitely richer measure by our God."

APPLY this great Christian principle to the comfort and heartening of our souls. Let us take this as the basis of our meditation: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." I can not give my child my spirit even if she were to ask for it. I would not care to do it even if I could. But suppose I saw something very gracious and very noble in the life of another, some sterling rectitude, some spirit of invincible honor, some tender sympathy, some holy grace. And suppose it were in my power to secure all grace and honor and ability, and give it to my child because she asked it, would I do it?

Or suppose it were in my power to give her good spirits and a generous disposition and a mood of ready sacrifice and genial self-forgetfulness, would I do it? Or suppose I could impart to her a spirit of harmony removing all the rasping discords in her soul; suppose I could endow her with the secret of kindness, would I do it? Of course I would do it, and I would be up before the dawn in order that it might be

done even before the break of day! Well, I am counseled by the Master to take my own parental instincts, and not cast them aside as filthy rags, but regard them as faint suggestions of the character of my Father in heaven. If I then, being evil, would give a royal spirit to my child if it were in my power, how much more shall my Father in heaven give his spirit to them that ask him! That is the principle offered to me by the Lord, which he exhorts me to use in utmost confidence. My Father in heaven is more hungry to give me his spirit than I am to give the rarest grace and nobility to my child.

NOW let us change the path of our reasoning, and let it run in this line: "If ye then, being evil, know how to refuse a razor when your little one asks for it, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven refuse perilous and destructive things when we ask for them in our ignorance?" Our reasoning must take us in the line of the divine refusal as well as in the line of the divine consent. If our little one asked for a razor on the assumption that it was a glittering toy, if she pleaded for it, cried for it, shed bitter tears about it, should we be moved to gratify her desire? Suppose the little one asked for a snake, thinking it to be a fish, how then? We should refuse the pleadings even though they were accompanied by the bitterest tears.

And sometimes we come to our Father in heaven, and we ask for a snake, mistaking it for a fish, or we ask for a stone, mistaking it for a loaf, and the thing we ask for is denied. We ask for a sharp sword, assuming that it is a pruning-hook, or we ask for poison under the conviction that we are pleading for water from a mountain spring. Perhaps we have asked for ease and the ease has not been given. Our Father in heaven sees that the ease we ask for would be disastrous to our souls, that it would mean the ministry of a rust that consumes, and the invasion of the moth which surely destroys. And therefore he meets us with a gracious and loving refusal, and in denying our request, he imparts to us a richer blessing.

Or perhaps we have asked our God for success, and the success we asked for has been denied. We have had disappointment and failure and defeat, and we have won-

dered where the grace of the Lord appeared and where were the tokens of his love. If we knew everything, we should see, as God sees, that success would tear us to pieces, and he graciously refuses it. Or perhaps we have asked our God that we may have flowers without thorns. That is what the apostle Paul had thought about himself. "There is given unto me a thorn." And Paul begins to think how glorious life would be without it. Paul thought he was asking for a fish and our Father saw he was asking for a serpent. God in his grace retained the thorn and thereby preserved the spirituality of his apostle, and made him a finer and more prayerful and more progressively able missionary of the cross.

"I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide
And not our chain."

LET us try one other line of reasoning which is permitted by the teachings of our Lord: "If ye then, being evil, know how to restrain your children from perilous precociousness, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven restrain you from a precocious knowledge which would not be for your good?" We do not tell our children all they want to know. There are some things they ought not to know until they come to riper years. There are piles of questions which have to remain unanswered. Who would think of laying hold of the problems of mature life and unwrapping them to the gaze of little children? There are a thousand things in which premature knowledge would not be bread, it would be only a stone, and would mock the very hunger it sought to appease. This was surely the principle which was followed by our Lord: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them now." That is the restraint of love. It is not so much that we could not endure the things that are unrevealed; it is rather that we have not the capacity.

THERE is one other line of reasoning which is permitted to us in the gracious teaching of the Lord. "If ye then, being evil, know how to enter into the griefs and pains of your children, how

much more shall your Father which is in heaven?" Let us confidently examine our own sympathies and see how we enter into the griefs and pains of our little ones. With what readiness and eagerness we enter into the kingdom of their sufferings! It is now a long way from my childhood, and yet much of it seems quite near to me. How well I can remember, when some little grief came near to me, which by no means appeared little to me, but swelled into the dimensions of a tragedy, how I would hasten to my mother! And with what tender hospitality she received me until it was almost worth while to have had the grief to be able to receive the luxury of consolation. And when I had a tiny bruise, what a generous reception was mine, even though it was only the slightest scratch upon the skin. She never minimized it, she always sympathetically magnified it, and she gave it such dignity that in the very sense of being greatly sympathized with I was greatly healed. And so little children can take their pains and their sorrows to their fathers and mothers and we enter tenderly into their tearful estate and swift ministries of sympathy and healing. How much more shall the great Father of us all enter into the pains and distresses of our riper years! There is no need that we should ever doubt our Father's presence in the dark and cloudy day. If he were to remain away in the season of our sorrow he would deny himself.

IF ye then, being evil, know how to forgive your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven forgive you?" Yes, indeed, how much more! "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." When the little one turns to us in tearful regret for some misdeed we just spring toward her in the ministry of overwhelming love and reconciliation. And will our Father cast us aside when we turn our feet toward him in penitence and hungry hope? "When he was yet a long way off his father saw him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." And so let us confidently reason upward from our blemished experiences to the perfected love of our Lord, and let us fill our souls with hope, assurance and boundless praise.—*Dr. J. H. Jowett. From the Continent, by permission.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

THE COMING DAY

The baby year stands waiting on the threshold.
Wide-eyed he peers beyond,
Unmindful of the fading din of battle
Which marks a forward step for liberty;
Or of the joyous songs for freedom newly won.
The wailing dirge of sorrowing heathendom,
And the low, dreadful cry
From heathen hearts within a Christian land,
Reach not his heedless ear.
His face is toward the future,
Where, ever gleaming through the days to come,
Blaze myriad torches, red with the bright flame
of love,
Enkindled from the heart of God himself;
And borne aloft by faithful one and true,
These shall consume the wrong and hurt of all
the world.
March on, with courage, then,
Ye bearers of the torch,
Into the coming day;
Forget the faltering past,
And valiantly press on
Till darkness and despair
Have fled forever from the hearts of men.

—M. I. L.

IN THE SWEEP OF HIS GARMENT

ONE morning last week I went out to pick the figs from a big tree midway of the garden. Peterkind, being full of bubbling desires to "hep muvver," toddled along in his little snow-white rompers, and dragged a papier bucket nearly as tall as himself.

The first rain of the California winter had come in the night and washed fruit and leaves to sweet cleanliness. The air seemed brand-new, and a feeling of light-hearted freshness was in the mellow sunshine. I climbed high on the stepladder, thrust my head up through the branches, pushed aside the broad, stiff leaves, and pulled from their sockets the soft bulbs of dull, downy purple.

As I was bending my head to see Peterkind, who looked, from above, like a broad white turtle waddling about under the tree, my eyes came right on a level with the dining-room windows of the empty house. I forgot my figs and stood on a branch staring straight into the window. There she was—and crying, too, as if her heart

would break. She was sitting at the table where she mixes her plaster, and her head was lying on her outstretched arms.

I had been telling Peter, ever since Evelyn Stone brought her little white ghosts and started to work in the back rooms of the empty house, that she looked to me like a person who was ready to burst out crying at any minute. Yet she had never let fall a word that sounded like complaint. When I would say that to Peter, he would raise his kind eyes from his book, glance thoughtfully across at the empty house, and remark quietly:

"Well, I suppose you will be equal, Rosebud, to fixing up her life for her."

Peter knows that people are my stories. When I have time to read books I always take from the end of the shelves nearest the kitchen, because it's generally when I'm waiting for something to boil or bake; and at that end of the living-room is where the Emerson books are, and things of that kind. But I don't seem to miss stories when there are such interesting lives going on all about me. I don't really try to fix them up, though; I'm too interested. I just watch them go on.

Once in a while, though, one of my "lights," as I call them, comes over me, and then I say something that pops out without my meaning to say it; and I'm always just as surprised as the other person.

For instance, just such a thing happened on the morning that I was picking figs. I simply couldn't wait when I saw Evelyn Stone crying there all alone in that big, bare dining-room. I slipped right down from the tree, and caught Peterkind's hand.

"Run in, lovely," I said quickly, "and stay with San. Mother is going over to the empty house to see Missy 'Tone.'"

WE call it the empty house because it's been empty ever since I—as a little girl—the little adopted girl of Peter's folks. They raised me, and then when they died Peter and I, after a long story, were married and went right on living in this dear old spreading bungalow. It is really spreading, because Peter built on a new room two and a half years ago, and he says he is going to build one every time a new Peterkind comes.

Well, when I got to the back door I

rapped loud, and called Evelyn Stone's name. I heard her say, "Just a minute," and then it was two of them before she let me in.

I didn't wait for ceremony. I just took her right in my arms.

"Look here, Evelyn Stone," said I, "you've been crying, and I want to help you some way. You don't need to tell me what it's about—"

But she cried right in a strange voice: "The end has come."

"The end—of what?"

"Of everything—for me."

We were both quiet for an instant, then without a word we sat down on a couple of boxes that she uses for pedestals, in the midst of the ghostly, sheeted statues and busts standing on the table, the sink, and even on the rusty gas-range. I looked about sort of mystified.

"Everything? Your work—you have been so busy making the little white 'dollies,' as Peterkind calls them, and paddling in the clay. What is—"

"But I had *hope* then," she moaned tragically. "Now even hope is gone."

I'd always thought of *hope*, myself, as a sort of dreary word. I didn't know much about it, for when you've got everything right with you that you can think of, you don't need to fall back on hope. Without speaking, I turned and looked out of the dingy window. Over at the bungalow I saw Peterkind's rosy face at one of the lattices. He was beginning to watch for Peter to come home from the greenhouse to dinner.

Something caught me inside. Here this poor little soul had been living with that dreary makeshift for comfort all this time, and now even that had evaporated. She'd been getting thinner and thinner, too. Why, she's only about thirty—I'm a lot older than that—and she had got all wrinkled up across her forehead, and her neck looked real bony. She's naturally pretty, though; one of the kind that lights up when she smiles and looks like a merry little girl when she is happy.

AS I sat there thinking what to say to her, she suddenly started in and told me all about it. I knew she had been working at some little statues, trying to get a

prize that had been offered by a big art firm in Los Angeles. They wanted to send a statuette with their wares to the Exposition, and it was to be called *Patience*. Taking the prize would mean a lot to Evelyn on account of the money and the name. She had been living in a little back studio in the city, working day and night, and watching the tiny bit of money her father had left her ooze away.

