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F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.

Plainfield, N. J.

W.S.S.

War Saving Stamps are issued by the
United States Government, and can be
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you desire to invest. Everybody have
SOME part.

The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 3,813

**What Can We Write
On Such a Day?**

For hours we have tried to find some helpful message for our readers. The editorials are due, and we did think we had something to write upon the lessons of the war. We thought the discipline of this world-crisis was developing a better spirit of human brotherhood—a spirit of sacrifice and of service, of liberality, of unselfishness, of willingness to spend and be spent for the good of a world-wide humanity—indeed, we thought we could see a silver lining even to the clouds of war.

But today the terrible news from the fields of battle, filling the papers and spoken by every tongue, almost makes the heart stand still. We can hardly wait for the next word from Europe. We have no idea what may be revealed before these lines reach their readers. But somehow we can but feel that if the God of heaven has an interest in the outcome of this struggle he must be found on the side of human justice and opposed to oppression. He who sees the beginning from the end, he who hates iniquity and promises victory to those who fight for the right, must know when his wayward, erring children have suffered enough, and will surely give them the victory. He *must* bring in a better world as the outcome of this struggle.

If we are living amid the signs of Christ's coming, we pray he may not tarry but come quickly and bring his promised peace.

If on the other hand it is his purpose that his people—his followers on earth—shall rally to the standard of his Cross, and by sacrificial suffering, by fighting the enemies of all good win victory and peace for this generation in the same way they have had to be won in generations gone by, then may his soldiers of the Cross arise, return to the God they have so long neglected, forget their worldliness, repent of their sins, and rally as one man to bring victory for the kingdom of righteousness. Until the King of kings does come, it is our business to fight on as though everything depended on us.

They Will Watch Us Our nation is laying too much on the altar of sacrifice for any one to shirk from bearing his share without becoming blame-worthy indeed. We are living under a new order of things, and there must be a new vision, broader, nobler than we have heretofore known. The eyes of warring armies are upon those left behind. No man can measure the sacrifice being made by the boys who have gone overseas, and those boys will mark closely our conduct to see whether we at home are willing to match them in sacrifice.

If our religion does not mean more to us now than in days gone by, it will mean less to them in days to come. We can not withhold our sacrificial services in this crucial hour and maintain good standing as Christian patriots when the war is over.

**The Sobering Effect
Of the World War**

Every close observer in these times must see a spirit of seriousness new to this generation,—a sobering of the people, a more decided movement toward benevolent work, a refraining from revelry, a turning from pleasure toward real service.

People who had grown wealthy, who had seemed to think of little else but the gaining of riches year after year, and of hoarding their millions, have within a few months placed great fortunes upon their country's altar. Rich and poor alike are marching in khaki and sharing in the hardships of war. They are faring alike in camp and field and will die alike in battle. Democracy in action has already begun.

Thousands upon thousands are thinking of God and of their relation to him as never before, and those who have had the best chance to know assure us that the serious things of life are being given more attention as the days go by. Under the present strain and stress men are coming to work with an abandon of self-spending, with a spirit of concern for others that speaks well for this country and for the whole world in days to come. If this spirit can

abide after the war, many of America's troubles will disappear.

Saving Soldiers From Vice We have just read a statement from high authority to the effect that probably no college president in this land has worked so hard to save his students from vice as has the average cantonment commander to preserve the morality of his soldiers.

The same writer tells of observers visiting our training camps who declare without reserve, "I would rather intrust the moral character of my boy to any of these camps than to any college or university I know." This is saying a good deal, and every parent in this land with sons in the army must rejoice that our Government is doing so much to promote clean manhood in its soldiers.

When people in America lament the conditions that offer temptations to soldiers in camp, let them remember that those boys did not wait until they began to wear khaki to know something of the terrible influences of sensualism and vice. In times of peace the harpies of impurity have been abroad, and it would be far better for the young men today if, in years gone by, as much pains had been taken in civic life and in the homes of this land to protect them from sin, as are now being taken in the army. Since the war began, much greater effort has been exerted to shield from the overwhelming temptations of the grogshop, the gambling house, and the brothel, than has ever been known in America before.

Who Is the Wise Critic? Nothing is easier than to criticise, and this is probably the reason so many resort to the critic's pen. Criticism of the right sort should be helpful, but there is no more delicate task than that of really making it so. To say something that will make things better; something that will do good rather than harm; something that will win its way and find true followers, is indeed a man's job. One of the critic's most killing temptations is to scold and find fault, and his most difficult task is to suggest better things—to be constructive rather than destructive. It may be that certain things are not good, but after one has denounced and destroyed them by bitter

criticism he is pretty sure to find that his very severity in destroying has aroused feelings which will make it impossible for him to do anything to build up where he has torn down.

One who would be a constructive rather than a destructive critic, one who would build up rather than dishearten, must study the psychology of criticism, and seriously ask himself the question, "What do I wish to accomplish, and what will be the effect of my words upon the hearts of those I wish to influence?"

Stop Criticising the Church And Go to Work for It Almost every paper we take up contains

some severe criticisms of the church. It is declared by many to be a failure, because it has not bridged the chasm between itself and the world; because the world-war has broken out in Christian nations; because labor troubles are so prevalent, and so on. Much that is said may be true. There may be great need of improvement in church methods of work, and this is just the reason why the church longs for hopeful, optimistic leaders who, instead of castigating it for its failures, can show it how to succeed in these perilous times.

After all, is it true that the church has made so complete a failure as some claim? Does any one suppose that the saloon in America would now be so near its Waterloo and that prohibition would be just coming into its own had not the church and church people been behind every temperance movement for half a century? The wonderful humanitarian institutions in these fearful times,—the Christian Associations, the Red Cross, the Rescue Mission, and other similar organizations, are so many forms of church work. And if the church in some respects does seem slow, little will be gained by continual scolding about it. The church is having a hard enough time without such discouragements. What it most needs now is practical, enthusiastic helpers in constructive work to relieve the world's distress. Give us less talk about the failure of Christianity and more faithful Christian service for the good of man. Let this be the watchword of every true servant of God and we shall see the Church of Christ triumphant over evil. It is the one institution that can be the salt of the earth, the light of the world!

"Getting Down to Brass Tacks"

Not long ago I heard a civil engineer, an earnest and practical man, use this expression in speaking of the Forward Movement plans of our denomination, and a few days later the full force of its meaning came to me when in reading I chanced upon the following explanation:

After an engineer or architect has carefully considered the plans and specifications for any kind of building, the very first step of actual, practical work in carrying out those plans is the making of blue prints—a draft of the work to be done. For this a plain sheet of paper is spread upon the draftsman's board and fastened there with brass tacks. The discussions are now over, the plans are all made and agreed upon, and when the work actually begins the worker is "down to brass tacks."

How is it with our important denominational plans and policies? Have we not talked them over about long enough now, so we can get to the actual work? If we have, then the sooner we can "get down to brass tacks" the better for us and for the future of our good cause. Many excellent plans for denominational upbuilding—plans that, if carried out, would add greatly to our influence and efficiency—have ended only in talk. Had some of them materialized, we today would be a much stronger people.

Helpful Words Good Wishes We can not give our readers all the messages of sympathy and appreciation that come to us from the scattered lovers of Sabbath truth all over our land. Many of them express a longing to be helpful to other lone Sabbath-keepers.

Here is a word from a friend in a State where we have no church: "This is a beautiful Sabbath. I have read some in the Bible and the sermon in the RECORDER, also "Words of Cheer" and "Pleasant Memories Aroused by the RECORDER" in the editorials. Believe me, I do enjoy the RECORDER, and it makes me long to hold out my hand to the lone Sabbath-keepers. If friends of the SABBATH RECORDER are in trouble my heart goes out to them. I hope the lone Sabbath-keepers will keep writing, for I love to hear from them."

A brother writing from one of our isolated churches says: "The denominational paper has been in our family ever since it

began to be published. I wish to express my appreciation of the SABBATH RECORDER. Could not get along without it."

Notes About Conference In 1864, the first General Conference ever held by our people in the West convened with the church at Milton, Wis. That was over half a century ago. Since that time notable Conferences have been held hundreds of miles further west, covering the ground to the Rocky Mountains. While all these meetings were important ones, there was something about that first Conference at Milton which made a deep impression upon the minds of our people.

The following from an old RECORDER will show how our people prized the annual gatherings fifty-four years ago: "If our hearts are in the work of our Master; if we are seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, we shall ever look forward to the recurrence of our annual religious gatherings with intense interest. Peculiar interest gathers around the forthcoming anniversaries. For the first time, they are to be held in the West. They follow the inevitable wave of emigration which is bearing the center of our denomination toward the Pacific."

Now we are approaching the *fifteenth* General Conference in the West. It will be held in Nortonville, Kan., and will be the third one to meet with that church. Well do we remember when our people began to worship there—a few pioneers, breaking the prairies and suffering almost untold privations, and holding their meetings in a little schoolhouse on Seventh Day Lane. It was then a mission field; today it is one of our strong churches. Whoever goes there will find a loyal people, living on one of the most beautiful rolling prairies in all America.

If the first Conference in the West was considered especially important, the fifteenth is even more so. Problems of which our fathers knew but little confronts us, and the combined wisdom of both East and West will be needed to help solve them. It will be a misfortune if the attendance from the churches is small. Let every church begin now to plan for sending its pastor at least, and as many other delegates as possible.

Here let me repeat the urgent plea made

fifty-four years ago, by Milton's pastor at that time, a man well-known in both East and West. No words of today can be more appropriate as to the need of a large attendance and as to the benefits that should accrue to us as a people from these annual gatherings. He said:

"Come then, men, women and children, and let us have a profitable sitting together. Let it be a reunion of Christian hearts, such as shall keep us one in the Lord. If we of the West should seem to you of the East to be a little fast and radical in some of our notions, then talk soberly to us; give us anodynes, if you think we need them; and if we think you of the East need stimulants, why, then we will try and administer them. At all events, come, and let us reason together of righteousness and of a judgment to come. Let it be a time when all possible local jealousies shall be buried, and when, as with the voice of one man, we shall speak great and manly words for every good cause; when we shall encourage each other to stand firmly for the right, in these times that try men's souls. Come praying, hoping, trusting, and together let us work for God. Oh, may our coming sessions have the smiles of Heaven and be the means of renewing us all, and fitting us better to work and suffer for Christ" (SABBATH RECORDER, Sept. 1, 1864).

Never has the need been greater for spiritual upbuilding. We are under the pressure of these strenuous times when demands for war material may cause some to feel that the General Conference might better not be held. This question came to the front last August, and we are sure that it would have been a great mistake had Conference been omitted or had the attendance been small. We must not forget that certain things of a religious and spiritual nature are just as essential, even more necessary today, than are material things. There must be great effort put forth now if the things of the kingdom of God are to hold their rightful place in the hearts of men.

The right kind of a Conference is more needed this year than it has been in many previous years. But it should be of an advanced type, a real forward movement in practical things that will arouse greater activity in all the churches.

A live, patriotic, spiritual Conference, filling the hearts of our people with a deeper sense of their God-given mission in the world, stimulating enthusiasm for things that make us one, begetting a spirit of consecrated, sacrificial work for humanity, will minister to the welfare of our country as nothing else can. We shall sorely need the help and strength such a Conference can give before these fearful war times are over. Indeed the entire nation will need the sustaining grace religion can give before the longed-for days of peace can come.

Liberty Bonds Are Coming A letter just received by Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard from a lone Sabbath-keeper in the Northwest contained a gift of \$100.00 in Liberty Bonds, in response to the plea recently made for such gifts.

Please turn to your SABBATH RECORDER of January 14, p. 37, and read again Hon. Jesse F. Randolph's letter, and *don't let any one forget* that another gift of \$500.00 from him, this time in Liberty Bonds, has been offered on condition that at least \$50,000 is subscribed for the Denominational Building Fund by January 1, 1920.

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

As I write these paragraphs my mind constantly turns to the momentous struggle that is now going on in France. Two days of the great battle have been reported. Our lines have fallen back, but have not broken. How long can they hold against the mighty onset? Many prisoners have been taken, with a large number of guns, and unknown quantities of supplies. Details of the news are wanting. What will be the outcome by the time these words are printed and read?

These are indeed dark days, dark at least from our mortal point of view. But with the Christian, one who believes and trusts in God, hope and faith never go down utterly. They do often falter, and stagger along for a time under some severe strain; but confidence in God and in his love and wisdom restores the faith that is for a moment stunned by some tremendous shock. And it must be thus in times like these.

"While it was yet dark," the women came to the sepulcher to do honor to their loved Master, who they supposed was dead. They were distressed in heart and mind at the failure of the cause so dear to them. They could not at first grasp the full significance of the message that met them at the empty tomb, "He is not here, but is risen." "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" But the darkness passed away into the joy and glory of a new thought, a new conception, which was to carry on their cause farther and better than they had even hoped before, the power of a risen Lord.

Whatever may be the outcome in France just now from the material point of view, my faith and trust in God remain unshaken, and my belief in the ultimate victory of justice and righteousness in the world is fixed and unaltered. The victory may not come in just the way and time I had fancied, but it will come. The victory of Calvary must have seemed an utter failure to the disciples of Christ. But it was a victory, the greatest in all the world, notwithstanding that it is yet far from complete, and the struggles are by no means ended.

