



## The Secretary of the Treasury Said



"THE one thing that impresses me in this great time and gives me a stimulus and intensity of feeling that I cannot describe, is the reflection that as we go about our daily tasks here in comparative comfort, men are dying every minute upon those battlefields in Europe.

"They are shedding their blood without reservation or hesitation to save us and to save civilization in the world."

## Buy Liberty Bonds

When this war is over there will be just two kinds of people in this country—those who did help and those who didn't. The only question will be what did YOU do.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 6, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,818

**A Call to Prayer** The National Women's Prayer Battalion, organized last year, is most timely. Many people think our nation as a whole should betake itself to prayer and look to God for guidance and strength much more than it now does. A friend said, "Is it not strange that the Government has not appointed days for prayer and called upon the entire people to seek the help of God?" The Prayer Battalion was the result of a similar organization among the women of England. Those who have husbands and sons in the army and who have suffered more than words can tell, have found in prayer an un-failing source of comfort and strength. Thousands of English women are pledged to daily prayers, and this very thing must have much to do with the fortitude the women of Great Britain are manifesting in these critical times.

The morale of the rank and file at home must affect the morale of the army. Confidence in God, and divinely given assurance of victory for our righteous cause, make a splendid backing for the boys at the front. When they know that mothers and loved ones at home are united before the Throne in their behalf, this must be to them a most wonderful help. What an invisible shield a boy must have amid the temptations of army life, surrounded by every condition tending to destroy his courage, when he knows that the mother and loved ones at home are united in prayer for him!

Mothers of America, if you believe that the hand of God is still, as of old, over men in times of battle; if you believe that Jehovah controls the destinies of nations; if you believe that the One who led our fathers to victory until a nation of freemen was established in the New World, still cares for the cause of liberty, then why not make Mothers' Day this year a day of prayer such as this generation has not yet known?

A nation giving millions of its sons to

fight for freedom should make Mothers' Day in 1918 something more than one of sentiment. It should be a day of national humiliation and prayer. Not only so, but it should lead American mothers to make prayer a vital part of their lives in all the days that follow.

May God grant to the thousands of mothers who are giving their sons, in order that "democracy may not perish from the earth," hearts that are brave to stand behind the men who fight for freedom and for the safety of the home.

**"Under Grace"** Two or three weeks ago the editor was requested to explain Romans 6: 14, "For ye are not under law, but under grace." This he tried to do as best he could. Although Dean Main's excellent chapter in *Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question*, entitled "Under Grace," has once appeared in the RECORDER, it is so pertinent just now and so beautifully illustrates the real meaning of this and kindred passages that we give it again in our Sabbath Reform department. Some truths have to be taught over and over, and an interpretation of Scripture that has been so helpful to many readers is well worth repeating.

We hope Brother Main in his sick room at Hornell Sanitarium will be comforted by the thought that his words have helped many to a better understanding of God's word.

**The Great Value Of Rally Days** The worth to any people of special days devoted to the study of a particular truth or to service in certain lines of work can hardly be overestimated. People came to realize something of the effect of such a method of concentrating thought and co-ordinating work, when, throughout the entire country, the Bible schools of Christian churches began to unite in studying the same lessons.

There is a psychologic law by which purposes are strengthened and interest in any great cause promoted whenever large num-

bers of people concentrate their thinking and unite in planning for that cause.

Even the much needed Liberty Loan fund could not be secured without its rally days, in which nothing is left undone that tends to awaken interest in the matter and unite the people in concerted action to accomplish the desired end. Many times in the history of God's people have rally days brought them through hard places and enabled them to gain victories.

**We Should Make More Of General Conference** In the days when the Hebrew people were widely scattered, before the temple and Jerusalem were destroyed, one of the principal things that kept them united and loyal was the annual gathering to which they looked forward year by year with happy anticipation and which they attended with fervent devotion. Strength, faith, and courage were promoted, and hearts were knit together by bonds of undying love, when from far and wide they assembled in holy convocation.

With songs of joy they came from distant lands to the place "whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." And as the great companies of pilgrims drew near their place of assembly, some of them after many days of travel, they lifted up their voices in loud acclaim: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."

Who can estimate the value of the annual Passover to such a people? It was a reminder of what God had done for their fathers in leading them out of Egypt and providing food during their wanderings. It also pointed forward with prophetic symbolism to what Jehovah would do for the loyal ones in the days to come.

Well will it be for us if a careful study of our own annual gatherings shall enable us to appreciate more fully just what Conference means to us. Who can think of this without being impressed with the sense of God's care for our fathers—how he has led and preserved a small people through

difficulties and adverse conditions which would naturally be expected to annihilate them, and brought them to this day, for some wise purpose of his own. Who can look upon Conference in these days with its gathered representatives from far and near and its important business of shaping our activities and planning for our work, without feeling that much of our future success depends upon what is being done there? Without a General Conference, what could our people do to keep strong the ties that bind widely separated churches and communities together.

In view of the good to come from a large Conference to the church where it convenes and also to every church represented there, and in view of the help Conference can be to the boards, let there be a large attendance this year.

**"That Interpretation" Once More** The RECORDER has tried to be fair with writers on both sides

of the question concerning our being represented in the Federal Council. Articles containing unkind personalities or bitter thrusts at others have been refused where the writer was unwilling to change them; but the general principle of allowing freedom for both sides to express their views has been followed, as our files will show.

Kindly written arguments commend themselves to all Christian readers, no matter on which side they may stand; but we know full well that very few RECORDER readers will enjoy an article that shows on the face of it a determined effort to prove that three Christian brethren are deliberate deceivers and falsifiers. The one thing to which we object, in the article on another page, entitled "That Interpretation," is the *spirit* in which it is evidently written. If the arguments were handled in a different spirit, so that the implications of dishonesty on the part of brethren we know to be true, were not so conspicuous, it would be far better.

When an expression as given out has been misunderstood when considered apart from its setting, apart from the circumstances under which it was given, and when its authors, in response to a request by Conference, make and sign their own explanation, or interpretation, of what they did mean, it is the part of Christian charity to accept their explanation in good faith. This

is especially so in a case where the brethren have been known for years to be honest, conscientious men.

Now that the interpretation has been given in the RECORDER, it may seem to some that we do right in giving space also to the criticism here published. But under the circumstances—the critical illness of one of the brethren responsible for the "Interpretation," a man who came to us and the Sabbath, and has stood true as steel to the day, and irreproachable in life and conduct—under such circumstances the editor would have much preferred the withholding of this article, but yields to the insistence of its author.

Surely this must be enough on that question, at least until Conference. When the report is made there and Conference takes action, if it shall decide to discontinue the sending of delegates to the Council, then the RECORDER will, of course, acquiesce in that decision.

**A Question Of Loyalty** In a free government by the people great liberty is allowed for the expression of individual opinions, even when antagonistic to the fixed policy of the nation. But always and everywhere, when great questions have been thrashed out and the policy concerning them has been fixed by loyal patriotic majorities, continued and unreasonable antagonism is regarded as disloyal.

A persistent agitator, obsessed with the notion that he is born to set right the world, and who persists in trying to arouse discontent, is coming more and more to be regarded as a dangerous leader, if not actually a traitor, who should be dealt with accordingly.

Loyal citizens as a rule will not listen to soap-box orators who cry out against the rulers and persist in efforts to mislead the public and to organize destructive measures which, if carried out, would bring disaster. Wherever such outcries are heard, patriotic spirits will not only pay little heed to them, but do all in their power to reassure the public mind and to neutralize the influence of the agitator who endangers our free institutions. This must be the duty of every one who really loves his country. In this way a citizen can serve his country and promote the cause he loves, as certainly as can the soldier facing the foe at the front.

**German History, too Repeats Itself** Below is a paragraph taken from the *English Fortnightly Review* of February, 1871, more than forty-seven years ago. It was recently republished in this country, and reads as though it might have been written yesterday to describe present conditions in France.

It shows that German Kultur is no new thing. Indeed we are told that Julius Cæsar's Commentaries contain stories of events which show the Huns to have been just such men of Kultur two thousand years ago. The man who wrote this description of German savagery, Mr. Frederick Harrison, is said to be still living.

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 citizen 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 twenty, thirty, forty 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."

**Under False Colors** Evidently the liquor dealers feel that their business can not prosper if advertised under its true flag. Its real name, in any of its common forms, seems to be too much like the black flag of pirates, representing ruin for every legitimate business and bringing destruction to man. So they have taken to the use of aliases, and whenever Congress or legislatures are considering bills regarding prohibition, the liquor men flood the country with literature favoring saloons under the disguise of such names as, *Truth, Patriot, Both Sides, Justice, or Fair Play*.

Since the United Press Association prosecuted them for using its name falsely, these fellows have been sending out stuff

unsigned and with no return address on the envelopes. They doubtless understand that their literature under the old names, "Beer and Whiskey Journal," "Barroom Herald," "The Saloon Defender," and others, has become so offensive that decent people will put it away without reading, and they therefore are posing under false colors. The new name, "Liberal Advocate," sounds better than the old, "Wine and Spirit News"; and they seem to think that "Liberty," is a good disguise for the old "Texas Liquor Dealer"; while the "American Beverage and Food Journal" makes a good camouflage for the "Bar and Buffet."

These things show how desperate the case has come to be with the liquor interests of America. For years these interests have rested apparently secure, their promoters believing that they could successfully resist all opposition, and defy all laws through their enthronement in politics and by use of their tainted money. But now things are changed. The liquor question is being taken out of politics and compelled to stand or fall on its so-called merits. These they know will kill the rum traffic. To sail under its true colors now will seal its doom. No wonder, then, that in desperation the "trade" is trying to fight under deceptive banners.

### THAT "INTERPRETATION"

REV. CHARLES S. SAYRE

There is considerable misunderstanding and misapprehension about what our men did in the Federal Council in their meeting at St. Louis. And we feel that it is now certainly due our people that they have set before them a fair and accurate history of that affair as revealed in the Minutes of the Council itself. If that "Interpretation" had not appeared like an effort to "put one over" on the Seventh Day Baptist people, we would hardly have offered this. But the people have a right to know exactly what has been done. And we challenge any man in the denomination to prove that the history and the conclusions here set forth are not correct. (All italicized quotations are to call attention to significant words, and not to alter or modify the meaning in the least degree.)

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL AT ST. LOUIS

In December, 1916, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ met at St. Louis.

The Commission on Sunday Observance met there also. And in a convenient room by themselves they considered and prepared their report for presentation to the Council. Dean E. A. Main and Rev. Edwin Shaw were members of that commission and were present at this meeting.

Near the close of their report, under the 8th heading, appeared two items which are squarely and definitely opposed to Seventh Day Baptist interests and doctrine. The first is in the form of a declaration and reads, "The First Day of the week has divine sanction and approval." The second is in the form of a "pledge" and reads, "We pledge ourselves to seek the enactment and enforcement of both state and federal laws for the preservation of the Christian Sabbath." From correspondence which we have had with Brother Shaw, it seems that our men made some effort to have these things changed. But he tells me that it was passed over their heads, and they adjourned with those two items still in the report. And to prove to you that this report was adopted in full by the Federal Council, we have only to refer you to the minutes of that body as recorded in the following books of the Council: "The Churches of Christ in Council," Vol. I, p. 47. "Christian Co-operation and World Redemption," Vol. V, p. 151. "Progress of Church Federation," p. 100. And besides this evidence, if you will turn to the RECORDER of August 20, 1917, at the bottom of p. 226, first column, you will find an editorial which declares that it was adopted, and then if you will turn to pp. 239-242, you will find the report of that commission, copied verbatim from "Christian Co-operation and World Redemption," Vol. V. And near the close of that report, on p. 242 of that same RECORDER, under the 8th heading, you will find the declaration and the "pledge" above quoted.

This proves above all cavil that the report of the Commission on Sunday Observance was adopted in full, without the changes we were told were made, and leaves the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America committed to a declaration directly opposed to a fundamental Seventh Day Baptist doctrine, when they said, "The First Day of the week has divine sanction and approval" and not only is the Federal Council committed, but it is "pledged" to "seek" the "enactment" and the "enforce-

ment" of "both" state and federal laws for the "preservation of the Christian Sabbath."

### WHAT OUR MEN DID

From personal letters received from Brother Shaw, explaining their action, and from snatches of their writings in the RECORDER, all of which practically agree on this point with the minutes of the Council, we learn that when our men saw that the report of the commission was not changed as they wished, and that it would go to the Business Committee incorporating those two bad features, and in all probability would be reported to the Council itself in that form, they prepared a statement concerning these two objectionable features to be read before the whole Council whenever this report should appear for consideration and acceptance. And a brilliant (?) pronouncement it is. And yet Conference could not grasp it, and called on these men to "interpret" it. And this interpretation is about as brilliant as the thing interpreted.

### LET US ASK A FEW QUESTIONS

What caused them to make this statement to the Council? It was the two points in the report that are especially objectionable to Seventh Day Baptists. What are the objectionable points? The first makes Sunday a divine institution, and the second "pledges" the whole Council to Sunday laws. Surely there is something to make a statement about, and this much is all clear to us. Now let us see if our men stuck to their subject, or if they wandered off to a statement concerning the "Sabbath of Creation and Christ," as they try to make us think in their "Interpretation." Here is their first sentence: "While appeals to state or national government for the support of distinctly religious institutions seem to us to savor of union of church and state, yet with the understanding that the report of the Commission on Sunday Observance is to be interpreted in the light of the constitution of the Council, we do not oppose its adoption." That is right to the point. No drifting from the subject here. And they make it plain that there are certain circumstances under which they, as our representatives, do not oppose the doctrine that Sunday has divine sanction and approval, and that there are certain conditions under which they, as our representatives, do not oppose Sunday laws. Fine, isn't it? Take the next paragraph: "Individually

or denominationally our people have been associated with this great movement from its beginning. We are loyal to its principles and labor for its extension." Here they drift to one side to show the Council how worthy we are, and the next is like it, "Your splendid courtesy has more than once stirred our hearts." That was a little sugar to get them to grant the request which follows: "And we beg you to record the following as an expression of our attitude toward the work of our Commission on Sunday Observance." That looks as if they were going to stick right to the subject; for you see they tell the Council it is an "expression" of their "attitude" toward the "work" of the "Commission on Sunday Observance." It surely would not look well now for them to drift off onto a discussion of their "liberty to honor the Sabbath of Creation and Christ." Let us see if they do: "Under the Christian dispensation all time and places and the whole of life are holy." Talking about Sunday and saying that "all time" is "holy," gives to Sunday all that we have ever claimed for the Sabbath of God. Still on the subject. Next they say, "For this very reason some day conscientiously regarded should be especially given to letting God come into our minds and hearts." Still on the subject; for when they say, "some day" should be conscientiously regarded, that allows that Sunday should be so regarded. There is no drifting from the subject there. Look at the last sentence, "And the day on which God thus finds men, and on which men find in him their Father, and in every man a brother, is truly a religious rest day." True to their promise all the way through, they "expressed" to the Council their "attitude" toward Sunday as a "divine" institution, and toward Sunday laws; for that is the "work" of the Commission on Sunday Observance that called for their statement. And they declared to the Council that Sunday "is truly a religious rest day." Then they signed their names, and stated below that they were "delegates from the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference." Aren't you glad you belong to that Conference?