"That would not have been so bad," she said sadly as she sat, telling it all to me in the shabby kitchen-studio, "but there was the awful tax of going to my mother's house every day to do the things that Bettie could not do. Mother is a cripple, and very—my sister, as I think I've told you, is a bit defective in intellect, but she takes care of my mother and the bungalow."

Evelyn had told me from time to time about the mother and sister. I had gathered, almost without her saying so, that the mother was one of those invalids who have kept their minds upon themselves for so long that they come to think that the universe just turns around with them for a center. She had always been taken care of, and like others of us women who live care-free domestic lives she had no idea of what *time* means to a worker. But, worse than that, she was of the sort that *scolds* its way through life. That's a very effective way, too, for people will do anything in order to stop the sound of the scolder's voice.

Evelyn, when she first started with her sculpture work, had gone to live in Chicago. But the mother scolded her back to Los Angeles. Evelyn declared, though, that as she had to make a living, her work was a duty, and as she could not work in her mother's vicinity, she would never, never go to live with her. When she undertook trying for the prize statuette, however, she was so worn with the noise of the city that she decided to come over to Pasadena. The agents for the empty house let her have the kitchen and dining-room for a nominal rent, and she brought all her little white ghosts and set up a studio there.

"ON this first statuette," said Evelyn as she threw off the cover of the *dearest* little dainty figure, "I put much time. I was so sure it was right. I found my model in a trained nurse who was caring for the most

disagreeable patient I ever saw in a hospital. I got her to sit for me, and keep her mind on her patient," Evelyn sighed. "She certainly is a pretty figure, isn't she?"

I didn't answer for a minute, for I was sort of puzzled about the look in the face. The work was good, there's no doubt of that; and it was pretty as could be. But the look—

"Oh, I know what it is," I suddenly cried out, "it—it's—she's just so *exasperated* she keeps still and doesn't say a word. She knows it's no use."

Evelyn turned and looked at me. "Well," she said slowly, "they sent it back. I was broken-hearted at first; then I just started in harder than ever and made another."

"This time I found a poor widow who had lost her whole world within six months. She went about making bread and cakes for a living. She never spoke of her losses. I saw her once when she was waiting for a customer to pay her, and I think it was the *calmest* face I ever saw. Here she is—and, dear Rose, can you believe it? They sent it back!"

"Oh—h!" I said sympathetically, and I stood looking at the little figure, which was, I am sure, the calmest thing I ever saw, too; so calm it looked dead. You could strike that woman in the face and she wouldn't get mad. You could steal her best hat and she would never change her countenance.

Pretty soon I saw why. "Evelyn, dear! That isn't patience. That's an awful, awful, deathly despair. Why don't you change the name and sell it some place?"

She threw up both hands. "It's too late now!" she cried. "The end has come. I can't live here another day. My money's gone—every cent. I kept hoping and hoping—, and Rose, I *prayed*, too; and I kept thinking that I wanted to be resigned to the will of God—"

Then it was that my *light* came, and I said right out:

"Perhaps you were in the *sweep*."

SHE stared at me; and I felt kind of funny, too, because Evelyn is highly educated, and I didn't like to seem to be trying to tell anything to her.

"The—sweep?" she asked. Then she

looked so sweet and kind of childlike that I wasn't afraid to go on.

"Why, one of Peter's books says that it's one thing to march in front with the will of God and another to be 'dragged in the sweep of his garment that makes the storm behind him'."

I couldn't tell, myself, why I told her this, so I didn't say anything more. Pretty soon she began to talk—not to me, but just like she was thinking.

"But to go and live with my mother and help Bettie take care of her would simply mean giving up my work. And isn't our work divinely given? And if I had won the prize, I was going to hire a good woman to go and help Bettie. Of course it's about impossible to get any one who will stay there over a week; for mother makes life miserable for them. And Bettie is getting so lame—"

She stopped short and gave a little choking laugh. "Well—it's all settled for me. There's nothing else to do. I'm at the end now, and I've got to go there. Of course—I could—end it all—completely. But think of those two helpless beings left in this world alone! And there are things I can do for my mother that she simply will not let any one else do."

Seeming to forget me, she moved about from figure to figure, throwing sheets over them, and looking as if she were saying good-by to them. She went through the dining-room door, and stood a long time over in one corner before something that I couldn't see. After a bit she covered it up carefully—whatever it was—and came toward me with one of her quick changes in face and movement.

"Here I am," she said with a half laugh, "suffering and sacrificing almost my very life for a thing that—I could live very well without, if I only had—something else." She looked at me a bit sheepishly. "Rose, you are a happier woman than you know. There are things better than work, better than success. I'd throw it all to the winds quick enough—"

The light faded suddenly from her eyes, and her glance ran over the white-sheeted forms. I could see that the thoughts of failure and disappointment came back and darkened her face again.

"Well, Rose," she said sadly, "this is the

end of my ambitious dreams. I shall leave these things until I can move them away. Maybe you will cast an eye over here occasionally."

I could hardly speak. It seemed so dreadful to have your life so empty of sweetness. So I opened the door to go. But before I knew it something else popped out without my seeming to mean it.

"Work's something like love. If we love—not ourselves but the objects of our love—we are led straight through them up to God. And I've learned in my housekeeping and in the care of Peterkind that if I love my *work* and not my own particular way of doing it, somehow it gets done a lot better than the way I had thought out."

IT was that evening that a man came and looked into the windows of the empty house.

Peter was sitting by the fire, cutting the leaves of a new book of essays that had come in the afternoon. As I was thinking about Evelyn, I went to the lattice and pulled back the curtains. I wanted to see if everything looked all right at her place. I had often done that while she was there, and I used to see her working away at drawings, or pouring water over her little ghosts. But now it was dark, and rain was falling—the welcome winter rain that brings out the roses and calla lilies, and gives new start to the growth of the beautiful yellow oranges. Our trees were heavily laden with lovely golden balls. Indeed, one was weighed quite to the ground, and Peter had had to wire it to the house to keep it from collapsing entirely.

As I was turning away from the lattice, I suddenly discovered the man standing on the porch of the empty house, and peering in at the front window. Now, as we don't ever have burglars in Pasadena, I thought to myself that here was some unfortunate Easterner who had brought an invalid to the coast, and was in such a hurry to get into a house that he was out in this wet night looking around.

I told Peter, and he shut his book quick. "I'll go over, Rosebud, and see if I can help him."

He went to the hall and got an umbrella while I ran for candles. If the stranger wanted to see the house, we could show him

through. I got the candles and Evelyn's kitchen key, and throwing a rubber coat about me, I followed Peter to the front porch of the empty house.

As I reached the steps, I heard the stranger say in a sort of eager, surprised tone:

"Isn't this where Miss Evelyn Stone lives—or lived—for I see the house is empty?"

Peter explained that Miss Stone had gone to stay with her people in the city. The stranger stood still an instant while I struck a match and lighted one of my candles. In the flare of light I saw his face. It was a nice one, and he had one of these pointed Vandyke beards, and very thick—but closely cropped—hair; and his voice was the kind that, if you hear it from behind you, makes you turn your head to see the speaker.

"I am sorry," he said slowly. "I met Miss Stone a couple of times in our shop—my name is Burton—the junior of the Burton Art Company—"

"Oh-h!" said I quickly. Then I began to think very fast. That was the firm that had offered the prize. Maybe they had changed their minds. "Why—did you want to see her work?" I asked, trying not to be too eager. "It's all here, you know. She couldn't—it hasn't been moved yet. I have the back door key."

WE paddled around on the wet gravel to the back door. Peter took the candles from me, and lit them all. He stuck them high in some little cups, and that threw a pleasant, soft light over the sheeted figures.

I began to pull the covers off, so eager was I to show Mr. Burton the pretty statuettes. He was rather quiet, though, and he didn't seem to look as much at the finished things as at the broken bits of plaster scattered about; and he stood a long time before some sketches in pencil which had been left lying on the sink. Pretty soon he glanced toward the dining-room.

"There are more in there," I suggested, and Peter took down one of the candles. The two men went into the dining-room.

I stood in the doorway, feeling a bit vexed and downcast. Why couldn't he have shown some appreciation of the lovely little figures? Art men were *such*—

Just then I heard a prolonged "Ah-h!"

and Peter gave a low whistle. I seized another candle and went in. Mr. Burton was over in the corner where I had seen Evelyn standing so long that morning. He had the candle in his hand, and he had pulled off the sheets from a figure that stood on a high slender, wooden pedestal. I went closer to see what he was exclaiming about. Then I, too, cried out.

It was the loveliest little white bust of a baby that I ever saw. I recalled right away that Evelyn had "stolen" Peterkind several times, and the boy had had great times playing "make dollies with Missy 'Tonie." She had never said one word about making him into a little model.

But *this was not Peterkind*. Of course there was the shape of the head, and the darling little fat neck, and the dear little ears. But the face—it was the face of no baby that I had ever seen. I felt—somehow—that it was the face of a baby that had never yet been born.

Mr. Burton suddenly covered it up. He turned away with a queer drooping of the head, as if he had walked noisily into a church service or something of that kind. We none of us felt like talking, and we covered up the figures, locked the door, and splashed around again to the front porch.

He did not speak another word, except to ask for Evelyn's Los Angeles address. As he went striding down the path, dodging the wet branches of the magnolias, I slipped my hand in Peter's arm, and we started across the lawn to our house. Then we both noticed that the rain had stopped. A faint light was striking between the roofs of the houses. Peering through, we saw that the clouds had parted, and the moon had come out. Its blue gleam made a giant eucalyptus look like a huge feather against the western sky.

All of a sudden it made me see what Hope was like. I who had never needed to know it for myself, was now knowing it for Evelyn. And it wasn't a bit dreary, it was beautiful; something like the stirring of a new life under the heart.

I kept waking up that night, and wondering about Mr. Burton. Could he be thinking of—no—he didn't look as if he wanted to buy that baby head. Well—what *did* he want, anyway? I decided to

go over to the city the next day, and tell Evelyn all about it. I felt that she ought to know.

I FOUND Evelyn in a shabby little brown bungalow. She was sitting on the floor, and binding her mother's dropsical legs. Mrs. Stone was sociably inclined, and she entertained me in a lively way while her daughter wound yards and yards of muslin strips about her limbs. I wanted a chance to talk to Evelyn, but it did not come.

While I was planning to ask her to take a bit of a walk with me, Bettie, the defective sister, wandered restlessly in and out of the room, fetched and carried for Mrs. Stone, and answered the bells back and front. Her every entrance was the signal for the mother to hurl some biting critical remark at her head. Bettie did not answer. She limped about with her stooped figure and long, swinging arms, and picked up things and hunted for other things without any word of comment.

She had started toward the kitchen when the mother suddenly choked. With a wild wail, the invalid caught hold of Evelyn's skirts and whispered for water.

