

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 84, NO. 1

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 7, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,801

Repeated After Seven Years An aged friend in a distant State sends an editorial clipped from the SABBATH RECORDER of February 21, 1910, entitled, "A Word to Those Who Are Taking Care of Father," and asks if it is not worth repeating.

Concerning it he says: "One of the 'sides', the old people's side, strikes me very forcibly in these later years. Indeed it is worthy of careful consideration by both sides. The instruction and comfort for the caring and the cared for are valuable to both parties. As I am past the eighty-first round in the ladder of this life I am led to give more serious thought to such things than I did in former years."

For many years we have known this aged friend as a sweet-spirited Christian whom every one loves, and we are sure that the commendation of such a man will in itself add value to the message in the old editorial; therefore we repeat it here.

A Word to Those Who Are Taking Care of Father A good friend expresses her appreciation of the editorial published some weeks ago entitled, "Taking Good Care of Father," and wishes all who have old people to care for could read it. The wish is also expressed that some words of help might be written for the faithful toilers who are doing consecrated service in this respect, and who go longing for some signs of appreciation, which they seldom receive.

After all there are two sides to the question of taking care of the aged, neither of which should be overlooked. I have seen aged people in homes where they were indeed to be pitied, where they received nothing but coldness and neglect. On the other hand, I have known faithful, sweet-spirited people caring for the aged, where every kind attention was taken as a matter of course, and every ministry of kindness was met with a complaint or a frown. A kind word of appreciation now and then from those we are trying to help is a won-

derful comfort and makes life brighter.

It is beautiful to witness a pleasant old man or woman ripening and mellowing and growing more patient as the years go by. It is a pleasure to care for such old people. Their very presence in a home is like a benediction from heaven. What made it so pleasant to take good care of father in the case referred to some weeks ago was the fact that for many years he had been a pleasant, considerate father in his home, and had made life happy for his children. Then when he began to feel the weight of years and needed help from the dear ones to make his own life brighter, he seemed to appreciate every attention and was always solicitous lest he should make unnecessary trouble. There is not a soul in the homes of his children who would not deem it a privilege to minister unto father. Such services are easy and delightful because the one to whom they are rendered is not exacting and does not accept them as though they were his due and called for no thanks.

But we do not all grow old so gracefully, and not all old people are happy, and easy to get along with. How nice it would be if we could all live in such a way as to ensure a beautiful old age! But alas! life with many has tended to make old age sad and empty instead of happy and full of wisdom. We have not all improved life's spring and summer time in a way to ensure a peaceful and happy autumn. So when the days of infirmity come, and we are released from active toil, with the ever-narrowing circle of friends about us, the tendency is to live in the past, to feel out of harmony with the present, and to grow fretful and sour and peevish. In the years gone by all true heart-culture has been neglected and now the halls of memory are filled with pictures of gloom and disappointment. When the atmosphere of heaven should bring joy and gladness to the soul, only the chills of earth's polluted miasmas that come from a wasted life are left to cause us sadness and regret. O

that all might live that spiritual, unselfish, useful and loving life which brings the beautiful old age we so much love and venerate! But all do not so live. This makes it hard both for those who are living their active lives, and for those whose activities are over and who can now enjoy only just what the years have brought them.

But we must not lose sight of the thought upon which we started to write. It is hard to tell which deserves more pity, some old people who have to live in unsympathetic homes, or some faithful ones who have the constant care of unappreciative and exacting old people. There are hearts that ache for some kind word from those unto whom they minister. Weary years drag by, while their life energies are being exhausted, their cheeks furrowed with care and their forms bowed with toil in a service that receives no token of love, no sign of thankfulness in return. I pity such hearts.

Still there is left to them the blessed comfort, that the Master accepts all such service performed in the right spirit as if given unto him. We do not have to depend upon the words of those we help for our heart's comfort. The Master knows it all and says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." You can not so much as give a cup of water to one who needs it—if you do it from a sense of Christian duty—without your reward from him who said, "Lo, I am with you alway." No matter if your every act of kindness be forgotten by men; no matter if your deeds of love are met with coldness or even with insult and injury, such things can never rob you of the higher rewards and comforts of God promised to those who by self-denial serve their fellow-men.

There is one place where all our heart troubles are understood and where all our self-sacrificing work for others is appreciated. No good deed performed in love will be forgotten there. I know it is disheartening sometimes to toil on and receive no visible tokens of appreciation; but the Christian must expect this in a world of selfishness. If our hearts are right, we may realize fully the living sympathy of our Savior. He has trodden just such a path as yours and knows it all. He is faithful and will not forget your labor of

love. This thought is comfort enough for the present; and when it is all over and you come to the final reckoning, who can measure your joy when he says, "Ye did it unto me"?

Co-operative Denominationalism The most hopeful sign that the various churches of America will succeed in their efforts to make the forces of Christianity tell more strongly than ever before against the powers of evil that threaten our civilization is the fact, that the spirit of co-operation is marshaling the denominations in one mighty army to work for social, political and civic righteousness, to destroy the ruinous and degrading liquor traffic, to minister to the distressed and starving millions of these fearful times, and to promote international fellowship and good will.

The united forces of Christianity working for peace on earth in the name and spirit of the Master; standing side by side in gigantic undertakings essential to the uplift of humanity; laboring together for reforms, and promoting great principles upon which all are agreed, make a solid front against our common foes which can be secured in no other way. The principle, "United we stand, divided we fall," has been ignored by the divided church, and as a consequence mighty powers for evil have flourished all too long.

The surest way to get together is to work together; and if the denominations are to wait until all questions of difference are settled before uniting on things wherein they agree, what can this world do?

The fact that methods have been devised by which different Christian bodies can work together in these perilous times without insisting upon organic union and without interfering with the autonomy of any denomination, should give new courage to every one who desires to see right triumph over wrong. Nothing would suit the evil one better than to see Christians of different faiths pulling apart, fighting one another and refusing to unite against wickedness until every point of difference between them is settled.

One good way to secure respectful attention for our distinguishing truth is to co-operate with others in all matters wherein we agree, while at the same time we

stand loyal to that truth and fail not to exalt it whenever occasion requires.

True Denominationalism Is Still Needed We are glad to note the emphasis still being

placed upon the thought that denominational organizations are still needed, even though all should unite in federated operations against prevailing evils. Enthusiastic believers in unity of faith and order and in federation are admitting that it would be unwise to try to unite all Christian forces under one denominational name. One claim made by them appeals to us; namely, that denominational loyalty has actually been strengthened since the great movement for co-operation began. For instance, some of the broadest church undertakings have been set on foot by the churches most zealous for co-operative efforts in federated movements. The Disciples of Christ have their "Men and Millions Movement"; the Baptists and Congregationalists have each inaugurated a "Five Year Program"; Methodists and Presbyterians have pushed a great campaign to pension their ministers; and all other movements indicate a true spirit of denominational loyalty quite as great as we have ever known. The different denominations will continue to have their places, and each will have special work to do in building up the kingdom of God on earth.

"What an Education They are Missing" These are the words of Rev. Frederick Lynch in an article

in *Christian Work*, upon "The Educational Value of the Sermon." He had listened to a preacher who was not widely known, such a one as almost any town of considerable size might have, and seeing but few boys and girls in the audience he thought it a great pity for them to be losing so much; for he felt that any boy who listened attentively to such preaching for ten years would have a liberal education. Hence his words, "What an education they are missing."

Mr. Lynch reads as many sermons as almost any man in the country—sermons from every kind of preacher—and he says he seldom reads one that does not contain thoughts both educative and helpful. The young person who listens to even the or-

dinary sermons, week by week, of a live pastor, has rare educational privileges which he could ill afford to lose. In this way he may become acquainted with much of the literature of the world, for he hears its choicest gems quoted by the minister. In one little country church Mr. Lynch heard nine quotations from some of the world's greatest thinkers, all of which he made note of, as he loves to do whenever he can. He recommends that boys try to write the outline of each sermon after they have heard it, and that they search out the quotations in order to fix them in mind. Those who practice these things and try to make the most of the sermons week by week will find rare educational value, if nothing more, in the services of every Sabbath Day.

As to the educational value of the Bible when explained and taught from the average pulpit, we give Mr. Lynch's own words:

The boy who listens to a good sermon every week for several years has a good part of the greatest library the world knows, the sixty-six books of the Bible, covering every kind of literature, put before him with explanation and with its application to every sphere of thought and every walk of life. No man can call himself an educated man who does not know this book, and no man can be called uneducated who does know it. Furthermore, all our civilization is largely based upon it, all human thought is colored by it, all highest conduct derives its inspiration from it.

The boy who listens to its exposition week by week goes out into life enriched, ennobled, enlarged, and with powers increased for anything he may undertake. If only for this one thing alone the young man would do well to attend church regularly.

The Dawning Of a New Day One can scarcely look at the religious papers in these days without noting the rapidly growing conviction among Christians that a new day is dawning upon the world. Although as yet we may be only in the early twilight—almost before the daylight has appeared—still we can but feel that, ushered in by this terrible struggle, there is coming a new cycle in which the spirit of the Master is to be shown in a great brotherhood of humanity such as hitherto the world has never witnessed. We have too long been obsessed with the ideas of education that discounted spirituality as an essential element of leadership. Brain power has been regarded as the

highest and most desirable quality for earth's leaders, while spirituality and conspicuous soul power have been given a secondary place.

Today men see as never before in this generation that a materialistic philosophy which overlooks the higher spiritual life has wrought fearful havoc with the fundamental virtues that make nations great. It does not pay to exalt mental and physical powers while the spiritual and ethical are left to perish. No philosophy of life can succeed that ignores conscience, integrity, justice, and that violates the God-given rights of men. The world has seen enough of this, and the new day will bring a safeguarding of the rights of all, the humble as well as the great; a real world-wide democracy that will demand spiritual as well as intellectual ideals in those who rule. Right shall take the throne, and the principle that "might makes right" shall no longer endanger the peace of the world.

America can never be just the same again. It will cherish larger ideals of freedom, and being more conscious of its divine mission will strive for spiritual as well as political standards, applying them to the entire brotherhood of man. The new day will find men filled with revived consciousness of a present God who holds in his hands the destinies of nations as well as of men, and the law of harvest to follow seed-sowing will be more fully recognized. In that day men will not be foolhardy enough to deliberately sow the wind, under the law that must compel them to reap the whirlwind.

Helped by Hope The apostle Paul says, "We are saved by hope."

Possibly we are too much affected by present discouragements to fully realize what a blessing the spirit of hopefulness is designed to be in all life's struggles. Hope always has good cheer and comfort in it, because it is exercised in respect to something desirable. We never hope for misery; we never hope for failure; but we always hope for success, for love, joy, victory. Hope is "sweet-eyed, sweet-minded," and fills the soul with buoyancy. Hope fills with the spirit of work and enables one to do his best for the cause he loves. It enables one to build for the future, and the hopeful man enables others to build. Hope

is a charming trait, and we commend it to the workers of today as a source of sweetness and inspiration in view of so many things that tend to discourage. One hopeless man may dishearten many. Ten hopeless spies sent the thousands of Israel back into the wilderness to wander forty years. Had the ten possessed the optimistic characteristics of Caleb and Joshua, what a different record Israel might have made! Even Jehovah could make no use of hopeless, discouraged men. If all fearful dissatisfied carpenters in Israel could have become hopeful and helpful, almost every hindrance would have been removed.

The Gospel of Hope For Young and Old Whenever one comes to the point of bemoaning his state and pitying himself; whenever he magnifies his ills, his shortcomings, his rebuffs, until he finds himself almost constantly under a cloud, he is then alarmingly near the border line of despair. Hope is the soul's wings. If hope be wanting we are handicapped so far as our chances for success are concerned. The hopeless man will seldom try to better his condition, either in spiritual or in temporal affairs. Thousands who have found poverty staring them in the face or whose temptations and trials have seemed about to overwhelm them have saved themselves by hope.

When a young man is far gone in sin, when the evil one gets the better of him every day and all his good resolutions come to naught, the first thing to be done by those who would help him to rise is to inspire hope within him. If this can not be done, nothing can save him.

The aged pilgrim nearing the end of life's journey who has been hopeful and cheerful during his working years, should never lose hope, no matter how little he can now do. Perhaps, from a worldly point of view, he may feel that little has been accomplished; he may have amassed no fortune; he may have gained no high honors; but these things count for nothing when one stands at the portals of eternity. The aged man may lack a hundred things that others enjoy, but this should in no way dim his hope. By his example he has been preaching the gospel of hope all his days, until the spirit of hopefulness has become regnant in his soul. His words have

cheered and helped others; the radiance of his life has lighted their pathway; and now his own hope should enable him to see by faith his home above, and to rejoice in the things that lie just beyond.

True Also of Denominations If the spirit of hopefulness is so essential to individuals, both old and young, if life would be a failure without it, and if men are saved by hope, the principle holds true with denominations. One of the most dangerous things that can threaten any people would be a spirit of hopelessness as to their future. Every discouraged man or woman within the denomination weakens it by so much. And when a considerable number begin to doubt its success; when they begin to prophesy ill and forbode its downfall; when they become disheartened over the great numbers who oppose them, there is indeed reason for alarm. Every hopeless one becomes a burden for the others to bear and makes it all the harder to gain victories for the truth. If smallness of numbers gives good ground for loss of hope, the disciples of Christ had ample reason to give up. Nothing but the spirit of confidence in him who alone could lead to victory brought the little handful of Christians the wonderful success that crowned their efforts. If our little band of Seventh Day Baptists would unite as one man, become filled with hope for our future, and preach no discouraging message, God could do wonders for them.

