

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

Advertising rates furnished on request.

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.

The Sabbath Recorder

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!"

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next session to be held at Nortonville, Kansas, August 22-27, 1918.
President—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Alva Davis, North Loup, Neb.
Treasurer—Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.
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Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited. Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem, Milton, and Alfred. The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests.

The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 13, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,819

Importance of Spirituality Paul wrote, "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." He placed spirituality over against the carnal or fleshly nature, and taught that spiritual life is the life of Christ in the soul. It pertains to the activities of the spirit rather than to those of the outward or physical man.

Everybody admits that Christians should be spiritually minded. This is everything. We can not see how one can be a Christian otherwise. It is this that gives men power with God, and makes their lives effective in winning others to Christ. It is this that shines through our outward activities and convinces those about us that we have been with Jesus and imbibed his spirit. Without this our efforts will avail nothing, however much we may strive to act like Christians. It is the spirit in which our work is done that settles the question of our usefulness. It is this spirit of our Master, recognizing the inner and abiding values of men, and entering into loving and sacrificial service to save them, that makes one godlike. Many a man has lost his power for good, even though no real fault can be found with his outward acts, simply because his inner or heart life disproves the good word or deed, showing him to be unspiritual, to be following the letter only, rather than led by those gracious impulses that only the close life with God can foster.

What Is Spiritual Work? A minister took the position that he could not

speak upon matters pertaining to the war because he was "keeping his pulpit for spiritual purposes." Another could not count Red Cross efforts as church work because, as he said, "Such work is not spiritual." It is not uncommon to find Christians looking askance at Y. M. C. A., Boy Scout, and W. C. T. U. work because these are not regarded by them as spiritual lines of endeavor.

In spite of the fact that these institutions have won the hearts of the people by doing the Master's work in teaching and uplifting men, there are still those to whom

these activities appear so entirely separate from the work of the church as to be considered secular, unspiritual.

The questions to be settled are, What is it to be spiritual? What is spiritual work? Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount, and also fed the multitudes. In the latter case did he do unspiritual work? He ministered to the physical wants of his followers, made wine for wedding guests, and went about doing good. Can you think of his doing anything but spiritual work? The minister is doing spiritual work when preparing his sermon. What kind of work is he doing when on the committee having the welfare of the community in hand?

After all, is it not the person to which spirituality belongs rather than the work? The *spirit* in which work is done is the real test of spirituality. I know a merchant who does his business as a spiritual man and every one can see it. A minister may preach a sermon in an unspiritual manner, and thus spoil what would otherwise be an excellent and helpful message; and the lowest official in the church may perform his duties in a way to indicate high spirituality. The church can make its institutional work as spiritual as any if its members themselves are truly spiritual. When spirituality is strong in the man, all his work will be made to minister to the spiritual. The one thing most needed in the church, then, is a spirituality that moves its members to labor in any line of service by which they may safeguard and strengthen a godly life in others.

Apply This Principle To the Home Life Parents can not be too careful, lest in striving to promote the worldly interests of their children they injure the spiritual.

Spiritual life is the principal thing to be fostered and built up by our religion. If in the home life those who profess to believe religion all-important go on year after year making it subordinate to almost everything else, exalting educational accomplishments, lucrative positions, selfish friendships,

worldly aggrandizement, rather than loyalty to God and spiritual attainments, they must be sinning against their children. The atmosphere of a worldly home can not be exalted to produce strong spiritual life in those who must breathe it for years.

Spiritual atrophy and disease must be the result. If any signs of bodily infection show themselves in the home, parents are filled with alarm and do all they can to ward off the evil. But spiritual danger is often less thought of, and seeds of infection are carelessly sown regardless of the harvest sure to come.

Thus it is that many families go off into utter worldliness, lost not only to vital religion, but often to the strength of character and steadfastness of purpose so essential to good positions in life. In this way both worlds slip from the grasp, and after a miserable attempt to gain the glittering things of earth, the bitter waters of disappointment sweep over the soul. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" is a precept that can never be improved, and he who forgets it or neglects to heed it makes a fatal blunder, the results of which must affect him, in the life that now is and in that which is to come.

Vital Questions as to Sabbath Training In Woman's Work of this RECORDER, "Contributor" tells of the influence of her early training upon her conduct now as to Sabbath-keeping. She thinks—"knows" that the impress and memory of the ideal home life in her childhood years have held her true to the Bible Sabbath. The story of that home life will recall similar experiences in the childhood of many RECORDER readers, and the lessons drawn from the changed conditions of today will cause some to ask, "Who will be the conscientious Sabbath-keepers of the future?"

Every loyal Seventh Day Baptist should be interested in this question. We do not see how such a one can be indifferent in view of the tendencies of the age as to keeping holy day. Are we drifting with the tides of worldliness toward holidayism and away from true Sabbathism? If so, why? What is the remedy?

The questions raised by "Contributor" are well worth attention, and we trust that

some of our loyal ones will be moved to answer them through the RECORDER.

We are glad to know that great interest has been awakened upon the matter of better Sabbath observance through the Sabbath institutes recently held by the field agent of the Sabbath Tract Society.

Care of Children The active part being **A Live Question** taken by the Government in the matter of better care for children gives an importance to the question which the country can ill afford to underestimate. The Children's Bureau is doing a great work. This is "Children's Year," and if the lives of 100,000 babies are to be saved before the year closes, thousands of mothers must give attention to government suggestions.

It is claimed that most of those dying yearly could be saved by proper care. This care, if effective, must begin before the child is born, and the Government offers to furnish instructions, both to individuals and to institutions, on matters of vital importance to mothers and prospective mothers in preparing and caring for the little ones. Pamphlets and booklets can be secured by addressing the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Good Food Worse Than Wasted The Strengthen America Campaign puts in telling blows against the liquor business, by showing how the booze industry blights where other industries build up and help the nation.

In the liquor business valuable raw material is made into a worse than useless commodity, while other industries convert even practically useless raw material into highly useful products. Whatever goes into liquor might be turned into food, but when the distillery and brewery are done with their raw material, there is nothing left but that which causes degradation and death.

It takes more capital to make the poison than it does to manufacture most of the useful articles for human sustenance and comfort.

Why should our nation license a business that has been clearly shown to be a damage to every other business; a business that shortens human life and ruins the character and efficiency of so many of our citizens?

Get Rid of Selfishness A private soldier on the firing line in France wrote to his friends at home as follows:

"Speed the building of ships; get behind the Liberty Loans. If your neighbor can not carry a gun, tell him to pray God to cast all selfishness out of his soul, and to give him the push to help us on the firing line. We are here to die for him and the rest of mankind, so get him out in the open to give us his best support."

With such a spirit pervading the rank and file of our army in France, and with such messages sent broadcast over our homeland, it is no wonder that the Third Liberty Loan went over the top and that 17,000,000 persons purchased bonds. This is seven million more than responded to the call for the first loan. The brave boys at the front will be greatly cheered by the backing given them in the homeland.

It will be a wonderful thing for our country if this war teaches men to cast all selfishness out of their souls, and, in the spirit of sacrifice for right and truth, to test the value of consecrated service for the good of the world. The spirit of sacrifice had been too nearly lost during years of prosperity, and this fearful crisis is opening men's hearts as they have never been opened before.

"Better Go Slow" These are the words of a good friend in a distant State who writes to Treasurer Hubbard, telling of his loyalty to the movement for a denominational building, although he thinks, in view of the uncertainty as to the outcome of the war, that we had "better go slow."

This is just what the board is doing. It proposes to go slow in regard to the building itself; but it has the far vision, and is planning for a future when better equipments for our work *must come* or we go to the wall. To this end the fund is being gathered, and we know of no way in which it can be done with so little strain as by the giving of Liberty Bonds.

Church Increase The Census Bureau reports show a total of 201 denominations at the close of 1916, which makes an increase of 13 in ten years. Of the 42,044,374 church members reported 37.4 per cent are Roman Catholics. This

makes 15,742,262 members of that church in America; 250,340 belong to the Greek and Russian churches; 359,998 are members of the Jewish Church; the remaining 25,691,774 are members of Protestant churches.

It looks as though the proportion of Catholics was very great, but it should be remembered that this church counts all infants and baptized small children, which are not counted by Protestants.

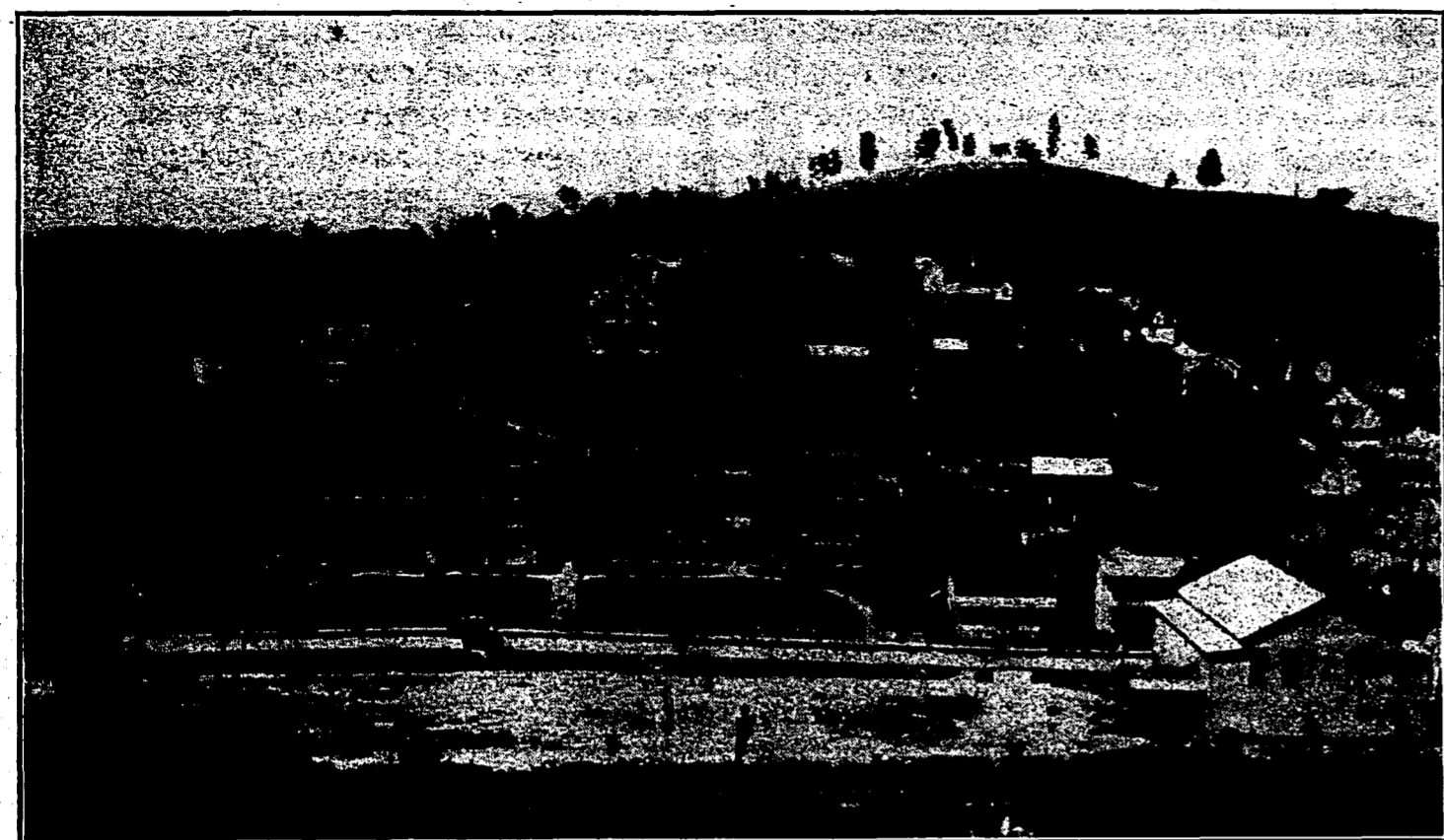
A New Serial We begin in this RECORDER a serial story by Rev. Herman D. Clarke, entitled "The Far Look, or Kon of Salem." We have not had time as yet to read it through, but it starts well. The first chapter gives promise of a story filled with truths which are all too much neglected, if not entirely unknown, by thousands of well-meaning people.

The effect of heredity and environment upon the well-being of the race, physically, morally, and intellectually; ambition for their coming offspring, and a desire to do the best things possible to ensure their fullest, highest development, lead a husband and wife to take the "far look" and to so plan and live that no taint of impurity or intemperance or ungodliness shall curse their descendants unto the third and fourth generation.

If this story shall prove as helpful to hundreds of our readers as did "The Great Test, or the Struggles and Triumphs of Lorna Selover," we shall be glad. Many were the testimonials of appreciation for that story. It is evident that an interesting story containing high ideals, and presenting neglected but important truths, is more effective—with many readers, more likely to be read—than tracts and booklets. We hope our RECORDER friends will appreciate the new story, which is freely offered by its author in the hope that it will be a blessing to many.

"If we allow our foodstuffs to be made into liquor, with what confidence can we come to the God of the harvest for the food which is essential for success in this war?"

Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable; the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one.—*Carlyle*.



SALEM COLLEGE CAMPUS

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

Introduction

KONRAD WELLS, the pioneer, was not an educated man of the schools, but he feared God, and realized the responsibilities of parenthood and also of being a citizen of his country. It came to him by the far look, that his influence extended on and on beyond the family he might rear, and that multitudes of people in other generations would in time be what they are through his labors and character. While they would not be responsible for his successes or failures he would be largely responsible for theirs. If the iniquities of the fathers were visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate God, might it not be true that the righteousness of the fathers would have much to do with the happiness and success of the children unto the third and fourth generation. This story will tell how he prepared a grandson for college and for a life of usefulness and happiness. It will show the influence of early religious instruction and of industry and frugality and family confidences. It will also show the ideals of a college founded and sustained by a self-denying and devoted people. Of course there will be a love story in connection with it.

Entwined around the tender chords of many hearts and the sweetest remembrances

of many lives is the word "home." How we love, all through our lives, to paint in memory the scenes about that dear old spot. We can never forget the happy faces that so many times greeted us with smiles. We will not forget the green fields, the pretty lawn, the woods, trees, flowers, that sported in our youthful days. When we are agitated with cares and troubles of life, the thought of the old home and its influences soothes our minds. There is character in one's birthplace, in the scenes about it, and the effect upon our dispositions and happiness is marked.

The author hopes that this story will make still dearer to the reader these scenes.

CHAPTER I

I HAVE had a vision, Eunice," said Konrad Wells, as he pushed back his chair from the supper table, and looked at his wife smiling.

"Well, what it is, Kon? You've been a dreamer ever since I knew you. Some new scheme for digging into the mountain to find what is there?" she replied, for Mr. Wells had often said he wished he knew what was inside old Markum.