I ran to the kitchen and found Bettie with a glass already filled. "I saw her eating candy," she exclaimed mildly, "so I knew she'd choke in a minute."

After the ailment was allayed, I carried the glass back to Bettie. She was standing by the sink, and she looked at me with a confidential nod.

"Sometime I'm going to have a white one—made of porcelain." She pointed to the iron sink where the paint was worn, and washed to a mass of dark scales. "I've always wanted that. A white sink—made of porcelain." She smiled brightly.

She turned away, smiling brightly, and I went back to the living-room. I talked awhile longer with Mrs. Stone, and during that time Bettie was called to arrange the pillows for the invalid. She seemed to know just how to do it, but exactly so much scolding had to be gone through with before Bettie's first arrangement was finally accepted.

But the girl's face did not change. The smile I had seen in the kitchen lingered on her lips and in her eyes. I knew, as if I'd been told, that she was seeing that "white

sink—made of porcelain." Bettie had an ideal, and it lifted her above the ruts and jars of life.

I was aroused from my thoughts about Bettie by a quick grasp on my arm. I turned to find Evelyn with her face all aglow, and her eyes sending out little sparks of fire. She was fairly glaring at her sister. I was startled at what she said.

"My Patience!"

I thought she was exclaiming at something, and I wondered a bit, for she was always such an extremely poised person about her talk. In a second she said it again under cover of Mrs. Stone's loud berating of Bettie.

"My *Patience*, Rose!" she whispered. "Don't you see? Look at Bettie—look quick, Rose!"

But I saw—easily enough, and it brought me right up out of my chair. I saw, too, that Evelyn was beginning to tremble with excitement. So I shook hands with her mother, and told her I wanted Evelyn to walk with me to the car.

Outside, I put my arm about Evelyn, and we walked slowly between the rows of scarlet geraniums that border the sidewalks out in the "bungalow district."

"Rose—Rose!" she glowed at me, "I did not know—I did not *dream*—that it was right here with me. Rose, my high light will be reached—my master work will be done!—and Bettie will have her sink." I loved her for that anti-climax.

I WAS as bubbly incoherent as she, and we had nearly reached my car before I thought to tell her of Mr. Burton's visit. She did not seem greatly impressed, and she only answered absently:

"I know—I remember meeting him. He said then that he would run over some time and see the rest of my work. I suppose he was in Pasadena and thought it was a good time to come. Oh, Rose—my *Patience!*"—It was no time to talk.

I told her that Peter and I would send over the things that she ought to have right away to work with, and she made a list. As I stepped on the car and was whirled away, I saw her face all lit up with a smile, and she stood, with her hands in the pockets of her sweater coat, looking like a merry, happy little girl.

WE didn't hear a word from her for ten days. I didn't think strange of that, for I knew that when she started to work she forgot everything else. But I didn't wait to hear. I went over again.

She was at work in a back bedroom which had been cleared to give room for her traps. But it was a new Evelyn who flourished at me the queer, knife-like instrument with which she was slapping around in the wet clay. She laughed aloud in gleeful welcome.

"She's here all right, Rose," she cried, "our Patience! Come and look at her!"

She jumped up to draw me over to the window near which she had been working. At that instant a stream of wild calls for Bettie rang out from the front room. I stopped and looked at Evelyn with a troubled feeling.

"Evelyn dear—how do you—are you able to get in your work—*here?*"

She turned and threw both arms about me.

"Rose, do you know—that when I got out of the 'sweep,' and went to marching in the front—with the Will, I found that the Will was going to see to it that I should have a chance to do my work."

Then we both started, for a new voice was sounding from the living-room—one that Mrs. Stone answered with evident delight. It was the kind of voice that when you hear it from behind, you turn your head to look at the speaker. And strong rapid footsteps came along the little passage that led to the studio door.

I didn't stay long. Mr. Burton was like a boy in his impatience to have the statuette quite finished; and he stood with his hands in his pockets, bending eagerly over the work, and marking quickly the progress that had been made since the day before.

Across the passage I glanced back through the door, and again a light struck through the parting clouds. This time it shone from the face and figure of Mr. Burton. As he stood looking down into Evelyn's face, I knew that he *knew*. But in the eyes that gazed up at him, there was only a dawning wonder.

As I trolleyed back to Peter, Peterkind and home, the sunbeams still lingered golden among the leaves of the apricot and orange trees; faint, soft outlines of the

Sierra were veiled in mysteries of rose and lavender; but that beauty paled before the greater and more golden mystery I had seen in that dawning of the Love-light.—*Jean Mahan Plank, in Christian Herald.*

DON'T BE A BLUFFER

A. L. MANOUS

The word "bluffer" is here used to mean one who "blindfolds," "deceives," and "misleads" by evading an honest question as to who he is or whom he represents; by pretending to be something that he is not; by pretending to know something that he does not really know. Man can not bluff or deceive God and it is low and wicked to try to bluff and mislead his fellow-man.

Don't be a bluffer, but be frank and honest with all men. Don't be a Jacob, a "supplanter," and "deceiver." Honesty is the best policy.

To say nothing of the wickedness of the practice the following clipping will illustrate the disgusting cheapness of bluffing:

HE BELIEVED IN BLUFFING

"A young lawyer just starting out thought bluffing a good plan.

"Hearing a knock at his door one day, he said 'Come in, and then picking up the telephone receiver, said: 'Hello—Yes—Well, I can not possibly say. Maybe within a week if you will call I may be able to take both cases, but just at present one is all I can handle as I am very busy.' Then turning to the caller he said: 'What can I do for you?'"

"The man seemed confused, but finally said: 'Sir, I am from the telephone company. I just came up to connect the 'phone.'"

Don't be a bluffer. "Be sure your sin will find you out." (Num. 32: 23).

A STORY FROM OHIO

Johnson's Hall, in one of the small towns of southern Ohio, was crowded with people who had come to decide the question of circulating a "dry" petition. The first speeches had been strongly in favor of temperance action. Then Simon Stribley, a saloon-keeper, said:

"Fellow citizens, I have kept one of the two saloons in this town for the past ten

years. My father ran it twenty years. We both have observed the law. No one can say we kept a disorderly place. I have \$12,000 invested in the saloon business. It is the only business I know anything about. If the county votes 'dry' I must leave the town, for I would be out of a job."

At once the "wet" speakers took up this note of warning, and tried to stampede the meeting. "Of course, we won't be so foolish as to drive such a good citizen out of town," said one.

In the midst of the hubbub a pale little woman rose from a back seat, and asked the privilege of a hearing, which was granted.

"Friends," she said, "you all know me. I have lived here over thirty years, and my parents lived here thirty years before me. We have never broken a law of the community. My husband, as you know, is a railroad man. He earns sixty dollars a month. On pay day he brings home from two to seven dollars out of his sixty. The remaining fifty-three to fifty-eight are spent before they are earned in Stribley's saloon. I have four children to clothe, feed and educate. To do this I take in six washings each week and keep two boarders. If this country should vote 'dry' Mr. Stribley would lose over fifty dollars a month from my husband's salary, but I would have it to spend in the grocery, clothing store, shoe store and other places about town. I would have a husband's company and help about the home. True, Mr. Stribley would be out of the saloon business, but I would gladly pass over to him my two boarders and six washings. He need not be out of a job."

And then came the triumph of the "drys." Amid cheers and laughter the meeting, by a splendid majority, voted to circulate a "dry" petition. Today, Mr. Stribley is not passing out beer, nor is he running a hand laundry, but he is keeping boarders, and his wife says he is the happiest man in town.—*National Advocate.*

Some one illustrates meekness by saying that it is like one of those fragrant trees which bathes with its perfume the ax that smites into its wood. The meek man gives back love for hate, kindness for unkindness, sweetness for bitterness.—*J. R. Miller.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

PLANNING THE FUTURE

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Christian Endeavor Topic for December
29, 1917

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—"If God will" (Jas. 4: 13-17)
Monday—A plan that failed (Gen. 11: 1-9)
Tuesday—Plan to do good (Rom. 13: 1-7)
Wednesday—To be Christlike (Rom. 8: 28-39)
Thursday—To make salvation sure (2 Pet. 1: 10)
Friday—To be true to God (Rev. 2: 10)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Planning for the future
(Matt. 25: 1-13)

First of all, we ought to get clearly in mind the difference between planning for the future and worrying about the future. These two are often confused, although they are as far apart in purpose and result as the antipodes. Christ's words, when rightly understood, are to "take no *worrying* thought for the morrow." We know that he did not discourage our planning for the future, for his whole life was given over to work for the future,—that succeeding generations might profit by his life and example.

Worry is looking at the future through dark-colored glasses. We marshal up in our minds all the evil forces at work and the evil things that are likely to occur, but forget the good influences which are also steadily working. We forget, too, the overruling providence of God, which is always able to swing the balance in favor of right and truth. Some people worry about the war till they are full of fear and discouragement over the outcome. They are trying to solve God's problems for him. On the other hand, we may try to find out what our own, individual duty is, and then do it to the best of our ability, leaving the rest to him. The result will be a cheerful outlook, an optimism which has fully informed itself about the facts, but is willing to hope and work for the triumph of the good.

Having started out with this determination, the next thing is to plan our future

so far as we are able to do so. In this it is necessary to ask God's help, that our plan for our lives may correspond with his. There are two faults we should avoid. One is lack of any definite plan for the future. That was the fault of the foolish virgins. They were willing to drift carelessly into the future, relying upon their wits to bring them through safely. They could "bluff" through an examination in school, or else plead so coaxingly about a "headache" that the professor would let them through. But when they came up against life's great realities, their system failed.

Another fault we should avoid, is planning our future with merely a selfish end in view. We leave God's demands out of our calculations. That was the fault of the people of Babel. It was the miscalculation also of the man that Jesus told about, who planned to tear down his barns and build bigger, that he might hoard up his crops and live in plenty himself, no matter what happened to others. Such self-seeking, God is sure to bring to naught.

We are, to some extent at least, planning our future when we make New Year's resolutions. We feel some weakness that ought to be overcome, and we resolve to do something toward making ourselves strong, where now we are weak. The reason so many good resolutions fail is because we do not ask enough for help from a higher Source. It might be a good idea to make just one good resolution this year, and let that include all others. Such a resolution might be put in the words of Richard Watson Gilder:

"If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I will cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

"If Jesus Christ is a God—
And the only God—I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell
The earth, the sea, the air."

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MEETING

Can you see any improvement in your life that has taken place this year?

Have you been able to profit by your mistakes?

In what respects can our society be bettered in the coming year?

Welton, Iowa.

