

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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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.
Executive Committee—Frank J. Hubbard, Chairman, Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Rec. Sec., Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Alva Davis, Cor. Sec., North Loup, Neb.; Dr. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis., (for three years); Mr. Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J., (for three years); Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y., (for two years); Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I., (for two years); Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Salem, W. Va., (for one year); Mr. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va., (for one year). Also ex-presidents and presidents of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—A. L. Tittsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Assistant Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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Recording Secretary—Prof. Frank L. Greene, Alfred, N. Y.
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Recording Secretary—Mrs. A. S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
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President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.
Vice-President—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Joseph A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
 Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited. Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)
President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Advisory Committee—William L. Burdick, Chairman.

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President—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
Treasurer—W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.
 Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

BOARD OF FINANCE

President—Grant W. Davis, Milton, Wis.
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Custodian—Dr. Albert S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

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Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Homer, N. Y.
Junior Superintendent—Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.
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Recording Secretary—Mr. Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Advisory Committee—All members of the Missionary Committee in each of the Associations.
 The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.
 All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries will be strictly confidential.

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

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

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 20, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,820

"Stand by Them" The President is calling the entire nation to prayer. May 30, our National Memorial Day, is the time, and every Christian in America should respond to the call. It may be that the nations have depended so much upon human forces that God has been, all too nearly, left out. There is nothing that gives moral stamina to an individual like sincere, earnest prayer for divine help. And when a nation bows before the throne of God in united, humble supplication for power and wisdom and guidance, that nation is in the right way to success.

The boys in France will watch those in the homeland to see how they respond to this call. Every indication that America is turning from its worldliness, its love of pleasure, its selfishness, and is seeking the power from on high, will bring cheer and courage to the boys who are giving themselves to make the world free. There are many ways to stand by them. We do this by our conservation of food, by investing in Liberty Bonds, and by our prayers. This last way is so important that appeals begin to come from the front. One soldier, Mr. George W. Osmun, "Somewhere in France," has put his plea in verse:

*Stand by them, O ye of the homeland,
 Your own boys in a war-wasted zone;
 Now unflinching they file to their places—
 Stand by them in prayer at the Throne.*

List now, the dull beat of their marching,
 They are nearing their furnace of fire;
 Banish thoughts of your personal pleasure;
 To your tasks! Carry on! Never tire!

You've given, you think, to the limit—
 Must you still feel the hurt and the pain?
 They are turning their faces towards perils
 Which mock meditations of gain

Brave lads, every one, and undaunted,
 They have yielded their all for the right;
 They are lonely, sore-tempted—they need you;
 Their life is a desperate fight.

Let perish pet plans for your morrow,
 Rise now to your boys' present need:
 Lift up prayers, matching enemy's terrors,
 Out of hearts swept clean of all greed.

*Stand by them! 'Tis the call of tomorrow,
 Of a world in the throes of new birth;
 They are shouldering a man-crushing burden—
 Stand by them, thou Lord of the earth.*

Home Influences Yesterday was Mother's Day, and it must have meant more to many boys in the army beyond the seas than ever before. It also found a deeper meaning to mothers in the homeland whose boys are risking all to make safe, now and in the future, the principles on which their homes are founded.

In many places Mothers' Day was celebrated this year as Parents' Day. This seems especially appropriate, for the world needs a Fathers' Day as well as a Mothers' Day.

Parents of boys who march under the Stars and Stripes in Europe will be glad to receive assurances of the excellent morale of the American army, and will rejoice to learn of the religious environment surrounding the soldiers. An American pastor who has visited the camps brought back many brief messages from the boys to their folks at home and the *Christian Advocate* publishes a list of excerpts from soldiers' letters "to show the spirit of the men" and to gladden the hearts of those who are anxious about the spiritual welfare of their loved ones. We can give place here to only a few of these extracts.

"MOTHER: I am doing my best to live up to what you and Pa have taught me."

"I am well, and from henceforth I shall live the life of a man."

"DEAR MOTHER: I pray every night for help to make me live the life that will be worth while."

"DEAR MOTHER: I have decided to live as you have often tried to get me to do. I have been doing so since I was in England, where I went to church the first time for a long time, and Mother, I found where you were right. It is the only way to live."

"DEAR MOTHER: I keep your teachings to me when a child sacred to my heart now and forever."

"DEAREST MOTHER AND FATHER: I am living the life you want me to live. I am being the man you have prayed I'd be."

"Don't you worry while I am here, as we are

fighting for our country, and for our friends' country, and I feel that God is with us, and that we are fighting the devil, and I feel that we will win with God's help."

"In these hours of trial, there is only one thing that will help you and me—'The Belief in the Eternal Justice of God.' All my physical and material plans are nothing to the holy moments in which I realize the beauty of sacrifice for the right thing."

"DEAR MOTHER: I am well and am praying every night that I will come home. Please tell Father, and keep his spirits up, and he will find a different boy when I arrive home."

"FATHER AND MOTHER: I am well and better in every way than when I left the U. S."

"DEAR MOTHER: Healthy, happy and working hard for a good cause. Mother, do not worry about my welfare, as I sure will return as good and pure as I was when I left you all."

"I am well, dear Mother, and am leading a new life, a life of God. Give my love to all, and let God keep you all well."

"DEAR DAD: I am a better man today than the boy you shook hands with last September."

"Tell the boys to be men, for the flag needs something to stand on, as well as some one to hold it up."

"MY DEAREST MOTHER: I am dropping these few lines to cheer your dear heart, and I want to assure you that wherever I go, wherever I'll be, I'll come back to you a straight and clean upright boy. Do not worry, because my heart lives for you and the dear brothers and sisters at home. God bless and keep you all."

An Old Message Yet Ever New We give this week an article by Preston F. Randolph, of Salem, W.

Va. It was prepared some forty years ago for an association, and its author being unable to attend, was read by Dr. A. H. Lewis.

Brother Randolph sends it with the suggestion that it may not be out of place just now in connection with the articles furnished by the Government on the training of children. Moses has always been regarded as good authority on this subject, and our readers will enjoy the article.

Christian Forbearance The New Testament is full of earnest teaching upon the grace of Christian forbearance. The forbearance of God with his wayward children is shown to be the pattern that Christians are to follow, and they are exhorted to "walk with lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." This grace well developed and lovingly practiced becomes one of the most

wonderful educators. It is the sign of a truly enlightened conscience, of a genuinely Christian heart.

Charity is classed with the grace of forbearance and belongs to it. According to Paul, a man may talk with the tongue of an angel, possess the gift of prophecy, and become a martyr for what he thinks is truth, and yet be as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal—yes, be *nothing* if the spirit of charity be wanting.

A three-fold blessing comes to the world when the spirit of Christian forbearance actuates one's life. By a natural reaction, the soul that cherishes it is blessed. He is led to self-control and to kindly feelings towards his fellows—it becomes a tower of strength to its possessor.

The spirit of forbearance greatly benefits the erring one; for it shows him that its possessor, though opposed to his beliefs or his position, really has his welfare at heart and is not trying to crush him.

Again, the effect of Christian forbearance upon all observers, outside the interested parties in any controversy, is always good. Thus, aside from the blessings that come to the immediate opponents, such a spirit acts like a benediction upon the entire community where its influence is felt.

Steering Between The Rocks It was an evening in the springtime when our good ship *Celtic* entered the Straits of Messina, between Italy and Sicily. The western sun was sinking behind Mt. Etna, and as the evening shadows gathered, the softened rays of a full moon took the place of sunlight. Under it we steered our way through the historic waters toward the narrows made famous by the Grecian story of Scylla and Charybdis—rocks on either side of a whirlpool that swallowed up ancient mariners, exacting from every ship a heavy toll of human life.

With intense interest we watched the great ship make her way through the narrow, crooked channel between the rocky points. Cautiously she moved amid the swirl of eddying currents, turning nearly at right angles twice, just at the proper time, and passing safely through into the open sea again.

The dangers of bygone years have been overcome; the sailors of today are masters

of the situation; and no longer are mariners distressed over the dangers of steering between the rocks. How has it come about?

First, each generation of sailors has studied well the charts of those who preceded, improved upon the methods of other days, and accepted modern methods of safeguarding life.

Second, not only is the successful ship of today well equipped and up to date in all its appointments, but its crew is well organized. There is but one head or central power in command. There can be no cross-purposes, no side issues as to policy, no strike or mutiny among officers or men. Everything runs like clockwork. The captain has his counselors—wise, loyal, prudent men they must be—with whom he consults. Each one fills his own allotted place, and after plans and policies are carefully adopted, he is expected to do well his part and loyally co-operate in carrying out the plans. A constant kicker among the men endangers the ship and puts all on board in jeopardy. The help, the loyal support of every man among officers or crew is essential to the highest welfare of any ship that has to sail between the rocks, and contend with adverse tides.

Is There a Lesson Here for Us? What chance would there be for any vessel to avoid shipwreck if every man on board should take it into his head to disregard the fixed policy, carefully made, and should set out to manage the ship himself?

Not long ago I heard a man say, "We are a denomination of anarchists." He has long been a close observer of our denominational life; no man is truer to the Sabbath and to every interest that we as a people hold dear. His study of denominational success among some other peoples had convinced him that our *individualism* is one great cause of our own slow progress. It is working our ruin. Upon asking certain leaders of a growing denomination as to the cause of the unprecedented success of their people, he received this reply: "A strong central committee, in whom the people have confidence, to carry on the work."

A letter from an anxious one longing to see greater unity and more complete effi-

ciency among us, a lone Sabbath-keeper attending services on Sunday, brings this message regarding still another efficient denomination: "I wish *mightily* that we could take on their church government and up-to-dateness."

Convictions such as these are taking strong hold upon the hearts of many who lament our want of enthusiasm, our indifference to the one great need of a small people—that of denominational unity in carrying out the fixed policies of wise and loyal counselors. It needs no prophet's vision to see that the tenacity with which we cling to the "every man for himself" principle must, if continued, under the pressure of these times bring us to ruin.

Give Us Positive Convictions Whenever the people of a denomination

become indifferent toward the fundamental truths that called them into being; whenever strong convictions as to the need of loyalty to God's law are wanting, and men lose their zeal for the verities of the gospel, there is danger of disintegration and death. To continue in such a state, satisfied, to drag along with little or no progress, is but to commit denominational suicide.

A sin-cursed and sorrow-burdened world is to be saved; society permeated with false theories of life, and dominated by harmful and degrading customs is to be rescued from thralldom; the people must be aroused from luxurious ease and indifference; and the church, in error as to God's holy Sabbath, must be awakened to see the truth. By what instrumentality can this be accomplished? It can not be done by cold, negative, inactive lives. Cold orthodoxy, however well approved, can not convert, ennoble, sanctify men. Nothing but positive convictions of truth, zealously and lovingly put into life—incarnated in live, enthusiastic Christians, can do this.

We need to be impressed anew with the fact that all influence for good is born of conviction. What we believe with all the heart, and put into life—what we are, as experimental exponents of truth—this is what moves men. The kind of living that assimilates truth and makes live, wide-awake Christians of us, will prove a life-giving message to sinful men.

Concerning Wages And Salaries Much is being said concerning the scarcity of candidates for the ministry. Almost inevitably the conversation turns upon the small salaries, and the financial outlook for ministers is usually the first reason offered for such a scarcity. While there are other reasons to account for so few ministers, several of which are serious, no doubt the small compensation has a great influence in the case.

Some one has taken pains to show, by careful estimates that the average wages in fourteen industries is twice as large as the average salary in fourteen Protestant denominations.

Something is wrong when a common laborer shoveling dirt, without having had to spend a dollar for education and equipment, is paid more money in a year than the average minister, and when an ordinary school-teacher can earn two or three times the amount of the pastor's salary.

Gradually the churches are awakening to the necessity of better support for their pastors. But for some reason they do not yet seem to understand that the purchasing power of \$1,500 now, in a pastor's hands, is no greater than \$500 or \$600 was ten years ago. The present financial outlook for the minister and his family is not conducive to the bringing of many young men into the ministry.

Are There Other Reasons For So Few Ministers? Sometimes we hear complaints to the effect that there are so few young men in our schools looking toward the ministerial profession, and men are led to ask, what are denominational schools for if not to prepare men for denominational work? I heard such a question discussed not long ago, and am sure some things of interest can be said in this line. It is natural for a denomination that has been endowing schools for several generations to look for fruits—fruits that can be counted as *special to the upbuilding of the denomination*. Is the denominational and religious spirit in our schools such as to strengthen the purpose of possible candidates for the ministry and hold them true in the faith of their fathers until they are ready for the Seminary? This is an important question; but we think the most important one is back of the school.