"No, but I've been up on top the hill again and looked far to the north and south, and it was so grand today that I sat on the old 'Projector' and had some serious thinking. Now you'll laugh, but this is my vis-

ion: we are to prepare our grandson for college."

"Sakes, Kon, what you talking about? Our grandson! and we have not yet a chick of our own. Seems to me you are counting chickens forty years before hatched." And she laughed heartily at such an absurdity.

"Yes, that's just it. Professor Kimball, of Christopher Academy, is a crank on poultry. He has the finest lot of layers in the State, and he says he is experimenting on hens and roosters and intends to have in ten years a brood that will take first premium at the World's Poultry Exposition, and he says he has begun ten years before the first chick of that brood is hatched. Now," said Mr. Wells, "if stockmen and poultrymen have such ideas as that for the betterment of poultry and cows, why should not this generation of human beings take a look ahead and begin to plan for a race that shall be intellectually and physically and morally ahead of anything we now dream of? It is not much thought of, I grant you, and that is just my vision."

"Then you think you can improve on the species! Your father and grandfather were mighty strong men physically and were not below any I ever knew in mental ability, though they had not the advantages of school, nor have you, Kon. I have to do your writing now, what little you do, and when it comes to figures neither one of us can boast much. Then, too, where is the college our people have for the future intellectual giant you plan on?"

Mr. and Mrs. Wells had become Seventh Day Baptists since moving to central New York and that denomination had no schools and none in prospect, though some of their leading men had agitated the question somewhat.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells were both excellent readers and spellers, if not much of scholars otherwise. Eunice Babcock had never been spelled down at a spelling school. And when Konrad Wells escorted her from the old-fashioned school house, he was proud to be the favored one to walk home with the victorious maiden, and the envy of all the rest of the boys.

They had been married nearly two years and had built them a log house on the hillside of one of Plainfield's stony farms. He had cleared off a few acres of hemlock and maple and beech, and was fairly well settled for a pioneer. He was something

of a hunter, and rabbits and foxes were plenty. This sport often took him over and around old Markum Mountain, which will be described later on. He had brought home two rabbits and a fox. He had dressed the rabbit for meat, and the skins were nailed to the log barn to tan. Hungry after such a chase, he was well served by Eunice who was an expert in making johnny-cake, baking Irish potatoes and preparing codfish gravy.

"Yes, Eunice, after such a supper as this I feel like planning for that grandson, and I want him named after his grandfather, Konrad Wells. I don't know why our folks began the name with K for we were not German. I prefer Conrad, but it would dishonor my parents to make the change, and one thing has been prominent in our families, obedience to the fifth commandment."

"Well, Kon, Markum is a good place to look off, and may be suggestive, but I fail to see ahead as far as you do. We may have to name our first-born Sarah after my mother, or Elizabeth after your grandmother. And then the name of Wells may perish from off the face of the earth," said Mrs. Wells with a jolly laugh.

"No Sarah in our family. Konrad or Conrad means 'bold in counsel, resolute.' Our grandson is to be that, and now is the time to educate him for college entrance. Don't you remember what we have been reading by some advanced thinkers? Of course they are laughed at, but I firmly believe that what takes place a hundred years before a child is born has much to do with his life and destiny. Our old family doctor is called a crank and too far ahead of his times, but I like to hear him tell what is yet to come in his profession. He said that he had conscientiously devoted himself for thirty years to *curing* diseases, but lately, after studying the sanitary conditions of so many homes, or rather the insanitary conditions, and seeing what he believes was responsible for the epidemics of smallpox, typhoid fever, and other diseases, he, too, has had a vision of the future. There has been, he said, inefficient health administration and great indifference of the people. There would yet come better conditions through agitation and education. Low environments, bad sewage, sinful disposal, as he called it, of garbage would be changed, and towns would be cleaner; parks would be planned for more outdoor play for chil-

dren and working people, rest-rooms in stores for customers, halls built for lectures which would be free to all, and the people would want to be taxed to pay doctors to lecture on how to keep well and prevent disease, and how to save the babies, and how to cook better foods, and how to keep better houses in better condition, and all that. Now very much of that you and I can start right in our little home. We will read more and study more for our benefit, and the benefit of our family when we have one, and we will try all the time to better our physical condition, though we are well and hearty now, and we will improve our evenings in order that we may have a mentality superior to what we have about us. And Eunice, we will commence now to cultivate a better religious habit and have such a frame of mind as will tell in our offspring, if there is anything in heredity and environment. See the point, dear wife? That is what I mean concerning the possibilities of the future. We are young and God will no doubt give us many years if we conserve our strength and obey the laws of our being, which are God's laws."

"Yes, Kon, I think I do see a little of the view you have," said Mrs. Wells. "But we'll have to begin to talk less of future financial success with a bank account, though I do not believe God wants us to let that fail. We will, with that, attend to the spiritual and intellectual side of life. We will make the environments of the home safe not only from the contagion of disease, but from the contagion of sin. Our back yards will after this be freed from weeds and rubbish, and our moral back yard will be a religious park. It's a far look, Kon, and few see it these days, but I'm with you for that grandson." And she filled a glass with pure spring water and said, "Here's to the health, and wealth, and eternal welfare of Konrad Wells, grandson of Kon and Eunice Wells, the man who goes to college, and lays a foundation for usefulness and the defense of the truth."

"That glass of water condemns me, Eunice. I would have gone to the barrel after some good cider for drinking to the health of any one. But do you know, I have had a thought about that lately. Bill Reynolds over to the Forks was found dead drunk on cider last week, and some one suggested that he sign the pledge. But Mark Simms scoffed and said, 'To Texas with

your pledge; a man ought to know when he has had enough and not sign away his liberty to indulge in a moderate use of such a delightful beverage.' It set me to thinking. I feel that we ought to be in advance of the times on that question and banish cider from our bill of fare. What say you, Eunice? Draw up a pledge and we will sign it for a good example and for the good of the grandson."

It was a new thought to the wife. Cider had been their daily beverage and with never a thought of harm, as they had never felt any particular effects from its use. But reason told them that if Bill Reynolds was what he was from cider, might not in time some of the Wells family be disgraced. Bill was once a bright man and a leader at general trainings and barn raisings, but now he was the laughing-stock of boys and men.

"I did not have that in view when I drank to the health of the future, Kon. It is all I had on the table just now. But I see a vision myself. Kon Wells the future, reeling over these hills, drunk on cider because his grandfather and father used it too freely. Now if that suits you, here's the pledge, and the future Kon will never have an excuse for drinking because we did. We'll write it plain, Kon, and we'll frame it and hang it on the wall for all our guests to see. But, Kon, they'll dub you 'Kon Wells the temperance crank.'" And she looked earnestly at her husband.

"I'm happy with you, Eunice, you're the picture of health and the queen of the hills. Plainfield shall know you as the most intellectual woman among pioneers, and the grandchildren shall rise up and call you blessed." And then he went out to do the chores of the evening.

Mr. Wells was naturally demonstrative. In his talk he was frank and honest, and in his affection for his wife he was never slow to show it by words and acts. This saved her a great deal of worry and made her very cheerful and hopeful, a condition conducive to health and also to the well-being of future children.

The present science of medicine and surgery was little known in those days and we can account for the health and strength of the people then from the simple life they led. Foods were plain and of the best though often a housewife was not the best of bread makers.

However, many diseases seemed to be on the increase, especially tuberculosis, fevers and smallpox. The germ theories had few advocates, if any, then, and the importance of sanitary measures was also little realized. It is no wonder that the community looked upon Mr. and Mrs. Wells as cranks and faddists, impracticables. But the community did have to acknowledge that they were neat and clean and healthy and seemed to be immune from much of the disease abroad in the land.

Drinking, the use of tobacco, tea and coffee so strong, these and other excesses were destroying many a brilliant mind and making unsteady many a strong hand. Eyes were growing weaker, and haphazard selection of glasses did not lessen that trouble. Teeth were beginning to decay faster. The old pioneers seldom knew what a toothbrush was and they lived the threescore and ten years with pearly teeth. But when foods began to be soft and mastication less, then the trouble began.

Other things being equal, the man living a well-balanced life, temperate in all things, cheerful and patient, lasts the longest. Mr. Wells quickly learned what it has taken a generation to find out from books and schools, that to overwork, overplay, overeat, oversleep, overdrink is death before life is half through. The doctor said he used often to be told, "You will not live out half your days," because he was always on a jump when a child and ate so fast and played so fast and did most things a boy does in excitement. It nearly proved true until he, too, became a crank on these subjects and began to "let his moderation be known." He blesses the memory of a father who was also far in advance of his times on these questions.

Often discussing these matters, the Wells family learned to maintain a standard of simple healthful diet in moderation, with a decreasing like for dead carcasses for food, and a better use of fruits and grains and vegetables; and they offset mental work, of which they did a great deal, with physical recreation in the form of play as well as work. Mr. Wells coined a motto which was "Be as honest with your body as you are with your business." With all this came peace of mind, contentment and they knew how to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

Always when he would read in family devotions the words, "What shall it pro-

fit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" he stopped to remark, "What profiteth a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his health and his mind and the joys of living?"

They did not often attend church services, as the roads were rough, the horses worked hard, the times forbade easy conveyance, and in this case somehow the "habit" had not been formed. But they read the Bible, offered honest simple prayers in faith, and retired at night with clear conscience and healthy body and mind. Truly they had commenced, years before the grandchild was born, to prepare him for the college they saw in their vision. Dr. Frank Crane had not spoken then, but Mr. Wells had caught the sentiment: "Humanity is incurably good. All it needs is a decent chance. Take as good care of your children as you do of your hogs and horses, if you want fine human stock. That means all children: none must be neglected." Miss Kate Bernard had not then written, but in his vision he saw that "the true wealth of the nation must be figured in terms of child life. Reforms and legislation for adults can be no more than remedial in effect." The public did not know it very well and it would have been considered very immodest for a doctor or lecturer to declaim against mothers submitting to uncontrolled passions of diseased and drinking husbands who claimed superior lordship over the bodies and souls of the weaker sex, thus weakening in every way their offspring. No such dangers threatened the prospective college student from the Wells family. Temperance, purity, activity, cheerfulness, morality, spirituality, resulting from the far look of Konrad Wells, was, indeed, the beginning of the successful career of "Kon of Salem," as he was to be called years later when pursuing college studies.

"Yes, Eunice, we have made a good beginning," Mr. Wells said to his wife a year later when she was singing a lullaby over a homemade cradle in the log house on the hillside in old Plainfield.

"He's a bouncer, Kon, and we will have to plow more land and build on an addition to our house if we raise this chick as we plan," she replied.

"When he is old enough, I'll take him up on old Markum and let him see the vision, Eunice. It's a good place for meditation and to see what a world we live in."

"Well, don't teach him to hunt, Kon, and get the military spirit also. He must be a man of peace, and his vision must be of a better race and the reign of the Prince of Peace. I want to make a minister of him. But we have no college yet."

Oh, how many others, if they are Christian mothers, think of the ministry for their boys. It may be all right, but still they have to learn that well-raised, healthy, normal, industrious, moral boys and girls will find their vocation independent of parents' wishes, and that if they commit their ways to the Lord, he will bring it to pass. Look to the health and education of the child as a foundation for his career and leave him to select that career when he has well built the foundation. He will be adapted to something honorable and will in most cases be a success. He will dream many and great dreams of future activities. He will from eight to fifteen years be in turn, a minister, a conductor, an engineer, a carpenter, a farmer and a teacher and many other great things. Let him or her have dreams. Do not oppose them, enter into the children's plans, and make them happy with the thought of success in whatever is honorable. In God's own good time he will lead them to see their adaptability to some work, that for which they are best fitted, and then they will enter it with ambition and purpose to honor God and parents in the life work. It may be consecrated farming, it may be consecrated lumber business, or housekeeping, or teaching, or preaching, or blacksmithing, something helpful and needful, something to bring the race up to a still higher plane of living.

"A preacher may be all right, and if the Lord calls him I shall not rebel, but, Eunice, we will leave all that to the future. The present concern is to make a true boy and man out of him, well-balanced, sincere, truthful, of industrious habits, economical, frugal, and all the rest of the virtues. Rock him to sleep. I must now milk those cows." and Konrad Wells went at his chores with a light heart and contented mind.

(To be continued)

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness or speaking a true word or making a friend.—*John Ruskin.*

ATTENTION, L. S. K'S

REV. G. M. COTTRELL

Well, how does that look? Kind o' familiar like? Been off the map some time, hasn't it? Now does it inspire zest and hope in your mind, or only a shrug as you see it?

Surely we have taken quite a vacation for the last year. What has been the effect, I wonder. Are we stronger for the rest? Have we sought new channels and methods of self-expression? Have we found profitable fields for individual or collective endeavor? Is our faith stronger or our arm or brighter? Has our loyalty to the cause and faith of our people been strengthened, or suffered a shock?

Shouldn't we sit down a moment at this time and take stock?

What in your opinion was the effect of the five years' organized Lone Sabbath-keepers' efforts? Has any other form of effort taken the place of this in your State the past year? Have you in mind any new mode of organization enlisting the L. S. K. service in the future that might be an improvement on the past? What are your personal opinions and desires in the matter? One thing is certain in these days of world upheaval, and awful carnage: when the nation is drafting its men and money for defense at the front, and conserving its food and all things material, we must also conserve our spiritual resources and see to it that our high ideals and religious life itself are not neglected, and allowed to fall prey to the gods of battle.

Conference! How about it? It is coming again soon—in August right here in the West—at Nortonville, Kan. Can't we at least have a big L. S. K. attendance? There ought to be a hundred to attend from these nearby States. And if we are able to make a demonstration of any kind, I am sure they would give us a little time and place on the program.

I am very busy and will be all summer, but I herewith invite *all L. S. K's* to write me a postal card stating whether you will attend Conference, and giving your opinions on the different questions raised in this letter. With a prayer for each of you, for your health and happiness, for your financial, domestic, and religious prosperity, and success, I am cordially your co-laborer and former servant.

Topeka, Kan., May 4, 1918.

SABBATH REFORM

WRESTING THE SCRIPTURES TO SUPPORT AN ERROR

ARTHUR L. MANOUS

On Easter Sunday, March 31, 1918, Bishop W. A. C——, one of the foremost ministers of one of the leading cities of the South, delivered a discourse on "The Christian Sabbath and the Resurrection of Christ." The said discourse was published in the *Atlantic (Ga.) Semi-Weekly Journal* of April 2, 1918, and is now before the writer.

Since it is not the preacher, but the *preaching* which the writer is reviewing no further data relative to the minister is given. This review is made in kindness and Christian love for the minister, but it is pointed out that the preaching contains errors and misapplications of the sacred Scriptures.