It is with difficulty on a day like this that I can compose my mind to the routine work of sending out blanks for quarterly reports, to the making out of orders for the payment of salaries, to the preparation of copy and the approval of corrected proof for tracts, to the sending out letters to members of the boards in preparation for the April meetings, to the gathering of material for the programs for Sabbath Rally Day, to the making of plans for evangelistic and Sabbath field work for the denomination, to the answering of letters from men in the service, from workers on the field, from people desiring Sabbath literature,—all sorts of letters,—to the keeping in touch with present-day movements in religious education, missions, social service, Sunday legislation, etc.—I say that it is difficult on a day like this to compose one's mind to ordinary affairs, as important as they are, when it seems that the fate of the world is hanging in the balance on the field of battle in far-away France.

And yet, even on the battle field, the victory is won when each man in his place

does his simple, single task bravely and with his best endeavor. If the routine affairs of life are neglected and become deranged, then soon the whole structure of life will suffer and go to pieces.

I have just opened a letter from a Mr. G. H. Myers of the Methodist Episcopal Church who has been deputized by the Board of Foreign Missions of that church to make a visit to the far East, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, Malaysia, and India. He says that if it is pleasing to us he will be glad to visit any of our mission schools that may be near his line of travel. I shall thank him heartily for his interest and give him the address of our schools in China and Java.

A letter from Sabbath Evangelist Willard D. Burdick tells of his two weeks of work at Jackson Center, Ohio. The services closed with a Sabbath institute similar in character to those he has been so successfully conducting in the East. A letter from Evangelist D. Burdett Coon announces his arrival at Cherry Valley, Ark., and the beginning of a series of meetings at Crowley's Ridge some seven miles from the railway station. Three services had been held with congregations ranging from sixty to eighty-five. Rev. T. J. Van Horn who was detained because of illness was expected to join in the work soon.

"THE FOOD PROBLEM"

In the volume with this title we find these two paragraphs:

"Patriotism and food! Winning a world by eating corn and chicken instead of wheat and beef! It will take much education to get this point of view."

"Germany controls food, saves food, stretches food as no nation ever did before. That she has not already been beaten is due no less to her food organization than to her fighting organization. She has put patriotism and food together. So must we."
—Howard B. Grose, Washington, D. C.

We have reached the time in our national life when no loyal citizen in the country can afford to spend a dollar for wasteful luxuries. Such an expenditure resolves itself into a disloyal act.—Cardinal Gibbons.

SABBATH REFORM

THE EDGES OF THE SABBATH

MISS MATIE GREENE

(Read at the Sabbath Institute at Berlin, N. Y.)

The time of the Jew, with his strictness of Sabbath laws, is past. Christ sought to reclaim the Sabbath from its law-ridden use, and establish it as a joy and true pleasure in the hearts of his followers.

We are prone to criticize the Jew because of his many useless Sabbath observances, but we are not told that he went to bed early Friday night, and slept very late Sabbath morning, in fact, too late to permit of synagogue worship, or that he added to this a huge nap in the afternoon, that he might be the better prepared to meet his Jewish friends that evening in pleasure or business. How much there is lying between the *beginning* and the *end* of things—between “the edges.”

How much depends upon *us* in the formation of ideals in the lives of children. How well I remember the strictness of Sabbath observance in our home. We children never went skating after school on Friday—it was too late,—near the Sabbath. The hearts of children are more concerned over “just a little while more, then we’ll go home,” than they are over the true spirit of the Sabbath, and our mother, knowing the ways of little folks, kept us away from temptation. It was, at that time, a great source of sorrow to us, for the ice was never frozen so nicely or looked so tempting as on the Sabbath. But before long the atmosphere of the “preparation” of the Sabbath influenced the day, and that “Edge of the Sabbath” became firm. It isn’t simply the absence of work, as we approach God’s day of rest, but the spiritual preparation, as well, that counts; while it is true that the spirit must be cared for and nurtured *each* day, the Sabbath when ushered into the heart, made ready by the humble, earnest believer, through the avenue of prayer, enters its own, and becomes an oasis to the spirit in the midst of the days. Carelessness in the simple matter of *knowing* what time the Sabbath begins is very common. Indifference to the *actual* knowledge is a twin brother. Little things

are beneath attention. When Sabbath Day *actually* comes, work stops—that would be an outrage to God’s Sabbath—but the many, many things that just *must* be done before the sun sets, would require a sun that stood still, as of old. But the sun does not cease his journeying, neither does the work get laid aside, though that is viewed as a small matter!

“One stitch dropped, as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been.
But the one stitch dropped
Pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak spot grew in the fabric stout,
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye,
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

“One little life in God’s great plan—
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in the endless web,
A drop in the ocean’s flow and ebb;
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed.
And each life that fails of true intent,
Mars the perfect plan that the Master meant.”

It is a fact, often smiled at by the thoughtless, but acknowledged in sadness by the old, that rare indeed are the occasions of God’s coming to lives nearly spent. We are, perhaps unconsciously, laying the foundation in the early days in our lives, for the future. The early indifference to the so-called “little” things that do not hold attractions for the young, may mean sorrow, bitter disappointment and spiritual dry-rot in later years, when youthful obedience to God’s laws would bring, in the years to come, the true fruits of the Spirit, for true is the law of nature, that the little rootlets, buried at first, ever so little, will deeper grow with each succeeding day, and soon become firmly embedded, a sorrow in lives carelessly lived, a joy to those who in the beginnings of things have builded a life foursquare to the world, with the smooth, firm edges of love, prayer, obedience, and faithfulness.

“As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery
sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God.
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space ’twixt the marsh and the skies.

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in
the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness
of God.”

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL

Chapter IV

(Continued)

On the next day the meat was not yet in condition to put up and take to the homes of the hunters, and Will and Joe were detailed to stay in camp, keep up the fires and be on guard while the others all went hunting. The camp was on a small stream where wood and water were plentiful. Wall and Henry had gone on their ponies, taking the carbines, as they were more convenient to use on horseback.

As noon came, some of the hunters returned and Will and Joe, being relieved of their watch, concluded to go out on the divide and see if they could get sight of Wall and Henry who had not returned. They walked out a mile or more to where they could get a good view to the south and east, the direction taken by the men. For some little time they could see nothing of them, but after an hour or more they noticed a lone buffalo in the distance and soon after saw two horsemen leisurely following it, whom they recognized to be Wall and Henry.

“They have wounded the buffalo and are waiting for him to lie down,” said Joe.

The buffalo was coming so as to pass a half or three-fourths of a mile from where they were.

“I am going out there and shoot that buffalo,” said Will.

“Better stay here,” said Joe. “The boys are after him and will get him.”

But Will was determined, and walked out on the prairie near where the buffalo would pass, and lying down on the ground waited for it. As the buffalo came slowly along, Will fired both barrels of his rifle. The animal stopped, raised his head and looked around. As Will sprang to his feet to reload his gun, the buffalo saw him, the head went down, the short tail went up like a flag, and with a bellow in a heavy bass voice he bounded away toward Will with a speed that a moment before one would not have thought possible.

Will took one look, turned and ran.

Looking over his shoulders and seeing he was losing ground, he threw away his gun, jerked off his coat, then his vest, and threw them; his hat followed. But still the buffalo gained. He could feel the hot breath of the mad brute. Then a rifle cracked, though Will could hardly hear it, the buffalo came down on his head, and tipped over with his heels toward Will, nearly hitting him with his hind feet. Will glanced over his shoulder and saw that his pursuer was down; then he also lay down to rest his weary limbs.

When Will shot at the buffalo, Wall and Henry heard the report and looking up saw the buffalo charge. Henry said, “Will is in trouble; I guess we had best go and help him.”

Both put spurs to their ponies and went at full speed. They were to the left of the buffalo, running horizontally with it. As Henry came up even with the buffalo it was so close to Will that it was a question whether it would do to shoot or not, but something must be done. One more jump and the buffalo was sure to hit Will. Holding his carbine in his right hand as a pistol, with quick aim he fired, with the result we have seen, hitting the buffalo at the base of the ear and breaking his neck with the shot. Henry was fifteen rods from the animal when he shot.

After the buffalo had been properly bled, there were four thankful men who returned to camp, as Joe had joined the others as soon as the chase was over. That night as Joe lay awake under the stars he thought of the wonderful works of the mighty God and of his goodness and mercy to man. Was it all chance that Henry had not been so far away but that the fleet feet of Pet would take him to the right place just at the right time? Was it by chance that he had put the ball from that gun on the one spot to instantly stop him? No, it was God who had given power and accuracy to arm and eye. So meditating Joe fell asleep to the music of the howling wolves.

The hunt was over, provisions were long since exhausted and now all were in haste to return home. All of the meat but that of the last buffalo was in condition to carry, and by taking one quarter in each wagon this could be cared for as they journeyed. Our little party had fulfilled its agreement.

with the hunters and stayed with them only till they reached the east line of Webster County. There a surveyor, Mr. Donald McCallum, with three companions, was camped and ready to show government land to any who wished to take a homestead. Henry was sick of a fever, so Wallace and William were to have first aid of the surveyor. Two days they spent looking and by that time Wallace had concluded that the country was too new for him and that he did not want a homestead. He had a family and he did not wish to take them where there was so much danger. William did not want to take a homestead unless Wall did. On the third day Henry was still sick. He had lain in the river all day during the two days, and the cool water had given some relief from the burning fever. Joe must go alone with McCallum and look for both himself and Henry.

Crossing the river Joe and the surveyor went up the stream about four miles, looking at some pieces on the river bottom; but Joe did not like bottom land as well as that a little farther back. He had noticed that the river bottom land was too sandy and the timber was too much inclined to be all cottonwood to suit him.

"I know of a corner up on the bluff," said McCallum. "We can get a starting place there and look on a little creek not far away."

When they reached the corner Joe could look down on a beautiful creek bottom but slightly broken, with a line of timber from twenty to fifty rods wide, marking the course of a stream.

As he gazed on this scene he exclaimed, "We have found it! I just want to see if there is living water on it and if there is I will not look farther."

On examination they soon found where a spring helped to feed the stream. The timber was largely oak and ash with some cottonwood, elm, boxelder and hickory.

(To be continued)

The reason why we do not feel the power of evil is partly because we are not resisting it; we are sailing a good deal with the stream; and partly because it is like the pressure of the atmosphere; it presses equally in every direction, it is inside of us as well as outside, and the pressures seem to neutralize one another.—*James Denney*.

GERMAN KULTUR NOT A NEW THING

"Every village they have passed through has been the victim of what is only organized pillage. Every city has been practically sacked, ransacked on system; its citizens plundered, its civil officials terrorized, imprisoned, outraged, or killed. The civil populations have been, contrary to the usage of modern warfare, forced to serve the invading armies, brutally put to death, reduced to wholesale starvation, and desolation. Vast tracts of the richest and most industrious districts of Europe have been deliberately stripped and plunged into famine, solely in order that the invaders might make war cheaply. Irregular troops, contrary to all the practice of war, have been systematically murdered, and civil populations indiscriminately massacred, solely to spread terror. A regular system of ingenious terrorism has been directed against civilians, as horrible as anything in the history of civil or religious wars. Large and populous cities have been, not once, but 20, 30, 40 times, bombarded and burnt, and the women and children in them wantonly slaughtered, with the sole object of inflicting suffering. All this has been done not in license or passion, but by the calculating ferocity of scientific soldiers."

The above was not written, though it might have been, yesterday, last week, last month, or last year. It appeared in the *English Fortnightly Review*, February, 1871, shortly before the surrender of Paris. Frederick Harrison, the writer, is still alive. Its statements were true then, are true now. Julius Caesar in his Commentaries narrates events which show that even before the time of Christ the Germans demonstrated the possession of all of the rudiments of their modern "kultur." It is no new thing; and hundreds of thousands of men will have died in vain in this war if this sinister thing is not absolutely and utterly exterminated forever by the forces of civilization arrayed against it.—*Government Publicity Press*.

"Were the commencement exercises interesting?"

"Very. The time was divided between advice from public men on the selection of a career and suggestions from graduates on how to run the government."—*Exchange*.

MISSIONS

CHURCHES PLAN EXPANSION OF MISSIONS

[Secretary Shaw sends us the following timely articles from the *Century Bulletin* of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—Ed.]

NOT only the Methodist family is planning to make better provision for connectional work; movements are in early prospect or already under way for enlarging resources to meet the needs of expanding enterprises among the Baptists, Northern and Southern Presbyterians, Congregationalists, the Dutch Reformed and Episcopalians. The aggregate amounts run well up into the tens of millions.

Southern Presbyterians are pressing an aggressive campaign for three million dollars to be raised for the current year, to be applied to all the benevolent work of the church. It is proposed that this campaign shall intensify the growing spirit of stewardship of life and substance, as well as to arouse the whole church to a recognition of its world-wide responsibilities.

In general, the plan of campaign is similar to that of the Centenary. Organization has been effected from the general assembly down through a central committee, synods, presbyteries, groups of churches and individual congregations. Each of these various divisions has its own managers, who are selected because of special ability to direct the work.

Meetings have been held in selected centers and then down through the local churches. Allotments have been made out and handed down from the synods to the presbyteries and then to the groups and local churches. Practically every pulpit of the Southern Presbyterian Church is provided with a speaker for the first three Sundays of this month. The movement culminates on Sunday, March 17. In addition to public meetings in the churches, smaller conferences are held with managers and thorough canvasses are made of all parishes.

Reports of all the canvasses are made by wire or telephone to the managers of the different divisions. Thus the manager

of a congregation sends his report to a group manager, and he in turn to the presbytery manager and he to the manager of the synod, who reports to the general manager at Richmond, Va.

The general office is thus in constant touch with every part of the church and knows exactly the condition of the campaign.

Like the Centenary, the Southern Presbyterian movement has an official organ in a weekly publication, *Over the Top*, edited by Dr. Wade C. Smith of Richmond. This paper keeps the workers and the church informed and is a vigorous presentation of the needs of the campaign.