BECOMING A CHRISTIAN

ANGELINE ABBEY

Christian Endeavor Topic for January,
5, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—An awakened conscience (Acts 16: 25-34)
Monday—Faith first (John 3: 1-8, 16)
Tuesday—Repentance second (Acts 2: 37-47)
Wednesday—Obedience third (Acts 9: 1-6)
Thursday—The result—pardon (Acts 3: 13-21)
Friday—Grateful service (Phil. 2: 12-16)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Christian duty and privilege. Becoming a Christian (Acts 26: 13-15) (Consecration meeting)

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE

Doubtless all people desire eternal life. There are many who would like to become Christians if they knew the way.

The first step mentioned in this week's lesson is an awakened conscience. One can never be converted unless he first realizes that he is a sinner. Conversion is a turning about. A traveler who has chanced to take the wrong road will continue in that course until something arouses him to a realization of his mistake. It may be something in nature,—a tree, a lake, a hill, a river. It may be some building erected by man. It may be the voice of some friend calling to him in words of warning, or the voice of a stranger he meets in the way.

When a soul out of Christ realizes his lost condition, he is apt to seek to find the way. If he has been taught to read his Bible daily, and to pray, he knows where to go for help. If he has not been in the habit of reading his Bible and praying, he needs the help of some Christian who knows the way, to pilot him.

If we had an account of the conversions resulting from that sermon verse, John 3: 16, it would be a wonderful record. A discouraged man, feeling that his life was a failure, was about to commit suicide. As he walked down a street in London, he found a tract containing that verse. He read it and pondered, repented, and was converted. Not only his physical life but his spiritual life was saved.

O young people, let us preach Christ by our lives, by word of mouth and by the printed page! Let us not be afraid or ashamed to distribute tracts. How many times has one been converted to Christ, to

the Sabbath or to the temperance cause in this way.

Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. If the converted one is seeking Christ, "it will not take the seeking Christ and the seeking sinner very long to meet," as one has said, "for they will travel toward each other."

FAITH, OBEDIENCE, SERVICE

Faith is the second step. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Repent and he baptized, every one of you, for the remission of your sins." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

If one fully repents, he is ready to obey. Faith, repentance and obedience bring pardon. Then grateful service follows.

I keep the Sabbath because I love Christ. I was baptized and joined the church because I believe Jesus desired me to do so. I gave up some worldly amusements at that time because I thought they might drag others down, over whom I had an influence, and because I believed they would hinder me in the work my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ would have me do.

A TEST OF CONVERSION

That was a great experience Paul had. But Paul had been a great sinner. Two ministers at a convention, both strong spiritual leaders, had opposite temperaments. One was loud and boisterous because he had recently passed through an exciting experience. The other was calm and quiet, but he doubtless loved the Lord just as much.

It is said that no two experiences are exactly alike. The test of our conversion is in our attitude toward Christ and humanity. If it is our joy to do the Master's bidding, putting aside our own selfish thoughts and acts, we belong to him. If Jesus were to come today to seek his own, and we would go joyfully out to meet him, we are his. If there is fear or dread within us at the thought of his coming, we need a heart-searching before him, and when our fault is revealed, we need to make a full surrender to him.

A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM ENDEAVORER'S DAILY COMPANION

A man may make a new start in life, and yet live just as he lived before. To become a Christian means that we make a *different*

start, and live a *different* life, the life of Jesus.

The air thrills with wireless messages, but only those hear them whose instruments are in tune with the messages. So when Christ calls, only those hear who are weary of sin and yearn for salvation.

A race counts from the starting-point, and what one chooses to run before that point is not reckoned. Life counts from the time we begin it with Jesus.

TO THINK ABOUT

What prevents men from becoming Christians?

What steps may we take to become Christians?

Why should all become Christians?

QUOTATIONS

There are but three steps into Heaven—out of self, into Christ, into glory.—*Rowland Hill.*

A young man decided to accept Christ as his Savior, and afterward settle his intellectual difficulties. Then he found that his doubt had vanished. A will to believe clears the mental vision. We see clearly when we are ready to see.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

One day the Shepherd passed, and, turning said: "Come, follow me."
What wonder that in haste I rose,
So kind was he?—*M. Fraser.*

STAND BY OUR BOYS

[The following speech by Governor Capper, of Kansas, taken from the *Mail and Breeze*, rings so true and fine, and bears such splendid testimony to Kansas prohibition and the Kansas boys that I am proud, Mr. Recorder Editor, to submit it for the perusal of your readers.—G. M. C.]

To the District Convention of Woodman, at Wellington, November 17:

When I was at Camp Funston, General Wood told me that in his twenty-five years of experience in the army he had never seen anything like the revolution that had been effected in morale and discipline by establishing the dry zone. He said that under ordinary circumstances the guard house in such a camp as Camp Funston would have an average population of 200. Then, turning to the telephone, he made inquiry as to the number of men under arrest, and learned there was just one. Just one man in the guard house, out of 35,000 soldiers, and

his offense was not drunkenness, not brawling, but a small infraction of some little rule.

"Nothing like such order," said General Wood to me, "has ever been known before in a military camp. I find," he went on to say, "that the Kansas boys and men grade far higher in morals, obedience and stamina than the men of other camps in times past. The percentage of vice among them is the smallest that has ever before been found in a camp, and the discipline is the best I have ever seen. We attribute this," said the general, "to the dry zone order, and to Kansas prohibition, which prevents the sale of liquor. These Kansas boys were brought up in a clean atmosphere—they started right."

But what General Wood said to me when I came away, I think, is the very finest, and the very highest tribute that has ever been paid to Kansas.

"You can tell the Kansas people for me," said he, "that they have got the finest, the cleanest, the healthiest, and the most vigorous soldiers in point of endurance we have ever seen. The official records prove this."

Doesn't that repay you for everything you have done in the past to strengthen the enforcement of the prohibitory law?

Recently, I visited Camp Doniphan, in Oklahoma, where there are 10,000 fine, upstanding, clean young Kansas volunteers. The commanding general, knowing my keen interest in the boys, lined up the entire Kansas army before me for review. I think it moved and stirred me as nothing else in my life has done. There were soldiers in that camp from other States, but the 10,000 Kansas boys, as they stood there, seemed to me a little the finest, the cleanest and the bravest I had ever seen—the flower of our young manhood.

A few days later I was at Camp Funston, as the guest of the all-Kansas Regiment, the 353d of the national army. Three thousand Kansas boys, the pick of the State, boys from rich homes, and from poor homes, boys from colleges, from shops and from farms, on absolutely the same level. As I shook hands with company after company of them, I resolved that no call for service to them would be too great for me to meet. I would go with them, if I

could, but I can't; I was born too soon for that; but I can help. I can, and I will, back those boys up to the limit. I promised the God of Nations, then and there, that everything within my power shall be done to aid and care for these boys. And that is little enough, compared with the sacrifice made by the men, who are leaving their business, their homes, their families, and God help them, perhaps on top of all that, may lose life itself.

No state or nation will ever send a finer body of men to the front than our ammunition train and the men we contributed to the Rainbow Division. We have a thousand of these fine Kansas boys on French soil right now. Several already have been killed or wounded. We are going to stand by these boys and men who are doing the fighting. What sacrifice can the government ask of us that we can refuse to make? The man of us who does not help here at home, and help to the limit of endurance, is stabbing these boys in the back.

In God's good time the war will end, and the millions of young men, who are now bearing arms, will come back to take up the duties of civil life. They will be the husbands of our girls. They will be the leaders of their generation. On them will rest the burden of reconstructing the world, after this deluge of blood has receded. God grant that they come back clean.

This, then, is the work which your government calls upon you and me to aid: We are to extend some few of the comforts of life to the boys, who are fighting our battles for us. We must be the ones to give them a little wholesome cheer that will relieve homesickness, and dispel discouragement. The providing of recreation and amusements for them when off duty; the keeping up of home ties and the home spirit, the safeguarding of morals; the development of character and manhood, so that every American soldier who comes home shall come back able to look his mother, his wife, or his sweetheart in the face—or, if he should fall, who can face the great beyond with the courage and calmness of a Christian gentlemen. This is the work you are asked to do, and no true American can close his ears to the appeal.

THE JEW AND CIVILIZATION

Ever since the Jewish people lost its national independence and sovereignty and began to live in dispersion among the nations of the earth it has lost the opportunity and possibility of continuing the work of its national civilization and has had to be satisfied with producing culture values only. All and everything that individual Jews have achieved in the last 2,000 years in the domain of civilization has been an enrichment of the civilization of the peoples among whom they have lived. Jews have always been prominent in commerce and industry, but there was no national Jewish commerce and no national Jewish industry, even when those who created and developed certain branches of commerce were all Jews. Their commercial and industrial activities and accomplishments strengthened the other nations among whom the Jews lived but not the Jewish people. In many cases they have endangered and imperiled the Jewish people, because they became the arsenal of anti-Semitic weapons. The Jewish individual has profited by Jewish industrial and commercial achievements, but not the Jewish collective body. In short, all our work and energy in the domain of practical civilization has reached not the Jewish people, but other nations and only a few have given us credit for these achievements.—*The American Jewish Chronicle.*

THE DEITY OF JESUS

Robert E. Speer in one of his sermons asserted his belief in the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, first, because of his character which has never been found in men—the supernaturalness of his claims, the attestation of those claims by his own consciousness, the universality and the eternity of his character, its perfect balance, and his sinlessness; second, because of his teaching about God and man and ethics; third, because of the acts which he did while here on earth; and fourth, because of his posthumous influence, for he is doing now in the world things just as wonderful as anything he did in the world nineteen hundred years ago.—*Kind Words.*

DR. SINCLAIR IN CHINA

Dr. Bessie Sinclair arrived safely in China on November sixteenth, and reached Lieu-oo on the twenty-second.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY: A SERMON TO BOYS AND GIRLS

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

Nearly two thousand years ago in the far-away village of Bethlehem there was born a little child whose parents named him Jesus. They were humble people, but he was to be king of all the world. Wise men came from afar to bring him gifts. Only the best gifts were fit to give to such a king. So they brought gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Gold was used for money and jewelry; frankincense was burned as an offering on the ancient altar in adoration of the heavenly Father; and myrrh was very precious as a medicine.

Jesus is our king, when we serve him. His kingdom is a spiritual kingdom. We serve him by helping others (Matthew 25: 34-40). On his birthday we bring him our best gifts. The "gold" which we bring will help to spread his kingdom; our "frankincense" will be our prayers which ascend in adoration; our gift of "myrrh" will be the love and cheerfulness which we show to those in need.

The king appreciates most those gifts that are given heartily, not those that are given grudgingly. Jesus our king cares more that we give ourselves than that we give any other gift. Surely the best king deserves the choicest gifts. So we will give to Jesus ourselves, our gold, our prayers, our service.

Text: *They offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.* Matthew 2: 11.