The burden of the discourse, of course, to prove that "the first day of the week," commonly called Sunday, is the "Christian Sabbath," or "Lord's Day." For proof of this the bishop begins by offering extracts credited to the "decrees of the Council of Nicaea, A. D. 325"; Constantine's edict "in the year A. D. 321"; Peter, bishop of Alexandria, "in the year A. D. 300"; "Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, in the year A. D. 253"; Tertullian, "A. D. 200"; "Justin Martyr, as far back as A. D. 140"; and "Pliny, the younger," "about A. D. 112." And finally he comes to the Bible where he ought to have started, and here quotes three texts which he would have us believe teach the institution and observance of the "first day of the week" as the Christian Sabbath or Lord's Day.

As these extracts from councils, decrees, edicts, and so-called Church Fathers, form no part of the Protestant rule of faith and practice,—*"The Bible and the Bible only,"*—but are often "contrary" to its plain teaching, and are as the "chaff" when compared with the pure wheat of the Word of God, they are passed by without further notice.

The bishop begins his quotations from the Bible with a text from the last book of the New Testament, and goes backwards, as he did with the quotations from the

councils, decrees, etc. His first text and all he has to say about it is as follows:

"In the New Testament we find unmistakable references to the observance of the 'Lord's day' in apostolic times. St. John, writing from the place of his exile to the 'Seven Churches of Asia,' without a word of comment or explanation, says, 'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.' Such an allusion would be unaccountable without assuming that the churches to whom he was writing were accustomed to the observance of the day."

By substituting one word only we can agree with the bishop's first sentence in this paragraph, viz: "In the New Testament we find unmistakable references to the observance of the *true* Lord's Day in apostolic times." The "Lord's day" with which John and the seven churches were acquainted was none other than the true Lord's Day of the Bible, *the seventh day* of the week. John, in Revelation 1: 10, does not use any word in connection with the "Lord's day" to designate which day of the week is the "Lord's day." This the bishop will admit. But all will agree that the day of which Christ is Lord is the "Lord's day." This being true Jesus himself says, "The Son of man is Lord even of the *sabbath* day" (Matt. 12: 8; Mark 2: 28). Therefore *the Sabbath Day* is the "Lord's Day" of Revelation 1: 10,—*"My holy day,"* saith the Lord (Isa. 58: 13).

But the Sabbath Day, the day of which Christ is Lord, is the "seventh day" of the week: "The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God" "according to the commandment" which was "written with the finger of God" up on "tables of stone" (Exod. 20: 10; 31: 18; Luke 23: 56). Therefore *the seventh day* of each week from creation to the present time is the true "Lord's day," or Sabbath of which John is writing in Revelation 1: 10.

With this true "Lord's day," or "Sabbath" John and the "seven churches of Asia" to whom he wrote were familiar, hence he could do nothing else but write to them "without a word of comment or explanation," as the bishop very truly says he did. But in view of these facts it is further evident that to wrest Revelation 1: 10 into support of Sunday observance is to misapply the sacred text, and therefore the bishop's argument on this passage is seen to be unfounded and erroneous.

The bishop's next text is 1 Corinthians 16: 2 where he says:

"St. Paul in a letter written from Ephesus to the church of Corinth, A. D. 75, says: 'Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come.' Why does he enjoin collections to be made on 'the first day of the week,' if the church at Corinth had not been used to the observance of the day?"

Here the bishop assumes that Paul "enjoins collections to be made on 'the first day of the week,' etc. But *does* Paul do it? The bishop is really begging the very question that remains to be proved. Let us notice the text again: "Upon the first day of the week"—this much of it tells *when*. "Let every one of you"—this part of the text tells *who*. "Lay by him in store"—tells *where* each one is to place his gift. "As God hath prospered him"—tells *how*, or in what proportion each is to lay by. "That there be no gatherings when I come"—tells *why* they were to lay by in store.

From these observations it will be observed that the only point in the bishop's remarks that needs to be noticed in this connection is the part which tells *where* each one was to lay by in store on the first day of the week. This is found in the expression—

"LAY BY HIM IN STORE"

Does Paul, in this language, "enjoin collections to be made" at church on "the first day of the week," as the bishop would have us believe? Or, does he by this teach that each one should, on "the first day of the week," go over his business of the previous week to first ascertain how God had "prospered him" and then to privately "lay by him in store"—at home by himself—accordingly? This question can best be answered by the way Greek scholars have translated the original in this place. Note the following:

- "Lay by him in store" (Common Version):
 "Ech of you kepe at hym silf" (Wycliffe, 1380).
 "Let every one of you put aside at home" (Tyndale, 1525).
 "Let every one of you lay aside and preserve at home" (Syriac, 1858).
 "Let each of you by himself lay by" (Fenton, 1883).
 "Let each of you put on one side and store up at home" (Weymouth, 1902).

Here let us observe that Paul's instruction "is not connected with any mention of public worship or assemblies" on "the first day of the week." But it is abundantly evi-

dent from the foregoing that the apostle merely directs that this private business affair be attended to by each individual "at home" on "the first day of the week," the day *after* the Sabbath (Mark 16: 1-2), the first of the "six working days" (Ezek, 46: 2; Gen. 1; 2: 1-3) a day on which secular business was lawful.

From these Biblical facts it is further evident that there is nothing in this text to give support to a Sunday sabbath, as the bishop would have us believe. Hence he has again misapplied Scripture to support an error.

The bishop's next and last text which he quotes from the Scriptures in support of a Sunday sabbath is Acts 20: 7:

"Again we read in Acts 20: 7, 'And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.'

"It is clear that wherever there was a Christian church 'the Lord's day' was observed; and what is quite remarkable is that the dedication of the day to religious worship is never made a matter of explanation, question, or argument. The observance of the day appears always as a matter of course."

With the insertion of one word in the bishop's remarks on Acts 20: 7 we believe his comment would be quite correct. Let us read it again, with the insertion of one word:

"It is clear that wherever there was a Christian church 'the [true] Lord's Day' was observed; and what is quite remarkable is that the dedication of the day to religious worship is never made a matter of explanation, question, or argument. The observance of the days appears always as a matter of course."

The dedication of the true Lord's Day or Sabbath—the only one mentioned in the entire Bible, the "seventh day" of the week, the only weekly Sabbath which John and Paul knew anything about—was dedicated to religious worship long before their day, back at the close of creation week, and therefore they had no need to make it "a matter of explanation, question, or argument" (Cn. Gen. 2: 1-3; Exod. 20: 8-10; Ezek. 46: 1; Mark 16: 1-2; Luke 23: 54-56; 24: 1).

Coming back to Acts 20: 7 all Bible students admit as a fact that Paul held *one* meeting on the first day of the week, a night meeting on what we would call Saturday night, and that on Sunday morning

he started to walk a distance of some nineteen miles to meet the crew who had been sailing all night to reach the appointed meeting place. Study the context, verses 6-13. But in this same book of Acts we find that it is Paul's custom to attend church on the Sabbath, while we learn from the circumstances that this *one* first-day night meeting was a *special* farewell one. The records show that Paul held—

EIGHTY-FOUR SABBATH MEETINGS TO ONE SUNDAY MEETING

Paul "went into the synagogue on the sabbath day" at Antioch and taught the people (Acts 13: 13-42).

The Gentiles besought the apostles to preach "to them the next Sabbath" (Acts 13: 42).

"And the next sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God" (Acts 13: 44).

The apostle attended prayer meeting "on the sabbath day" and taught the people (Acts 16: 13, R. V.).

"Paul, as his manner ["custom," R. V.] was, taught the Thessalonians "for three sabbath days" (Acts 17: 1-2; Luke 4: 16).

He continued "a year and six months" (78 Sabbaths) in and around Corinth, teaching "in their synagogues every sabbath" (Acts 18: 11, 4). And, be it remembered, these are the people to whom he wrote to attend to business on the first day of the week—"Lay by in store," *at home*, etc. (1 Cor. 16: 2). According to these records the apostle held at least eighty-four Sabbath services to one first-day service.

From the foregoing facts it is observed that it is an error to imply, assume, or assert that John and Paul observed the "first day of the week" as the Christian Sabbath, or "Lord's day." And second, that it is a misapplication and a wresting of Scripture to use Revelation 1: 10; 1 Corinthians 16: 2; Acts 20:7 to prove that John and Paul were Sunday observers. With the language of Cardinal Gibbons we leave the matter with the honest reader:

"You may read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and you will not find a single line authorizing the sanctification of Sunday. The Scripture enforce the religious observance of Saturday, a day which we [Catholics] never sanctify" (*The Faith of Our Fathers*, by James Cardinal Gibbons, p. 86, 74th ed.)

WESTERN ASSOCIATION

Independence, N. Y., June 14-16, 1918

Provisional Program

Friday Morning

- 10.45 Opening Praise and Devotional Service
 11.00 Moderator's Opening Address—Mark Sanford
 Business
 Report of the Executive Committee
 Report of the Corresponding Secretary
 Report of the Treasurer
 Report of Delegates to Sister Associations
 Appointment of Committees

Friday Afternoon

- 2.00 Praise Service
 2.15 Messages from the Delegates from Sister Associations
 3.00 Sabbath School Board Hour, led by Rev. Walter L. Greene, Association Vice President

Sabbath Evening

- 8.00 Praise Service
 8.15 Sermon—Rev. E. F. Loofboro
 Prayer and Conference Meeting, led by Rev. W. L. Burdick

Sabbath Morning

- Morning Service
 Sermon—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Secretary Missionary and Tract Societies
 Offering for Missionary, Tract, and Education Societies

Sabbath Afternoon

- 2.30 Praise Service
 2.45 Sermon—G. H. F. Randolph, Delegate from Southeastern Association
 3.30 Young People's Program, conducted by Miss Mabel Jordan, Association Secretary

Evening After the Sabbath

- 7.45 Praise Service
 8.00 Sermon—Rev. W. M. Simpson, Delegate from Central Association
 8.30 Woman's Board Program, conducted by Mrs. Lucy Wells, Association Secretary

Sunday Morning

- 9.30 Business
 10.15 Education Society Program, conducted by Society Representatives
 11.15 Sermon—Delegate from Eastern Association
 Offering for Missionary, Tract and Education Societies

Sunday Afternoon

- 2.15 Praise Service
 2.30 Sermon—Delegate from the Northwestern Association
 3.15 Address, "The International Weather Map"—J. Nelson Norwood
 Business and Adjournment

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

M. E. H. EVERETT

Beneath the tall pine's sheltering boughs,
 Up from the forest's patient breast,
 The mayflower lifts her tender face
 Fresh from her long and peaceful rest.

In her dim nook she sits serene,
 From all her glowing cups to pour
 Entrancing fragrance for the earth
 After her winter grief is o'er.

O Lord, how could we mortals live
 Without the sweetness and the grace
 Thy hand hath planted for our peace
 In many a wild and lonely place!

MISSIONS

LETTER FROM CHINA

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME:

Dr. Rose reminded me that this is my week to write to the RECORDER and let you know what is going on out here.

Dr. Rose has been out on several cases lately and has been successful with them. The dispensary has been a busy place for her; there were twenty-five cases in a single day recently.

The little boy who had his foot amputated went home practically well a few days ago. This boy was too ill to be sent to Shanghai, and in spite of the fact that we had no sterilizer nor operating-room outfit (except the instruments) the operation was undertaken. I sent to Shanghai for a surgeon, Rose assisted, and I gave the anesthetic. Rose enjoyed the work and took great interest in it.

You would have laughed at my improvised sterilizing outfit. For the purpose I had requisitioned the tin bread box, a standard oil can, two long bread pans, a cake pan and all the kitchen pots capable of holding boiling water. Two oil stoves furnished the heat for boiling, and one of them I hurled flaming, into the yard, fortunately after the sterilizing was finished. The oil stove caught fire by my trying to melt the carbolic which had crystallized because of the cold. This incident did not interrupt the preparations, and the operation was quite a success.

However we have decided not to try to operate until the sterilizer, which was ordered long ago, comes. Also we are looking for Grace's (Dr. Crandall) help.

There have been rumors of plague reaching Shanghai, where I think they isolated several cases for observation, which were afterwards reported as not being plague.

Dr. Rose took me with her to visit Dr. Tsu about preventive measures in case plague should come here. They arranged to go together to the town officials about it which they did.

Dr. Tsu is a Chinese doctor who has studied some foreign medicine. He called here about Chinese New Year time and said

he was going to write a kind of memorial tablet recording the good works of Dr. Palmberg, which could be hung up in the hospital.

The chief of police, who sends for Rose when criminals try to commit suicide, etc., invited Rose and later me to the wedding of his second son. We went and had many wonderful things to eat. The bride was beautiful and the groom was very intelligent. He is in the cotton business and talked interestingly of the different kinds of cotton grown in China, India, Egypt and America.

Yesterday we were invited to another feast, where again there were a great many things to eat.

While I'm writing my heart is singing for joy because I received in a letter from a well-known church member in America a check for \$50.00 towards the education of Mr. Lieu, an earnest native Christian member of the Lieu-oo Church, who is ambitious to study to become an evangelist.

Had a nice letter from Dr. Grace Crandall. I had left with her the \$20.00 Mrs. T. A. Saunders gave which started the Electric Fund for lighting this hospital. There were other small sums added before I left and Dr. Crandall has added still further to the sum by giving lectures.

One person has promised us an X-ray machine as soon as we get our electric outfit, and another has promised an electric cabinet, so it behooves us to try to get the funds for it.

An electrician in Shanghai, who is very reliable, estimates the cost of engine, dynamo, switchboards, wiring, bulbs, etc., to come to about \$1,000.00 or more, Mexican, or about \$800.00 gold (U. S. currency). We have been advised that the Diessel engine would be best.

Dr. Rose and I each teach English to a Chinese pupil. The money we are paid for it is added to the money which Rose furnishes of her own salary to support a day Christian school here. Dr. Crandall also supported this school when she was here.

I shall enclose some of the essays of one of the pupils, which I copy with the grammatical errors, as the latter add to the quaintness and charm, also revealing the ideals and workings of the Chinese mind.

Very respectfully yours,

BESSIE B. SINCLAIR.

Lieu-oo, China, Apr. 4, 1918

ESSAYS OF A CHINESE SCHOOLBOY

I

Schools

On the world, the most ignorant people are Chinese, because her population are numerous and poor. They have not many proper schools to educate them. Though now China has become a republic the government is very dark and bad, not as before.

All the officers of the government are selfish and they quarrel among themselves for the power. The most common schools are also not good and therefore the truth and virtue have lost for many years in China.

There is a hateful thing in Chinese country. If a young man who knows several words is not strong to do work with strength his father gathers a several boys for his son to teach, as a teacher, but he can not explain the heaven and the earth. These students go to his house to study for many years and they do not know anything in their native country. Oh! how miserable are they in their lives.

II

A Faithful Dog

A poor man who lived at my neighborhood had a dog.