Under the caption "News from the Battle Line," reports are published from the different States. These reports have been of the most gratifying nature, showing that the churches generally throughout the denominations are responding to the call for larger subscriptions.

This is the way *Over the Top* answers the question as to what the campaign will really mean for the denomination: the church debt free; a living wage guaranteed to all workers; an enlarged program of work; more workers sent to the front; more recruits for the ministry; better care for the aged ministers; the church itself saved from greed and covetousness.—*Centenary Bulletin*, March 14, 1918.

HAS THE MISSIONARY PURPOSE CHANGED?

FROM the beginning most missionaries have realized that their work looked two ways: They were engaged in an effort to bring the individual soul to an experience of personal salvation through Jesus Christ. They have also been laying the foundations of a new social order, remaking a civilization, or even building a new one. Certainly men like Livingstone and Carey saw this.

However, early missionary work had, perforce, to confine itself to the intensive cultivation of a very few people. Usually the first converts were drawn from the servant, outcaste and coolie classes, or from other low social orders. The upper strata, the literati, the leaders of public opinion, the men well versed in their own native culture, were not attracted. As the lower and oppressed classes responded more and more

to the Gospel, the upper classes removed themselves farther and farther from it. It was not their habit to join in with the coolie and call him "Brother." The printing press was employed to print tracts, Scripture portions and Bibles; the hospital was introduced to draw a crowd; and the school was a card of introduction to the home, or a hothouse for intensive spiritual cultivation. The less inclusive definitions of the doctrine of salvation inclined every one to measure the progress of the work solely by the number of baptisms. When attention was drawn to the fact that, among the converts, not many wise and not many mighty were called, comfort was found in the fact that Christianity has always first prospered among the lowly.

The day of those humble beginnings is past. Christianity is now being carried along on two tides: On the one side, there are masses of people from the lower classes eagerly seeking for the Gospel; and, on the other, there are increasing numbers of the educated and influential turning to Christ.

The missionary purpose has not changed, but it has extended itself. It now includes tens of thousands of people, where formerly it reached only to tens. It embraces work among all classes instead of being limited to a single group. In addition, it now includes responsibilities for social leadership, of which none of the pioneers could have even dreamed.

As we look forward into the next decades, and view the evangelization of the world as the great method by which the world may be made safe for democracy, what are the dimensions of Christian missionary resources?—*The Centenary Bulletin*.

TEN CENT TERMS

BIG totals frighten some minds. Some folk have been fairly bewildered by the sums asked for war purposes, for the Liberty Loans, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Red Cross and other drives. In every community there have been the timorous who have looked at the millions of the aggregate and have said, "It can't be done." It has been done. It has been done often, and it will be done often again; but it is done by the people who look away from the staggering whole and go to work on the basis of what they them-

selves, or their town or district should give.

Large sums are asked for the church—amazingly large, until we get down to the average gift. Then it all seems different. We are not talking in millions; we are talking in terms of pennies. We are saying ten cents a week. We are saying "four dollars a year." For that is what the entire program of the Centenary of the Methodist Episcopal Church means to the average member.

Is it much? Comparatively, is it much? Our friends the Southern Presbyterians are just completing a campaign which is apparently assured of success, asking their people for \$3,000,000 for this year, with the hope that the church will be kept at that level in future. On the basis of membership, the Presbyterians are asking \$8.55 per member, where the Centenary asks the Methodist for \$4.25—*Centenary Bulletin*.

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

Suggestions by mothers who have been kindergartners. Issued by The United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and The National Kindergarten Association, New York, N. Y.

MRS. ELVIRA HYATT

ARTICLE III

MODERN ideas in regard to childtraining lay stress upon adhering from the beginning to certain set times for feeding, sleeping, bathing and airing, for regular habits lay the foundation of moral teaching. They are also a boon to the mother, resting her nerves and giving her time to herself, which in turn again acts to the benefit of the child.

After physical needs have been provided for, all the average normal child needs is to be let alone. Many babies are constantly over-stimulated by mothers who adore them. It takes a wise and unselfish mother to keep her baby quiet systematically, and relegate him to a "warm, safe, happy background."

Physicians agree that infants under the age of six months should never be played with, or needlessly handled or caressed, and though it may be the dearest delight to rock and coddle the new infant, and to watch his sweet ways, the wise mother will place him comfortably in crib or carriage, and let him go to sleep by himself, preferably in the open air. Babies treated in this sane, unselfish fashion seldom cry ex-

cept for some good reason. Self-control and self-reliance seem big words to apply to infant education, but these virtues have their foundation in earliest childhood. The child's wonderful mysterious little personality must have time to develop itself, and growth and strength come "in the silence."

One of the first problems which confronts the mother is the unceasing activity of her small children. From the moment they can creep, they are "doing something" every minute of the day. We simply can not bid these restless creatures keep still, for activity is the law of growth. Instead, we must learn to keep them busily and happily employed, and to substitute right activities for wrong ones. Constant repression makes a restless and unhappy child. We must learn to recognize abundant energy as good, and to turn it into right channels.

Bad and mischievous children are simply the results of negative methods. It is not enough to say, "Run away and play," but a definite occupation should be suggested. The positive upbuilding method is to say, "Do this," instead of "Don't do that," and if one form of employment must be taken away, something else should be suggested.

A recent Italian educator has declared that unnecessary restriction in a child's life is a crime. There must be rules, of course, and children must learn to obey, but much friction can be eliminated by avoiding unnecessary commands. There should be few rules, but these should be firmly adhered to. It is infinitely better not to give a command than to let a child evade it. The habit of teasing for a thing will never develop, if this course is faithfully followed. Children brought up without rules or system are restless and unhappy, but, on the other hand, a blind obedience should not be insisted upon too long. The child can begin very early to reason for himself in small things. Later the moral fiber must be developed which will enable him to choose to do the right thing because it is right, and to recognize and obey the still small voice within himself. A desire for right conduct must be awakened. The will does not begin to grow until a definite choice can be made. Strong wills are good, and a parent has no more right to break a child's will than to break his arm or leg. Be sure that your request is just, and whenever possible avoid a clash of wills. Forced

obedience, or obedience gained through fear, weakens the child's will power and fosters cowardice and deceit.

Please pass this article on to a friend and thus help Uncle Sam reach all the mothers of the country.

THIS IS LABOR'S WAR

This is labor's war. No element of the people of this country, or of other countries, would suffer more than the workers from a German victory—a German peace.

What the Germans mean by a "strong peace," a "German peace," was recently expressed by General Von Liebert, a leading Prussian conservative.

"For us there is but one principle to be followed, and we recognize no other. We hold that might is right. We must know neither sentiment, humanity, consideration, nor compassion. We must have Belgium and the north of France. France must be made to pay until she is bled white. We must have a strong peace."

Mr. Gompers spoke well for American labor when he said:

"The Republic of the United States is not perfect; it has the imperfections of the human—but it is the best country on the face of the earth, and those who do not love it enough to work for it, to fight for it, to die for it, are not worthy of the privilege of living in it.

"I say to the Kaiser, I say to the Germans, in the name of the American labor movement: You can't talk peace with the American workers; you can't talk peace with us; you can't talk to us at all now. We are fighting now. Either you smash your Kaiser autocracy or we will smash it for you."

The workingmen of America have a tremendous interest to serve, a vital cause to defend, a work of surpassing importance to accomplish. What is vital to them is vital to America and to the world. That they see their duty and the great mass of them are performing it with unimpeachable loyalty is a cause for congratulation to the Nation and to the world.—*Government Public Information*.

Who brings sunshine into the life of another has sunshine in his own—*David Starr Jordan*.

RUM'S SOLILOQUY

I AM soon to go. It does not seem possible, for I am a world-old curse, like famine and pestilence. But I am to go, for I am to be put out of the United States and the United States is to dominate the polices of the world after this war.

The war. How strange. I thought this war would give me a new lease of life, as did the Civil War. For this is not the first time I have been attacked. From 1846 to 1860 seventeen States drove me out, and I would have been out of all the United States by 1865 if it had not been for the Civil War. To carry on that war the government needed revenue and some good friend of mine proposed that they license my sale. Lincoln, who hated me as much as he hated slavery, said he would rather cut off his right hand than sign a bill which would perpetuate me, but they persuaded him to do it. As soon as the war was over he said he would have that law repealed. But luck was with me again, for Lincoln never lived to carry out that threat. My friends the brewers organized themselves into the United States Brewers' Association in 1862 and after the war they saw to it that the laws which licensed my sale were not repealed.

I like the brewers. Not that I think they care anything about me for myself. They have stood by me because I have made many of them millionaires. But they have been willing to spend some of their money for me. And money talks. See how long the license fees bribed thousands of honest people to keep on voting for me when in their hearts they knew I was no good. See how money hired shrewd lawyers to fool honest men into being with me on the ground of personal liberty. Those two sophistries would have won for me always if it had not been for the churches and their printing presses.

How I fear the churches and their printing presses! They tell the truth. But I did not fear them at first. I laughed at them and called them cranks and fanatics. That was when they were divided into many different camps. But after a while they stopped fighting me separately, and combined. They moved against me through all the avenues of society. They taught in the schools that I am a poison. The scientists declared I am a habit-forming drug. The

great business corporations would not employ any one who used me. Manufacturers and merchants discovered that I take the money they would otherwise get. Tax-payers began to see that I increase taxes because I increase criminals and paupers.

My enemies began to get in the legislatures. The people were given the right to vote on whether I should be sold in their communities. Thousands of elections were held at which I was the only issue. And in thousands of those elections I lost. History began to repeat itself. I was again driven out of whole States.

When a dozen or more States had driven me out my enemies began to talk of driving me out of the whole country by amending the constitution to prohibit my manufacture and sale. That struck me with mortal terror. What became of slavery when they amended the constitution, forbidding it? It was ended forever. What will become of me when the constitution is amended, prohibiting my manufacture and sale? I am ended forever. So I had reason to fear. My enemies had truth on their side and the people, seeing the truth, were killing me town by town and State by State. Only some gigantic matter which would cause the people to forget me in the press of other things could save me.

Would luck favor me again and the gigantic matter come? It did. America entered the world war. "Ah, they will forget me now," I said. "As the Civil War saved me nearly sixty years ago the world war will save me again today. War is my friend. Why not? We are both scourges of mankind."

But my enemies used the war as another argument against me. And at last the thing I feared most came to pass. Congress submitted to the States an amendment to the constitution, prohibiting my manufacture and sale in all the States and Territories.

If that amendment is ratified I am undone. It will be ratified by the small States, but if I can hold the large States I may win yet. Can I hold the large States? I can not touch their heads or their hearts, but perhaps I can touch their pride. I will tell them they should not let the small States force anything upon them. What a triumph if I could thus hold a State like New York!

But luck is against me again, for the

women of New York now have the vote. And they hate me most, because I have wronged them most. I can not fool them by sophistry. They will not let any political quarrels stand in the way of getting rid of me. They know America will never be safe for purity or childhood as long as I exist. They will demand my overthrow, and what they demand they will get. And as New York goes so goes the Union. Yes, I am undone. Where can I go? To hell? Too many of my victims are there already. Is there another world I can invade? Is there another country I can enter? I do not know. But this I do know—I must soon leave America forever!—*Chester A. Smith, in Christian Advocate.*

PRAYER AND THE BIBLE

During the Civil War there was much praying to God to give success to the Northern army that the union of States might remain intact.

Also there was much praying to the same God to give success to the Southern army so that an independent Southern nation might be established and the slave service continued.

Then we often heard something like this: "Southern prayers are just as earnest and sincere as Northern prayers. Why should not the one be as influential with God as the other?"

We hear the same confusing talk about prayer now with the question: "Why should not the prayers of the German people prevail as much as the prayers of Germany's opponents?"

The following Scriptures clearly answer this question:

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me. Psalm 66: 18.

The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is his delight. The Lord is far from the wicked; but he heareth the prayer of the righteous. Proverbs 15: 8, 29.

He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination. Proverbs 28: 9.

The New Testament agrees with the Old Testament.

Now we know that God heareth not sinners, but if any man be a worshiper of God and doeth his will, him he heareth. John 9: 31.

The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. James 5: 16.

Much more could be quoted, but this is enough to show that both the person and his prayer must be right with God. The Savior's prayer: "O my Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." This prayer emphasized the great truth that God's will must be considered supreme—as far above man's will as the Creator is above the creature.

Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil. Isaiah 5: 20.

Surely deep sincerity, vehement fervency, and intense anxiety all combined in prayer to advance unjust and cruel, destructive and tyrannical ambitions, do not change evil into good, nor do such prayers deceive the heart-searching God.

Nor do debates, beliefs, clamors and decisions of men change evil into good, nor change his purposes, nor annul the natural and spiritual laws of the Creator and Ruler of the world.

Our nation, joined with other nations, is in a war not only to crush the monstrous war lord's ambition to control the world, but also to safeguard to every nation, large or small, the God-given powers and privileges of mankind.

The Christians of any nation fighting under such a banner can pray with the inspired Psalmist: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Psalm 46:1-2.—*Rev. Samuel R. Wheeler, in Boulder News-Herald.*

At a camp-meeting where hats were used as collection baskets, the preacher said: "Let us sing while the hats are coming in." The pianist, after some fumbling with the pages, turned to him and said: "I can't find it." "Beg pardon," said the preacher, not understanding. "Why," replied the pianist, "I can't find that song, 'While the Hats Are Coming In,' in my book."—*The Christian Herald.*

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—*Macaulay.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

HERBIE HOOVER

Little Herbie Hoover's come to our house to stay,
To make us scrape the dishes clean, an' keep the crumbs away,
An' learn us to make war bread, an' save up all the grease,
For the less we eat of butter, the sooner we'll have peace.
An' all us other children, when our scanty meal is done,
We gather up around the fire an' has the mostest fun

A-listen' to the proteins that Herbie tells about,
An' the Calories that git you

Ef
you
don't
watch
out!