### HOW DID THE COUNCIL RECEIVE THIS STATEMENT OF OUR MEN?

They were simply delighted. And their enthusiasm over it broke forth in "spontaneous and hearty applause." A. J. C. Bond in his report in the RECORDER of January

1, 1917, said: "The reading was followed by a spontaneous and hearty applause." It did them great good to have our men say that Sunday is "truly a religious rest day," that it is a "holy" day, and that it "should be conscientiously regarded." That sounded just like their own talk, and their enthusiasm ran so high, and they had such grateful feelings toward our men for what they had said, they just passed a resolution of commendation. You will find it in the Council's minutes in "Churches of Christ in Council," Vol. I, p. 47, and reads: "Resolved, That the Federal Council commends the courtesy and breadth of the Seventh Day Baptist brethren in their statement concerning the day of rest." The Council had no trouble in understanding our men. Why should the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference? Why did not the Federal Council sit glum and unmoved after the reading and demand an "interpretation"? Simply because they accepted their statement for its face value, and that amounted to an unqualified surrender of our whole cause to the enemy.

And yet our men in their "Interpretation" try to make it appear that they did not mean that. If they did not mean it, why did they not disillusion the Federal Council? And yet in their "Interpretation" they say, "The following is our meaning in the fourth paragraph," and then go on to talking about the "Sabbath" as "a religiously witnessing sign"; "the Sabbath" a "divine" reality; and that "we claim the liberty, unhindered by human legislation, . . . to honor the Sabbath of Creation and of Christ." That is disgusting nonsense. If that is what they meant, why did they not say so to the Federal Council? If the Council had so understood them, our men would never have heard the "applause" nor received the resolution of "commendation." And if the Council ever gets hold of this "Interpretation," they will surely feel silly for their applause and their resolution of "commendation," and yet they have the records to show that on the very face of it they meant no such thing.

#### IT IS A DEMONSTRATION

But friends, this incident, disgraceful and disheartening as it is, is only appropriate and perfectly in keeping with our membership in the Federal Council. It simply demonstrates vividly how impossible it is for us to join up with Sunday men in mat-

ters of religion without sacrificing our Sabbath principles. And what these men have done for our cause in this statement before the Federal Council will stagger us for years yet to come, if indeed, we ever rally from it. And the "Interpretation" will always be a blight.

Let no one presume that this is only a trifling incident that will soon pass and be forgotten; for there are a lot of us who hold Sabbath principles which are too deep-seated and abiding to permit us to remain in affiliation with a denomination that will not resent and repudiate such a cowardly surrender of our cause to the enemy, or that will be satisfied with an "Interpretation" that simply can not be gathered from the text or the context.

Albion, Wis.,  
April, 1918.

#### AMERICA, 1918

We are coming from the mountains  
And the prairies rich and wide,  
From a thousand throbbing cities  
And the open country side,  
With Old Glory floating o'er us,  
With her Stars and Stripes unfurled,  
We are shouting out the chorus:  
"We bring freedom to the world."

When our fathers crossed the ocean  
They on freedom's quest were bound.  
Now we bring back to the nations  
The golden fleece they found.  
There's a thunder in the jungle,  
Where the lurid war flame burns,  
For the whelp that fled in terror  
As a lion now returns.

We will never lose our legions,  
Save in freedom's sacred cause.  
We will never fail in battle  
For Jehovah's holy laws  
Till the golden rule of nations  
Tyrants from all thrones has hurled  
And Columbia's torch of freedom  
Spreads its glory o'er the world.

—Raymond H. Huse.

Japan has a law prohibiting smoking by all persons under twenty years of age, and there is talk of national prohibition of tobacco in Sweden. Six American States prohibit the sale of cigarettes, and twenty-seven States restrict the sale of tobacco to youths. Bring the people to realize the injury that tobacco does to our civilization and it will be prohibited.—*No-Tobacco Journal*.

## SABBATH REFORM

### UNDER GRACE

Romans 3: 28, 31; 6: 14; 7: 1-7, 12, 14;  
13: 10; 2 Corinthians 3: 1-18.

While deepest piety and greatest learning can not exhaust the rich mines of moral and spiritual truth found in Paul's wonderful letter to the Romans, it is believed that there is something precious here for beginners, and for boys and girls. Bad thoughts and feelings, desires and purposes, are, in our heavenly Father's sight, like bad words and actions. Hence we are condemned by his holy law, to which we can not yet give ideally perfect obedience, as it is explained by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount. But he will forgive, that is, take away the condemnation, upon the condition of true repentance, love, trustfulness, and purposed obedience, on our part. Then there must follow loving service and obedience that, in their steadfastness and growth, are far beyond anything possible to one unforgiven and condemned. This pardon, acceptance, and growing trust, love, and obedience, are what is meant by the big words Justification and Sanctification. If one should long wrong one's parents and afterwards come back truly owning up, with real sorrow, trustfulness, love, and intention henceforth to be obedient, every true parent would gladly and gratefully forgive and welcome back such a child. But one is not then made free from obligation to serve and obey, but under the greatest obligation to do so. Law is not made void by faith and love, but established. One can not easily imagine anything more contrary to reason and Scripture than the opinion that Christ or Paul did away with law.

If Paul meant to say that believers in Christ are not under high and holy obligation to be obedient to God, he would be most self-contradictory. What then does the apostle mean? A criminal transgressor of civil law is under that law's condemnation and exposed to punishment; if he is pardoned he is released from condemnation and penalty, but it is still his duty to be law-abiding. If husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers, sisters, and friends, went to statute books as the chief source of

their knowledge of what they ought to do for one another, they would be legalistic, that is, under a law or legal system. In their case the "letter" would kill all true affection and trust. If, on the contrary, they were true at heart, love would be their principal motive and end, their chief ground of obligation, and their best guide to right action, though sometimes, of course, needing information from the statute books. Christians are not under law but under grace; we serve in newness of the spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. That is, we are not under a letter, law, or legal system, that constantly takes us to the letter of the law that we may learn what we *must* do for God and man in order to be saved; but we are under a grace, love, or spiritual system, love being our chiefest and most exacting law. I try to serve my aged mother, and study to find out how I may serve her more and better, not that I may become her son but because I *am now* her son. Let us try to keep the Sabbath holy, to honor all the will of God, to keep the commandments of Jesus, and hunger for a knowledge of more and more to do, not that we may at last be saved in heaven; but because we are now the forgiven and saved children of our Father in heaven. Thus does love become the fulfillment of the law.

Sometimes one man says to another, If you will labor for me by the day, month, or year, I will pay you wages. A man might say to a woman, If you will become my one lawful wife, I will furnish you with food, shelter, clothing, and protection, and set aside ten thousand dollars as exclusively your own. All this is a covenant of works; and if the letter of the agreement is the chief or sole ground of obligation and fidelity, there is little or no room for true life and love. But if a father says to his son, I love and believe in you, and all that I have is yours; or if a son says to his father, I love and trust you, and my best service and obedience shall be given to you willingly; or if a man and woman say, We love and trust each other, all that each of us is, or has, or may become, belongs to the other, we have all things together,—then here are moral and spiritual covenants of love and life. The Old or Mosaic Covenant, in its externals, is called a covenant of works, though beneath the

outward there was the real spirit; and the Decalogue was its heart, center, and basis. The former was glorious because it was one stage of redemptive, history, and the Jewish religion was greatly superior to all contemporary religions. The New or Gospel Covenant is one of far greater moral and spiritual power, because more manifestly a covenant of grace and love. The latter is of surpassing glory, taking the place of the former; Christ, not Moses, is our law-giver; and we are not under the mere letter of law, but under the law of love, a law that demands both outward and inward and advancing worship, obedience, and service.

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PLAINFIELD CHURCH

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ at Plainfield, N. J., held its eightieth annual session on the afternoon and evening of April 7. As usual the afternoon session was given to business matters, after which a social and supper were enjoyed by all present.

In the evening, letters from absent members were read, questions from the "question box" answered, and the reports of the pastor and of the church organizations were given as follows:

#### SUMMARY OF THE YEAR'S WORK

REV. JAMES L. SKAGGS

In rendering his first annual report to the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church the pastor would gratefully acknowledge the manifold blessings of God and the power and inspiration of his Holy Spirit. Except God be with us we labor in vain.

The pastor would also recognize the love, loyalty, and devotion of his fellow laborers. Any worthy accomplishment by this church has been the result of co-operation in the Master's service.

As the work of the auxiliary organizations of the church is reported by another, this report will be confined to personal matters and to the general activities and relations of the church.

The report for the first four months of the year,—April to July—which elapsed before the pastor began his work, must necessarily be brief. During those months the pulpit was very ably supplied by my predecessor, Rev. Edwin Shaw, Rev. T. L.

Gardiner, editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, and other clergymen who were called in as there was need. Perhaps the great outstanding objective during those months, aside from the regular activities of the church, was an efficient and adequate preparation for the entertainment of the General Conference. Upon the arrival of the pastor and his family the first of August the plans were practically complete, and when Conference met they were put into effect in a highly satisfactory manner.

Our arrival in Plainfield was in the midst of these preparations, and also in the midst of the most popular vacation season when many of our people were out of the city. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Vars pleasantly greeted us at the station and conducted us to Truell Court, where we were entertained for one week, while the repairs on the parsonage were being completed. The people of the church and the weather did full duty in giving us a "warm reception," as those were the hottest days of 1917. However, the formal reception for the pastor and his family after the vacation season and the strain of Conference were past, was a most delightful occasion, but by no means required in order that we might feel your warm cordiality. Your generous contribution of preserved fruits made at that time has been very much enjoyed by the parsonage family during the winter.

For the first Sabbath in August an appropriate installation service was planned and presented in a manner very gratifying to the new pastor, and evidently pleasing to the audience. The welcome to the pastor was extended by the former pastor, Rev. Edwin Shaw, who long years before had often demonstrated his very kindly regard for the same individual in the class rooms and associations of Milton College. His kindly reference to those days and to the friendly relation that has existed since then, together with the cordial welcome to the pleasures and responsibilities of this pulpit and parish, filled me with conflicting emotions of pleasure and heaviness. Then Dr. Gardiner set before us with characteristic forcefulness the "Responsibilities of Pulpit and Pew." The pastor's response, "Looking Forward," closed the program. Thus the first Sabbath of our relationship brought many pleasures, and also a deep sense of our sacred responsibilities.

Two weeks later we opened our hearts

and homes to the delegates to the General Conference. The attendance far exceeded our expectations. But the plans which had been perfected during the year were so comprehensive as to include, seemingly, every possible comfort and convenience of our guests; and the unexpected numbers were very quickly provided for. The hearty appreciation of our efforts by our visiting friends was very gratifying to us. The blessings were ours. The hospitality which was so gladly extended and our association with delegates, as well as the inspiring sessions of the Conference, brought us many rewards.

The pastor had very little opportunity until after Conference to call at the homes of the parish or to cultivate a personal acquaintance with the people. Since that time he has endeavored to visit every home and every individual connected with the church, and this he has done with a few exceptions.

During the first half of the past month the pastor wrote fifty personal letters to fifty-six absent members, requesting them to write letters to the church to be read at this meeting. Replies from eleven have been received.

The regular appointments of the church have been observed throughout the year except on the Sabbath which came during the General Conference. The pastor has been absent only one Sabbath since his arrival. On that date, November 24, he was in attendance at the yearly meeting which was held with the Marlboro Church.

At the insistent invitation of a group of Sabbath-keepers, who were formerly Seventh Day Adventists, the pastor went to Philadelphia on October 13 and conducted worship for them. Twenty-two were present at that meeting, and they seemed anxious to have regular preaching and Sabbath school. Accordingly arrangements were made for a service each Sabbath afternoon. Dr. Gardiner, Secretary Shaw, Rev. W. D. Burdick, and the pastor of this church, each conducted from one to five services there. About the beginning of the new year the railroad schedule of trains was so changed that we could not get there for Sabbath afternoon services. There is no further plans for that work so far as I know.

The pulpit supplies for the year including visiting friends who spoke to us and representatives of organizations who were given a hearing are as follows:

April	7,	Rev. Edwin Shaw
"	14,	Rev. L. C. Randolph
"	21,	Rev. E. C. Conover
"	28,	Rev. L. C. Randolph
May	5,	Rev. Edwin Shaw
"	12,	Rev. T. L. Gardiner
"	19,	Rev. Edwin Shaw
"	26,	Rev. T. L. Gardiner
June	2,	Rev. Geo. B. Shaw
"	9,	Rev. Robert W. Marks
"	16,	Rev. J. S. Zelig
"	23,	Rev. Robert W. Marks
"	30,	Rev. T. L. Gardiner
July	7,	Rev. Edwin Shaw
"	14,	Rev. Philip B. Strong
"	21,	Rev. D. W. Skellenger
"	28,	Rev. John Y. Broek
Sept.	22,	Dr. Grace I. Crandall
Oct.	13,	Anti-Saloon League
Nov.	10,	"Denominational Building" F. J. Hubbard T. L. Gardiner Edwin Shaw J. L. Skaggs
"	24,	Rev. C. M. Anderson
Dec.	8,	C. E. Day, Rev. Edwin Shaw

The attendance at Sabbath morning services has been fairly satisfactory, as church attendance goes. However, there is room for considerable improvement and for this all should strive together.

