

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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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 all living ex-presidents of the Conference, and the 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.
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 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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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.
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Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
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 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.

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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 27, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,821

Memorial Day In 1918

With the entire nation practically mobilized for loyal service in every line of work by which the cause of freedom may be served; with starred service flags, telling the story of patriotism, hung in a million windows where homes are under the shadow of this World War; and with the ever-thinning ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic marching toward the soldier's last resting place, Memorial Day in 1918 will take on a new significance.

More and more is it coming to be seen that this war is not being fought by armies alone; for the nations behind the armies—farmers, mechanics, machinists, bakers, housekeepers, and even the boys and girls—are fighting it. Parents who fought and sacrificed in the Civil War and in the Spanish-American War, are called upon to give up their sons and daughters to preserve the same principles for which they themselves suffered.

As the Grand Army of the Republic gradually disappears from among the living, there must necessarily be a change in the character of Memorial Day, and never has the occasion for such change been more marked than in the present year. We do not wonder, then, that leading educators are working into their programs for Memorial exercises appropriate material relating to the present war, designed to strengthen the spirit of patriotism and beget genuine loyalty to our institutions.

A friend has sent us the Memorial Day Annual of the Wisconsin schools. It has 78 pages of matter especially appropriate for memorial exercises. There are addresses and songs and stories that can not fail to educate young Americans in our schools along lines of loyalty to their country.

Our friend, Hosea W. Rood, patriotic instructor of the G. A. R. for Wisconsin schools, has in it a description of the "Old Wisconsin Battle Flags," and the story of the famous "War Eagle," which make most interesting reading. If we had room we

would like to give both articles in full to our boys and girls. The story of the War Eagle must wait till some future day. In this RECORDER of Memorial Week we give Brother Rood's "Wisconsin Battle Flags," and "The Boy and Girl Soldiers of 1918," by R. B. Pixley, of the State Council of Defense.

A Peculiar People

The Israelites were a peculiar people. This was said of them always in a good sense, and the things that made them peculiar were regarded as their strongest assets, their most commendable characteristics. The fact that they worshiped Jehovah the invisible God is usually regarded as the one thing that made them strong; but this is not the only peculiarity that helped them to stand true in times of adverse influences. There was a strong fraternal spirit which actuated the tribes and gave them unity as a people, and which caused them to make such humane and elaborate laws providing for the prevention of poverty and distress as did no other nation. It was this fraternal spirit, this bond of brotherhood, that had as much to do with making them a peculiar people as did their worship of God. This fact is often lost sight of, and many people imagine that monotheistic belief alone made Israel strong before her enemies.

As long as this spirit of brotherhood existed, the Hebrews were able to stand before all foes. But when jealousies and misunderstandings began to break up the fraternal feelings between the tribes, Israel began to weaken. And when the families lost the spirit of brotherly helpfulness, they were no longer a peculiar people helped of God, but sank to the common level of their surroundings and went swiftly to their doom.

This fraternal spirit took on new life in the early Christian Church. The apostolic institution was also regarded as a body of peculiar people characterized by their fraternal spirit and practical helpfulness.

They grew mightily in the face of many foes, largely because of their brotherly love which compelled the world to say, "Behold, how they love one another!" The church was then in very deed the light of the world as a practical and helpful brotherhood.

One great weakness of the church today is due to loss of the helpful brotherly spirit that actuated it in early Christian times. The church should be the truest exponent of democracy. In it there should be no distinctions between rich and poor, and the spirit of love should make its members helpful and tender one toward another. The modern church comes far short of exhibiting this characteristic of the early church.

Up-to-Date Methods Needed If the church is to measure up to the standards of New

Testament times, it must adopt up-to-date methods of relief and helpfulness, commensurate with present-day conditions. There might be a system of benefits for helping the household of faith in the trials of life. If the church had a sick benefit, an accident benefit, an old age benefit, a death benefit and a plan to help the brethren in emergencies, thousands would not be almost driven into various beneficial orders. They would find in the church of Christ the brotherly help needed and, added to that, the spiritual uplift that brings the soul into communion with God.

The plan of allowing its members to reach the point of utter destitution before "charity" is doled out to them is no credit to the modern church. When sickness is costing more than the income, it is unfortunate that church members must look to their lodges for help. Why can not the church be a mutual benefit society as easily and as successfully as the lodge can, and that, too, on the same business principles?

Some such plan in harmony with modern conditions would exemplify the true spirit of brotherly love which actuated the early Christian Church. An ethical and practical church would become all the more spiritual and many obstacles to Christian growth would be removed. It is certain that high fraternal ideals must characterize the church now if it meets the demands of the days that are coming.

Christian Manhood Essential to Usefulness True Christian manhood is always attractive, even to the worldling. In the midst of darkness and sin it is like a clear bright light to lead men safely home. Christian manhood reveals Christ to lost men, and its possessor will help others to glorify God.

Every man has a right to demand of us that our religion shall not only make us better, but promote the happiness of those about us. Love and a charitable spirit ought to be more inspiring, more beautiful, more attractive in one who gives himself to Christ. If a Christian lives in such a way that people seeing him and hearing him are turned away from the God he professes to serve and are repelled by the hard, or unsympathetic, or impertinent, or domineering manner, we may be sure that Christian manhood is wanting here. If a Christian feels called upon to exercise dictatorship over every man's conscience in a way that is inconsistent with individual freedom, no matter how sincere he may be, he is lacking in the essentials of Christian manhood. There are many ways in which men may conduct themselves in the name of Christ and yet appear most un-Christlike. We do not always realize that we really are, to the world, just what we prove ourselves to be—only that and nothing more. Lacking the spirit of courtesy and respectful deference for the feelings of others, essential qualities to Christian manhood, a man is sorely handicapped in his work of saving men. And the chances are that such a one will drive more souls away from the kingdom than he can ever bring in.

Commencement Week At Alfred Notices of Alfred commencement exercises are just at hand. The time, June 8-12, is fixed one day earlier in the week and a week later in the month than usual. This places the college exercises just between the Central and Western associations, and will enable delegates to the associational gatherings to visit Alfred during commencement week.

In an earnest plea for a large attendance of the alumni and friends of the University we find these words: "While the work of Alfred University is hindered by the Great War, we would not have it otherwise. We are proud of our undergraduates who have

given up their classroom work to fight on behalf of the cause of truth and liberty, and we are proud of the still greater number of graduates and former students who have left their private interests at the call of country and humanity. A list of Alfred men in the war has been prepared, and will be mailed upon request."

Rev. Royal R. Thorngate Changes His Pastorate Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, contributing editor

of our Young People's department, has moved from Scott, N. Y., to Salemville, Pa., and all communications intended for him should be sent to the new address.

He entered upon pastoral work there early in May, and is well pleased with his new field of labor.

A MESSAGE TO THE TWO BOARDS

[Three and a half months ago the following message to the Tract and Missionary boards was read in the meeting of the Tract Board and held by the joint secretary for the quarterly meeting of the Missionary Board. The editor, feeling sure that the message would do good if allowed to go to all our people, wrote Brother Main to that effect and received his consent to its publication after it had gone to the two boards.

We do not see how any loyal Seventh Day Baptist can help being touched by this letter. It is a clear and assuring explanation of a matter that has, unfortunately, been misunderstood. —Ed.]

Members of the Tract and the Missionary Boards,

*Rev. Edwin Shaw, Secretary,
Rev. T. L. Gardiner, Editor.*

DEAR BRETHREN:

It will be esteemed a great favor if you will listen to an "open letter" now in the hands of Secretary Shaw; and to this epistle, also.

I. The grounds on which I build my doctrine of Sabbath-keeping are not of recent origin, or novel. They are found, for example, in Matthew 5: 17-48, and Jeremiah 31: 31-34, and 2 Corinthians 3. The late Wardner C. Titsworth told me that an article of mine in the RECORDER held him to the Sabbath. Edwin H. Lewis wrote to one of my critics that my point of view had kept some young men from leaving the Sabbath. Years ago other men and myself were asked to furnish for publication, in the *Sabbath Outlook*, I think, our rea-

sons for coming to the Sabbath. My views are found in my little book, *Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question*. They have appeared in the RECORDER. I preached them in Plainfield; and teach them to my classes.

When about thirteen or fourteen years of age I left the Sabbath, with my parents. When sixteen or seventeen my conscience began to trouble me. In the struggle I was almost wrecked, religiously. Inward peace came when, with an approving moral judgment, I returned to Sabbath-keeping. But I returned, not by way of Sinai and the fourth commandment, but by way of Mark 2: 27-28, and Genesis 2: 1-3.

I intend to grant to others what I claim for myself,—freedom of thought and speech. I do not wish to belong to a church or denomination that can not cordially grant this liberty. Also, no denomination is bound to harbor one whose teachings, in its judgment, are destructive.

One of our best home missionaries seems to believe that my views should not be made public, through the RECORDER, because they hinder the work he seeks to do as a teacher of Sabbath truth.

II. The Southern Presbyterians hold extreme views as to the separateness of Church and State. For example, they do not like to have the Federal Council of Churches maintain a branch office in Washington, and have so much to do with Government affairs,—as in the appointment of army and navy chaplains. On this account they have talked of withdrawing from the Council. But, at the quadrennial meeting of the Council, in St. Louis, December, 1916, their leading delegate only asked the privilege of presenting a formal protest and statement of their convictions. This suggested to my mind the probable wisdom, and justice to ourselves, of a similar action by our own delegates. The record and explanation of what we did is in the RECORDER for February 4, 1918, pages 137-138.

The members of the Federal Council understood perfectly well that we did not endorse the report of the Commission on Sunday Observance; but that, being granted the privilege of presenting in a formal way our views, we saw no reason for keeping up our contention against its adoption by the large majority of the delegates.

It seems most unfortunate that our own denominational brethren do not also understand us. At any rate the expressed judg-

ment of the Council has been that we are loyal to our convictions, and at the same time tolerant towards others.

The first part of the last paragraph of our paper on page 138, is, I suppose, a Christian truism. Now as to the last part:

The secretary of the National Lord's Day Alliance affirms that there is only one religious rest day, namely, Sunday. On the contrary any day of the week may be used as a day of religion; but not made into a Sabbath Day. Our view is that God, in Hebrew religious thought and history, and in the teaching and practice of his Son, made Saturday the one only Sabbath Day. Whatever rights the Sunday has it has no right to this place or name.

We might celebrate the American Declaration of Independence in November; or the birth of our Lord in May; but that would not be celebrating the historic Fourth of July, or the joyous Christmas tide. We may use Sunday, Wednesday, Friday,—any day, as a religious rest day; but that does not at all constitute it as the Sabbath Day. We ourselves may be never so religious, worshipful, and restful, on Saturday; or non-religious, irreverent, and restless, on that day; but we can neither make nor unmake the Sabbath Day. That stands. Jehovah God, in his humanizing and redeeming Providence, made it, just as he made earth and sky, land and sea, trees, plants, sun, moon, stars, birds, fish, animals, and man whom he appointed lord over all created things.