"Denominational Apportionments Don't Fail to Read" Secretary Shaw gives on another page the rates of apportionment for each resident church member as approved by Conference, and we hope every one will carefully read the statement. Perhaps the churches have already been informed by the Board of Finance as to what is expected of them this year.

The data referred to appeared in the RECORDER of October 1, p. 417, but it is well to remind our readers once more of this important matter.

To speak kindly of others, however great their imperfections, is the sweetest charity in the world.—Hallock.

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Rev. T. J. Van Horn has been doing field work in eastern Oklahoma, out in the country from the town of Antlers. He began about the middle of November at the Belzoni schoolhouse, then at the Greenwood schoolhouse, and then at the schoolhouse called "White Church."

These three adjoining school districts form a sort of triangle, the schoolhouses being four to five miles apart. There are Sabbath-keepers in each district. The meetings have already resulted in converts to the Sabbath and the organization of a Sabbath school which uses Seventh Day Baptist publications.

Here is a paragraph from one of his letters: "I was 'down in the mouth' a week ago today, when after that long walk of seven miles from Amendi to the Belzoni schoolhouse I found no light and no fire, and but two lone women who were returning to the village. But I remembered a suggestion I saw some time ago, 'When you are down in the mouth remember Jonah. He came up all right', and I felt better." In another letter he says, "My campaign closed last night at Belzoni with the largest attendance I have had at any time, between seventy and eighty." So you see the attendance "came up all right."

Sabbath Evangelist Willard D. Burdick will spend the winter months of January, February and March in the Eastern Association, most of the time in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Berlin, N. Y. He has accepted the call to become pastor of the church at New Market, April 1, 1918, but will continue to give three months a year to this denominational work under the auspices of the Tract Society, the times and places to be arranged in consultation with the church and the society.

Evangelist D. Burdett Coon has closed a most valuable work in northern Wisconsin, three months of field work in visitation of lone Sabbath-keepers, preaching and encouraging the people. Several weeks were spent at Exeland and New Auburn, and

one at Grand Marsh, where there are organized churches. But the larger part of his work was like that done two generations ago by James Bailey and others through Iowa and Minnesota, journeying mostly on foot from home to home, bringing cheer and confidence to the people, strengthening denominational loyalty, inspiring hope and trust in the truth of the Sabbath, and no doubt giving direction in the hearts and minds of some of the children in these homes to a life work of Christian service, let us hope and pray, for the gospel ministry.

Evangelist Coon will be the acting pastor of the church at Milton, Wis., for the month of January. After that he is to go to Arkansas where he will work with Van Horn in gospel meetings at Gentry, Fouke, and perhaps Little Prairie and other places. Let us all remember these field workers in our prayers, that souls may be saved to the better life, to the gospel of Jesus Christ and his Sabbath.

The following extracts from a letter from Dr. Sinclair will be of interest to our people:

"Mr. H. E. Davis, Miss Burdick and Miss West came down to the boat to meet me early Friday morning, (Nov. 16). They brought me to Mr. Davis' home, I suppose because its the most comfortable, being very large and heated by furnace, and having electric lights and bath with hot water fixings. Am told these luxuries were put in by the senior Dr. Davis at his own expense. It's very fortunate for Mr. H. E. Davis to have such a comfortable home because of his health, also his children are not robust, though they are well, and they need the warmth. Mr. Davis is looking very well, also his wife.

"Yesterday, Sabbath, they held a welcome service for me. In front of the church the native pastor had planted a long border of chrysanthemums, for my benefit, I was told. The church also was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums. Besides the usual service the boys sang a song in English. Their voices blended well. Their leader has real talent. The girls also sang, and they did quite as well as the boys. Some very sweet voices among them. They all arose and gave me a

welcome bow. I bowed in return, and in response to the welcome speech by the native pastor said a few words of appreciation which Rev. Eugene Davis translated into Chinese for them. I enjoyed that service more than any other in my life. It was glorious looking into these faces, marvelously lit up with the Christ love. I love the Chinese. No one could help it after looking into the shining faces of the native Christians. There were about one hundred and twenty-five in the audience. The sermon and the singing were in Chinese, except the two songs I spoke of. Wednesday morning Mrs. Davis senior is taking me to Lieu-oo. Am having a happy time here. Every one is so kind. Enclosed is a statement of traveling expenses."

At the next session of the quarterly meeting of the churches of southern Wisconsin and Chicago one session is to be given to a discussion of matters concerning the Tract Society. This will give an opportunity for a consideration to the pro and cons of the denominational building idea. It is hoped that all who are interested will attend this meeting to give counsel and to learn. And it is also hoped that those who are not interested will be sure to attend, that an interest may be awakened in this subject. It is expected that the treasurer of the Tract Society, Mr. Frank J. Hubbard, will attend this meeting and have charge of the session which is given to the society. Others may also be present as representatives of the board. This meeting will be held with the church at Milton, Wis., probably the third Sabbath in January, although the date has not yet been fixed by the church. Arrangements are also being made to have another session of the meeting given to the work of the Missionary Society, under the leadership of Rev. D. Burdett Coon. The arrangement of the program is in charge of the local church. In an active center like Milton and Milton Junction the quarterly meeting takes on the character and the measure of a denominational gathering, and is sure to be largely attended.

"It is said that the ancient Iberians, ancestors of the Spaniard, never ate but one meal a day."

MISSIONS

OUR JAVA LETTER

DEAR FRIEND: I ought to have written before, but I felt so very weak and miserable last month. It was a great strain to me to walk as far as our church, and there I could only sit and listen to one of my boys whom I made read the lesson out of the Javanese Bible. And often I could not go at all. I think the trouble with me was weakness of heart. Sometimes I thought the end would soon come, and while I was so glad with the idea of soon to see my dear Lord and Savior, still I regretted that I had to leave these poor people and all the work as long as there was nobody to take my place. But once again God has spared my life, and I am able to do the usual work now.

I saw in the RECORDER of September 10 that my letter with the photos has reached you all right and that they were published in the RECORDER of May 14. I am sorry that number never reached me. I have been longing to see those pictures, as I had only that one copy which I sent to America; and some of my people here have never seen it. So I promised them to show it as soon as it would appear in the RECORDER. But now that number has been lost. Could not you send me another copy of that same number? I should be very thankful for it.

The work is going on as usual with disappointments and with joy, with difficulties and deliveries. A bitter disappointment was to me the bad behavior of the Javanese teacher. He had come to me fifteen years ago, a boy with a bad sore, weak and miserable. When he was grown up and I had taught him Javanese reading and writing and a little arithmetic, I made him teach the children. I gave him a piece of land and helped him as much as I could, till he has been able, of late, to buy a horse and a cart. He was baptized several years ago, as he professed to be converted. I always thought he was sincere, although he had an awful temper and often he would beat the children at school. But lately I found out that he had deceived me; so I told him he could not be a teacher any longer, as a teacher has to be an example for the

children. I expected he would confess his fault and ask for forgiveness. In that case I should have kept him as teacher. But instead of that he was as insolent and rude as he could be; and since that he never comes to the meetings any more.

And still there is much to rejoice over. Almost three weeks ago I made the converts sign a covenant in which they promise to come to the meetings as much as possible; to keep the Sabbath; to confess their faults when they have done wrong; to abstain from all witchcraft and to every day accept the power of the Holy Spirit, to be enabled by him to do God's will. Forty-three have signed it, after I had warned them not to be too hasty, as I never would press them to do it, only it had to be out of their own free will. I was greatly surprised when several asked to sign the promise who were not yet baptized. I spoke to them about baptism, and they told me they were very eager to be baptized. So there are eleven now who ask for baptism. As soon as I feel strong enough to go to the river, we will perform the ceremony. Oh, may they be kept true and faithful!

There are several who give me great joy, especially a girl who used to give me a great deal of trouble. I gave her the name of Maria. She is about fifteen years old. She is one of those I mentioned above who have signed the promise and asked for baptism. For a long time I have noticed that she is trying to please the Lord and to fight her bad inclinations. I have made her teach the very little ones at school, since I had to discharge the first teacher; and she is doing very well. Instead of the teacher is a young man, who has been assisting in the school for about a year. This one came to me with his parents, nearly sixteen years ago, the first of all these poor people. He was only five or six years old then. He also is doing his very best in all his work.

Now you know again something about our getting on, dear friends; and I hope you will continue to hold us up in prayer, and to work with me till the victory is won for the glory of our God.

Yours in this glorious hope,
M. JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, Tajoe, p. o., Java,
November 11, 1917.

OBSERVATIONS EN ROUTE, NO. 2

REV. JAY W. CROFOOT

Billings, Mont., from which I sent my latest Observations, must seem to most of the RECORDER readers to be in the far West, but as a matter of fact it is a thousand miles from Seattle, and that ride occupying from Sunday night to Tuesday morning proved to be rather a monotonous one. To be sure much of it was through high mountains but Monday was such a snowy day that it was difficult to appreciate the view. Sometimes we got fine glimpses of magnificent mountains, with the white of the snow relieved by the dark color of the evergreens and bare rocks (like the magazine pictures), but a large part of the time we saw the snowstorm rather than anything else.

One interesting fellow passenger on the tourist car was a Greek by birth, I think, though he is now an American citizen. He had "U. S. Transport" on his sweater and told me that he belongs to the Transport *Thomas* which I know runs between San Francisco and the Philippines. He did not speak English well, but was talking French with the steward in charge of the dining car. He paid as high as three or four dollars each for meals, and was showing hundred dollar bills. Another passenger said that this one won a large sum of money at dice at Butte the previous night, but who knows? We passed Butte at about four in the morning and I was surprised to see that the electric lights were then as bright as one would expect to see them at eight at night. I was told that the miners work in three shifts and that as they are on the streets at all hours Butte is an all-night town.

The conductor who took our train out of Spokane read my name and address, Alfred, N. Y., on my ticket, so he came and talked with me, telling me that he was born near Almond, N. Y. His name is Dunning and he had visited his relatives in Allegany County, N. Y., within a year or two. We had a nice little visit together.

Our train reached Seattle at eight, Tuesday morning—on time for the first time since August I was told! (Patrons of the Erie please take notice). Burdick Davis, of Salem, and another man who is also working for Will M. Davis, of Chicago,

met me at the train and took me to their hotel. The weather was not favorable for sightseeing, but during the forenoon we visited the establishment kept by our common friend, F. W. Woolworth, and Davis inquired about trains by which he can get home for Christmas. Of course I took another look at the totem pole and at the hotel where we stayed when en route to China in 1907.

In the afternoon we went out to the University to visit my friend and former pupil, Chloe Clark. We had a very pleasant time there, including a visit to the Museum, and dinner at the cafeteria of the Commons, which is one of several things under Miss Clark's supervision. I am not sufficiently familiar with the nomenclature of American universities to be able to say whether Miss Clark is a professor, an associate, an assistant, or an instructor. But anyway she is in the Home Economics department. I can't even remember what her brother Clarence is in the University of Chicago, though he told me when I called on him last week. We called on another brother who is in Seattle, Lieut. Walton B. Clark, who, like George Thorngate, whom I saw in Chicago, had just received his commission as First Lieutenant. (Edwin and George Shaw will know who these people are, if not every one else does. Professor Ford Clark, of Alfred, and Deacon Percy Clark, of Nile, belong to the same family).

Another peculiar thing is that I was accompanied to my train in Chicago, and in Grand Island, Neb., and to my boat in Seattle by a Mr. Davis from West Virginia.

I came from Seattle to Vancouver by the night boat and on arriving here Wednesday morning found that the *Empress of Japan* is to sail Friday instead of Thursday. As it rained all day Wednesday it was a rather long day, but I found the Carnegie Public Library among other interesting places. I have had my passport viséd by the Canadian authorities and by the Chinese Consul here. When I get my laundry back I shall be quite ready to go on board. I was cheered by letters from my family both last night and this morning.

Vancouver, B. C.,
Dec. 6, 1917.

THE SOUTHWESTERN FIELD

I trust that neither indifference nor ingratitude will be charged with the long silence of the missionary in the Southwest. I am assured that, after the report of our delegate to the Plainfield Conference, there is a good degree of interest in the work which your Southwestern missionary is trying to do. Further assurances come through correspondence and through material tokens of friendship and good will, especially at this season of the year. The sun seems to be ashamed of what is going on in the world in some quarters, for there were many days before Christmas that his face was not seen. But the awful war cloud can not entirely obscure the brightness of the Christmas spirit, and we gratefully hereby acknowledge the loving tokens of far-away friends. At the risk of reducing the interest that is felt in this field I have concluded to send a brief account of the work in southeastern Oklahoma.

The religious interest in the Belzoni neighborhood, at the time I began there, was centered in a debate between a Campbellite and a Baptist minister. It has been on the calendar for a number of months, and the missionary found it difficult to get the attention of the people fixed upon the gospel work he came to do. With these odds against me I pushed on as well as the circumstances would permit until the date set for this contest, December 1. When the specific time arrived, 10:30 Sabbath morning, the Baptist champion had not arrived, and I, the only neutral minister on the ground was conscripted and spoke to the assembled crowd. The text was 2 Timothy 3: 16. It is not to be assumed, because the more numerous and heartier amens came from the Campbellite side of the house, that therefore I was doctrinally inclined to that side. One of the Baptist ministers accepted my invitation to preach in the afternoon. My last sermon of this meeting was given to a full house that night, an illustrated sermon for children. The Baptist "defender of the faith once delivered to the saints" arrived in an auto before the beginning of this meeting and seemed an interested listener.

It was my privilege to hear the opening of this celebrated discussion on the following Sunday morning. The debaters were old and experienced in the art, and were

hardened by many a battle. They were presumably the best that the State of Oklahoma could afford. Two speeches by the Campbellite and one by the Baptist assured me that they were both masters in their profession, and able men. But what I saw and heard prepared me for subsequent reports of the debate which lasted four days and nights.