An' little Herbie Hoover says, when the fire burns low,
An' the vitamins are creepin' from the shadows, sof' and slow,
You better eat the things the Food Folks says they's plenty of,
An' cheat the garbage pail, an' give all butcher's meat a shove,
An' gobble up the corn pone an' veg'tables an' fish,
An' save your drippin' an' yer sweets an' tick clean every dish,
An' don't get fresh a-talkin' of what you won't do without,

Or the Calorie's'll git you

Ef
you
don't
watch
out!

—Sophie Kerr, in *Life*.

HOW ONE BRAVE WOMAN HELPED POLAND

Mme. Paderewska's Wonderful Dolls Brought a Flood of Gold for Her Stricken Country

I HAVE assisted Madame Helena Paderewska, wife of the famous pianist and composer, in the greatest war relief ever undertaken and accomplished by any one woman. Since the beginning of the world war, groups of women have achieved wonders, and to the glory of my sex be it said that through their hands has gone the deepest consolation, the most supreme assistance that can possibly be given to suffering humanity. But Madame Paderewska

stands alone in her work "For Poland." And what she has accomplished, the good she has done, the help she has given, will make her name go down with that of her husband as patriot and philanthropist.

At the opening of the war Mr. Paderewski and the late Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis?" founded the Polish Victims' Relief Fund, with headquarters at Lausanne, Switzerland. The home of the Paderewskis, Riond-Bosson, at Morges, on the banks of Lake Geneva, was turned into a relief camp, and until the present day it is the abiding-place, the shelter, the home of Polish refugees, whose former homes have been crushed out of existence under the war hoof.

AFTER organizing relief committees in Paris and London, Paderewski and his wife sailed for America. They arrived here early in May, 1915, and Mr. Paderewski immediately organized the National American Committee of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund. While on her way to America, Madame Paderewska visited her friend, Miss Mary Mickiewicz, the granddaughter of Poland's great poet, Adam Mickiewicz. Miss Mickiewicz has lived in Paris for many years, and her home has been the rendezvous of the Polish artists' colony, a large gathering of men and women, painters and sculptors of renown. The vicissitudes through which these people were called upon to pass appealed to Miss Mickiewicz, and Madame Paderewska, ever warm of heart, generous and ready to help the sufferers, suggested that the dolls these artists had turned to making, because there was no market for their pictures and marbles, be sent to her in America.

I shall never forget the day of the arrival of the first consignment at the rooms of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund in the Æolian Building, New York. It was in August, 1915. Mr. Paderewski and Madame were in California, and when the box with its custom-house markings was opened it seemed to me I could hear the cries of the mothers and children in far-away Poland as I lifted the little puppets and placed them in a row. What a collection it was! Thirty-one dolls, the like of which had never been seen in America! Just thirty-one little rag dolls with jointed bodies, hair made of twine or cord or fur, as the case might be,

and with the typical Polish peasant dress of the various provinces. The consignment came on Friday, and on the following afternoon the office of the Relief Fund was closed; but so fascinating had I found these little "Waifs of Poland," as I called them, that I went back to the office and wrote about them until twilight. The next day I went again and completed what has since become so well known as "Madame Paderewska's Doll Book." It seemed to me that text and jingles never came easier. Even then I felt that these little messengers from the suffering ones of Poland to the sympathetic girls and boys of America were destined to become famous.

I WAS not mistaken about their popularity. The first sale of Madame Paderewska's dolls occurred in Bar Harbor, at a lawn party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernesto Fabbri. When she and her husband returned to New York, the little book had so fascinated Madame that she asked me to take hold of the matter and push the sale of the dolls, in order, as she said so truthfully, "to save the lives of my people." Then it was that the active campaign for the sale of "Madame Paderewska's Polish Refuge Dolls" took place.

We started in Boston with the sale at the Touraine, the Monday following Mr. Paderewski's Sunday concert at Symphony Hall, October 7, 1915. The management of the Touraine allowed us to put a table in the corner of the lobby to the left of the door, and there, from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon, Madame Paderewska sold dolls and distributed doll books and pamphlets concerning the work of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund. In the evening we had \$1,200 from the day's sale. Since then we have sold in every city where Mr. Paderewski has given a concert. If the size of the town warranted, we conducted not only a sale after the concert, in the green room or in the lobby of the theater or hall where the concert took place, but we had an additional sale at the principal hotel. In Philadelphia we realized even more than in Boston. But the banner State for the sale of dolls, outside of New York, is California. The sale of dolls at the Cort Theater after the concert by Mr. Paderewski, October 1, 1915, amounted to over \$800, the largest single

after-concert sale we have ever had. And the small beginning of thirty-one dolls has merged itself into a business that has supported not only the artist doll-makers but the entire Polish refugee colony in Paris. This includes musicians, writers, wounded soldiers, the old and the helpless.

NOW, any one who thinks that packing dolls and unpacking them, arranging them into an attractive display at hotels and after concerts, is an easy proposition, should have been with us on some of our short stays while on Mr. Paderewski's concert tour. The dolls, while not breakable, must be handled carefully, in order to preserve their freshness and attractive appearance. The dresses never troubled Madame Paderewska half so much as the heads of the infants. "Be very careful and wrap the heads" was her injunction to any who assisted at the sales; and reams upon reams of tissue paper have been used to swathe the flaxen hair of Jan, the son of the gardener, and his little playmate Halka's golden-cropped tresses, and give them an appearance of neatness.

"I never loved a doll before; indeed, I never had one," said Madame Paderewska; "but these are real, they are human. They speak, they cry, they implore, they reach my heart; and I love my dolls better than any child ever has loved her pet plaything."

When the consignment was first opened, Mr. Paderewski selected as his favorite, "Little Carrots," or "Zaza" as we named her—a little red-haired doll whose features were indicated by two pink patches for cheeks, a little stitch of embroidery for a mouth, and two brown polka-dots for eyes. Nobody but an artist could make such a doll, and it is Zaza that Mr. Paderewski keeps constantly on the piano on which he practices so assiduously. "She is not a doll; she has the soul of the artist who made her," the master often says; "I never tire of her. She is attentive and sympathetic, she sits still and is quiet. She interprets my music." And what Zaza is to Mr. Paderewski other dolls are to their possessors.

We have sold hundreds of Zazas and Jans and Halkas, and we found them the most popular of all the dolls, even though their coiffures were so difficult to keep in shape.

YET the sale of dolls and other articles consigned by the Polish Artists' Relief Colony was but a fraction of the work which Madame Paderewska has done for Poland. She has the keen analytic mind which grasps big situations and at the same time takes hold of detail. Since the opening of the war perhaps no other one woman has worked so indefatigably, so steadily, and so consistently for one single cause as the little black-haired Polish patriot whose slogan "Buy a doll and save a life" first put her into touch with the sympathetic women of America. Nor is her work completed. She has set about to establish a home for women and young girls in Warsaw, Poland, and it is to this object that she is now bending her energies.

"My girls!" she said in that sweet, plaintive, appealing tone. "Help me to help them. Don't let them go to destruction. Help me to found a home for them where they can be self-supporting."

And she is being helped, and ere long the thing will be an accomplished fact. When the war clouds pass and the work of building becomes possible, there will rise in Warsaw a home where these girls will have the love and protection of good women, and where they will be taught to become useful, helpful housekeepers, and to do their part in rehabilitating the home and business life of Poland.—*Anna M. L. Phillips, in Christian Herald.*

SABBATH RALLY DAY WEEK

The Woman's Board asks that all of our local societies join in carrying out a Sabbath program during the week preceding the third Sabbath in May, that being the date fixed by the Tract Society for general observance as a Sabbath Rally Day, and for which a program for all the different organizations of the churches is being prepared. We are of the opinion that not many of our societies made use of the very excellent program that was suggested last year, and it was decided to recommend it for careful preparation and consideration, again this year.

As many as used the program last year may feel free, of course, to alter it or enlarge upon it, or arrange for something entirely original, only let us be united in observing the week, trying to make the occasion both interesting and helpful. We quote from last year's leaflet.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WOMAN'S SOCIETY MEETINGS

Take the general topic and consider it by prepared papers and by discussions. This is the topic: The Sabbath in the Home.

(a) The Friday afternoon getting ready problems.

(b) Treating Sabbath eve wisely and well.

(c) How best to meet the Sabbath morning situation.

(d) What about the Sabbath afternoon questions?

(e) Along toward sundown, what about it?

These are important phases of Sabbath observance, and worthy of thoughtful consideration by all of us who are, in a great measure, responsible for the way the Sabbath is kept in the home, and the relation it bears to the rest of the week.

The most of these papers will make good material for Woman's Page. The reports of your meetings will read well in our Workers' Exchange. Will you share them with others?

METTA P. BABCOCK.

SALEM COLLEGE TO AID THE U. S.

Salem College recently took the lead among educational institutions of the State by drawing up a pledge to give practical aid at home to the National Government. This pledge, signed by all the members of the faculty and by almost all the students, follows:

"In order to promote the coming of the New World Democracy and to aid in the struggle against 'Kaiserism', we, the faculty and students of Salem College, hereby pledge ourselves to make our coming commencement simple and inexpensive. During the period of the war, so far as respectability will permit, we will make our old apparel answer for new, and when new is required we will seek simplicity with fitness and economy. We will abstain from unnecessary indulgences to gratify our tastes and appetites and so far as it becomes necessary to make sacrifices in behalf of our cause we will yield a cheerful and uncomplaining compliance. Such money as we are able to save by this manner of living, we will loan to our Government, or otherwise use in promoting the cause for which we fight and thereby express our faith in our Government's program."

The supporters of this proposition feel that not only immediate good will follow, but many profitable lessons in economy will

be taught. The student body and faculty have been organized into classes for the study of problems relating to the advent of a new world democracy.

It is in connection with this work that the practice of conservation and economy has been started. All concerns are enthusiastically urging others to accept the bonds of the pledge.

SAVE THE WHEAT AS A WAR NECESSITY

The first duty now in food conservation is to save wheat. More wheat must be had for shipment abroad. To obtain it there must be a positive reduction in the consumption of wheat bread. The ideal would be to stop eating wheat altogether so long as the necessity exists. The Victory bread will not yield a sufficient result, for that is only a 20 per cent saving. To stop eating bread that has wheat in it may call for a little self-denial, but surely this is not asking too much as a military necessity. And a military necessity it is. The armies and allies must have the wheat, or our cause is lost on the western front, and what is happening in Russia, Serbia, Poland, Roumania, Belgium, and Armenia will happen in France and England, and next on these shores. This is no alarmist statement but sober fact. The next 60 days are the most critical we have had to face so far as the food supply is concerned, in the view of the Food Administration, which is in a situation to know all the conditions and needs. We are far behind in furnishing the food-stuffs which we are morally bound to provide, and must provide to win the war.

This is not a time to discuss causes, but to save wheat and send it. The meat production has been speeded up until now it is not necessary for the time being to do more than observe Tuesday as the one meatless day. By lessening the requirement as soon as conditions made it possible, the Food Administration keeps faith with the people. Now it asks that in eating more meat the people eat less bread. Eat more potatoes and less bread. Corn will soon be distributed so that it can be had in all markets, and this, with barley flour, makes the needed substitute for white bread.

It is patriotism today to stop eating white bread or wheat pastries.—*United States Press Bulletin.*

THE PRESIDENT

L. L. A. F. P.

Who guides our Ship of State through War's rough seas?

The President;

Undaunted by the hostile wave and breeze?

The President;

If caught in breaker's realm,
Who bears hard on her helm
To steer her clear of Intrigue's rocks and keys?

The President!

Who sought to keep her decks by war unstained?

The President;

Till honest peace could be no more maintained?

The President;

Then, so the world may be
"Safe for Democracy,"

Who had her guns on Rapine's forces trained?

The President!

Who heeded cries for help from France's wreck?

The President;

And sent the call below, "All hands on deck"?

The President;

Who sped his life-crews, brave,
Across the treacherous wave
To help our sister ship her foes to check?

The President!

Who bears our heaviest cares in this cruel strife?

The President;

Midst tears of many a mother, maid and wife?

The President;

Though stung by Censure's scorn,
His heart by pity torn,
Who shuns not Freedom's battle for her life?

The President!

Who calls his entire crew to War's grim grind?

The President;

To strive with single purpose, heart and mind?

The President;

If we would win this fight
For Liberty and Right,
Then now's the time when all should stand behind

The President!

Are you cedars, planted in the house of the Lord, casting a cool and grateful shadow on those around you? Are you palm trees, fat and flourishing, yielding bounteous fruit, and making all who know you bless you? Are you so useful that, were you once away, it would not be easy to fill your place again, but people, as they planted, and repeatedly came upon the pit in the ground would say: "It was here that old palm tree diffused his familiar shadow and showered his mellow clusters?" Or, are you a peg, a pin, a rootless, branchless, fruitless thing that may be pulled up any day, and no one ever care to ask what has become of it? What are you doing? What are you contributing to the world's happiness, or to the church's glory? What is your business?—*Hamilton.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE AND SABBATH-KEEPING

MARY LOCKE

(Read at the Sabbath Institute at Berlin, N. Y.)

One of the vital questions in our denomination today concerns our young people and their interests. The young people now will be the mainstays of our church and denomination in the years to come. Whether they keep the Sabbath and uphold our aims and views depends upon us to a great extent.