What then is the particular calling of our people? To make a special religious use of the day in worship and in spiritual and hopeful restfulness, to "remember" it holily, and thus to honor it and our Maker.

III. Brother Edwin Shaw and myself were members of the Commission on Sunday Observance. We both knew that we always had a large measure of sympathy and support from the actual leaders in the Council; while they also tried to give much freedom of expression to members of the Council who believed in pretty rigid Sunday legislation. By a Committee of Appraisal of which Rev. A. J. C. Bond was a member this commission was changed to a Committee on a Religious Rest Day; and to Brother Bond belongs the honor of suggesting the new name. At the first meeting of this committee in New York City, in

1917, I saw there was likely to be necessary silence on my part, or the continuance of years of friction and contention between the secretary of the National Lord's Day League and myself. Therefore I resigned my membership in the committee, with the intention of doing my work at the annual meetings of the Council's Executive Committee. How I carried out this purpose is told in the RECORDER for December 31, 1917, pages 836-838.

At my request Bishop Kephart wrote out what he would like to say. He took pains to say that there was no wish or purpose to interfere with the rights of those who observe the Seventh Day. I told him I did not care at all about having that declaration in if he would incorporate what is now a paragraph in the center of the second column on page 837, which is a statement of great general principles. To this he cordially agreed.

Now I am willing to rest the case with the first sentence,—“It is understood that this report is to be interpreted in full harmony with the principles of Christian Democracy.” In connection with the recent writing of a paper on “Democracy and Religion” for a meeting of our University Faculty, I had occasion to assemble definitions of democracy given by high authorities. One of these definitions came from the Federal Council itself, by way of its Commission on Christian Education, whose report at St. Louis was considered a remarkably comprehensive and able paper. The following statements are a fair summing up of the several definitions: Democracy means free religion in a free State. Church and State are not opposites; but they are in distinct and separate realms. The State can not teach religion, or enforce it. The State confesses its need of God-fearing and man-loving citizens; but that the Home, the Church, and the Free Christian School, must furnish them.

The Federal Council has been charged with underhanded dealing with me, and I have been charged with being led by it into “compromise.” Permit me to deny this double charge; to say that in my judgment my action leaves no room, if justly interpreted, for any legislation beyond a reasonable protection of our Sunday friends in their right to use the First Day as their religious rest day,—which I think is about

all that Bishop Kephart and many others want; and to claim that I was loyal to the Sabbath faith of our fathers.

IV. The publishing of my views is the occasion of Dr. Gardiner's being flooded with articles that he would rather not print. Not however that he blames me at all for this. And here let me express my appreciation of his thoroughgoing review of Mr. Sayre's last article. One of our most devoted and respected ministers and home missionaries is greatly troubled over my interpretations of the Bible. A voice from the Northwest,—not alarming, however, but creative of prejudice against the seminary,—says I must quit my job here!

And so on, and so on.

Owing to such facts as these it is my judgment that I better keep out of the RECORDER permanently. This means, believe me, no unpleasantness of feeling whatever, on my part, towards boards, or secretary, or editor.

When Boothe C. Davis was a student at Yale the then Professor William R. Harper came to the class one morning and said, in substance,—

“Young gentlemen, you understand me; you know that I am a Christian; you know that I love the work of God; but I want to read to you some comments made on me in connection with my recent trip through the Southwest.”

After reading them he bowed in tears. I have not wept literally over the situation as described above; but I am quite content to be understood by those who come most directly within my influences as a teacher of religion, to have their good will and confidence, and try to spread truth and righteousness through them.

Assuming that you have listened patiently and with charity, I thank you; and remain as ever.

Yours cordially and faithfully,

(Signed) ARTHUR E. MAIN.

February 6, 1918.

Think not anything little, wherein we may fulfill his commandments. It is in the midst of common and ordinary duties that our life is placed; common occupations make up our lives. By faith and love we obey; but by obedience are the faith and love, which God gives us, strengthened.—
Edward B. Pusey.

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW.

Three years ago in Philadelphia in Independence Hall I attended the meeting which organized the “League to Enforce Peace,” and I was one of the constituent members. For financial reasons I have not been able to attend regularly the gatherings of the league, but my sympathy has ever been with the movement, and I had planned this year to be present in Philadelphia, May 16, and 17, at the meeting, but matters came on suddenly at the home office that made it quite impossible to do so. I have however been much interested in studying the program. And I think that others may also receive help and suggestions from it, so I am giving it here in these Notes.

Key-Note Session

1. “A Struggle for World Freedom”
George Wharton Pepper
2. “America Seeing it Through”
William Howard Taft
3. “The War and the Individual”
Edward A. Filene
4. “Safeguarding the Future”
A. Lawrence Lowell
5. “Battling for a New World”
Stephen S. Wise

What We Are Fighting Against

1. “Germany's Dream of Dominion”
Richard Heath Dabney
2. “An Efficiency Without Soul”
W. Morgan Shuster
3. “A ‘Made in Germany’ Socialism”
John Spargo
4. “The Degradation of Childhood and Womanhood”
Anna Howard Shaw
5. “Kultur: Its Attempt to Educate the World”
Robert McElroy

What Democracy Would Face If It Lost the Fight

1. “The Collapse of Civilization in the Next War”
Franklin H. Giddings
2. “Armament and Taxation”
Leo S. Rowe
3. “A War Basis for Business and Labor”
Oscar S. Straus
4. “A Subordination of Democratic Freedom to a Prussian Discipline”
Lyman Abbott
5. “A Lawless World”
Charles Evans Hughes

A Program for Constructive Patriotism

1. “Fighting for Peace”
Henry Van dyke
2. “The Goal of Sacrifice and Service”
Lyman P. Powell
3. “Mobilizing the Mind of America”
Charles S. Medbury
4. “A Program of Action for the League”
Charles S. Ward

A League of Nations—America's Responsibility and Duty

1. “A Monroe Doctrine for the World”
Talcott Williams
2. “Commerce and the Mailed Fist”
Herbert S. Houston
3. “The Only Peace Worth Having”
John Sharp Williams

4. "Shaping the World's Ideals"
Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Shahan.
5. "A New Order of International Co-operation"
William English Walling

Allied War Dinner

William Howard Taft, Toastmaster
For Great Britain—Lord Reading
For Japan—Viscount Ishii
For France—M. Jusserand
For Italy—General Guglielmotti
For the United States—Nicholas Murray Butler, Alton B. Parker

The War Dinner was held on Friday night, and so I should not have attended that, but I feel a great loss of a possible enlargement and enrichment of life and power that might have been gained from coming into vital touch with such men and their messages on such an occasion as is indicated by the entire program.

On other occasions I have had the privilege of listening to about half of the men on the above program. They are men of vision. But they are more than that. There are many men of great vision; few have the power of "putting it across" to others. Many pastors are men of vision, but their pews are half filled, and there is little interest, because for some reason they can not "put it across," they can not get others to see the vision which is so clear to them. In the world of business they would not make good salesmen. This is no fault of theirs. But even as in business there are schools where men are helped to learn how to "put it across" in selling goods, so, too, there is need of special training by those who know how, to help the man who has a message to the world to learn how to "put it across" to others.

Five messages in a single session! That means that each speaker condensed into about twenty minutes what he had to say. Possibly this indicates one of the reasons why these men and women are successful in inspiring others with something of their own feelings. It amounts to what we now call an "intensive drive." No time is lost. Every effort is centered on the one thing in hand. Nothing lags. There is complete preparation, even for all the details of the enterprise. Pastors, Sabbath-school teachers, speakers at our religious gatherings, may well bear in mind that in addition to having a message, they must, in order to be successful, also be able to "put it across" to others.

For several years the Tract Society has been promoting a denominational Rally Day. It has arranged a suggestive program, published it in the SABBATH RECORDER, and sent leaflet programs to the churches and Sabbath schools. It has done this only in the interests of cherishing a loyalty for the Sabbath, giving stimulus to a study of the Sabbath, and increasing our active work as a people for a better observance among ourselves of the Sabbath and a spreading of the truth to others. More and more of our churches and the various organizations of the churches are coming to observe this denominational anniversary. We shall be glad to have reports sent to us telling of how Sabbath Rally Day was observed this year by the churches.

The Conference year is drawing to a swift close. June 30 will soon be here. The annual reports of the treasurers of the societies will end at that time. If the people come on now at once, and "have a mind to work," sending in the delayed contributions, and making even new and larger offerings for our work, then it will not be necessary for our reports to show that we are carrying notes in the bank to meet our regular monthly bills. Remember, too, that we have an unexpected and enlarged obligation this year because of the low rate of exchange to Shanghai. This will have to be met. And now, before the year closes, is the time to meet it. The Missionary Society May 1 was carrying three thousand dollars in notes at the bank. Let us put our shoulders to the wheels, and our hands to our purses, and our pens to our check books, and straighten these matters out forthwith. The Tract Society May 1 was not carrying any bank notes, but large bills are coming in just now for supplies for SABBATH RECORDER stock and the printing of Sabbath literature, and there is likely to be a shortage before June 30.

The vacant house decays soonest, and the watch or the man that is kept running lasts the longest and is of the most service while it lasts.—*The Christian Herald*.

Oahu, of the Hawaiian Islands group, has been put under prohibition by the President, at the request of the War Department.

SABBATH REFORM

THE SABBATH IN THE HOME

Treating Sabbath Eve Wisely and Well

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

(Written for the Sabbath evening prayer meeting, Rally Week)

It was late afternoon. Out on the Little Joppa road a half dozen heavy wagons and trucks rattled and rumbled away from the village. On the baseball ground a few rods down the street a score of hilarious boyish voices yelled as though the winning of the biggest game of the season depended wholly upon the lung power of the rival teams. In the orchard back of the little brown bungalow the youngest member of the house of Collingway slept quietly in the worn, old carriage that had already done duty for five other members of the family, while his nine-year-old sister kept careful watch over him. The air was sweet with the scent of apple blossoms. Pink and white and fragrant they grew on every hand.

May in all its beauty,
Blue sky far above,
Soft green grass to walk upon
Wee brown birds to love;
Buttercups and dandelions,
Scattered all about,
Lilacs crowned with lavender—
The earth had blossomed out.

The mother-of-six picked up the last pair of stockings and sank wearily back in the big chair by the dining room window.