I very much fear that both men showed more eagerness to "skin" his opponent and to "pick his bones" than to reveal the truth to the eager throng that came to listen. The Campbellite affirmed that the church to which he belonged was organized on the day of Pentecost, June 5, A. D. 33, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 6 p. m. in the upper room at Jerusalem, and is entirely Biblical in origin, faith and practice. I did not hear the proposition which the Baptist affirmed, being obliged to leave at noon in order to reach my Sunday night appointment at Greenwood. When it was reported to me that the Campbellite relegated all Baptists to a place of extreme discomfort, and the Baptist laid his open jack-knife on the table in front of him thereby expressing his entire willingness to make it uncomfortable for his opponent here and now, I concluded that it would have been better all round for me to have continued my poor efforts in that place, and that the best method for a battle of that kind is either by aeroplane or submarine. This may or may not be a good place to say that, on invitation of the local Baptist pastor, Rev. Mr. Bristow, I met him at this same place on Sunday, December 23, to exchange reasons for observing the day we honored as the Sabbath. You may be sure that there was nothing sensational in this presentation, but I trust that no one saw a violation of the law of brotherly-kindness in this discussion.

What was regarded by some as the coldest weather ever felt in southeastern Oklahoma seriously interfered with the work at Greenwood, about four miles southeast of the town of Antlers. Here I found two Sabbath-keeping families (one Adventist), and after two weeks, two other families declared their intention of joining this company. Arrangements were made for a regular Sabbath meeting at the Greenwood schoolhouse. Quarterlies have already been ordered from our publishing house for use

in the Sabbath school. Who will volunteer to send four *Sabbath Visitors* to Brother C. D. Almond, Antlers, Okla., for one year, that the children may have the advantage of this excellent help in Sabbath-keeping?

The week spent in the neighborhood of our dear Brother J. J. Almond was the most favorable in nearly all ways of the five weeks spent in this section. The weather was ideal; the singing by a goodly company of people, especially by the Kennedy family residing here, was enlivening and spiritual. The attendance from the first was good and continued to increase to the last night when the house was filled to its capacity, and many outside.

That last day was a strenuous one. The house had to be cleared of a Christmas tree which had the right of way the night before. The house was a fright, but an hour's work Sunday morning reduced the dirt and confusion. The Sunday morning service was well attended considering the character of entertainment the night before. Without waiting to eat dinner Jewel Almond and I with three others went in the wagon to Belzoni schoolhouse for the Sabbath presentation aforesaid. Thence to the night appointment at the former place.

One of the pleasant memories of this campaign is that of two young men in a meeting the night before they started for their training camps, who pledged themselves to be followers of Jesus as their Captain first of all. Pray that these young men may be true to this pledge, where the demand for moral courage will be even greater than the physical courage required at the battle front in France.

T. J. VAN HORN.

Gentry, Ark., Dec. 28, 1917.

MONTHLY STATEMENT

S. H. Davis	In account with	
	The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society	
	Dr.	
Bal. in hand Dec. 1, 1917		\$ 646 99
Mrs. M. A. Ayars, L. S. K.		7 00
G. M. Cottrell, L. S. K.		25 00
M. H. Tassell		5 00
M. H. Tassell, Debt Fund		5 00
Mrs. C. H. Threlkeld, L. S. K., Miss Janz		5 00
Dr. Palmberg		15 00
Churches:		
Plainfield		13 40
North Loup		36 92
Friendship		16 90
Albion		4 30
First Alfred		90 02
Chicago		40 00
Syracuse		1 00
Young People's Board, Dr. Palmberg's salary		25 00

Nile Friendly Class, Dr. Sinclair's expenses	10 00
Income from Permanent Funds	700 00
Washington Trust Company Loan	1000 00
	<u>\$2643 53</u>
Cr.	
Dr. Burdett Coon, Nov. sal., trav. exp.	\$ 100 94
George W. Hills, Nov. sal.,	58 33
J. J. Kovats, Nov. sal.,	20 00
J. G. Burdick, Nov. sal.,	29 16
Edwin Shaw, No sal., trav. exp.	86 00
Stephen J. Davis, Nov. sal., trav. exp.	25 00
R. R. Thorngate, Nov. sal.,	29 16
T. J. Van Horn, Nov. sal.,	41 67
Luther A. Wing, Nov. sal.,	37 50
Dr. Grace Crandall, Nov. sal.,	33 33
T. L. M. Spencer, Dec. sal.,	50 00
Industrial Trust Co., China draft for salaries	838 73
S. D. B. Educational Society, acct. Miss West's sal.	10 00
S. H. Davis, Treas., acct. Dr. Palmberg's sal.	15 00
Amer. Sab. Tract Soc., acct. Dr. Palmberg's sal.	15 00
Woman's Board, for Miss West's sal., acct. Dr. Palmberg's sal.	10 00
Amer. Sab. Tract Soc., Conference reports	54 00
Washington Trust Company, interest on loan	30 55
S. H. Davis, return of temporary loan	500 00
Treasurer's expenses	20 00
	<u>\$2004 37</u>
Bal. on hand Jan. 1, 1918	639 16
	<u>\$2643 53</u>
Bills payable in Jan., about	\$1000 00
Notes outstanding Jan. 1, 1918	3000 00
	S. H. Davis, Treasurer.
E. & O. E.	

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, December 9, 1917, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, William C. Hubbard, Clarence W. Spicer, Edwin Shaw, Frank J. Hubbard, Theodore L. Gardiner, Marcus L. Clawson, Iseus F. Randolph, Charles P. Titsworth, Irving A. Hunting, Jacob Bakker, Alex W. Vars, James L. Skaggs, Arthur L. Titsworth.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Edwin Shaw. Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Advisory Committee presented correspondence from Sabbath Evangelist Willard D. Burdick, relating to his work in Verona and DeRuyter, N. Y., during the past month.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported as follows:

TRACTS

The following tracts have been distributed:
How Did Sunday Come into the Christian Church..... 5

Not Under Law but Under Grace.....	10
Lovest Thou Me?	85
Sacred Day—How Can We Have It?	10
Sabbath Postcard	110
Pro and Con	85
Sabbath and Seventh Day Baptists	60
Why I Am a Seventh Day Baptist	20
First Day of the Week in the Old Testament	5
Baptism	5
Sabbath as the Family's Day	48
Does the New Testament Teach the Observance of Sunday?	30
The Sabbath	5
Bible Readings on Sabbath and Sunday.....	70
Studies in Sabbath Reform	20
Evangelistic Tracts—35 each of Gospel Tracts, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.....	210
	<u>778</u>

RECORDER

No. new RECORDER subscriptions	6
No. RECORDER subscriptions discontinued.....	8
Net loss	2
Reasons for discontinuing paper:	
1 Traveling	
7 Requests	

There being a number of copies on hand of "Swift Decadence of Sunday; What Next?" by Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., it was voted that copies be offered to any subscribers paying for the RECORDER to the end of 1918, on or before April 1, 1918, by the payment of the postage on the book, so long as the edition may last.

Voted that Rev. James L. Skaggs be authorized to place copies of the book on sale at such book stores as he may select for the purpose.

About a half hour was taken for an informal discussion of the subject of the successful distribution of Sabbath literature.

Secretary Shaw reported meeting with the Sabbath School Board at Milton, Wis., at which various subjects relative to the Sabbath-school publications were considered.

Treasurer Hubbard reported correspondence in reference to the estate of Electra A. Potter.

Voted that the Treasurer be authorized to execute a waiver and consent to a decree in the matter of the Society's interest in a savings bank fund amounting to \$650.42, representing a part of the estate of Electra A. Potter.

Treasurer Hubbard reported correspondence from William O. Babcock in reference to the estate of Rebecca L. Babcock.

Secretary Shaw reported in reference to

his work during the past month, including visits to Milton, Albion, and Walworth, Wis., Chicago, Ill., Battle Creek, Mich., and Camp Custer, where he made addresses; gave chalk talks; discussed the proposed denominational building, etc.

In his report were presented resolutions of the Battle Creek Church, expressing sympathy with the efforts toward a denominational building, and a letter from Brother Tenney in reference to this and other denominational matters.

Correspondence from Ella M. Lawrence, of Camden, N. J., in reference to a special tract was referred to Secretary Shaw with power.

The monthly report of Rev. George Seeley was received, also correspondence from Dean Arthur E. Main and George A. Main in reference to the proposed denominational building and to denominational activities in general. The letter of George A. Main was referred to Secretary Shaw for further action.

Chairman F. J. Hubbard of the Building Committee reported verbally that at a recent meeting of the committee it had been decided to ask Secretary Shaw and possibly others to attend denominational meetings for the purpose of discussing with the churches and members of the denomination the subject of the proposed building.

Voted that F. J. Hubbard, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, and Rev. George Tenney be asked to attend the quarterly meeting of the southern Wisconsin churches, to be held in January, for the purpose noted above and at the expense of this Society.

Minutes read and approved. Board adjourned. As the Recording Secretary is obliged to attend a vesper service at 4 o'clock on Sundays now, at the church where he is organist, his duties after that hour fall to others, and this time it was Clarence W. Spicer, who was

SECRETARY pro tem.

Each soul has its own road to take; but if the road is lonely or rough, the temptation comes to leave it for companionship and ease. Better stumble every step of the way along the true road, better faint again and again from weariness and pain; for to leave it is to be lost.—Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know, God answers prayer.

"I know that he has given his word,
Which tells me prayer is always heard,

"And will be answered, soon or late;
And so I pray and calmly wait.

"I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the way I thought,

"But leave my prayers with him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own,

"Assured that he will grant my quest,
Or send some answer far more blest!"

DR. SINCLAIR ARRIVES IN SHANGHAI.

NEWS of the safe arrival of Dr. Sinclair in Shanghai has reached Milton through a letter from Mrs. Eugene Davis to Mrs. O. U. Whitford, and Mrs. Whitford very kindly offers to share a part of her letter with us. The letter is dated November 25, and while it bears a personal greeting is of general interest.

"Just a month from today, and Christmas will be upon us, and—we hope—Mr. Crofoot will again be with us. I should have gotten this letter into yesterday's mail, but failing to do so, will send it out tomorrow, trusting that the message will reach you during the holiday season. I wish I had something lovely to send you.

The putting away of the old joy of giving is one of the sacrifices we have to be making.

"After all I sometimes wonder what we know about sacrifice. Of course, we have given up native country, home, friends, a few conveniences, and tastes in food, dress and entertainments, musical or otherwise. But those only touch the fringes of sacrifice.

"And here in Shanghai there are some lovely opportunities. I think substitution is one of the hardest lessons people have to learn. We have been accustomed to thus and such, and think thus and such it must always be, when in reality something near-

ly or quite as good may be substituted when the need arises.

"Well, my homily runs on, and you'll be wanting to hear lots of things—about Dr. Sinclair for instance.

"It was a week ago last Friday that she came. The boat was said to be coming in early in the morning, and so, though I much wished to go to meet her, the brood could hardly be left at that hour—just after six. Miss Burdick, Miss West, Mr. Davis and Dzau Sien-sang started for the boat, which was coming in at a two-miles-away wharf. They had to wait at least an hour before the ship tied up, then there was difficulty in obtaining permission to go on board, and to climax it all no Dr. Sinclair was to be seen. But finally they found her name on the passenger list, and located her at last in one of the corridors. She had not realized that the boat had stopped, so she was leisurely concluding her packing. The baggage was put into some rickshas in charge of Dzau Sien-sang and one of Miss Burdick's servants, and the foreigners came on by street car to our house.

"Dr. Sinclair stayed in Shanghai until the following Wednesday. Sabbath Day there was a welcome service for her in the church. Mr. Dzau presided, and Doctor made a few remarks in English which Mr. Davis interpreted for her. The students, or rather selected choruses from them, sang English songs and Mr. Davis offered prayer.

"On Sunday Eugene and Alfred Davis piloted Dr. Bessie through one of the greatest crowds ever gathered in Shanghai to see the funeral procession of the late royal tutor to the boy emperor. The crowds were something indescribable. Later we all went to Alfred Davis' to tea. Their home is fully five miles from this mission. You may know that there is a new girl baby there—Dorothy Susie, born October 26, at Red Cross Hospital.

"Dr. Sinclair made several trips downtown, buying more supplies for the hospital, in the way of artery forceps, rubber gloves, slides for the microscope, colors for staining slides, ether, chloroform, etc.

"On Tuesday afternoon Miss Burdick and Miss West invited several friends to meet the new doctor. She thought at first that she ought to hurry out to Lieu-oo, but we were all agreed that it was quite necessary that she have a nucleus of acquaint-

ance in China among the foreigners before plunging into life with one foreigner only, and none others to be seen within a distance of twenty-five miles. Nearly thirty people came in to meet her and she greatly enjoyed it.

"On Wednesday, Mrs. Davis and she went out to Lieu-oo and on Friday Miss West went out to stay until tomorrow and come back with Mrs. Davis.

"We think of you very often, and wish for you Christmas joy. In the midst of all the world's woe, there is so much need of love and its expression, isn't there?"

THE many friends of Mrs. Whitford will be sorry to learn that she has been suffering from a severe attack of quinsy, which has kept her a "shut-in" at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, in Milton. Now she is improving and we hope that she will soon be able to be in her usual place in church, and at the board meetings, and as well in the many other activities that claim a share of her interest.

DOES IT PAY TO BE TIGHT WITH YOUR FAMILY?

FROM the age of forty-eight a man can look back over a good many mistakes and a good many failures, but the one that stands out the most glaring in my life tonight is my failure as a father.