The inquiry must begin in the homes that

furnish material for schools. Let me ask Seventh Day Baptists if they think the spiritual atmosphere in their homes is conducive to the production of devout, consecrated candidates for the ministry? If not, why not? Does not the blame for worldliness that drowns out the spiritual life rest upon the homes rather than upon the schools? Can we expect boys who live in homes where the ministers' calling is slightly spoken of, where parents are more concerned about worldly positions and business prosperity than about spiritual manhood and the ability to do good—can we expect boys, after twenty years under such influences, to come out ministers of the gospel? If here and there one does enter the ministry, it must be by a miracle of grace.

If Seventh Day Baptists need one thing more than another, it is a revival of spiritual Christianity in the homes—a new and living zeal for the things we hold as a people, the things our fathers loved, the Sabbath for which we stand. Such a renewal of the spiritual life would soon settle the questions that sorely trouble us now.

The Building Fund Is Growing On another page will be found a list of those who have, thus far, given to the fund for the proposed denominational building. Thirty-five persons have already pledged Liberty Bonds or given cash to the amount of \$2,102.00. This is a good start, and we look for the movement to go forward with greater enthusiasm as the days go by. It is coming to be regarded more and more as the one movement in which the entire denomination can unite to strengthen our cause and fit us for better work.

Western Association June 14-16 In our last RECORDER we published the tentative program of the Western Association, to be held at Independence, N. Y., June 14-16.

The copy came too late for any explanation to be made, as the editorial forms were already closed. We therefore give here the words of the Corresponding Secretary regarding the matter.

"On account of commencement at Alfred, and owing to local farm conditions in Allegany County, the Executive Committee has decided to hold the sessions of

the Western Association on that date."

It was thought that this arrangement would allow delegates to the Central Association to attend commencement at Alfred in the week preceding the association.

"A RELIGIOUS REST DAY"

So far as words go one of the storm centers in connection with certain documents now pretty well known is the phrase, "A Religious Rest Day." But if we would give to it a consistent, rational and necessary meaning, the storm would probably become a great calm.

First. According to our faith the Sabbath was made, *divinely* made, to promote human welfare. Whether we accept it as the gift of God, or not, whether we use it for worship, or work, or play; whether we honor or dishonor it, it stands as a part of God's creative work.

Secondly. But we ourselves may make any day of the seven a *religious rest day* by using it for religious purposes and for rest.

Such use, however, by no means makes the day a Sabbath. Whether we are religious or non-religious; restful or restless, on the Sabbath, we neither make nor unmake it. But it makes a great difference to ourselves how we spend the day. Our First-day friends therefore may turn the Sunday into a religious rest day, just as any other day may be made a religious rest day; but this does not make the day a Sabbath. The documents referred to above therefore did not recognize *Sabbath* qualities in the Sunday of the Christian Church. The Sabbath is a unique day.

ARTHUR E. MAIN.

*St. James Mercy Hospital,
Hornell, N. Y.,
May, 1918.*

Bonds of big brewery companies are selling at forty or fifty cents on the dollar, or have defaulted on their interest, according to reports; and the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate* says: "As one reads over this depressed list he has a dim recollection of hearing that prohibition does not prohibit, and something to the effect that there is more liquor sold under prohibition laws than under permission statutes."—*National Advocate*.

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

The men of the Second Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church have organized themselves into a club, for the purpose of providing opportunity for social fellowship, and for the purpose of promoting the work of the church.

It was my privilege and pleasure to be a guest of the club at its first meeting which was held at the parsonage where a supper table was set for about thirty-five men. Between the courses and after the supper speeches were made by members of the club and by the three invited guests. A simple constitution was adopted and officers elected. The spirit of Christian brotherhood was evident. The launching of this men's club promises strength and value to the work of the Brookfield Church. Unconsciously but certainly those who enter into the work and enjoyments of such a club will grow stronger in church and denominational loyalty. Long live and prosper the men's club at Brookfield!

Another privilege and pleasure that recently came my way was a day spent with Pastor Davis of Leonardsville as he met two preaching appointments on Sunday. The round trip by horse and carriage covered a distance of about twenty-five miles. The two Baptist churches at Burlington Flats and Burlington Green are served by one pastor, who just now is ill and unable to speak in public, and Pastor Davis has been supplying the pulpit for several weeks. It was a beautiful day, the roads were fine, except for a stretch of about four miles where a road machine had been operated recently, we had a good horse, and I had good company. It does us all good now and then to spend a full day in close companionship with our brethren in the ministry. We come to know and understand each other better, and are bound together by the stronger tie of Christian fellowship and brotherhood.

I also spent one whole day with Pastor Hutchins at Brookfield. We went calling, by horse and carriage for about four miles up Beaver Creek, then on foot, making frequent stops of short or longer duration as seemed wise in each case. The walking was

not always the best, and so we provided ourselves with rubber boots, which came in very conveniently, for our way often led back and forth across the stream. With prudent forethought Mrs. Hutchins had sent with us a bountiful lunch. This we enjoyed in a quiet nook by the edge of the stream under the shelter of a large rock, and by the side of a fire where we toasted our sandwiches. This day spent in close sympathetic companionship with a brother pastor was truly a pleasure and a delight. A Red Cross sociable in the village closed the day, and began the next, for it was past midnight when we returned to the parsonage. I notice that the farmers get up by the clock, but close the day's work by the sun. We had fresh fish for breakfast.

Another privilege on this recent trip of two weeks was an afternoon walk with Pastor Thorngate at Scott. Our way led from the village up the road to the north perhaps two miles. We made several calls, and had opportunity for heart to heart talks as we walked along the way. He took me to a spot perhaps half a mile to the east of the main road. Here by the side of a small stream was the tumbled down cellar wall where once stood a house, the birthplace and childhood home of Rev. Abram H. Lewis. The lilac bushes and a few hardy flowering plants show here the front yard once welcomed friends and strangers to the home by the side of the mountain brook. As Thorngate and I stood a few moments on this spot, I had a feeling that I wished that every pastor in the denomination might have the privilege of visiting the place, just to get the inspiration that comes from such associations. And I wish that somehow many of our boys could also come into touch with the influences of the life of such a man as Dr. Lewis, for as a people we sorely need strong consecrated earnest young men who are glad and eager to give their best as leaders in our churches, pastors in particular. Similar thoughts also came to me as Pastor Davis and I stopped the horse for a moment as we came down the hill near West Edmeston to read again the tablet that marks the place where Rev. Arnold C. Davis lost his life by accident, a young man, in the full vigor of a hopeful, helpful, promising career of great usefulness.

I did not visit Adams Center on this trip, but Adams Center in the persons of the pastor and his family came to me at Scott. Pastor Ehret is the proud owner and driver of an automobile, and for a few days of rest he with Mrs. Ehret and little Miss Aurabeth made a midweek visit to Scott, at the time I was there, and I had the privilege of a fine visit with him at the home where he was being entertained. Then at West Edmeston Pastor Burdick and wife spent an evening at the home where I was stopping, and so I had an opportunity for a visit with them there. Again in Syracuse a delightful evening was passed at the home of Pastor Clayton, where for the first time I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Clayton. And at DeRuyter Pastor Hurley and wife and I talked of other times and other places, of present times and present places, and our common problems as ministers of the gospel, and as members of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination.

Then there were friends who are not pastors of our churches whom it was a privilege to meet again, so many I can not venture to mention any by name, those who were my school-teachers on the prairies of Minnesota, those who have been students of mine in Leonardsville and in Milton, those whom it has been my privilege to baptize in years gone by, kinfolks and friends in many relations of life. And then there were new friends, those met for the first time. Did I have a pleasant trip? Indeed I did. But if any one thinks that such trips are mere sport, and not real hard work, just try it out for a few weeks. The welfare of our cause as a denomination is constantly on one's mind and heart. One is always on the alert. There are local problems in each place to be considered. There are the problems in relation to the denomination and to the world. The work of the Missionary and Tract societies is to be presented. Questions are to be answered. Explanations are to be made. Interest is to be aroused. And so while such trips are fraught with many delightful moments, and one meets many pleasures, yet the return always finds one worn down to the point of almost complete exhaustion in body, mind and heart.

I have never advocated war, except as a means of peace.—*U. S. Grant.*

MISSIONS

OBSERVATIONS

JAY W. CROFOOT

It is not unlikely, I think, that the Shanghai Church was the first Seventh Day Baptist church to begin to use individual communion cups. At any rate when I came to China in 1899 the plan was new among our churches in America, but had been in use here for a long time. The occasion of its introduction was the fact that one of the former Chinese preachers had a mouth disease. Though the small Chinese porcelain wine cups were used for "the fruit of the vine" we still use the silver plate which was given to the church by Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter. The silver goblet of that set was laid away for many years, but two or three years ago the church voted to give it as a present to Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Davis accepted it with thanks, but took it to a silversmith and traded it in toward a new silver plate, as for some time now one plate is not sufficient for the bread. So now we use two silver plates instead of the old silver one and a porcelain one, one of the plates being the gift of Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter and the new one a recent gift of Mrs. Davis besides being partly the former gift of Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter.

Yesterday the largest funeral that I have seen for a long time marched past the mission premises. Of course it is impossible to remember the details of such a long procession as there was in honor of the deceased naval officer, but it began with a guard of French police consisting of two French officers on horseback and ten Anamese with bicycles, and ended with about forty carriages.

Among those between were three brass bands; three companies of soldiers with arms; three half companies in uniform, but carrying wreaths; about forty men carrying honorific mottoes on boards; about forty of the wonderful silk "umbrellas" with streamers; one motor car; about forty men in white mourning suits, including two or three sons whose grief was concealed (?) by a canopy carried around them; about thirty naval officers in full dress uniform,

cocked hats, epaulets, etc., and others too numerous to mention. No wonder China is poor!

Marriage is generally considered a pleasanter subject than funerals. One of our schoolboys, who has hopes of going to America for education after his graduation from our high school course here this term, has recently had a wife taken for him. It is my opinion that he should get a college education in one of the excellent mission colleges here before going abroad, and I find other educators agree with me, but he says if he does that his parents will not let him go abroad so he is anxious to go this year. He is only nineteen years old.

When he did not return at the beginning of this term it was at once suspected that he must be getting married, and when I wrote and asked him about it he wrote back: "The cause of my not returning is just what you surmised, my marriage. But I was compelled to do it as it was not my opinion at all."

He is back now, however, and may be in America before fall.

It seems to me unfortunate that the nearest the old-fashioned Chinese, like his parents, ever get to eugenics is the dictum of Mencius, the second great sage of China. In his works it is written, "There are three things which are unfilial, and of these the greatest is to have no posterity."

*West Gate, Shanghai,
April 8, 1918.*

MOSES ON TRAINING CHILDREN

PRESTON F. RANDOLPH

(Reprinted from an old Recorder)

Moses saw a happy home picture. There were child scenes in it, almost in the foreground. As he stood on "this side Jordan" he looked with prophetic eye to the

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,"

and saw his people at last settled in that land of plenty, dwelling "every man under his vine and under his fig tree," "blessed in the fruit of his body," with "his children like olive plants about his table." And the employment, the conversations there were most sweet, sacred. "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of

them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Can artist's pencil paint a more glowing sketch of domestic bliss, or poet's pen describe with brighter figures a faithful parent's home life?

It is said that Agassiz placed a fish in a vessel before a student who came to him for instruction in natural history, and told the student to look at that fish. He had seen hundreds before, and saw nothing new there. He waited hour after hour for further instruction, but was simply told to look at that fish. The next day the same lesson was repeated. He became wearied, impatient with nothing to do; and in his impatience began to count the scales on the fish, to watch the motions of its fins, and to see much that he had never noticed before. He became interested, and, through weeks of study of that fish, laid the foundation of a thorough knowledge of the science. He became an eminent naturalist.