This dog was not very large and very ugly and he could run fast and caught any other wild animals. Therefore he was very loved by his master.

One day his master's house was burnt and all their food and other things became ashes.

This man's family cried loudly with sad voices. The dog was seemed as sad as his master and lay silently at the foot of the fence. He saw his master so sad and thought that they had no food to eat and no shelter to live comfortably and he must starve to death.

Then he walked down into a deep and wild cold stream to drown himself at night. In the next morning they saw him and the faithful dog had died. (This is a true story.)

N. B.—Chinese does not allow a neighbor whose house has been burned down to enter his house as the fire god will also destroy the house into which he, the victim, has fled.

III

A Trip on a Sampan

One day I sailed a little boat in a large lake, which had a great many red and white water-lilies in it. They had green and round leaves like umbrellas. The blue duckweeds floated on the surface of the water and a thick rushes were along the shore.

When the wind blew the little spray caused my boat shaking and the flowers and leaves of the waterlilies were bowing to me, as if they welcomed me, for I visited them.

IV

My First Ride on the Railroad

About seven years ago I went to Shanghai and first rode on the railroad. It was very wonderful to me because I had not seen such witty thing. When I bought a ticket of third class

to go to Shanghai. At the station I saw a train which came from the far West and it was like a large kite of centipedes.

When it had come to the station a great people scampered and crowded into the train. A sound come out from a chimney as loud as thunder, and many poor villages, streams, and forests of many miles were all in my sight. In a little while the train had come to Shanghai.

V

A Translation into English of a Chinese Story

A boy and his grandfather sat in a hall and they happily conversed with each other. The boy asked his grandfather, "Why can ducks and geese float upon the water? I want you to tell me about it."

"Because they have webs," answered the grandfather.

"No." "Fishes and tortoises have no webs and they can float too," said the boy.

"Why do pines and evergreen trees have green leaves in winter; and why can wild geese and pelicans cry loudly?" the boy asked again.

"O! my boy, the evergreen trees and pines have green leaves in winter because they have hard hearts, and wild geese and pelicans cry loudly because they have long necks," answered his grandfather.

"No; lie," said the boy. "bamboos have no hearts and their leaves are always green, frogs have no long necks and they cry as loud as the geese."

MONTHLY STATEMENT

S. H. Davis
In account with
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society

Dr.	
Balance on hand April 1, 1918	\$ 702 81
Farina Church	33 74
Milton Church	71 95
Lost Creek Church	20 00
2d Alfred Church	38 70
Nortonville Church	37 50
Mr. and Mr. Henry Jordan, Dr. Sinclair	2 00
Mrs. Helen I. Gray	2 50
Pawcatuck Church	186 83
Income from Permanent Fund	300 00
Milton Church	43 27
Mrs. M. H. Ellis	10 00
Crowley's Ridge collection	1 83
Mrs. P. R. Harbert	10 00
Plainfield Church	53 65
Young People's Board, General Fund	20 00
Young People's Board, Dr. Palmberg's salary	50 00
Memorial Board, Dr. C. Burdick Bequest	68 45
Memorial Board, D. C. Burdick Farm ..	11
Memorial Board, Eugenia L. Babcock Bequest ..	105 56
Memorial Board, Geo. H. Babcock, Discretionary ..	149 87
Memorial Board, Missionary Society ..	14 73
Memorial Board, H. W. Stillman Bequest	95 63
Syracuse Church	1 54
Farina Sabbath School	6 90
Albion Church	32 53
Albion Church, Medical Work in Lieu-oo	5 00
Hammond Church	13 00
Adams Center Church, Foreign Missions	5 29
Grand Marsh Church	6 40
North Loup Church	80 00
Winfield S. Bonham	10 00
DeRuyter Church	16 02

Rockville Church	7 50
Alice A. Peckham	2 50
	<u>\$2,225 81</u>

Cr.	
Stephen J. Davis, Mar. sal., Fred I. Babcock	\$ 25 00
Mrs. Jennie Carpenter, sal., John T. Babcock, Jan.-Mar.	25 00
Joseph A. Hubbard, Holland Mission, Apr. to June	150 00
Leon D. Burdick, sal., Jan.-Mar.	25 00
Dr. E. S. Maxson, sal., Rev. Wm. Clayton, Jan.-Mar.	50 00
D. Burdett Coon, sal. and trav. exp. ..	100 58
Mrs. J. W. Crofoot, Apr. sal.	50 00
George W. Hills, Mar. sal.	58 34
Marie Jansz, sal., Apr.-June	37 50
J. J. Kovats, Mar. sal.	20 00
G. H. F. Randolph, sal. Jan.-Mar.	25 00
J. M. Pope, sal. Jan.-Mar. of W. T. F. Randolph	25 00
S. S. Powell, sal. Jan.-Mar.	50 00
Jesse G. Burdick, Mar. sal.	29 16
T. L. M. Spencer, April sal.	50 00
R. R. Thorngate, Mar. sal.	29 16
W. D. Tickner, sal. Jan.-Mar.	25 00
T. J. Van Horn, Mar. sal., trav. exp. ..	57 86
Luther A. Wing, Mar. sal.	37 50
Dr. Grace I. Crandall, Mar. sal.	33 33
Edwin Shaw, Mar. sal., trav. exp., postage, etc.	70 47
J. Herzberg & Son, acct. sal., H. E. Davis, Apr. 1-July 1	17 63
Irving Hunting, acct. sal., H. E. Davis, Apr. 1-July 1	10 00
Frank J. Hubbard, half tax on lot in Minneapolis	12 29
Treasurer's expenses	25 00

	\$1,038 82
Balance on hand May 1, 1918	1,186 99
	<u>\$2,225 81</u>

Bills payable in May, about	\$ 600 00
Notes outstanding May 1, 1918	3,000 00

S. H. Davis,
Treasurer.

E. & O. E.

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL
CHAPTER IX
(Continued)

Two young men came to the surveyor one day and wanted him to go and survey their claims for them. They had picked them out in the fall. They had taken McCullum's maps and found on the map the land they had chosen and had thus saved the expenses of employing an authorized surveyor. McCullum, for a starting place, went to the corner that he had started from to show Joe his claim.

"How do you like the looks of our claims?" asked one of the men as they came to where they could look down on the creek bottom and get a good view of the timber.

"I can not tell till we get to them," said McCullum.

"Here they are," replied the man.

"No," said McCullum, "the homesteads of Mr. Hull and his brother are here; you

saw him at my house. We will have to claim three miles from here to get to the corner of your claim."

The men were very much disappointed when they reached their land, which was without timber or water. They went immediately to the land office at Beatrice and asked the receiver to change the numbers of their claims to Section 23.

"Section 23 is taken as you wish to take it," said he.

"But the men who took it are not there," said one of them.

"Is not one of them there?"

"Well, one of them is staying with the surveyor but is not on his claim and has not done anything on it."

"That is an Indian country and the Government permits the people to live in colonies. If he is there in the neighborhood, that will hold his claim, and the other. I think I have something here," and the receiver, going to a pigeon hole, took out the certificate which Joe had filed in the office.

"A certificate from the U. S. examining surgeon of Tama County, Iowa, stating that J. H. Hull has had a severe run of typhoid fever and that it is impossible for him to take the journey to the homestead he has taken in Nebraska. This will hold his claim till he comes, if it is a year yet. Did the surveyor show you the land that you homesteaded?"

"No, we took it ourselves from the map."

"Then, gentlemen, I can not help you. The law provides that if an authorized surveyor makes a mistake in the number of land it may be changed to another number. But the law is not responsible for the mistakes of unauthorized men."

The little forethought in procuring that certificate had saved trouble, expense, and maybe Henry's claim.

April 8-12, 1871, will long be remembered by the people who were then in the Republican valley as the date of the most severe blizzard ever experienced by them up to that time. Rain, sleet and snow came with chilling whirlwind, blinding man and beast. Roads and trails were obliterated, all landmarks were lost in the storm, and those who were out on the prairie soon began to go in a circle and were lost. Nine people perished in that storm within a few miles of Guide Rock.

Henry had started from his uncle's, had passed Winterset, and on the night of April

9 had camped by the side of the road making his bed on the ground. He was wakened in the night by the plunging and kicking of his horses. Hastily harnessing and hitching them to the wagon he turned and went back a little distance on the road to where he had noticed a large barn by the roadside. He could get close to this barn and be partially protected from the storm. Here the kind farmer found him in the morning when he went to the barn to feed.

"Friend," said he, "put your horse in the barn and come into the house. This is no time to be camping out or traveling."

This Henry was very glad to do, and it was three days before he went from that hospitable roof.

Joe met Henry at Beatrice. He made the journey with two men, one of whom had been a soldier and had assisted in the rescue of Laura Roper from the Indians. They took a new route, going north instead of going down the river.

On the second day of their journey they took dinner in a piece of timber on a little stream, in company with a party of emigrants whom they met there. There were several families of them and several small children. After the men had gone, the emigrants still in camp missed a little child of about three years. They searched for some time for the child but not finding it concluded that the three men who had eaten their dinner in company with them had stolen it, abandoned the search and continued their journey. Some weeks after, some of the party returned to the camping place and found the bones and what was left of the clothes of the little one. It was a year afterward that Joe met and recognized one of the party and was told the sad story. This should be a lesson for people to keep an eye on the little ones that God has given into their care.

It was the 20th of April when Henry and Joe returned to their homesteads. Their first work was to have the surveyor run out their lines, for they wished to build their houses so that they could be near together. When the lines were run, it was found that the house which Joe and George had built was on George's land a few feet from the line; so George had a house built and Joe had none. That however caused no anxious thought for it was not where Joe wanted a house, even if it had been on his land. Joe would not try to make a house near the

line between his and Henry's claim until he knew where that line was, and he did not care to have it surveyed till his brother could be there to see for himself where his lines were.

So now the first thing in order was to make the houses. Henry's house was cut out 14 by 16 feet; the north end of it was three feet from the line between the claims. The southwest corner was six feet from the perpendicular bank of the creek where it was twenty-seven feet to the water. Here a doorway was made but not for the entrance, another being made at the southeast also which was for the entrance door. This was dug four feet deep in the ground and a fireplace was made on the east side. The house was then built two logs high on each side above the ground and a ridgepole, then poles and prairie sod over them, and two feet of dirt, the last six inches being of magnesian limestone to keep grass from growing.

Joe's house was six feet north of Henry's. They made it 10 by 12 feet, dug the same depth, four feet, with the fireplace in the west side, and it was built four logs high. Ash poles were split and placed, split side down, close together and covered with a mortar of mud four inches thick. This was allowed to dry, when it was covered the same as Henry's. The cracks were chinked and plastered with mud prepared the same way. A half window was placed in the north end, and two lights 10 by 12 inches in the south end for light and ventilation, and an alleyway was dug so as to connect the two, this being covered the same as the houses. The dugouts were now completed.

Six acres of land were broken and planted. The home was made. A cow grazed quietly on her lariat. Three Chester-white pigs rooted in an inclosure in the creek bottom where there was plenty of wild artichokes, and a flock of black Spanish hens found a good supply of worms and bugs. There were elk, deer and antelope with prairie chickens for meat. The men had good health and were enjoying themselves.

(To be continued)

CORRECTION

In RECORDER of March 11, p. 293, 3d paragraph and 6th line, it should read, "Joe was just past his twenty-first [not twenty-fifth] birthday." J. L. H.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forbears shed
To raise your mother, the flag, o'erhead.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say;
"I am the voice of a soldier son
Gone to be gone till the victory's won."

"I am the flag of the Service, sir;
The flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears
But hides from the others her unwept tears.

"I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

"I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
The often unthought of—the sisters, too.
I am the flag of a mother's son
And won't come down till the victory's won!"

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!
—William Herschell, in *Indianapolis News*.

WHY I AM A SABBATH-KEEPER

Before and above the doctrinal principles which have been learned from mature years of study, I am a Sabbath-keeper because I was taught from my earliest childhood the hallowed sacredness of the Seventh Day.

Before the setting of the sun on the previous day all games and amusements were packed away, and the beloved dolls snugly tucked in their comfortable beds for their long Sabbath nap.

Sabbath morning found us all looking with expectancy for the hour when the two-seated wagon would be driven to the door, taking father and mother and family complete—to the house of worship before the ringing of the "last bell." There was no more thought of staying away from church and Sabbath school than of shunning day school on the previous

five days of the week, and the Sabbath-school lesson was as carefully prepared as ever a spelling or a geography lesson.

The afternoon hours were filled with hallowed quiet which I can never forget. The piano sent forth no "gig tunes" though hymns were often indulged in.

Without this early training I *know* that I would not have remained true to the Sabbath, surrounded as I have been by Sunday influences, and seldom privileged to "enter into the synagogue on the Sabbath Day."

My whole being is stirred by the lack of reverence for the day, which is being allowed to grow among the young people and children of today, and I am led to ask, "Who will be the conscientious Sabbath-keepers of the future?" When I see children of parents who are influential pillars of the church going home with each other after service to romp during the remaining hours of the day without a thought of their holy sacredness, I know that through life they will never rise above the spiritual plane of the world's people who make their day of rest a convenient day for visiting. When I see the youths gadding the streets ("walking out," they call it) in the afternoon I wonder if the day holds for them a shadow of sacredness.

Then there are parents who claim that children are driven away from church attendance and from the Sabbath by too strict teaching. "Hiding behind Eve!" "And they all with one accord began to *make* excuse." Wherever this principle holds good, there must be something radically wrong, either with the child or the methods used by the parents.

Will the advocates of that principle please sit down and make a conscientious list of deserters? Place in one group those who have been driven away by early training, and in another group those who have drifted away through lack of it. Then, if possible, make a study of the methods employed by the teachers of group one, that they with their unfortunate results be not repeated.

Catholics train their children so carefully that they have little fear of one becoming a deserter, while many Seventh Day Baptists allow their children to become indifferent, and then bewail the discouraging outlook for the future of the denomination.

CONTRIBUTOR.

TABLE TALKS IN OUR HOMES

Some home makers seem to know just how to give a constant missionary flavor to the conversation in their homes. Without announcing the subject on which they are about to speak, without forcing an entrance for their theme, without pious cant or Phariseism, they just naturally talk of missions. The discussion of athletics seems to invite the recital of some incident in the life of one of the many missionaries who were famous athletes. Report of advance in school or college leads on to some wonderful new educational plans for China, or India, or Japan, or to the remarkable progress of Oriental students in America. No one feels that any foreign theme is being dragged into the conversation and that the speaker is now performing an unpleasant duty.

* * *

A young minister who was graduated from a church college and from a theological seminary said the spontaneous interest and the intense earnestness of the daily missionary conversations in the home in which he was a frequent guest interested him more deeply and personally in missions than did anything in his college or theological course. Let us talk missions in our homes. Let us entertain in our homes people who talk missions, so that our children may hear what great things God has wrought.