When I was twenty-eight I was the father of three boys—all handsome, sturdy little fellows—and as I look back today I was fond of them, and I think rather proud in a self-satisfied sort of way. We lived on a big farm in northwestern Iowa. I always made the mistake of trying to do too much, and lost out in dollars and cents as well as in numerous other ways. I made this an excuse to myself whenever I started to the field with a,—well, a ruffled feeling, I suppose of guilt, way down in the unexplored regions of my conscience, for the thousand and one little acts that had sent those boys hurrying to their mother's arms, where they always seemed sure of a haven or refuge. I never saw her too tired, or too busy, or too sick, to give them her attention and sympathy.

But I! I was too busy. I had to work too hard. I was too much engrossed with the

crop, the hogs that were dying with cholera, the new colt, the fence that was down, the field of corn that was being choked out with weeds before I could possibly get to it, the field of clover hay that I was hurrying to get in before the rain, and—oh, well, something was always rushing. There was no time to listen to Ted's tale of woe, or pat his curly head, and, to be honest, it was against my principle to praise them or to be openly affectionate. Born myself of undemonstrative Yankee parents, work and thrift were the order. With my wife it was different. She was born down close to the Kentucky line, and while she or her people never claimed Southern heritage, yet they had all the characteristics common to the South—impulsiveness and a sensitive nature that hummed to every passing emotion like a taut wire in the winter wind. My harsh, repellent manner sent my boys scurrying to her for sympathy and comfort, and she, being what she was, turned to them with all the intensity of her nature trying to make up to them for the lack of their father's love.

When Carl, the oldest boy, was six years old he would take a little lard pail—I can see him as if it were yesterday—and slip up to a cow in the yard when I was milking and try his hand at making a stream of milk flow into the pail. It wasn't long either until he succeeded. This pleased me hugely, not because of his efforts, or because he was toddling at Daddy's heels, but because it wouldn't be long until he too would be a money-making factor.

I think my eyes began to be dimly opened the summer Carl was ten and his brother eight. My temper, never reliable, hadn't improved as the work increased, and the crops were stricken with hail, floods, and frosts, and my bank account hadn't increased according to my expectations.

WHEN THE FIRST WARNING COMES THAT summer my wife had the nerve—we never heard tell of such a thing in our thrifty new England stock!—to get sick. She wasn't really sick, but one day when I and the man went in to dinner I found her lying on the lounge. The meal was all on the table, and there she lay—Carl on one side, his lips quivering, and gently stroking her hand; his brother, less demonstrative, was standing stiff on the

other side with the look in his eye of a wounded deer; while Ted was whimpering in the corner.

When I stalked up to her half frightened and wholly indignant at such an unprecedented proceeding, and gruffly demanded what was the matter, she tried to tell me, but only succeeded in gasping for breath; and then it seemed as if every muscle in her body commenced to jump and her teeth to chatter. I was frightened now. Chancing to glance in Carl's direction I was startled for the minute to find him standing with clinched fists and flashing eyes, and a look almost of hatred shooting from their blue depths. A glance at his brother showed the same set look.

There was nothing to do but send for the doctor. I'm ashamed to say, looking back from forty-eight, that the thought uppermost in my mind even then was the draft it would make on my bank account.

The doctor arrived, and quickly said, "Nervous break-down." Did I imagine it, or did he too look at me with a menacing glance? Strange! Wasn't I fast getting to be the most looked-up-to man in the neighborhood? Didn't everybody round about respect me? Why should this doctor look at me like that? Suddenly I felt myself a very much abused man. Surely, it was bad enough to have a woman with nerves, without having your children look at you with such antagonism and a doctor who seemed to hold you responsible for her being in that condition!

It wasn't long until she began to get about again and take up the daily routine, and everything moved like clockwork. I think somewhere down in the depths of me I was proud of my wife. She was a wee mite of a woman, weighing always less than one hundred pounds, but she did all of the cooking, washing, ironing, canning, and cleaning, and raised from a hundred to two hundred chickens every year. But that wasn't anything—didn't my mother always do all of that and raise a big garden besides?

While she went on growing into the lives of those boys, and drawing them to her closer and closer with the cords of love and mutual understanding, I went on redoubling my efforts to make money. But a place was always yawning for a little more; so when a man came out and bought a couple

of sheep that I had indifferently given to Carl and his brother when they were little lambs, it seemed only a matter of course to me that I should use that money. It was to make a payment on a machine to build hog fences with, I remember. Their mother explained to them how necessary this was, and I ordered the machine a few days later with a very puffed-up, satisfied feeling, for wasn't this the first one in our neighborhood?

A year later they helped a neighbor pick up potatoes—those little chaps—getting up at five o'clock every morning so as to be in the field by sunrise, and working until sunset.

The boys earned between them, I think, ten dollars. They took some of it and got some little things that they were eager for, very much against my judgment; but their mother gently insisted, and I graciously gave in. In a moment of generosity I offered to sell them a young runty shote for five dollars. These boys of mine had an eye for money-making, and this afforded me great gratification, for weren't they a chip off the old block? They accepted my offer, handing me their hard-earned five dollars, and the pig was theirs—supposedly.

It was a young sow, and the next spring she had a litter of five baby pigs. The boys were jubilant. Their enthusiasm was contagious, and I really warmed up enough to help them fix a pen under an old apple tree, away from the rest of the bunch. The boys carried slop, pulled purslane, carried corn and bedding, and watched them grow until one day they were ready for market. They were hauled to town with a load of mine, and I was paid for the whole bunch. Those five shotes brought something like fifty dollars at that time. I pocketed the money. What did it matter—wasn't I working for them; wouldn't they get it all some time? So I reasoned with my conscience.

Things went on until they reached the age of sixteen and eighteen. Work was the watchword; recreation the devil's tool. Those boys didn't take to the farm. To me they were sullen and secretive, though often I would surprise them and their mother holding the chummiest kinds of consultations, and they were always open and frank with her.

Finally, one day, they declared their intention of going to work in town. This I

loudly opposed, but to my consternation their mother quietly acquiesced in their decision. It was the first time she had ever openly decided against me. I was furious. They had both, unknown to me, secured positions in our home town, only two miles from the farm.

AN OUTSIDER IN HIS OWN FAMILY

TIME went on. The boys were making good. I had seen their bank books. But I found myself in the position of an outsider in my own family. Things had been made to run as smoothly as possible—a big task to their mother. The boys went their way and I went mine, yet I felt abused, ill treated.

I had my first real awakening one morning when Carl was nineteen. I chanced to come in before he had gone to work, and found him strutting up and down before the mirror in an overcoat that spelled the latest thing in sportiness, while his mother looked on with an amused sparkle in her eye and a girlish flush on her cheeks. They had been laughing a moment before. I had heard them as I stepped into the hall. Yet the moment I entered, a quick glance passed between them.

The realization that I was an outsider, and a vague consciousness that it was my own fault, sent a sharp stab through me. Carl hastily kissed his mother and went out. I turned on my wife, and in a voice of thunder angrily demanded what the idiot had paid for that thing. To my astonishment she turned quickly and faced me. "Twenty-five dollars," she said. I swore, and started to stalk out of the house. "It may be your way," I thundered back at her, "but it ain't my way," and started to slam the door.

It was with something of a jolt that I suddenly found this meek little woman of mine blocking the way, with an unknown flash in her eyes. "Well, suppose it isn't your way! Suppose it happens to be my way, what then?" I stared at her in amazement and once more started to pass out, but still she blocked my way as she hurled these words at me: "You think Carl ought not to have put that much money in his overcoat. You think he should have put it in the bank. You don't see that he is growing impatient and restive, and some

of these days he's going to kick over the traces entirely. He wanted that particular coat, and he talked it over with me; and I decided it was best, for many reasons, for him to have it, and incidentally I decided that there was no good reason for supposing that my way might not be just as good as yours."

It certainly was an eye-opener for me, and somewhere, deep down inside of me, was a terribly lonely, empty feeling. In a dazed condition I went about my work. At noon I went in to dinner, half expecting I knew not what, but found the meal on the table as usual and all traces of the storm seemingly gone from my wife's face as she looked up with her usual smile.

Four years have passed since then. Those boys have made good, each in his separate line of work, and I am called successful.

Last night I returned at a late hour after a week's absence. There was a bright light in the big living room and I heard my wife's laugh ring out as clear as a girl's. I opened the door quietly and looked in. It was a scene to gladden a man's heart, only there was a heartache behind the gladness. Some pine cones had been thrown on an already cheery blaze in the open fireplace, and the leaping flames shed a rosy glow over the room. In a big easy chair, half-reclining, with her arms thrown over her head, sat,—was it a girl or a woman?—my wife, aged forty-two, and two handsome, broad-shouldered men—our two sons, aged twenty-one and twenty-three. Their day's work was done and they were spending the evening at home. The atmosphere was charged with harmony.

I stood for a moment drinking it in, when Carl glanced up and saw me. Greetings were exchanged. They were solicitous for my comfort, eager for news of my journey. But a curtain close down: something had gone from the atmosphere. A closeness I had never sought and didn't need when they were small, but for which I hungered tonight, could never be mine, for my own hand had thrust it aside and barred the door. Nothing I can do will ever make up to them for the things I didn't do when they would have responded so eagerly to my slightest advances. They are boys to be proud of, and honesty compels me to admit that I have had no part

in it. I shut them out of my life by my harshness, my lack of sympathy, my lack of understanding, and, most of all, by my self-satisfied egotism; and tonight I am shut out of theirs—an outsider in my own family. What wouldn't I give just to be "Dad" to those boys, with all the chumminess the word implies! But "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"—it is the law.—*Ben Bruce, in Farm and Fireside.*

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 Engineers, S. Branch, American Expeditionary Forces, France.
- Ayars, 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 (Alfred, 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.
- Briggs, Charles B. (Ashaway, R. I.), Receiving Ship, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Briggs, Leverett A. Jr. (Ashaway, R. I.), Receiving Ship, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 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, Corp. 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, Sidney D. (Alfred, N. Y.), Coast Artillery.
- 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, Sergt. A. T., Headquarters Co., Hospital Battalion 14, 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, Lieut. Walton B. (Alfred, N. Y.), Fort Stevens, Oregon.
- Clayton, Howard (son of Rev. Mr. Clayton, Syracuse, N. Y.), Camp Dix, N. J.
- Coon, John T. (Ashaway, R. I.), U. S. Coaling Station, Melville, R. I.
- Coon, Lance Corp. Aaron Mac (Alfred, N. Y.), No. 1 Presbyterian General Hospital, formerly U. S. A. Base Hospital No. 2, British Exped. Forces, France.
- Coon, Sergt. Edgar, Battery A, 130 Field Artillery, Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla.
- Coon, Leland A. (Leonardsville, N. Y.), Co. C, 7th Inf., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.
- Coon, Raymond H. (Westerly, R. I.), Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., Medical Division, Base Hospital. (Formerly of Camp Dix, Co. E, 310 Inf.)
- Cottrell, Capt. Arthur M. (Unassigned) (Alfred, N. Y.)
- Crandall, Private C. L. (Farina, Ill.), Co. G, 130th Inf., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
- Crandall, Lieut. Winfield R. (Alfred, N. Y.), (Unassigned)
- Daggett, Q. M. Sergt. C. S. (Dodge Center, Minn.), Headquarters, 1st F. A. Regt., U. S. Marines, Quantico, Va.
- David, Private Marion (Farina, Ill.), Co. G, 130th Inf., Houston, Tex.
- Davis, B. Colwell, Jr., (Alfred, N. Y.), U. S. Marines.
- Davis, Capt. Edward (Salem, W. Va.), medical Corps, Infirmary, 368 Inf., Camp Meade, Md.
- Davis, Karl (Fouke, Ark.), son of S. J., Co. A, 335th Machine Gun Bat., Camp Pike, Ark.
- Dunham, W. E. (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. K, 108th U. S. Inf., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
- Estee, James L. (Camargo, Okla.), Co. G, 357, Camp Travis, Texas.
- Fenner, Glenn B. (Alfred, N. Y.), 96th Aerial Service Squad, Signal Corps, Am. Exped. Forces, France.
- Fillyaw, Walter Judson (near Charlotte, N. C.), Medical Dept., Co. F, 4th Inf., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.
- Greene, Carlton (Adams Center, N. Y.), Mach. Co., 310th Inf., Camp Dix, N. J.
- Greene, Carl (Adams Center, N. Y.), Co. 5, 2nd Bn. 157 Depot Brigade, Camp Dix, N. J.
- Greene, Corp. Ernest G. (Alfred, N. Y.), Battery C, 307th Field Artillery, Camp Dix, N. J.
- Green, Paul L. (Nile, N. Y.), Co. I, 128th Inf., Camp MacArthur, Waco, Tex.
- Greene, Robert A. (Alfred, N. Y.), Med. Dept., 52d Inf., Chickamauga Park, Ga.
- Hamilton, Sergt. Clinton (Portville, N. Y.), Co. C, 41st Inf., Fort Crook, Neb.
- 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.
- Horton, Kenneth F. (Adams Center, N. Y.), Battery E, 8th Regt., C. A. C. Brigade, American Expeditionary Force.
- Hunting, Elmer Leon, (Plainfield, N. J.), U. S. Army School of Military Aeronautics, Princeton, N. J., General Delivery.
- Jeffrey, Dr. Robin I. (Nortonville, Kan.), 122 Ridgeland Ave., Waukegan, Ill.
- 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.
- Langworthy, Lloyd (Ashaway, R. I.), Co. F, 301 Engineer, Camp Devens, Mass.
- 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. Inf., A. E. F. via New York City.
- Maxson, Eslie (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.
- Mills, Corp. Harold A. (Hammond, La.), Co. E, 154 Inf., Camp Beauregard, La.
- Mosher, Floyd C. (Berlin, N. Y.), 5th Regt., 2nd Battalion, 23rd Co., U. S. M. C., care Postmaster, N. Y. City.
- Phillips, Lieut. Kent, 105th Field Signal Battalion, Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.
- Osborn, Lester G. (Los Angeles, Calif.), Division B, Naval Reserve. Shore address, 922 Center St., San Pedro, Cal.
- Poole, Clesson O. (Alfred, N. Y.), Coast Artillery.
- Randolph, Private Harold C. (Salem, W. Va.), Q. M. C., Motor Truck Co. No. 337, Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.
- Randolph, Milton Fitz (New Market, N. J.), Naval Militia Armory, Foot of 52d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Randolph, Lieut. Winfield F. (Alfred, N. Y.), 1st Pa. Field Artillery, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
- Riffenberg, Fred (Ashaway, R. I.), Fort Getty, Jamestown, R. I., Co. 19.
- Rogers, Private S. Z., Co. G, 130th Inf., Houston, Tex.
- Rood, Bayard A. (North Loup, Neb.), Battalion C, 17 Field Artillery, Camp Robinson, Sparta, Wis.
- Rosebush, Capt. Waldo E. (Alfred, N. Y.), 57th Dept. Brigade, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.
- St. John, Sergt. Milton Wilcox (Plainfield, N. J.), son of DeValois, Co. B, Machine Gun Battalion 310, Camp Meade, Md.
- Saunders, William M. (Garwin), Co. B, 168th U. S. Inf., 84th Brigade, 42d Division U. S. Expeditionary Forces, Camp Mills, N. Y.
- 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. (Ord. Dept.) (Alfred, N. Y.), 1208 G St., N. W. Washington, D. C.
- Sheppard, Mark (Alfred, N. Y.), (Address later).
- Smith, Arthur M. (Ashaway, R. I.), Fort Getty, Jamestown, R. I., Co. 19.
- Spooner, Malcolm (Brookfield, N. Y.), U. S. A. School of Military Aeronautics, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
- Stephans, Corp. Earl D. (Nortonville, Kan.), Co. 1st Battalion, 110th Engrs., Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla.
- Stephan, Corp. Thomas A. (Nortonville, Kan.), Co. A, 1st Battalion, 110th Engrs., Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla.
- Stevens, George P. (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. K, 108th U. S. Inf., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
- Stillman, Archie L. (North Loup, Neb.), U. S. Armed Guard Crew, care Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.
- Straight, B. D., Co. B, 308th Inf., 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 Inf., Camp Dix, N. J.
- Thorngate, Lieut. George (Salem, W. Va., and Milton, Wis.), Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Thorngate, Roscoe M., U. S. S. Maine, c/o Postmaster, N. Y. City.
- Van Horn, Beecher (North Loup, Neb.), Battery