During the past eight months the pastor has attended three funerals, preached thirty-three sermons, delivered six addresses, and performed two marriage ceremonies.

It is a matter of regret that the prayer meetings are not more largely attended. There are those who favor some change from the traditional form and method of conducting them. The pastor will welcome counsel on this subject. It is possible that some changes may be made.

It has been our happy privilege, at a time when the First Baptist church was without fuel, to welcome that congregation into our church building for their Sunday services. Upon our invitation they also united with us in the Sabbath eve prayer meeting—the pastors alternating as leaders. All seemed to feel that we were blessed in our association together in the worship of God.

Thirteen names have been added to our membership roll during the year: two, Claude S. Grant and John Reed Spicer, were received upon profession of faith and baptism; six, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius P. Burch, Miss Anna Stillman, Pastor and Mrs. Skaggs, and Allison E. Skaggs, were received by letter of recommendation; five, Russel F. Barton, Mrs. Horace Stillman, Gustav Weglau, Wallace Weglau, and

Harry Brown, were received by testimony. The last three named were baptized by Rev. Edwin Shaw in 1916.

During the year we have lost three members by death: Samuel Randolph, Richard Ross, and Mrs. Susan Capron Smith. Appropriate notices of their deaths and loving tributes to their memory have been published in the SABBATH RECORDER; six have been excommunicated, and three have been dismissed by letter. According to the clerk's records we have one hundred ninety-two resident members, fifty-six non-resident, making a total of two hundred forty-eight.

Yesterday was the first anniversary of the entrance of the United States into the world war. Our hearts have been saddened by this world calamity, and we would gladly have stood aloof from it had it been possible for us to do so. But since we have been called upon not only to defend ourselves, but to defend and avenge the wrong of weaker nations, may God help us to do it with true Christian courage. The economic, social, and religious conditions and needs have challenged the churches of Christendom to greater tasks and responsibilities. The response by our church, while it has been quite largely individual, has been very gratifying.

All noble-minded people have been made to rejoice in the ruling of our government for the protection of our soldiers from the evils of intemperance in the use of intoxicants, and also against social vice. We feel increasingly the economic, moral, and spiritual requirement that the manufacture and sale of intoxicants shall be forever prohibited. We rejoice in the action of our National Congress in submitting a National Prohibition Amendment to the states for ratification. Eleven states have already ratified it. We look forward hopefully to our day of freedom from this curse. To this end this church has tried to exercise an influence in both national and state legislation. We have contributed and pledged more than three hundred dollars for this reform work this year. We were united in the campaign for no-license in Plainfield. Although we lost in this effort, we are not discouraged, but confidently expect, under the new law, to oust the saloons from our beautiful city within the next year.

We have tried to do our share in local relief work and also in helping the European victims of the war.

The campaigns for Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross war funds have been supported both in committee work and with money by many members of this church, and I am sure those who have not been able to help in a large way are genuinely interested and anxious to do anything they can to help. The insistent call comes to every American to do his utmost in production, conservation, and in the purchase of Liberty Bonds. The third issue of Liberty Bonds is now in progress, and unquestionably our response will be in accord with our ability.

The women of the church have further demonstrated their loyalty to the country and to the boys in the army by knitting sweaters and socks and by their participation in the organization and support of the Central Auxiliary of the Red Cross at this church. A meeting has been held each Wednesday since December 5, except one—hours from nine-thirty in the morning until ten o'clock at night. This church has been glad to furnish room, heat and light. This is essentially a community movement with which we are connected, and we gratefully acknowledge general community cooperation. The detail report is to be found on the blackboard.

We thank God for the opportunities for service during the past year, and we look to him for guidance during the year to come.

The following is a summary of the work that has been done as reported by organizations.

#### SURGICAL DRESSING DEPARTMENT

"585 workers, 21,254 dressings, 30 workers from this church, 47 from the community outside the church.

#### SEWING DEPARTMENT

"There have been made 25 sheets, 45 pillow cases, 15 suits, 146 hospital shirts. Number of workers, 375. Aside from work on material furnished by headquarters, we have made 55 'Personal Belongings' bags from material donated for the work and given to headquarters."

#### KNITTING COMMITTEE

"Wristlets, 33; socks, 83; mufflers, 17; helmets, 36; sweaters, 50; 219 articles, 472 skeins of yarn being used.

"118 pounds of wool have been used, 22 pounds of which has been purchased at a cost of \$72.95 from privately contributed funds. There have been 110 knitters."

## REPORT OF CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS 1917-18

MRS. ORRA S. ROGERS

In taking up the work of the year in the various departments of the church, it seems best to commence with the Sabbath school as the largest of these organizations, and probably the most important, as it acts as a feeder for all the others, and the church as well.

Under the direction of the superintendent, Mr. William C. Hubbard, the school has done an efficient year's work. In this he has had the hearty support of the assistant superintendents, Dr. Henry M. Maxson, and Asa F. Randolph, the secretary, Nathan M. Wardner, the treasurer, Irving A. Hunting, as well as the teachers of the various classes, and the members of the school.

The membership now numbers 123. During the year several have been added to the roll, among them our pastor, the Rev. James L. Skaggs, and his family. One member, Mrs. Thaddeus C. Smith, who was ever a faithful attendant, has been lost by death. The smallest attendance was 39, the largest 198. The average attendance for the year was 83. Two members have missed but one session, three were absent twice, and two, only three times. There were 52 sessions, none being held during Conference.

The total moneys which passed through the treasury were \$425.00, or \$500.03 with the balance when the year opened. This is exclusive of all or part of the collections taken in the Men's Class, the Boys' Class, and the Primary. The average offering per member was six cents. The offerings have been a decided increase over previous years.

Many special programs have been given, as well as special music on various occasions. One day a Sabbath institute was held, then an Easter service, and later proper observance was given Mother's Day, Sabbath Rally Day, Children's Day, "Go to Sabbath School Day," or Rally Day after the fall home-coming, World's Temperance Sabbath, Y. M. C. A. Day, a Christmas service which was "The Nativity" in song, verse, and tableaux, at which time a large quantity of provisions was given for the Children's Home, and an offering of \$56.00 was made for Armenian-Syrian Relief.

Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays were also observed, and a second Easter falling within the year. On March 31, Miss Edith D. Glen, state elementary secretary, told an interesting story about Belgian refugee children, and appropriate music added to the interest of the session.

Two members of the school have enlisted for the Great War, Milton W. St. John, and Elmer L. Hunting.

New song books have been donated the school and Prof. Charles L. Lewis was secured to drill the school in using the new songs for twenty minutes prior to the lesson, for several weeks.

The Primary Department has eighteen members and is under the supervision of Mrs. Nathan E. Lewis, while Mrs. Frank J. Hubbard conducts the music.

The Home Department numbers forty with Miss Nancy Randolph superintendent. It has contributed \$19.00 to the Sabbath school during the year. At the annual meeting on March 31 the superintendent resigned his position after seven years faithful, and active service. It was with great regret that this was accepted.

#### WOMAN'S SOCIETY

The Woman's Society for Christian Work has had an unusually active year. The officers elected were, Mrs. William C. Hubbard, president; Mrs. Sarah L. Wardner, vice president; recording secretary, Mrs. Charles P. Titsworth, corresponding secretary, Mrs. Edwin Shaw, treasurer, Mrs. F. A. Dunham. In December Mrs. Charles P. Titsworth resigned her position as recording secretary and Mrs. Orra S. Rogers was elected to fill the vacancy.

Since April 1, 1917, the society has held ten business meetings, and nine regular sewing meetings. Eleven of these meetings have been all-day meetings with luncheon. Of these, one, June 13, was a lawn party on the lawn of Mrs. William C. Hubbard and those of November 21, and December 12, were to work for the people of Fouke, Ark. The meeting of October 17 was held at Red Cross Headquarters, sixteen of the society spending the day in work there. At the sewing meeting, May 29, the Tract Committee gave a program appropriate to the work of the Tract Society.

The following entertainments were held. May 31 a Kitchen Band Concert, under the

leadership of Mrs. William C. Hubbard. This was repeated at the Emerson School on June 11.

At the November sociable Dr. Henry M. Maxson gave a delightful illustrated talk, "Camping at the Timber Line." At the January sociable Mr. W. D. Murray gave an interesting talk on Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Dix, and November 26 a musical entertainment was held at which Miss Mabel Maxson, at the piano, assisted by Mrs. Noel G. Evans, violin, and Miss Mildred Browne, cello, gave some delightful selections. Mr. Charles P. Titsworth and Mrs. John B. Cottrell sang.

Early in December the Central Auxiliary of the American Red Cross was organized, the meetings to be held in this church every Wednesday and the work of the Woman's Society has been practically laid aside in favor of this greater need.

The society has 79 members. One member, former secretary, and auditor for the society for many years, Mrs. Thaddeus C. Smith, has but recently gone to her reward. She will be greatly missed as she has been active in her work for the society, and a regular attendant at its meetings.

At the beginning of the year there was in the treasury \$164.90. The receipts have been as follows: Dues, \$29.25; for work, \$355.81; donations and collections, \$27.28; making a total of \$412.34; making a working sum of \$577.24. During the year the gifts and expenditures were as follows: Missionary Society, \$80.00; Tract, \$50.00; Miss Jansz, \$10.00; Retired Ministers' Fund, \$25.00; parsonage and church-kitchen furnishings, \$297.40; miscellaneous gifts, \$75.42; a total of \$537.82, thus leaving a cash balance of \$39.42.

#### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

The C. E. Society has an active membership of twenty-one, and five associate members. Two new members have been gained, and it has four absent members. It is under the leadership of Margaret Kimball, as president, Miss Frances Kinne, secretary, and Gustav Weglau, as treasurer. During the year \$169.47 has been received in the treasury, and \$141.36 paid out, leaving a balance of \$28.11. This money has been given the Missionary, Tract, and Education societies, the Young People's Board, for state, and county work, the local union, and Fouke school.

Five business meetings have been held; in September, October, December, January, and March. On September 30 a corn roast was enjoyed by the members, and friends, and in December a social for the Camp Dix boys was held.

#### INTERMEDIATE SOCIETY

The Intermediate Society numbers eight. The superintendent is the pastor, J. L. Skaggs; president, Robert Spicer; secretary and treasurer, Wallace Weglau.

This society meets Sabbath afternoons at 3 o'clock. The boys take turns in conducting the meetings. Usually all participate in devotional services. The remainder of the time is used by the Superintendent in missionary reading and discussion. The society contributed \$3.00 to the Fouke Fund.

#### JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society has eleven members with Miss Ethel Titsworth as superintendent. During the year the average attendance has been seven, and the collections have averaged 24 cents. The amounts given since October 1 have been: to Chinese children, \$2.00; Armenian and Syrian Relief, \$2.00; Belgian Relief, \$2.00; Fouke School, \$2.00.

Their plan of work is for the Juniors to lead the meetings in turn, the lesson being taught by Miss West, and Miss Titsworth alternately. The Juniors are divided into classes for the remainder of the lesson hour, for Mission, Bible, or Denominational study. Chalk talks are occasionally given by Mr. Shaw.

The Juniors have a Love Box—a round world—into which they put offerings from time to time which mean something sacrificed, and which are given with an extra amount of love.

#### S. D. B'S.

Mention should also be made of a new organization of the younger women, the S. D. B's Club. This has been formed as an auxiliary to the Woman's Society for Christian Work and has 17 members. The meetings are held Sunday afternoons at the homes of the members. A St. Patrick's party given by the club at the home of Mrs. N. E. Lewis netted about \$30.00 which was given the Wool Fund of Central Red Cross Auxiliary.

#### MEN'S CLUB

Another organization is the Men's Club. The officers are: president, Nathan E. Lewis, vice president, Theodore G. Davis; secretary, Lucius P. Burch; treasurer, Roy E. Titsworth, with Paul A. Whitford and George M. Clarke also as members of Executive Committee. The club has 40 members.

Four talks have been given the club, the first on the New Army Insurance by Orra S. Rogers, president of the Life Underwriters of New York City. The second, a delightfully interesting talk on "The Earth's Crust," by Dr. Richard Moldenke; a talk on "My Experiences in Germany," by young Mr. Crittenden Crittenden which proved of great interest, and an interesting and instructive talk on Aircraft by Charles H. Day of the Standard Aircraft Works. Of the work of these organizations much more might be said if time permitted.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY

##### SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Scott, N. Y., has been on my map of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination from my earliest recollections. My grandfather, Rev. Russell G. Burdick, was pastor of the church at Scott when my mother was a little girl. And it was a pleasure to me to meet last Sabbath Day an aged lady who was a schoolmate, and seatmate, of my mother just about seventy years ago. I remember the stories mother used to tell me of her childhood days, and of a little playmate, Lucy Palmer, who grew up and married Porter O. Brown. That was the woman I met and had a nice visit with at Scott. Then there was my Uncle Dolphin who was for so many, many years a pillar in the church. These, and other relationships and recollections, together with the finest sort of spring weather, and the most cordial and delightful hospitality, made my brief stay in Scott a very pleasant occasion.

But the church at Scott, like the churches in many other places, has its trying problems. It is situated eight miles from the railroad. Many of the people who go away to school and seek their fortune in other lines, never return to stay as members of the community. This constant drain upon the resources of the church has the inevitable result of loss of numbers and of power.

Gradually little by little, year by year, the strength and vigor are sapped away, often the best life-blood of the community. The aged and infirm can not maintain their accustomed vigor, and in time pass away. There is a building, in good repair, well equipped, where in years gone by congregations of over two hundred people used to assemble for Sabbath Day services. There is a good parsonage, quite a large house, comfortable and convenient, with a fine garden plot, all well and centrally situated.