ONE NEW YEAR'S DAY

"We are going to have just the grandest time New Year's," said Halford to his friend. "Papa has engaged a big barge and four horses and we're going to Old Fort Inn—all the uncles, cousins and aunts—and take dinner and come home by moonlight. Oh, we'll have a jolly time! What are you going to do, Lester?"

"Oh, we shall stay at home, I s'pose," Lester answered.

"But you'll have company and have a big dinner, won't you?" asked Halford.

"No," said Lester. "You see, papa was sick all the fall, and then mother had to go to New York to have her eyes 'tended to, so there isn't any money for good times. But I'm glad mamma's eyes are better. I guess I don't mind very much about Christmas and New Year's."

"'Course you do—you can't help it," said Halford. "It's a shame! But I'll have to go home now. Good-by!" And Halford jumped on his sled and started homeward. But he was so unhappy about it he could hardly eat his dinner.

"Lost your appetite, Halford?" asked his father.

"I'm thinking all the time about Lester," said Halford. "They can't have any good time New Year's 'cause they haven't any money, and I think it's a shame, and he a minister! Why can't you invite them all to go with us, papa, to Old Fort Inn?"

"I would do it with pleasure if there were room," said Halford's father. "And now I think of it, Aunt Lois has decided not to go, and I'll ride on the seat with the driver, so if you'll give up your seat to your friend Lester, there will be room for the three of them. If you wish, I'll send an invitation at once."

"And I stay at home! Why, Papa Newell! You know I couldn't do that!" cried Halford. "You know the boys are expecting me to play hockey with them."

"I don't ask you to do it," said father. "But you seemed so anxious to have Lester go I was trying to think how we could manage to carry them. But as they know nothing about it, they won't be disappointed. So think no more about it."

But Halford found that not so easy. He could not help thinking how many things and how many pleasures he had that Lester did not have. There was his bicycle, his box of tools, his new sled, his skates and ever so many books, and he was sure—now he came to think of it—that Lester was as fond of all those things as he was. Yet he was sure he could not give up this ride even for his best friend. That was too much. But in the evening he said to his father:

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.
- Brannon, Private Riley U. (North Loup, Neb.), Quartermaster Dept., Bar. 728, Camp Funston, Kansas.
- 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.
- 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.
- Clayton, Howard (son of Rev. Mr. Clayton, Syracuse, N. Y.), Camp Dix, N. J.
- 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, Leland (Leonardsville, N. Y.), Co. I, 310th Inf., Camp Dix, N. J.
- Coon, Raymond H. (Westerly, R. I.), Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., Medical Division, Base Hospital. (Formerly of Camp Dix, Co. E, 310 Inf.)

"I couldn't stay at home alone, and besides, I don't believe Mr. Lowell would feel able to pay for their dinner and everything." There was an uncertain and troubled look in his face. His father looked up from his paper; then he laughed.

"Oh, you are still thinking about the ride, are you?" he said. "Well, as to that, of course if I invited them to go I should pay all the bills. That would be my part, and you know Grandma Hawes would be delighted to have you spend the day with her."

Halford sighed and said no more, but that night he could not sleep. The next morning he went to his mother.

"Mamma, won't you or papa write that invitation for Mr. Lowell and all of them, right off," he said, "and tell them they must be sure to go? And I guess I'll go to grandma's today, 'cause she always likes to have me stay two or three days." And just as soon as he could get ready he was off to grandma's.

The next morning he was cracking nuts when he heard a great noise of sleigh-bells, horns and shouting. He ran to the door, followed by grandma, Susan the cook, and Rover. There were his father and mother, the Lowells and all the others, and everybody looked happy.

"Hurry and get on your coat," said papa, "and you and Lester can sit up here beside me. We thought there wouldn't be much fun in going without you, after all, for the boys needed you for the hockey game."

Halford with joy climbed up beside his father, and the four horses dashed over the smooth road toward Old Fort Inn.—*Youth's Companion.*

"The boys' and girls' clubs in the Northern and Western States, through their regular membership of 406,000 and an additional emergency enrolment of 400,000 drawn largely from cities and towns, have been an active juvenile army in the campaigns for promoting food production and conservation. The enrolment in the regular boys' clubs in the South has largely increased, and the total membership is now approximately 100,000. In addition, 20,000 are enrolled to assist in war emergency activities."

Cottrell, Capt. A. M. (Alfred, N. Y., son of Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell), Camp Dix, N. J.
 Crandall, Private C. L. (Farina, Ill.), Co. G, 130th Inft., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
 Daggett, Q. M. Sergt. C. S. (Dodge Center, Minn.), 1st F. A., U. S. M. C., Quantico, Va.
 David, Private Marion (Farina, Ill.), Co. G, 130th Inft., Houston, Tex.
 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. Inft., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
 Fenner, Glen B., 96th Aerial Service Squad, Signal Corps, Amer. Exp. Force, Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.
 Fillyaw, Walter Judson (near Charlotte, N. C.), Medical Dept., Co. F, 4th Inft., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.
 Greene, Carlton (Adams Center, N. Y.), Mach. Co., 310th Inft., Camp Dix, N. J.
 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 Inft., Chickamauga Park, Ga.
 Harris, Lawrence F. (Shiloh, N. J.), Company 13, 4th Training Battalion, 157th Depot Brigade, Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.
 Hemphill, Paul H. (North Loup, Neb.), Hdq. 20th Infantry, Ft. Douglas, Utah.
 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.
 Langworthy, Private Floyd E. (Dodge Center, Minn.), 7th P. T. Bn., 159th D. B., Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.
 Larkin, George (North Loup, Neb.), Camp Perry, Co. H 2-4, Bar. 429 West, Great Lakes, Ill.
 Martin, Howard (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. B, 23d U. S. Inft., A. E. F. via New York City.
 Maxson, Esliel (North Loup, Neb.), Battery E, 355th Field Artillery, Camp Pike, Arkansas.
 Maxson, Leslie B. (Little Genesee, N. Y.), Battery B, 307th Field Artillery, Camp Dix, N. J.
 Phillips, Lieut. Kent, 105th Field Signal Battalion, Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.
 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.
 Rogers, Private S. Z., Co. G, 130th Inft., Houston, Tex.
 Rood, Bayard A. (North Loup, Neb.), Battalion C, 17 Field Artillery, Camp Robinson, Sparta, Wis.
 Rosebush, Capt. W. E. (Alfred, N. Y.), Capt. 57 Depot Brigade, Camp MacArthur, Waco, Tex.
 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. Inft., 84th Brigade, 42d Division U. S. Expeditionary Forces, Camp Mills, N. Y.
 Sayre, Walter D. (North Loup, Neb.), Camp Perry, Co. H 2-4, Barrack 429 West, Great Lakes, Illinois.
 Seager, H. Bernade, U. S. A. A. C., Sec. 602, Camp Allentown, Pa.
 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.
 Stillman, Archie L. (North Loup, Neb.), U. S. Armed Guard Crew, care Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.
 Straight, B. D., Co. B, 308th Inft., Camp Upton, Long Island, N. Y.
 Sutton, Ernest (Salem, W. Va.), Co. 2, M. P. Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.
 Sutton, Eustace (Middle Island, W. Va., New Milton P. O.), 44th Aero Squadron, Wright Field, Dayton, O.
 Swiger, Capt. Fred E. (Salem, W. Va.), 223d Machine Gun Battery, Camp Sherman, O.
 Thomas, Herbert (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. L, 311th Inft., 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.
 Van Horn, Beecher (North Loup, Neb.), Battery D, 384th Field Artillery, Camp Lewis, Washington.
 Vars, Otho (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. K., 310th Inft., Camp Dix, N. J.
 Warren, Private Hurley S. (Salem, W. Va.), Co. A, 1st Reg., W. Va. Inft., Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.
 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.
 Woodruff, Corp. Charles Eldon, Co. A, 50th Inft., Charlotte, N. C.

HIS PROMOTION

Charles M. Schwab tells this story of how a young man on the night shift in his great works was promoted.

"How did you happen to advance that fellow?" I asked his boss.

"Well," he explained, "I noticed that when the day shift went off duty, this man stayed on the job until he had talked over the day's problems, with his successor on the night shift. That's why!"

He wasn't bound to stay a minute. It was his own time, not the company's, that he was using. Probably his fellow-workmen laughed at him for giving it, but he kept on giving it every day. Every day he proved himself a giver, not just a getter. And that spirit never goes unnoticed. Wherever it is seen, whether in a man or in a woman, it marks the individual who is worth while.—*Wellspring*.

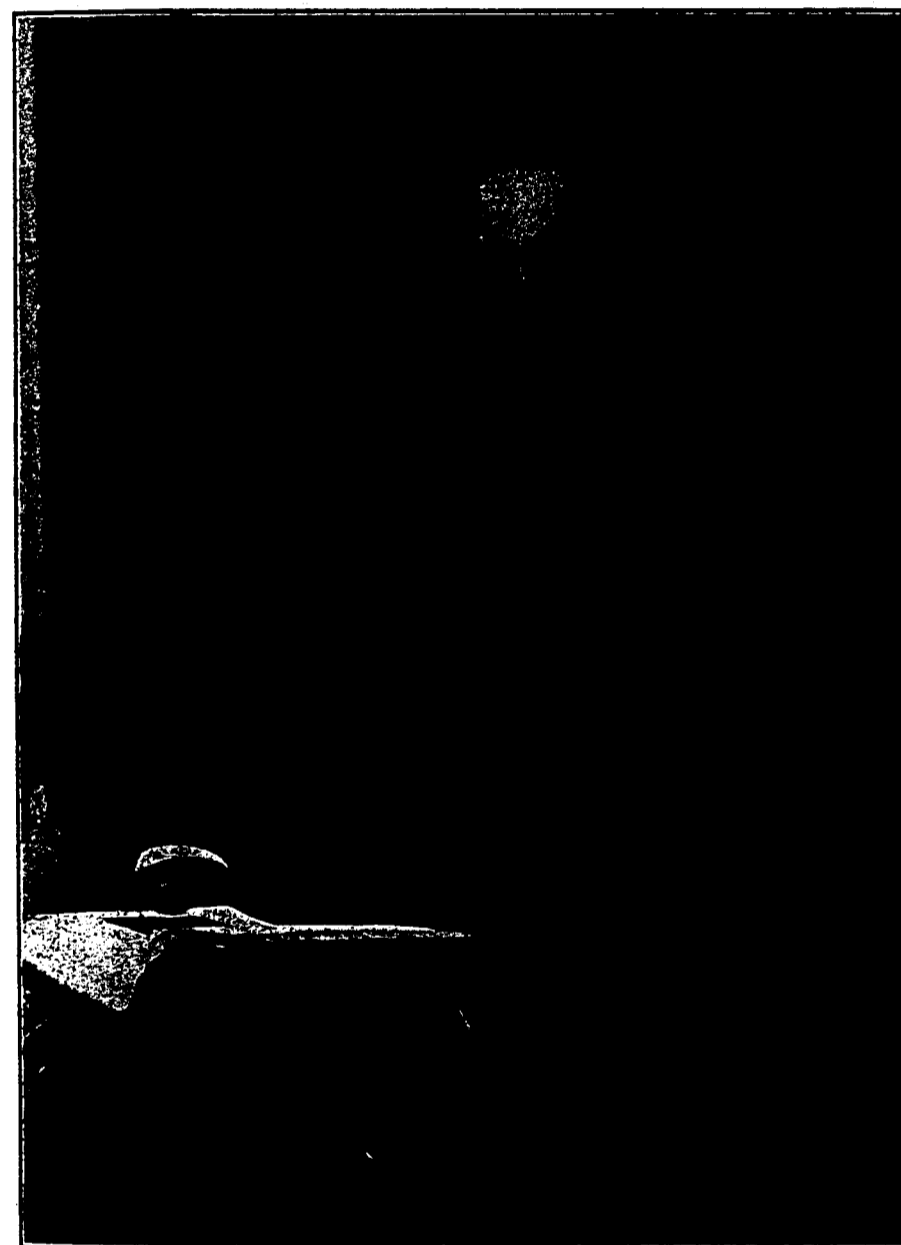
"Wheat or Whisky?" asked the *World's Crisis* some weeks ago. And then it said: "The war has accomplished one great thing, at least. It has opened the eyes of America, and the world, too, to the economic waste of the liquor traffic."—*National Advocate*.