- D, 384th Field Artillery, Camp Lewis, Washington.
- Vars, Otho L. (Alfred, N. Y.), Co. K, 310th Inf., Camp Dix, N. J.
- Warren, Corp. Hurley S. (Salem, W. Va.), Co. A, 1st Reg., W. Va. Inf., Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.
- Wells, Edward (Ashaway, R. I.), U. S. Atlantic 116, Care Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.
- Wells, Forest (Ashaway, R. I.), 23rd Detachment, 23rd Engineers, Camp Meade, Md.
- Wells, Nathanael (Ashaway, R. I.), Naval Reserve, Y. M. C. A., Newport, R. I.
- Whitford, W. G. (Nile, N. Y.), Co. A, Headquarters Trains, 86th Division, Camp Grant Rockford, Ill.
- Witter, Adrian E. (Alfred, N. Y.), Battery E, 17th F. A., Camp Robinson, Sparta, Wis.
- Witter, E. Allen (Alfred, N. Y.), (Address later).
- Woodruff, Corp. Charles Eldon (Alfred Station, N. Y.), Co. A, 50th Inf., Charlotte, N. C.
- Woolworth, Cecil (Nortonville, Kan.), Battery A, 130th Field Artillery, Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla.

DENOMINATIONAL APPORTIONMENTS

REV. EDWIN SHAW

So far as I know, the report of the Board of Finance for this Conference year has not been published. Doubtless the churches are asking the question as to how much is expected from them in order to meet the expenses of the various denominational activities. I shall not take the time and space to compute the amounts for each church, but the appropriations can be made easily from the following which was the basis of calculation used by the board.

	Per resident church member
Missionary Society	\$1.07
Tract Society95
Education Society25
Sabbath School Board12½
Woman's Board57
Conference Budget20
Young People's Board	

The Board of Finance made no appropriation for the Young People's Board, suggesting that the board makes its own appropriation. The Young People's Board asked for \$1,200.00, but so far as I know, it has not been in any way apportioned among the societies.

Suppose a church has a resident membership of 140.

Missionary Society	140 x \$1.07 =	\$149.80
Tract Society	140 x .95 =	133.00
Education Society	140 x .25 =	35.00
Sabbath School Board	140 x .12½ =	17.50
Woman's Board	140 x .57 =	79.80
Conference Budget	140 x .20 =	28.00

\$443.10

Add to this the amount expected from the Christian Endeavor society.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

REACHING UPWARD

ANGELINE ABBEY

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 12, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Looking upward (Heb. 12: 1-6)
Monday—Yearning upward (Col. 3: 1-8)
Tuesday—High aims (Phil. 3: 7-14)
Wednesday—Rising through prayer (Eph. 3: 14-21)
Thursday—The upward path (Col. 3: 9-15)
Friday—Helping others upward (1 Cor. 9: 19-23)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Young Christians reaching upward.

1. O God, thou art my God; I seek thee earnestly. My soul thirsts for thee, my flesh pines for thee.
In a dry and weary land without water.
2. So in the sanctuary have I gazed on thee, To see thy power and thy glory.
3. For thy lovingkindness is better than life; [Therefor] my soul praiseth thee.
4. So will I bless thee while I live: In thy name will I lift my hands.
5. As [with] fat and marrow shall my soul be satisfied;
And with lips that joyfully shout shall my mouth praise thee.
6. When I remember thee on my bed, Through the watches [of the night] do I meditate on thee.
7. For thou hast been a help for me, And in the shadow of thy wings will I shout for joy.
8. My soul cleaves [to and presses] after thee: Me does thy right hand uphold.
9. But these—for its destruction they seek my soul:
They shall go into the undermost parts of the earth.
10. They shall be given over to the power of the sword,
The portion of jackals shall they be.
11. But the king shall rejoice in God.
Every one that swears by him shall glory;
For the mouth of them that speak a lie shall be stopped. Psalm 63.

If the Psalmist is allowed to speak, he gives many details of his circumstances in his song. He is in a waterless and weary land, excluded from the sanctuary, followed by enemies seeking his life. He expects a fight in which they are to fall by the sword, and apparently their defeat is to lead to his restoration to his kingdom.

* * *

In the first strophe the Psalmist gives expression in immortal words to his longing after God. Like many a sad singer before and after him, he finds in the dreary scene around an image

of yet drearier experiences within. He sees his own mood reflected in the gray monotony of the sterile desert, stretching waterless on every side, and seamed with cracks, like mouths gaping for the rain that does not come. He is weary and thirsty; but a more agonizing craving is in his spirit, and wastes his flesh. As in the kindred psalms 42 and 43, his separation from the sanctuary has dimmed his sight of God. He longs for the return of that vision in its former clearness. But even while he thirsts, he in some measure possesses, since his resolve to seek 'earnestly' is based on the assurance that God is his God. In the region of the devout life the paradox is true that we long precisely because we have. Every soul is athirst for God; but unless a man can say, 'Thou art my God!' he knows not how to interpret nor where to slake his thirst, and seeks, not after the living Fountain of waters, but after muddy pools and broken cisterns.—*Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D. D.*

Look upward! The stars are more beautiful than the dust under our feet. The man who keeps his eyes riveted upon the ground misses many things. He misses the inspiration and encouragement which come from the smiling eyes of his friends. One heavily burdened woman always looked for the cheery face of a certain girl upon the street car every morning. Though this girl was a stranger, yet the woman received new courage and strength to get through her hard day, from the smile given her. One who does not look upward misses the beauty of the clouds and the landscape, the birds and the trees, and the works of architecture near him.

We need, most of all, to look up to behold the Christ, up from self to the Lord who is infinitely above man and his petty plans and ambitions.

"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."
Aim high. Say with Paul: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

HELPS FROM ENDEAVORER'S DAILY COMPANION

Some Bible hints:

Jesus sought God early—early in life, and early in the morning. God first in the heart is more than half the victory (v. 1).

One may see God in nature, it is true; but the saints have oftenest found him in the sanctuary (v. 2).

To see God in all things, to recognize

YOUNG CHRISTIANS REACHING OUTWARD

ANGELINE ABBEY

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 19, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Reaching the needy (Luke 10: 25-37)
Monday—Reaching out to rescue (Jude 20-25)
Tuesday—Reaching regions beyond (Acts 16: 9-15)
Wednesday—Reaching out to comfort (2 Cor. 1: 1-7)
Thursday—Reaching out to reform (John 2: 13-17)
Friday—Reaching out to bless (Rom. 1: 8-15)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Young Christians reaching outward (Gal. 6: 1-10)

It has been said that in times past theology and ethics were very far apart, and that they have been coming nearer and nearer together with the advancement of the years, until now a man's religion is gauged by his works. Our ancestors stood, and contended more for creed than for good works. If they *believed* certain things, it mattered little what the daily *living* was,—so long as they kept within certain limits. There was a noticeable lack of charity and good will and tolerance of other religions. Persecutions and the terrible slaughter of human beings, of which we read in history, were the fruit of sectarianism without the spirit of Christ. Men did not comprehend the mind of Christ. Now a man who has a feeling of animosity toward another, even though he may be ever so loud in his professions of Christianity, or ever so strong an advocate of some creed, is judged by his fellows as not being Christian. When the lawyer of whom we read in Luke 10: 25-37 asked what he should do to inherit eternal life, Jesus replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself," and went on to show by the story of the Good Samaritan the fruit of the right kind of neighborly feeling.

The Christian should reach out to rescue. One of the strongest proofs of the conversion of an individual is his changed attitude toward his fellow-man. Those things which he formerly loved he now hates, and those things which he formerly hated he now loves. He is no longer attracted to sinful people, but is drawn toward the followers of Christ. He sees some good in

that every good thing comes from him, is to live the life of happiness (v. 4).

The life of fellowship with God is the rich life, the life of peace and inward satisfaction (v. 5).

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

To see God's power awakens a sense of admiration, such as a scientist may feel; but to see God's love is to break into exultant praise.

Prayer is the hand that reaches upward. The more we pray, the higher is our reach.

It is easy to live life on the world's low level. It takes faith and courage to rise to Christ's principles laid down in the Sermon on the Mount. Have we that courage?

It is good to take a noble man as a model; but even the best man fails us, for no man is perfect. Christ is the best model to which to aspire; and, more than that, he helps us to attain.

A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS

The plant struggles toward the sun. There is something in the plant that calls for light. So in the soul there is something that hungers for God. Shall we starve this aspiration to death?

The Bible helps us to reach upward. It inspires us because it is inspired. It came from Heaven, and therefore can lift us to Heaven.

The runner with his eye on the goal does not notice the crowds around him or heed their cries. The man that seeks the highest gives no heed to temptations around him, turns aside for nothing, holds his course true.

TO THINK ABOUT

What books help you to reach upward?
How can we help others to reach upward?

What next step upward can we take?

INTERMEDIATE STANDARDS

Standards in a society are definite aims toward which the society works. For instance: (1) Every Intermediate a church member. (2) Every Intermediate a Comrade of the Quiet Hour. (3) Ten per cent of the Intermediates tithers. (4) Twenty-five per cent of the members Christian Endeavor Experts. Add other aims if you think they are needed.

the least attractive Christians, and hates sin in all places. He loves the sinner though he hates his wicked ways, and he desires to rescue him. He is not content until those whom he knows are serving the Christ,—safe in the fold. There is a beautiful picture of a woman clinging to the cross, looking upward, while with the other hand she is reaching down to lift another up to the cross, out of the troubled sea below.

When one makes a full surrender to God, he is burdened for souls all over the world, and is anxious for their salvation. Then he is willing to go to distant regions if he is called, or to help anywhere with his personal efforts, talents and money. There is so much need of help in our own neighborhood,—sorrowing and suffering ones who need cheer and comfort. The child of God needs to go to these, manifesting the spirit of Christ, in sympathy and love. If the afflicted one is a Christian, he needs to be heartened and encouraged. If he is not a Christian, sympathy shown and kindly deeds performed may win him to the religion of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

The more the young Christian studies his Bible, the more he sees sin about him, and the more he is grieved because of it. Then he is constrained to engage in various sorts of reforms. One of the most prominent is the temperance reform. We have seen great results in the past few years,—the fruits of many years of strenuous, discouraging work by brave Christians who counted not their lives dear unto themselves. Many even lost their lives for the cause. Now that national prohibition is in sight, we must not relax our vigilance until it comes, but work hard in every way we can to hasten it.

The Christian should reach out to help others, to bless and encourage, by visits when he can, and by letters or the sending of good literature. "To do good and to communicate forget not." Such messages as these are very inspiring: "I thank my God upon every remembrance of youth." "I thank my God through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world." "For God is my witness, whom I serve in my spirit in the gospel of the Son, how unceasingly I made mention of you always in my prayers."