"It's too pleasant to stay in the house another minute," she thought as she pushed one hand far down in fourteen-year-old Billy's brown stocking, "but I must keep the asparagus warm. I do wish that the children were not so fussy about it. And I must fix the lining in Billy's coat before sunset. I'm sorry I promised Mrs. Blake that I would stop for her when I went to prayer meeting, for I simply can not go tonight. Supper will be late, and there are a dozen and one things to do between now and bedtime. I'm afraid Pastor Duncan will get discouraged if somebody doesn't go. There were ten there last week and twelve the week before."

It had been a strenuous day, and the mother-of-six was so tired she could hardly take the necessary stitches in the brown stocking. Billy was hard on stockings.

Added to the tiredness was a bit of worry. Perhaps she had not been patient enough with Constance that morning. To a sixteen-year-old girl it had seemed such a little thing to ask—only to be allowed to go to Mapleton that evening with a few of her friends and see "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley" in moving pictures—it was such a bright, clean story. Yes, Constance knew it was Sabbath evening of course, but really, the sun sets so late now, and she could go to the first performance and leave early, so it would make but a tiny bit of difference. And half of the girls in the high school were going.

"Why, mother, you are altogether too strict," Constance had said as she stopped in the kitchen for one final plea before starting for school. "The Dexters and Smiths and Richardsons don't think it's wrong. Please, mother, just this once."

"I'm sure it hurt me fully as much to refuse as it did Constance to be refused," the mother-of-six thought as she threaded her needle for the third time. "She has so few pleasures. I can't seem to make the children realize what a heritage is theirs. I think Dick understood something of what it means to be a member of a small but loyal denomination, but poor Dick, I'm afraid this war will work havoc with many of his convictions. An older person than he hardly knows which way to turn, and this Sabbath question is being dismissed so lightly. I sometimes tremble for the future of our people. Yes, I know that Dick and Constance and Billy are proud of our little church and community, but they fail to understand how those who keep right on ignoring the true Sabbath can prosper—indeed they seem to have far more than we do."

By this time the brown stocking was neatly mended, and the mother-of-six hastily tucked it away in her workbasket. Billy's coat lay across her lap, ready for the first stitch. But she did not take it, for suddenly Billy himself came rushing up the street and into the house, a broad smile illumining his round, freckled face. In his right hand he waved a bit of white paper.

"A letter from Dick, mother," he cried as he tossed the envelope into the hands that were waiting to receive it. "And say, we beat the Mapleton fellows all to smithereens—and our room went over the top with the Thrift Stamps—wasn't that going

some? Got anything to eat? I'm starved."

"Supper may be late, for father hasn't come home yet, so you can get a slice of bread and butter," Mrs. Collingway replied as she cut the envelope with the scissors she had placed on the window sill five minutes before.

This was the first word from Dick in four weeks.

"Dear Mother, Father and all the rest"—he wrote. "This is Sabbath evening, and as I sit here in the Y. M. C. A. hut and pick up the fountain pen you sent me for my birthday, I can almost see you gathered around the supper table. I know just how it looks, all decked out in the doilies Aunt Ruth made for you years ago, and which you have kept just for this one weekly occasion. There will be a bunch of daffodils or jonquils from the garden in the center, and of course you'll be using the best dishes. The rhubarb and asparagus must be fit now and you'll have some of either or both. Billy will be home from the ball game or back from fishing, and Connie will be wearing the new dress she wrote about. Mildred picked the flowers, I know, and the baby reached out his little, fat hands to grab them before she could find a vase—but he didn't get them—not he. Father will have a great deal to tell about the cornfield and the birds he has seen, and mother will be wondering what Pastor Duncan will talk about at prayer meeting. I wonder if you will throw verses at each other the way we used to. Billy caught me on 2 Timothy 2: 15, I remember, but he couldn't quote Isaiah 53: 6. That was a great game—don't give it up. And tell Billy and Connie not to forget to go to prayer meeting tonight. Of course you and father will go. Grandfather and Mildred will be on hand to see that no one carries away the house or the youngster.

"A fellow thinks a lot out here. We can't keep the Sabbath very well in the camps and trenches, but I believe it means more to me than ever before. It was always a happy day at home, even as far back as I can remember. When I was a little tad I know I used to ask about once in so often, 'Is it 'most Sabbath Day now?' You and father must have worked hard sometimes to make it a day to look forward to. Maybe I didn't appreciate all your efforts then, but I appreciate them now. And Billy and the others will appreciate them some day."

It was a long letter—in fact the longest one Dick had written since he left home nearly a year before. Mrs. Collingway read it through twice. Hastily she brushed away the tears that had sprung to her eyes. As she laid the envelope with its precious contents on the window sill, Billy's coat fell to the floor; but Billy's mother did not stoop to pick it up. Instead, she stared critically at the dining table spread for the evening meal. Instead of the beautiful lace doilies Dick had mentioned in his letter she beheld the well-worn tablecloth she had thought would go until the first of the week.

Had she grown careless since Dick went away? Were the younger children beginning to dread Sabbath Day instead of looking forward to its coming with eagerness? Would they love it as did her big soldier boy somewhere in a strange land?

For a few moments the little mother-of-six sat very still. Then suddenly she sprang to her feet. As she did so, a bit of an old newspaper fell from the plant shelf where it had been left for several days before. In stooping to pick it up she read, "Say it with flowers—the lovely spring blossoms will carry your message wherever you wish it to go."

Out in the orchard the pink and white blossoms on the old apple trees that some one had planted long before there was ever a thought of the little brown bungalow were bearing their message to every passer-by along the Little Joppa road. Dick had spoken of the daffodils and jonquils. Why were there so many of them in the garden and not one in the house?

From the wide-open window the mother-of-six called to her youngest daughter. "Billy will look out for the baby," she said, "while you pick all the daffodils and jonquils in the big bed. We need some for the dining table, some for the living room and a couple of nice, big bunches to take to the church when we go tonight. There wasn't a flower in the building last week."

The tiredness was all forgotten. With fingers that fairly flew, Mrs. Collingway removed the worn old tablecloth and put in its place the beautiful doilies she had long ago dedicated to this use. Mildred came in after a few minutes and set a bouquet of yellow and white blossoms in the center of the table. Then her mother sent her to the pantry for the little jar of choice cakes she had put away for the guests who were always dropping in unannounced. Upstairs

in her drawer was a lovely blue ribbon she had been saving for Constance's birthday three weeks hence, but there was no need of saving it until then. It was needed now to accompany the new dress, and to help smooth away the little hurt place in the heart of the eldest daughter.

Yes, everything should be as Dick remembered it. And if in future years Constance and Billy and Mildred and the baby could look back and say, "You have always made the Sabbath a bright spot in our lives, mother," she would be content.

It was eventide. In an old white church on the Little Joppa road a minister rose to announce his text. On either side of him stood a great bunch of yellow and white flowers. In through the open windows came the scent of pink and white apple blossoms. There were many people in the room, more than the minister had seen there in months—old people, young people, boys and girls. A telephone can do wonders if the one using it has a message. And the message in the heart of the little mother-of-six as she leaned happily back in her seat was the message that was on the lips of the minister as he rose to speak—"Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way." "Know therefore that Jehovah thy God, he is God, the faithful God, who keepeth covenant and loving-kindness with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations."

Ashaway, R. I.

MILTON CHURCH—ANNUAL REPORTS

The year book of the church and societies at Milton, Wis., has just come to hand, and we gather from it several interesting financial items. The church budget amounted to \$2,000; the denominational budget for that church was \$1,006.14; the entire church expenditure for 1917, plus the balance in the treasury, amounted to \$4,060.80. The Baraca Bible-class gave \$31.84; the Benevolent Society raised \$238.22; Circles No. 2 and No. 3, \$619.54; Men's Brotherhood, \$26.38; the three En-

deavor societies, \$135.15; the Sabbath school, \$358.10; and the Philathea class, \$18.95.

The report shows a net increase of three members for the church.

Pastor's Report

By vote of the church the pastor was granted a year's leave of absence to work in behalf of Milton College, the times of such absence to be arranged in consultation with the Advisory Committee. He has given the church about three months of service this year, endeavoring to give this at times when it was most needed. The church having failed to secure an acting pastor to serve continuously during his absence, different men have been employed from time to time. Special and grateful mention should be made of Rev. W. D. Burdick, who has given valuable service for five months, and to Rev. J. L. Skaggs who was with the church one month.

The pastor records his deep appreciation of the splendid loyalty of the church workers who have so ably filled their places this year and kept the work moving forward.

LESTER C. RANDOLPH.

Secretary's Report

Your secretary writes this without knowing what the statistics are for the past year as they are being prepared by another while I am enjoying the balmy breezes in Florida. But I want to give a brief message to the members of the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church. A journey of 1,500 miles into a strange country has greatly emphasized in my mind the urgent need for aggressive work by the Christians of the entire world and particularly by our denomination. And this is especially true of the Milton Church. To whom much is given, of them much is required. We, the members of this church, have been entrusted with a great responsibility. It is ours to accomplish a great work. And the results rest with the individual members. It is not so much a question of what the church is doing. Every member has a distinct definite duty. What the church accomplishes will be determined only by the efforts of the individual members. Let us all pray that during the new year we shall strive to win souls to Christ as we have never tried before.

W. K. DAVIS,
Secretary.

MISSIONS

A VISIT TO FOUKE, ARK.

DEAR BROTHER SHAW:

I have just come from Fouke. While waiting here to meet Brother T. J. Van Horn who was to reach here tonight from Little Prairie I will write a little concerning the visit you wished me to make to Fouke. I reached there last Wednesday. While there I spoke in the church three times—the Universalists church used by our people at this time—addressed the students in our school, attended the Mission Study class conducted by Pastor Babcock, attended our Sabbath school, heard a good sermon on the subject of "Mothers" by Pastor Babcock at our regular service Sabbath morning, and visited all of our people in and near the village.

It was nearly fifteen years ago that I visited Fouke before. Brother O. U. Whitford was then secretary of the Missionary Board. He and I traveled together a long way on the train before reaching Fouke for attending the Southwestern Association. We slept together in this city, and then roomed together in what is now called "The Hall" at Fouke during the association. This building has been the home for the teachers in the Fouke School. When the school building burned last fall, Principal Fred I. Babcock, Mrs. and Miss Godfrey, who were living in this home, just vacated two rooms in either end of the house, and these rooms have been used ever since the second day after the fire as schoolrooms for the students.