Pastor R. R. Thorngate is leaving May 1 for the field at Salemville, Pa. What can the Scott Church do? They are reduced in numbers, scarcely any children or young people in the church. Very little wealth is represented. One hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a year is about all that can be raised for a pastor's salary. Possibly the Missionary Society might be able to help one hundred dollars (but it could not, if the contributions do not come in more generously than they have thus far this year. At the April meeting of the board there were \$3,000.00 in notes payable at the Westerly bank).

What man could live and support a family and serve the church on \$300.00, or less, even though he had a parsonage and garden? This is making no complaint against the Missionary Society, or the Scott people, or the denomination. It is a plain statement of the facts in the case, a presentation of the problem before the Scott, and other churches, a serious problem. Who has a solution to offer?

In the meantime a committee of four people has been appointed to take charge of the church services while there is no pastor. This same committee is to canvass the community and determine just how much can be done financially towards a pastor's support. Also to ascertain if there is a man in the denomination who is available, and able to make the sacrifice of going to Scott to be the spiritual leader there among the people, and in the whole community. May the Lord direct and bless this effort to continue the work of the Kingdom of God at Scott for the gospel of salvation and the Sabbath of Christ!

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—Emerson.

MISSIONS

SUMMARY OF REPORT ON HOME FIELD  
Quarter ending March 31, 1918

	Weeks of work	Sermons and addresses	Prayer meetings	Calls	Conversions	Baptisms	Sabbath converts	Added to churches	Average congregations	Pages of literature distributed
<b>Evangelistic:</b>										
Coon, Rev. D. B.	13	27	44	290	1	1	1	54	420	
<b>Field Workers:</b>										
Hills, Rev. G. W.	13	13	1	34			2	?	6000	
Thorngate, Rev. R. R.	13	11		80				13	?	
Van Horn, Rev. T. J.	13	32	32	217				25	870	
Wing, Rev. L. A.	13	14						80	?	
<b>Missionary Pastors:</b>										
Babcock, Fred I.	13	13	13					30	?	
Babcock, Rev. J.	13	16		20				65	?	
Burdick, Rev. L. D.	13	24	13	41				20	?	
Clayton, Rev. Wm.	13	29	12	21				13	?	
Powell, Rev. S.S.	13	19	12	41			2	33	?	
Randolph, Rev. G. H. F.	13	31	17	39				40	?	
Randolph, W.T.F.	13	14		8				15	?	
Tickner, Rev. W. D.	13	10	5	15				8	448	
	169	283	149	806	1	1	3	2	396	7738

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL

CHAPTER VIII

(Continued)

Soon after the return Fred was out one day a short distance from the settlement and came across a little herd of elks. He had a Spencer carbine and was riding a very fleet pony. He rode up near the elks and shot once at them, but with no visible effect; but when he went to load again the shell fouled in the gun. Try as he would he could not extract it. Fred was mad. He had frightened the elks and made them break from the trot, their natural gait, and when they break from that a good horse can easily overtake them, while if they keep the trot it takes a very good horse to keep up with them. Fred rode his pony among the elks and began to beat one of them on the head with his gun in hopes to kill it. The carrying strap of the gun caught on the long antler of the elk. The elk settled down to his long trot, and the pony was out of wind and was losing ground. Fred

held to his gun till he was stretched out so that he was about to lose his seat in the saddle, when he was compelled to let go the gun, and the elk went away with it. Fred never saw the gun again, and as it was a government gun he had to pay for another to replace it.

George returned to Beatrice to be gone some time. McCullum returned home and invited Joe to come and stay with him, and as he was alone on the south side of the river and there was nothing that he could do he accepted the invitation. It was in March, emigration was coming in, and hardly a day passed that some new one did not come into the settlement. Among these was a man by the name of Harris. He came to the house one day very much frightened.

"The Indians are here on us," said he, "I saw them coming across the river. There are hundreds of them. I saw their guns and spears sticking up."

There was no time to go to the stockade which was forty or fifty rods from McCullum's house, and the ford of the river was but a quarter of a mile away. A grove of timber was between the house and the ford. By this time the grove must be full of Indians. At this time of year the settlers would not look for any but a war party of Indians. They must defend themselves as best they could where they were. Each man took a station, loopholes were opened, but they could see nothing of the Indians. Joe tood by the door, which was open and was to be closed as soon as the enemy made an appearance. Five, ten minutes passed, the men every moment expecting to hear the war whoop. What suspense! Joe saw a man coming; he was one of the settlers. Would the Indians let him come to the house? He walked with a free, easy step and his gun was on his shoulder. Surely he did not know how close danger was.

"Hello, Joe, did you see that drove of elk?"

"No, where were they?"

"Crossed the river at the ford and went north. Prettiest sight I ever saw; must have been more than three hundred of them."

"Whoop! Harris, that is your Indians. Ah! . . ."

About this time the mail carrier, a boy fifteen, came to the postoffice, his mule badly jaded. He seemed very much ex-

cited. He had been chased by Indians and shot at, and he had shot twice at them; he saw one fall on his pony, but he was tied on and could not fall off, and he saw the arm of another fall when he shot.

There was a war meeting that night. Captain Garber, from Red Cloud, was there and he was asked to take charge of the expedition against the Indians, who were said to be in camp fourteen miles down the river. Two or three who had come in had seen the camp, so they said. Captain Garber picked fourteen men to go with him. John Sabin would go with his mule team and take them to the Indian camp. Captain Garber, the mail carrier and one other were on horseback.

They started at daylight. The ground was soft from recent rains and traveling was slow, but finally they came near to the Indian camp. The camp was on the first river bottom, by a little piece of timber which came to a bluff bank of the second bottom, the bank being twelve or fifteen feet high. Captain Garber and party were on the second bottom. One of the company aside from the mail carrier had seen the camp and knew this to be the place. The team was a half mile from the camp. Leaving Mr. Sabin with the team and three saddle horses, all formed in line and marched toward the camp quick step, and as they came near double quick they swept up to the top of the bank over the camp and—there was the camp, not of a war party of hostile red men, but of two very quiet looking Dutchmen who were building a log cabin.

As soon as Captain Garber had recovered from his surprise enough to speak he asked, "How long have you been here?"

"Three days."

"Have you seen any Indians?"

"No, no Indians here."

Captain Garber turned and looked at the fourteen eager faces and laughed, saying, "Boys, we are sold. Now I want Talbot and Hull to take the two saddle horses and the mail boy and go and examine the tracks where the boy says he was chased and shot at."

It was three miles to the creek bottom, and four miles across the bottom. They went about a mile but the carrier could not keep up and was whipping his mule all the time.

Mr. Talbot turned to Joe and sa-

"What do you think of the mail boy's mule?"

"I think it is tired out and that we can not bother along this way with him. You had best send him back for we have a long ride, and the tracks are plain, we do not need him."

So the boy was to go back and tell Captain Garber that he could not keep up and that he had been ordered to return.

Recent rains had made the prairie so soft that the mule could be followed and tracked as fast as they chose to go. This seven miles was a straight cut-off where one on horseback could go, while the wagon road went several miles farther, around a bend. Across the bottom it was all cut up by elk tracks, but the fresh mule tracks were plain. The horsemen followed to the bluff beyond the creek. There was not a pony track to be seen, and the mule had walked nearly all the way, in no place going faster than a trot. Talbot was in a rage to think that the boy would tell such a story, all a lie, and frighten the women of the settlement. If his father did not thrash him he, Talbot, would.

But Joe said, "No, he is a boy and is not as responsible as a man would be. It will be known to be a false report and will be a shame and a disgrace to him as long as he lives. It would not be best for you to lay hands on him."

"You are right, I will not touch him; but he really ought to be punished and taught better."

When Mr. Talbot and Joe returned to where the company had dinner they found only the remains of a camp fire, so without rest or dinner they rode the fourteen miles more though in not the best of humor. The forty-two miles' travel for the day had been a hard day's work for them, and still they were thankful that there was as yet no trouble with the Indians.

(To be continued)

Perhaps the future looks as dark just now as at any moment since this horrible war began. Never more, then, than at this hour should courage and hope characterize our conduct and our speech. There can be but one ultimate issue. Humanity is not on the down grade. Righteousness, justice, mercy have always won in the long run and they are winning now.—*Our Dumb Animals.*



## WOMAN'S WORK

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

*From a soldier "over there"  
To his mother "over here,"  
Giving us a sorta' idea  
Of the things he holds most dear.*

(Written by Lieut. David S. Oakes, artillery,  
unassigned, American Expeditionary Force,  
to his mother)

I'm a-thinkin' o' you, Mother,  
As th' stealthy shadders steal  
Across th' evenin' sky to where  
I'm sittin' in th' twilight,  
And thinkin' thet yer mother heart,  
With all its wealth o' tender luv  
An' understandin', reaching out  
Its tendrils, finds me lonely.  
But th' throbs o' sympathy it  
Sends 'cross th' intervenin' gulf  
Through these same tendrils, satisfy  
A heap o' longin' fer shure.

I'm a-thinkin' o' you, Mother.  
And ef I cud bring by thinkin'  
All th' good times an' th' blessin's  
Thet we have shared to'ether  
Back agen, I'd shure nuff do it  
Jes' a-thinkin', an' a-wond'rin'  
Ef a feller kin repay you  
Fer th' wrinkles you hev got.  
And th' gray thet's on your temples;  
Fer th' callouses an' blisters;  
Fer th' runnin' an' th' worry  
Thet it takes to raise a boy.

I'm a-thinkin' o' you, Mother.  
But I can't jes' seem to figger  
How you done it. Mighty strange, too,  
I should hev been so lucky  
As to have you fer a mother,  
With th' world chuck full o' wimmen,  
I guess thet's God's favor to me!  
But how about repayin';  
Ef there's enny way o' doin'  
Thet by jest plain luv an' hones'  
Gratitude, I'll pay, cuz Lord knows  
I'm thinkin' o' you, Mother.

—The Tribune.

### “THE WHOLE WORLD KIN”

THE train was full of dusty, tired people—for it was evening time and the train was a through train that cut a great continent in half and joined two large cities. The folk who occupied the chair car had been traveling since early morning, and they were bored and inclined to be rather snappish. The porter, who brought glasses of water and cushions in answer to

their fretful demands, was quite frankly nervous.

It was the conductor who caused a diversion. A fat bustling man he was, with gray hair and a pleasant smile. The smile was quite submerged as he stepped in at the doorway of the car.

“There’s a woman in the day coach,” he said, “with a sick baby. It’s very crowded out there, and uncomfortable, and I couldn’t help wondering whether one of you would be kind enough to give up your place to her. It’s something that I wouldn’t ask, ordinarily.”

There was a traveling man in the car, and a college boy in ultra-fashionable clothing. There was an elderly couple, and a stately woman in a sealskin coat. There was a girl with rouged cheeks and too elaborate jewels; and there was another girl whose simple frock spoke of Paris. There was a thin man who wrote busily with a huge fountain pen, and a stout man who had a professional-looking bag beside his chair. The stout man spoke.

“I’m a doctor,” he said. “Tell the mother to come in here. She can have my place, and I’ll take a look at the child.”

THE bored people in the car straightened up in their places. They forgot, in a moment’s time, that they were dusty and tired of traveling. They watched the door expectantly.

It wasn’t long before the conductor came back with the mother. She was a thin, pale, little mother in a threadbare frock. And the tears stood, star-like in her eyes.

“Oh,” she said, pausing in the doorway, “you’re—kind!” and she bent her head over the bundle in her arms—the shawl-wrapped bundle that was a baby.

A stir ran through the car—a friendly stir that was one-half interest and one-half sympathy. It was the traveling man who spoke first. He rose quite gallantly, and taking the little mother’s arm guided her to the seat that the doctor had vacated.

“I hope,” said the traveling man, “that the baby isn’t very sick.”

As if in answer to his question a whimper came from the depths of the shawl-wrapped bundle. The little mother sank wearily into the seat.

“Oh,” she almost sobbed. “I’m afraid that he is!”

The doctor, with tender hands, was put-

ting back the shawl. The baby face was a thin little face that was distorted with pain.

The woman in the sealskin coat leaned forward.

“Can I help?” she questioned. “I had a baby—once.”

The doctor was gently touching the baby—touching its temple and wrist—with practiced fingers. Quite suddenly he opened its mouth, and then he spoke for the first time.

“It’s a tooth,” said the doctor—“a very mean tooth.”

THE elderly couple looked at each other knowingly. They half smiled.

“John,” said the wife, with a shake of her silver head, “had a terrible time getting teeth. Do you remember?”

The husband reached for her hand across the space between their chairs. It was more than a car aisle that he reached across—it was a chasm of years.

“Yes,” he answered, “I remember.”

“Hey, Porter!” It was the doctor calling. “Bring a glass of water!”

“Yessir,” answered the Porter. The sulen nervousness had swept magically from his face.

The college boy was interested, but somehow, boylike, he was a bit ashamed of his interest.

“Is the little fellow very sick?” he questioned. “Is it very dangerous to get a tooth, I wonder?”

The baby’s whimper was softer now, and the doctor nodded reassuringly to the mother as he began to drop medicine from a small vial into the glass of water that the eager porter handed him.

Quite unconsciously the girl in the simple frock answered the college boy’s question.

“Sometimes,” she said, “it’s very dangerous when teeth are coming. I have two little sisters—twins—and though we’ve always had a trained nurse to care for them, every new tooth is a problem and a worry! One of the babies hasn’t suffered at all, but the other—”

THE doctor was feeding the medicine to the baby.

“This,” he said, “will ease the pain. Poor little fellow! And by morning, maybe, the tooth will have come through. Anyway

he’ll not suffer so, again, for the worst is over!”

The little mother’s shoulder shook. The tears that had been trembling on her lashes rolled down her cheeks. Helplessly she looked around the car.