"Even if one be overtaken in a trespass, ye who are spiritual restore such a one in a spirit of meekness, looking to thyself lest thou also be tempted." We should bear others burdens, but not cast our burdens on others. Let us lift loads, instead of adding to the load of another. Those who carry sunshine, and help their fellow-beings all they can, keeping their own trials to themselves, are beloved and welcomed almost everywhere. People dread to see the one coming who is always grumbling and complaining.

We shall reap as we sow. God's laws must be obeyed. Have we worked until we are weary and seen little or no results? Sometimes we are tempted to give up, to feel that our efforts are a failure, and to relax our vigilance, or to cease altogether. "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

QUOTATIONS FROM ENDEAVORER'S DAILY COMPANION

"Nothing cures selfishness better than a little friendly interest in some one else. (v. 1).

"Everybody has his own burden of grief, pain, temptation, or loss; and a little sympathy goes a long way to make the load lighter (v. 2).

"Pride swells a man like a toad, whereas kindly service and helpfulness develop a man. There are different ways of growing big (v. 3).

"Every man sows something, good or bad; and the day comes when he must meet the fruit of his deeds (v. 8). Sow to the Spirit and live.

"If we do things in order to receive praise, from man, we may grow weary, for men do not always praise. Keep the eye on God, and look for his approval.

"Life is made up of circles, the family circle, the circle of friends, the church, the community, the country. Our hearts must embrace them all, and make us capable of helping all men, of whatever race or creed.

"We can reach out in service just to the degree that we reach up in prayer. Life on the horizontal is measured by life in the perpendicular.

"Our lives touch other lives, and thus we are reaching out whether we think of it or not. What is the effect of our outreach?"

ILLUSTRATIONS

Some years ago people in all parts of the world celebrated the five hundredth anniversary of John Huss' birthday. His influence has reached out through the centuries. Why? Because he lived the unselfish life.

There is one Christian Endeavor society in Australia from which have gone out some forty missionaries and ministers.

A stone cast into calm water causes series of ripples to serge outward! Influence is like that! It starts from an individual, but it goes far beyond the individual and even beyond his control. Shall we start good influences or bad?

TO THINK ABOUT

What persons can we possibly influence for good?

How can we reach out to city slums?

What outside work might our society do?

"Have I united with the church? If so, am I trying to help others to unite with it? This is God's will for all Endeavorers."

"A friendly hand on the shoulder of John B. Gough made a man of him, and put sunshine into untold thousands of homes."

Through the invitation of the missionary lady at Pacific Garden Mission, Billy Sunday gave his heart to God. He has helped thousands heavenward.

A NEW YEAR'S LETTER

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE: While at the present time I am more familiar with knitting needles than the pen I am unwilling to let the season pass without sending you my customary New Year's greeting; so I have decided to lay aside the knitting needles while I pen you a few lines.

If the greeting were to correspond with the outside atmosphere, it would be a cold one, but it comes from within the house where it is warmer, although many people in our city are suffering from a shortage of coal. My own landlady has only a week's supply on hand with no more in sight, but it is our hope that relief will soon come.

I said to a little boy yesterday, "Is it cold out?" "Cold," he replied, "why, the snow squeaks when you walk on it." His words and the tone of his voice were a forcible reminder of a winter's day many years ago in Wisconsin when a mere child, who was pursuing her way through the

biting cold over "squeaky" snow to "the little red schoolhouse," said to herself, "This is a pretty hard way to get an education. I wonder if it will pay?" That which was a question to her then has long since been settled in favor of the education. She has learned in life's hard school that the most of things really worth having are achieved only through hard, earnest toil and the sacrifice of personal comfort.

I am greeting you from a new home, having come to Battle Creek on account of my health since I wrote you before.

My thoughts often turned to you in the early part of my life here and I longed for the ability and strength to draw a picture that would convey to your minds a correct view of the institution that is doing such a grand work for humanity, and the many valuable lessons to be learned within its precincts. It is immense in its conception and the scope of its work. Not only is it giving relief to the many who come here in search of health, but it is sending out each year a corps of nurses to bless humanity after having completed a three years' course in its training school for nurses. One tenth of all the trained nurses in our country are graduates from this school. Nor are the spiritual needs of patients and employees overlooked. Both spiritual and physical needs are cared for equally well.

The people who laid the foundations of the sanitarium must have been great lovers of natural scenery, for it is beautifully located on a hill overlooking the city, with an environment that pleases the eye and gives the weary, tired body a feeling of rest.

The main building is nearly an eighth of a mile long. It is six stories high with the dining room on the top floor, which gives a commanding view of the city. Within its walls is a palm garden into which you can enter in the cold winter days and almost cheat yourself into the belief that spring has come. The annex, a fair-sized sanitarium in itself, the hospital, and East Hall are for the accommodation of patients while there are several other buildings and cottages for the accommodation of nurses and the various needs of the sanitarium.

I want to emphasize in this letter one of the valuable lessons that is made prominent in the sanitarium—the value of systematic work. I am told that at times there are

as many as seventeen hundred employees, yet I have never witnessed any clashing. Everything moves on with clock-like precision and all because it is run according to a well formulated plan. Every one knows his work and attends to it regardless of what "the other fellow" is doing.

I received my early training from parents who were systematic in their plans of work and possessing, as I have for many years, but little physical strength, my life would have been an absolute failure but for that training. I am sure you will bear with me while I urge you to form in the morning of life systematic habits in both your religious and secular life. By so doing you will be saved much worry and confusion and thus become more efficient servants of the Master.

But I must bring this letter to a close. Possibly another one may follow in the near future which will tell you something about the knitting needles mentioned at the beginning.

Trusting that the Father's guiding hand may be with you in the coming days.

I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
MARTHA H. WARDNER.

202 N. Washington Ave.,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
Dec. 12, 1917.

COPY OF CIRCULAR LETTER CONCERNING FORWARD MOVEMENT

DEAR BROTHER PASTOR:

We are sending you under another cover a package of pamphlets concerning our denominational "Forward Movement Plan."

We hope that you may be able to make use of the suggestions in the promotion and growth of Christian service in your church and community, and thus in the work of our denomination as a whole.

You are, of course, already aiming in your work at these same purposes and objects. And we are not asking for anything new or different. But we are trying, by setting before ourselves these definite goals, to bring all our people into a united effort in such a way that all shall realize that it is a common cause, and that all have a definite responsibility.

We trust that out of it there shall come a spirit of united action, a closer feeling of

fellowship, among pastors, churches and people.

We are depending upon you to bring this matter before your people, and urge them in their Christian service to line up with the rest of us, in trying to make this last year of the three-year program of the Forward Movement the best of all.

If you need any more copies of the pamphlet, they may be secured by writing to any of the secretaries of the three boards, who have on hand small supplies for distribution.

Praying God's blessing upon you and your people in this great work, we are sincerely yours,

ALFRED E. WHITFORD,
EDGAR D. VAN HORN,
EDWIN SHAW,

A Joint Committee of the
Sabbath School, Young People's
and Missionary Society Boards.

Milton, Wis.,
December 11, 1917.

The following is the pamphlet that has been sent out to all the churches:

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT AMONG SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS

General Statement

AT the Annual Meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference in 1915, held at Milton, Wis., a resolution was adopted establishing what was called a "Forward Movement." The resolution set forth the purpose of the movement, outlined a three-year program with definite goals to be attained, suggested methods of work for the churches, and requested the Missionary Society, and the Sabbath School and Young People's Boards to undertake the aggressive promotion of the movement.

Two years have elapsed. Twice the General Conference has given its approval of the work as being done, has reaffirmed its belief in the value of the plan, and commended it to the people and the churches.

The three organizations which are concerned in this work are uniting in issuing this pamphlet, which contains a re-statement of the purpose of the movement, together with an outline of the definite goals which are to be sought, and a few suggestions as to methods which may be used by the churches.

Purpose

THE resolution which established this movement began as follows: "We believe that our special mission as a denomination is to lead people to Christ and his Sabbath, and help prepare them for Christian service, and that only in fulfilling this special mission can each church, as it strives to serve the community, continue to live and grow."

The purpose, then, of this movement is the enlargement and enrichment of the religious life of individuals, homes, churches, and communities among us as a people, giving growth in numbers and spiritual power. The purpose is to promote the living and the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ and his Sabbath. It is to foster the life and the message of eternal love and salvation.

With this purpose in view, in order to give unity and definiteness and co-ordination to the work, each of the three boards has set a goal for the churches, for this Conference year of 1917-18, towards which, and to attain which, the denomination is earnestly urged to "go forward."

Sabbath School Board

GOAL FOR THE CONFERENCE YEAR, 1917-18

1. An addition of five hundred regular members to the Sabbath schools of the denomination. This will mean an increase of about 7 per cent.

2. A report from every Sabbath school on the Score Card.

3. Ten "Standard" Sabbath schools in the denomination, that is, ten Sabbath schools whose standing, based on the Sabbath-school standard (given below), is 100 per cent.

4. The average standing of all Sabbath schools in the denomination equal at least to 60 per cent based on the Sabbath-school standard.

The Sabbath School Standard

- I. (5) Cradle Roll.
- (5) Home Department.
- II. (5) Organized and Registered Secondary Class.
- (5) Organized and Registered Adult Class.
- III. (10) Teacher Training Class.
- IV. (5) Graded Organization.
- (5) Graded Instruction.
- V. (5) Missionary Instruction.

- (5) Missionary Offering.
- VI. (10) Temperance Instruction.
- VII. (10) Definite Decision for Christ Urged.
- VIII. (10) Workers' Conference Regularly Held.
- IX. Full Denominational Requirements.
- (3) Annual Report to the Sabbath School Board.
- (3) Fully Meeting the Apportionment of the Board of Finance for the Work of the Sabbath School Board.
- (4) Percentage of Attendance equal to 70 per cent of the Enrolment.
- X. Full Association Requirements.
- (3) Annual Report to State Association.
- (4) Delegates at Association Convention.
- (3) Offering for State Association Work.

Missionary Society Goal

- 1. A definite special evangelistic effort by every church at some time during the year.
- 2. Five hundred additions of new members to the churches of the denomination. This would be about 6 per cent, or one new member for every seventeen members, resident and non-resident. It would mean at least.....members for the..... Church.

3. The payment in full before July 1, 1918, of the denominational apportionments by every church. This would mean for the.....church \$..... divided as follows: Missionary Society \$.....; Tract Society \$.....; Education Society \$.....; Sabbath School Board \$.....; Young People's Board \$.....; Woman's Board \$.....; Conference Budget \$.....

- 4. A family altar in every home.
- 5. Ten young men for the gospel ministry.
- 6. The formation in many of the churches of Bible study classes, cottage prayer meetings, and groups of tithers and personal workers.

Young People's Board. Suggested Goal for 1917 and 1918

125 Young People to accept Christ.
200 New Endeavorers.

20 New Societies. (8 Young People's, 6 Intermediate, 6 Junior.)

Comrades of Quiet Hour increased to 1,000. (Present number, 425.)

Members of the Tenth Legion increased to 500. (Present number, 232.)

Number of C. E. Experts increased to 250. (Present number, 171.)

Number of Life-work Recruits increased to 60. (Present number, 39.)

Every society reading or studying some Mission book during the year.

Every Endeavorer a member of the Army of Universal Patriotic Service.

200 New Subscriptions to the SABBATH RECORDER.

1,200 Dollars for the Young People's Board Budget.

Suggestions

AS a method for promoting this movement, it is suggested that the pastor, or local leader where there is no pastor, call together in one meeting the officers of the church, and the officers of the Sabbath school and Young People's Society, and that together this pamphlet be read and studied and discussed. Out of this there should come a definite dividing of work, and a willing acceptance of responsibility. It is hoped that, as a result of this meeting, the Sabbath school and the Young People's Society will accept the goals offered in this pamphlet, and that the church as a whole with the pastor as leader will accept the goal as suggested by the Missionary Society.

No new organizations or machinery are needed for this work. Let the accomplishment of the various items in these goals be assigned to definite groups of people already existing in the church; for example, the work of promoting the family altar might be assigned to one of the classes in the Sabbath school as its definite responsibility, or the making of the report for the Sabbath school on the Score Card might be made the definite task of the Sabbath-school secretary. And so on.

Frequent conferences and the comparing of notes among the various groups will stimulate interest, and will bring unity and co-ordination of effort.

Two or three joint meetings of the officers should be held during the year, when reports can be made of the progress of the work, and new enthusiasm given, and mutual help rendered towards the success of the movement.

Especial attention should be given at the end of the year, June 30, 1918, that carefully prepared reports are made to the General Conference through the regular channels of the boards and the Conference, that the people may learn and know the results of this forward movement, and thus be prepared, it is sincerely hoped, to set before the denomination for the years to come a yet larger and better program of united effort in a still greater "forward movement."

IN HIS NEIGHBOR'S EYES

"I have been reflecting," said an old-timer, "upon the case of the average man, as his neighbors see him.

"If he is poor, he is a bad manager. If he is prosperous, every one wants to do him a favor.

"If he is in politics, it's for pork. If he is not in politics, one can't place him, and he's no good for his country.

"If he gives not to charity, then he's a stingy dog. If he does give, it's for show.

"If he is active in religion, he is a hypocrite. If he evinces no interest in matters spiritual, he's a hardened sinner.

"If he shows affection, he's a soft sentimentalist. If he seems to care for no one, he's cold-blooded.

"If he dies young, there was a great future ahead of him. If he attains old age, he has missed his calling."—*The Lamb*.

HE HADN'T TIME

He hadn't time, when the days were fair
And others were giving him praise,
To think of her, with her whitened hair
And her homely old-fashioned ways;
He hadn't time to remember how
She had taught him his childhood prayers
And smoothed the lines from his troubled brow
When he fretted with boyish cares.