But I need not review these matters. I simply want to say that I admire the spirit and courage and faith and action of the Fouke Church, teachers, and students, who made it possible in the face of that dreadful disaster for them to lose but one day of school. After having been absent from Fouke for almost fifteen years I plainly see evidences of marked improvement in almost everything there. There was no depot in Fouke when I was there before. It was when I boarded the train at the wagon crossing there I bade farewell to Secretary Whitford till I shall meet him in Glory Land. There were but few homes in Fouke

at that time, and nearly all of these were very poor. Now there are many more and very much better. The town and country about are greatly improved. Our people have been foremost in the forward movements. The church and the school have worked together for best ends. The signs of Christian culture and refinement seen in the young people, and the evidence of devotion and consecration on the part of the church, the people, and the school make one glad that our departed Brother J. F. Shaw dared to plant a Seventh Day Baptist colony there, and that Brother G. H. F. Randolph established the school, and that they have all stood for high Christian ideals during these years.

I heard nothing but words of highest praise for the teachers there now. I tried to get Brother Babcock to see that one might be called a "slacker" for leaving a place of such grave responsibility as he is filling there in the church and the school for a place in the great World War before the Government calls for him there. The Government says that such men as he are worth more in the fight against autocracy when filling their place here than they would be in the ranks "somewhere in France." But he seems to feel that he must go to the war. He will have to follow his conscience.

Probably Miss Godfrey will serve as principal of the school very successfully another year. They think they have one other teacher practically secured. But they will need two more. The new school building is far from being completed yet. But it will probably be ready for the opening of the new school year. It will be a good building. Just now the church is not planning to have a pastor next year. I fear this may be a mistake on their part. They are a splendid people. We ought to thank God for what they have done and are doing.

D. BURDETT COON.

*Texarkana, Tex.,
May 14, 1918.*

To be asked frequently to give to benevolence is a very subtle compliment. There are plenty of people who are never bothered that way. But you wouldn't change places with the tramp nor trade reputation with the curmudgeon in order to secure their immunity.—*The Continent.*

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER III

(Continued)

MARKUM MOUNTAIN is not to be approached as one would approach the Rockies or the peaks of San Jacintos. It would be a mere knoll beside them. And yet to such as have not seen or visited the great ranges of our country, Markum is a worthy object of veneration, if that is the word. One wants to look at it thoughtfully and ascend it as if going up on a mount of God. To boys and girls of the pretty valley of the Unadilla, it is grand. And men who can appreciate works of nature and see the hand of the Creator in it, will go up even worshipfully. A mere sportsman will rush up thinking only of a little game, while the berry picker—and they were many in those days who gathered the raspberry and blackberry on its sides—will think only of the shortcake and the bowl of milk and berries as he ascends. To hurry is to lose so much of the pleasure and so much of the lessons it can teach. Even to be a sightseer is not to get the full benefit. He will see sights, but there is more to be seen than villages and hills and a valley beyond. There is wonder and joy at any time of day, but the best time to be on old Markum is before the sunrise, to watch for its appearing, and just before sunset as the evening shades approach. Words are too simple to describe the emotions and to tell the thoughts of one who looks at, and from, the mountain as one does who is an artist and a thoughtful child of God.

There are no orange and lemon groves on its side. There is no perfume of roses as in California scene. Your nostrils are not laden with punget orders of yerba santa or sage, but there are pretty pines and hemlocks and maples and cherry and beech and elm and birch, and the beautiful bushes are loaded at the right season with berries; and on the top and the west side there are great projecting rocks; and down, down below them are trees whose tops just reach to the rocks, and then others and others as down you look, for the steepness is not such as to forbid the growth of trees. But you feel that, if you were to fall off, you would go six hundred feet before striking ground.

One day Konrad and his wife had company from a distance and they went up on the mountain. They ascended from the southeast as that is a gentle slope and easy to walk up. One can drive a horse and carriage from the northeast and then down a steep road on the northwest side. Reaching almost the summit they turned to look back south and southeast.

"That little riverlet down there is Cam'els Brook," said Mr. Wells. "Many go trout-ing there. There used to be a little shop over that side of the brook, and a cider mill. The waters of the brook, fed by springs all the way up the eastern hills, run into the Unadilla River a mile beyond the point we are looking at and then course their way down the valley until they reach the Delaware which also receives the Susquehanna and runs on to the sea. Over there a half mile is the Whitford farm with a lot of rollicking boys and girls. Two families live in that house, one in each end. They will not be separated. There were three brothers who married three sisters from the Clarke family, and those two have lived there since marriage and will until they all die. They are sturdy men and honorable in deal. Up there east of us are the Phillips. One has gone to India or somewhere as a missionary. They are Freewill Baptists. The Whitfords are Seventh Day Baptists but good neighbors. Up a ways farther are some Browns. And over on the hills, for miles every way, are Welsh settlers, and their names are amusing: William Williams, Robert Roberts, Owen Owens, Richard Richards, and so on. They are all excellent singers but their language is made up of double l's and double d's and double y's and double everything. In harvest time they eat about five or six meals a day, the women folks taking all but three out to them in the fields. You see that schoolhouse up there about a mile away. That is the scene of many a spelling school, and the boys come for miles over the snowdrifts to spell with the girls and then walk home with them and then back home by morning. If their fathers should send them on some errand in the snow and at the time of night they are out, there would be rebellion. Beats all what a fellow will do to just walk by the side of a girl for a few minutes. Well, we will proceed." And Konrad led them up to the top and to the ledges or rocks.

"Oh, what a scene!" exclaimed Miss Barney, one of the visitors. "Look up north,—what hills do we see in the distance?" she inquired.

"Those," replied the host, "are the Deerfield hills way north of the city of Utica. They are on the other side of the Mohawk valley. Way this side, though you can not see it, is the Saquoit Creek with factory sites that will be used in a few years. Some are already used. Little villages are near together. The only village you can see in the distance is Bridgewater. Four miles east, around the other hill north of us, is West Winfield. On the other side of this valley below you see the Brookfield hills. And way over that hill, a little south of west, is Brookfield, called also Bailey's Corners and again Clarksville from the Clarkes who settled there. They are a numerous family, and trace their history back into England over three hundred years. Down there, three miles to the left, is Leonardsville, and four miles farther is West Edmeston, often called Coontown. And so on down the valley which takes a turn to the east a bit so you can't see the other villages."

"I heard you speak of the 'Projector,' didn't I? What do you mean by that?" asked Miss Barney.

"Oh, that is this projecting rock we are on. Eunice dubbed it that once when we were up here—courting," replied Mr. Wells, laughing. "Maybe you'd like to bring some one up here and get a vision."

"Visions nothing," she retorted, "I'm destined to old-maidship, and to wear a white cap and do charity work."

"Well, that is a thousand times better and will bring more happiness than to be hitched up with some old stick who drinks and smokes and swears and does nothing but hunt partridges and skunks," said Mr. Wells. "If you have to tolerate profanity, get a parrot, and if you want to have a tobacco ninny, get a monkey and teach it to chew. You don't have to be kissed by nasty lips then and smell nicotine."

"You are a 'reformer', are you, Mr. Wells? They are not fashionable yet in this country, but I, too, have a vision of a time when the nasty stuff will be very unpopular in decent circles, and men will be clean and up to the standard they want women to have. But we'll not discuss that. Look off there across the river. Is that a

tumbled-down log house and a wreck of fireplace and chimney standing stark and alone? Some pioneer must have deserted it and gone back to Connecticut. Did you say you were from the east? and how did you come way out west?" (Out west sounds queer these days, one hundred years after the settlement of the Unadilla valley. Even Nebraska is not "out west" any more.)

"Konrad is a 'reformer' in many ways, Miss Barney," put in Mrs. Wells. "There is no end to his notions, as the neighbors say. You notice our log house is out in the open with only two trees near it. When he built he said, 'The Italian proverb is that where the sun does not enter the doctor is coming, while the Germans say that the funeral coach comes twice as often to the shady as to the sunny side of the street.' And you may have noticed that our kitchen and bedrooms have large windows. Konrad says the baby shall not be a pale, puny, weak plant growing in the shade, but in the sunlight he will take on color and become hardy. I don't know where he gets all his ideas, so contrary to the practice of the times."

"Up here on old Markum, I have often told you, Eunice."

"I can't see how this mountain can give you visions," remarked Miss Barney.

"That's not difficult to explain. Here, sitting on this Projector and looking off I get the 'far look' into the future of our country and of our lives, I study causes of present-day troubles and think out remedies; look at plants and trees; see what sunshine and rain do for them. What would they be in constant darkness and without pure air? Look at the 'cattle on a thousand hills.' Suppose we had them shut up in a pen with doors all tight and every crack stuffed with rags? Now I'm thinking we ought to treat our babies as well as we do the cows. Give them plenty of outdoors and sunshine and air and let them see and study the birds and flowers and get acquainted with God's great world. Some of our 'forebearers' lived in trees and caves wide open, it is said, and they never had fevers and whooping cough and smallpox and colds; but soon they began to build houses, and built them in a way to get as far as possible from sunlight and to avoid the horrors of fresh air, and then—well, I need not multiply words. My vision leads

me to start a new line of posterity and I look ahead a hundred years to see results of present wise living. One of the old Jewish kings said he was not troubled, or words to that effect, over a prophecy regarding the fate of his son, for it would not come in *his* life time. The old brute! Was he not responsible, as the second commandment puts it? I'm concerned for my grandchildren, for I am responsible in a great degree for their fate, good or bad. The next generation will be soft and flabby from their dark warm houses, and when they go out into the cold they will suffer. Look at Eunice's rosy healthy face, see her arms bare and handsome. Being exposed summer and winter to all sorts of weather and to the sunshine toughens her and she is immune to cold and heat. The old Indian was almost right when, on being asked if he was not cold, answered, 'Your face cold? Indian *all face*.' Then, too, water is so plentiful and pure, but so many are beginning to be afraid of it or too lazy to use it. Now there is Mrs. Jenks over the hill back of us; her children are as dirty day and night as her pigs in the pen and when they come in to dinner they never wash and their mouths are pasture grounds and stables for nastiness and disease. She was complaining that their eyes were affected of late, and she does not know that it is because she does not make them wash out their eyes twice a day, or in the morning. These good people have not yet learned that the best time to cure their complaints is before they come. And then Mrs. Jenk's baby has the colic all the time and she stuffs it and stuffs it because it begs to nurse, and she is eating all sorts of things, onions and cabbage at the same time. Onions and cabbage are all right, but Solomon said there was a time for everything. If you'll take the far look at all these things, you'll have a vision of the future race. I'm a reformer, too, on marriage; yes, a crank, as they call me. Now see the kids of John Nelson up near the Center. Silly things and one deformed. What under the sun did he court his double cousin for and marry her. Because she was pretty? And did she marry him because he had a big farm all paid for? They have cursed the race of Nelsons on their line, to the third and fourth generation, and then the race will die out and other fools take their place.

No pound cure for me when I have in the house an ounce of prevention."

"You ought to have been a doctor, Mr. Wells," declared Miss Barney.