“You’ve been like angels to me,” she choked. “We’re going on, you see, to meet baby’s father. He’s got a new job in Chicago and it was only yesterday that the money for our fare came. It was hard for him, saving the money and getting a little flat ready for us. We haven’t seen him for a month, baby and I. And I was afraid”—she paused, a scrap of a handkerchief at her eyes, “that baby’d never get there—alive.”

The man with the huge fountain pen had stopped writing long before. For the first time he spoke.

“That little woman’s going all to pieces,” he said briskly, but the brisk voice covered a certain understanding. “Can’t some of you ladies—” he glanced impartially around the car—“take care of the little kiddy while she gets some rest?”

The girl in the Paris frock started forward—so did the elderly lady. The stately woman in sealskin held out appealing arms. But it was the girl with the many jewels that first reached the mother.

“Let me hold him,” she said quite fiercely. “Blessed little thing! Let me hold him!” And the over-manicured hands that touched the shabby shawl were very gentle hands.

“ONE touch of nature,” they say “makes the whole world kin.” And it’s the truest thing that ever has been said. For that little suffering baby brought a carload of selfish, bored people very close together under a common band of sympathy, and a common desire to help.

We were reading a story together, a writer-man and I, the other day. It wasn’t a great story, but it left us with misty eyes and a certain catch in our throats.

“Oh,” said the writer-man to me, “don’t I wish that I’d written that story!”

“Why do you wish that?” I questioned. (For I, too, wished that I could have been the author of it.)

“Because,” answered the writer-man, “it’s so very human. I’d rather write something human than something subtle and unspeakably clever and great.”

The human touch is the touch that seems, somehow, to make our lives worth while. If we lack that touch—and are not able to feel the spirit of fellowship that such a touch imparts—we are very likely to live our lives in a rather unpleasantly solitary manner.

It is the human touch—the one touch of nature—that makes some speakers successful orators who can play responsive chords on the heartstrings of a crowd while other speakers are never more than elocutionists. It is the human touch that has made many a motion picture star famous. More than one writer has become popular because folk, reading his stories, are impelled to say, "I've felt just that way myself." And there are even ministers of the Gospel who have been more successful at saving souls because they have been able to talk, not down from a pulpit to a congregation, but as man to man and brother to brother.

AND now, in this time of war and tumult, it is the human touch that keeps each day from being an utterly dark day. The mother with her only son (who graduated from Plattsburg) over in France can feel a certain relationship with the little Irish woman whose boy is a private in the "Fighting Sixty-ninth." And the shopgirl who is skilfully knitting gray wool into a warm sock can smile at the fashionable debutante who is struggling with her knitting—can smile and offer friendly advice. The silk service flag in the limousine window tells the same story that is told by the cotton flag on the tenement house door.

Oh, friends of mine, when you begin to think that the world is full of sorrow and discontent and snobbishness—when you begin to think that gold counts for more than human kindness—look for that "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." And you'll be sure to find it—be you in shop or slum, in mansion or cottage, in a Pullman or a subway car—for it is a blessed touch that lives—and will live—wherever there are people who have minds and souls and hearts.—*Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in Christian Herald.*

"Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it can not save; neither His ear heavy, that it can not hear." (Isa. 59: 1).

### LITTLE GENESEE "OVER THE TOP"

F. S. WHITFORD

The Little Genesee Church, the same as other churches, has its financial difficulties and problems. The pledge card system has been in use here for some time, but the amounts pledged have been slow about coming in, making it necessary for the treasurer to advance money to keep up church expenses. For the past few years and especially last year a large amount has been expended for necessary repairs and improvements on the church and parsonage. The money for this was raised either by solicitors or by calling the people together at a special meeting and supper as in case of the cemetery fence when \$700.00 was raised in one evening. All of these causes as well as the Red Cross and war calls took so much of the people's thoughts and money that the church and denominational pledges fell way short.

Most of us figured that as long as there would be so many outside calls for money, we would make our church pledge the same as last year or less and let the other fellow make it up. Result: our weekly collection averaged about \$14.00. When it required an average of \$29.38 per week to raise our budget.

This fact was not discovered nor worried about by any one excepting the treasurer who had been advancing the deficiency for the pastor's salary and other immediate expenses out of her own pocket. She made an attempt to bring the situation before the community but succeeded in alarming no one except herself.

The church trustees next awoke to the situation, when they called a meeting to arrange for necessary repairs about the church and parsonage and discovered that the only way to buy roofing to repair the parsonage barn was to send the chairman around with a paper.

The said chairman had just finished one of that kind of money-raising excursions and he recalled the hearty greetings, tales of woe, etc., that he must accept along with the money and the feeling that he is to blame because the roof leaks and money must be raised, so he unloaded to the pastor and the Finance Committee.

The Finance Committee met and pondered over the situation: \$672.90 had been pledged and the budget called for \$1527.78

The only feasible plan for raising this amount that came to the committee was the one followed by some of the Methodists of assessing each member. This, however, did not seem advisable, so they decided to get as many as possible out to church the following Sabbath (April 20) and have five or six talk on the conditions and needs of the church. The committee agreed that if Dr. Hulett could be aroused on the subject he could, in turn, arouse the people as no one else could.

The doctor agreed to be aroused on condition that he could have access to the pledge cards and could be the last on the program.

The entire meeting time, after the introductory service, including the Sabbath-school hour, was utilized in this service.

F. S. Whitford opened the remarks by presenting the situation from the viewpoint of the trustees—"Improvements, Repairs and—No Funds."

Next, O. M. Burdick brought out very forcibly "The Value of the Church to the Community." He put several questions like, "How many would like to live in a community where there is no church?" "Would your property be worth as much if this church did not exist," etc.

This was followed by the reading of "Thanksgiving Ann," by Mrs. F. S. Whitford, and "The Deacon's Tenth," by Mrs. Herman Burdick.

Mark Sanford next took the floor and gave us facts and figures showing the amount of our budget, the amount pledged, the average collections to April 6, and the necessary average collection to meet our budget. He then explained how these problems were met in some churches.

Last but not least was Dr. Hulett. He came to the front with three rolls. But before they were unrolled he explained the situation in such plain terms that even the children understood. Then he went right after Dr. Hulett and explained what a slacker he had been—how he gave between \$600.00 and \$700.00 to different things and his church received from him and his family \$52.00. He slammed himself so hard that the slams rebounded and we applied what we deserved to ourselves.

The doctor then unrolled the first chart which contained our budget as follows: Pastor's salary \$700.00, Missionary So-

ciety \$189.39, Tract Society \$168.15, scholarship \$25.00, Conference \$35.40, Theological Seminary \$44.25, Woman's Board \$100.89, Young People's Board \$35.40, associational expenses \$14.30, janitor \$45.00, fuel \$60.00, choir \$10.00, miscellaneous expenses \$100.00. Total \$1,527.78.

The second chart showed how much each family had pledged, and the third chart showed the amounts that should be raised by families or individuals to meet the budget, which was as follows: one must pledge \$125.00, two \$100.00, three \$75.00, four \$50.00, five \$40.00, ten \$25.00, ten \$10.00 and forty-five \$5.00, making a total of \$1,525.00.

The doctor took the first and the rest were taken as follows: two 100's, five 75's, seven 50's, five 40's, ten 25's, fourteen 10's and thirteen 5's.

A number of the children pledged \$5.00 or more and many pledged two or three times as much as they had ever given before.

During the afternoon the committee solicited the members not present at church and by Sunday morning had a total of \$2,119.84 pledged.

This may not be the ideal way for raising funds for the Lord's work; however the funds are pledged and I believe Little Genesee is out of a rut. Also, many for the first time are considering the tithing system as the only way to carry on His work, and this condition was inspired by "Thanksgiving Ann," "The Deacon's Tenth," and the books on tithing that have recently been distributed.

The stories can be obtained for \$1.50 per 100 and the tithing books at 25 cents each, from The Layman Company, 145 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Order pamphlet No. 13 for the stories.

The Y. P. S. C. E. gave the day a fitting close by holding a carpet rag social at the hall. The balls of carpet rags each contained the name of a lady and the highest bidder took her to supper. The net proceeds were \$27.00 which was invested in W. S. S. for the denominational building.

The American Red Cross has appropriated \$22,000 to buy supplementary rations and comforts for American prisoners of war in Germany.—*Red Cross Bulletin.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### EDUCATION AND SERVICE

C. C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
May 18, 1918

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Moses' education (Acts 7: 20-34)  
Monday—Paul's opportunities (Acts 22: 1-5)  
Tuesday—Timothy's preparation (2 Tim. 1: 7)  
Wednesday—Training utilized (Exod. 35: 30-35)  
Thursday—Trained in the temple (1 Sam. 3: 1-4)  
Friday—Daniel at school (Dan. 1: 1-4, 17)  
Sabbath Day—Topic, Education the doorway to service (2 Tim. 2: 15; Luke 6: 40)

The one who toils as he studies is, in most cases, the one who will make the best use of his learning.

How many ministers of the gospel do you know who did not gain their education through the aid of their own physical exertions? "No excellence without great labor."

If we would do great things for Jesus and our fellow-men we must make diligent and prayerful preparation. Every day added to our lives should add something to our efficiency in the service of the Master. We may receive a certificate of graduation from the school board, but God issues no diploma; but far better than all else, at the end of the successful race the winner will receive the welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

We may not all be in the race as Edgar and Herbert and Charley and Eli and Burdett and Willard and George and T. J. have been and now are, but we may do our bit by cheering them on the way. (I mention these in this familiar way because I know them all so well.)

"In the Grecian sports a competitor in a foot race was dashing for the goal. His muscles were kinked, his eyes were distended, his form was bent, every power was in full swing. It was seen his speed was decreasing, but he was still in the lead. Some one amid the crowd of spectators cried, 'Cheer him! cheer him!' At that word a mighty shout went up, a thousand voices cried, 'Bravo! Bravo!' New spirit came to the fatigued racer, as if in the

fold of the wind he swept on to the goal, and with blood spurting from his nostrils he fell. When the crowd gathered around him, some to see if he was dead, some to congratulate him for victory, but all out of the excitement of the moment, he was dead! But his hand was on the goal." (C. A. Tindley, D. D.)

Learning gives ease of manner, self-reliance and confidence to the possessor.

Education is a balance wheel, a governor helping us to run smoothly and truly the course of our lives. A college education has many advantages, one of which is that it brings us in contact with men and women of taste, culture and ability. It brings out and develops the finer, richer qualities in our natures and subdues and obliterates the grosser elements.

No matter how finished our education may be, it will be of no real benefit to the world about us unless we are directed in its use by the Master's hand.

"Knowledge is power." Learning is light. The more of this learning we have the farther out will our light shine. True knowledge is not selfish. "My light is none, the less for lighting my neighbor's."

There are persons of great learning and influence in the world today who are not college bred. These may be the exceptions and not the rule.

Rev. Dr. Tindley says this of himself: "I have been through the books of most of the schools but have not been through the schools." He says of his childhood: "My good mother died when I was little more than two years old. My father was poor as relates to this world's goods, but was rich in the grace of God. He was unable to send me to school or to keep me with him in his little home. It therefore became my lot to be 'hired out' wherever father could place me. The people with whom I lived were not all good. Some of them were very cruel to me. I was not permitted to have a book or go to church. I used to find bits of newspaper on the roadside and put them in my bosom (for I had no pockets), in order to study the A-B-C's from them. During the day I would gather pine knots, and when the people were asleep at night I would light these pine knots, and, lying flat on my stomach to prevent being seen by any one who might still be about, would, with fire coals,

mark all the words I could make out on these bits of newspaper. I continued in this way, and without a teacher, until I could read the Bible almost without stopping to spell the words.

"One morning after I had driven the cattle to pasture, an uncontrollable impulse came in my mind to go to church. I had no shoes nor coat to wear. My pants (if what I had on could be described by that name) were, or had been, tow linen. I had patched them the best I could. I had, on the day before, washed my shirt, made of the same rough material, in a tub of cold water and ashes, and stood in the shade of the trees to keep the sun from my bare back until my shirt was dry enough to put on. Of course it was not ironed nor very clean. With this outfit I started for the church that my father was a member of, which was about five miles away. When I got near the church I began to think of myself in the light of fitness to enter a church. The first I discovered to be out of order for the Lord's house was my bare feet. They seemed larger than ever and were not clean. I proceeded to wash them in a ditch that contained a little water and to wipe them with a handful of leaves. I confess I felt a little proud of them.

"In the church I hid away, . . . where I could hear and not be seen. I was content until the speaker . . . called for all the boys and girls who could read the Bible to take the front seat. One big lump after another arose in my throat as I thought of what I should do. I was one who could read the Bible. No one in the church knew that but myself. I rolled up a big resolution and started. The people hissed and cleared their throats and did many other things to attract my attention, but with my eyes on the speaker I made right for the front seat. When the lesson was read I went back to my hiding place but not to be hid, for all the people were watching and whispering about the boy with bare feet. From that moment my desire to be educated knew no bounds. I would plow all day in the field and walk and run fourteen miles in the night to get to the school-teacher who was kind enough to give me lessons at night. . . . When I was admitted on trial in the Delaware Conference, I was sexton of a church for the same people I am serving now as pastor.

"Bennett College gave me the degree of Doctor of Divinity three years ago. Before that God gave me a real call to the ministry and the gift of the Holy Ghost."

If you have the will God will open the way. Education and service should go hand in hand. Education without service is wasted energy.

A well built machine standing in the shed is of no more use to the world than the amount of "junk" it would make. "It is better to wear out than to rust out."

"If any man lack knowledge, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding."

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Did Jesus "turn any one down" because he was ignorant?

Will wilful ignorance bar any one from the privileges of the gospel?

Is it a sin for us to refuse or waste opportunities for learning?

Does the reading of trashy literature come under the head of wasted opportunities?

### THE PROPHECIES AND HIGHER CRITICISM

DEAR EDITOR RECORDER: May I be permitted to speak through the columns of the RECORDER on the subject now before your readers, "The Prophecies and Higher Criticism"? I have read with deep interest what three of our people have had to say on the subject, yourself included. I appreciate to some extent your position and would not say anything that would make your burdens harder to bear.