Bishop Selwyn, as a guest in the home of Lady Patteson, talked missions with his arm around her little son "Coley." No wonder John Coleridge Patteson followed the drift of that conversation until it led him to the South Sea Islands. A fur-loughed missionary walked home with a little girl from Bible school and talked with her about being a missionary. Today that little girl is reaching hundreds of girls of Japan with the message of the Savior's love.

* * *

"I may not be a missionary myself," said a fine high school boy to the mission secretary, who had thought it worth while to talk to a boy about how he could make his life count for most, "but I have decided that if I do not go myself I will support a missionary." Entertaining missionary guests is a good investment for homes in which real missionary returns are desired.

A guest sat at the table in the home of a Florida judge. She noticed an extra plate was laid. The next day a missionary visitor came and was given that plate. When the visitor went away the extra plate was laid again. Then the hostess explained that ever since she had had a home she had always laid an extra plate which she called the Lord's plate, because she so longed to have in her home the messengers of the Cross, who were doing the Lord's work. Gradually it became known that she was always ready to entertain the missionary workers who came, and she testified that rich blessing had come to her home through their conversations, their example and their prayers.

* * *

The Jubilee story told by Mrs. Montgomery of one girl who could not go to the foreign field, but who talked missions at home is worthy of several re-tellings:

"She was just an ordinary girl of moderate gifts, living in an ordinary home in modest circumstances, and belonging to the plain variety of church in the ordinary condition of tepid convictions on missionary matters that seem to characterize the common type. What this girl did, any of us could do, if we tried.

"When she found that she could not be a foreign missionary she tried to see what she could do to help at home. She went to her pastor and got a list of all the women and girls in the church with their addresses. There were 350 of them, but only 58 belonged to the Missionary Society. After districting the city and marking the addresses of every non-member by a pin in the map, she began her self-imposed task of calling on every one of them. Before the year was over she had made more than a thousand calls, had added about 300 members to the society and raised the contributions from less than \$200 to \$1,200.

"When the girl was asked to tell about this in a meeting in her home city she was very unwilling to do so, but her shy, simple telling of the story will never be forgotten by those who heard her. In reply to a question from the audience, how she alone had been able to do so much, she gave a recipe for Christian work that it would be hard to surpass:

"'I didn't know very much,' she said, 'so I studied a good deal that I might have the facts to present. I knew that I did

not have much tact, so I prayed that God would teach me what to say, and prepare the hearts of those to whom I went. I took leaflets and literature to leave with them so that they might know, too. I never scolded and I always spoke of the love of Jesus.

"Study, prayer, information, good cheer, no faultfinding and the love of Jesus: could anything be better?"—*Missionary Review of the World.*

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

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

MRS. CHARLES R. LONG

ARTICLE VII

WHAT are the qualities that make a person "liveable with," as we say?

Is not the fundamental one respect for our own rights and for the rights of others? And is not one side of the question equally as important as the other?

If my child must respect certain rights and privileges which belong to me as a parent, then I must respect rights and privileges that belong to him.

One of the first marked traits a child develops as soon as he is able to play with others is wanting to have things for his very own. He quickly learns the "mine" and "thine" of things and especially the "mine." It is my book, my rattle, my ball, and great is the uproar when he is requested to share his property rights with another. At this stage young mothers are often given to discouragement and make such remarks as "I do not know what I shall do with my boy. I fear he has an extremely selfish disposition. He refuses to let any other child so much as touch any of his playthings." But, wait, dear mother, remember that instincts are crude when they first appear and must be wisely and patiently trained.

Let us first respect the child's rights and say, "Yes, it is your ball, but won't you let your little friend play with it?"

By following this method we shall find the child becoming more and more aware of his playmate's as well as his own rights. He will share his favorite blocks with another not because some grown-up in authority says, "You must," but voluntarily because he respects the rights of another to

share in his play. The idea does not formulate itself in his little mind in so many words perhaps, but it is the response that follows from instinctively recognizing that he is being given his due and that it pays to mete out like measure to another.

The general idea of the kindergarten is just that—the recognition of the child as an individual having rights, and of training this individuality, by allowing it to express itself voluntarily.

Of necessity this expression must be guided and guarded, so that the best qualities of self find the readiest expression. Children are quick to accept the standards of living that we are privileged to set them, quick to respond to the frown or the smile and slow to question where they are accustomed to receive justice.

At no time of life so much as in childhood is the opportunity given to bring out and establish traits of character that make for a sound manhood or womanhood.

One of the greatest opportunities within reach of all mothers is through the medium of story-telling. Stories interest children enormously, absorbing the entire attention for the time being. They establish a bond of mutual sympathy between the story-teller and the listener. They teach lessons of bravery, unselfishness, kindness and a regard for truth, with no seeming effort in those directions. They also develop the imagination. When we stop to think that every invention we have, every great effort accomplished, was first developed in some individual mind through the aid of the imagination, we will do everything we can to foster this great power in our children.

Every child who has the opportunity of attending a well-organized kindergarten has a distinct advantage over one who is denied such an opportunity. While the kindergarten idea may to some extent be carried out by the mother in the home, much additional training is afforded the child by coming in contact with groups of children of similar age, and by spending two or three hours daily under the guidance of the trained worker, whose efforts are all aimed at developing what is brightest and best in his unfolding life.

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

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

DOING HIS WILL

C. C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
May 25, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Christ and God's will (John 9: 4)

Monday—The motive—love (John 14: 23-24)

Tuesday—The command to shine (Matt. 5: 14-16)

Wednesday—The command to go (Matt. 28: 16-20)

Thursday—The command to trust (John 14: 1-3)

Friday—The command to serve (John 13: 4-17)

Sabbath Day—Topic, Doing His will (John 15: 8-14)

"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7: 17).

We can not expect God to reveal to us his will unless we really want to know. Our attitude will tell. If we are anxious to know we will be humble, submissive, willing, and receptive.

A student in Alfred went to one of his instructors for help in finding the "narrow way." There was one difficulty; he wanted to see all the way ahead before he started. They talked till it was time to go. It was dark and damp without—the way was slippery and dangerous. The instructor lighted a small lantern, saying, "I am going a little way with you." He went to the foot-bridge, known so well by students at that time, and handing the student the lantern said, "It will not reveal all the way to you at once, but it will show you one step at a time." The student saw the point and entered the way leads to life.

God will give all the light we need to do his will. If we will use the light we have, we need never walk in darkness.

This we may be sure of: we will have to give up much of our own way if we would do God's will (Isa. 55: 8). If we will pause a moment in the limelight of God's everlasting truth we shall find we are exceedingly selfish; and unless this is fully overcome, God's will can not have free course in our lives.

Paul's experience is a striking illustration of this thought. He verily believed he was doing God's will; but how terrible

the mistake and how great the contrast between God's will and his. He continued in his boasted ignorance till stricken down by the great light from heaven. How great the change! From the bigoted, self-willed persecutor to the subdued and humble supplicant, willing, nay anxious, to know and do God's will. "Lord, what will thou have me to do?" shows at once a great change had taken place. When we begin pleading for guidance as did Saul of Tarsus things will be different in our lives. Remember, "God's ways are not our ways." One great trouble is we are stubborn; so many times we arrive at a point where Satan meets us face to face and puts bad thoughts into our hearts; we feel almost driven to say mean things about some one, to criticize, in our blind selfish ignorance, a brother or sister who already may be discouraged by thoughtless treatment and unkind remarks. If we would stop short and pray, "Lord, what will thou have me to do?" all the stubborn, selfish meanness would be removed from our hearts and God's will, not ours, would be done.

We chafe and fret because things do not go our way. We grow impatient and disagreeable when our advice is ignored. We pout and act hateful if our opinions are not accepted and adopted.

Harmony in a society or church is the first requisite to success, and the highest degree of success can be attained only when all members are lovingly united in doing God's will. Doing God's will means action both defensive and offensive. We can not overcome the enemy unless we assume the offensive, attack him on his own ground. Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The word of God is our weapon both for defense and offense,—sharper than any two-edged sword, and if wielded with the mighty arm of faith in God, tempered with love to all mankind it will overcome the world. One great trouble with us nowadays is we love ease; we shrink from exertion; in the language of the great statesman, Patrick Henry, we "lie supinely on our backs while the enemy binds us hand and foot." We can not do God's will and live in idleness. Inaction is the devil's opportunity, idleness, Satan's playground. Read 2 Timothy 3: 1-5, and see if there is not a warning there for us. "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of

God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

God is love. It is not his will that any should perish. If we are his servants, anxious to do his will, we will tell others of this wondrous love, and now is the time to tell it. "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." "Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate." Any sacrifice, however small, we may make, any service cheerfully rendered, will receive a "just recompense of reward."

Does any one ask how we may learn what God's will is. "Ask, and ye shall receive," is the word of the Master. So many times we know better than we do. If we trust him step by step, the way—his will—will be revealed to us.

It was my good fortune to work with Elder J. H. Hurley in South Dakota during the summer of 1894. We spent some time at Big Springs in the pleasant home of good old Elder Ring. Every morning before he and the boys left the breakfast table they would talk over and plan the day's work. Before the boys left the table they knew just what their father wanted them to do; and the father—good old man—was just as sure the boys would do as he instructed. "Our Father in heaven" is even more willing to talk with us, to explain his plans with his children, if we will show the same interested attention that Arvid and Henry did.

If we are doing our best and come to difficult places—places where the way is obscure, the burden heavy—"a little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right." A dear friend of mine was ploughing in a stumpy field with a team of young horses. The plow would strike a stump, stop and make skips; and the team soon became fretted and dashed and plunged to such a degree that John lost all patience and soon came near the verge of profanity; but Jesus was there and instead of yielding to the Tempter John got down on his knees between the plow handles and talked it over with the blessed Master. He said the plow behaved after that and the team acted like a span of old horses.

"Doing his will" is not so difficult if we will ask for strength and guidance in every time of weakness and doubt.

How may we be sure we are doing God's will?

Name some Bible characters that did his will in the face of adversity.

Does God's will always require sacrifice on our part?

Union meeting with Intermediates and Juniors.

THE INVITATION

"Come out and see the sunset," my neighbor said to me;

"It is so beautiful tonight, I want that you should see."

I felt almost impatient, and I did not want to go, For—there were things upon the stove that needed watching so!

The chili sauce was cooking, and the jelly would not "jell,"

And the kitchen was a melting pot of heat and steam and smell;

But I tinkered with the damper, and I laid my apron by,

And I went out with my neighbor to the flaming autumn sky.

And there above the mountains was the glory of the Lord,

In fiery, burnished chariot, in mighty, flaming sword;

In strength and power and majesty, his glory shone around,

And reached down to envelop his children on the ground.

It drew us close together, and each grasped the other's hand,

In a quickened understanding, in a comprehension grand,

As we listened in the silence to the symphony divine

That found a fervent echo in my neighbor's heart and mine.

The colors gently faded, and the quiet evening came;

I went back to my kitchen, but nothing was the same.

A song had entered in my heart, a peace lay in the air,

And a wondrous benediction seemed to follow everywhere.

So I thanked my God for neighbors and for all his beauties sent

To rest his weary children and whisper his content.

—Helen M. Doyle.

"The danger now is that thousands of churches will have no real war-time program, but only incidental and spasmodic action, and that consequently their maximum influence will not be realized. Here, as in every undertaking of a local church, the pastor must lead his people."

MEN IN THE SERVICE FROM SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HOMES

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.
Carley, Francis
Greene, Carl
Greene, Carlton
Horton, Corp. Kenneth

ALBION, WIS.
Green, Sidney C.

ALFRED, N. Y.
Ayars, Capt. Emerson W.
Ayars, Lister S.
Babcock, Corp. Ronald
Bass, Corp. Elmer

Burdick, Corp. Arthur E.
Burdick, Capt. George E.
Clarke, Lieut. Walton B.
Coon, Lance Corp. Aaron Mac
Cottrell, Capt. Arthur M.
Crandall, Lieut. Winfield R.
Davis, B. Colwell, Jr.
Davis, Stanton H.

Dunham, W. E.
Fenner, Glenn B.
Greene, Edward F. R.
Greene, Corp. Ernest G.
Greene, Sergt. Robert A.
Martin, Howard
Meritt, Carl L.

Poole, Clesson O.
Potter, Clifford M.
Randolph, Lieut. Winfield W.F.
Rosebush, Capt. Waldo E.
Shaw, Lieut. Leon I.
Sheppard, Mark
Stevens, George P.
Straight, Sergt. B. D.
Thomas, Herbert
Vars, Otho L.
Witter, Adrian E.
Witter, E. Allen

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.
Allen, Joseph L.
Champlin, Lieut. E. V.
Palmiter, Elson G.
Woodruff, Corp. Charles Eldon

ASHAWAY, R. I. I
Briggs, Charles B.
Briggs, Leverett A., Jr.
Coon, John T.
Hill, Frank M.
Langworthy, Lloyd
Riffenberg, Fred
Smith, Arthur M.
Wells, Edward
Wells, Forest
Wells, Nathanael

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
Bottoms, Lieut. Roger
Ellsworth, Carlton
Evans, Leslie D.
Evans, William C.
Hoekstra, John
Kinney, Corp. C. B.
Kolvoord, D. Benjamin
Kolvoord, Lieut. Theodore
Stockwell, Guy

BEREA, W. VA.
Brissey, William
Davis, 1st Sergt. Arthur G.

BERLIN, N. Y.
Mosher, Floyd C.

BOULDER, COLO.
Jeffreys, Lieut. William B.
Jones, Rev. Ralph Curtis
Weaver, Charles
Wing, Hubert

BRADFORD, R. I.
Newton, Harold S.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.
Spooner, Malcolm G.
Stillman, Lynn A.
Todd, Sergt. Leon J.

CAMARGO, OKLA.
Estee, James L.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Leach, Lieut. Floyd Dewitt
Platts, Lieut. Lewis A.

DODGE CENTER, MINN.
Crandall, Ellery
Daggett, Q. M. Sergt. C. S.
Langworthy, Floyd E.
Langworthy, Reginald

FARINA, ILL.
Clarke, John Milton
Crandall, C. L.
David, Marion
Rogers, Shirley Z.
Seager, Harry Bernard

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
Fillyaw, Walter Judson

FOUKE, ARK.
Davis, Karl

GARWIN, IOWA
Ford, John P.
Saunders, Ora E.
Saunders, S. Perry
Saunders, William M.
Van Horn, Harold A.
Van Horn, Harold E.

GREAT KILLS, STATEN ISLAND,
N. Y.
1 Randolph, Franklin Fitz

HAMMOND, LA.
Mills, Corp. Harold A.

HARTSVILLE, N. Y.
Ells, Cleon M.

HARVARD, ILL.
Maxon, Capt. Jesse G.