So many of our young people are withdrawing from the Sabbath for various reasons; some because of a lack of early training and some through indifference. Then there are those who think they can get better business and social positions in the world if they either keep Sunday or no day at all.

One thing that we can do to help solve this problem of our young people and the Sabbath is to teach and train the boys and girls to love the Sabbath. If they love it they will strive to keep it well.

The Sabbath Day ought to be a day of pleasure looked forward to by young people. In the paper, "The Edges of the Sabbath," which was read last evening, the writer told us that when we were prepared for the Sabbath, we could enjoy in full measure all that came between the edges of the Sabbath.

Bible study will aid a great deal in Sabbath-keeping. There are many interesting passages on why we should observe the day and how we can and should spend it. This study of the Bible may be made interesting to our young people. So many of our young people of today like to read interesting books, and lacking knowledge of the Bible think that it is dry and uninteresting. But we can make it interesting and a source of help by Bible story-telling and reading in the home with discussions while the child is young. The early training has a great deal to do with the keeping of the Sabbath, because if the child has nothing to make the

Sabbath a pleasant and interesting day he will wish for any other day rather than it.

Indifference is another thing that helps to draw people from Sabbath-keeping. This may be due a little to early training but also there is our neglect to influence the young for right-doing. When young people become indifferent they say it does not matter which day they keep or how it is kept. They think that no one cares and why should they. Indifference in Sabbath-keeping leads to indifference in other things.

One of the greatest factors leading to non-Sabbath-keeping is the business problem. When our young people see so few good positions in business open to them, it takes good faith and will power to stick to Sabbath-keeping. There are some even here in the town who believe that they should keep the Sabbath, but business interferes with their principles. We find most of the factories and business concerns run by Sunday people who desire their employees to work on Sabbath Day. So Sabbath-keepers are forced to take minor business positions here and in other places. There are some who have risen to good positions through resolutely keeping to their ideals. Some say that they can not prosper and still keep the Sabbath. But if we keep our standards high and are not ashamed to keep them there before the world, and trust God to fulfil his promises, he will be with us. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

It is much better for us, young people, to cling to Sabbath-keeping and take a humble position and so be honest with God and ourselves.

Next there is our social life. Here in town we find so few sources of amusement permissible to our young people. We are losing some of our young people because we have so few amusements connected with our church and society. They take up with other things and are finally found to be gradually leaving the Sabbath.

Young people who marry out of our denomination often stop keeping the Sabbath. We should strive to have our young people meet and associate with people of our own denomination. Parents should allow and encourage our young people to attend as-

sociations and Conferences. Also more of our young people should be sent to our schools and colleges.

Then why should we keep the Sabbath? There are many reasons. The commandment, to be sure, is to "remember the sabbath day" (the rest day), "to keep it holy." "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor it, not finding thine own pleasure nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth." Labor, business, one's own pleasure is to be discontinued in order to devote the day to sacred uses. We need a day when everything else should be laid aside and our time entirely devoted to the worship of God, reading and meditation on his word, and to religious exercise and development of the soul.

For other reasons, let us study our Bible well on the Sabbath question. It behooves our young people to keep the Sabbath well that we may be an example for others and may keep the high standards of our denomination.

HOW TO ENJOY THE SABBATH

C. C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
April 13, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Enjoy the Sabbath by church-going
(Luke 4: 14-30)
Monday—By Bible-reading (Ps. 119: 41-48)
Tuesday—By resting (Exod. 20: 8-11)
Wednesday—By service (Matt. 12: 9-21)
Thursday—By worship (Rev. 1: 9-20)
Friday—By Christian fellowship (1 John 1: 1-10)
Sabbath Day—Topic, How to enjoy the Sabbath
Day (Isa. 58: 5-14)

Sabbath-keeping in its fullest, truest sense is a type of the eternal Sabbath in the presence of Jesus, who is Lord of the Sabbath Day.

Make the Sabbath a delightful day, one that is looked forward to, that is longed for. Plan to spend the Sabbath with the children in the home. Teach them to love it by making it the brightest, most joyous day of all the week, and by so doing you will help in a great degree to diminish the number of those who leave the Sabbath.

Only a few minutes ago I heard the

mother of two bright boys say to a business man, "I want my boys to go to Sunday school in the forenoon but after dinner Parker may help in the store selling drinks. I had rather he would be working than running on the streets learning all manner of bad habits." This is what she called choosing the lesser of two evils. It is a deplorable fact that parents in these latter days are losing control of their children.

If you are a Seventh Day Baptist be decided about it. Live it in such a way that people will not have to ask in order to find out about it.

Two Seventh Day Baptists went from one of our pioneer churches in the West to work in the Kansas wheat fields. They were both good hands and both were soon employed on the same farm.

Toward the close of the week one of the men went to his employer and told him that the next day was the Sabbath and that he did not work on that day. The farmer tried in various ways to get him to change his mind but without avail. He was a good man in the field and the farmer could not afford to turn him away, so he told him he might rest on his Sabbath and on Sunday he could go into the back part of the field and work.

The other waited till quitting time Friday night, then sought his employer, and in a half-hearted, apologetic way made the same plea but not with the same result. The farmer saw the man's weak point and told him he must work next day or quit. It is needless to say he worked. If he had had a little backbone, been decided, he probably would have been favored as was his companion.

We regard the Sabbath in about the same way we do tithing,—from a selfish standpoint. We fail to take God at his word, give up just before we reach the point where God can fulfil his part of the compact.

How do you know God will not do as he has promised? Did you ever try him in this very important matter?

There are so many things we would like to do on the Sabbath and we generally do them, than feel uncomfortable in our minds over it all the next week—or ought to. If we are parents, we wonder in after years why our children are so indifferent to God's Sabbath.

"Uncle Oliver" said some good things on this question in the *Helping Hand* for February 2, and I'm sure he will not object to my repeating some of them here.

How to keep the Sabbath holy is a hard question to answer. "An authoritative schedule" having in one column the things we may do and in another the things we may not do would take away from us our judgment—"the intelligent exercise of conscience."

"Conscience," Uncle Oliver says, "is the habitual practice of the spiritual judgment." I like that definition. Don't you? God's commandment is, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy"—that is, in such a way as shall in our conscience be best for us spiritually. "Only spiritual Sabbath-keeping is truly keeping the Sabbath."

Alongside this simple rule we may safely place fishing, rowing, automobiling, picnicking, Friday night entertainments, lectures and concerts, teachers' associations, and so on as you call them to mind. May I add visiting and staying away from service? Habits of this kind once formed are very hard to overcome.

QUESTIONS

What is lacking in a child's early training if when he reaches the years of maturity he ceases to observe the Sabbath of Jehovah?

Is the fact that Seventh Day Baptists are so few in numbers evidence that they as such are not sufficiently aggressive or that they are too indifferent in its observance themselves?

Does our manner of keeping the Sabbath and our earnestness in presenting this truth to others impress those others that we really believe it is God's Holy Day and that we will be lost if we do not keep it?

Do we reverence the Sabbath so deeply that people may point to us as examples of consistent Sabbath-keeping?

Are we doing all we can to spread the Sabbath truth and deepen reverence for the day God has blessed?

What more can we do to draw attention to the fourth commandment and convince the people that God has not blessed and will not bless any other day as the Sabbath?

As the Sabbath draws to a close can we look back and feel that God is well pleased with the way we have spent the day?

In conclusion,

"HOW TO ENJOY THE SABBATH"

Do not engage in anything which we can not ask God to bless.

Remember "The sabbath was made for man," and that in the Bible we are told very explicitly how to observe it.

Follow the directions there given and we will enjoy the day.

NEWS NOTES

FOUKE, ARK.—Our kind friends who have so bountifully helped us in our extremity are no doubt wondering how the work is progressing and looking from week to week for some word in the RECORDER. The work on the new building has been greatly delayed by bad climatic conditions, inability to secure material and adequate machinery; and now that spring has arrived the men who expected to assist in the work must attend to putting in their crops.

The building will be made of cement blocks. Mr. Bonham, of Walworth, Wis., is superintending the work.

We have had an unusually severe winter, but many are enjoying vegetables from spring gardens.

Professor Babcock had accepted the principalship of the school for another year, but not long ago he gave in his resignation, saying he must give his time directly to his country. Fred I. is no slacker. We admire his patriotism and love him all the more for his devotion to his country, but we are greatly disappointed in having to give him up. Not only is his work in the school very satisfactory but we are greatly enjoying his services as pastor. It seems to us he is "the man with a mission" and that this is the place; but he alone must decide where duty calls.

In the Christian Endeavor and church work only the usual activity can be reported, excepting that Professor Babcock is conducting a mission study class.

Yours, still in the work.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

"The river clears itself by keeping on to the sea. To stop means to stagnate. It is even so with spiritual experience. We get better as we go on. We lose out when we stop."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

HEART'S DESIRE

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

(Concluded)

AFTER hastily replenishing the fire in the kitchen stove and filling the almost empty teakettle, Constance went into the living room to put away her violin. As she did so she noticed a bit of paper lying on the library table, and she hastened to pick up what proved to be a letter. In Jean's angular handwriting, she read:

DEAR CONNIE—Mother telephoned a little while ago that she couldn't possibly leave Aunt Ella this week, so she hoped we'd be patient a little longer. And father called up just after you left and said Miss Abby would come for a few days, though she would rather not. I don't see how we're going to get along with her, for she's deafer'n an adder. And the boys won't mind her and Bob's gone off with the Mellen boys. He says he isn't going to stick around home much till mother gets back and he's quit school. Don and Kenneth went over to Ted Browning's and I've gone down to Ezra Benson's store after bread. Oh, Connie, I'm so tired of going after baker's bread—I hate it. But something nice has happened. Mildred Ames brought you the loveliest collar to go with your coat. It's in the top drawer of your dresser. I've got to stop at the office before I come back, so maybe I can't help about getting lunch. JEAN.

Constance sat down in the nearest chair for a moment, but presently jumped to her feet. "This won't do for me," she said to herself, as she hurried back to the kitchen. "I want to do a lot of work between now and night, and there are only a few hours in which to do it. I don't believe I'll telephone Miss Dennison just yet; I'll get the children's lunch first."

With fingers that fairly flew in their eagerness to accomplish a great deal in little time, Constance toasted the few slices of bread remaining in the bread box, creamed a generous supply of potatoes, then ran out to the hen house for fresh eggs. As she came back with two in each hand, something prompted her to look

toward the old barn in the meadow several rods away. As she looked every bit of color left her face, and she was forced to lean upon a nearby clothes pole for support. For there, on the very peak of the barn roof, with his back toward the house, sat the youngest son of the house of Hadley, while less than a foot from the north end of the roof perched his brother. Not far from him sat Ted Browning. Even as Constance watched, four-year-old Kenneth drew himself to his feet, and there he stood plainly outlined against the sky.

Constance gave a startled exclamation, but smothered it before it could be heard by the three boys, who were unaware that they were being watched.

One thought was uppermost in Constance's mind. Whatever happened, she must not speak. The least unexpected sound would confuse them and then their danger would be twice as great. Frightened, they would be sure to fall, and a fall from the old big barn would mean untold suffering, perhaps death. What should she do?

Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. After watching them a few seconds longer, Constance, with a little prayer on her lips for help, started for the barn, stepping as softly as she could lest the boys should hear the sound of her feet on the hard gravel driveway and make some movement that would prove fatal.

Once inside the barn she secured a hammer from the work bench, then went quietly up the stairs. A ladder reaching to the ventilator in which two boards were missing revealed the manner in which the boys had climbed to the roof.

"Perhaps if they hear me pounding they'll come down the way they went up," she thought as she raised the hammer for her first stroke. "But oh, if they should fall!"

Bravely puckering up her lips she tried to whistle in imitation of Bob in his best mood. From the roof just above her there presently came the welcome sound of a boyish voice, slightly startled perhaps, but not dangerously so.

"That's Bob," Ted Browning was saying. "I thought he went off with Dick Mellen."

"Sh! He'll hear you and whew, but won't he be mad?" This was Donald

"When he goes down cellar after nails we'd better get down. He'll have to go pretty soon, for I carried all there was down there this morning. Come on, Ken, you be climbing away from the hole, he'll see you."

Constance forced a still louder whistle to her lips, though she longed to scream. Oh, to think of those boys up there climbing around on the roof and no one to stop them. When she thought she had waited quite long enough she dropped the hammer on the floor and hurried down the rickety old stairs, whistling as she went. In the cellar, leaning breathlessly against the wall, she waited for what seemed to her like hours. When she finally heard the tramping of six small feet on the floor above her she dropped limply to the ground.

"Oh, I am so thankful!" she half sobbed as she drew her blue and white gingham apron around her shaking shoulders. For a long time she sat there, so long that her feet and hands grew numb with the cold and she fell back when she tried to rise.

"What if Miss Abby had been taking care of them!" she thought over and over. "She can't hear and she can't see any too well, and oh, I am afraid to trust her. I can't, no, I can't leave Donald and Kenneth in her care, and surely not Bob."

"Connie, say, Connie," came a plaintive cry from the direction of the house. "Where are you? It's lunch time and nobody's here."

"Yes, somebody is here," was Constance's thought as she limped away from the old barn. "And that somebody is going to stay till mother gets back. I ought to punish those boys so they will remember it as long as they live, but I'm afraid I shan't. I am afraid I shall hug them instead."

Over the telephone two hours later Constance Hadley told Miss Dennison that she could not accept her invitation. "You'll forgive me for not giving you my decision sooner?" she asked anxiously. "I really thought I could go until this noon, and since then I've been very busy. I am very sorry, but I shall not be able to leave the children. And, Miss Dennison, did you ever have a heart's desire?"