Now if you ask for the "Best Mode of Instructing our Youth," your essayist can do nothing better than to cite Moses' method, and secure a thorough study of it. In that method, the relation and mutual love of teacher and pupil, the teacher a parent, the pupil his child; the term of pupilage, all the years of childhood; the manner of teaching, by familiar conversations; the age of the pupil, tender, impressible; the lessons to be taught, God's wonderful doings and the child's duties; the places and the hours for instruction, all these are divinely chosen and will bear the longest study, the closest inspection. Listen to it again: "These words, which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Can any normal teacher give better rules for imparting instruction, more explicit directions for teaching children? We may have seen this a hundred times, and may think there is nothing new in it. But there certainly is something which we do not understand, or appreciate at least, far more than in Agassiz's fish. We have scarcely begun to be interested in the first lesson. Else why so many godless children, old and young? Why so much Sabbath-breaking?

so many Sabbath-deserters? so many who show by their daily life, by obsenity, by profanity, by idle, wasteful, wicked habits, that they do not know God's law, nor his dealings with the children of men? There certainly is a failure somewhere. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It is more reasonable to suppose that the failure is in our understanding or carrying out Moses' plan, than to conclude that the Bible instructions are wrong. If we search the Scriptures, we shall find that they insist again and again upon parents teaching the Word of the Lord to their children; "thy sons and thy sons' sons." At Sinai, the Lord said, "Gather me the people together and I will make them to hear my words," and adds, as a final reason, "that they may teach their children." The Psalmist says, "He commanded our fathers that they should make them (the testimony and the law) known to their children, that the generations to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children." Moses in his second great speech repeats in nearly the same words what he had just said (and if they are repeated here, do not grow impatient, but begin at least to count), "Lay up these words in your heart and in your soul, . . . and ye shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." This certainly means parental instruction in God's Word, and it does not delegate anything to other teachers. Of that by and by. Notice here the parent's preparation, "*Lay up these words in your heart.*" Have the mind so stored with God's Word, the thoughts and affections so upon it, that at every opportunity, in the freshest morning hours, in the day's moments of leisure, and in the evening's repose, it will be the constant theme of pleasant conversation. O happy parent, whose thoughts are so divinely absorbed, whose feelings toward his child, erring though it be, are so tender and constant, that this is at all times possible—always a pleasure.

But there are duties in the religious instruction of children beyond the home and the wayside. On this point, too, Moses is explicit. "Gather the people together, men,

and women, and children, and the stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear and that they may learn, . . . and observe to do all the words of this law, and that their children which have not known anything may hear and learn to fear the Lord." Here is the model Bible school, a stated public gathering in which parents and children with others, learn the Word of God. There is no provision here for separate instruction of old and young, no direction for parents to go to church leaving their children at home; nor for sending children to Bible school while parents themselves stay away. If the Bible gives any direction for the public gathering of children alone without the parents, for religious instruction, we have failed to find it. We do, however, find that once little children went out to meet a prophet, "and there came forth two she bears," and taught them a well-merited lesson. By Moses' instruction, the parents not only set the example of attendance upon the public teaching of the Word, but they lead their children there. Little children were *brought*, not sent to Jesus. The Children's Hosanna was an important part of the temple praise, but no one claims that parents were not in that multitude of worshipers. Robert Raikes gathered ignorant, neglected children together and established a Sunday school; and we bless his memory for it. But faithful parents do not need a Robert Raikes. They will not leave their children to be gathered into such a school; nor will they suppose that the Bible school is the place to simply send them. We have outgrown the Raikes idea, and have established week-day schools for the free instruction of the children of all parents who can do no better. But we can never outgrow Moses' idea, nor dispense with his Bible school. And we insist that parents who wish their children to become "practical Christians and efficient workers in God's vineyard" shall neither neglect and leave their children to be gathered into the Bible school, nor send them there to the care of others, when they themselves might attend with them. If school means a place for teaching the young only, the sooner Christian parents get above the idea of a Sabbath school, the better for the religious teaching of their children. Let us have rather a Bible service worthy of the attendance of all. By all means have the children at-

tend the public instruction in the Word. If any are not able, or are not faithful to take them, then let them be gathered there by others. But God's way is the safest way. Adopt the Bible method. Take your children to the public ministrations of the Word, talk with them by the way, talk of the Bible lesson, as Moses suggests, watch over them there as well as by the way, and enforce at home by pleasant talks the Bible lesson taught. The parent who can attend church, but who sends his children to the school says thereby, "You are a child, go now to Sabbath school; it is not worth my time, and when you are grown up you need not go." Though he neither says this in words, nor thinks it, yet his example teaches it nevertheless, and teaches it more forcibly than precept can. Example is powerful. Moses said of the things commanded, "Keep therefore and do them, for this is thy wisdom." There is wisdom in the performance. A parent's acts, his example, will enforce his precepts or neutralize his instruction. This should be remembered, not only in church and Bible school attendance, but in all the religious and moral training of children. If a parent lives a life of ir-religion and his child become religious, it is because God in mercy has *not* said, Train up a child in the way he should *not* go, etc. A parent who is profane, who uses tobacco or intoxicating drinks, indulges passion or any pernicious habit, may tell his son that it is wrong and may forbid his doing it; but the child is licensed by all its love and respect for a parent, to follow his example, though he knows it is wrong. "Keep therefore and do them, for this is thy wisdom."

Christian parent, have you a wayward child? Has he grown up and become reckless, left the Sabbath, it may be, or fallen into other sins? You are as sure as pious Eli that your example did not lead him there. But has your son, like Timothy, "from a child known the Holy Scriptures?" Did you take the Bible method of teaching him God's law, leading him in his duties? Did you lovingly, faithfully do this day by day, morning, noon, and night? Did you like Joseph and Mary, take your son to the public services so that he was found "both hearing and asking" questions there? Have you, more faithfully than Eli, watched your sons there, "restrained them," and kept their feet from sin in the house of God?

Have you combined both example and precept in your instructions? Then you need not fear for your child. Your duty done you may leave your child with God. His method is safe, his promises sure. Follow his instructions, trust his promises, and your child will be saved; and if spared, he may be a "practical Christian and an efficient worker in God's vineyard."

EXAMINE TRANSLATIONS

LT.-COL. T. W. RICHARDSON

People who know no language but their native tongue may be surprised to learn that it is often very difficult to translate with full force from one language to another, even when the translator is well acquainted with both. There is no such word as "home" in French, so it has to be translated by a word that does not carry its full meaning.

Friends who translate for us are not to be trusted, for they will destroy the force of the subject deliberately, and often with full intention to do so.

Fifty years ago, my father, my brother and sister and self were at Nice in the south of France. My sister struck the idea of printing the Teetotal pledge in French and Italian. I was fifteen, and the others younger. We put our pocket money together to pay for it.

My father drafted the pledge card, and a number of "reasons" for the back of it under the heading of, "I am persuaded:—." He translated the whole into French, and then submitted it to various Frenchmen for any grammatical or other correction. All alike cut out the "total abstinence principle" and inserted "moderation" in some way or other! No matter how we put the "principle" in, it was "not good French"! So at last we came to the conclusion that it was the "total abstinence" that was not good French, and not the translation.

With Italian and German we had the same difficulty. Fortunately my father was too well acquainted with the three languages to be frustrated. The cards were printed with the full force of total abstinence; the first ever printed in those languages.

My father was a good Greek scholar, and when I asked him, in later years, a

question on Romans 14: 21, he looked at the Greek and exclaimed, "What a wretched translation! It should be, "*Beautiful* is the not eating of flesh, nor drinking of wine." That Greek word, *kalon*, is often rendered "good," instead of beautiful or noble, and thus the full force of the Greek is lost. In Matthew 12: 12, Christ really said, "It is lawful to do *beautifully* (or noble deeds) on the Sabbaths."

With the same caution we took fifty years ago, I am working on a manuscript sent me from Rhodesia, in a tongue strange to me—Nyasa-Tonga. Here I have to make allowance for wrong spelling in addition to difference in dialect, but I expect to work it out.

When speaking French, I am bothered with bad translations in the French Bible. For instance, "In the end of the sabbath," is rendered in French, "Après que le Sabbat fut passé"—"After the Sabbath was passed." The Greek, "Opse de Sabbatone," is, "Evening-time but Sabbath," or "Evening-time but of the Sabbath." The German Bible preserves the "Evening-time" but introduces in the next clause a "holiday"!

In the fourth commandment in the French Bible the word, "Sabbath," does not appear at all. Fortunately the "seventh-day" does. Instead of Sabbath they have "le jour du repos"—"the day of rest," and to the French mind that is just "Sunday." Imagine some one in a discussion saying, "Sunday isn't Sunday but Saturday"; then you have very much what we appear to be saying when, in French, we are arguing for the Sabbath.

In translating the Bible into Chinese, the board was going to put Sunday in the place of the Sabbath. Fortunately the best Chinese scholar on the board happened to be a Seventh Day Baptist—it was the Rev. Dr. Solomon Carpenter, I believe. He had to threaten to leave the board, to prevent the outrage. As they could not afford to lose him, they gave in, but even then it was under a compromise.

Beware of false translations.

It is not necessary to be a "slummer" to do Christ's work in the slums; our gifts will help support trained workers who will labor there while we are busy at home.—*National Advocate*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

MISS WEST WRITES OF WORK IN SHANGHAI

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD:

Some time ago I started a letter to you and many times have I thought the time had come when I might write, but something has hindered each time.

Our school started out this semester very encouragingly, with prospects of every one of the forty seats being filled. Some girls were late in getting back and two that did come have been at home for some weeks now, under medical treatment. One has been having typhoid (contracted during the vacation) and the other was threatened with tuberculosis. A third paid her matriculation fee but was sick for a while and for some reason has not yet returned. Eight of our new pupils are day pupils who live near by. They are smaller than we usually have and make a lively bunch of wigglers. The little girls that were here before rejoice that there are so many more of their own size to play with. They seem to have extremely good times.

We have had a sad loss in our little circle here near West Gate. Miss Dodds, of the Women's Union Mission, was taken ill about two weeks ago with meningitis. She was ill only five days and her symptoms were so obscure that the doctors were unable to decide until the day she died. She had been in China only about two years and this semester was in charge of their large girls' school, since Miss Hall and Miss Abbey are now both at home on furlough. Her death leaves a heavy burden on Miss Holway who has only been out five months. It seemed a great blessing that Mrs. Shen—one of their former teachers who has been studying in America for the last two years and a half—returned just two days later. She has taken up the work there and will be of very great assistance.

Miss Dodds was on Mokansan with Miss Burdick and me last summer, and the summer before on Kuling she helped care for me after I had typhoid. Her death was

a great shock for we did not at all realize that she was so ill.

At the request of their mission, Mr. Davis took charge of the funeral service which was held in the Bubbling Well Cemetery.

On Easter Sunday we attended the wedding feast of Miss Loo, a former pupil in the city school who was teaching there until this semester. She is a girl of unusual character and you will be interested in her stand for Christianity. Her older sister came first, some years ago, and wanted to be a Christian. She became a probationer in the church, but as soon as her people knew it they put a stop to her ever coming to church again. Soon after she was married and went away to live. Then this second sister wanted to join the church and she became a probationer. Last fall she came to Miss Burdick saying she wanted to be baptized the next Sabbath. She said her family knew of it and she was allowed to do it. She told how her sister had grown cold-hearted and was leaving Christianity and she felt it was because she had not joined the church. She herself was to be married soon and didn't want to take any chances in that way. So she was baptized and has been so earnest and happy. Her husband's family are not Christians either and she had something to look forward to there. At the bride's feast which we attended she found opportunity to tell Miss Burdick that it had all been settled with the bridegroom's family. They had not been pleased but had finally promised that she would not be required to kneel to them or worship ancestors. This Sabbath our teachers from the city told us how she brought it about. For three days she ate nothing and spent her time praying. She said nothing but finally her married sister who was home for the preparations asked and found what was the matter. They then sent to the "middlemen" and told them she refused to perform any heathen ceremonies and then it was finally adjusted.

It is a great comfort to find some of our girls so very staunch. She is one of a large family and there was very real grief on the part of the mother and younger sisters when she entered the bridal chair and was carried to her husband's home for the ceremony. We can but feel that such a heart will bring fruit for his kingdom. A few days before the wedding she sent out here

for a Bible and when Miss Burdick asked in surprise if she had had none she said that her next younger sister was reading daily in her old one and wanted her to leave it for her use.

The Sunday before this wedding we attended another bride's feast—that of a former pupil of the boarding school. The next younger sister graduated here last semester and a second sister has been here until this year when she stopped in order to have practical domestic training in preparation for her marriage next year. The two younger sisters are probationers, but the oldest has never even gone that far. Their father has opposed them very strongly. He is in a cotton manufacturing plant and apparently is a man of some means for the bride's dowry was valued at some \$2,000 and besides that they expended more than \$1,000 in the wedding preparations. We saw part of the dowry—quantities of silk and satin garments, many of them lined with expensive furs; heavy gold set rings, bracelets, elaborate pearl pins, and earrings; then there were many silver dishes and house ornaments—nut. dishes, wine cups, and fruit dishes. Her furniture was all of beautiful redwood and she had a goodly number of silk comforters—always an important part of the bride's display.