He hadn't the time when the fair winds blew
And his dreams were of proud success,
When his hopes were high and his sorrows few,
To think of her loneliness;
But he found the time in the later days
To wish that he might forget,
And to feel, while he listened to empty praise,
The ache of a vain regret.—*S. E. Kiser*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Sing unto Jehovah with thanksgiving:
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God,
Who covereth the heavens with clouds,
Who preparereth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.—*Psalms 147: 7-8*.

WATER-COLORING: A SERMON TO BOYS AND GIRLS

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

Did you ever watch an artist making a water-color painting? First he takes his white sheet of water-color paper and soaks it. Then he lets the paper dry, taking care to keep it smooth as it dries. Then he outlines the background dimly, and applies the color a very little at a time. He mixes the colors for each part of the picture as he proceeds with the painting. After the principal features are all put in, he does the delicate work of shading. It takes a long time to paint a good water-color painting.

Let me tell you of a very beautiful water-color painting which I have been watching for a long time. It is not finished yet. The Artist began last winter with a white page which was so large that it covered acres and acres and acres. In order to soak the page thoroughly he emptied clouds and clouds and clouds upon it. Then he painted the background in dull gray, with streaks of brown and other colors. It was a real Artist who was mixing colors then; for soon there began to be spread over almost all the page may shades of green, and after that, right over the green, in some places white, yellow, pink red, violet, blue, and ever so many colors all so bright and cheery that almost every one who looked at the picture then seemed happier. But we should tire of such gay colors, if we had them only. So for about two months the Artist worked to get some of the luster off the picture without marring its beauty. Then the picture looked so restful; the colors were neither too warm nor too cool. I liked it just as I saw it then. But it is not finished yet. I shall

like it just as well a little later; for he is a real Artist who paints this picture, and all his work is good.

Text: "He hath made everything beautiful in its time."—Ecclesiastes 3: 11.

A GROWN-UP DOLL MOTHER

If you were calling with your mother on Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of Little Lord Fauntleroy, at her beautiful home on Long Island, N. Y., Mrs. Burnett would probably say to your mother: "Do excuse me one moment. There is something I want your little daughter to see while we are enjoying our chat." Then she would take your hand and lead you past the beautiful paintings on the walls, past the curious old shields and odd carvings, straight to one corner of the big, bright room where there is a solid old cabinet made in England years and years ago.

A dark old wooden cabinet may seem rather uninteresting, but just wait until Mrs. Burnett flings open the cabinet door, and there—it isn't a cabinet after all! It's a doll house. Peep inside. The cabinet shelf divides the house into two floors—an upstairs and a downstairs part. The upper right-hand room is the nursery. There a fat, comfortable-looking old nurse doll is making two doll youngsters ready for a walk or a drive. Over in the other corner is a tiny white bathtub in which sits a baby doll with a red-cheeked young nurse maid bending over him.

The next upstairs room belongs to the young lady doll of the household. There she is, evidently all ready for a party, for she has on a very pretty party frock. She is taking a last look at herself in the mirror of her dressing table to see if every curl is in place. On her dressing table is a most wonderful doll's outfit of toilet articles. There are the tiniest manicure set in the world, a little hand mirror, perfume bottles, a pincushion, in fact everything to help make a young lady doll attractive. Everything in this room is as dainty as the young lady doll herself.

Downstairs the grown-ups of this doll family are having dinner. They are setting about a well-spread table, and seem to be heartily enjoying the meal. The father of the family looks as if he were telling a funny story; and the maid, waiting on the table, is having a hard time to keep a

straight face. The minister is a guest at this merry meal.

If you have read Mrs. Burnett's delightful story called "Racketty-Packetty House," this house would set you to thinking of the two doll houses in that amusing story. It is quite too tidy and well kept to be the shabby Racketty-Packetty house that little Cynthia would not keep neat and in order. It has "all the elegant chairs and tables and carpets and curtains and ornaments and pictures and bookcases" of Tidy Castle, the beautiful new house that was given to Cynthia. But Tidy Castle was the home of stiff, proud dolls that could never be played with comfortably. The dolls in Mrs. Burnett's house are not a bit like that. They look as if they were fairly aching to have some little girl play with them. Racketty-Packetty house must have looked like this before it became old and shabby.

Now, you will probably wonder why a grown-up person, even if she does know a great deal about doll houses, should keep one in her own drawing room. She would tell you that there are at least two good reasons for it.

When Mrs. Burnett was a little girl she was often taken by her elders to pay calls upon other grown-ups. She used to sit perched upon a high, straight-backed chair and wonder what the others found so interesting in these calls. She certainly found them very tiresome. Once in a while a kind lady would say, "Dear me, how I wish I had something to amuse little girls! You see, my little girls are such big girls now that their playthings are given away. Wouldn't you like to look at a book, my dear?"

But the book had no pictures of boys and girls in it, and the reading was always uninteresting. So when Mrs. Burnett grew up she felt very sorry for children who have to go calling with their mothers and sit quietly listening to conversation that doesn't interest them in the least. She decided that this was never going to happen in her home. That is the first reason for the doll house. The second reason is this: It seems that Mrs. Burnett has been so busy writing stories for and about young folks that she has quite forgotten to grow too old to like dolls and toys. When she came across that solid old cabinet in a little town in Kent, England, she said to herself,

"The very thing!" I will get this cabinet, and whenever I see a toy that I can not possibly resist, I will buy it to help fill my cabinet. Then, when children come to see me, we will open up the doors. The children will be happy, and so will I?"

Why do you suppose that Mrs. Burnett, a grown woman, loves dolls so much? Don't you believe that it is because she loves children so much—more even than the dolls?
—*The Continent, by permission.*

A BIT OF FORESTRY

"Do you know how to tell a hard-wood tree from a soft-wood tree?" said an old, experienced forester. "I'll tell you how to do it, and you will find the rule holds good, not only here among our familiar pines and walnuts, but in the antipodes, among the strangest banyans, baobabs and what-nots. Soft-wood trees have needle leaves, slim, narrow—almost uniform in breadth. If you don't believe me, go out, consult the pine, the spruce or the fir. Hard-wood trees have broad leaves of various shapes—witness the oak, the ebony, the walnut, the mahogany, and so on."—*Mail.*

ECONOMIC ARGUMENTS AGAINST THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Furnished by the Strengthen America Campaign

Over one hundred arguments in the form of separate pieces of advertising copy against the saloon and the liquor business are being prepared by Charles Stelzle for the Strengthen America Campaign. This material may be had without expense by interested individuals or by local committees who will see to it that they are inserted in their local newspapers.

The basis of this material was obtained through a world-wide study of the economic aspects of the liquor problem covering a period of two years, and has stood the test of many open forum discussions.

These advertisements gotten out by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, may be secured by writing to the Strengthen America Campaign, 105 East 22d street, New York City.

The world in agonizing throes. What doth it mean? Israel's prophets tell the simple story. Read it in our January paper. 10 cents per copy, or \$3.00 per 100. Nothing in print like it. Evangel of Hope, Robbins, Tenn.—Adv.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

CHRISTMAS SERMON

REV. A. J. C. BOND

Given at the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church
And of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Luke 1: 33b

Today we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace, while millions of mankind are enthralled in the Great War, which negatives every sentiment of brotherhood. We hearken to the song of the angels, hovering over the plains of Bethlehem, and their heavenly anthems are drowned by the moan of mothers and the cry of children, the greatest sufferers of the awful conflict. We lift our eyes to look upon the pastoral picture of the peaceful shepherds and their silent sheep on the hills of Judea, and get instead a vision of dying men, and human bodies bullet-maimed and bleeding. We pause to catch the fragrance of frankincense, the gift of the wise men of the East; to the new-born King, and breathe instead deadly gases, the latest and most inhuman of all war's horrible instruments of destruction.

Men are saying, "Christianity has failed, and the civilization she has been building for centuries has collapsed." Many have become skeptical; skeptical of a God who would permit such havoc of human hopes and ideals; skeptical of the race that with such slight provocation could revert over night to cruel barbarism. But in an atmosphere thus surcharged by the strife of arms and by the clash of conflicting ideals, the Christian minister dares to bring a message of peace, founded on the prophecy of the angel, and grounded in the life of Mary's Son.

"And of his kingdom there shall be no end."

At the time when the angel made this announcement, history had recorded the rise and fall of many nations. The theocratic kingdom of Israel had been rubbed off the map, and her people dispersed and expatriated. Judah was but an insignificant province of the Roman Empire. The Imperial City (by the Tiber already bore the seeds of decay in its selfish seeking after

material splendor and sensual pleasure. In the midst of such surroundings of decayed and tottering empires, the heavenly messenger whispered into the heart of a pure woman, a lowly dweller of the hills, this wonderful prophecy, freighted with tremendous significance for the world: "And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shall call his name Jesus, * * * and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

We must not forget that while the Great War occupies the front pages of our newspapers as the one topic of world-wide and absorbing interest, there are other mighty forces at work in the world. There is danger that the present necessary war preparations shall lead to an exaggerated conception of the strength of military equipment and physical force, and shall result in a corresponding minimizing of the things of the spirit.

This is an opportune time to contemplate the unique and significant revelation of God in Jesus Christ.

The coming of the Heavenly King two thousand years ago was attended by misunderstandings on the part of the religious leaders, and these misconceptions have been perpetuated through the centuries. Jesus declared that the kingdom of heaven comes not by observation, and still men proclaim it as the most practical service of the church to preach the soon coming of her Lord.

Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world," but yet there are men who exalt science, who worship world power, and who make mechanical perfection and material efficiency the test of civilization. When the Lord shall come, or whether he will ever come in the manner described by the millennialists, I can not say, I do not know. This I know, our lives should be lived always as under his inspection, and our tasks subject at all times to interruption by the divine summons. To set a time for his return and to direct our thoughts to its consummation, would seem to me to interfere with a wholesome and stimulating consciousness of his presence here and now. Some have the feeling that his physical presence would bring relief to the burdened world, and would usher in a time of peace. It seems to me to be more in accord with

the teachings of Scripture, and to furnish a more practical viewpoint for the Christian, as well, to exalt the ascended Christ and to recognize his guiding hand now in the world's affairs. The birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, and his life lived in the flesh, was but temporary and accommodative. Its purpose was to reveal God in terms of human life, in order that we might know him, and knowing him we might have life in his name. Jesus felt that his physical body circumscribed and restricted his powers; and only when he had departed from his disciples, and the Holy Spirit had come, would the full ministry of his kingdom be operative. Jesus came, and lived his life, and went away again, that the Spirit might take the things of himself and make them known unto us. "Greater things than these shall ye do," Jesus said, "because I go to my Father." Christians should devote themselves to a restudy of his life, and should look to the Holy Spirit to reveal the truth and to send them out into this present world to do the "greater things."

The present revival of interest in the second coming of Jesus, is the answer of a certain type of Christian leader to the indictment of the church, brought against it on account of the war. They fit this war into God's plan, and promise its termination by a prearranged and timely interposition of his power. This is my faith rather: Jesus Christ, the invisible King, has been given all power in heaven and on earth, as he himself testifieth, and no event can add to that which is already complete. But in this earth he works through men. Men have made a bad mess of things, but for this Jesus is not to blame. Robert E. Speer said the other night, in my hearing, "You say the church could have prevented this war. The church was not consulted. So could chloroform have prevented it, if it had been administered to the right persons. The trouble is," he continued, "neither chloroform nor Christianity is self-administrative." There is the point, Christianity is not self-administrative. We have waited too long already for some miraculous interference in the world order to bring it healing. What we need to do is to release the divine forces already present in the world, sufficient for every human

ill, including war. Has Christianity failed? If Christianity has failed, certainly everything else has failed. And this, too, when we have trusted other forces and relied upon other agencies to the neglect of Christianity. Education has failed, and commerce has failed, and humanitarianism has failed. We thought the nations were too intelligent to go to war; that ties of commerce would bind us together in an unbreakable fellowship; and that inter-racial appreciations would avail to insure peace. All these we have trusted, and at this Christmas time the world is involved in the greatest war of all history.

But Christianity is the only agency that has been held to be responsible for the war. In our feverish impatience we have found fault only with Christianity, for not saving us from this collapse of civilization. And strange as it may seem on first thought, this fact is the most encouraging sign in these distressing times. Like the man who is suffering from a nervous breakdown, and who finds most fault with those upon whom he depends most, so this fault-finding of Christianity but witnesses to the fact that it is our dearest possession and the ultimate support of all our hopes. It goes to show that down in our hearts we know that there is only one thing that can prevent war, and that is a regenerate life, individual and national. When the peoples of the earth have realized that fact, as they are being driven to do, then the Christianity of Jesus will have a chance, and the kingdom of God will come.

"And of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Thus far we have spoken of the nature of the kingdom, and the manner in which it is to be brought in. There is another phase of the subject which can not be ignored in the treatment of the text, and which is made intensely practical in view of the tremendous loss of life in this war. That is, the bearing of the promise in the text upon the future life. Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond, or Life and Death", in which he records a series of efforts to get in communication with his son Raymond, a young lieutenant who was killed in France; and the recent conversion of no less a person than A. Conan Doyle to Spiritualism, give evidence of an interest in a future existence, heightened by the

fact that millions of young lives are being called thither.

One of the crying demands of our human life spent in a passing world is permanence. We seek for something enduring, something that will transcend sense and outlast time. This divinely implanted desire for immortality finds its answer in the Christ of Bethlehem.

Men are tempted to accept as their own view of the cosmic meaning the poet's portrayal of a world that throws away with heedless hand the spiritual achievements it has wrought:

"The world rolls around forever like a mill,
It grinds out life and death, and good and ill,
It has no purpose, heart, or mind or will.