When I was licensed to preach, if I remember correctly, I was licensed to preach the Word. I suppose that was the case with all of us, and to do this means a great deal, and places a grave responsibility upon every one having this commission. I am inclined to believe that some of us, like the Jews of old, feel that what our people have not preached in the past is not worth preaching, and that our theories and doctrines must be absolutely correct.

"The word of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." The whole Word. I believe every part of that Word is essential

or it would not have been preserved. The prophecies are a large part of the Word, and as it were milestones, that the weary pilgrim may not lose his bearings, become discouraged and fall out by the way. I believe that a true searching study for light through the prophecies, in the columns of the RECORDER, would become a great blessing to our denomination.

If God is calling to some of us to preach that part of the Word contained in the prophecies, let's preach it. Don't be afraid of the criticism and scoffs that have been hurled at the Adventists. "Those that live Godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." And we are also told that in the last days there shall be scoffers. I believe Brother Davis is correct in his statement that the Medo-Persian kingdom followed the Babylonian in harmony with modern history, and that the Bible account was written for our instruction.

There are such beautiful lines of truth in the Word, running clear through it from Genesis to the last verse in the Revelation, like the warp of a well-loomed carpet. Break one thread and the pattern is imperfect. Each line of truth unfolds to the inquiring mind so simply and easily that "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." That's what the Word says. Every line of truth agreeing with every other line of truth. Take for illustration the Sabbath truth. The creation week of seven definite days was a part of God's creative work; and as his created work remains, so the Sabbath must remain. You could no more change it in reality than you could cause the sun to stand still. As one would take the Word of the Lord, so would the other. The Sabbath was the crowning day of creation week, and it remains the crowning day of the week. In prophecy it is to remain throughout the New Earth. I also see in it a type of the earth's allotted time in its present condition. As the creation week was composed of seven periods of time, so this earth history has seven periods of time allotted to it. Seven is a symbol of completeness. As seven days complete the week, so the seven churches cover the experiences of the spiritual church; so we have the seven golden candlesticks, etc. As the creation week closed with the Sabbath, so this earth's history will close with the millennium. The week has its preparation day; so in the

seven ages of earth's history there is a preparation day called the day of the Lord's preparation. The signs all around us tell us plainly that we are unmistakably in the day of the Lord's preparation. What is to follow? The millennium. What the millennium is, is another study. There are several different opinions. There is but one right one. Our opinions do not amount to much anyway. The Word is plain on this, too.

"The night is dark and lights have long been dim;  
The watchman, drowsy grown, has long since left his post;  
The coming storm will shortly burst upon the city doomed  
If watchmen fail to heed the warnings of the night.  
Watchman, 'Cry aloud, spare not.' My people are asleep!  
The long dark night has come of which the prophet spake, eternity is near.  
'The night cometh, also the day,' the morning soon will break;  
The eastern sky begins to show the omens of the day.  
Watchman, bestir thyself, or soon you, too, the fate of all will share.  
'Cry aloud, spare not,' and show my people their transgression.  
The Law of God they trample underfoot, and keep not the holy Sabbath Day,  
The day of all the seven, the only day that God has ever blessed.  
Say not, 'It matters not which day it is, as long as one in seven you try to keep;  
God does not reckon thus with man, nor can he such a reason take.  
A 'Thus saith the Lord' in every instance he will of thee require."

E. D. STILLMAN.

Elkhart, Kan.

When one is trying to make God real to him, he should remember that however imperfect one's knowledge of God may be, he knows us perfectly. He knows our thoughts, our impulses, our innermost desires. If we are in the dark, He dwells in the light. He knows who we are, what we are, where we are, and it is His desire that we should know Him. To know Him is life eternal. To feel sure that He knows us gives us strength to go on seeking Him until we find Him.—*Christian Work.*

Peace, above all things, is to be desired, but blood must sometimes be spilled to obtain it on equable and lasting terms.—*Andrew Jackson.*

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### 'MANDA JANE

None of us liked 'Manda Jane. We all said so the first day she came to school. Her dress was sort of old-fashioned, and too long for her; but it wasn't just how she looked that was the matter. I guess we thought there were enough of us without her, and we didn't want any more. You see, there were nine of us girls who brought our dinners—just enough for the three play-houses out under the trees; and, besides, we all knew each other, and it's so much trouble to get acquainted with strangers.

"Well, we don't need to have her," said Delia Kelly. "We didn't ask her to come to our school, and we can go on just the same as if she wasn't here."

So when noontime came, and the teacher and the other little children went home, we hurried off and left 'Manda Jane to herself. She looked up as if she expected we'd ask her to come, too, but we didn't, and after a few minutes she sat down on the steps and opened her basket. She sat there nearly all noontime, and we couldn't help seeing her while we played. Little Kitty—she's always so tender-hearted—wanted to ask her to come.

"Whose playhouse can she have a part of, then?" asked Maria.

Well, none of us wanted her; and Kitty couldn't do anything without the rest of us, though she looked sorry. That's the way it went for four or five days. We found 'Manda Jane knew as much about her lessons as any of us, though her dresses were too long, and the other children liked her in games at recess; but we girls wouldn't pay her any attention. Our schoolhouse is in the country, in a nice woody place; and so we thought 'Manda Jane was going to look for wild flowers when she didn't stop on the steps one day, but walked right past where we were, farther in the grove. By and by we saw her moving about as busy as she could be, as if she was making a playhouse all by herself.

"I think that would be awfully lonesome," said Kitty; and I think we all felt sort of mean, only we wouldn't say so.

The next day 'Manda Jane hurried off just the same way, and the day after that, too; and we could see her flying about and fixing something. We pretended we didn't care what it was; but, really, we could hardly play at all for watching her. But the next noon, when we were getting ready to go for our baskets, she stopped us.

"There's a new store started down near where you folks keep house," she said; "and if you want tea, sugar, soap, or—or anything, the woman that keeps it'll give good measure and sell cheap."

"Store?" we all said at once.

"Yes, I've started a store," she said, "and I should think you housekeepers would need to buy lots of things."

We began to crowd around her; but she wouldn't tell us much, only to "come and see," and we didn't wait to have her ask us twice. She had fixed up the prettiest place with moss and green branches!

There was a nice, smooth stump for a counter, and scales of strings and birch bark. There was white sand for sugar and pebbles for coffee, and she had made cunning little paper bags to put them in. Oh, it was such fun! We bought and bought; and she gave us some real gingerbread—such good gingerbread that her grandmother made—because, she said, storekeepers gave things when they had an "opening." We forgot all about not wanting her, and almost forgot to play keep house at all, because we were all the time running to the store. She had so much custom that she said one of us might be clerk; but everybody spoke for the place, and so we had to take turns. It was the very nicest noontime we'd had, and nobody ever thought of leaving 'Manda Jane out after that; we couldn't do without her.

"How did you ever come to think of anything like that?" Delia asked her one day.

"Grandma made me think of it," she said. "You see, I felt a little bit lonesome and I thought"—her face grew red and sober, and she stopped a minute; then she said the words right out—"I thought you girls didn't like me, and wouldn't ever be friends; and I told grandma there wasn't any place for me. 'Make place, then,' she said. 'All the world wants the ones that are willing to make themselves wanted.' So

then I stopped thinking how you ought to make it pleasanter for me, and began to plan how I could make things nicer for you."—*Kate Hamilton, in Sabbath School Visitor.*

### THE GREATER LOVE

JOHN PRICE JONES

To all who profess and call themselves Christians, the Third Liberty Loan makes appeal in a particular sense. They hear the words of Jesus: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

In far-off France, where death and desolation stalks, there march also heroism and self-sacrifice sublime. Men are giving their lives for a great cause, the cause of righteousness for which Christ died, the ideal of the salvation of the world. Not only is this the case, but hundreds are gladly giving their lives for their comrades, with deliberate intent and definite desire.

We know, and we can not escape the knowledge, that every life lost has been lost that we here, in peaceful America, may rest secure.

Greater love we can not ask. How can we repay it? We can never repay it directly, any more than we can repay, once and for all, the sacrifice of Christ on the hill of Calvary. The greatest payment we can make to him, the payment he appreciates the most, is that we follow his example and obey his precepts. Also that we spread the glad tidings that he brought to earth.

We must repay the great love that has been shown for us by these boys who have laid down their lives with a smile. We can do it by remembering their requests and seeing that others do not forget them. Often with their last breath they have pleaded that more ambulances, more hospital supplies be sent for those who remain to fight and if necessary to die.

We can not ignore the sacrifices that have been made, and we can not pay for them with a contribution of money which involves no sacrifice on our part. We must lend to the Government until we know that we, too, are sacrificing, and we must work to induce others to do the same at the sacrifice of business interests, social interests, even sleep. When all has been done, we shall still have fallen short of what we ought to have done.

### MISUNDERSTOOD

F. W. BAILES

The servant is not above his lord.  
John 15: 19-20

Christ gladly gave his very best  
To lift men higher:  
And when they cursed, he only blessed,  
Nor vented ire.

The world created as "his own"  
"Received him not";  
His gracious love was overthrown,  
Without a thought.

He wandered up and down the earth  
A man despised;  
He travailed for a world in birth,—  
None sympathized.

Misunderstood! Ah, who has known  
Such loneliness—  
To love and labor all alone  
To ease distress,

And then to be condemned and spurned  
By thoughtless crowd,  
By those whose hearts had never burned,  
Nor heads had bowed?

Such was our blessed Master's lot  
While here he walked:  
And they who follow where he trod—  
Talk as he talked—

Will find the world that crucified  
That perfect One  
Will sacrifice the servant too—  
The lesser son.

But oh, how sweet to realize  
He understands!  
His heart is swift to sympathize,  
He shares your bands.

Misunderstood? Injustice borne?  
'Tis Calv'ry's way!  
But wait! for he himself hath sworn  
To bring the day.

What though the bitter tears endure  
One little night?  
The morning comes,—his word is sure,—  
The dawning bright.

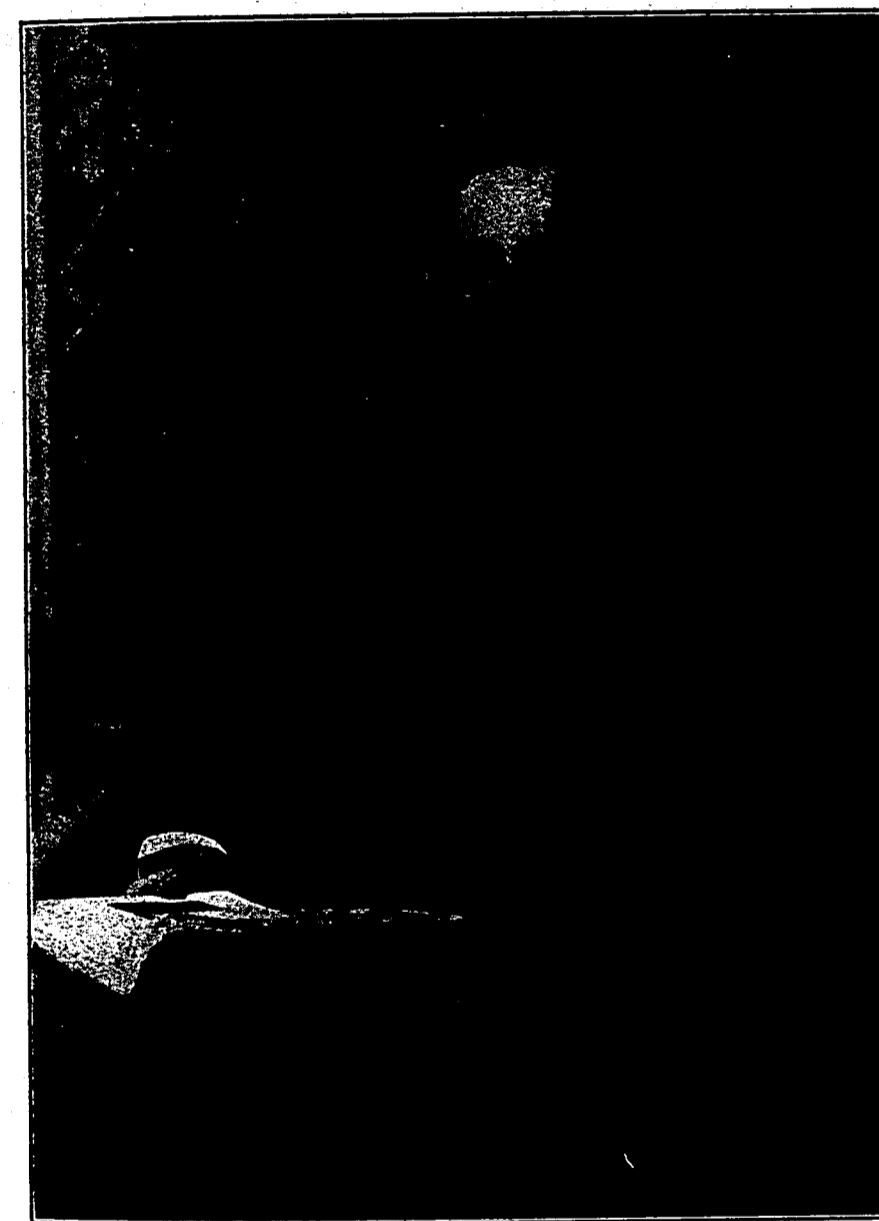
Rejoice and sing, for God is good,  
He plans our way.  
When grosser hearts misunderstood  
He smiled,—You may.

Clinton, Wis.

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentleness: whilst others, it may be much less gifted, make their way and achieve success by simple, patient equanimity and self-control.—*Samuel Smiles.*

### THE REV. JAMES F. SHAW

The Rev. James F. Shaw was born in Walker County, Ga., on what afterwards became the battle field of Chickamauga, on February 26, 1845, and passed away at his home in Fouke, Ark., April 13, 1918, being a little over seventy-three years of age. His parents, William Patterson Shaw and Rhoda Hardin Shaw, were believers in education and did all that they could to help their son, who was not strong physically, to obtain an education. Thus the weak boy became the home of a strong mind.