"Yes, indeed, I have, my dear. And that is to help my pupils to make the most of their lives and their opportunities. If I don't succeed in doing this my teaching

is a failure. I knew when you told me yesterday about Robert that you would have a trial in making your decision. I understand, Constance, and I have learned this—that sometimes our heart's desires are achieved only through sacrifice. Some other time we will go away together, just you and I. Now, good-by and good luck to you all."

With tears in her eyes Constance hung up the receiver. As she did so Bob touched her on the arm.

"Connie, you're a peach," he blustered. "Maybe I'm not glad you're going to stay. The kids have just been telling me about the roof and all and I was some scared I can tell you. After I went off with the Mellens I remembered about leaving that ladder out where the youngsters could get it, but I thought there wasn't any great hurry about coming back. But when I met Jean a few minutes ago and she told me what had happened I thought I'd better hustle along. Dad'll give me fits for being so careless, but a fellow gets desperate sometimes. But shucks! I'm going back to work on that ventilator. Got to go to school tomorrow."

Before Constance could make any reply Bob was gone, and only the slamming of the outside door betrayed his whereabouts.

"Oh, the boy of him," she thought, as she ran to the window just in time to see him take one flying leap into the barn. "He is going back to school, is he? Well, that decision is worth a great deal. Oh, boy, we shall win you yet, even if the winning has to come through sacrifice."—*Kind Words.*

God's delays are not denials. They are not neglectful nor unkind. He is waiting with watchful eye and intent heart for the precise moment to strike, when he can give a blessing which will be without alloy and will flood all the after life with blessings so royal, so plenteous, so divine that eternity will be too short to utter all our praises.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

You need God in the very things that seem to separate you from him. You must seek him in the places where the misery of life seems to be that he is not. You must question the stoniest path for streams of water.—*Phillips Brooks.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS

Accompanying the report cards sent in for January are letters, from which your editor gleans some more interesting quotations.

GREENBRIER.—We are glad to co-operate with our Sabbath School Board in any way that will help it in our work. Our church and school are small, but our people are very loyal. The pastor lives in Salem, works for the college, and walks out four and a half miles to preach. We are working for the maintenance of the little church for the sake of the few young people there. We are glad to receive any word of encouragement that may be given us from our brethren.

EXELAND.—There is a good interest in the school for one so small and so widely scattered. The weather was very severe in January. I did not understand the report blank soon enough to make a complete report. Send more cards and I promise a better one.

VERONA.—Owing to the unusually cold winter and the distance our members have to drive (from three to six miles), the attendance has been light. Under normal conditions our school is large with an interested corps of officers and teachers.

All the schools were hard hit during the cold weather in January. Everybody ready to help put the mark away up high for the April report—and then keep it high all the while. Even if you made no record at all for January, your school can yet win an average of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent for the three months, and that is higher than the highest mark last year.

How would it do for you all to send in news items with your April report? Dr. Burdick will gladly turn these over to the editor for publication.

MINUTES OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

The regular meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton, Wis., Sunday afternoon, March 17, at 2 o'clock. The President, Professor A. E. Whitford, presided and the following Trustees were present: A. E. Whitford, L. C. Randolph, D. N. Inglis, E. M. Holston, Mrs. J. H. Babcock and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. L. C. Randolph. The minutes of the last meeting were read and the Secretary reported that notices of this meeting had been regularly sent to all members of the Board of Trustees.

The Committee on Publications presented a report which, upon motion, was accepted as a report of progress.

The report of the Committee on Field Work was presented by the chairman, E. M. Holston. The report covered matters concerning the score cards, showing that thirty-three schools responded to the call for scoring during the month of January; concerning the matter of certificates for organized classes, presenting a plan for such certificates; and concerning matter of the Forward Movement plan, suggesting that a letter of explanations be sent to the schools at once. Upon motion the report was adopted as a report of progress.

The Treasurer's report was presented as follows, which, upon motion, was accepted and ordered placed on file:

Treasurer's Report

From December 16, 1917, to March 17, 1918:
General Fund

Dr.	
1917	
Dec. 16, Balance on hand	\$508 37
Dec. 18, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Woman's Board	7 80
1918	
Jan. 2, Geo. E. Murphy, Ashaway, R. I. Church	4 30
Jan. 2, B. I. Jeffery, Milton, Wis., Church	2 65
Jan. 3, D. E. Livermore, Andover Church	1 72
Jan. 4, F. S. Palmiter, Alfred Station, N. Y., Church	1 05
Jan. 4, A. W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J., Church	25 11
Jan. 4, Mrs. Amy K. Crandall, Little Genesee, N. Y., Church	4 57
Jan. 5, I. F. Randolph, New Market, N. J., S. S.	2 50
Jan. 5, Irving A. Hunting, Plainfield, N. J., S. S.	2 49
Jan. 14, Mrs. Walter Bond, Dodge Center, Minn., Church	7 98
Jan. 14, Nettie C. Coon, Milton, Wis., S. S.	12 01
Jan. 14, W. S. Wells, Riverside, Cal., Church	6 83
Jan. 20, S. V. Davis, Shiloh, N. J., Church	5 48
Jan. 20, Anna M. Blough, Salemville, Pa., Church	6 00

Jan. 20, John B. Campbell, Hammond, La., S. S.	4 00
Jan. 21, A. B. West, Milton Jct., Wis., Church	2 47
Jan. 31, J. M. Maxson, Chicago, Ill., Church	6 00
Jan. 31, N. C. Clarke, Farina, Ill.: Sabbath School	\$4 40
Church	70
Feb. 1, Mrs. E. W. Vars, Bradford, R. I., Sec. Westerly Church	5 10
Feb. 1, Edgar P. Maxson, Westerly, R. I., Church	2 25
Feb. 1, Int. Hocker Permanent Fund	7 75
Feb. 6, E. E. Whitford, New York, N. Y., Church	20 76
Feb. 8, A. W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J., Church	1 76
Feb. 15, Rowland K. Ormsby, Alfred Sta., N. Y., S. S.	7 30
Feb. 22, Mrs. Rocelia Babcock, Gentry, Ark., S. S.	15 00
March 3, Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y., Church	5 75
March 4, Andree Babcock, Garwin, Iowa, S. S.	5 58
March 10, A. W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J., Church	7 75
March 10, Gladys C. Hulett, Little Gene-see, N. Y., S. S.	14 15
	22 13
	<u>\$726 60</u>

Cr.

1917	
Dec. 17, Dr. A. L. Burdick, postage	\$ 5 00
Dec. 17, Journal-Telephone Co., 175 score cards	2 25
1918	
Jan. 31, Edwin Shaw, Circular Letter, Forward Movement, postage	5 13
Jan. 31, A. E. Whitford:	
Books	\$2 15
Mimeograph, supplies	3 70
Feb. 11, Mrs. Herbert Polan, editing "Sabbath Visitor", Jan., Feb., March, 1918	5 85
Feb. 25, Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, editing "Junior Quarterly", 2 qrs., 1918	30 00
	17 50
	\$ 65 73
Balance on hand, March 17, 1918	660 87
	<u>\$726 60</u>

A communication from the Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society, asking the Sabbath School Board to furnish the material for the Sabbath-school portion of the program for Sabbath Rally Day, was read and, upon motion, it was voted that the Board comply with the request.

Upon motion it was voted that Dr. L. M. Babcock, E. M. Holston and Professor D. N. Inglis constitute a committee to prepare the material for this program.

It was moved and carried that the President and Secretary be authorized to appoint a delegate from this Board to attend the forthcoming Quadrennial Convention of the International Sunday School Association, to be held in Buffalo, N. Y., June 19-25, 1918, the expenses of the trip to be met by the Board.

The minutes were read and approved.
Adjourned.

A. E. WHITFORD, *President.*
A. L. BURDICK, *Secretary.*

A FEW WORDS FROM THE BETHEL CLASS OF LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.

DEAR CLASSMATES:

It has been some time, I believe, since you have heard from our Bethel class, but we are alive and trying to do our bit.

It is a great pleasure to me to write about our class. Though we have had our trials and sorrows this month more than usual, we are not the kind to let our sorrows dull our lives but try all the harder to pack up our troubles in our old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

Our class sustained a deep loss recently in the passing away of Marion Hazard, Monday, March 4, 1918. He was always active in class work and always ready to help and do for others.

We are proud to put five stars on our service flag, for we know we have five true and loyal young men who are battling for peace and freedom. The boys who have left for their country are: Lieut. Philip Burdick, Virgil Clarke, Leslie Maxson, Sidney Burdick, and Harold Burdick.

So far this year we have added three new members to our class. We hold a business meeting with a social time each month at different homes. The Social Committee tries to plan something different each month which will create a good time and cause more interest for our meetings.

Last month we held a "backward" social and it was well carried out. Each person came backward and was dressed backwards. A program consisting of music and readings was given backward and I guess quite well enjoyed. Ice cream and cake were served at the beginning of the fun.

At Christmas time we packed boxes for our soldiers and classmates who were away from home. We send flowers to the sick and shut-ins and on Christmas morning went and sung for them.

We have set aside the collections from the first Sabbath of each month for missions. We feel it is not a big amount but every little is needed. We have purchased two beautiful silk flags which drape the service banner of which we are proud.

We are one of four organized classes of the Sabbath school and all of us are trying to work together in the Master's work; so let us have your prayers for strength in the good work.

MILDRED FAIRBANK,
Secretary.

Lesson XV.—April 13, 1918

JESUS REQUIRES CONFESSION AND LOYALTY. Mark 8: 1-9: 1

Golden Text.—"If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Mark 8: 34.

DAILY READINGS

April 7—Mark 8: 27-38. Jesus Requires Confession and Loyalty

April 8—Mark 8: 1-13. A Miraculous Supply of Food

April 9—Mark 8: 14-26. Teaching and Healing

April 10—1 Kings 18: 30-39. Loyalty to Jehovah

April 11—Ps. 63: 1-11. Personal Confession

April 12—Luke 9: 57-62. Following Jesus

April 13—Matt. 10: 32-39. Confessing Christ
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

MY BROTHER BILL

(Some years ago while in the Ozarks of Arkansas, I went out in the big woods to gather some nuts, and finding a trail I kept on up the hill till I came to an old shack and in there an old man alone. Hence these lines.—C. L. Woolworth.)

Come in, stranger, come into my shack,
You look so tired, just set down your pack.
Why did you leave your dear ones at home
And come to these Ozarks to wander and roam?
Here, taste of this beverage, this good old wine,
As pure as they make it from fruit of the vine.
Now maybe you're hungry. I'll fix up a snack
Of corn pone and taters and old razor-back.

You ask why I stay here in this old shack?
To tell you my story I'll have to go back.
When the war broke out in old Tennessee,
We came here to live, my brother and me.
Not long had we been here when one fine day
An officer came and took Bill away.
Some wore the gray, but my brother so true,
Went marching away in his uniform blue.
So the war kept on, as you know wars will,
To fight one another, to wound and to kill.
At last came the word from a battle just fought,
And on the next day my brother they brought.
Oh, sad was that day! Poor brother Bill!
Then we laid him away, up there on the hill.

When springtime comes, and the glad summer
time,
I gather sweet flowers and over him twine.
Then oft in the twilight, when the evenings are
long,

I sit out and listen to the wood birds' clear song.
And as the shades darken, when night seems
more still,
Comes that mournful refrain, "Whip-poor-will,
whip-poor-will."
Now I know you'll not chide me, for I think
'tis God's will,

That I stay here and wait, and watch over Bill.
So good-by, dear stranger. Should you ever
come back,

You may not find me in this old wooden shack.
But there with my brother, all quiet and still,
There you may find me, up on the hill.

Then you could pick a sweet branch from this
old arbor tree,
And plant on the grave, for him and for me.
Nortonville, Kan.

HONEST AND PATRIOTIC

"I am willing to go out of business or to do whatever this Government says, to help out."

Thus wrote C. A. Bartlett, a small pie baker in Canton, Ohio, to the Food Administration. Long may his kind live. He misunderstood the rules and regulations requiring the use of substitutes with wheat flour recently issued. It was his impression that the use of wheat flour was wholly prohibited in his business, and that only substitutes could be used. His letter ought to be framed, it is so unlike the common run which have some objection or plaint or side issue to present. Here is the letter:

"I have learned in a roundabout way that the bakers are not allowed to make pies with wheat flour but must use bran, corn-meal, low-grade flour, starch, etc. Now. I don't see how pie crust can be made of such stuff. I always thought and do know that the best way to serve trade was to make something good or not make anything. I have five barrels flour on the way and one and one-half in shop. I would like to continue making pies until the 1st of April so I could get rid of my two horses. Possibly, I can sell them right off, and then again, perhaps, I could not. I will commence to advertise them right away. But with hay at \$32 a ton one does not want horses long when not working. At the same time I am willing to do whatever this Government says to help out. I am only operating five days in the week now. Please inform me at your earliest convenience just what I am to do.

"Yours truly,
"C. A. BARTLETT."

The Food Administration has assured this patriotic pie baker that it will not be necessary for him to go out of business. He was informed that the regulations allow the use of 70 per cent of the amount of wheat flour used by him last year or the use of one-third of some substitute with wheat flour.—*Religious Press Bulletin.*

All philosophy in two words—sustain and abstain.—*Epictetus.*

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

THE GOOD FIGHT

REV. JAMES L. SKAGGS

Text: *I have fought the good fight.* 2 Timothy 4: 7a.