"It is getting near supper time, friends," said Mrs. Wells. "Let's walk down the mountain on the north end and then around its base and home again. It's three miles but that is nothing of a walk. Then tomorrow we'll hitch up the horses, go to the Forks, get a boat, row up the river and gather pond lilies."

"And fish?" asked Miss Barney.

"Yes, if you wish. But I want you to see the Plainfield hills while you are here, and 'Noah's Rump'."

"What is that?" asked Miss Barney.

"I do not know what gave it the name, but it is a hill way back east of town and when there you can look all over the country. It is probably higher than Markum but not steep and is a hill on a hill."

"I suppose the valley here was settled first," said Miss Barney.

"Oh, no. The early settlers were afraid of malaria and so went way back on the hills and took cheap land while the rich valley was settled quite late," replied Mr. Wells.

This ramble of Miss Barney and the advanced thinking of Mr. Wells as they sat on the Projector and walked around the mountain and back home made a new experience for her and the effect of his words was to be seen in years to come. She saw that here was a man with truly a vision of the future, and as she studied the matter and saw the wisdom of what he had said, there came to her also a far look. She would devote her life to bettering the condition of the race. There was much prejudice and great ignorance to combat. They were a good people; they were religious; they were strong. But they were sure to become weak and diseased and immoral if ignorance of the laws of health continued and a higher stage of civilization, as it was called, continued as it had begun.

Mr. Wells kept having visions, but he did not claim inspiration and organized no religious sect. It was simply plain common sense, that any normal human being can cultivate and use when he stops to think and observe.

If the grandchild went to college and became more than an average man, the grandfather must help him before his birth, and

so he must help the father of his grandchild. But the help must not be to his hurt, like that of the father who works his boy's sums for him and then lets him take them to school, to be accepted by the teacher, and the boy has thus been taught to deceive and steal later on. How do boys become bad? Not by heredity. That old notion is exploded. Jacob Riis said: "There is only one kind of heredity I recognize—we are all children of God. There are no bad boys given to us. *We make them bad.*"

(To be continued)

DOGS IN THE ARMY

There are now approximately 3,000 dogs in the various departments of the German army. They have been trained by the German Red Cross Dog Society.

These war dogs have learned to obey commands given both by word of mouth and by pistol shots. They act as camp guards, trench sentries, scouts, and aids to Red Cross workers recovering the wounded on the battlefields. The stronger are used for hauling.

The French use many dogs for these same purposes. They also found the dogs of the greatest service for drawing sleighs carrying supplies through the mountain snows of the Vosges when there seemed no other method of transportation. After the snow melts the dogs draw heavy loads up the steep grades on a narrow gauge light railway.

Some of these war dogs have been so trained that in traversing a field after a battle they wholly ignore a dead soldier but bark loudly when they discover one wounded, returning to their kennels for assistance and leading the way back to the injured man. Surgeons and stretcher-bearers follow them back.

Not all of the most valuable dogs in this present war have been of high degree. Thousands have been just "plain dogs." It's what he can do, not whence he came, that makes a dog or man worth while.

To mount guard in a trench at listening posts for long hours at a stretch, ignoring danger, alert every moment—this is what many dogs are doing for the armies they serve. Some dogs have saved whole companies, especially in fogs, revealing by their growling the nearness of the enemy.

Perhaps when this war is over and our

American dog-haters have learned the part these faithful animals have played in serving the cause of humanity and the various countries which have employed them, there will be less demand on the part of these people for the dog's extermination. It was out of a long past age that one deemed himself answering the basest insult by the exclamation: "Is thy servant a dog!"—*Our Dumb Animals.*

FOR OUR PEOPLE GOING TO BATTLE CREEK

The Battle Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church is still closely connected with the Battle Creek Sanitarium. We come to you with a similar request to that of one year ago. Any one wishing to refer to that "Request from the Battle Creek Church" will find it in the issue of June 11, 1917, p. 744.

We desire to get in touch with any one coming to our city who is in any way connected with us or who is at all interested in us.

We would be glad to be the first ones to greet the newcomers at the railroad station when they arrive. Our aims and purpose is to have such ones entertained in some of our homes for at least the first meal on reaching here.

That we may be able to carry out this plan, will our pastors, or some other interested persons, please notify Mrs. D. Burdett Coon, 124 Ann Avenue, Battle Creek, Mich., when you know of any one coming here for employment or otherwise.

It will be necessary for us to know on what road and at what time people will come for we have many trains on each road during the twenty-four hours.

Will you please co-operate with us in this little service for our Master?

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER,
Member of Welcoming Committee.

"War efficiency and the liquor traffic," says the *Christian Statesman*, "have been treated in all belligerent nations as irreconcilable enemies."

"The first million dollars has been raised for the restoration of Palestine by the Jews of this country. The Jews of New York gave over \$300,000.00."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

THE MOTHER IN THE HOME

MRS. ALPHEUS B. KENYON

(Written for the Amandine Club, Alfred, N. Y.)

The changed conditions of women, today, make it rather difficult for one who has not changed in her ideals concerning the duties of a mother, to write a paper that will be acceptable as appropriate to the times.

I do not believe that the mother is not the proper person to bring up her children. The Theosophists believe that, because of too much love, the mother will not have the judgment or wisdom to properly train her children. They have an institution for relieving the mothers of the care of their children.

Of course we all know that there are mothers, among the rich as well as the poor, who are totally unfit to care for their children. It is, therefore, a great blessing, that the indispensable elements have been provided for, otherwise than by the home. But it is painful that the charge has been made, and truthfully, that the American home, the very heart of society, out of which are the issues of life, is falling farther short of its moral and religious opportunity than any other social institution. Of course, there are cases, many of them, where a mother has to be away all day to support herself and children. The street would have to be the playground for these children, with no care except that of an older child. Also there are mothers who devote all their time to fashionable pursuits, or society interests. For the children of such mothers it is fortunate that family life can be farmed out; that there exist such things as boarding schools, and summer camps, and the all-day school which takes charge of the child from morning to night, supervising its play, its exercise, its "home study," as well as its recitations.

I have prepared my paper, however, with the supposition that most mothers are capable of caring for their own children. I have given you my idea of what a mother should mean to the home if she has com-

mon sense, good morals and common ability.

"The noblest thought my soul can claim,
The holiest words my tongue can frame,
Unworthy are to praise the name
More sacred than all other,
The blessed name of mother.

"A mother's love—how sweet the name!
A noble, pure and tender flame,
And kindled from above,
To bless the heart of earthly mold;
The warmest love, that can't grow cold,—
This is a mother's love."

The home in which I would speak of the mother is not necessarily an elegant one, with beautiful decorations and fine furnishings, but a place, be it ever so humble, where a man and woman, with pure minds, hearts and bodies can make a happy home.

"We can not grasp sunshine, or measure out air, any more than we can weigh and measure the influence of the quiet brooding spirit which makes the home."

Husband and wife should be comrades, sharing joys and sorrows, business and pleasure. There should be no secrets between them—but such a thorough understanding of the affairs of home and business that each can help the other if occasion requires. They should live for each other and for God. Living for God includes the whole world. In such a home I would speak of a mother, for it is she and not her comrade that I am to talk about.

What a world of opportunity and possibility there is for her, when she realizes that she is to become a mother. Every word and act of hers may influence her child's future. When she clasps the perfected form in her arms and looks into the innocent face and trusting eyes, she can realize that she is to be imitated, in word, gesture and deed. She is to be the guide of this sacred being until maturity of body and mind will give it knowledge of right and wrong.

The months of helplessness, the first tottering steps, the many childhood experiences will require patience and endurance. From the time that a child looks understandingly into the mother's eyes, she may begin a comradeship which should last through all time and eternity.

Think of the helplessness of a child! Everything to learn. No knowledge, even of words.

A mother can not afford to trust that

precious giving of knowledge to any one not realizing the sacredness of the task.

Froebel said, "Give me the first ten years of a child's life and I will tell you what its future will be."

The growing child gains much of its knowledge from asking questions. A mother should answer every question with honesty and truthfulness. What a happiness to tell the child, when it looks into its mother's face with the great question of life, "Mother, where did I come from? Where did you get me?" "Why, my child, it is one of the most beautiful things in the world that you always belonged to mother. God gave you to me, and he let you grow in mother's body where she could care for you, and always be thinking of you. When you were grown to be a perfect baby, he let mother take you in her arms to care for you until you are large enough to care for yourself. So you see your mother loves you best of any one in the world, and you are to come to her in your joys and in your sorrows. You are to ask her about everything you want to know, because mother will be glad to tell you." Here is a fine opportunity to tell a child more about God, that he made everything in the world. Tell it about the birds, how they came to life in an egg, which was kept warm by the mother's body; about the flowers, which came from little brown seeds kept warm in the earth.

Mothers should never forget that the little child's troubles are just as serious to it as the greater troubles of grown people are to them. The little waves of the bay are as hard upon the little boats, as the great waves of the ocean are upon the big ships. Many a child suffers acutely from sorrows that come, in which it finds no sympathy. Blessed are the children who always find a sympathizing comrade in their mother. Such children seldom go astray.

When a child begins to go to school, a mother should listen to its accounts of things that have happened, and never consider them of small importance.

In this very comradeship the mother finds many opportunities to approve a right word or act, or direct as to thoughts and impressions, which she might miss if she refused to listen to matters which are really of vast importance to her child, who is gaining its first impressions of life in the world. Would we launch a beautiful

ship out on the wide ocean without chart or captain to let it have its own experiences unguided? In the distance is an iceberg, over yonder dangerous rocks and huge breakers. How cruel to send it out uncharted and uncaptured! Far more precious are the pure souls and bodies given the mother by the perfect builder, God. The mother was given to be the captain, with her heavenly Father as the guide.

Of the first fifteen years of the child's life, at least five are spent entirely in the home with the mother, and out of the 8,760 hours which the children have to spend in that time, 7,760 hours are usually spent under the guidance and care of the mother; fewer than 1,000 hours usually being spent in school. What then of the responsibility of the mother to educate her children? First of all, the influence of the home. It must be full of activities and interest. It must be vital, personal and sincere. It must be true life and not something simply having the appearance of life.

From the time a child looks at a mother with understanding eyes, obedience can be taught, and a regard for the rights of others. Much is gained by giving a child something to take its attention, something to do, rather than always telling it what not to do. A very young child can be given toys of a useful type, which will give it ideas of work and helpfulness. A little girl, two or three years of age, can be given a toy broom, sweeper, rolling-pin, etc., and really be taught miniature housekeeping. Soon a pair of pointless scissors may be given with which to cut out pictures, dolls, their clothes, etc., teaching accuracy and the use of tools.

Mechanical toys can be given at an early age to a boy, teaching constructiveness and invention.

A mother can thus gain an idea as to how her children can best be entertained and instructed.