At the age of seventeen Mr. Shaw began teaching school but after spending about a year at this work he felt the call of the South and joined a company of Confederate cavalry. Two years later he was discharged on account of sickness. Returning home he took up work as a minister in the Missionary Baptist Church. During the next few years Elder Shaw served as a teacher, minister and newspaper editor in Alabama, Tennessee, and Arkansas.

In the fall of 1875 Elder Shaw organized at Arkadelphia, Ark., the Ouachita Baptist

High School. In 1887 he moved to Texarkana and organized the First Baptist church there. Later on he became editor of the *Daily Visitor*, the first daily paper in Texarkana; but he was obliged to discontinue this work because he would not print advertisements of liquor in his paper. In 1882 he organized the College Hill High School near Texarkana.

In 1884 Elder Shaw accepted the Sabbath truth as a result of reading the *Sabbath Outlook*. Since that time he has been identified with the work of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination, doing general missionary, paper and tract work. For some years he published a paper called the *Sabbath Outpost*. In 1889 he founded the town of Fouke as a Seventh Day Baptist colony. Since then he has been prominent in the religious and civil life of the community. As missionary under the auspices of the Missionary Board he was influential in bringing a number to the Sabbath and assisted in organizing several Seventh Day Baptist churches. He also led in organizing the Southwestern Association.

Mr. Shaw was married on November 23, 1862, to Samantha A. Masser. To them six children were born,—two sons and four daughters. Mrs. Shaw died on June 13, 1908. On September 29, 1912, Mr. Shaw married Mrs. Lizzie M. Turner, who is still living. Elder Shaw is survived by two sons, three daughters, four sisters and seven brothers.

Elder Shaw was a man of strong personality and kindly disposition and was much loved by his many friends. He had a strong faith in God and when the time came for him to leave this world, where he had suffered so much pain, he was ready and willing to go. He has met his Pilot face to face.

A large number of friends and relatives gathered at the church on Sunday, April 14, to pay their last respects to this truly great man. The sermon was preached by Pastor Babcock from the text, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." After this, other ministers of Fouke paid strong tributes to the character and influence of

Brother Shaw. The body was placed at rest in the Fouke Cemetery.

His earthly life is ended, but its influence will go on and on through all eternity, making the world a better, nobler place.

FRED I. BABCOCK.

### HOME NEWS

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Pardon the Battle Creek reporter if he (or she?) comes too often to the Home News department. We are not more worthy of notice than others. But we are still here and trying to do our bit in the great spiritual warfare, as well as in loyalty to our country. Probably Battle Creek has more patriotic demonstrations than any other city of its size in the country and more prominent speakers and works, owing to the special visits of such to this city, and owing in part to having the healthiest cantonment in the country. Our church unites in the loyal support of all these demonstrations. We are glad also to report that the Seventh Day Adventist Tabernacle is always open for any public meetings of this kind and some are held there. It is probably the most commodious auditorium in the city for public meetings. Many are held in the Sanitarium chapel and gymnasium. It would not be well to occupy space in telling of the multitude of speeches, movies, and demonstrations held in the Sanitarium.

The church is again suffering the loss of members, from death, removal, and other causes. Just now we miss our Elder Branch, who has endeared himself to us all by his faithfulness and kind spirit, and some of his good sermons and prayer meeting leadings. But we are so glad he goes to a wider field of influence for himself, into a pastorate where he can use his gifts in the advancement of the cause of truth. No doubt the RECORDER will hear from him in some way later on. A farewell reception was held for him the evening of April 22. Impromptu speeches were made by Dr. Johanson, Brother D. Bottoms, H. D. Clarke and G. W. Lewis. Elder H. N. Jordan in a neat little speech presented to Elder and Mrs. Branch in behalf of their friends some nice table linen, and feeling response was made by the recipients. C. H. Siedhoff, late of the 340th Infantry, furnished the music.

Our pastor returned from Florida after a few weeks' vacation but was obliged to go to the Sanitarium for an operation from which he is slowly recovering, it being of a more serious nature than was supposed. The pastor of the Maple Street Methodist church is supplying our pulpit during the sickness of Pastor Kelly.

REPORTER.

### HONOR TO WHOM HONOR

DEAR EDITOR: These are days when we all want to stand by our soldiers in what is right. Was it not just a little unkind for some to infer that our Adventist boys in khaki were posing as tin heroes and were wonderfully goody-goody boys that wouldn't work on the Sabbath even in the army? and advertising themselves, or to that effect? I want to defend these boys though not of my denomination. They have not advertised themselves. A newspaper reporter did that and it was a good advertisement, worth recording. We have no evidence that they supposed they were heroes of the tin hero kind. They did not even say they would not work on the Sabbath in the army. They will obey the military laws. But—in a good spirit they asked for certain exemptions and because of their honesty and good spirit they got what they asked for. Was not that right? Was it not worthy a hero? Were they not conscientious and is not some conscience worth honor these days? Let us honor them and not ridicule their good deeds and attitude toward army life. I ask this vindication of the acts of these soldiers. We need more of them. When they are in the trenches in France God will help them to do their duty, and *they will do it.*

H. D. CLARKE.

*Battle Creek, Mich.*

It is now beyond denial that German agents have been industriously at work for years past in the malign campaign of falsehood and treachery which has made the German name a hiss and a byword wherever frank and honorable ideals of statesmanship and diplomacy are cherished. Germany has had everything to gain from a successful effort to estrange the United States and Japan. In both countries the work of German emissaries has been incessant.—*Sidney L. Gulick.*

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### THE DANGER OF A DRIFTING SOUL\*

REV. GEORGE B. SHAW

Text: *Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.* Hebrews 2: 1.

The text today is Hebrews 2: 1, and for reasons that will be evident I shall give it in the seven most important English versions, beginning with the Revised Version and passing backwards to Wicliffe's translation of 1380.

Hebrews 2: 1, Revised Version.—“Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest we drift away from them.”

The Common or Authorized Version of 1611.—“Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.”

Rheims Bible of 1582.—“Therefore more abundantly ought we to observe those things which we have heard, lest perchance we run out.”

The Genevan Bible of 1557.—“Therefore we ought to diligently give heed to the things that we have heard, lest at any time we should not keep them.”

Cranmer's Translation of 1539.—“Therefore we ought to give the more heed to the things that are spoken unto us, lest at any time we perish.”

Tyndale, 1534.—“Wherefore we ought to give the more heed to the things we have heard, lest we perish.”

Wicliffe, 1380.—“Therefore more plenteously it bihoueth us to keep tho thingis that we have herd, leest paroueventure we fleten aweie.”

It is evident from the variety of renderings of the last part of this text that the original must be either figurative or ambiguous, and in fact, it is both.

Notice again, as I repeat the clause in question, “Drift away from them” was the best light that the revisers could give. “Let them slip,” of the Common Version, may be the same meaning, but the form is quite

\*Taken from “Pulpit Gleanings.” Recorder Press, Plainfield, N. J., 1904.

different and the figure is the exact opposite. One says, “Letting them slip from us,” and the other, that we are “drifting away from them.” The Rheims Bible, which was the third quoted, translates the same term as “Lest we run out,” the figure being of the loss of water from a leaky vessel. We ought to be careful of what we have heard, lest it leak out, or we leak out. This reading you will find in the margin of your King James' Bible. The Genevan translation, “Lest we should not keep them,” is evidently an interpretation; the difficulty of giving an accurate rendering of the Greek word is avoided by making an interpretation rather than a translation. Both Cranmer and Tyndale give an entirely different meaning when they say, “Lest we perish.” Last of all, we have the translation of Wicliffe, “Lest we flee away.” This you observe is very like the Revised Version, “Lest we drift away from them.”

The Greek word is certainly capable of several meanings. It may mean stumble or fall, hence Cranmer and Tyndale say: “Lest we perish.” It may also mean to run out of the mind, as liquid from a leaky vessel—hence to forget. It may also mean slip or flow or drift.

I do not profess to be a scholar in English, much less in Greek, and I will not venture a translation; but will suggest that the author may have had in mind something like this, which of course is not a translation, unless the mind and life be held closely to the words which God had spoken, we will drift away from them and from the salvation which they promise. Thus the thought in the author's mind, and the thought which I wish you to keep in mind today is, “The danger of a drifting soul.” “Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them.”

Those who deliberately renounce their divine hope are very few—very few indeed; but those made shipwreck of their faith by gradually—very gradually—getting farther and farther away, these are very many.

The book of Hebrews was written to those who had heard the words of God in the call of salvation, but who were in danger of drifting away from them. I am not speaking to those who have heard the Word, who have responded to the Savior's

voice when it said, "Follow me," but to those who, with all the church, are in danger of drifting away. The Christian who is in open conflict with evil is in little danger. With all the armor on for his defense, and with the "sword of the Spirit" in his hand, he is following the conquering leader—crowding close to Immanuel's banner.

So it is that the sea of life may be very tempestuous—the waves high and the winds contrary. Storms may rage about the Christian ships, but rocks and shoals and waves have no terror when Jesus is at the helm and on the wave, and when the anchor of hope is already fastened within the vale. The real danger comes when we lie down in fancied security without anchor or purpose, and drift. A drifting soul is in perpetual danger of eternal loss.

How did the church become so far removed from the pure truth or New Testament Christianity? It drifted away. How do young men and women get from the church of Christ into the world? How do older men and women lose their hold upon God and upon his truth? By not following the injunction of the text to give careful heed to the words spoken they drift away. Did any of you ever know a man to call his wife and children about him and suggest to them that they all give up prayer; that they were too busy to take the time for family prayer; that the breakfast would get cold if they paused to say thank you to the kind Father who gave it all? Do you know a man who wrote in his diary the statement that he proposed to ignore God? On the other hand, do you know a man who is drifting away from prayer? How are the family altars broken down! Oh, Father, forgive us for drifting away from them, and help us to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation.

Men have given up the Sabbath. They are not within the reach of my voice; but the same influences that caused them to drift away are about you. The liability to drift is the most powerful and subtle of all dangers. Those who lie in their hammocks when they ought to be in the house of God may not know that they lie to the Holy Spirit; but they must know that they are drifting away. Those who care more for clubs than for Christ, who trample the Lord of the Sabbath under their heels—they may not know that they are crucifying the Sav-

ior afresh, but they ought to know that they are drifting away. Those who unconsciously are putting money and position above and before character do not know that they are putting the Lord to an open shame; but they can not be so blind as not to see that they are drifting away. O neglect, thou enemy of the souls of men!—thou recruiting officer of hell! Wouldst thou deceive us also?

"The tide is flowing out, and we upon its bosom borne, are drifting to the sea. Drifting toward the portals of the boundless sea, past all mortal vision, to eternity. Drifting nearer, nearer to the sea of eternity."

"The tide is flowing out, and some upon its bosom borne, are drifting to the sea. Drifting out to darkness, far from love and light; where the storms are raging into endless night. Drifting nearer, nearer to the sea of eternity."

The sad fact of drifting away is possible, because men are not always anchored to Christ when they are brought to him. The most perplexing and heart-breaking thing that comes to an evangelist or pastor is not the knowledge that men deliberately reject the call of God to repentance, but it is that those who have come with joy to obey the words of God may be found drifting constantly farther and farther away from them.

Whenever any one accepts Christ he ought to be made to understand that the "new birth" is the beginning of a new life of glorious struggle, and that "saving grace" must be supplemented by "keeping grace," if we may make a distinction where there is really none. That every one who would be kept from drifting away must be securely tied up to Jesus Christ. He must be built upon a firm foundation: must be near the source of power. How is this to be done? Next to the supernatural presence of the Holy Spirit will be the influence of Christian service. He who is doing the work of Christ will not drift. Constant, aggressive service for Christ and the church will be an anchor to the soul.

It would be folly for us to ignore the fact that we are living in the midst of powerful adverse influences with treacherous undercurrents that tend to carry us away from the Savior. The commercial and pleasure-loving age in which we live is a very vortex of conflicting currents, whose general trend, it seems, is away from the

Bible, the Sabbath and all the truth of God. But I am not preaching to the world, nor yet to the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination. I am but saying to a company of my Christian friends that in view of all these things we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things spoken, lest by chance any of us drift away. We are not a drifting people—no. This is not a drifting church. From my heart I thank God today for the splendid "staying qualities" which you exhibit. But the importance of being on our guard is very manifest. Some are drifting, and that unconsciously, which is all the more dangerous. How important that we look often to the compass, examine the charts and communicate with the captain. The movement of the solar system through space is detected and its direction indicated by observations on distant stars taken from year to year, and from generation to generation. So it may be that our religious drift is so gradual that we can not perceive it at all, but this fact only renders it the more dangerous. Safety lies only in having life within, for dead fish will not go up stream, and hidden rocks and shoals, very Niagaras, await the careless, drifting Christian.

The direction of this dangerous drift it is not difficult to know. It is away from spiritual life, from prayer, from the Bible, from the Sabbath, from the church, from a clean, unselfish life.

One of the most dangerous undercurrents that we have to contend with is that subtle influence that we call worldliness. Do not misunderstand me to accuse any of being worldly. I only wish to call attention to the fact that the Lord Jesus did not pray that his disciples should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil. We are in the world. All about us are the soul-destroying influences of evil. The struggle is not to get out of the world, but it is to keep the world out of us. Practically, the only way to keep the world out of us is by having our hearts and minds full of that which is good.

Would it not be well to take observations from time to time to see just where we are and what the direction of our course is? A sailor would not spend his whole time taking observations, and yet he would not go on long without finding his bearings. Just what direction and distance are we to-

day, as individuals I mean, from the Bible, from the Sabbath, from prayer, from the church, from Jesus Christ, and from the Eternal Father? Compare your position and distance with that of one year ago, or ten years ago. Have we drawn nearer or have we drifted away? If we could find that our position is somewhat changed, remember that the "Rock of Ages" has not drifted; that the lighthouse and the eternal headlands have not floated across the harbor, but that we may have become turned about when we removed our eyes from them. Take, for example, a single landmark in Christian experience. Take the one to which reference has already been made—your attitude toward prayer. Let us hope that prayer is ever becoming more real and necessary to us. But is it so? It is not necessary to exert oneself to break the habit of prayer, for the stubborn, independent human heart will easily drift away. The exhortation of the apostle in the text is of great practical importance to us. We can not be too watchful, for to say that we are drifting away from the teaching of these words of God is to say that we are drifting away from God and from the salvation that he offers to all.