Aggressiveness has been a fundamental characteristic of the Christian religion. The life of Jesus himself was a positive, aggressive force. The zeal, the onward-striving, of Paul knew no bounds. When Paul came near the end of his life he could look back and say, without boasting, "I have fought the good fight." The Greek word *agonizomai*, here translated "fought," is a strong word. It is defined: "to contend for a prize"; "to struggle"; "to fight a battle." And we may notice that our English word, "agonize," is practically a transliteration of the Greek word here used.

Paul has fought the Christian's battle bravely and persistently, until the setting of the sun. With the eye of faith he peers through the gathering twilight and gets a gleam of the "crown of righteousness" that is laid up for him. He is just as confident of his crown as is a student in one of our higher educational institutions of his diploma when he has finished the course of study; yea, he may be even more confident, for the things of men sometimes fail, but the things of God never fail.

Paul thinks of others. There is a crown of righteousness for all who have "fought the good fight," "kept the faith," "finished the course." Through the ages, Paul's life has been an example, an inspiration, and his words of assurance have been a confirmation of the Christian's hope.

Paul was not a "pacifist." He had rather fight than to make compromise with the enslaver of the bodies and souls of all humanity. At our first introduction to him he is on the warpath in behalf of what he believes to be right. He changes his allegiance, but never his spirit. He changes his method, but continues to live in the front line of battle.

"Pacifism" in the face of an unscrupulous foe—an unveiled enemy of all the choice possessions of the human race—is

dangerous; yea, it is more than dangerous, it is a positive evil.

The battle for the kingdom of God in this world is moral and spiritual, but it involves the consecration and sacrifice of the physical and material. Consequently we find the world today in a gigantic physical struggle, sacrificing much of the most treasured possessions of earth, in order that those spiritual and moral values which mean more to us than possessions or physical existence may be maintained and extended.

"Pacifism" has brought great, ponderous Russia to the brink of ruin, and now she stands alike unable to defend herself against a most unscrupulous and ambitious foe, or to determine her own internal life.

America seemed to assume that she could look upon the "Rape of Belgium" and the extinction of Armenia, and fulfil her obligation by nursing back to health the starved and wounded; she also assumed that she could be "too proud to fight" even though her household were invaded, her property destroyed, and her women and children ruthlessly sent to the bottom of the sea; but finally her eyes were opened, and she saw the hand of autocracy, of force, ready to close with iron grip and strangulation hold upon the freedom of the world. Her response has been characteristically American, and today her resources are pledged to a victory for democracy and peace.

"Pacifism" is the great menace of the world at the present time. There are too many who would choose the easy path, relaxation, compromise, alike in church and state, even though confronted with grave dangers.

It seems easier to arouse enthusiasm for the protection of the state than for the work of the church. But we must recognize that there is a vast difference in the spirit in which men battle for the state in the time of war and the spirit in which they battle for the church. The church requires a moral and spiritual zeal for righteousness, whereas the state demands a loyalty to government, institutions, and traditions. The soldier is expected to champion the more or less loosely defined ideals of human rights, but he may have very little personal interest or appreciation of what it all means.

There is great need that men shall realize that life is a battle; that some things are

worth fighting for; that every worthy achievement or desirable possession is a crown of victory.

Our religious freedom which we so much appreciate has been paid for dearly by men who would not bow to Rome or to the authority of state in matters of religion. Except for men who have held dear the privileges of religious liberty and who dared to defend it, we would not have it. It is a crown of victory.

Our national independence is a monument to the heroes of war. Had there not been men in those colonial days who held ideals of freedom and justice and who were willing to die if need be that these might be vouchsafed to the new world, the whole race of mankind would be denied in this day of need the championship of this great country.

When our Union and peace were disrupted by the secession of States, men were called upon to fight for our Union and for the future welfare of our people. These were struggles which called for the life blood of thousands of our noble men.

We are proud of our churches, schools, hospitals, and benevolent institutions. They are an occasion of just pride to our American people. Why do we have these things? Because we have been a people of visions, of ideals, and have been willing to sacrifice, to work, to fight, for their realizations. Yea, every achievement is a crown of victory.

Are we tempted to look with envy upon those in our midst who have won for themselves places of distinction, honor, power, and wealth? Let it not be so, for we recognize no caste, aristocracy, or favoritism, in our American life. There is a highway from the log cabin to the White House as well as from the palace. The most humble child may become the leading financier of our land. The unlearned home may give to the world a leading educator. Great prophets of God may come from the most obscure hamlet.

The world is not given to bestowing honor upon the weakling or the "pacifist"—upon him who will not fight for ideals. If such a mistake is made it is soon discovered and the presuming one is asked "to take a lower seat." The great—those who serve most and best, those who are able to handle the great tasks—are men

who have won their places in the hearts and lives of their fellows.

Do we know of battles within? Have we had to fight against tendencies and influences in our own lives which would bring ruin? Have we fought against influences and forces without that would thwart our purposes? Have we fought in competitive business that we might make our living and establish for ourselves a place in the world? Have we fought against ignorance and for an education? Do we know what it means to exhaust every physical, mental, moral, or spiritual resource that we may reach a desired end? If we have not thus struggled for some purpose, we have won no great victories, nor have we made any achievements that are worthy of high honor.

The farmer will tell you that a man must give battle if he would raise wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, and live stock to feed the starving nations of earth and make a fair profit for himself. He must take every advantage to combat the chinch bug, Hessian fly, weeds, drought, disease, and scores of other dangers. He must work and fight, or fail.

In our text we find Paul standing as victor after a fight of many years. No hero of bloody wars has ever commanded the admiration which we bestow upon Paul. He has mastered his own personal foes within; he has successfully challenged and combated the foes of the kingdom of God in Palestine, Asia, Macedonia, and Rome.

We are ready to admit that we must fight for our successes in the common things of life, and that Paul's life was most remarkable for its energy, persistence, and successes. But it may be more difficult for us to realize our personal relationship to the work of the church—of the kingdom of God—from the same standpoint.

We may be discouraged by the *exceptional* difficulties which we individually have to meet and overcome. Do we find ourselves saying, "No man ever succeeded who was tempted as I am?" That is all a mistake. Those who succeed deserve a lot of credit for the battles they successfully fight, and those who fail deserve our love, sympathy, and all the encouragement that we can give. A beautiful thing about the Christian life is that he who failed yesterday may succeed, by the grace of God, tomorrow.

It would be helpful for us to remember that Paul had many hard battles to fight, and that Jesus, himself, had corresponding struggles against temptation. We are sometimes inclined to place Jesus and Paul and other great men of our religious history on a different plane from common humanity, and we lose much thereby. I want the human Jesus, the human Paul, who lived under the same conditions that I must live under, who met and overcame the same temptations that I must meet. Then I may have the encouragement that "what has been done, with God's help I can do." If they did not have to meet as hard or as insidious temptations as I have to meet, or if it was easier for them to win the battle than it can possibly be for me, then I can say, "Under my conditions they might have failed," and I am sure none of us would want to come to that conclusion. Rather would we realize that we can live victoriously if we will but avail ourselves of the resources at our command.

Every man who wins the Christian's battle must make his own fight. Every Christian may glory in the fight of the apostle Paul, and honor him as the great Christian warrior. He may read of his zeal, courage, sufferings, persistence—of his faith, his hope, and his love, and glow with admiration, and rejoice that there is a power that can bring a man through such an experience as Paul's to a victorious end. But Paul's victory does not avail for another. His glory sheds no radiance upon my life. His crown of victory will not do for me. Every man is honored with the opportunity to make his own fight and to win his own crown; indeed no one can do these things for another.

There are those in our land who refuse to aid our Government in the present war. Some are undoubtedly shortsighted and do not appreciate the issues involved. Others are in sympathy with the enemy and are unwilling to do anything that would effect the enemy unfavorably. Others claim to be conscientiously opposed to fighting for any purpose or under any circumstances. They are all under the protection of our Government and are enjoying the blessings and privileges of our national life. They look forward anticipating blessings which we believe can come only as the result of war and sacrifice. How like unto this situation is the condition within the church.

There are those who will not fight the battle of the Christian Church. Her victories can come only through war; but some of her members are undoubtedly shortsighted. They do not see the beauty and desirability of *real* Christian character for themselves and for the world. Others are perhaps too much in sympathy with the enemies of spirituality. They have too many interests in the forbidden pleasures and activities of ungodly men. They constitute a group of "slackers" from the standpoint and purposes of the church. They hinder the battle, not only by refusing to enter into it, but by taking the time and weakening the hands and hearts of others. "Pacifism" in the church is more to be deplored than it is in our national life, even at a time like this.

The militant in religion stands for something. His weapons are education, truth, faith, love. With a soul thus equipped he is ready to meet the foe of purity, godliness, brotherly kindness—Christianity. He will commune with God and men here on earth, and fight with men and for men against everything that is wrong and harmful. This is the type by which the victories of the church in the past have been won, and by which the conquest must be waged while the world stands.

"WILL YOU CO-OPERATE"

We give here the three brief paragraphs by Joint Secretary Shaw, upon which the article below is based, in order to save our readers the trouble of looking them up in the RECORDER of February 25.

"Will you co-operate or will you obstruct?" These were the words that faced me on the front page of the daily paper this morning. The closing sentence of a letter from President Wilson to the carpenters in the ship-building industry, men threatening to lay down their tools in a great strike.

The President has a way of gathering up the sum of public opinion, that which is in everybody's mind, and putting it into language that is clear and impressing. The letter is a stinging rebuke, not only to the particular class of workmen to whom it is addressed, but also to all others who are putting themselves in the class of obstructionists.

Well may the question be put to each one of us, "Will you co-operate, or will you obstruct?" That is to say, "What is the spirit you are going to take towards the great issues of the times? Will you co-operate with those who are com-

missioned to direct the forces in the contests for truth and right, or will you obstruct?"

Thus, when our joint secretary, with "the great issues of the times" upon his heart, and the many problems confronting our two boards, uses in the most general way this question of President Wilson to stimulate thought and arouse interest, he is practically accused in the following article of using "these splendid religious activities, . . . forward movements, evangelistic work, missionary work, Christian Endeavor work and Sabbath-school work," in order "to close our eyes to the awful outcome" of a denomination rushing down grade to ruin!

Who believes there is any such camouflage as this in those paragraphs that set out critic to dreaming? Who believes that the history of the last twelve years shows that the denomination is "plunging down grade" simply because, once in four years, it has had delegates in the Federal Council, or because all do not interpret prophecies just alike? There are far greater perils before us than those this dream was made to expose.

THE ANSWER

REV. CHARLES S. SAYRE

"Will you co-operate or will you obstruct?" (RECORDER, p. 235).

Everything depends upon what it is that we are asked to co-operate in, and what may be accomplished if we obstruct. Palpably the ship carpenters were wise to decide to co-operate. But how about it in the case of loyal Seventh Day Baptists?

A few nights ago I had a dream in which I was helping some railroad men move with pinch bars some loaded coal cars on a switch track where they had become so congested during the winter that they could not be moved by the locomotive. The first one was moved down quite a steep grade toward the main line where great trains were constantly sweeping by. I was ordered to get up and stop the car at a certain place, but when I applied the brake, it would not hold. It was broken and useless, and the car moved right on, gaining in momentum toward the main line with wreck and ruin ahead if not obstructed. I was nearly paralyzed with fright. A little

distance ahead by the side of the switch lay a pile of fence posts. I had the choice of two things that I could think of in that awful moment: one was to obstruct the car with those posts, and the other was to co-operate with the men back there in the splendid work which they were doing. This latter proposition was real pleasant to contemplate; for in that case we could all turn our backs upon the wreck and ruin caused by that heavy car of coal smashing into the train on the main track. We could become entirely oblivious of what was going on there, and just "unite," just "co-operate" with joy and fervor in this splendid work which *must* be done before the cars we were handling could be taken to their destination. The other choice was both unpleasant and risky; but down I got, and hustling ahead, put a post in front of the ponderous wheel. It slid a little, then went over, crushing the post and nearly ditching the car. She was checked some but not stopped; then I put the other piece under the next set of wheels, and this time with a great jostle and jolt she came to a stop.

That is partly the situation we are in as Seventh Day Baptists. We have started the old car down the grade by joining the Federation of Churches, and by teaching that certain parts of the Bible are not what that book represents them to be. She started easily, there was little obstruction if any, and the momentum gained before we realized what was doing, makes "obstruction" a hazardous undertaking; so hazardous that we are called upon to turn away from it and "co-operate" in forward movements, evangelistic work, missionary work, Christian Endeavor work and Sabbath-school work. We are called upon to close our eyes to the awful outcome of this movement, and this ruinous teaching and "co-operate" in these splendid religious activities. While the old denomination is plunging on down the grade, the question is asked, "Will you co-operate or will you obstruct?"

Our answer is, We will not co-operate in Church Federation, or destructive criticism of the Bible, and we will "obstruct" in these things as much as we are able.

Albion, Wis.,
March 7, 1918.

MARRIAGES

HURLEY-HOAG.—At the parsonage in Battle Creek, Mich., November 16, 1917, by Pastor M. B. Kelly, Mr. Louis S. Hurley and Miss Edith Hoag, both of Battle Creek, Mich.

SIEDHOFF-ELLIS.—At the parsonage in Battle Creek, Mich., December 25, 1917, by Pastor M. B. Kelly, Mr. Clarke Siedhoff, of Camp Custer, Mich., and Miss Nida Ellis, of Battle Creek, Mich.

LIPPINCOTT-HYDE.—At the parsonage in Battle Creek, Mich., January 29, 1918, by Pastor M. B. Kelly, Mr. Claude Lippincott and Miss May Hyde, both of Battle Creek, Mich.

MCWILLIAM-MCCULLOCH.—At the home of the bridegroom's parents, Milton, Wis., February 16, 1918, by the Rev. L. C. Randolph, Mr. Darwin E. McWilliam and Miss Lola McCulloch, all of Milton.