She went to Soochow for the wedding, for there is where the groom's home is. She has always had an important part in the care of the home here, and there she will be free so she hopes to enter some school and continue her studies. Her husband has studied in a Christian school, though we do not know that he is a Christian. We hope the family will be friendly to Christianity, however, and that she will go forward and definitely give herself to Christ.

Hoping to see you all ere many months!
I am

Sincerely yours,

ANNA M. WEST.

West Gate, Shanghai, China,
April 10, 1918.

WORKERS' EXCHANGE

Brookfield, N. Y.

Perhaps some of the RECORDER readers will be interested in a few words from the Woman's Missionary Aid Society of Brookfield, N. Y. The society is raising quite a bit of money this year, but in a different manner than heretofore,—in fact, most of

it comes by putting our hands deep into our pockets. Some like this way of procuring funds, especially those who are getting a little older and have not the strength to use which they formerly put into work of this kind. Others prefer the old way of serving meals, etc.

The latest venture of the society was an "experience" social held at the pleasant home of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Brown, April 24. The rooms were tastefully decorated with spring flowers and pussy willows, and showed forth a bright and cheery welcome. Music of a high order, both vocal and instrumental, together with the "experiences" which were original and unique, constituted an interesting program. Special entertainment was provided for the young people, and dainty refreshments were served to all by the committee in charge. Net proceeds, \$30.45. A MEMBER.

EARNING A DOLLAR

MRS. H. C. BROWN

(Read at the "experience" social described above)

The Ladies' Aid of Brookfield town Is not only old, but of some renown; "Forty years young" if it is a day. Quite vigorous still, you all will say. Meetings are held with regulation, The weather having no consideration. This new year came in, fine and swell, Dropping the mercury far into the well. January second, thirty below, But forth to the Rogers' we all did go. Things were moving just jolly and funny When what should come up but the question of money.

Some one who coins money to burn Moved us poor mortals a dollar to earn. The motion was seconded inside a minute; Before we knew it the whole bunch was in it. Three months were granted this Hercules task, All by yourself and no one to ask. Neither barter nor trade nor exchange stands, All must be earned by your own two hands.

Earning a dollar for some is quite tame, But to tell how you did it is part of the game. But dear me! I must stop making rhymes And conjure some way of earning some dimes. When I was young I could ring the bell, And teach the youngsters how to spell; Now my brain is muddled, my hair is gray— No more dollars can I earn that way. Some have talent and some have wit, But all I can do is to sit and knit. Some can sew, some can crochet— Never a dollar could I earn that way. Red Cross work is all very well If one could only do it to sell. My head gets dizzy how'er I turn, When I contemplate a dollar to earn. Time enough, that's nothing but fun

Since Uncle Sam controls the sun.
In Joshua's time the sun stood still
While he fought the enemy on the hill;
Faithful Joshua! What would he say
To our making an hour every day!
A thought came to me in this extra hour—
What is time and what is power?
Since this great sum must surely be earned,
Why not practice the profession I've learned?
Why not charge in a modest way
For services rendered for a single day?
Surgeon's assistant work I've done
Since eighteen hundred and eighty-one.
Fractures, cuts and dislocations,
Beside the numerous operations,
And never before in all this time
Have I charged for services a single dime.

The next case that came, while my place I was filling.

The thought came, now I can earn my shilling.
The arteries were deep, the doctor sighed
As he straightened his back when the last stitch was tied.

My hand was steady, I had stood the test.
I, too, was tired, I had done my best.
A few days later, when the bill came in,
I asked for my pay with a very broad grin.
Um-um, that was something quite new,

A "stunner" you say, however true.
With a slight ejaculation a dollar was paid.
And is now forthcoming for our dear Ladies' Aid.

MINUTES OF WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING

The Woman's Executive Board met at Professor A. E. Whitford's on May 3, 1918. The meeting was held at this place and time in honor of Mrs. O. U. Whitford's eightieth birthday.

Members present: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. J. W. Morton, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. Nettie West, Mrs. G. Crosley, Mrs. A. S. Maxson. Visitors: Mrs. L. A. Platts, Mrs. W. C. Titsworth.

The President opened the meeting by reading Psalm 113 and Mrs. O. U. Whitford led in prayer.

The minutes of April 1 were read.

As Mrs. A. E. Whitford has been seriously ill for some weeks the Treasurer's report was read by Miss Nettie West. Receipts for April, \$186.65. Disbursements, \$52.50. The report was adopted.

Letters were read from Mrs. Lucy Sweet, Long Beach, Cal., and Mrs. Hummell, of Hammond, La.

The Corresponding Secretary reported having written to the Associational Secretaries asking them to request the Woman's societies in their respective associations to use the programs provided for their use in

the Sabbath Rally programs as printed in the SABBATH RECORDER of April 29. Mrs. Babcock read letters from Mrs. Stillman and Mrs. L. Adelaide Brown, both of West Edmeston, N. Y. Mrs. Brown's letter was in acceptance of the office of Central Associational Secretary for the balance of the present year, to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of Miss Ethlyn Davis to Battle Creek, Mich. The Corresponding Secretary also reported a letter from the chairman of the Committee of Reference and Counsel of Foreign Missions Conference, telling of the appointment of F. P. Turner as Secretary of the Committee.

The President read some extracts from letters written by Mrs. Lucy Carpenter during her first voyage to China and soon after her arrival in China.

The Committee having the Woman's Board Conference program in charge made a report of progress.

The minutes were read, corrected and approved and the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. West in June.

MRS. A. B. WEST,
President,

DOLLIE B. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER II

(Continued)

"MUST I learn all my duties of motherhood by apprenticeship?" said Mrs. Wells one day, as they again took up the subject. "I wish I had some good up-to-date books or magazines, if there are any, on such subjects. The coming nurse will be obliged to take a three years' course in some school before being permitted to handle cases so serious as diseases are. The future barber, too, will have to get his permit from the state or school before he fools around a man's face and neck. The man running a stagecoach will have to have some training. I tell you, Kon, we little know what all these things mean for the human race. It makes me almost sick to see so many mothers cram the stuff into their babies every time they cry, and spend a half day rocking them to sleep when they need the time for so many other sacred duties. Mrs. James was talking about what

experience will do for us mothers, but I told her that experience was only an assistant, and not the whole thing. How long does it take some people to obtain experience? About the time their babies are all dead, they wake up with a little experience."

"And even then some fail of experience. I just had to laugh one day when I heard three women discussing this matter of proper care of babies. Mrs. Jones in her positive way was laying down some rules when Mrs. Phelps spoke up, excitedly, 'You can't tell me how to raise children. I have had seven, and they are all in their graves, poor things!' But you shall have the books, Eunice, if we can find them. There is a new farming paper started in New York that tells farmers how to improve stock and raise grain and all that which we have been supposed to know for hundreds of years. Farmer Jones said it was some kid-glove gentleman who wanted to fleece farmers by telling them what he knew of farming while he was living on the third floor of some city tenement. But I'll venture to say that the editor has an experimental farm in old Connecticut and that from experiments and study he will give advanced ideas of great benefit to us. I'm going to take it. It took my father twenty years to find out by personal experience how to do some things that a good book could have taught him in a year, the writer having in that book given the experiences and results of many successful farmers. Yes, experience is an assistant, but for one I believe mothers as well as farmers and mechanics can benefit from study, who, otherwise, would consume long years in acquiring the necessary knowledge." Mr. Wells had great faith in his wife's ability to progress beyond the average woman.

"Now," said his wife, "suppose I had to wait for experience in cooking and never had a suggestive cookbook. I received yesterday in the mail you brought up that new book we saw advertised, and have been looking it over. Sakes, Kon, I'll give you some new dishes soon that will tickle your palate. So many ways of preparing the same foods, and mixing up things that I never thought of and would have never myself known from experience. It must be the same in learning more and more about the duties and responsibilities of a mother."

Just then a rap was heard on the door. Mrs. Wells responded and in came Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Richards, neighbors a mile away.

"Delighted to see you, neighbors, have been wishing you'd come. Wanted to talk with you about many things, but now, first, want you to see the new boy. Of course he must be the finest in the state, as every mother thinks."

"Of course," remarked Mrs. Richards, "and we will have to agree with you in order to keep the peace! But really, he is a fine specimen. What is his name?"

"Walter, after his great-great-grandfather who was a soldier in the King's army and distinguished himself. But this Walter is not to be a soldier. I've marked him for the ministry, but my husband smiles at that and has little faith in parents marking out the trades and professions of their children. Time will tell. By the way, Kon was telling me that one day he saw your son making a miniature fanning mill. What does that indicate?" asked Mrs. Wells.

"That indicates," replied Mrs. Richards, "that he has a taste for mechanics and is at some such work all his spare time. I had dedicated him to the practice of medicine. Guess I'll have to let him work out his own salvation."

"Mrs. Wells, my James is sick and it looks as though he was coming down with a fever. I've closed all the windows, fed him all I could get down him, kept him from drowning himself in all the water he wanted to drink, and ordered a bottle of whiskey sent up; but he seems to grow worse. Dad said I'd better send for Dr. Ring. Maybe you can tell me what to do," said Mrs. Cook.

"I wish I might be permitted to suggest something, Mrs. Cook," said Mr. Wells. "You just give that boy all the water he wants, open those windows, throw that whiskey to the ants, let him have all the fresh air he can breathe, and make him diet a week, taking nothing but very light food and milk. Then, if you want a doctor, don't send for Dr. Ring. He is way behind the time and all he thinks of is making a slow cure and getting his money. He'll bleed the boy half to death and knock all his teeth out with calomel, and then if the boy lives, he will everlastingly be telling you what a great cure he made. You send for Dr. Whitford, of Bridgewater. He is de-

voting his talents to the *prevention* of disease, and money has little to do with his practice though of course he must have some money. He will do more than to look at your tongue and feel your pulse. He will sit down two hours if another patient is not at death's door, and tell you all about your physical make-up and how to care for this living temple, and try to get you so to live that you will not need his services or that of any doctor. That's my idea of a doctor."

"My land, Mr. Wells, Mrs. Dickenson said she would rather have a cat doctor her than Whitford. He had the impudence, when called, to tell her that she ought to give her baby boiled milk, cooled off of course, and not to nurse the child. Now everybody knows that the mother furnishes the best food for a baby."

"Yes, Mrs. Cook, in most cases, but Mrs. Dickenson of late shows symptoms of consumption and also, though you may not know it, has a small cancer appearing. The doctor was right. Why do you not get some up-to-date books on these subjects? Wife and I were just now discussing the advisability of getting some such magazine or book, dealing with the problems of motherhood. I think we will," said Mr. Wells.

"Oh, bosh! Mr. Wells," exclaimed Mrs. Richards. "You're a crank. Are you going to take all the reverence out of motherhood? I believe the most sacred thing in the world is the home. In the home the most sacred thing is the relation of mother and child. You can't get experience out of books and papers."

"You are right as to what is the most sacred thing. But that does not forbid helping experience by the knowledge and experiments of others, and the study of the sciences that are revealing so much these days. There is no atmosphere of parental dignity taken away, no invading of the sanctity of motherhood, and fatherhood by profiting from the results of others' experience and study. I'd like to see a lot of you mothers turn schoolgirls awhile and compare notes and take a course in child welfare and the study of the body as well as the soul of these innocents that are dying off like rats for want of proper care. You women have your kind of idealism, ignorant, many of you, that much idealism must change as the years go by—I mean change its forms."

"Well, if you aren't a preacher or lecturer, Mr. Wells, you've missed your calling. But I want to say most emphatically that we mothers have been raised up for generations without going to any school and in classes to be told how to be mothers. The idea of thus becoming a laughing-stock." And Mrs. Richards spoke with emphasis.

"And I think," said Mrs. Cook, "that I'll give it up if we can't learn to be mothers by being mothers."

"Do you want your child doctored by a man who never studied medicine but learns to be a doctor by being a doctor? Want to send your boy to the district school to be taught by one who knows nothing of schoolbooks and the principles they teach but is learning to teach by trying to teach?"

"Oh, that's different, but in the sacred relation of mother to child, I think there isn't much to improve on. If some old maid has a mania for the improvement of mothers, we'll of course see her trying to lecture. Maybe she'll write a book on how to nurse and bathe babies! Wouldn't that be a fine idea?" And Mrs. Cook laughed merrily.