A drifting soul is not only in great danger itself, but it imperils the life of many another voyager on the sea of life. I am told that a sailor is in especial fear of a derelict. A derelict is a deserted, old, dead hulk of some ship that has been abandoned at sea, and which is still floating about. Rocks and shoals may be mapped and indicated, so that the careful pilot may avoid them, but the master of a ship can never tell when one of these aimless wanderers will cross his path. The danger from a derelict is that its light has gone out, its signals are silenced, and that it changes its location with every change of wind and current. A drifting Christian, without light or purpose, may cause the loss of many another. May God save every one of us from this unspeakable calamity, for Jesus says of him who would cause one of the little ones who believe in him to stumble, that it were better for that one that a millstone were tied to his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. It may be one in your family—wife or husband, or parent or child—or it may be a friend or neighbor, or perchance an entire stranger.

The oceans that separate the continents have but few of these dreaded derelicts; but the sea of life is dotted with drifting Christians, whose light has gone out and who go on, borne this way and that by every changing wind and current without anchor or compass or purpose. They are drifting, possibly unconsciously, farther from the cause of right and duty—farther from heaven and eternal rest—nearer and nearer to the rapids where return will no longer be possible, and to the whirlpool where loss will be irreparable and eternal.

"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them."

What is the meaning of the words, "The things that were heard?" The connection of the text leaves no doubt about that. The Hebrew Christians were in danger of drifting away from the simple gospel of salvation, which was spoken through the Lord and confirmed unto them by those who heard him. That from which these early Christians were in danger of drifting corresponds exactly to the Bible in its relation to us. It is the Word of God which we have heard. We are not beyond the danger of drifting from the Bible. We live in a drifting age; the church is getting away from the Bible, and we shall not escape the blighting influence. The very air we breathe is thick with disregard for the law of God. Seventh Day Baptist doctrine and the Bible stand or fall together. The Bible will stand. The word of God faileth not. The Seventh Day Baptist Denomination may or may not abide because, as individuals, we may or may not heed the injunctions of this text. The opportunities that are before this generation of Seventh Day Baptists are wonderful,—wonderful opportunities to develop the highest and best types of Christian manhood and womanhood; opportunities to bring forth and exhibit the keenest perception and the most stalwart courage. The times demand men and women who are conscientious and courageous. Young men, will you drift—backward and downward—or will you come quickly to the help of the Lord against the mighty?

No one of us would entertain for a moment the thought of deliberately turning our backs upon the Law of God or the Book of his Word. We would not crucify again the Lord from heaven or trample upon the

Sabbath of Jehovah,—sooner than that let my right hand forget her cunning, and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; and yet it is so easy to let go and drift away. The remedy for all this is to keep close to Jesus. Are any drifting in the Sabbath-school, or the Christian Endeavor society, or the prayer meetings, or in the home religious life? Where are the soul-winners? Will you go today or tomorrow, it may be, to those who are not here today, and taking them by the hand in love, repeat this text to them?

God is love and light and strength; and his eternal truth will triumph. Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess his name. There is no occasion for discouragement; but there is great need of watchfulness. Victory will certainly come to every faithful disciple. Then keep the lights and the fires burning. The Bible is our chart, heaven is our haven, hope is our anchor; Jesus the pilot and governor of our ship. Is not the reward worth all the struggle? Is not the victory well worth all the conflict? "Let us not be asleep as many, but awake to righteousness that we sin not." "Wherefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them."

"The tide is flowing out, but hark! upon its bosom borne, a voice floats o'er the sea.  
'Tis the Savior calling to his sheltering breast;  
Come to me, ye weary; I will give you rest.  
Drifting nearer, nearer to the sea of eternity."

#### Sabbath School.—Lesson XX, May 18, 1918

JESUS EXERCISING KINGLY AUTHORITY. Mark 11: 1-33

*Golden Text.*—All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Matt. 28: 18.

#### DAILY READINGS

May 12—Mark 11: 1-11. The Triumphal Entry  
May 13—Mark 11: 12-26. Jesus Exercising Kingly Authority

May 14—Mark 11: 27-33. Opposers Silenced  
May 15—John 2: 13-22. First Cleansing of the Temple

May 16—Ps. 45: 1-11. Christ's Kingliness  
May 17—Zech. 9: 9-17. The Coming of the King  
May 18—1 Cor. 3: 16-23. God's Temples

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

I am a man of peace. God knows how I love peace; but I hope I shall never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for peace.  
—Kossuth.

## DEATHS

PETTIBONE.—Harriet Clair Pettibone, daughter of Lee and Lois Greene Clair, was born in the town of Alfred, December 19, 1837, and died at the home of her grandson, Bernard Pettibone, of Alfred Station, March 24, 1918, aged 80 years, 3 months, and 6 days.

She was the oldest of a family of sixteen children,—five sisters and one brother, also five half sisters and four half brothers. Her parents came from Berlin, N. Y., and made their home in East Valley. Here she was born and lived, to the age of twenty. She was married to Jonathan Pettibone, December 3, 1857, and they began life together on their farm home in the town of Hartsville. There they lived a happy and useful life together for fifty years, until her husband was called home. To them four children were born,—Fred, who died in 1894. Frank, whose home is at Mt. Clemons, Mich., Francis and Ford, who died in infancy.

Mrs. Pettibone confessed Christ and united with the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred when she was fourteen years old. When she moved with her husband to the town of Hartsville she transferred her membership to the Hartsville Church and continued a loyal member, active in the church, Sabbath school and Ladies' Aid society. She has been a continued sufferer for some years. The last two years were spent with her grandson, Bernard Pettibone, where she was tenderly cared for. She was a woman of splendid Christian spirit, and bore her afflictions with much fortitude, always meeting you with a smile. She leaves one son and two sisters,—Mrs. W. H. H. Keller, of Alfred Station, Mrs. Delia Hardy, of Andover; and one brother,—David Clair, of Steuben County; also three half sisters and two half brothers,—Mrs. Walter Ormsby, Mrs. Charles Austin and Leonard Clair, of Alfred Station, Mrs. Alice Vance, of Oklahoma, and William Clair, of Nile.

The funeral was held in the Second Alfred church at two o'clock Wednesday, March 27, Rev. Ira S. Goff officiating. Interment in the Alfred Rural Cemetery. I. S. G.

DAVIS.—Merrill Conger Davis was born at Verona, N. Y., July 24, 1895. He was the third of five children born to Ora J. and Anna C. Davis. On April 11, 1918, he was stricken with pneumonia and died at Nichols Hospital in Battle Creek, April 16, 1918.

He is survived by his mother, two brothers, Cecil M. and J. Allen, and one sister, Cerena. It was less than one year since death had entered this home and had taken the loved husband and father, who passed away May 3, 1917.

In his boyhood, Merrill accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior and was baptized by his pastor, Rev. Alva L. Davis, into the fellowship of the Seventh Day Baptist church at Verona, N. Y. Later on he transferred his membership to the church of his faith at Battle Creek, Mich.

Merrill was a genial young man who readily found a welcome place in the company of young people. There will be a vacant chair in the Baraca class of the Sabbath school; an absent one from the ranks of the society of Christian Endeavor, of which he was an active member.

Farewell services were held at his late home and at the Seventh Day Adventist Tabernacle in Battle Creek on April 18, 1918, and the remains were taken to Verona, N. Y., for burial. Rev. G. C. Tenney offered prayer at the house, and because of the illness of Pastor Kelly, Rev. Henry N. Jordan, assisted by Rev. G. C. Tenney and Rev. L. J. Branch, conducted the services at the Tabernacle. Pastor William M. Simpson conducted farewell services at the Seventh Day Baptist church in Verona. The family and friends are especially grateful to the Seventh Day Adventist brethren for their sympathetic courtesy in offering the use of their church.

H. N. J.

PERCIVILL.—Miss Hannah Percivill was born in Oswego County, N. Y., February 14, 1833.

She with her parents moved to Kalamazoo County, Mich., when she was but sixteen years old. In the year 1850, she was united in marriage to Job Dunham. After their marriage they took up their residence in the township of Hartford, Van Buren Co., Mich. Unto this union were born nine children,—two boys and seven girls. The boys both died, one while quite young and the other at the age of about fifty-five. Three of the girls also died. In the year 1873, the husband died, leaving her alone with three small children. In 1880, she was united in marriage to Mr. T. B. Drake, who died several years ago. After his death she made her home with her children, spending most of the time with Helen Sternaman.

When about thirty years old she embraced the doctrine of the Seventh Day Sabbath and believed in the soon coming of the Lord. It was her greatest pleasure to talk of the promises left to God's children. She died in full hope of reward at the resurrection of the just. She leaves to mourn her loss four girls and their husbands, twenty-seven grandchildren, forty great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

Sister Drake was eighty-six years old when she died, and had been a Sabbath-keeper for about fifty-six years.

Words of comfort were spoken by the writer from 1 Corinthians 15: 12, after which we laid our dear sister away to rest. But we do not sorrow as those who have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and arose again, even so they also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him at his coming.

J. C. B.

WILLIAMS.—Leland K. Williams was born at Verona, N. Y., October 4, 1840, and died at his home in Adams Center, April 23, 1918.

He was the son of Joseph and Margaret Saunders Williams. On December 9, 1861, he was married to Martha E. Blakeman, of Albany County. To this union three children were born. The oldest, a son, died in his infancy. Mrs.



# The Sabbath Recorder

Williams passed to the life beyond a little more than eight years ago. The earlier years of their married life were spent in Lewis County. In the spring of 1885, they purchased a farm near Adams Center. There he lived until about twenty years ago when he moved to Adams Center, where he has since lived. He made his home with his daughter, Miss Margaret Williams. For several years his health had been poor, and for the past few months he had been seriously ill.

In early years he professed Christ and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church, having been a member for more than sixty years. While living in Lewis County he was a member of the Watson Church, which is now extinct.

He is survived by one brother, Joseph Williams, a daughter, Margaret, and a son, Frank, all of Adams Center.

Funeral services were held in his home, conducted by his pastor, and he was laid to rest in the Union Cemetery.

A. C. E.

## RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY

WHEREAS, Our heavenly Father has seen fit to take from us our friend, Merrill C. Davis, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That while we deeply mourn his departure, we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well; and are consoled by the assurance that our great loss is his eternal gain, and be it

*Resolved*, That the Seventh Day Baptist Christian Endeavor Society of Battle Creek, Mich., mourning the loss of a loyal and beloved member hereby extends to his sorrowing family, his loved one, and his friends, its deepest sympathy and its prayers that the heavenly Father will comfort them.

"I can not say, and I will not say  
That he is dead, he is just away.  
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand  
He has wandered into an unknown land."

Finally, be it

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the members of the family and Arlene McNeil; and that they be placed on the records of the society and published in the SABBATH RECORDER.

In behalf of the Battle Creek (Mich.) Seventh Day Baptist Christian Endeavor Society.

EMMA TAPPAN,  
IVAN TAPPAN,  
MARGUERITE SAUNDERS,  
LEE TYRRELL,  
RUBY BABCOCK.

Committee.

Training for citizenship can not begin too early according to the United States Commissioner of Education, who for months has been issuing, in co-operation with the National Kindergarten Association the series of articles which this paper is printing, to provide better training for little ones in the home.

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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## THE SECOND MILE

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile go with him twain." Matthew 5: 41.

Stern Duty said, "Go walk a mile  
And help thy brother bear his load."  
I walked reluctant, but, meanwhile,  
My heart grew soft with help bestowed.

Then Love said, "Go another mile."  
I went, and Duty spake no more.  
But Love arose and with a smile  
Took all the burden that I bore.

'Tis ever thus when Duty calls;  
If we spring quickly to obey,  
Love comes, and whatsoe'er befalls,  
We're glad to help another day.

The second mile we walk with joy;  
Heaven's peace goes with us on the road,  
So let us all our powers employ  
To help our brother bear life's load.

—Stephen Moore.

## 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—A general blacksmith and horse-shoer. Inquire at once of L. A. Van Horn, Welton, Iowa. 4-8-5w.

## LETTERS FROM HOME

Alice Annette Larkin

If you and I were soldier lads or sailor boys in blue,  
In training camp or land remote, where all was strangely new,  
I wonder in the lonely hours, the time when thoughts will roam,  
How much we'd give for just a note, a friendly word from home—  
A message bright, a jolly joke, a bit of news to cheer,  
With not a hint of anything to make a moment drear.  
I wonder if from gloomy trench or battleship at night,  
We wouldn't long to telegraph this one request, "Please write!"

If you and I were sailor lads or soldier boys in brown,  
On ship of war, in training camp or some queer foreign town,  
I wonder if there'd come to us in moments dark with fear  
A message from some one at home—a message fraught with cheer—  
No gloomy word, but glad some, brave, no hint of worried mind,  
A glimpse of friends about the hearth, a bit of gossip kind,  
Or would we wait with aching hearts the stern command to fight,  
And vainly long to telegraph this one request, "Please write!"

If you and I were soldier lads and home was far away,  
If you and I were sailor boys afloat both night and day,  
I wonder in the hours of pain if we would miss the touch  
Of hands that long had toiled for us, if we would miss it much.  
A tender word, a soothing stroke, a look on some loved face,  
What treasures these to think about away in strange, lone place.  
I wonder if somewhere a lad in camp or trench tonight  
Is wishing he could telegraph this one request, "Please write!"

A letter seems a little thing, but we may never know  
The value of the written page to those who need it so—  
Your soldier boy in khaki brown, your sailor lad in blue,  
The boy across the street from me, the one next door to you;  
The lad who marched away last week, the one who counts the days,  
Till peace on earth shall come again and mourning turn to praise—  
Not one of these must we forget, these lads who bravely fight,  
And from some trench or camp or ship would telegraph, "Please write!"