"Man might know one thing were his sight less
dim,
That it whirls not to suit his petty whim,
That it is quite indifferent to him.

"Nay, doth it use him harshly, as he saith,
It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,
Then grinds him back into eternal death."

Is that the truth of the universe, and the correct philosophy of life? I deny it. I deny it by the authority of the ancient prophets who dreamed of an everlasting kingdom to be set upon the throne of David. I deny it by every evidence at the Savior's birth of the benevolent impingement of heaven upon our sin-torn and troubled earth. I deny it by the life of our Lord on earth lived in constant recognition of the eternal purpose and permanence of his redemptive work. I deny it by the abiding and vital faith of Jesus in the eternity of his kingdom.

There had been men like Socrates, pious and wise, who argued for immortality and believed in it. Jesus never stopped to argue, but taking it for granted as an immediate, but unquestionably intuition, lived as though it undoubtedly were true. From his first public declaration of the divine imperative to be about his Father's business, to the final committal of his spirit into the hands of that Father, Jesus rested in the confidence, that the Spiritual verities of the universe can not fail. Not intermittently or on special occasions was it given him to see the meaning for humanity of the unfailing love of a wise and eternal God. But this faith was the constant source of his strength and the dynamic of his ministry. True he often sought the quiet

of the mountain where the blandishments of praise and the offers of preferment might be seen in their right perspective, and where the choking fogs of earth might be dispelled by a fresh breeze from heaven. But these experiences only strengthened his confidence in the constant companionship of the ever-present Father, and made available for the valley experiences of earth the eternal resources of heaven. Immortality was with Jesus much more than a doctrine to be believed and taught. It was the underlying and basic assumption of his whole ministry, the great fact of life which brought him from heaven to earth and rendered the redemption of the race, a task worthy the sacrifice of his own life, which he freely made on Calvary.

Only upon the assumption that the spirit of man is immortal can the meaning of the self-sacrificing life of Jesus be understood. Only upon such assumption could a life like that be lived. And an evidence that it is the correct view of life, is the character that this faith produced in him.

"And of his kingdom there shall be no end."
Jesus made regnant this hope cherished in the heart of man from the beginning; and I bid you today in the name of him who was born in a manger bed, but who lived to establish an everlasting kingdom in the hearts of men, in his name let your minds contemplate, and your hearts rejoice in, a life of immortal bliss beyond the conflicts of earth and the strife of men.

Somewhere the morning breaks; the crescent light
Floods all the valleys with an aureate stream,
A glory lies on the unpeopled height;
O Lord, on me let thine effulgence beam.

Now from the leafy privacies outrings
The concord of the feathered minstrelsy;
Oh, may my being's praise, like smitten strings,
Tremble, dear Lord, in music up to thee.

From the veined cups of the awakened flowers
Rises a dewy perfume, sweet and rare;
Lord, let my spirit's un conjectured powers
Breathe upward to thee daily like a prayer.

The thrifty bee, already on its quest,
Seeks to and fro some nectared treasure-trove;
Lord, in the inviolate chambers of my breast
Garner a harvest of unstinting love.

Oh, while the young day brightens o'er the earth,
And smiling peace infolds the happy land,
Let faith in every bosom find its birth,
And hope and charity go hand in hand.

—James B. Kenyon.

CHRIST AND THE PACIFIST—A CLEARLY DRAWN ISSUE

"The Yale Review" for 1918 contains one of the very best articles on the attitude of Jesus towards peace and war that we have come across since the beginning of the great world-struggle. It is called "Christ and the Pacifist," and written by Prof. Benjamin W. Bacon, one of the best-known American theologians, who is professor of New Testament Criticism and Exegesis in Yale University. The world is crying out for peace, Professor Bacon says; it is determined to have peace, but it will have to be a peace not so much of men as of God, the peace that rests on righteousness. Non-resistance does not lead this way. In spite of voices that claim to represent Christ and his kingdom, bidding us acquiesce in the domination of greed and wrong, other voices claim also to be heard. Loyalty to the cause of truth and right, justice and vindication for the weak, cry aloud to strike and strike hard for victory. Men who love the cause of honor, right and truth are heroically laying down their lives. Unnumbered thousands by toil and sacrifice are giving new hope to the groaning millions. A gleam of the new dawn has begun to penetrate, and it flashes from the steel of mail-clad warriors. We might well choose other means than violence, but we have not the choice of method before us. Armed conflict is to decide the present issue, whether the pacifist approves the method or not. He can not stop the fray. He can not if he would strike down the weapon of the foe. Is it his part to weaken, to oppose, to dishearten those who are giving their lives in defense of right?

The men, as Professor Bacon points out, are not fighting "flesh and blood." They bear no malice against a brave though deluded foe. Peoples, races, empires are not their enemy, save as these have made themselves agents and tools of the powers that make for selfish domination. Never in the world's history have hosts gone forth so reluctantly to draw sword against the mere bodies of their blinded fellow men. Never in the world's history has the issue been so clearly drawn as between right and wrong, between a world seeking peace through righteousness and the incarnation of Satanic lust and power setting every law of God and man at defiance in the

doctrine of a "non-moral state." Never has evil found a leader more ready to "sit in the temple of God setting himself forth as God." What is the attitude of Christianity now that the issue is joined? *Will it be a hindrance or a help* to the righteous cause? Will it kindle the spirit and nerve the arm of those who are dying to make way for liberty, or will it preach a doctrine of non-resistance that no logic, lay or clerical, can make other in its issue than disloyal surrender of the cause of justice, humanity, and the kingdom of God?

If we follow those whose notion of Christianity is blind obedience to a set of precepts they imagine themselves to have understood, we may transform the heroic Christ himself into a foe of the kingdom of his Father. If we take as our interpreter the peace-maker apostle, and study his application of Christian pacifism, we shall see that this is not above but subject to the higher principle of loyalty to the kingdom of God. Paul's doctrine of the unity of the Spirit, the Spirit of him who loved that kingdom as his bride and gave himself that he might redeem it, strips the disguise from all cowardice and disloyalty, exposes the falsity of all self-seeking license, insubordination, and anarchy, and unites all worthy devotees of the kingdom of righteousness and peace "in the bond of peace."
—*Christian Work.*

I WILL

I will start anew this morning, with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear,
I will waste no moment whinning and my heart shall know no fear.
I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.
I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

—S. E. Kiser.

DEATHS

HEAD.—Henry A. Head was born at Alfred, Allegany Co., N. Y., January 4, 1837.

He was the youngest son of Solomon and Sarah Coon Head. He came West with his parents in company with Joseph Goodrich to Milton, Wis., and moved from Milton to Albion in 1843. He became a Christian in early life, and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church. He was united in marriage to Mary M. Holnbeck, who preceded him to the glory land by about five months. Their two children survive them, Dr. Merton Head, of Albert Lee, Minn., and Mrs. Matie Williams, of Albion, Wis. He was a veteran of the Civil War.

c. s. s.

REYNOLDS.—Nathan Reynolds was born in Orange Co., N. Y., March 29, 1836, and died at Albion, Wis., December 25, 1917.

He was the only son of John and Ella Reynolds, who have long since passed to the other shore. He came West when about twenty years of age and located in Wisconsin, and in 1868 was united in marriage to Almira Sherrer. To them was born one daughter, Nellie Rosella (deceased). They moved to Albion in 1895 where they have since made their home until the summer came on Christmas night. He was a veteran of the Civil War.

c. s. s.

PRAYER

O Lord God, I desire to take these admonitions to my own heart. Thou hast written them for me; I read my name on these pages; I am ashamed of all my transgressions and confess my folly. Surely there is great blessing in practicing thy word, but sorrow follows my disobedience and leaves me wretched and blind and naked. Thou hast made it plain. Thou art my only help as I tread this world's pathway and only thyself art the comfort of my soul. Teach me, lead me, make me and grant that I may not play the fool in being entrapped by snares nor fascinated by sin, but give me thy grace that I may walk before thee humbly, courageously and with a perfect heart. Amen.

There is a growing tendency among thoughtful people to read the Bible in connection with one of the meals when the entire family is together. This, too, in homes where each individual is accustomed to read some message prayerfully each day in the quiet of his own room. Somehow,

those who enjoy this family hearing of the Word go forth to their appointed task for the day brighter and more encouraged for the problems which they are bound to meet. For throughout the hours of toil they know that the other members of the home circle have the same thought in mind and are being cheered by the same glorious message. The day goes far more easily as a result. Is your home giving this strength to its members?—*Exchange.*

In the June *Woman's Home Companion* a writer says:

"The sewing-room improvement which has been the most help to me is a small basket which hangs against the end of the sewing machine, its top about on a level with the table top of the machine. It is just as easy to brush ends of thread and clippings from the goods, with one motion of the hand, into this basket as to brush them to the floor—resulting in a much cleaner floor. The basket hangs over two small hooks which were screwed into the end of the machine, and is easily removed to be emptied."

"These are days in which we do well not to hazard too much speculation regarding the trend of events in the world. This war has afforded a long and continued series of surprises. The forecasts of the best-informed men have come to naught. It is better for us to await patiently the progress of human history in the unfolding of God's plan, than to run ahead of his providence and make statements which time may demonstrate to have been only idle speculation."
—*Review and Sabbath Herald.*

Sabbath School. Lesson III.—Jan. 19, 1918

JESUS AT WORK. Mark 1: 21-45
Golden Text.—We must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day. John 9: 4.
Jan. 13—Mark 1: 21-34. Jesus at Work in Capernaum
Jan. 14—Mark 1: 35-45. Jesus at Work in Other Towns
Jan. 15—Acts 10: 34-43. Jesus Going About Doing Good
Jan. 16—Luke 4: 14-22. Jesus Anointed to Heal and Save.
Jan. 17—Luke 5: 12-16. Jesus Healing a Leper
Jan. 18—Matt. 11: 25-30. Jesus Giving Rest
Jan. 19—Ps. 103: 1-3. Gratitude for Benefits
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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, each Sabbath, 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

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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

Terms of Subscription

Per year\$2.00
Per copy05
Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

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

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

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

Advertising rates furnished on request.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

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SPECIAL NOTICE—The Sabbath Recorder and the Youth's Companion for 1918 and the Companion Home Calendar for \$3.75. Only good when accompanied by Sabbath Recorder subscription—old or new. 12-16-4w

McCALL'S MAGAZINE—For a limited time we will send the Sabbath Recorder and McCall's Magazine to one address one year for \$2.45—old or new. 12-16-4w

Yes, life is a game. . . . The rules of it have been made independently of us, but they are absolute, and we must obey them. These rules are the laws of nature, the laws of health, the laws of intellect, above all, the laws of God. . . . Disobey them, and you make of life a misery and of death a ruin.—*Frederick W. Farrar.*

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 84, NO. 2

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 14, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,802

When the Recorder Is Doubly Precious

It is a great encouragement to those who are striving to make the SABBATH RECORDER a real help to members of our scattered household of faith, to receive such words as the following from an aged sister in New England who sends money for the renewal of her subscription. She says: "You inquire to know if I wish to discontinue my RECORDER. No, never. I am in my seventy-eighth year and can not remember when I began to read it—*always* in our family. As I am now away from my home church, it is *doubly precious*. Every number is most excellent; we have the fine editorials and helpful sermons. To my mind the RECORDER was never better. May God bless and keep each faithful worker."

There are times when such testimonies are doubly precious to the RECORDER, and we desire to thank this loyal reader for her kind words and her prayer for the workers. Those who try to make the RECORDER an evangel of blessing do not all live in Plainfield nor work in the RECORDER office. They are scattered throughout several States—loyal, faithful workers for the cause we all love—and it will be a comfort to them all to know that their sermons, their articles regarding the welfare of the kingdom, their reports of self-sacrificing labors on mission fields, are appreciated by many readers whose lives would be lonely without them. It is indeed a great help, a wonderful unifying power for common workers in the Master's kingdom to pray for one another. We, too, would say to lone Sabbath-keepers, all those who are away from their home church, and to all the pastors and missionaries and teachers, to all the faithful workers in our churches: "May God bless and keep you each one, and give your labors success."

Another Word Of Cheer

Here is another encouraging letter. The one above came from the extreme eastern portion of the denomination while this arrived by the same mail

from a brother on the Pacific Coast in southern California. After referring to the money sent for a renewal of RECORDER subscription this brother says: "It is by no means beyond the ability of our denomination to carry out the plans of building a home to receive its business headquarters. If all exert themselves to pull together, possibly assistance may be promised from outside parties, as it is for the cause of Christianity. I will send \$10.00 as my subscription whenever it is called. A feasible plan might be to invite subscriptions of one dollar and upward, payable June 30, 1918."

We are glad to know of those throughout the land who have this matter on their hearts. This fund is growing slowly, and whatever is added to it is being placed where it will increase until the way is open for building.

"But the End Is Not Yet"

An esteemed aged friend in a personal letter makes this request: "Will you please, when you conveniently can, give briefly the position of our people, your position, as to the fulfilment of Matthew 24: 6 and 14? Also as to the order of events closing this dispensation?"

These two verses are found in Christ's reply to three of his disciples as they sit over against Jerusalem on the Mount of Olives, just after his prediction of the utter destruction of the temple. Much of the language partakes of the spectacular method so common to Old Testament writers, and contains an illusive element found in much predictive prophecy. Volumes have been written in controversy over the matter, excellent Christian scholars have differed widely as to how far the words are to be taken literally and how far they are symbolical; also as to how far the prophecy was actually fulfilled when Jerusalem was destroyed. It would hardly be possible to give "briefly the position of our people" upon the passage in question, for I think there are many shades of belief regarding the *literality* and the *reality* of these teachings of Jesus.