THE DIGNITY OF FAITH

REV. JAMES F. SHAW

Introductory Address at the Southeastern Association, Fouke, Ark.

THE first thought to which I would direct your attention is that the origin of this Southwestern Association is unique as compared with that of the other associations. It is the fruit or outcome of the *Sabbath Outlook* in the early eighties. It was brought into existence by the labors



REV. JAMES F. SHAW

of converts to the Sabbath, made by the *Sabbath Outlook*. The constituent members of this Fouke Church were all converts to the Sabbath, twelve in number; ten brought out directly by the *Outlook*, the other two by the Kelly movement in southern Illinois. They had not known of the existence of a Seventh-day people until a few months before, and to the time of the organization of the church had never seen a Seventh Day Baptist.

I IMAGINE that I could talk to this assembly on nothing more appropriate than Faith.

So many of you have come so far, and at so great expense, to be present in this session of the Southwestern Association, it senses us that you have faith in some mission to be performed, some good to be brought out of the meeting; you have a particular end in view.

If the object was to advance the preaching of the gospel simply for the salvation of the souls of men, we would do as well to meet with any other of the orthodox denominations seeking to further gospel preaching to save men. We would make no difference in those things that make for the uplift of man and that are common to all denominations. We should glory in any success that any denomination might have in leading men to Christ.

But there is a specialty in faith that comes to almost every man, some peculiar line of work that engages the mind and heart. All are not contented alike in the same things. We here have a common faith with others; but our special faith, our mission to promote, is the memory and practice of one of God's commandments, long degraded and abused. We do not come expecting to restore to its place in the kingdom of Jehovah the observation of the downtrodden Seventh Day, blessed and sanctified at the birth of creation, in a day. It is the special interest in this truth that brings us together here today. Each brother and sister has this truth in view; and a special faith, segregated from the common faith of Christiani-

ty, common to each, is what makes us a separate denomination. Take this away, could we be distinct from other Baptists?

This special faith in each member, being in all, is the force that sets the church and associational bodies to work. It becomes the special faith of the whole body of the denomination.

Faith has the quality of waiting long for realization. If it has for its foundation the promise of God, waiting its consumma-

tion is dignified. When Abraham heard the call from God to go out from his people, and the promise that God would make him a great nation, he accepted this promise by faith, and obeyed, leaving the manner of its fulfilment to God who called him.

Without faith it is impossible to be well pleasing to God; for he that cometh to him must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those that seek after him. The poet says

"Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done.
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone."

THE history of Abraham is unique. As a character among men, no man is better known. He lived nearly four thousand years ago. His influence upon the world as an example of unhesitating and implicit obedience to faith has no equal. Were it not for this singular life, the world would know nothing of the age in which he lived, or of the men contemporaneous with him. He was rich; but there were other men as rich as he. But riches did not make either Abraham or them worthy of having their name perpetuated in history. All we know of his contemporaries is the incidental relation they had with Abraham.

Abraham was fearless in war, as was shown when with three hundred trained servants he attacked the combined armies of the four kings of the East and rescued his nephew Lot. But it was not deeds of war that made Abraham famous in the world's history. Doubtless there were of his contemporaries those who did mighty deeds of war; but their doings failed to perpetuate or preserve their names for future generations.

Abraham was a wise man, and there were other wise men, and learned, in his day; but wisdom in the things of this world did not preserve their names in history.

Abraham and the men of his day were, doubtless, as devoutly religious as those of other ages; but it was not their zeal in religion that heralded their names to posterity.

The only thing that made Abraham's name immortal was the faith. "Abraham be-

lieved God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness." It was not the innocence of his life, or perfection in righteousness that gave him acceptance with God: but it was because he believed the Lord and the Lord counted it for righteousness.

Abraham's acceptance with God, therefore, was not on account of the works which he did. It was not because he did works to win favor. He had no thought of profit; of doing something that he might obtain the friendship of God. His faith made God his friend already. He obeyed because he considered it the duty of love and duty of trust to God, his divine Master. It was the test of respect to the Lord. It was proof of his loyalty to him. There was no thought of a bargain for wages as a return. When God said to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country. . . . and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed," Abraham obeyed, and went out, not knowing whither he went, and sojourned in the land of promise as in a foreign country, dwelling in tabernacles along with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise; for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God. He stopped not to make a bargain with God as did Jacob. He neither demanded of God how soon or how long until the promise should be fulfilled, or in what manner God would make good his word.

NOW we have reached the point to make our application. One of our authors on pulpit illustrations says the figure should not be made so great that, when the climax is reached, the comparison falls flat because the figure of illustration is greater than the object illustrated. However this may be, I will attempt an application.

Twenty-nine years ago, this association was brought into existence. From 1883 to 1888, the leaven of the *Sabbath Outlook* was seen in the many convictions and conversions to the Sabbath truth—to the fact

that the Seventh-day of the week is the only day sanctified as well as blessed of Jehovah as the Sabbath, and the only day to be considered in God's command to "remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."

Here and there all over the Southland, men and women were confronted with the question of loyalty to truth. The consequences loomed up before them. Like Abraham's call, a call came to them to separate themselves from their kindred in religious faith; it called them to go out from their fathers' religious households, and from the churches of like faith, where had been the joy of divine worship; and with fellowships broken up they went out, following their convictions, to dwell with they knew not whom—for but a few knew that such a people as Seventh Day Baptists had an existence in America. One in a place here, a whole family in another place, a group in another place, with fear and with trembling and yet with a joy of the soul never experienced before, took up the cross, putting their faith in God's promise that "the sons of the stranger, that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants, every one that keep the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer."

Turned away from almost every opportunity to earn a livelihood for themselves and their dependents, they never let faith fail them. Their social standing lost, persecuted and ostracized on account of their faith, they felt it their duty to follow God's call. Faith became dignified as they persevered, and in its dignity it became sublime. Witnessing for the truth, they considered not the suffering and obloquy consequent. Forming themselves into little bands and churches as they learned of each other, and thus coming into acquaintance and fellowship with each other, they sought to strengthen each other for the work to which they believed God had called them.

And so, as a result, the Southwestern Association was brought into existence by the Sabbath converts.

To their help came our brethren from the other associations from year to year,

to greet us as brethren, to uphold our faltering hands, and help in the end to obtain that strength that will help us to take rank with all our associations in making glorious the faith and work of our people and in carrying out the successful uplift of the Sabbath.

Here my strength fails, but not my faith. I ask God's blessing upon the sessions of this Association.

ASK GREAT THINGS.

The divine reproach is different from that of most people. They reproach us for asking too much: God reproaches us for asking too little. "Ask largely," he challenges, "that your joy may be full." If our cup looks empty, the fault may be with our asking. All great successes are the answer to great askings. The moment we begin to limit our expectations at the hands of God we register partial failure for our plans. There is no reason *in heaven* why America should not go dry. Nor is there any adequate reason *on earth* except in our lack of urgency. We shall hardly win more than we demand. We shall not win much less than we demand when we demand with prayer and voice and vote.—George Clarke Peck.

"There are turns of the road in mountain-climbing where one involuntarily stops short, rests for a little, and lets the eye sweep over the great panorama of nature. We take large, comprehensive views that show all detail not isolated but in true relation. Turning our eyes back on the road we have come, we see simultaneously the details that before were revealed only consecutively. We have a new test of values, a new base of interpretation. The narrow path doled out to us in instalments as our weary feet toiled up the long ascent now stands out clearly for its entire length. Rest, retrospection and reflection are giving us a new viewpoint, a new chance to get our bearings—at the turn of the road."

When you set out to command your gospel to men who don't want it, there is only one way to go about it—to do something for them that they will understand.—Dr. Grenfell.

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

No doubt many of the RECORDER readers wonder what has become of us here at Adams Center. We consider ourselves quite progressive, however, as our Sabbath school is a standardized school. We have three organized classes, a regular workers' conference, temperance, missionary and cradle roll superintendents and are using graded lessons in the primary classes.

The Baraca and Philathea classes helped in paying for the furnace which was installed in the parsonage a year ago. The Baracas bought a U. S. flag which is hung behind the pulpit. Two members of the Baraca class are in the service: Kenneth Horton, who enlisted in April or May, is somewhere over the seas; and Carl Greene, who was on the draft list, is at Camp Dix, N. J.

The Jolly Juniors, a class of boys from 10 to 14, had a social at the home of one of the parents and have bought a Service Flag, which is to be displayed in the church. The social evening and the program, furnished by the boys, was enjoyed and we feel proud of the boys and their teacher.

At a recent session of the New York State Bible School Association our school had a delegate. Also at our County Bible School Convention we had delegates. Very helpful reports of these meetings were given. On Sabbath Day, December 1, a Temperance day was observed.

Special collections have been taken for the Fouke School and for the relief of the Armenians. A collection of books is being made up to send to Fouke.

Mention was made in the RECORDER of November 12 of evangelistic meetings to be held here under the leadership of Rev. Willard D. Burdick, with Rev. Jesse Hutchins to sing. We felt that a great deal of good might be done, but the meetings were indefinitely postponed on account of shortage of fuel.