"May I have an idea to express?" said Mrs. Wells. "I have not been a mother long enough to advise any one, but I know my mother's experience and if it were put into a book, it would be a great help to many ignorant mothers. That is why I want books and why I believe that even mothers can greatly improve and not wait for a lifetime of personal experimenting. Mother said she was twenty years old when married. My brother was born when she was twenty-one. Mother said she had come to know that the law of life is the law of improvement." And I'd like to know why we can't improve as well as men do in the raising of stock. Mother said she was just afraid that she'd touch her child in giving him his bath, fearing he might fall to pieces! Then, when he cried, she rocked him four hours until she almost dropped out of her chair. Father would get up nights and walk the floor hours when the boy had the colic. Then they fed him milk after weaning and he seemed sick, and the cow was sick, too, and died soon after. Could not that milk have been diseased? Was there not some way of finding out about it? Then they bought milk from a neighbor and with no good results. The milk was brought to us in a pail that was

simply rinsed, and about every other day. Some good up-to-date book might have told better than that. We used water from our well, and there was surface drainage. Then some old woman told mother that it was bad for the baby to have any sugar, though today we know that pure sugar is of value in certain quantities. They were poor and saved on eggs and the like and took much nutriment out of our foods that was needed. They put the boy in a great feather bed and loaded him down with clothing and he was always having hard colds. They closed all the windows and crammed the cracks with cloth and kept the room so hot. They stuffed us kids with molasses and vinegar for our colds. It is a wonder we lived and we hardly did live until mother got some new ideas and made a great change in methods of living. Then we began to improve and became a healthy family. Now would we be less mothers, and our office less sacred, if we had a few weeks or months of training and schooling even in motherhood and had all these things explained to us by competent teachers?"

"Why, Mrs. Wells, motherhood is a divine endowment. Is it a thing that can be taught? When a baby comes into the world, a mother spirit comes and a mother gift to care for it. A schoolbook can't give it nor a notebook and pencil help it," exclaimed Mrs. Cook.

"Mrs. Cook," said Mr. Wells, "if that mother who had seven children and lost them all—that woman to whom you couldn't tell anything about caring for children—if she had had proper training in diet, care of rooms and right kind of clothing, had known the value of pure air, the curse of alcohol, the effect of proper living on her part, and also what her own disposition had to do with her children's health, she might have had several children left to bless her life. But she was ignorant, and no intuition, or 'divine providence,' or 'mother gift' in her ignorance could save her children under the conditions in which they lived. A few good books from well-taught and experienced writers and even a school for such a purpose when she was of school age would have given her knowledge of greatest value. Some day you will see schools for girls in connection with our district school that will teach them more about

cooking healthful dishes than all the women in ten past generations have ever known. You will see schools that teach boys carpentry and mechanics, such schools as, if you now had them for your boy, would teach him in three years what it will now take him twenty to learn from his own experiments unaided. And some day the boys will learn in the district or town schools all about soils and plants and grains, things that the most of us have never known and never will know, and the future farmer will get ten blades of grass where one now grows and ten bushels of grain where two now grow and of a better quality. And some day the future mothers will have known at sixteen years of age more of the care of children than mothers today find out after they have had a large family. It's coming, I see it. Old Markum tells me that."

"Old Markum! What are you talking about, Mr. Wells? That old hill is as dumb as the moon about things." And Mrs. Richards looked astonished.

"Yes, old Markum Mountain teaches a great deal. You go up there and spend a day and sit on the old 'Projector' and look north and south, and stop and think, and think, and you'll think of things that do not come to you in feather beds, and you'll get more health than a pond full of molasses and vinegar can give. Just try it some day. Let's have a picnic the first opportunity and I'll show you what Markum teaches."

"Well, this is interesting anyway," said Mrs. Cook. "I even like it better than ordinary gossip. We haven't said a word about religion, though; that's awful."

"I think we have said a great deal about practical religion," remarked Mr. Wells. "Religion should help us in the care of our bodies and minds and prepare the way all the time for a future race of beings that will be ready for the coming of the Lord. Religion is not all about predestination and communion and baptism, as important as they may be. I wish I had studied for the ministry. But then, people would kick me out of the pulpit."

After all had gone and there was rest from work, Mr. Wells remarked: "Just wait for our grandchild to get his college education."

(To be continued)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

SERVICE IN CHURCH AND COMMUNITY

C. C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 1, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Edifying (1 Cor. 8: 1-13)
Monday—Supporting (1 Cor. 16: 1-3)
Tuesday—Attending (Heb. 10: 19-25)
Wednesday—Hospitality (Heb. 13: 1-3)
Thursday—Moral cleansing (Isa. 1: 10-20)
Friday—Moral uplift (Hosea 14: 1-9)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Service in church and community (Mark 12: 28-34) (Consecration meeting)

This is a good topic for consecration meeting. A soul, to do good service, acceptable service for the Master, must be wholly consecrated. Here are a few Bible utterances which might very appropriately be used by any one desiring a thorough consecration of heart. "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." And then, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Prayers like these will not only make us fit for the firing line in Christ's service but will send us on "over the top" into the enemy's country.

If we are really imbued with the spirit of the Master, we can not stand in idleness. Our happiness, our growth, our very life depends on the amount of energy we put into our efforts, our service for our King. Opportunities for service will not be wanting if the hands are willing, the heart eager and filled with love. A pleasant word, a cheerful smile even a hearty handshake will oftentimes change the trend of a person's life. Stop the tendency to drift in the downward way. Young converts or new members in the Christian Endeavor are often diffident and unaccustomed to the ways and the work; frequently oversensitive. These should have our careful and prayerful consideration. Take them under our wing, so to speak, and shield them from the thoughtless neglect that is so disastrous to the young and uninitiated. A word of sympathy and good cheer now and then will avert

many a heartache, will save many a discouraged, tempted one from yielding to the promptings of the enemy of souls.

A little incident which came under the writer's personal observation may help to illustrate the thought, and impress it on the minds of the readers.

Several years ago the Northwestern Association was held with one of our churches in Iowa. Some of the delegates stayed a little over time to enjoy an outing that had been planned for the occasion. The objective point was a beautiful valley opening into the Maquaketa River. At the opening of this valley was "an old deserted mill." On one side, in the dense shade of the wood, on a thick carpet of blue grass, they spread and partook of the noonday meal; on the other side, and only a few rods away, the hillside was a precipitous rocky bluff, at one point rising in a perpendicular wall to a height nearly one hundred feet.

Several of the older ones of the party passing around the foot of the bluff near the river brink found a way of ascending the hillside. The ascent was steep; the way was strewn with pebbles and dried grass, making the upward climb very laborious. A little girl, scarcely three years old, started, as children will, to follow. She had gone but a short way when she cried to those ahead, "I want to go, too. Papa, Mama, help me up."

No one heard her; if they did no heed was paid to her cry for help. Her little feet grew weary; she fell bruising her tender hands. A little while longer she struggled upward and then with one longing, pleading look toward those above she turned to go back down, but instead, with tear-dimmed eyes, she started directly toward the precipice. A young man coming leisurely up the hill heard her cry, her call for help. He watched her a moment as she, blinded, hurt and disappointed, rushed toward the pitfall.

He called. She paused and looked around. "Ida, come here, I will help you up." He held out his hand. She turned and came toward him as fast as her poor tired feet could carry her. What a change! When she looked into his face and saw the love-light burning there, her rosy lips parted in a smile; the tear-dimmed eyes grew bright with hope. All the pain was forgotten in the joy of the moment. She

placed her chubby hand in his and together they went on to the top.

The tragedy was averted; the precious life was saved.

Dear friends, is not this an exact portrayal of the spiritual tragedies going on all around us today, and oftentimes before our very eyes? Souls, precious in the eyes of Jesus, are rushing, unchecked, unheeded, unloved by us, into the vortex of iniquity, lost forever,—souls whom we, by a kindly word or thoughtful act, might save. We may not know just when to speak the word, but it is far better to speak one word out of time than to miss saving a soul.

"Silence is golden," but "a word spoken in due season, how good it is?" If we are indeed servants of Jesus we must "sow beside all waters." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." God will send the rain and bring the increase. Our efforts maybe rejected, spurned at the time, but in God's own good time results will come.

"Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

We may rest easy on this point: there is not one in a thousand that will say too much when talking of the things that lead to God and eternal life.

If we would confess our faults, one to another, instead of backbiting; bear one another's burdens, instead of increasing the weights that so easily beset, our service value in the church would be increased beyond measure.

If we would be sure that the seeds we scatter by the wayside are taken from Christ's storehouse, how different would the harvest be; how greatly the value of our service and influence for good in the community would be increased.

How many of us go forth to the duties of the day with a prayer on our lips and in our hearts for the guidance of the Holy Spirit? And again how many of us can close our day's work with the song, "One more day's work for Jesus"?

"They that loved the Lord spake often one to another." Do we show our love for the Lord Jesus in this way? How many can answer yes? Hands up.

Is there one in your society who is not a Christian? Do you know why? Did you

ever talk with that one about the love of Jesus?

Is your Lookout Committee doing its duty?

Some one suggest a plan for more effective service in the church.

What more can our society do to interest the community at large?

Are you doing your "bit?" Why not?

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

ROBERT E. SPEER

Chairman of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches

There ought to be no doubt among Christian men as to what we are fighting for in the war, as to the great moral and spiritual ends which justify it.

We are fighting to put an end, if we can, to war and to the burden and terror of armaments. It can not be too often said that it is a war against war that we are waging. Both militants and pacifists often deride this idea, the former because they do not think that war can be or perhaps ought to be destroyed, the latter because they do not believe that war can ever be ended by war. But there are millions of men who hate war and believe it must be ended and who are able with conscience and determination to support this war because it seems to them unavoidable and necessary as a struggle directly aimed at war itself. They did not want war. The precipitation of the war by Germany outraged all their deepest convictions. And the principles and convictions and practices as to the nature and method of war on the part of Germany seem to these millions of men to be intolerable on our earth. To give them unhindered room would make the world an impossible home for free and friendly men. They must be destroyed. War against them is war against war. It is war for peace.

This purpose also nerves the men at the front on whom the burden falls heaviest. They see the irrationality and wickedness of war more clearly than any one else. What sustains them is the thought that they are enduring it so that no one else may have to endure it. The thing is so dreadful that it is worth every sacrifice to slay it and to make sure that the world will not have to go through it again.

We are fighting against aggressive autocracy. Not yet against autocracy itself.

We disbelieve in it and we fear it, but if any nation wants it for itself and can have it without letting it imperil all other nations thus far we have said that we have no right to interfere. It is not our business. Each people has the right of self-government. But we can not sit quiet and let autocracy, unwilling to stay at home, go abroad to rule the world. It is the strong nation invading other nations, attacking the rights of humanity, perpetrating wrong and injustice, that must be resisted and bound to keep the peace, just as the strong man breaking the laws of society and perpetrating wrong and injustice in the state must be bound to desist from wrong.

We are fighting against the claim of nations to be above the moral law. A state can not endure if one class of its citizens is allowed to excuse itself from the moral obligations which bind all others. And the world can not endure if any nation is allowed to set itself above the principles of truth and justice and righteousness which have their ground in the character of God and which are the foundation of individual life and must be the foundation of national life and of international relationship. It is moral anarchy for any nation to set itself and its interests above the laws of God, which are laws of universal right and justice.

We are fighting against the idea of power as its own law, against the ancient claim of might to be its own right. This idea, if yielded to, puts an end to civilization. If we merely match might with might and try to disprove the claims of might by superior might we support the very law we attack. But if we use might for right and hold it subject to right, and repudiate utterly the principle that it is or can be anything apart from right, we may safely and we must unyieldingly oppose what strength we have or can get from God against the falsehood of power as its own warrant for aught that it can do. The very essence of evil is in this falsehood and must be destroyed.

And we are not only fighting against great falsehoods and wrong, we are fighting for a new world order of concord and peace and justice.

Just as in each nation the elements which had to be combined were compelled to give up their separate claim to the end that a righteous and stable political order

could be established, so now we realize that the world must in some simple and practicable way be reorganized to provide some instrumentality of international justice which will settle difficulties by peaceful, judicial processes, as men settle their difficulties among themselves without murder or any violence. To carry mankind forward by such a big advance is worth any sacrifice necessary to win it.