HOAQUIM, WASH.
Hurley, Dr. George I.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.
Clarke, Howard M.
Kemp, Capt. Elmer

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.
Coon, Leland A.
Greene, Stuart Faye
Williams, G. Grover

LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.
Brown, William E.
Burdick, Lieut. Philip C.
Burdick, Sidney D.
Clarke, Vergil
Maxson, Leslie B.

MILL YARD CHURCH, ENGLAND
2Richardson, 2d Lieut. Ernest
Gilbert
Richardson, 2d Lieut. Robert
Harold
Vane, George H.

MIDDLE ISLAND, W. VA.
Sutton, Eustace

MILTON, WIS.
Ayers, E. H.
Babcock, Sergt. Laurance E.
Berkalew, George
Burdick, Lieut. Paul
Clarke, Aden
Crandall, George H.
Davis, Elmer M.
Dunn, 1st Lieut. Charles E.
Hurley, Francis H.
Lanphere, Corp. Leo
Maxson, Charles S.
Maxson, Roland H.
Nelson, Julius S.
Randolph, Paul
Rasmussen, Orville
Sayre, A. Gerald

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.
Atz, S. David
Bond, Dewey L.
Coon, Carroll L.
Greenman, George R.
West, Carroll B.

NEW AUBURN, WIS.
Crandall, Ellery F.

NEW MARKET, N. J.
Randolph, Leslie Fitz
Randolph, Milton Fitz

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
Chipman, Lieut. Charles C.

NILE, N. Y.
Burdick, William J.
Canfield, Paul C.
Green, Paul L.
Whitford, Sergt. W. G.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.
Babcock, Albert
Babcock, Earl
Babcock, Edwin
Barker, Lieut. Frank M.
Brannon, Riley U.
Davis, Frank L.
Davis, Ross
Goodrich, Lorenzo G.
Hemphill, Paul H.
Larkin, George
Maxson, Esllie
Rood, Bayard A.
Sayre, Walter D.
Stillman, Archie L.
Van Vorn, Beecher

NORTONVILLE, KAN.
Babcock, Iradell
Coon, Sergt. Edgar R.
Jeffrey, Dr. Robin I.
Knight, Saddler Raymond
Stephan, Alfred D.
Stephan, Corp. Earl D.
Stephan, Corp. Thomas A.
Stillman, Ira Orson
Stillman, Ralph
Woolworth, Cecil

OXFORD, N. Y.
Stukey, Donald

PIPESTONE, MINN.
Peterson, Lester W.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.
Hunting, Elmer Leon
St. John, Milton Wilcox

PORTVILLE, N. Y.
Hamilton, Sergt. Clinton

RICHBURG, N. Y.
Saunders, George W., Jr.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.
Crandall, J. Howard
Davis, Charles L.
Davis, T. Eugene
Osborn, Lester G.
Sweet, Lawrence E.

ROCKVILLE, R. I.
Barber, Wilfred E.
Burdick, Elverton C.
Jordan, Allen D.
Kenyon, Clayton C.
Whitford, Marcus
Woodmansee, Lloyd E.

SALEM, W. VA.
Bee, Carl
Childers, Sergt. A. T.
Childers, Lieut. E. W.
Childers, W. J.
Davis, Courtland V.
Davis, Capt. Edward, Sur-
geon
Kelley, A. M.
Randolph, Harold C.
Sutton, Sergt. Earnest
Swiger, Capt. Fred E.
Thorngate, Lieut. George
Warren, Corp. Hurley S.

SHILOH, N. J.
Bonham, Clarkson Saunders,
Second Mate Machinist
Campbell, Francis E.
Glaspey, Roy B.
Harris, Lawrence F.
Randolph, Capt. J. Harold
Tomlinson, Raymond J.

SILVERTON, ORE.
Irish, Lieut. Harold R.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Clayton, Howard

WALWORTH, WIS.
Clarke, Capt. Charles P.
Clarke, Charles P., Jr.
Clarke, Harry

WATERFORD, CONN.
Brooks, Albert

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.
Burdick, Percy Witter

WELTON, IOWA
Saunders, Ernest W.

WESTERLY, R. I.

Babcock, Major Gordon A.

Burdick, Charles G.

Burdick, Lieut. H. Russell

Chapman, Sergt. George

Coon, Howard Ames

Coon, Raymond H.

Hemphill, Russell

Hiscox, Raymond H.

Kenyon, M. Elwood

Loughborough, Lloyd C.
Nash, Major Arthur N.
Peabody, T. Edward
Stillman, Sergt. Karl G.

ADDRESSES NOT KNOWN

Allen, John R.

Burnett, George C.

Johnson, Robert

Phillips, Lieut. Kent

Thorngate, Roscoe M.

¹Died, January 12, 1918, at Camp Green, of cerebro-spinal meningitis.

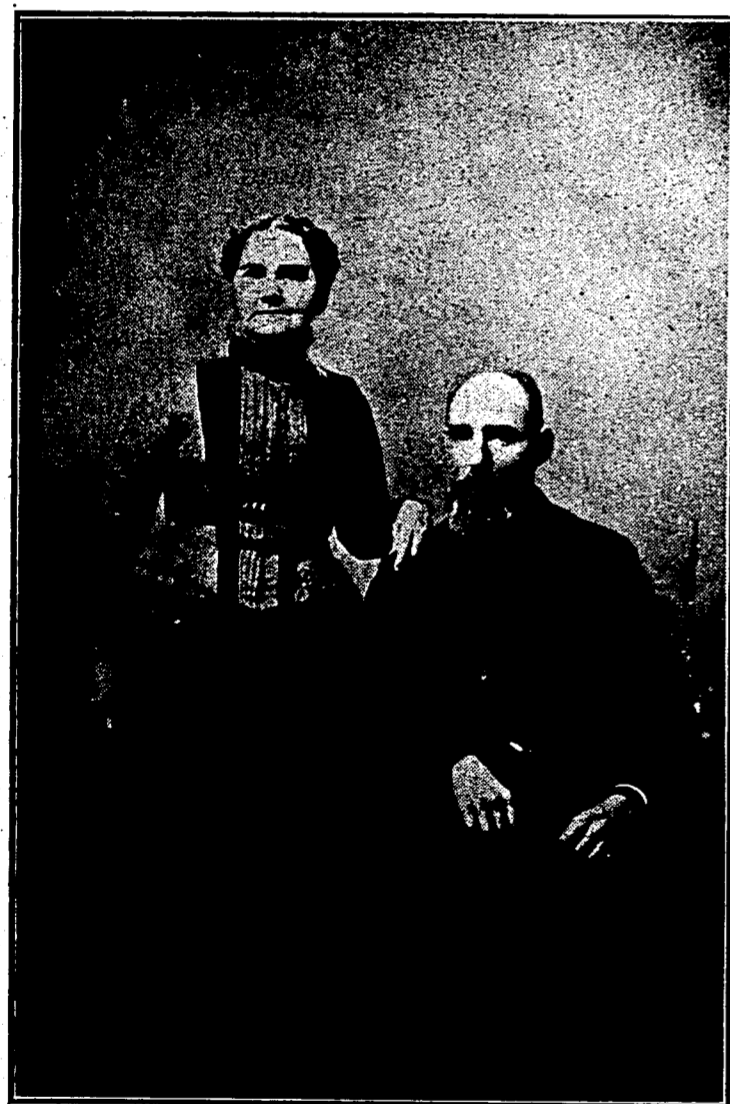
²Killed in action on the Ypres Front, in France, November 6, 1917.

³Died, November 17, 1917, at Fort Sill, Okla., of cerebro-meningitis.

A FAITHFUL RED CROSS WORKER

MATIE E. GREENE

In the year 1835 there was born in Berlin a baby girl who was destined to live a most helpful life. She was named Rhoda Ann Burdick, and almost before her baby prattle had been succeeded by lisping words, she began to develop traits that endeared



her to many hearts. Her little hands soon learned to wield knitting needles, and, since girls in those good old days were brought up to be industrious as well as obedient, she did her "stint" in knitting before she went to play.

When nineteen years old she was married to Mr. E. DeLos Greene, and they lived to celebrate their golden wedding an-

niversary in 1904. Mr. Greene died soon after.

The enclosed picture was taken over thirty years ago, and yet I think that many of their friends will welcome this opportunity to see these faces again; for they will bring to mind many tender memories of bygone days.

Mrs. Greene's hair is silvery white, now, and her sweet face seamed by wrinkles, but her spirit of helpfulness and interest in the welfare of others burns brightly, for since the 12th of last November until the present time, she has knitted twenty-eight pairs of stockings for the soldiers! How many of the present generation can rival the amount of work done by this faithful woman who has given and is continuing to give a practical demonstration of her idea of one woman's "bit"?

All honor to whom honor is due, for "she hath done what she could."

Berlin, N. Y., April 27, 1918.

Our prayers must be made of the same stuff as our life. We can not live for ourself through the day and at night offer up a prayer that is genuinely Christian. We can not put a prayer on. It must be the outgrowth of our life. In the deepest sense we can not say our prayers. Our prayers say themselves. They are the outgoings of our heart. They are the overflow of our soul. The worldly man or woman must not expect, therefore, to receive any satisfaction from his praying. How could he? Why should he? His prayer is not the expression of his deepest self. It is a form of words which he has placed on his lips. It is only by deepening one's life, and making it ring true, that there can come those sweet hours of communion with the Eternal of which the saints speak, and which so many of us have thus far sought, alas, in vain. Our prayers can reach as high as our life, but no higher.—*Christian Work.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

CHAIRMAN CHEERY

One day Cheery Lewis came running to her mother, with eyes dancing, as if to keep time to her flying feet, and cried out excitedly: "Oh, mother, what is that big word that means saving up everything? I heard the ladies talking about it when the club met with you last week?"

Mrs. Lewis smiled at her little daughter's enthusiasm. The child's name was really Malinda, but the family called her Cheery because she was so bright and cheerful and put every one in a good humor who came in contact with her.

"Conservation, I suppose, dear! Is that it?" replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Yes'm, that's it, and I've decided to be it!"

"To be what, darling?" asked mother, anxious to have the little girl explain.

"Why, to be *conservationer* for this family, that's what! Just come out here and see what I've *conservationed* already!" And away she flew in the direction of the kitchen, with mother close behind her.

"Fer de lan's sake, Cheery, come and take all dis heah rubbish off'n my table, chil! How you 'spect' me ter git my veg-tubbles ready fer dinner wid all dem things in my way?" complained Nancy, the cook.

"Wait a moment, Nancy," pleaded Mrs. Lewis, "until I can look these articles over and see just what Cheery has here."

"There's a box of pins first of all, mother," explained the child. "I used to walk right over them when I saw them on the floor, but I just got to thinking that you have to spend more money to buy new ones when all of your old ones get lost or wasted, so I have been saving them. They are almost all straight and shiny and just as good as new. Some have black heads like grandma uses, and I'm going to give those to her; and there are some with white and some with light blue heads. I know that sister dropped those, for they are her favorite kind."

"And here's a whole big spool of good wrapping cord. When bundles come, the paper and strings are generally thrown away; but I began saving the strings and

tying them together. Then I found this grand, big, tin spool that father's typewriter ribbon came on, and wound them on it.

"These are nice clean paper bags that came from the grocery. Cook used to crumble them up and throw them in the trash box, but I have stopped that, since I decided to be the conservationer. I smooth them out and fold them up, and the nice wrapping paper, too."

"Then, I went through the rag bag and cut all of these buttons off of the old clothes, and strung the *alike* ones together. They will do to use over, won't they?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed the mother. "All of your savings, as you call them, are useful, and you must look out for other ways to practice conservation."

"You haven't looked at them all yet, mother. This can is filled with soap-jelly. I got that idea from Julia's mother. She collects the scraps of soap from the bath room and kitchen, washes them and puts hot water over them. Nancy says the soap-jelly is very useful for lots of things."

"Now," said Mrs. Lewis, "I'm going to appoint you household chairman of conservation, and we will call you 'Chairman Cheery. Don't waste anything yourself, and see that none of the rest of us do. There are lots of ways in which you can help, besides what you have already done. At table do not take a thing upon your plate that you do not feel sure you can eat. See if you can not keep your dresses cleaner, so we won't have such heavy washings. You know a chairman must set a good example."

Chairman Cheery gathered up her savings and followed happily after her mother, who had promised to find her a special shelf upon which to store them.

"Dat chile do beat all!" muttered Nancy, as she began stringing beans for dinner.—*Elizabeth Fry Page.*

HILO, THE SCHOOL DOG

What boy or girl, with injured foot, would hop three blocks to school rather than be absent at roll-call?

That is what Hilo did.

Hilo is a black dog. He belongs to Mrs. M. M. Burris, of Pasadena, Cal. When Hilo's hips were injured by an automobile he walked to school on his sore feet and he went, not to a dog-training school and through fear of his master but to the

Lamanda Park school for boys and girls.

He entered this school eleven years ago, with the Burris children. Punctuality and cheerfulness have ever been his watch words. Every morning, with gleeful barking, he has led the children to school, protesting loudly if they loitered and remaining with them all day. When they passed into the higher grades Hilo remained at the Lamanda Park school, where he is now self-appointed superintendent.

Every day Hilo promptly appears at the schoolhouse, passes from room to room, making long and critical survey of teachers and pupils, then, as carefully, he inspects the yards. At noon the children feed him, or he goes home to luncheon. But he always returns for his supervision of the afternoon session.

When the closing bell rings Hilo gets the children into the line of march, barking furiously at the boy or girl who is not in correct position. He then takes his place at the head of the line and, in silent dignity, leads the boys and girls from the schoolroom, through the corridors and out into the playgrounds.

Once there, Hilo realizes that his duties for the day are done, and breaks loose, in real dog fashion, romping as merrily as any of the children.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

FRENCH CHAPLAIN TELLS OF WORK WITH AMERICAN TROOPS

Chaplain Victor Monod, who, with Chaplain Georges Lauga, recently visited the United States as delegate from the French Protestant Committee, has sent to the Federal Council's United Committee on Christian Service for Relief in France and Belgium an interesting communication telling of his visit among the American soldiers.

"As a token of gratitude," he writes, "to the American friends who have been so kind to me and to my companion when we were in America, I am glad to be able to assure them that everybody in France is desirous of doing the utmost possible to create a thorough friendly understanding with the American soldiers. We try to open our homes to them, and to express to all our good-will and devotion. In the camps as in the battle they are to us good comrades and true brothers."

In many French towns, he adds, the

American service hat and the khaki uniform are now a usual feature of the street scene. Even the French babies shout: "Americans, Bravo!" when the American motor cars run along the road. The French people are desirous of making quite "at home" our American boys, and the leading men in educational and religious circles are anxious to provide for them opportunities to meet the best part of the French population. The French Protestant churches are doing their utmost along this line. Chaplain Monod himself has taken every opportunity of asking his countrymen to open their homes in order to receive Americans.