You will hear from us again with a shorter lapse of time than this has been.
MEMBER OF SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—January 5, 1918

JOHN PREPARES THE WAY FOR JESUS.—Mark 1:
1-11

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

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 30—Mark 1: 1-11. John Prepares the Way for Jesus

Dec. 31—Isa. 40: 3-5; Mal. 3: 1-6. John's Ministry Foretold

Jan. 1—Luke 1: 8-17. John's Birth Announced

Jan. 2—John 1: 19-30. John's Testimony to Jesus

Jan. 3—John 3: 26-36; Acts 13: 25. John Fulfiling his Course

Jan. 4—Matt. 9: 36-10: 8. Jesus Appoints the Twelve

Jan. 5—Matt. 11: 2-9. John's Message to Jesus (For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

FORGIVENESS AT ITS FLOOD

Really, forgiveness is a flood or it is nothing. Never can there be degrees in forgiving. We forgive utterly, or we do not forgive at all. To dole out forgiveness—so much forgiveness for so much penitence—is a mathematical or legalistic process. And the heart knows nothing of such measures. When it lets go in the grace of forgiving, it never braces its feet lest it go too far. Forgiveness puts the recipient back in the place he forfeited. It never dogs him with the memory of his dark days. It wants him to forget. This is the significance of the robe and the ring for the prodigal at his return. Doubtless the place of the servant seemed all that he ought to ask: but it was not all he needed. He needed reinstatement as a son. This the father did for him, in spite of cavil and criticism. It is God's way. He buries our sins in the sea of forgiveness. "He remembers them no more against us forever." He would help us to forget, that He may restore our song. What an altered world this would be if we learned from God the way and measure of forgiving. Poor niggards we, when we might be spendthrifts of mercy, with the glory of it!—*George Clarke Peck.*

"Wisconsin is using an aeroplane in its forestry department as an agency for fighting fires. From a height of fifteen hundred feet a man can discover a small forest fire sixty miles away."

CHRISTMAS LETTER

TO OUR BOYS IN KHAKI:

As Christmas approaches, the first since America's entrance into the Great War, it finds nine of our members in the training camps, preparing to go "over there."

I have counted it a privilege to write personal letters to all of you, and have enjoyed hearing from you. I hope to keep in touch with you as long as you are in the service.

Since visiting Captain Fred at Camp Sherman, I feel that I can appreciate your situation and surroundings as I could not before. I realize the fact that our Government is doing more for its soldiers—to safeguard their morals and preserve their spiritual integrity—than it has ever done before, or than any other government is now doing. For this I am grateful. I am sure, however, that in army life much depends upon the ideals, purposes and courage of the individual soldier, if he is to keep himself strong and straight morally and spiritually. We all have our temptations. It is often easier to conform to standards of life held by those around us than it is to live true to our own inner convictions.

The church has confidence in its members who have enlisted. No doubt in taking the step you were impelled by high motives. This very assurance gives us hope that not only will your Christian integrity be preserved during the war, but that your spiritual life will continue to develop amid its grave vicissitudes.

While your own high motives, and the noble aim of the nation, call to your own best selves for constant expression, no doubt the monotony of camp life, and the daily companionship of men unchristian in word and deed, will make it difficult to live always at your best.

All have gone from Christian homes. Do not forget that the prayers and loving solicitude of home folks follow you constantly. All are members of the church. The church would follow you with its ministry of inspiration and hope. We bear you up in our prayers. We think of you at every service. We would come into closer fellowship with Christ for your sakes, and for the Nation's, and for the sake of the good cause you serve, that our prayers and our service, yours and ours, may be more availing. We appreciate the fact that with you all days are very much alike, and that nothing in your surroundings can give distinction

to the Sabbath. May you be able to draw on your memory for Sabbath experiences of the past that will help to give the Sabbath a place in your life even where you are. And may you find new strength in a higher resolve to use the Sabbath only for holy ends when again you shall have full control of your own time.

I hope you have all become members of the Pocket New Testament League, and that you read a Scripture portion daily. Make prayer as far as possible, what it ought to be for us all, a constant attitude and experience.

We think of you as a part of us. Through you the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church projects itself into the army camp, and into the world struggle for freedom and democracy. We are all workers together.

Do not forget that you are soldiers of King Immanuel. In his cause the greatest battles are fought in human hearts. May you have constant victory there.

May the Christ of Bethlehem, the Lord of all life, shelter your lives and bring you peace.

Sincerely,
A. J. C. BOND,
Pastor.

Christmas, 1917.

TO SOLDIERS FROM SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CONGREGATIONS:

The New York Church extends a cordial invitation to attend their Sabbath morning service (Sabbath school at 10.45, preaching service at 11:30). This service is held in the Judson Memorial Church, at Washington Square, West 4th Street.

We will be glad to become acquainted with you.

Upon behalf of the Church,
WM. C. WHITFORD,
Acting Pastor.

"Well, little miss," said the grocer, as reported by the *Boston Transcript*, "what can I do for you?" "Please, sir, mother wants a bottle of good-natured alcohol." If alcohol is ever good-natured, it is when it remains in the bottle. In the stomach of the natural man it is very denatured.—*Exchange.*

"Think of others at their best even as ye would that others should think of you at your best."

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

WAR TIME THANKSGIVING

REV. ALVA L. DAVIS.

Sermon preached at North Loup, Neb., November 24, 1917

Texts: Ephesians 5: 4 and I Thessalonians 5: 18.

We are approaching our national Thanksgiving Day, and we are asked to give thanks. For what? With the world bathed in blood and tears what can our thanksgiving be? The immense conflagration of war continues to burn itself into nation after nation until it threatens to envelop the whole world in its awful flames. How can we be thankful in a burning world?

Europe is one vast charnel house. The flower of American manhood is being mobilized for the struggle. The blood of our sons is mingling with that of our Allies to make crimson the soil of France. Churches, schools, business, farms, professions are giving up their sons. Millions of men and women stand appalled as they contemplate the ravages of this war and the indescribable treatment meted out to the helpless and defenseless. Laughter is hushed. Anxiety and sadness are written on our faces. We shall sit down to our Thanksgiving dinner with a more scantily furnished table than usual, not from compulsion, but from choice. And in hundreds of thousands of homes there will be a vacant place at the table, an absent son or nephew "somewhere in France," or in the training camps.

It is for the purpose of restraining the panic of our thoughts, to prevent the bankruptcy of our faith, to instil within us the poise and calm so much needed in this hour, and to quicken within us the holy fires of love and devotion and patriotism that I preach this sermon this morning. I beg of you hear me patiently, sympathetically.

The thought of war is terrible to me. It haunts me with an indescribable horror. But the great tragic reality of the war is upon us. What pure love might have done, if all the powers now arrayed against Germany had been loving enough for a sufficient number of years before the war, one

can only conjecture. But if there is any other way to dislodge the idea from Germany's mind—that military necessity, or expediency, justifies any conduct, that might makes right,—if there is any way possible other than force, I do not see it. But may God take from our hearts all thought of hatred, bitterness, or revenge.

The world war, these daily tragedies about us, should—nay, *must* drive us to prayer and deepest humility. And thanksgiving is necessary for the completeness of these. Yet I know how hard it is, sometimes, to give thanks. When our lives are cut in two by a great grief, a grief we know can never be healed in this life,—then, it is hard to give thanks. Never was this experience so common as today.

From the press notice of a newly published book, "Boy of My Heart," let me read:

"My husband comes along. There is something very odd about his step. And his face looks changed somehow; sharpened in feature and grayish white.

"How true it is that electric light sometimes makes people look a dreadful color!" I think as he comes nearer to me.

"I ran forward to meet him.

"Where is Roland? Isn't he here? I thought I heard him come."

"And then for the first time I noticed that the boy's father had a bit of pinkish paper crushed in his hand.

"Is that a telegram?" I cried eagerly, putting out my hand. "Oh, give it to me! What does it say? Isn't he coming tonight?"

"One of my husband's arms was put quietly around me.

"No. It's no good of our waiting for him any longer. He'll never come any more. He was badly wounded on Wednesday at midnight, and he died on Thursday."

"For minutes that were like years the world became to me a shapeless horror of grayness in which there was no beginning and no end, no light and no sound. I did not know anything except that I had to put out my hand and catch at something, with an animal instinct to steady myself so that I might not fall. And then, through the rolling, blinding waves of the mist, there came to me suddenly the old childish cry:

"Come and see me in bed, mother!"

"And I heard myself answering aloud:

"Yes, boy of my heart, I will come. As soon as the war is over I will come and see you in bed—in your bed under French grass. And I will say good night to you—there—kneeling by your side—as I have always done."

"Good-night!

Though life and all take flight,
Never Good-by!"

In the midst of these dire distresses, God does not ask us to behave as if woe and sorrow and agony did not exist. But when overwhelmed by a great sorrow, when the sky of our lives is overwhelming with intense gloom, when, out from the night of despair and agony souls are crying out for light and help let us try to reassure ourselves of the vital forces of our faith, and speak to each other softly of the hope within.

What, then, are the grounds for our thanksgiving in this "perhaps the blackest hour the world has known in many centuries?"

If our thanksgiving shall go no deeper, or rise no higher, than the mere material, then we have great reason for it. Our crops have been bountiful. Our people were, perhaps, never better housed, better clothed, or better fed. While the cost of living is high, wages are good. No able-bodied man need be out of employment, nor hungry, nor cold, nor naked. Certainly for these blessings today, as always, we should be thankful.

But, somehow, the thought of this kind of a thanksgiving does not satisfy. If it ever did, it is insufficient today. Thank God, we are looking beneath the surface of things. Material prosperity, money-getting and money-spending for selfish aims are repulsive to us. The birth pains of this great war reveal to us how selfish we have been. For what, then, aside from material blessings, have we to be thankful?

1. First of all, and most important of all—God. It is not characteristic of human nature to be thankful toward God. When all goes well with us, it is easy for us to imagine that it was our hand, or brain, or wisdom that wrought us success. However, it is not difficult to be thankful when the skies are blue. But when the skies are lowering, and the days are dark, it is more

difficult; and more than ever we need God. I do not mean some theory about God. But a real experience of his presence and power. The war is a fact, a gloomy reality; but none the less real is God. And in this dark hour when men are saying that God has turned his face away from his people, that Christianity has failed, let me warn you against such pessimism. God is not dead, or sleeping. Christianity is not dead; it is being but reawakened. Despite all the cost of this war—the cost in life and anguish and passion and economic burdens—the sovereignty of God stands sure, and the principles of Jesus are being vindicated.

Dr. John R. Mott says that the outstanding thought in the religious situation today is "the absolute centrality of Christ." And he well might have said that the war will be worth all it costs if it but makes clear to mankind that Christ is King, and that only as individuals and nations accept his sovereignty can civilization go forward.