All of these things ought to have been won without war. They have not been. Against our wills the great war which involves these issues came out and laid hold upon us and, whether we would or no, we had to take up our part. And now that duty can not be played with. Asking God for his forgiveness for all that has been wrong in ourselves, humbly trusting his grace and seeking his strength, we are to take up our task in the spirit of those who know only one fidelity, the fidelity that knows no yielding until its task is done. Without hate or pride or wrong-doing, without using against evil the evil we deplore, without malice toward anyone and with charity toward all men, including our foes, with patience and tenacity and deathless devotion, we are to do the work that has come to us until it is done and done to last.

It is the business of the Church to keep clear and unconfused these moral ends which alone justify the war, to warn men against hate and evil will, to strengthen in men's hearts the sense of deathless devotion to duty, to encourage faith in the possibility of establishing on the earth a righteous order worth living and dying for, to show men that they must and can behave now as citizens in a manner worthy of the Gospel of Christ, to maintain in the soul of the nation an unswerving loyalty to righteousness and a fearless love of all humanity, to make the nation humble and penitent before God, and to summon it to such obedience to God's holy law that it can confidently offer itself to him for the accomplishment of his purposes of justice and truth.

"Who says that the church is not eager to do its national service in the war when more than three thousand applications for chaplaincies have been filed at Washington?"

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T KNOW HIS FAMILY

Once upon a time a little boy dreamed that he went to heaven. He had been thinking about heaven during the day, wondering about it, and wishing that he might go there to make a visit, without staying forever, and that very night he made his visit.

When he realized that he was really on the way to heaven, he wondered still more. He supposed that, of course, he would find only the people there who had died, and since he did not know any little boys who had died, he feared that he might be lonesome in heaven, so he did not really worry about it—he just wondered.

When he arrived he looked for the great gates which he had heard about. There were several of them, but the most beautiful of all was labeled plainly "For Children." He wondered how one entered, but now it was all very plain. The gate stood wide open to receive all the little children who were constantly passing in, and no one questioned his entering with the rest.

The Little Boy looked about to find a familiar face, and though he had never seen one of the children before, every one looked so friendly that he did not feel at all strange. In fact, he thought to himself: "How nice it is to be among a lot of children of my own kind. At school there were so many poor ones, and dirty ones, and foreigners, and they were so different from me! I'm glad that all of us here are Americans!"

In his pleasure he smiled happily, and a bright-faced boy beside him said, "It is nice here, isn't it?"

"Yes," said our Little Boy. "So much nicer than at home! I mean the boys seem nicer. There are no poor ones here."

"No, we are not poor here," said the other. "But oh, you should have seen my home before I came here! The house was almost tumbling down, and we were happy if we had one real meal a day. Father was hurt in the mines, so that he couldn't work, and mother could not always make much money; but, I tell you, she did as much as

two ordinary mothers, and we all helped as much as we could. It is nice here."

It made the Little Boy feel quite strange to find that he had been so friendly with a really poor child, but even now that he knew, the poor boy did not look poor. He seemed just like the Little Boy himself.

He ran on a little farther till another child stopped him—a beautiful little girl this time. "Isn't it nice here?" she smiled. He looked at her to make sure that she was not a poor child, then smiled back. "Yes, there are so many of our own kind here—no dirty ones or poor ones, you know." The little girl looked sober for a minute, then replied: "Of course not here, but at home I was dirty. You see, mother had to work all day long, and just could not look after me as she wanted to, though she always told me to do the best I could myself. She used to do our washing in the night, after her day's work was done. But it surely is nice here, isn't it?"

Again the Little Boy was surprised. How was it that she seemed just like himself? Again he ran farther on, this time stopping in a group of children, who beamed at him and said, "Isn't it nice here?" This time there could be no mistake—they were surely of his kind, and the Little Boy smiled back, "Yes, there are so many of our kind—no foreigners, you know."

"But do we not all belong here?" asked one.

"What do you mean by foreigners?" asked another.

"Why, you know—foreigners—people from other countries," the Little Boy explained.

"But all of us came from another country," smiled another.

"Oh, yes, to come here, of course!" replied the Little Boy; "but I mean we are all Americans." And the other children laughed aloud.

"But not one of us came from America!" they said. "We were just talking about it when you came. My home was in Japan." "And mine was in India!" "And mine was in Africa!" "I lived in China!" Such a chorus of voices arose that the Little Boy could not distinguish all the countries that were mentioned. "But why don't you look like Japanese and Chinese and Africans?" he asked.

Just then a beautiful angel came to the

children, and hearing the Little Boy's question, said gently: "Oh, you poor little American boy! Surely you have just come! Do you not know that here you only see what is in the heart? And did you suppose that the great Father gave different kinds of hearts because some of his children were poor, and some lived in one country and some in another?"

The Little Boy looked and wondered. Then he heard a wonderful choir, far away, singing:

"I think of that day, in the beautiful time,
The sweetest and brightest and best.
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest."

Then the Little Boy understood at last. It was because all these children loved their heavenly Father that they seemed just alike, and he could hardly wait to return to his home in America and find some other members of that family whom he had thought different, but whom now he knew to be his own little brothers and sisters.—*World-Wide.*

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL
CHAPTER X
(Continued)

Before Henry had started from his uncle's the uncle had expressed the wish that he might have a pair of buffaloes, and Henry and Joe made up their minds that they would make an effort to procure them for him. George White said he would be glad to help them. For this purpose they made arrangements to go on a hunt, and June 6 found them on the way. They had not gone more than ten miles from home before it began to rain and rained for three days and nights. They had no cover on the wagon and everything was wet except their ammunition and matches, but they continued their westward march. Beside the team of horses they had two saddle ponies, one being Pet, Henry's pony, which we have spoken of before, while George's was a good little fellow but not nearly as fleet as Pet. They passed Prairie Dog, Sappa and Beaver creeks and turned to the south on the headwaters of the Solomon River.

On the fourth day from home, as they were approaching a small stream, they were about to cross a draw when five or six buffaloes with two or three calves ran out of

the draw. Quickly George and Joe put the saddles on the ponies and taking only their revolvers and lassoes started in pursuit. Joe was ahead and as he came down into the draw he saw two buffalo wolves holding a buffalo calf. As nearly as he could tell, one of the wolves held the calf by the nose. Joe was busy with his lasso or he might have shot one of the wolves for he was within twenty feet of them before they let loose of their prey. Joe's object was to catch the calf. The calf, as soon as the wolf let go of it, ran at full speed after the other buffaloes and Joe was with it. He cast the lasso. It went over the calf's head, but Pet sprang forward and before Joe could check the pony the lasso was carried free from the calf. Again the lasso was over the head of the calf and again Pet dashed forward, and to check her took so much of Joe's attention that the calf passed through the loop, and the third time brought no better success. They had now come to a draw where there were some small trees and brush, in which the calf was soon lost.

Looking up Joe saw not more than half a mile away a bunch of about a hundred large and a good number of smaller buffaloes. With them were fifteen or twenty calves. "There is our chance," said he, and both started for the bunch.

The buffaloes saw them coming, quickly formed for a stampede, and started off on the stampede gait. It was no trouble to come up with them; the stampede gait is not very fast, but a herd will keep it up for many miles. Away they went the horsemen close behind them, not more than ten or fifteen feet from the first solid column. There were three rows of males between the hunters and the cows, and the calves were ahead of the cows. What the men wanted was to scatter the herd so as to get to the calves, but try as they would they could not do it.

At length, after following them four or five miles, Joe shot a cow that he could see was giving milk, in hopes that as she fell out of the bunch a calf would come with her. The cow staggered, the columns opened up to let her drop out, and as she did so Joe let Pet pass through the opening. A few jumps brought him among the calves. Now, he thought, he would surely scatter the bunch, but the opening was closed up and all went on as before. Joe

waved his hat and hallooed to them but they only shook their heads as though they wished to be tossing him on their horns and followed on. However, he did succeed in frightening two of the calves so that they fell out. Then letting Pet dash ahead he swung to the left, passed that wing of the bunch and let them pass by him.

George was already after one of the calves that Joe had frightened out of the bunch, and as Joe came up with them George had his lasso on its neck and it was a prisoner. Both men dismounted and placed the rope on the calf so as to lead it.

"Now, George," said Joe, "you take the ponies and go ahead and I will follow with the calf."

"Which way shall I go?"

Joe pointed to the north east.

"No," said George, "Henry is this way," and he pointed southwest. "You are wrong, Joe."

George had mounted his pony and Joe had given him Pet's rein.

"Hold on," said Joe. "Give me my pony and you go your way. I will go mine and let us see who will get to camp first."

"No," we will not separate. I will go your way, but I know you are wrong," said George.

"Go to the top of the divide," replied Joe. "I think we can see something from there."

It was three miles or more to the top of the divide. When they arrived there Joe pointed to a tree top which could be seen away to the northeast, saying, "George, did you ever see that tree top before?"

"No, I never did," declared George.

"Well," said Joe, "Henry is within forty rods of that tree top. I don't know just where he finds wood and water but it is not far away."

George was completely lost, but would not own it. When they were about half way to the tree top Joe called George's attention to a little streak of smoke, but still George was not convinced. He said that it was as likely as not to be an Indian camp. He was sure he had not been there before. But Joe said, "I will take all chances. Go to it."

When within forty rods of the camp fire George could plainly see the wagon and horses. He stopped and said, "I give it up, Joe, but I don't see how you could tell where to go. I would never have found Henry."

A buffalo had disputed Henry's right to

the place he had chosen for a camp ground, and Henry had shot him. It seemed that it was a favorite place to water, and with horses on the lariat one had to keep a good watch and not let the game get too close or it would frighten them.

The calf was very warm and tired and was soon lying in the shade, and Joe was very grateful for a chance to rest.

After a hearty meal of fried buffalo hump, and bread, they saw a little bunch of buffaloes going in a direction that would take them by the head of the draw that came into the creek near the camp.

"George," said Joe, "let us go up that draw and see if we can get one of them."

They went to the head of the draw where there was a break about a foot high, lay down behind this break and waited for the game.

"They are coming close to us. Let us not try to get but one of them. Take that one that looks so black and sleek," said Joe.

Where they lay they were but ten feet from the path that the buffaloes were in and at that distance they shot the one picked out, killing him in his tracks. They had now meat that would require some little time to care for, to cut, salt and dry, for it had to be cut in thin pieces so as to dry quickly in warm weather.

The following morning another small herd of buffaloes was seen coming near where they were. George and Joe went as near to the place they were to pass as they could get with shelter, but the game passed at quite a distance away and on a good run. Joe shot four times but did not bring any down. One was injured so that it turned into a draw from the herd.

Joe watched the others for a few moments to see if any more turned off by themselves; for he knew that there were three others wounded. The draw that the buffalo had gone into made a bend like an oxbow. He went across the bend, thinking that he was ahead of the buffalo. He came to the draw at a point where there was a little tree on the bank. The bank was a square break-off of four or five feet. As Joe came to the tree, looking up the draw for the game, he stood directly over the buffalo, which had reached the place and lay under the tree. The buffalo sprang up and jumped up the banks.

(Continued)

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

HE SENT HIS SON

Text: *Last of all he sent unto them his Son.* Matthew 21: 37.

The quality of any life, its trend and its destiny, may be estimated by its relationship to Christ. "Last of all he sent his son." "What will ye do with this man who is called Christ?" Well, what do we do with him? Let us examine some of our possible attitudes to the Lord.

First of all, our attitude to Christ may be one of absolute indifference; and I suppose that of all antagonisms the most cruel and wounding is the antagonism of indifference. If a man is deliberately hostile to me, if he brings out all his guns and reserves to oppose me, the very fierceness of his hostility suggests the measure of his respect for my ability and power. But indifference is the very essence of contempt. A snub has more power than a blow. A cheery negligence is more cutting than a snub. Indifference is deadly. Infidelity is more alive than indifference. And yet we can treat the Son of God with indifference! We can live as though he had never been. We can map out our lives as though he had never risen from the grave; we can go through life as though Christ were dead. He may play no part in our affairs.

What other attitude may we sustain to the Son of God? It may be one of deliberate rejection. I do not suggest that men always utter their rejection of Christ in so many words. But words are only one of many languages in which our judgments may be expressed. We may express a judgment in a word made flesh. We need not shout our rejection of Christ from the pavement like a public herald; we can just weave it into the warp and woof of our daily life. We may come face to face with the heavenly promptings of the soul, we may confront the august presence of the conscience, we may see the very image of the Savior calling us to the climbing path of honor and sacrifice and divine communion, and without uttering a single word of verbal antagonism to Christ, we may do things which astonish the heavenly host, for they are written through and through

with our deliberate judgment—"We will not have this man to reign over us!"—"Not this man, but Barabbas."