Chaplain Monod, who, while in the United States, co-operated in the Y. M. C. A. campaign, has spoken in the Y. M. C. A. huts in several of the American camps. "In the huts," he says, "I found again the spirit of American homes. I heard them singing 'Brighten the Corner Where You Are,' and I saw happy and smiling faces. None was downhearted, none was homesick; they have found home where duty detains them, and they have even found 'Daddy' in the old chaplain of the base hospital, a delightful gentleman, liked by every boy." Everywhere he found enthusiastic audiences. He explained to them "that the differences they observe between America and France are a revelation of the meaning of the present war—a war against militarism and its crushing burden, and that they had come to France in order to keep the United States free from the military charges which have hindered the full industrial and commercial development of the European nations."

Chaplain Monod believes that the Y. M. C. A., which is striving to provide entertainment and teaching for the American soldiers, would benefit in having French workers who could give lectures in English.

On April 1, Chaplain Monod returned to his division, the 37th Infantry.—*Religious Publicity Service*.

After ratifying the Constitutional Amendment for Prohibition, Kentucky's Legislature submitted a State Prohibition Amendment by overwhelming majorities. In the State 106 counties are already dry.—*National Advocate*.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

REST AND PEACE FOR THE WEARY

EDITOR GARDINER

Text: *Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.* Matthew 11: 28-30.

Jesus was often moved with compassion toward the multitudes, and his great heart of sympathy led him to enter into their sufferings and to speak words of comfort and assurance. He had sent forth his disciples to bear his gospel message to those he regarded as the "lost sheep of the house of Israel," assuring them of his Father's care and that no one of them could fall without the Father's notice. He had taught the people that whosoever confessed him before men should be owned by the Father in heaven, and that whosoever should give a drink of water unto one of the lowly ones of earth in his name should in no wise lose his reward.

For many weeks the Pharisees, Sadducees, and the Herodians had harassed him at every turn, accusing him of associating with Publicans and sinners, and had tried in every way to catch him in his words and bring him to condemnation.

In the midst of the most persistent opposition from those to whom his messages of salvation had been offered, and as he was about to leave Galilee with its cities where most of his mighty works had been done, he encouraged his followers by assuring them (v. 27) that the Father had delivered all things into his hands.

By this they could know that no matter what storms might rage, no matter how rough life's sea or how adverse the tides, their Master had control of "all things." He was like a good captain with helm in hand, who could see all the way to the final haven and would bring them safely through in spite of darkness and tempests. They needed some such assurance as this. Hopeless indeed is the world if the living God has lost control.

A French writer closes his book with the description of a railroad train loaded with soldiers, dragged by an engine whose driver had been killed, and plunging with headlong speed into midnight darkness. Some one has said, "That train is a picture of the world without God." But since all things have been delivered unto Christ by the Father, that can not be a true picture. No matter how dark it may seem, the child of faith may rest in hope. He may know there is some wise reason for all the mysteries of earth, for every apparent victory of evil, and for all the burdens and cares.

Thus this text represents the Savior as he looked out upon the multitudes of this world drifting hopelessly in the darkness of sin. He saw human society divided, the rich against the poor, the aristocracy against the common people, seekers after pleasure ignoring the toiling masses, and everywhere feverish anxiety, disappointment, unrest. To all these his heart went out in compassion; he called them from the world; he offered them rest.

Who can study the faces in village, town, or city street today, among the throngs hurrying to business, the crowds packing places of amusement, the long lines of handsome conveyances on the fashionable streets of our large cities, whose richly dressed occupants seem to have no other purpose than to see and be seen—who can watch the faces of all these without feeling that the invitation of the Christ is just as much needed now as when he taught in Galilee. It is all here—the striving for riches, for social position, for the gratification of the senses. Ambition drives, pride controls, love of pleasure spurs. Ever the quest goes forward and the great masses of people living as though this life were all, grasping after the things that perish in their using, rush on, never at rest, never satisfied.

And it is upon this unrest that the Christ looks with compassion. It is to this struggling multitude he calls: "Come unto me; make your ambition, your pride, your lust of pleasure subservient to me and my service." With the young he pleads: "Walk in my way; learn of me. Put by the cup of selfish pleasure whose dregs are bitterness; drink from the pure wells of life, drink health, and peace, and length of days." To the mature he says: "Pause in your fevered pursuit of what will still

elude you, or, if gained, will turn to ashes in your hands. Take my yoke upon you—the yoke of a man meek and lowly of heart. Forget your unfulfilled hopes, your cruel disappointments; into your compressed souls take the light and life of the eternal and divine. Into the meek and lowly heart, disgorged of earthly pride and pomp, the very glow of heaven can come. And ye shall find rest unto your souls.”

Then leave the street and go down among the obscure toilers. Note the cases where only one pair of hands is between the family and starvation, with chances for loss of work, sickness, death. See the bent forms, the dull eyes, the patient endurance of the poor, ill fed and soul-starved. “Come unto me,” pleads the Christ. “I know the hardness of your lot. I, too, have suffered. I, too, am of the lowly. Come unto me. Not yet can your hands find rest, not yet shall the burden be lifted from weary shoulders; but I can give you comfort, hope, peace not of this world, and rest unto your souls.”

Look now at the households where appetite and passion have left their blight. A son has taken to drink, or a daughter has gone astray. There is home life where love is wanting; there are homes where the inmates are uncongenial, misfitted; where young life is suppressed; where bitterness rankles and sorrow broods. Into these homes the Christ comes, tender, understanding, sympathetic. “The day is long, the heart sore tried. Angry words will strive for utterance,—blame, retaliation, the jibe, the sneer, and sarcasm cutting like a knife into the soul. But, my poor child, learn of me; I know it all. Walk with me the way of patience, of lowliness, of meekness. Not all the way is smooth, not all the way is light, not all is pleasant; but you shall find that most precious thing, soul rest.”

Oh, the many, many burdens of trouble and sorrow that must be endured year after year by the children of men! Early aspirations fade from the heart; ambitions are not realized; hopes fail; the years begin to tell upon the powers of endurance; and, with all too many, life settles down to a dull ache of disappointment. Thousands find, too late, that the things for which they have toiled, the pleasures they have sought, bring no rest to the soul, rather pain and remorse. After “life’s fit-

ful fever” they face the end with no treasure laid up in heaven, no hope in Christ. In the midst of all these the Savior stands, pleading with them to come back to the simple life with him; to lay aside their ambitions, their pride of place, their love of worldly pleasure and power, and to enter into his service. No galling yoke shall ever be found there. There will be burdens, but they shall be light; there will be labor, but none shall be over-weary; for there shall be rest of soul.

Men have but to name their sorrows when they come to Christ in faith, and they are softened. There the whole outlook is changed, and new courage comes. Jesus enlarges the vision until life is seen to be more than a brief span between the cradle and the grave, and the soul begins to live for eternity.

To come to Christ, then, means to be taken up out of the ruin of sin and attached to the Christ life. It means “grace sufficient,” where burdens are still to be borne; for, in Christ, thy strength shall be according to thy day.

To come to Christ and wear his yoke means a service for others which brings its rewards as we go along and assures the soul of victory and rest at last. It means to live in communion with him who is meek and lowly in heart, recognizing the common brotherhood of man and helping others to bear their burdens.

If I could send this message into all the humble homes, the comfortless houses, the cheerless apartments of earth; if I could reach the men and women of meager living and coarse garments and hard toil, I would remind them all that the meek and lowly Christ knows by an earthly experience just what they are having to endure; that he who promised to be with us always, even unto the end, still calls them to himself for rest. His message should be a glad one to the poor and lowly, for he promises to make them heirs of the kingdom of heaven. It should bring joy to the rich who have found no rest in their wealth, for the Master came to teach them how to use their money here for the good of men so as to lay up for themselves imperishable riches in everlasting homes.

“Come unto me” should stir the heart of the unlearned, for it comes from the Teacher who is able to make them wise unto salvation. It should be hailed with

joy by the scholar, for he who gives it can unfold for him the mysteries that have been hidden from the foundation of the world. It should come with special help to those who mourn, for Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and one of his purposes as foretold by the prophets is to comfort all that mourn. And what could bring greater relief to the guilty, the self-condemned, and the despairing, than the words of the text spoken by him who came to take away transgression, to bear the sins of many, and to enable the chief of sinners to say, “There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.”

Let us not overlook the comprehensive word *all* in the text. No class of men can think of having any advantage over another class. Rich and poor, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, are alike in the eyes of the Master. To one and all, then, this message is sent: “Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

MRS. J. B. CLARKE

Mrs. Eunice Lodemia Clarke was the daughter of William and Lydia Doubleday Alvord and was born in Scott, N. Y., July 24, 1835; thus, had she lived till July next, she would have completed the ripe age of fourscore and three years.

Her childhood and youth were spent in the town of her birth. May 1, 1856, she was united with the Rev. J. B. Clarke in holy wedlock. This happy union lasted fifty-three years lacking eight days, till Elder Clarke's death, May 2, 1909. To them were born five children,—William R., of New York City, Alvord B., of Chicago, Miss Myra L., of Alfred, Miss Lua May, who was called home a few years since, and Mrs. Maybelle M. Annas, of DeKalb, Ill.

In early life Mrs. Clarke became a member of the Methodist-Episcopal Church of Scott, but later transferred her membership to the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Scott. At the time of their marriage her husband was the young pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church in Scott, and Mrs. Clarke, in her quiet, intelligent, efficient and loving way, entered into the work of the church and its pastor, her husband. After five years of service for the Master in the church at Scott they gave five years of similar service in the Seventh Day

church at Verona, N. Y., and then Elder Clarke resigned the charge in Verona and accepted the pastorate of the church of like faith in West Edmeston, N. Y. Here they worked together nineteen years, rendering a service that is still held in fond remembrance by the survivors of that day.

Thirty-two years ago they moved to Alfred and established their home. In Alfred, as elsewhere, Mrs. Clarke entered into the work of the church and community and by the beauty of her life greatly endeared herself to all who knew her; the young found in her a sympathetic companion and all a quiet, cheerful and helpful friend. It is seldom indeed that one so perfectly fills her place in every station in life as did Mrs. Clarke during these more than fourscore years.

Besides the children she is survived by one sister, Mrs. Mary E. Mills, of Syracuse. Farewell services, conducted by Pastor Burdick, were held at the house, Monday afternoon. Prayer was offered by Prof. Charles F. Binns, and Prof. Ray W. Wingate sang two selections voicing the bright hopes which Mrs. Clarke had cherished, both in sunshine and shadow. Interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

WILLIAM L. BURDICK.

OUR DAILY BREAD

At a confidential interview held at the Department of Agriculture the end of March, the results of which we are now permitted to make public, M. Tardieu, French High Commissioner, made some illuminating statements in regard to what the French have done in the matter of food conservation. Their wheat consumption has been cut from 700,000 to 530,000 tons a year. Since the war opened the soldiers' bread ration has been reduced from 25 to 21 ounces a day and the civilian is required not to use more than 10 ounces. Barley, for the purpose of brewing liquors, has been forbidden to all brewers except in the northeastern section of France, and 75 per cent of the barley crop now goes for food. Most radical of all for the French people has been a cut of 90 per cent in the cereals used for pastries and pies. Furthermore, the horses and cattle have had a reduction in their rations, and the result has been a 50 per cent decrease in the number of head since the war opened. It is not possible to reduce the consumption any further.

There are 35,000,000 people in France and 7,000,000 are in the army. This has resulted in a decrease of 60 per cent in the production of food crops but this is a splendid record when it is considered that farming is altogether in the hands of old men, women and children, and when it is also considered that there is a tremendous need for help in the munition factories and war industries.

Not only have the French made these radical reductions because of their own lack of production, but they have reduced their imports of food tremendously. M. Tardieu gives these figures:

The importation of rice has fallen by 62 per cent, sugar 40 per cent, dried vegetables 51 per cent, oils and fats, 49 per cent.

Facts and figures like these startle us. They make us realize the sacrifices of our praying allies and what they have borne during these years. They make us determine to be the more earnest in raising the food to win the war and free the world.—*Publicity Service.*

KINDLY DEEDS

MY thoughts go back to the days of childhood when at the knee of a gentle-voiced and since sainted mother I learned this childish verse:

When e'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see,
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

To many who walk or motor through the fashionable shopping districts of our cities such simple rhyme may almost seem absurd. The men and women are expensively clad. Not a few of them live in a little world of their own. The shop windows are resplendent with beautiful things. The facades of the handsome buildings tell of material wealth and comfort. Who thinks of the poor? Where are they? Do they exist?

They are everywhere. Possibly only one block distant—up rickety steps—in dreary holes in the wall, or down in dirty cellars can be found people who are literally without hope and without God in the world. Hungry mothers, starving babies, consumptive men, ill-clad children struggle for existence. They do not really live—they exist and cringe. Cruel economic and social con-

ditions, possibly the mistakes or sins of others, maybe their own errors or vices have condemned them to penury and tears. They have suffering bodies and stolid brains. Have we no duty toward them? Are they not God's children? Will he not measure the genuineness of our love for him by our pity and willingness to help them?

Most of us recline on comfortable beds every night and awake refreshed each morning because our bodies have been relaxed and warm. Do we remember the hundreds of millions of our fellow creatures in all the continents who every night lie down in chill and misery? Do we know that they are very often forced to be content with only enough cash in hand to purchase the coming meal? Do we fully appreciate that judicious and sympathetic application of money can bring great solace to despairing souls? Do we understand the rich blessing to ourselves when we make the widow's heart sing for joy? If giving to the poor means lending to the Lord it unquestionably signifies that God is a superb debtor. Have we faith to believe this? How does he prove it?

Let us test the possibilities of human happiness by more generously depleting our bank accounts for the service of others. The heart that beats in harmony with the calls of God's needy children is the happy heart. It responds to the swing of the beautiful song of love that Jesus teaches. It is the heart that proves its affection for God by loving its brother also.—*W. C. Allen, in Christian Work.*

Sabbath School.—Lesson XXI, May 25, 1918

JESUS SILENCES HIS ADVERSARIES. Mark 12: 1-44

Golden Text.—Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Mark 12: 17

DAILY READINGS

May 19—Mark 12: 1-12. The Rejected Son
May 20—Mark 12: 13-17, 28-34. Jesus Silences His Adversaries
May 21—Mark 12: 35-44. Sincerity and Liberality
May 22—Ps. 2: 1-12. The King and His Enemies
May 23—Ps. 116: 1-14. Love to God
May 24—1 Peter 2: 13-25. Respect for Authority
May 25—2 Cor. 8: 9-15. Christian Giving
(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.—*B. F. Riley.*

DEATHS

STILLMAN.—Fred E. Stillman, son of William H. and Susan Tanner Stillman, was born in Richburg, N. Y., February 28, 1859, and, after a lingering illness following a serious operation, passed to his eternal rest, March 2, 1918, aged 59 years and 2 days.