Every child should have at least a corner which belongs to it—and at an early age a room, if possible. The idea of responsibility in helping about a home should be early taught. A love for home will give a common interest in doing something for it. It is a mistake to pay a child for doing things in the home. It should be given some regular duty to perform that it may feel a common interest in the home duties. It is also well to give a child a small sum

of money each week, that it may learn the use and responsibility of money, and also to keep its own accounts. Many a time a child will become interested in earning money and with some small apparatus do much to help itself. I have in mind two boys who developed a taste for usefulness—one by having a small printing press, with which he earned enough to buy a larger press, and with which he made himself very useful. The other had a corner in which to experiment in electricity. He became quite an expert and did many useful things in that line.

Girls often develop ability to plan, cut and make garments, from the experience they had in making clothes for their dolls.

Planting and care of vegetables, flowers, bushes and trees are effective in character building. The ever new and wonderful miracle of bursting seed and upspringing plumule is something which educates in the truest sense. The habit of reading is a very essential part of a child's education. Books and papers should be chosen by the mother with great care. Nothing should be allowed in the home that is not fit for a child to read. A book in the home library, no matter how fine the binding should be burned if not fit for the children. Keeping the children interested in the home so that the excitement of outside entertainments will not make home irksome, is important. Dissipation and distraction are produced by too many social engagements, both at home and away from home. All such ebullitions, shocks and irregularities if carried beyond a moderate limit tend to disturb the normal course of a child's development and to make unstable characters. "If the child's life is centered in the home and focused in a room of its own, it is easier for it to be neat, to respect others' property rights, to be good-tempered and self-controlled. The mother should cultivate simplicity in taste and pleasures alongside of order and responsibility, for the twofold reason that the home is the place where such standards are set; and that in many of the homes of today there is a certain material enrichment that tends to put wholesome simplicity in the background. The ability to extract pleasure from common things, from that which is near at hand, from that which costs but little, is one of the marks of an educated human being." This is a question worthy

of a mother's attention, the keeping of pleasures simple and wholesome.

"To be a mother means something more than to sleep, eat and live in the house with her children; to reprove and correct them; to provide them with playthings, books and schooling. To live with a child means to enter into its life as a friend, comrade and confidant." A time should be reserved every day for reading to the children, or story telling, or for bedtime talk. One can always find time for that which is supremely worth while. The mother should spend as much time as possible with her children out of doors keeping them near to nature and its Creator.

Mrs. Hillis has aptly said that one of the mistakes made frequently by the mothers of today is that the thing outside of the home, the affair which is most talked of is the most important. This is especially true of the young woman. Unfortunately the four or more years in school, and the school days which are not domestic, unfit the girl to settle in the home sphere. No woman's education is complete unless she has been taught by practical experience how to make a home.

The new movement which has resulted in putting courses in domestic science in the schools may help, but this problem is best worked out by mother and daughter together in the practical home life. There is something the girl owes to her mother, which she gains, not loses in giving. The detail of housekeeping may seem too trivial to be worth while, and yet there has never been a time when such perfection of detail was exacted from the housekeeper, and when there was such opportunity for the display of art and skill or economic gifts. There is no larger thing than the keeping of a peaceful, restful, helpful home.

There is no more beautiful friendship than the comradeship between mother and daughter. The mother should be the one who shall direct the channel in which that companionship expends itself. She has learned by the most thorough of all teachers, experience, and by the ripeness which age itself brings. Moreover the girl's life is before her. Later on she can pick and choose. Now she must follow and learn. And when the years have slipped by, and her locks are touched with silver, she will realize something of what she has been to her mother, and in part of what her mother has been to her.

The following little poems were sent me by one who knew what the subject of my paper was to be.

"How oft some passing word will tend
In visions to recall
Our truest, dearest, fondest friend—
That earliest friend of all.

"Who tended on our childish years,
Those years that pass as hours,
When all earth's dewy trembling tears
Lie hid within her flowers.

"Thou star that shines in darkest night,
When most we need thy aid,
Nor changes but to be more bright
When others coldly fade.

"O Mother! round thy hallowed name
Such blissful memory springs,
The heart in all but years the same,
With reverent worship clings."

"Go, sing the songs you cherish well,
Each ode and simple lay;
Go, chord the notes till bosoms swell,
With strains that deftly play.
All, all are yours to sacred keep
Your choicest treasurers 'mong;
But give to me till memory sleeps,
The songs that mother sung,
When life's dark paeans' plaintive round
Fall cross the weary way,
To drown, in sighing mournful sound,
The dirge of dismal day,
Then softly back lost strains will steal
From cradle's anthem wrung,
To drown the woes that sorrows feel,
In songs that mother sung;
And when the ebb of eventide,
Afar across the strand,
Sets out to where the billows ride,
Beyond life's shifting sand,
Then softly back above the roar,
Of mad, mad waters flung,
Oh! back, bring back to me once more
The songs my mother sung."

THE BOY AND GIRL SOLDIERS OF 1918

A Message from the State Council of Defense

R. B. PIXLEY

IN all the years since that May day in 1868, when the beautiful custom of expressing our gratitude to the soldiers and sailors who fought to keep this great nation united was established, no opportunity for a double service has been offered to the boys and girls of America like that given them upon this Memorial Day, in 1918.

The boys and girls of America since the days of Valley Forge have had many examples of heroism to instil into their hearts an unselfish love for their country. Me-

morial Day has belonged to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, and in 1918 it will be observed again for those who fought the battles of Antietam and Island No. 10 and Corinth and Vicksburg. The children of America must never forget, even with the stories of heroism and gallant conduct which will come from the battlefields of France, the days when the boys in northern blue marched south to conquer their mistaken brothers in southern gray.

Upon this Memorial Day few are left who wear the bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic. Their days of active service for their country are over. The survivors of 1865 are the younger men who entered the war, many of them the drummer boys of Shiloh and Sherman's March to the Sea. As we today place blossoms upon the graves of their comrades, or cast upon the waters in inland lakes and rivers a flowery tribute to the sailors who were also their comrades-in-arms, we must do them great honor, for we shall owe it to them as long as this nation shall live.

The boys and girls in America who pay these tributes today will in spirit be paying a tribute to the patriots across the seas, who have gone to fight the battles of liberty just as the heroes of 1865 fought when their call came, and upon this day they can pledge themselves to a greater service for the future of their country.

In this, as in no other war, the boys and girls of the United States will be factors in the winning of the final victory. They already have contributed to the success of American arms by saving their pennies. The thrift stamp will be a badge of honor to the boys and girls of 1918 when they have become men and women. Much greater, however, are their opportunities for service in adding production of the food which will go to our soldiers across the ocean.

The State Council of Defense has organized a Boys' Working Reserve in Wisconsin, which is part of a national organization where boys may serve their country. The boy who observes Memorial Day in the proper spirit will be a member of this organization.

President Wilson has said:

"To give to the young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one the priv-

ilege of spending their spare time in productive enterprise without interrupting their studies in school, while their older brothers are battling in the trenches and on the seas, must greatly increase the means of providing for the forces at the front and the maintenance of those whose services are needed here."

It is in this service, so deservedly praised by the President, that Wisconsin has enlisted 20,000 boys who now are wearing the insignia of the "Boys' Working Reserve, U. S. A." Just as the soldiers of Uncle Sam who fight in the trenches are numbered, the boys who are soldiers at home are numbered, and their names are part of the archives of the great nation of which they are a part.

The girls of Wisconsin are not to be forgotten. No little part of the great production drive will be done by them. Their work in the departments directed by women will be invaluable, and appreciated because of the spirit in which it is done.

The boys and girls of 1776 and of 1861 were patriotic. They were the citizens of later years in which this republic was brought to its glorious present. But the boys and girls of 1918 have far greater opportunities. They number millions. They have the advantages of education and training and equipment which were denied the youth of earlier years.

Few of their fathers and mothers, intensely loyal as they are, realize the importance in the world's history of this year, 1918. It is a marking place in the world's progress. In the school histories of today, 1776 is the year set apart as representing the ideal of sacrifice and bravery and devotion to country.

Even now, more than half a century after Grant sent the soldiers of Lee home with their horses to again turn the fertile acres of the south, the significance of 1865 has not fully dawned upon us. As years pass we shall realize its importance as a milestone in our nation's history.

A century from now our own year, 1918, will have its place in history and in the public mind, and, although we can not be here to tell its story, our year will be among the traditions of all that is good and brave.

Although the boys and girls of 1918 will have lived their lives, the children of their children's children will then be the citizens

of America. To these great-grandchildren will be given the blessings for which we are fighting today.

To the boy and girl of 1918 will fall the years of building anew the fortunes of this republic. We must emerge from this war as victors, but we will have spent our energies to the utmost and we will need strong hearts and willing hands for the task that will be before them.

The children of today, therefore, must begin now to lay the foundation for future success. It is through the production of food that they now have their greatest opportunity.

In after years, when they are men and women, they will treasure their part in winning the war.

Hats off, boys and girls of 1918, to the heroes of 1861! They deserve your every tribute. They fought that you might live in a free, united country. And while you march in solemn reverence to do your part on this Memorial Day, resolve in your heart that you, too, will be a soldier; that you, too, will enlist for your country; that you, too, will give it sacrifice and devotion and lay upon the altar of its future your energies and your undivided service.

There are two forms of sins.

First, those of commission, or an intentional trampling on God's law.

"Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law; for sin is the transgression of the law." (1 John 3:4.)

Second, those of omission, or intentional neglect of known duty.

"Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."—*Exchange.*

"And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins" (Matt. 1:21).

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John 3:8).

"Wherefore he is also able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. 7:25).

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28).

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIANS

C. C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day
June 8, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Progress in grace (2 Pet. 3: 14-18)
Monday—In knowledge (1 Cor. 2: 6-16)
Tuesday—In faith (Jas. 2: 14-26)
Wednesday—In humility (1 Pet. 5: 1-11)
Thursday—In patience (Jas. 1: 1-12)
Friday—In love (1 John 4: 7-21)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Progressive Christians (2 Pet. 1: 1-11)

The progressive Christian is the one who at the close of each succeeding day can say, "By God helping, I have gained today where I failed yesterday"; one who is not satisfied to travel in the same old ruts from day to day; who is watching for and improving every opportunity to help some one, to do the things that lie next to hand, be they great or small. To these Christ will surely say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Is not that progress? Can a person do these things continuously and not grow?

Have you ever looked for evidences of growth in those with whom you mingle—have you, honestly, now? Or were you all the time looking for evidences of weakness, for little inconsistencies, for even slight digressions from the narrow way? When you discovered these and were telling your neighbor about them, are you quite sure you did not magnify them just a little? If you or any one did that, can we say that one is making progress toward Christ? The retrograde Movement is so much easier, so much more congenial to our worldly natures. We love ease, we shrink from exertions, and it always calls for more or less of an effort to do the right thing; so then, the smallest effort we make along this line is a sign, a proof, of progress.