So I dare to believe that God has chosen this time for his preparation for a harvest which will reveal his love for mankind. Behind this war, within it, and through it, surge great moral issues that can not die, because God-inspired and God-given. So in this hour of darkest midnight I thank God for the coming sunrise which will usher in the world's best day.

2. In the second place, we should be thankful for the spirit of our nation. Our government is inflamed by no jingoism, no hatred, no revenge. She has no thought of conquest, of material gain. She is spurred in her course by no undue excitement. After three years of patient bearing with insult and injury, after three years of careful thought she recognized her duty and came to a decision. "Now she is acting as any strong, honest man will act when any duty, no matter how hard, confronts him. Uncle Sam has an air of great resolution, a dignity of bearing, a self-possessed silence, a certain sternness of visage, that makes him seem every inch a man" (*Youths' Companion*).

3. Then, too, the war has raised new standards of loyalty and devotion. And we should thank God for these. We need them in our flabby age, in our Christian

service. We need the purifying power of personal sacrifice.

How vividly the picture is given us by the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

"Before our eyes millions are giving their all: their last measure of devotion: their last drop of blood. The world lies bleeding before us: a world, thus far, that has touched us only as one touches the hem of a garment. But now no longer. Today, at desk, in the kitchen and at the bedside the call is here and we are facing the mud, the carrion, the terror, the infinite weariness and suffering of the battlefield. Our faces are turned toward those fields of France that are one vast Calvary. But a glory shines over those areas of waste: a knowledge that man is greater than his material possessions: greater than anything that can befall him; that the softness of life has not after all robbed us entirely of the old miracles of heroism and sacrifice, and that Life is not all there is of living." For the challenge of these new ideals I am thankful.

4. Lastly, but by no means the least, let us thank God that it is our privilege to be, and that we *are*, more truly the servants of the world today than ever before. There will be less distress, less hunger, less starving because America has the food for the hungry and the people are willing to *conserve* it in order to feed and save others.

To the call from the destitute and starving of Belgium and Armenia and Syria we are sending our ships and our gold.

In response to the call of the sick, the wounded and dying, young men and young women, all over our land, are going off for service in the hospitals, with the Red Cross, for ambulance work, for moral or religious work in the armies or training camps. And in every hamlet and village throughout our land women are giving themselves unstintingly to the Red Cross, or other relief work,—doing it, too, not with the thought of honor or reward, but for the sake of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it . . . ye did it unto me."

In all the warring nations today, not less than 40,000,000 men and boys are under arms, representing a population of five-sixths of the human race. Back of the battle-lines are thousands of reserve camps where men are getting ready for the first

struggle, or resting from, possibly, the twentieth struggle. Back of these reserve camps are thousands of training camps getting others ready to pass up to the reserve camps and then to the trenches. When John R. Mott says, "I fear more for the training camps than I do for the trenches, far more," certainly we should be thoughtful.

These are the facts that give significance to the campaign of the Young Men's Christian Association, in the name of the united churches, in behalf of the men and boys. And we should thank God for the Association and the splendid response of the American people. The rich are giving, the poor are giving. And we will give again and again, and yet again, if it be needed.

So, friends, this Thanksgiving Day, let us be thankful for our boys in khaki, for the heroism and spirit of sacrifice, for the sympathy and gifts that have flowed out toward the suffering and needy; thank God for the loyalty and devotion of our people; thank him for our country,—her poise, her dignity, her unselfish spirit; thank God for what he is to us, the Giver of all and the Anchor of faith.

Firm in the belief in the ultimate triumph of God's government in the midst of the wreckage of human ideals, institutions and governments; firm in the conviction that nothing but moral and spiritual values are of ultimate worth, let us go out with the Gospel which teaches that love shall conquer hate, that light shall dispel darkness, that good shall triumph over evil; and then, —in the calm assurance of our faith, await the coming of the dawn.

MARY T. GREENE

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DEATHS

WEBSTER.—John Otis Webster was born in Hopkinton, R. I., May 10, 1834, and died at Albion, Wis., December 10, 1917.

He was the youngest of six children born to Capt. John and Mary Webster, all of whom have gone on before. His father was a deacon in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Rockville, R. I., and it was this church that our subject joined at an early age. Subsequently he removed with his parents to Wisconsin about 1853 and became a member of the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church.

In 1859, he was united in marriage to Theresa Main, who passed on in 1911. To them were born five children, all of whom survive them: Mrs. A. C. Burdick, Mrs. F. H. Crandall, Mrs. W. A. McCarthy, Mrs. H. E. Lily, all of Albion, Wis., and Mr. A. E. Webster, of Chicago, Ill.
c. s. s.

A PATRIOT IN BRONZE

The best preacher in New York is a silent man. You may see him standing on the corner of Broadway and facing the multitudes that hurry past, preaching without a word or gesture. His hands are bound behind his back; his lips are sealed. It is only his attitude that speaks; but what a sermon! "Men and women of the jostling crowd, what seek ye? Wealth is yellow dust that will presently sift through your stiff fingers! Pleasure is like a snowfall in the river, 'a moment white, then gone forever!' Honor is a wreath of laurel that fades with the setting sun! Pause and consider the things that are worth while because they endure! Live today that ye may live forever!"

It is a bronze figure of Nathan Hale, the patriot spy. He entered Yale College at sixteen to study for the ministry. Five years later, while teaching at New London, he heard of the firing on the minute-men of Lexington. The blood of the young schoolmaster leaped into a flame, and he marched out of New London with a cockade in his hat. A little later he earned promotion by rowing down the North River with a few comrades and seizing a supply ship from under the guns of a British man-of-war. Salute him now as Captain Nathan Hale.

Presently a call was issued for volunteers to man a forlorn hope. The British had seized the lower part of Manhattan Island.

It was evident that they were meditating a further advance. Washington greatly desired to know their plans and purposes. The choice fell upon Nathan Hale; he entered the British lines in the guise of a countryman, visited all their camps, making drawings and memoranda. He knew his life was in peril. The service required of him was one which, in case of discovery, would lead to ignominious death; but the mettle of patriotism was in him. The young spy, on his way back to camp, was captured. Proofs of his guilt—the diagrams of the British camp—were found in his shoes. He was bound hand and foot and kept all night under guard and sentenced, without trial, to die. Thus his mission ended in apparent failure.

But was it failure?

In the early morning he was led out to die. A scaffold had been reared in Rutgers Orchard, not far from where the statue stands. The youth was brave as a lion; he faced his death without a tremor; his last words were, "I regret only that I have but one life to lose for my country!" Thus he passed at the early age of twenty-one. It looks like an untimely death; but his work was done. He had finished a rounded life. The fulfilment of his dream of entering the ministry could not have bettered it. Life is not to be measured in years. There is more carbon in the Koh-i-noor than in a wagon-load of charcoal.

"It is not growing, like a tree,
In bulk doth make a man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere;
A lily of the day
Is fairer far in May—
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measure life may perfect be.

So stands the young preacher in bronze, a knight like Bayard, "without fear and without reproach"; cut short of his canonicals in life, but ever preaching to the passing throng his silent sermon on patriotic duty: "Be ready at thy country's call! Be instant at the behest of truth and justice! He never fails who dies in a just cause! 'We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial.' Live while you live, for God and for your fellow-men!"—*David James Burrell*.

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 Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, beginning at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening, at 7.30. Visitors are welcome.

Seventh Day Baptists in and around Philadelphia, Pa., hold regular Sabbath services in a hall on the fourth floor at 1626 Arch street. Preaching at 2.30 p. m. followed by a Bible Class using the regular Sabbath-school lesson in *Helping Hand*. All are welcome.

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.

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Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription
Per year \$2.00
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The Free Masons of Missouri, at their Grand Lodge, passed a drastic resolution in favor of bonedry prohibition. It provides that any Mason who signs a license petition or who goes on a saloonist's bond shall be expelled from the Order.—*National Advocate*.

"Ohio's state government has barred the use of whisky in all state hospitals and asylums."

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

VOL. 83, NO. 27

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 31, 1917

WHOLE NO. 3,800

The Tale That Is Told

After this RECORDER leaves the press and before it reaches its readers, the year 1917 will have passed away with its record of successes or failures, and the year 1918 will have come with its clean page upon which we must write—yes, upon which we *must* write, for there is no alternative.

We have told the tale of the years gone by, and whether satisfied with the record or not, there is no changing it now. If we see mistakes, or mark where we could have done better but did not, there is now no remedy. The only wise thing for us is to do as Paul did,—forget the things which are behind and turn toward the work that is before us. We can not improve the past, but we can make a better record in the future. Standing on the threshold of this new year, would it not be wise for Seventh Day Baptists to resolve that 1918 shall witness greater consecration and more willing service for the Master than were recorded in 1917? What have we done to be proud of as a people during the year just past? It is a question each one may answer for himself. Have I grown in grace or improved in spiritual life? Is my church any stronger? Have the prayer meetings been made more helpful by my interest in them? Have extra burdens come upon our boards because I have neglected to support the work as I should? Have I turned the cold shoulder to any important forward movement, proposed for the good of the cause we love? Am I satisfied with the progress made by the denomination in years gone by, or am I ashamed to have the world know how slow we have been? If it seems as though the cause has made too little progress, let each one ask himself, "Am I to blame for it?"

If the tale that is told is not satisfactory, then let us look to the future and make it tell a better story. God's work can not be done haphazard; it must be planned beforehand and carried out systematically. If every church will plan for the new year with

earnest zeal for the Master's cause, if every church member will faithfully do his part in the work and in the bearing of burdens, there will be no reason to regret the tale that will be told in 1918.

Will the Christmas Spirit Survive the War?

Not long ago I saw in print words to the

effect that it is a farce to celebrate Christmas, since all the world has denied the Prince of Peace. The doctrine of meekness and gentleness has been supplanted by that of power and might, and the angel song of peace and good will seems out of place. This is only one straw in the current showing how the tide of human feeling runs toward depression as the terrible world war goes on. It is difficult to think of millions of men engaged in deadly conflict, blowing each other to pieces with high explosives, hurling deadly gas into each other's faces, rushing on each other in the frenzy of the bayonet charge, starving women and children to death or drowning them in icy seas, without feeling that it is a travesty to celebrate the birth of the Christ whose one gospel was that of love—even love for our enemies.

While thousands who own Christ as their Lord and Master may be affected by this spirit of depression, and fear that the Christmas spirit can not survive the war, there are nevertheless many signs indicating that it will.

The rank and file of the armies are not willingly rushing into deadly strife. Very reluctantly have the soldiers left their homes for fields of carnage, and as the war goes on everything reveals the fact that thousands upon thousands feel the incongruity of the situation, and the sentiment is growing throughout the world that never again shall a few iron-hearted unbelievers in a Christ of love, good will, and forgiveness be allowed to plunge the world into war. Never again shall two or three kings and autocrats have a chance to drive masses into killing men for whom they have