Our attitude to the Son of God may be one of light and jaunty patronage. Our Christian devotion may be no more than a mild sentiment, a kind of pleasant odor to sprinkle over our affairs and give them a faint suggestion of sanctity. Our religion maybe a faint emotion and not a sacrifice. It may express itself in the fondling of a neatly carved and ornamental crucifix, but it may never know the glorious reality of climbing the grim and awful cross, to be crucified with Christ! Yes, our religion may be only an affair of pleasant feelings—sometimes even of pleasant tears. There may be nothing about it of struggle; nothing of travail; nothing of climbing on hands and knees through thorns and briars; nothing of wrestling with the angel all through the dark hours to the breaking dawn. Fifty dollars a week for the theater and five cents a year to evangelize the world! Concerts, dances and engagements galore, and not five minutes a day to commune with the eternal God!

Such may be some of our attitudes to the Son of God—attitudes of patronage, and antagonism, and indifference. But what ought our attitude to be? What does our Father in heaven yearn and purpose that it should be? "Last of all he sent his Son, saying, They will reverence my Son." And what is it to reverence the Son of God? Suppose it were in our power, suppose we had the needed purity and insight, to look into the deep inner life of one who really and truly reveres the Lord—what should we find?

What rare and precious things are present when the soul is revering the Son of God?

Well, I think I should mention, first of all, the silence of lowliness. The soul that reveres the Lord will often be found with folded wings, just contemplating his radiant glory. And if we are going to revere the Son of God there is imperative need that we get upon our knees and gaze upon him. We are to gaze upon him with the deep, silent quest which apprehends and appropriates the glory. But I am afraid that we are almost losing the power of looking at anything; I mean with that kind of looking which soaks the soul with the object of its contemplation. We live so fast, that we

have no time to gaze. I think, perhaps, that in our communion with God there is too much speaking and too little gazing, and we do not "reap the harvest of a quiet eye," that appropriation which becomes ours through our very wonder and admiration.

Suffer me to be a little more precise that I may offer practical counsel to the young people who are in the early hours of their devotional life. I would take the word of God, and I would open the gospels where there is some word or incident in which the Son of God is revealed to us. Read it on your knees. Read it slowly; keep your eyes quietly fixed upon the Lord, who is being unveiled to you. Then close the Book, and let the eyes of your soul continue gazing upon the glory of the Lord, until the glory becomes surpassingly glorious, and you are lost in wonder at the holy radiance which shines upon you. Take time to see! "Be silent unto the Lord," and the glory of the Lord will be revealed. Such, I believe, is the first element in all true and vital reverence.

And what else would there be in the reverent soul? There would be the incense of prayerfulness. Lowly gazing leads to high aspiring. From the violet beds of lowliness there rises the fragrance of prayerfulness. I do say that the aspiration will express itself in a multitude of words. The fact of the matter is, the more we are filled with wonder the more restrained is our speech. It is the shallow who are the voluble. And when we have knelt in lowliness and gazed upon the glory of the Lord, it may be that our prayer will breathe itself in the fewest words—perhaps like Thomas, "My Lord and my God"; or like Madame Theresa, "Lord, lift me"; or perhaps just the psalmist's wondering and aspiring word, "O God! O God!" Or perhaps the aspiration may be altogether wordless, it may be just a speechless yearning to be clothed in the glory of the Lord. And such desire is incense, the incense of prayerfulness, infinitely sweeter and more precious than the incense which is wafted around altars of stone.

No one can gaze in silent lowliness upon the Christ, and lift to him the incense of prayerful desire and aspiration, without having from the Lord, in some way or other, some clear expression of his will. I shall come to know what he wants me to be like, in my home and in my ministry,

and you will know what he wants you to be like in your daily life and calling, both in private and in public relationships. And when we know his will, the reverence which bowed in lowliness, and aspired in prayerfulness, will now obey in faithfulness. That is to say, true reverence will offer the Lord the gold of obedience.

If we reverence the Son of God in the silence of lowliness, and in the incense of prayerfulness, and in the gold of obedience, there is something else that will come of itself. We shall worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. We need not worry about the beauty, and we need not be fearful and impatient about its coming. If we are lowly, and prayerful, and obedient, the beauty of the Lord our God will be upon us, and we shall not be able to keep it away.—*J. H. Jowett, from the Continent by permission.*

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, May 12, 1918, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, William C. Hubbard, Clarence W. Spicer, Edwin Shaw, Asa F. Randolph, Frank J. Hubbard, William M. Stillman, Theodore L. Gardiner, John B. Cottrell, Iseus F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Franklin S. Wells, Irving A. Hunting, Alex W. Vars, James L. Skaggs, Willard D. Burdick, Arthur L. Titsworth and Business Manager Lucius P. Burch.

Visitors: Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, Henry D. Babcock, Frank A. Langworthy.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Recording Secretary reported having written Dean Arthur E. Main, as requested at the last meeting of the Board, and presented correspondence from Dean Main expressing his sincere thanks for the kind remembrance. The correspondence stated that he was doing well in the way of preparation for the major operation which would probably take place early in May.

The Committee on Distribution of Lit-

erature reported the distribution of 1314 tracts embracing 17 different subjects; three new subscriptions to the SABBATH RECORDER and nine discontinued.

The Committee on Italian Missions reported the average attendance at New York of 5, and at New Era of 18; 140 visits and calls by Mr. Savarese during April, and 250 tracts distributed.

The Treasurer reported having received 33 subscriptions to the Denominational Building Fund, amounting to \$2,100.00 all of which is practically paid.

The Committee on Program for Tract Society hour at Conference presented the following report:

TENTATIVE PROGRAM FOR THE TRACT SOCIETY At the next Seventh Day Baptist General Conference Forenoon Session

- 11.00 o'clock
President's Message
Corliss Fitz Randolph
Annual Statement
1. Treasurer's Report
Frank J. Hubbard
2. Report of the Publishing House
Lucius P. Burch
3. Report of the Sabbath Evangelist
Rev. Willard D. Burdick
4. Report of the Corresponding Secretary
Rev. Edwin Shaw
Afternoon Session

- 2.30 o'clock
The Field Work of the Tract Society
Rev. Willard D. Burdick
The Work of the Tract Society from a Layman's Viewpoint
Clarence W. Spicer
The Tract Society and our Mission as a People
Rev. George B. Shaw

(This is arranged on the supposition that at some time during the Conference there will be an opportunity for general informal discussion of the work of the Society in some form of open parliament).

Report adopted.

Secretary Shaw reported that after conference with the officials in charge of Y. M. C. A. Camp Work, it seemed that at present there is no favorable opportunity for him to engage in that work.

He also reported that Sabbath Day Rally Programs have been prepared and sent out to the different churches and organizations.

Correspondence with Rev. George W. Hills and Rev. Rollo J. Severance of the Pacific Coast Association was read showing their approval of the suggestion that this Board pay the expenses of their representative in attending the General Conference at Nortonville, Kan.

It was voted that this Board pay the expenses of Rev. George W. Hills in attend-

ing the General Conference as a representative of the Pacific Coast Association.

It appearing that Rev. Rollo J. Severance is expecting to attend the General Conference, and having suggested that on his return from the General Conference he visit the scattered members of the Pacific Coast Association up and down the Pacific Coast, it was voted we express our readiness to pay the extra expenses which may be incurred by Rev. R. J. Severance in visiting the scattered members on the Pacific Coast on his return trip, over and above contributions which may be otherwise made him for that purpose.

Voted that this Society publish in the form of a tract the open letter prepared by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, being a discussion relating to the Sabbath.

Correspondence was also presented from Rev. George W. Seeley, Rev. T. W. Richardson, Rev. G. Velthuysen, and T. L. M. Spencer.

Rev. G. Velthuysen having suggested a visit to our Java Mission field by a representative from our China Mission, it was voted Secretary Shaw arrange with Brother Theodore G. Davis, who is about to start for China via Java, to if possible arrange to visit our Java Missions.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond being present, he being temporarily in New York City for special work, spoke, bringing a message from Salem, W. Va., and encouraged the Board especially by the interest of our people in West Virginia in the SABBATH RECORDER and general denominational interests.

Brother Bond's remarks led to an extensive general discussion of various topics relating to the denominational good and welfare. A very interesting and helpful discussion.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

ASA F. RANDOLPH,
Assistant Recording Secretary.

Why is it against the law to carry a revolver in the hip and not against the law to carry in the same pocket a deadly flask of whisky? Each is an enemy of other people.—*National Advocate.*

HOME NEWS

HAMMOND, LA.—Usually where there are few members in a church, a missionary "aid" or any other society, more interest, work and regular attendance is expected of each one. This is noticeably true of the Woman's Missionary Society of Hammond.

Our meetings every two weeks are held at the home of one of the members, and on Sunday afternoon, so we can have with us three public school teachers who are members.

At the beginning of the year the election of officers resulted as follows: president, Mrs. Emma Landphere; vice president, Mrs. S. S. Powell; secretary, Mrs. T. M. Campbell; treasurer, Mrs. Kate Perry (since her demise Mrs. Charley Hummel has filled that office).

In the past few years if we have had no especial society or benevolent work, we have taken our own and given an offering. But in these terrible days of war we are knitting and taking Red Cross work to do at our meetings. At present we are piecing a quilt for the sufferers over the seas.

Often we have short missionary programs, articles read from our missions and about our own missionaries and also world beloved missions.

We expect to carry out our part of Sabbath Rally Day program and try to keep the Sabbath truth.

Two weeks ago we had an especially prepared memorial service, in memory of one of our beloved members, Mrs. Kate Perry. It consisted of typewritten responses telling of Bible memorial stories, interspersed with appropriate songs, readings, a prayer by our pastor, and a beautiful solo sang by Miss Margaret Stillman.

A part of her memoir was given by those who had known her best. Resolutions of the appointed committee (Mrs. Hummel, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Landphere) were then read, and voted to be sent to our city publishers, to the RECORDER, a copy placed on the minutes of the society and one sent to her family.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his providence to take to himself one of our loved members, Mrs. Kate Perry,

Resolved, That while we, the Woman's Missionary Society of Hammond, deeply mourn the loss of this faithful member, and sympathize with all her near and dear ones, we rejoice in the memory of her great faith in God and the happy future awaiting all who trust in him. And we pray that the memory of her loving, unselfish life, shown so forcibly as she sat patient and cheerful, the long ten years, (in her rolling chair), may be to us an inspiration and incentive to follow her example.

MRS. EMMA LANDPHERE.

May 18, 1918.

GERMANY AND THE LORD'S PRAYER— AN INDICTMENT

I AM indebted to a volume of which, when writing recently upon the subject of prayer, I made a very close study—"The Lord's Prayer: An Interpretation," by Dr. Thirtle. My copy of this precious work is, I may say, marked and annotated throughout, and I have even been at the pains of compiling a supplementary index for my own personal use.

The bearing of the Lord's Prayer upon the present war is singular and significant; for it would be difficult to find elsewhere, in so few words, such a denunciation of Germany's acts, such a complete contradiction of Germany's claims.

The prayer commences with the invocation—"Our Father which art in heaven."—Of this, Dr. Thirtle beautifully says: "Thus the prayer opens with an upward look, and that look is sustained to the end. Before suggesting a single petition to his followers, the Master bids them consider the majesty of him to whom they pray."

Yet this is the awful and infinite Creator, whom the Kaiser impiously if not blasphemously claims as his "Ally," and "Our good old German God." If he who gave us the prayer were on earth today, surely those grave eyes would kindle with indignation, that great heart would bleed afresh, that a nation, professing itself Christian, should thus dare to arrogate to itself the limitless love of God. As well claim the mystery and miracle of human fatherhood as exclusively German, as thus to speak of God, in words which seem almost to hold him to be of German origin, as well as exclusively German by predilection.

"Our good old German God!" What must be the grossness and the vulgarity—apart from the profanity—of the mind that speaks with such patronage and such pro-

prietary right of the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity—"Our Father which art in heaven"?

The second clause and first petition of the prayer is "*Hallowed be thy name.*"—What has already been written has some bearing on the "hallowing" which is accorded to the holy name of Germany's ruler. Truly to hallow is, in the words of the Book of Common Prayer, "to show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives"; to demonstrate our love and reverence, not only by spoken doxologies, but by deeds acceptable to God.

If ever deeds done in a nation's name were acclaimed in hell and abhorred in heaven, those deeds are the outrages upon young girls, the murder of old men, women and children, by the Kaiser's hordes. The catalog of Germany's crimes is too horrible to linger over, or for us to wish here to extend. Summed up in half a dozen words, how can they be more truly described than as incense to the powers of darkness?