If we fix our eyes upon Jesus and go straight ahead we are bound to make progress. "Big Rube" was a "lumber jack," but his sense of direction was very deficient. Send him into the woods alone and he would lose his way. This happened on one occasion and when, after two days and nights,

they found him he was tramping around and around in a great circle, arriving at nowhere at all. He had no compass, no guide. We, in this world wilderness today, need not wander aimlessly about as did "Big Rube" in the forest; we have the Bible for our compass and Jesus for our guide. He is the "light of the world," is continually calling. There is no possibility of standing still, so if we heed the call and follow the light we will go forward and not backward.

Each temptation resisted, every time we return good for evil, we are surely going forward. Many years ago, when Iowa was young as a State, the Loofboros, Randalls, the Sayres and Van Horns attended school in "District No. 2" on "West Prairie." The Seventh-day boys were almost equal in number to the First-day boys. There was occasionally a little friction and rivalry but they mingled in quite a friendly way on the playground. One day they met on the playground but not exactly as usual; for, unintentionally maybe, there was a division—"Seven Days" on one side and the "First Days" on the other, with a narrow space between. One of the First-day boys stepped into the space and treated his side to pop corn, utterly ignoring the other side. Nothing was said by either party, but the very next morning one of Seventh-day boys came to school loaded for the fray. They all met on the hill again, but there was no line-up as on the morning before. The boy that came loaded passed around among the First-day boys, giving each a generous supply of delicious pop corn; but when he came to the one that mis-treated the previous morning he gave him a double portion. It goes without saying that the devil left the playground for the remainder of that day, and those two boys were good friends ever after.

"For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." We older boys and girls meet with opportunities of this nature all along the way. "Which way will we take," the backward or the forward movement?

"Progressive Christians!" Some of us, alas! have barely left the starting point. Why is it? Why do we hesitate? Why is it that we loiter by the way when the directions are so simple, the road so plain? Why do we quit pushing forward when the prize is just ahead and the Master's promise is so sure? "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

THE OLD WISCONSIN BATTLE FLAGS

HOSEA W. ROOD
Patriotic Instructor, G. A. R.

Learn something every day. Do something to cheer the one next to you. Lighten the burdens of the oppressed. Be so busy doing things for Jesus that you will have no time to count your own worries. Disaster and defeat are behind us; in front of us are unsurmountable mountains or impassable seas of difficulty. Depending on our own wisdom or strength there is indeed no way of escape; but "The Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." They began to move and the sea opened before them and they passed safely over, but their pursuers perished in the returning waters. It matters but little how much time and means we use in preparation; unless we listen to the voice of God and obey when he says, "Go forward," our lives will be of little account in the fight against sin.

Preparation is a great and essential thing in the life of the successful Christian; but all this time spent in preparation will be lost unless followed by experience. Experience will strengthen, broaden and deepen our usefulness. The apostles had three years of preparation, and oh! how wonderfully rich in good works their lives became as their years of experience multiplied. Let us not lose sight of the fact that during the years of preparation Jesus, the greatest of all teachers, was their instructor; he was with them every day. If in years of preparations, our seeking for knowledge, we will daily consult him of whom it was said, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God," our lives also will be rich in good works, and we will not be led astray as so many of our young people are today.

Take Christ Jesus into the business; go into partnership with him and your progress will be sure and lasting.

Is your society growing in efficiency and usefulness? Are you? If you are, your society is.

On what grounds can we claim to be progressive Christians?

"At a Zionist dinner at the Hotel Savoy, New York, a fund of \$60,000 was contributed to the cause of establishing a Jewish state in Palestine. The dinner was given by Judges Otto A. Rosalsky and Moses H. Grossman in honor of Judge Julian W. Mack, of Chicago, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Jacob de Haas."

TWO hundred battle flags carried by Wisconsin troops in the Civil War of 1861-65 and the Spanish-American war in 1898, are now in the new Grand Army Memorial Hall on the fourth floor of the north wing of the Capitol. Steel cases with plate glass fronts are being made for them, and they will soon be enclosed in their permanent abiding place. Those of the Civil War are very much worn and faded. They have suffered not only from the rough usage of war, but during the more than half a century since they were brought home the tooth of time has so eaten into the silk of which they were made that many of them are now mere sheds of what they were when carried away to war. Were it not for the gauze with which they are covered some of them would by their own weight drop into fragments.

Nearly all of them were riddled by bullets in battle and shattered by shell. Several of them have staffs that were splintered or broken into pieces so that they had hurriedly to be mended by rough slats nailed alongside and bound around with cords. Those thus damaged by shot and shell are the flags of the first light artillery and the first, second, sixth, seventh, eighteenth, twenty-second, twenty-fourth, thirty-third, and thirty-seventh infantry regiments. The flagstaff of the first infantry is in four pieces. It was thus broken up in the fierce battle of Chaplin Hills, Ky., October 8, 1862, where all members of the color guard but three were either killed or wounded. The staff of one flag of the sixth regiment was pierced by four bullets, all in that part which was next to the body of the brave color bearer. It must be that he too was shot through. Another flagstaff of the sixth was shot in two.

The staff of the flag of the seventh Wisconsin was lost in the battle of Gettysburg, and one of the men cut and trimmed an oak sapling to supply its place. This was during the battle. That same crooked staff still holds the flag as it now is. The flagstaffs of the twenty-second, twenty-fourth, thirty-third and the thirty-seventh were shot in two.

There is a story that I must tell about the flag of the thirty-seventh. It comes from the history of the regiment.

HEROIC SERGEANT GREEN

On the 17th day of June, 1864, the regiment was in a fearful battle in front of Petersburg, Va. "In this engagement Sergeant William H. Green, of Company C, regimental color bearer, was shot through both legs by a grape shot, in the early part of the fight. He was unable to walk, and, fearful that the colors entrusted to his charge should fall into the hands of the enemy, he rolled the flag on the staff, and seizing this in his teeth, drew himself off the field and behind works to a place of safety.

"Such unselfish patriotism is deserving of the highest commendation, though poor Green lived barely long enough to know that his courageous act was known and appreciated." He died of his wounds a month from the day when he so heroically saved the flag of his regiment. It is with reverence that I stand before the banner dragged off the field by the brave sergeant. The record says that he enlisted from York, in Green County, and was as tall as Abraham Lincoln.

FLAG OF THE IRON BRIGADE

The famous "Iron Brigade" was composed of the second, sixth, and seventh Wisconsin, nineteenth Indiana, and twenty-fourth Michigan. It was badly cut up in the battle of Gettysburg, and the governors of the three States decided to present to the brigade a fine silk banner in appreciation of its gallantry. This was done at Culpepper Court House, September 17, 1863. It was a great occasion—speeches and music, with cheers for the beautiful banner, which, because of the elegant embroidery put upon it, is said to have cost about a thousand dollars. It was with patriotic pride that it was borne in the brigade to the end of the war, when, because Wisconsin had three regiments in the brigade and the other States only one each, it was decided that it should come to the Badger State for keeping. Here it is to be put into a large frame and hung over the platform of Memorial Hall as a center of attraction.

Three of the flags, one each of the first cavalry and the twenty-first and thirty-sixth infantry were captured by the Confederates and were returned to Wisconsin after the war.

Much more could be said about these silent old witnesses of the heroic devotion

of the brave soldier boys who gave their lives for the life of our nation. Eloquently will they speak to the generations to come of the price paid for our prosperous and happy condition as a united people.

When all these old flags are put into their cases, there will be a formal dedication of the hall, with an appropriate program.

Visitors at Madison should visit Memorial Hall and look upon these old battle flags—flags so loved and defended by the fathers and grandfathers of thousands of the present citizens of Wisconsin. To stand and look upon them, the mind going back to the heroic scenes of self-sacrifice of which they eloquently testify, should be an inspiration to live worthily for the principles for which our color bearers died.

WELCOME GROSBEAKS

IF you should happen to discover a brilliant-plumaged bird poking around your potato vines, the best thing that you can do is to "go way back and sit down." At any rate, do not disturb him, for ten to one it is a rose-breasted grosbeak. If you ever had friends in your potato patch, the rose-breasted grosbeak and his somber-colored mate surely class with the best of them.

Here's the proof:

Part of our garden was planted with potatoes and as usual we purchased spraying material to exterminate the bugs we always had to contend with.

A pair of rose-breasted grosbeaks built their ragged-looking nest in an apple tree near the garden, and as the potato vines began to spread out and invite the mandolin-backed bugs to "come on," the grosbeaks got busy. Regularly every day those birds went over the patch and kept the bugs absolutely cleaned up. We did not spray the vines at all, as it was totally unnecessary.

The birds were very thorough in their search. They would light on the vines and crawl and flutter in amongst them.

If you hear the metallic "wenk" of a grosbeak near your potato patch, shake hands with yourself, for you have found a good friend.—*George S. Brown, in Our Dumb Animals.*

"Have you ever thought that most of the men who declare prohibition un-American were not born in America?"

CHILDREN'S PAGE

IN PETER'S HOME

(Told to the children of Japan)

THEY were watching on a street, little Simon and Mary, for father to come home. "Will the Teacher come with him? Do you think so?" asks Mary. "Of course he will," said Simon; "He always comes when someone is sick." "I wish they'd hurry." "So do I; it's awful to hear grandma moaning so." "There they come! There's father—and Teacher—and Uncle Andrew, too—and some one else—hurrah!" shouted little Simon, and away they both raced down the street to meet them.

Clinging to them all, and chattering about home things, and begging them to hurry, for grandma's sake, the children led them into the house.

Peter's sweet-faced young wife, on whose brow already the marks of patience and a great sacrifice were beginning to show, greeted quietly and gladly husband and guests.

As Jesus looked into her dear face and quiet eyes, where he read her brave soul, he asked: "Where is the mother?"

Rested and strengthened by his unspoken sympathy, with a great peace in her heart, Peter's wife led the way to the "upper chamber." The others followed; even the children were quiet now.

On the soft pallet on the floor lay "grandma," sick with a great fever. Jesus was instantly kneeling at her side, looking deep into her restless eyes. One cool, tender hand he laid on her aching, burning forehead, the other clasped both her feverish hands; and the fever, like a great, cowering, conquered beast, was gone.

The Master's touch, the Master's voice, the Master's love—ah! who could but respond to it all with joy!

"Well, Dr. Jesus," said grandma, with a smile of recognition, "thank you ever so much. I'm so glad you came today. And now, since one good turn deserves another—you've made me well—I'll get up and get you some supper; I'm so glad to be able to do it." "And immediately she arose and ministered unto them."