At the age of nineteen he was converted during meetings held by Dr. A. H. Lewis and later was baptized by Rev. Thomas B. Brown, his pastor, and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Little Genesee, N. Y.

On October 6, 1879, he was united in marriage, by the Rev. John L. Huffman, to Susan E. Clarke. To this happy union there were born seven children. In 1903, the family moved to Nile, N. Y., where Brother Stillman held his membership until their removal to Battle Creek, Mich., where he united with the church of his faith.

He leaves to mourn his loss his faithful wife, six children, and twelve grandchildren, besides a brother, Frank E. Stillman, and a sister, Mrs. George Stillman, both of Alfred, N. Y. His children, all of whom were with him the last five weeks of his life are, Mrs. H. C. Green, of Bolivar, N. Y., W. N. Stillman, Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. Edward F. Boehm, Dayton, Ohio, Mrs. G. A. Coon, Friendship, N. Y., T. B. Stillman, Battle Creek, and Mrs. S. F. Green, Battle Creek.

Farewell services were held in the chapel of Davis' undertaking rooms on Tuesday afternoon, March 5, 1918, and were conducted by Rev. Henry N. Jordan. Interment was in the cemetery at Battle Creek.

H. N. J.

PERRY.—Catherine Elizabeth Perry, daughter of Horace and Annie Butin, the second of four children, was born May 1, 1834, in Little Genesee, N. Y., and died at her home in Hammond, La., March 18, 1918, in the 84th year of her age.

While still a young child the family moved to Berlin, N. Y. In March, 1846, she was baptized by the pastor of the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Church, Rev. J. O. Scott, becoming a member of that church then. There were some seventy conversions at the time. In 1862, she left Berlin and went to Illinois, and from there to Kansas in 1863. She became a constituent member of the Pardee, now the Nortonville, Seventh Day Baptist Church, where she held her membership for the remainder of her life. There remains now, but one constituent member living, her sister, Mrs. Alma Maris.

In 1867, she was married to Mr. William Perry, of Shiloh, N. J. A happy married life ensued of thirteen years. Four children came to brighten the home,—Ida Adelle, the eldest, Walter D. Perry, now of Topeka, Kan., and Charles Elfred Perry, of Milton, Wis. One died in infancy.

In 1908, she came to Hammond, La., to reside with her daughter, Mrs. A. P. Ashurst, now Mrs.

S. S. Powell. The last ten years of her life were spent in a wheel chair.

Hers was a life of singular devotion to high ideals, with great strength of character, equanimity, kindness, and industry. Her love for and service in the church were foremost with her, we may safely say, her whole life long, in Sabbath-school, church attendance, prayer meeting, and in woman's work. She possessed so good a knowledge of Seventh Day Baptist affairs, that if it could have been written down with a degree of fulness, an entertaining and popular history of our church would have resulted. Aunt Kate, as she was familiarly known, during the last years of her life, while a captive in her wheel chair, radiated a truly beneficent and Christian influence.

The date of her death afforded a remarkable co-incidence. It was two days before a double anniversary, the date of her marriage and that of her husband's death. That anniversary date was March 20.

The funeral was on March 19 at the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, her home, conducted by the pastor. There was a large attendance, and an extraordinary wealth of flowers, the season being the full glory of the rose. The pastor spoke upon the Hope of the Resurrection as disclosed in our Lord's conversation with Martha and Mary.

S. S. P.

VAN HORN.—Sarah M. Furrow Van Horn was born in Clark County, Ohio, March 29, 1835, and died on April 6, 1918, at the age of 83 years and 8 days.

In early life she moved with her parents to Logan County, Ohio. She was married to Lewis R. Van Horn on March 1, 1856. To this union were born eight children,—three boys and five girls. Four survive her,—two boys and two girls.

She with her husband moved to Richardson County, Neb., in the year 1878, and entered into the life of the Long Branch Church, where Brother Van Horn was chosen and ordained deacon. With this church she held her membership to the time of her death. From April, 1912, Sister Van Horn made her home with her son, Robert, and at his home she passed away after only a few days' sickness. The son, Robert, was present.

She leaves to mourn her death, two sons and two daughters,—Robert Van Horn, of Farnam, Neb., Ella Davis, of North Loup, Neb., W. S. Van Horn, of North Loup, Neb., and Hanna Davis, of Farnam, Neb.; also R. V. Hurley, a nephew whom she raised from infancy, of Milton, Wis., and two sisters, one living at Humboldt, Neb., and the other at Nortonville, Kan. Sister Van Horn was well known in this community, and the friends have the sympathy of all.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist church, Monday, April 8, conducted by the pastor, Rev. T. E. Gillet. Interment was made in the Farnam Cemetery, beside her husband.

R.

BURDICK.—In Alfred, N. Y., April 17, 1918, Mr. Oliver Daniel Burdick, aged 77 years, 3 months, and 18 days.

Mr. Burdick was born in East Valley, in the town of Alfred, N. Y., December 30, 1840, and was the son of Welcome and Prudence Pettibone Burdick. His entire life until three years past, when he retired from his farm and came to Alfred, had been spent in East Valley.

In 1861, he was united in marriage to Miss Adelaide Fowler, who died April 4, 1878. To them were born three children,—Mrs. Rodolphus Howland, of Andover, and Mrs. Dayton Burdick and Mrs. Fred Hemphill, of Erie, Pa. November 10, 1879, he was united in marriage to Miss Susan A. Davis who remains to mourn his departure. To them was born one child, Mrs. W. W. Sheldon, of Alfred. Besides his wife and daughters, he is survived by one brother, Charles Burdick, of East Valley.

Mr. Burdick was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Andover, having joined it at the time of its organization in 1871. He was an upright, industrious man, respected by all who knew him.

Funeral services were held at the house Sabbath afternoon. Pastor William L. Burdick conducted the service and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

W. L. B.

STOPPLE.—Leona Humiston was born at Wau-paca, Wis., December 30, 1868. She departed this life at River Falls, Idaho, April 18, 1918.

She was the youngest child of Asahel and Marie Humiston. Her father died in the spring of 1880. Seven years later she, with her mother, removed to Hammond, La. In the spring of 1900, her mother passed away, but Leona continued to keep her home in the South until 1903, when she disposed of it and came to Chicago, where in September of that same year she entered a nurses' training school, finishing her course in 1906, after which she practiced her profession for two years.

In 1908, she was united in marriage to Isaac Stopple, of Walworth, Wis., who with her two little boys, Freddie and Orville, two sisters, one brother and a host of friends mourn her departure.

Funeral services were conducted from her late home, Tuesday, April 23, by her pastor, C. B. Loofbourrow, and the body was laid to rest in the Walworth Cemetery.

C. B. L.

MILLS.—Lorena Cottrell Mills was born on the Cottrell farm near Milton Junction, November 24, 1868, and died April 18, 1918, in her 50th year.

She was the only daughter of Thomas and Rebecca Cottrell. Almost her entire life was spent in or near this village. She was educated in the Milton Junction public school and began a course in Milton College, but a break in her health compelled her to discontinue her work there.

At the age of twelve years she accepted Christ as her Savior and was baptized into the fellowship of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Milton Junction, Wis., where she was a devoted

worker when her health would permit. For thirteen years she taught the beginners' class in the Sabbath school and for a much longer time was a member of the church choir. She was one of the eleven constituent members of the Christian Endeavor Society and so far as is known is the second one to be called home.

On December 23, 1902, she was happily married to Rev. O. S. Mills, to whom she was a faithful wife, and a devoted mother to Neal and Elma; children of his former wife. With her family she remained here most of the time that she might be near her aged and widowed mother to minister to her in her declining years. For the past two years, especially, her health was very poor and after a little over three weeks of severe sickness she passed to her reward from her home in the village.

She leaves in great grief her mother, brother Eldon, her husband and Neal and Elma, a half sister, Mrs. Lucinda Crandall, and many other kindred and friends.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor Van Horn assisted by Pastor L. C. Randolph, of Milton, and the body was laid to rest in the Milton Junction Cemetery. The funeral was largely attended and the many beautiful floral offerings attested the high esteem in which Mrs. Mills was held.

E. D. V. H.

CLARKE.—Mrs. J. B. Clarke, wife of the late Rev. J. B. Clarke, passed to the life beyond her home in Alfred, N. Y., April 19, 1918.

Those closest to her had known for some time that her health was declining. Thursday, the 19th inst., she was taken suddenly ill and her release came the next afternoon. More extended notice elsewhere.

W. L. B.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

WHEREAS, The Ladies' Aid Society of the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church has lost, by death, a loved and faithful member, Mrs. O. S. Mills, be it

Resolved, That since God in his infinite wisdom has deemed it best to take from our midst our dear sister, we express to her family, her aged mother, her brother and other relatives, our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, be printed in the *Journal-Telephone* and the *SABBATH RECORDER*, and also spread on the minutes of the society.

MRS. S. C. CHAMBERS,
MRS. I. B. CLARKE,
MRS. T. B. DAVIS,

Committee.

April 30, 1918.

"It is reported that army officials at Honolulu have sent a memorial to President Wilson saying there is not room enough on the Hawaiian Islands for booze and the army boys at the same time."

TAKING CARE OF DISABLED SOLDIERS

Germany boasts that every wounded soldier is trained to earn his own living. England and France, although less adequately prepared at the outbreak of hostilities, are now able to guarantee the same provision for their wounded and disabled heroes. The United States, taking the lead among nations in its war risk insurance work, is on the eve of creating a vaster and more far-reaching system than any yet devised. Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, father of the Vocational Education Act and chairman of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, is engaged on the framing of the legislation.

How enormous is the task of refitting ex-soldiers to return to industry is summed up in the Senate report referred to, which states that any estimate of the number that will be returned disabled or that will require vocational re-education must necessarily be based upon certain assumptions regarding the duration of the war, the number of men maintained at the front, and the proportion of casualties. These assumptions must be based upon the experience of the belligerents during the last three years.

There are at present approximately 13,000,000 wounded and crippled soldiers in the belligerent countries of Europe, including 3,000,000 cases of amputation. In Germany alone, it is reported, 500,000 men are under treatment in the hospitals, the number of leg amputations during 1916 being 16,000.

During the next few months the return of wounded, crippled and invalided men from the overseas forces of the United States will begin, and will continue thereafter for an indefinite period until the return of the overseas forces after the termination of the war. Without taking account of more remote contingencies, it seems not improbable . . . that 100,000 disabled men will be returned during the first year of fighting and that at least 20,000 of these men will require total or partial vocational re-education in order to overcome handicaps incurred in service. A second year of fighting may add 40,000, a third 60,000 to the number requiring such re-education, making a total for three years of fighting of 120,000. This assumes 1,000,000 men overseas the first year and an increase of 1,000,000 overseas in each succeeding year. The figures given above may under-

estimate the development of the overseas forces, as well as the proportion of casualties in the closing stages of the war, when offensive strategy and tactics and fighting in the open to break through the German lines may succeed the trench warfare of the past two years.—*Christian Work*.

THE FARMERS' FRIENDS

MANY farmers fail to recognize their best friends. Snakes, for example, kill far more field mice than all the cats in the land. Owls are also particularly destructive to vermin. So, too, are hawks, although two varieties menace the poultry yards. Yet what farmer does not encourage his sons to kill snakes, owls and hawks at every opportunity? Even the despised coyote of the West has performed such a service in destroying the far more harmful rabbits and gophers that its decreasing numbers is a public loss.—*Youth's Companion*.

Rev. Jame M. Blackwood, of Mercer, Pa., after visiting eight army camps in the Southwest, wrote to "The Christian Statesman" about his observations, and thus summed up on one point: "In the five weeks out the writer did not see one drunken soldier, and it was not for lack of opportunity. There is likely some drinking, but largely speaking the army is a sober army. Why? Because the Federal Government has said the soldier must not drink, and has also said that the liquor dealer must not sell him or give him drink."

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

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

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SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The address of all Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 1810 Midland Ave., Syracuse. O. H. Perry, church clerk, 1031 Euclid Ave.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago, holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. Preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d Street.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry Street.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium) 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Avenue.

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

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

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

I believe that out of the smoke and din and bloodshed are coming a new political economy, a new international law, a new theology, a new heaven, and a new earth.—
William E. Barton, D. D.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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A TRIBUTE

Not many friends my life has made;
Few have I loved, and few are they
Who in my hand their hearts have laid;
And these were women. I am gray,
But never have I been betrayed.

These words—this tribute—for the sake
Of truth to God and womankind.
These—that my heart may cease to ache
With love and gratitude confined.
And bounding from my lips to break.

These—to that sisterhood of grace
That numbers in its sacred list
My mother risen to her place:
My wife, but yesterday morning kissed
And folded in love's last embrace.

This tribute of a love profound
As ever moved the heart of man,
To those to whom my life is bound,
To her in whom my life began,
And her whose love my life hath crowned.
—J. G. Holland.

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AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY
Plainfield, New Jersey

SABBATH RALLY DAY

May 18, 1918

IN SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCHES

Suggestive Programs are being prepared for the observance of Sabbath Rally Day the week of Sabbath Day, May 18, 1918.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD will furnish copy for the program to be used by the Sabbath Schools.

A PROGRAM adapted to the use of the women of the denomination for their meetings will be supplied by the Woman's Board.

BY THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD will be provided copy for programs to be used by the Christian Endeavor Societies.

BRAINS of a young pastor will suggest a program for the weekly prayer meeting of the church.

A PASTOR long in the service will prepare a program to be used by Baraca classes, Men's clubs, and Men's Bible classes.

THE TRACT SOCIETY will assemble, print in a single leaflet, and distribute these programs to the churches and Sabbath Schools. It will also be published in the SABBATH RECORDER sometime in April.

HONOR THE SABBATH, make it a delight, in love and loyalty to Christ the Lord of the Sabbath. Begin now to make plans in all departments of the church to observe this denominational anniversary.

The Sabbath Recorder

CONSOLATION

There is something left to live for. I know you say it is not so, but you are wrong about it. Life's interests are many, and even if that has departed which you held dearest, something is left. There is something left to love, something to hope for, some one more sad than yourself to comfort. And if all these voices of love and hope and sympathy were dead to you, then there is one other, stern and hard, but blessed, that of duty. Tomorrow's needs will force upon you tomorrow's tasks. Their very monotony is a blessing. That they have grouped themselves almost mechanically, and have settled into habits, is itself a thing to be thankful for. . . . Despise not the humble duties that call you back from yourself. They are God's angels in disguise. Make large room in your saddened life for the somber-robed angel Duty, and beside her in brighter apparel soon shall stand Faith, Hope, and Love. There is more to live for than you think. Take heart and live bravely and well.
—William E. Barton, D. D.

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