"*Thy kingdom come.*"—Again the case against Germany is so clear that to label it were idle. Had William II actually been shown the kingdoms of this world by the temper, and promised infernal support, even then, in the attempt—by murder, treachery, lying, and even infamy—to seize them for his own, his acts could not more deliberately have opposed the coming of God's kingdom.

"*Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.*"—What says the Kaiser? One could quote more outrageous speeches, but let this suffice: "There is only one law, and that is my law." And this from the monarch, later, said to the American ambassador: "There is no longer any international law." That is to say, that God's laws and man's laws, for the guidance of the nations and the administration of justice, are swept aside, that Might may prevail over Right, Frightfulness over Justice. By some strange paradox the Kaiser is at once autocrat and anarchist. He is for absolute rule by one, and by means which involve moral anarchy.

"*Give us this day our daily bread.*"—Christ's wording is in the plural—intentionally so, one feels. We are to pray, not selfishly for ourselves and our own family, but for others, for the people of this and all nations, that they and we may daily receive what is necessary for sustenance.

What is the Kaiser's interpretation of Christ's command? Let the nations—God's world in fact outside Germany and her allies—make answer, and call to judgment the one man in the world's history who, of deliberate purpose and for his own aggrandizement, has set out, not only to rob his enemies, but the innocent men, women and children of neutral countries of their daily bread, if thus and thereby he can attain his evil purpose.

"*And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.*"—For our very humanity's sake, for shame that such incitement to devilry should come from like flesh and blood to ours, only one of the many exhortations of Germany's leaders, from the Kaiser downward, is here instanced. It is from the new Hymn of Hate, distributed among the German soldiers before the offensive against Italy, and is addressed to "Sons of Germany." "Neither women nor children must be spared," it reads, "because the children of the vanquished may some day be the grown-ups of their country. Forward! shatter, destroy, thrust, burn—kill, kill, kill, kill."

Christ's command we know, and his words: "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." In all reverence one may ask whether, of the inciters to such deeds as were ordered in Italy, even Infinite Mercy could or would pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"?

"*And lead us not into temptation.*"—Their evil deeds notwithstanding, some of us have it in our hearts almost to pity the people of Germany. By every ignoble lure and promise of booty, by exploitation of their basest passions, the ruler whom they loved and trusted has led into the most terrible temptation, not only his wretched dupe-nations of Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, but the very people whom he declares himself anointed of God to uplift, to prosper, and to shield! Well may the scene of "Faust" be laid in Germany, for Germany's monarch has played Mephistopheles, arch-tempter and arch-traitor, to the men, women, and even the children of Germany, and has brought her and them to ruin, moral, material and spiritual.

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 Bordon 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.

THE CHURCHES' TASK

Our mission is distinctively to the churches, for we believe that they have a special responsibility in this time of world emergency. Except the press, no other agency has such access to intelligent public opinion and therefore such responsibility for helping to shape it aright. They ought to be deeply concerned in this war. Thus patriotism is a religious virtue. We do not love our country in any narrow or selfish sense. We refuse to baptize greedy profiteering and lust of power with the name of patriotism. But we believe that the cause for which our country is standing in this war is directly related to those great truths for which the Church stands and to which it is the duty of the Church to testify; namely, righteousness, justice, liberty, and brotherhood. We do not claim that our country is perfect, but we do claim that on this issue it is right—unreservedly, unequivocally and absolutely right, and that as such the churches ought to support it with all their strength.

We emphasize the moral aims of the war. We are interested in its political aims, but they are not what our committee was specifically organized for. As citizens, we are concerned with them, but as churchmen it is not for us to decide matters which belong to the President. We stand by him with full confidence in his wider knowledge and patriotic purpose as our nation's Commander-in-Chief. But the churches are especially concerned with the moral aims of the war. Its aims are essentially moral. President Wilson has said that we do not seek territory or indemnity or revenge. We have been grievously wronged; but while our wrongs undoubtedly had much to do with forcing us into the war, we are not fighting on their account alone. America's part in the war would be justified if not an American had been killed and not a dollar's worth of American property destroyed.

We are in this war because it is fundamentally a war between Pagan and Christian ideas of the organization of the world; because it is a conflict between the law of the jungle and the law of brotherhood in international relations; because it is to determine whether the people exist for the state or the state for the people; whether nations are to be ruled by emperors who claim divine right to do as they please or by rulers who are responsible to the people; because no people on the planet is safe as long as any powerful nation comes into the family of nations armed to the teeth and animated by principles and ambitions which make it an intolerable menace and compel all other peoples also to arm and fight or to accept serfdom. On these issues there can be no compromise. Others may be susceptible of adjustment, but this must be decided one way or the other. The whole future of the human race is at stake. No peace which leaves these fundamental issues undecided can be permanent. The war must be won either by a victory of the Allies or by a reform of the German Government by the German people, or by both. If it has to go on until far greater sacrifices shall have been made, and if we shall be crippled or destroyed, we can only say that such a cause is worth dying for, even as Christ himself died that the world might be saved. Some things are worse than death. And after the war, we must have a League of Nations so constituted and with such powers that it can prevent or at least minimize the danger of future wars.

The churches can mightily help in this time of need. Most of us are debarred by age or sex from military service, but we have "our bit" to do in making these aims clear; by unwavering support of the Government; by aiding in the moral and spiritual welfare of our army and navy; and by opposing those evils in our national life

(Continued on page 639)

DEATHS

WHITFORD.—At her home on Crosby Creek, in the town of Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y., Mrs. Fremont S. Whitford, aged 47 years, 4 months, and 2 days.

Mrs. Jemima White Whitford was born in England and came to the United States when about eleven years of age. June 21, 1894, she was united in marriage with Fremont S. Whitford and to them were born two children,—Violet W. and Hinman F. Whitford. Besides her husband and children she is survived by two brothers,—John and William White, of Batavia, N. Y., and two sisters,—Mrs. Sara Pratt, of Batavia, N. Y., and Mrs. Carrie Powlock, of Elizabeth, N. J.

She experienced religion under the labors of Rev. I. L. Cottrell about 1903, was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hartsville, N. Y., and of this church she remained a devoted member till her death.

Funeral services, conducted by her pastor, Mr. Wardner F. Randolph, assisted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held in the Hartsville Church, May 8, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

WM. L. B.

CRITES.—In the town of Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y., May 3, 1918, Audrey Alberta Crites, in the 18th year of her age.

Miss Crites, the daughter of Herbert E. and Ida Wells Crites, was born and had always lived in the community where she died. Last June she completed her third year in the Hornell (N. Y.) High School and would have graduated with this year's class had health permitted. She had been ailing for two and one-half years and since last autumn has been unable to walk. An attack of the grip about one month before her death hastened the end, and a life full of promise was transferred to the Father's mansions above.

Besides the parents she is survived by six sisters,—Mrs. Ethel Allen and Aliene M., Nellie M., Ruth H., Letah M., and Wilma Crites.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held at the house on May 5, and interment took place in the Rural Cemetery, Hornell, N. Y.

WM. L. B.

LANGWORTHY.—At his home in Lamphear Valley, near Andover, N. Y., Dea. Daniel Lee Langworthy, aged 66 years and 1 month.

Deacon Langworthy was born and had always lived on the homestead where he died. He matriculated in Alfred University in the years 1873-74, and pursued his studies therein for some time.

November 8, 1876, he was united in holy wedlock with Miss Agnes E. Burdick. To them were born six children,—Lavern D., of Westerly, R. I., Frank A., of Plainfield, N. J., Egbert R., of Newport, R. I., Mrs. Harry Dawson, of Newport, R. I., Edson C., of Andover, and Lynn L.,

who resided with his father on the old homestead. Besides the wife and children he is survived by one brother, Edwin Langworthy, of Buffalo, and one sister, Miss Martha B. Langworthy, of Newport, R. I.

When nineteen years of age he was baptized and united with the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred. When the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Andover was organized the following fall, he became a constituent member of that church, and has since been one of its chief supporters. In 1886, he was ordained deacon by the church, an office he held till his death. For more than twenty years he was superintendent of its Sabbath school.

At the time of his death he was president of the Allegany Mutual Telephone Company and a director in the Burrows National Bank of Andover. Others often sought him to transact business for them and all such trusts he held sacred and all duties connected therewith he faithfully performed. He was a quiet man, given to few words, never putting himself ahead or desiring to be put forward, humble in all things, living on a plane far above the world in which he lived and of which he was a part, dealing out bountifully to his fellows of both time and money, but not letting his left hand know what his right hand did. The high esteem in which he was held was attested by the large concourse of people from Independence, Andover, Alfred and other communities who attended his farewell service.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, assisted by Pastor Ira S. Goff, were held in the church at Alfred Station, the afternoon of the 27th inst., and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

(Continued from page 638)

which impair our ability to wage a great war for noble ends. Our heroic soldiers and sailors will be heartened by the knowledge that the nation at home is united in supporting them and praying for them, and in creating those world conditions which will conserve the results of the triumph of the cause to which they are giving "the last full measure of devotion."—Arthur J. Brown, in *Federal Council Bulletin*.

"The mission of America in the world is essentially a mission of peace and good will among men. She has become the home and asylum of men of all creeds and races. Within her hospitable borders they have found homes and congenial associations and freedom and a wide and cordial welcome, and they have become part of the bone and sinew and spirit of America itself. America has been made up out of the nations of the world and is the friend of the nations of the world."

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.

"Two forces can conquer the world—the spirit of Christ in the heart of Christians and the spirit of co-operation, uniting those Christians in the fight until it be absolutely won."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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Sabbath School.—Lesson XXII, June 1, 1918

JESUS WARNS AND COMFORTS HIS FRIENDS. Mark 13: 1—14: 9

Golden Text.—He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved. Mark 13: 13.

DAILY READINGS

May 26—Mark 13: 1-9. The Temple to be Destroyed

May 27—Mark 14: 1-9. Jesus Approves the Honor Paid to Him

May 28—Mark 13: 31-37. Watchfulness Enjoined

May 29—Ezek. 33: 1-11. Watchman to Israel

May 30—John 11: 47-57. Conspiring against Jesus

May 31—Matt. 9: 9-13. Receiving Sinners

June 1—John 14: 21-28. Love for Christ

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

When one has given up the one fact of the inspiration of the Scriptures he has given up the whole foundation of revealed religion.—H. W. Beecher.

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The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society

is the agency through which the people of the
Seventh Day Baptist Churches work for the
cause of Christian missions including
the Sabbath of Christ

Field of Work

It either wholly supports, or assists in supporting such work
in China, Java, Holland, British Guiana, and the United States.

Sources of Support

It has a small income from invested funds that have been
left as legacies to the Society; but its principal support for con-
ducting this work is the voluntary contributions of the people.

Notes in the Bank

These contributions have been slow in coming in this year,
due no doubt to the many calls for financial help from the Red
Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and other worthy objects. The Society
is now being forced to carry notes in the bank at Westerly in
order to pay the regular salaries to those who are carrying on
the work.

An Appeal for Contributions

The fiscal year for the General Conference will end June
30. An appeal is made to the churches and to the people in
general not to forget or neglect this important work.

Do It Gladly, Do It Now

If the people "have a mind to work" it will not be necessary
for the Society to come up to Conference with a deficit due to a
lack of expected contributions. Pass your contributions to the
treasurer of your church who will forward them to S. H. Davis,
Westerly, R. I. Or if that method is not convenient, send direct-
ly to Mr. Davis.

EDWIN SHAW, *Cor. Sec.*

The Sabbath Recorder

SELF-GOVERNMENT is the only kind of government
that can ultimately prevail in the world, because it
alone is the kind of government that can be free from
caste and class; and the idea of caste and class is repul-
sive to the fundamental nature and instincts of free and
independent manhood. A democracy, however, is prone
to certain weaknesses, and to eliminate these weak-
nesses our schools must incessantly strive. Freedom is
not freedom to injure one's neighbor, and liberty is not
license. Let us take thought at this time as never before
with respect to the great and inestimable worth of de-
mocratic government as adapted to the most advanced
civilization, and at the same time let us guard against
the evils of individualism, anarchy, false independence,
and lack of interest and intelligence in public affairs.
While the adults of today are fighting this war to a fin-
ish, let the children be learning those lessons which will
make for truth, for justice, for co-operation, for liberty,
and for the permanence of democratic institutions and
ideals.—C. P. Cary.

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