HEALY-JOY.—At the home of the bride, February 21, 1918, by Rev. E. F. Loofboro, Mr. Wellington E. Healy and Mrs. Rachel E. Joy, both of Little Genesee, N. Y.

BENTLEY-GREENE.—At the parsonage, Sabbath night, March 18, 1918, by Pastor Herbert L. Cottrell, Mr. Arlie C. Bentley and Mrs. Eva Greene, both of Berlin, N. Y.

DEATHS

STRAIT.—Clara J., wife of William Strait and daughter of Ephraim and Roxy Emerson, was born in the town of Hornellsville, N. Y., August, 1864, and died at the State Hospital in Warren, Pa., January 13, 1918.

She was baptized by Rev. James Summerbell and joined the First Hebron Seventh Day Baptist Church on April 1, 1876. Beside the husband she is survived by three children,—Clifford, of Olean; Mrs. John Maynard and Ralph Strait, of Shingle House.
G. P. K.

OSTRANDER.—Alma, wife of Egbert Ostrander and daughter of Samuel and Susan Gibbs, died February 20, 1918, in the town of Ceres, Pa.

She was baptized by Rev. S. R. Wheeler on November 23, 1867. Beside the husband she is survived by four children,—Albert, of Rue, Pa.; Mrs. Jessie Walton, of Sherman, N. Y.; Mattie, wife of D. G. Suiter, Crawford, Okla., and Alta, wife of Henry Johnson, of Ceres, N. Y.
G. P. K.

AYRES.—Sarah F. Ayres, widow of the late Edgar Ayres, died at Morgan Park, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. G. Myrick, February 20, 1918, aged 91 years.

Mrs. Ayres was a daughter of Rev. David Clawson and Jane Titsworth, of Marlboro, Cumberland Co., N. J. She was a member of the Marlboro Church, of which her father was pastor for many years.

In 1857, she came to Illinois with her husband, Edgar Ayres, settling first in Marshall County, later in Peoria County. In 1886, they came to Morgan Park, which continued to be their home until the fall of 1913, when they moved to Alabama. Their married life covered a period of sixty-six years. Following the death of her husband two years ago, Mrs. Ayres returned to Morgan Park.

Mrs. Ayres was the mother of five children, four of whom survive her,—Alexander, now in Alaska; Henry L. Ayres, Mrs. J. B. Saunders, and Mrs. H. G. Myrick, at whose home she spent the last four months of her life.

Mrs. Ayres, although spending the latter years of her life within the boundaries of her home, practically an invalid, had a wide circle of friends who will greatly miss her cheery, loving presence.

Her children pay tender tribute to her beautiful, unselfish nature, and treasure the remembrance of a life that was rounded out to completeness.

Services were held at 11147 Esmond Street, the home of Mrs. Myrick, Friday afternoon, at 2.30, Dr. Evans officiating. Miss Margaret Sinclair sang. Interment was in the family lot at Mt. Greenwood.
H. G. M.

HAZARD.—Marion Hazard, son of A. S. and Ida E. Maxson Hazard, was born in Little Genesee, N. Y., June 23, 1888, and died in Little Genesee, March 4, 1918.

His death came without a moment's notice, caused by a falling tree in the timber where he and three other young men of the community had been working most of the winter.

Practically all of Marion's life was spent near his old home. On June 23, 1913, he married Mabel C. Keeler, who preceded him to the other life one year ago last August.

Three years ago he professed Christ, was baptized, and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Little Genesee. The boys who worked with him said: "He was ready to go." He was a dependable member of his church and community. He was active in the Bethel Class and the Christian Endeavor Society. At the annual meeting he was appointed first usher of the church. Not a few will remember the thoughtful attention he gave to the performing of duties connected with the office. He thought more of others' needs than his own. He was a kind and affectionate son. He was kindly disposed to everybody and in his untimely death we all feel we have lost a true friend and brother.

A father and mother, and three brothers,—Charles, Walter, and Lyle,—remain of the family to mourn his loss. One brother died some years ago.
E. F. L.

KNAPP.—Lucy Maria Witter Knapp was born at Brookfield, N. Y., March 7, 1846, and died at her home in Nortonville, March 5, at 8.30 in the morning.

On May 28, 1870, she was married to Samuel J. Knapp, to which union were born two chil-

dren,—Matie who died at the age of five, and Clarence who with his wife was present at his mother's bedside when she passed away.

Mrs. Knapp joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1839, when the family moved here, and remained a faithful member to the end. She will be greatly missed in the various meetings and work of the church.

Besides Clarence and wife there are four sisters and a brother who survive her,—Mrs. Addie S. Billins, of Grand Rapids, Wis., Mrs. Sadie Coon, of Auburndale, Wis., Mrs. Gertrude F. Johnson, of Milton Junction, Wis., George W. Witter, of Wausau, Wis., and Mrs. Hattie S. Ingraham, of London, England.

Funeral services were conducted at the church on the afternoon of March 6, by the pastor, and burial was made in the Nortonville Cemetery.
H. L. P.

REYNOLDS.—Jennie, foster daughter of S. P. and Mary Ann Reynolds, died March 10, 1918, at the home of her foster mother, in Hebron, Pa., aged fifty-five years.

From the time she was three years of age she had lived with Mrs. Reynolds. For a year the latter has been confined to her bed and Jennie has cared for her.

She was baptized by Rev. J. L. Huffman and joined the Hebron Church November 7, 1891.
G. P. K.

HERITAGE.—Clarkson Heritage, son of Isaac C. and Margaret Harris Heritage, was born in New Jersey, December 4, 1845. He died at his home in Milton, Wis., March 11, 1918.

He was of Quaker stock. His only brother Lucius, a graduate of Milton College and later a professor in the University of Wisconsin, died several years ago. When Clarkson was three years old the family moved to Milton. He obtained his education in the public schools and Milton Academy.

November 1, 1866, he was married to Mary S. Saunders and they went to a farm on Big Foot Prairie where he gave special attention to the raising of high grade stock. She died January 8, 1904. A year later he moved to Milton where his home has since been.

In the spring of 1905, he was married to Mrs. Ambrosia Coon Clarke, of Leonardsville. She died in April, 1916, after a lingering illness during which his cheerful patience, steadfastness and loving care were constantly manifested.

He was survived by two adopted sons, Charley and Raymond, and by his second wife's granddaughter, Relda Burdick, who has been a member of his household for seven years.

He joined the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church in young manhood, to which church his membership was returned after many years' connection with the Walworth Church. He was a man of strong convictions, a kind neighbor, reliable and faithful to any trust committed to him.

Services were conducted at his late home, March 14, by his pastor, Rev. L. C. Randolph.
L. C. R.

BURDICK.—Mary Eliza Corbet Burdick, daughter of Joseph and Jane Corbet, was born in Massachusetts, December 21, 1838, and died at her home in East Valley, March 13, 1918.

Her parents moved to Hartsville when she was two years old, where she grew to womanhood. She was united in marriage to Samuel P. Burdick, February 18, 1863, and they began house-keeping in the home where they lived their long life of usefulness together. Mr. Burdick passed beyond almost four years ago. To them four children were born,—Welcome F., who resides at Alfred; Jane Nancy, who died in 1901; Leroy, of Hornell, and Arlton H., who resides on the home farm.

Mrs. Burdick was a Christian woman, appreciated by those who knew her, a devoted companion and mother, and much attached to her home. She was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church of Andover since 1887, loyal to her church and her faith. She was a woman of beautiful character and it was a pleasure to visit with her. Her sickness was of short duration, pneumonia did its work. She is free from all suffering and pain, and has entered into her eternal rest.

She leaves to mourn their loss three sons above mentioned, thirteen grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, and many other relatives and friends.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. Ira S. Goff, in the church at Alfred Station, Sabbath Day, March 16; at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Interment in Alfred Rural Cemetery.
I. S. G.

LANGWORTHY.—R. Sherman Langworthy was born in Brookfield, N. Y., September 16, 1835, and died in his native town March 15, 1918, aged 81 years, 5 months, and 29 days.

In early life he made a profession and joined the First Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church on March 20, 1852, so that had he lived just five days more he would have rounded out sixty-six years of faithful service for Brookfield, for it is said of him, as it is said of few, that during this time he was continuously holding some position of trust. His faithfulness is shown in that during the severe winter just past he filled his place in church every Sabbath, except when absent at the tri-annual meeting.

Brother Langworthy enlisted in his country's service in August, 1862, and served until May 12, 1864, when he was wounded at Drewery Bluff, Va., from which wound he has been a continuous sufferer.

Mr. Langworthy was married to Miss Eveline Rogers October 15, 1862, and to them were born two sons and five daughters, all of whom are living and were present at the last service to comfort the sorrowing mother and one another.

On the morning before he was stricken and called away, he read for the family worship Romans 10: 6-13, the daily readings for that day, the last verse of which seems so appropriate: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Thus a good man has fallen, the church has lost a faithful worker, the town and community a champion of every good work; and the large concourse of people gathered to pay their last respects attest the esteem in which he was held by all.

In the absence of the pastor (Brother Hutchins) the undersigned was called to conduct the service.
J. T. D.

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, 1037 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.

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. Sevance, 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.

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

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

The corner-stone in Truth is laid,
The guardian walls of Honor made;
The roof of Faith is built above,
The fire upon the hearth of Love;
Though rains descend and loud winds call,
This happy house can never fall.

—Henry van Dyke.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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"For it is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while, is the man with a smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

"So do I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves."

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.

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS—Ask the Sabbath Recorder for its magazine clubbing list. Send in your magazine subs when you send for your Recorder and we will save you money. The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. 12-17tf

WANTED—By the Recorder Press, an opportunity to figure on your next job of printing. Booklets, Advertising Literature, Catalogs, Letter Heads, Envelopes, etc. "Better let the Recorder print it." The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. 12-17-tf

MONOGRAM STATIONERY—Your monogram die stamped in color on 24 sheets of high grade Shetland Linen, put up in attractive boxes with envelopes to match. One or two-letter monograms postpaid for 55c. Three or four letter combinations 80c per box, postpaid. No dies to buy; we furnish them and they remain our property. Address The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. 12-17-tf

WANTED—Reliable S. D. B. man to work on farm for the season. Will pay \$60.00 and board a month to a man having experience in our method of farming. Timon Swenson, Viborg, S. D. 4-18-4w

FOR SALE OR RENT—A beautiful home in Alfred, N. Y. A good opportunity for a family having children to educate. If not disposed of sooner will rent furnished for the summer or longer. Address Box 463, Alfred, N. Y. 3-25-tf

WANTED—A good Seventh Day Baptist boy for general farm work in Wisconsin. Write care of Farm Manager, Sabbath Recorder. 4-1-2w

The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 3,814

When Christ Comes When Christ comes to the individual soul and is regarded as Lord of all, that soul is transformed, and life has new impulses, higher and nobler purposes—he is a new man.

When Christ comes to society and to business life; when he is crowned King in the great realm of industry; when he rules in the public affairs of nations, there will be no more strife. A perpetual league of peace will then make war impossible. Guns and munitions of war will be found only in museums as relics of a barbarous life, and the brotherhood of mankind, a genuine federation of the nations, will become a blessed reality.

The world is tired of shell-plowed fields and devastated towns and murdered thousands, and yearns for the reign of the Prince of Peace. Sad indeed is the thought that peace can now come only by the way of battlefields and gun-rutted highways of war. Godless force, soulless materialism have compelled the world to fight for peace or be subjugated forever. Our faith in divine justice is strong and we know that right must eventually win. But how long it will take to convince the nations forcing this war upon us that there is no hope for the world excepting through the peace-loving Christ, enthroned in human hearts, we can not tell. There is but One who can claim the "divine right of kings," and that one is the "King of kings." God hasten the day when deluded nations shall acknowledge this truth and "crown him Lord of all."

Standing by Each Other I have just read of a parting scene between a father and son, as the latter, a lieutenant of Pershing's army, was about to sail for France. As the time for the ship to leave drew near, the young man looked his father in the eyes and with pleading in every accent said, "Dad, you can give me something I would rather have than any amount of money."

The surprised father was of course anxious to know what had come over his

son, and asked what that great thing could be.

"Dad," said the young man, "I wish you would promise me to cut out the whiskey while I'm gone."

Upon this the father exclaimed, "Why, boy, you know I never take too much. I only take a little here at home and never any in business hours. What has got into you, boy!"

The son continued to plead until finally the father, after impressing upon his boy the fact that he was going into great and unknown temptations, promised prohibition, if the son, too, would promise never to "forget his mother and his covenant vows." Then the pledge was given and father and son shook hands to bind it.

Now that father refuses every offer of drink, and his friends wonder what has come over him. The son in Pershing's army today and the father in the homeland are standing by each other, keeping faith, and both are helped thereby.

Many loved ones in America are learning self-restraint and living up to a higher standard for the sake of the boys who have gone overseas. This is as it should be. But what can we say of those who do all in their power to keep the rum fiend on the throne in America? It has been shown to be one of the greatest curses to our homes and to the army into which the boys have gone, so much so that nothing short of prohibition can save the army and ensure it food to eat, and yet when the straight issue comes in some legislatures and in some States American fathers vote to keep this ally of Germany enthroned in the homeland! Evidently all the fathers are not standing by the boys who in camp and field are offering themselves upon the world's altar of true freedom. They are not even willing to "cut out the whiskey" during the war.

Armageddon Two writers in this RECORDER refer to the battle of "Armageddon." Both would be glad to settle the question as to whether it is now in progress, and so would we. If it is, we