When they were all downstairs she said, suddenly: "Why, you were all so busy about me, you've forgotten to care for our

guests. Here, Mary, run and get a basin of water and a towel, and wash their feet. How warm and tired you all must be. Simon, please bring granny some charcoal so we can broil the fish you caught yesterday."

"Mother," said Peter's wife, "this is the Sabbath; your illness made you forget. The fish were broiled yesterday; they are all ready. If you will visit with the Teacher, I will soon have all things ready."

And soon Peter and his guests were enjoying their cold broiled fish, bread, honey, figs and milk, while the children quietly watched them, and the women served. They would eat later.

"Do tell us some of today's experiences: where have you been, what did you do, and were the Pharisees on hand to oppose?" asked grandma.

Then Peter told the story of the man in the synagogue. How Jesus had cured his hand, and how the people had hissed him and declared it shouldn't be done on a Sabbath Day! "Oh," said the grandmother, "the hypocrites! to haggle so over the Sabbath Day; not a man among them but would have been cured if it had been his hand! How they forget goodness and mercy! I'm so glad you didn't wait till sundown to cure me, Dr. Jesus; I don't believe I could have endured that long."

Jesus smiled at her, and suddenly she knew he would have cured her even had she not survived until his coming.

After supper little Simon brought his toy boat for father to "fix" the sail—father was home so seldom these days.

"If Jesus could cure a man on the Sabbath Day, couldn't father please just set the little sail properly—this once?"

Mary climbed upon Jesus' knee and asked for a story.

"Mary, Mary," said Uncle Andrew, "Teacher is too tired to tell stories tonight; wait, dear, till tomorrow."

But Jesus cuddled the little lover close in his arms and said: "Mary shall have her story now, and you big folks can wait for yours until tomorrow."

Little Simon left the precious boat by his father and came and stood close to Jesus' knee to hear the wonderful story. For whether it was one of their favorites of Miriam watching Baby Moses, or Daniel in the lion's den, or David with his sheep or fighting a giant, it was always splendid when Jesus told it. But more

splendid still were the new ones he told—all his own. Don't you wish we knew which it was?

Before the story was quite ended, however, there was a great noise of many feet and many voices coming toward the house from every direction! There was a great clamor of, "Where is he?" "We want the Doctor," "Where is the Doctor from Nazareth?" "The Nazarene, where is he?" "Have mercy!" "Pity us," "Come and heal us." The sun had gone down and the Sabbath was ended.

Jesus calmly finished the story, sealed it with a kiss, and saying, "More, when I come again," with a silent prayer in his heart, quietly walked to the door, opened it, and went out into the street, in the midst of the dirty, thronging, clamoring multitude. The sick, the lame, the blind, the deaf, and distressed of every kind, were there. With loving words or gentle rebuke he laid his hands—his tender, strong, cool, sympathetic, healing hands—on them; never once did he shrink from the dirt or the sores or the ugliness of it all—"he healed them all"! Oh, don't you hope all these loved him always after that, and served him with their cured lives!

Late that night he re-entered Peter's house and rested awhile, but "early in the morning," even before Peter's wife's mother was awake, "he had gone to a lonely place on the mountain to pray."—*Maude W. Madden, in Christian Standard.*

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL

CHAPTER XI

(Continued)

Joe sprang back to give him room, brought his rifle to his shoulder, and pulled the trigger. The gun snapped. It was time for Joe to go and he ran a few steps while he unbuttoned the holster of his revolver and drew the gun out ready to use. Then he jumped as far to the right as he could, whirling around as he jumped, and shot the buffalo twice as it went by him in a mad rush which would surely have gotten Joe if he had continued in a straight course. The buffalo had enough of Joe, and turning to the left ran to the draw lower down where there were some trees and a thicket of wild plums, while Joe, thinking that his supply of cartridges was

exhausted, went to camp for more, as camp was near by. He found however that a flaw in the cartridge had been the cause of his rifle missing fire. When he returned, Henry was with him. They did not see George or the buffalo and Joe called to George to know where he was.

"Here I am, up this tree," said George. "The buffalo won't let me get down."

George was up a small box elder tree which had limbs just high enough to take him nicely out of reach of the buffalo, which lay at the roots of the tree and every time George made a move would get up, paw the ground and bellow. Joe walked along toward the tree and the buffalo ran into the plum thicket which was about ten rods from where George was. The gun George had was empty and he had no ammunition with him. The plum thicket was about sixty feet in diameter and the brush was very thick. The buffalo had taken his stand in the center of it and it was risky business getting very close to him. Henry went on one side to where he could see an eye and shot at that. The buffalo made a lunge that way and came tearing through the brush. The boys gave him room and went around on the other side. Again Henry saw an eye and again the animal made the brush rattle, but did not at any time come out of the thicket. Then Henry saw an ear and shooting at the base of the ear broke the buffalo's neck and he came down.

While George and Joe were gone after the buffaloes one had come close to camp and Henry had shot it. They now had what they estimated to be twenty-five hundred pounds of meat and did not care for more. They spent the day caring for it. Wishing to procure another calf, on the next day Henry and George mounted the ponies and went in search for one, leaving Joe to care for the camp. Four or five miles away they started a small herd that had some calves in it, but had not followed them far when George called to Henry, saying, "I have lost Joe's revolver." Both dismounted and going on the back track began looking for the gun.

They had not gone far when Henry said, "George, what is that up there on the divide?" George looked up and saw, not more than a half-mile away, fifteen naked men sitting on their ponies watching them. "Indians," said George, "and we had best get back to camp."

"I guess so," replied Henry. "Joe may want help."

They walked for some distance, then mounting rode leisurely while in sight of the Indians, then more rapidly, back to the camp.

While Henry and George were away Joe had walked out and frightened buffaloes off four times. They seemed determined to come and make him a visit and he did not want their company.

On the next morning they started for home, as they had concluded it better to go with what they had than to run the risk of having trouble with their red neighbors; for while they supposed the Indians were from a reservation, they did not know, and no Indians were considered safe company fifty miles or more from the settlement with the advantage of a great majority in numbers.

About noon of this day they saw three Indians with a buffalo which they had wounded and into which they were shooting their arrows. They were about half a mile away. The Indians on seeing them left the buffalo and started for the wagon with bows and arrows in their hands and the ponies on the run. Our men were all sitting on the spring seat, but as Henry stopped the team each one picked up his rifle. Joe stepped to the back end of the wagon and as he rested his rifle on the hind wheel said, "I will take that fellow on the white pony, you take care of the others." But before they had come within rifle range they stopped, swung the bows to their backs, put away the arrows, and unfurled the Stars and Stripes. The guns were laid down on the wagon as a sign of peace, and the Indians came and talked with them. They were Otoes, and the camp of the tribe was about two miles away. They asked for some tobacco but none of the party used it; then something to eat, but there was only meat to give them. Each one took a little piece of meat but dropped it before they were twenty steps from the wagon.

On this same day or the next, a party of three men from fourteen miles south of the Hull claims were followed by eight Indians a distance which they thought to be eight miles. The Indians shot their arrows at them, and whooped at them. Several arrows came into the wagon. The white men ran their horses and threw out all of their meat. They were very near the

place where our party was and very probably the Indians were all of the same tribe. Later, in the fall, Joe saw one of the men who were chased.

On the next day, when but about thirty miles from home, they saw a little bunch of buffaloes feeding about a mile from the divide they were following. There were twenty-one in the bunch.

"Let us get some fresh meat for the hens," said Joe, so George and Joe took the guns and went to try to get one of them. As they came near to where the buffaloes were, they passed the head of a draw which had a number of rocks close together in it. They noticed two that were not more than twenty inches apart, with straight edges and seven or eight feet high.

"What a fine place for hiding or for defense," said Joe as they passed them.

Going into a draw that would give hiding place from the buffaloes they came as close to them as they could and keep out of sight of the game, which was feeding with heads toward the hunters. Joe chose what he thought was a cow and fired. The one he shot at shook its head. Three times more he shot with the same effect.

"There is no cow among them," said he. "We can do no good shooting them in the head."

He walked toward the game which ran a little way, then stopped and turned a broadside to the hunters. Joe raised his rifle and shot three times as fast as he could shoot. Up went the short tail of every buffalo, the head went down, and with a bellow of rage they started for the hunters on a full run.

"George," said Joe, "it is time we were getting out of here."

"Where shall we go?" asked George.

"To the rocky draw—quick!" and Joe led the way.

When they were near the rocks Joe lost his hat and stopped to pick it up. This let George ahead. The buffaloes were gaining on them, they could feel their hot breath, but the rocks were near. As they stepped behind the rocks the buffaloes went by in a mad rush. They did not pause to look for the hunters and as George's gun was empty, and Joe had but one cartridge in his gun, they concluded that they had had hunting enough for that day and returning to the wagon continued the journey home.

(To be continued)

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

"ENDEAVOR TO INCREASE"

"At present I can not make any report, as we were obliged to suspend our Sabbath-school sessions the past winter, owing to the severity of the weather and the fact that several of our members are a long distance away.

"Now, however, we are going to reorganize and endeavor to increase our numbers, and have a report to make later on.

"We are in sympathy with the Forward Movement, and hope within the next year to have a school that will be worthy of mention, at least.

"M. C. PENNELL,

"Bangor, Mich."

DECISION DAY AT MILTON

The effort was to make it a Decision Day for all, not simply for those who were ready to be baptized and join the church. It was felt that it should be a time of enlistment for Christian work. So the card was made in two sections. On the left hand side was the sentence: "I decide to enlist in the service of Christ by offering myself for baptism and church membership."

On the right hand side was printed an enlistment for all, with suggestive details, as follows:

I decide to enlist for any service to which I feel the call of Christ.

(A few suggestive items are printed below. Mark with cross those you are willing to undertake. Add others.)

Teaching a class.
Making calls.
Observing the Quiet Hour.
Winning others to Christ.
Helping in the Friday night meeting.
Giving one tenth of my income to God's work.
Abstaining from liquor and tobacco. Keeping my lips and thoughts clean.

The pastor conducted the service. He gave a few words of explanation at the opening. The cards were distributed by classes, with pencils for any who were not

provided with one. The teachers talked with the members of the classes. Then for ten or fifteen minutes at the close of the hour the classes from all departments of the Sabbath school except the Primary were brought together for the final appeal and for prayer. An opportunity was later given for the people in the church service to sign the card. Several took the card home with them for further consideration.

These cards in the hands of the pastor have been an inspiration to him.

Six signed the enlistment for baptism and church membership. There are others who are thinking of the question seriously, and many Christian people are praying that this number may be largely increased.

One hundred and nineteen signed the enlistment for any service to which they felt the call of Christ.

Thirty were willing to teach a class.

Fifty-five were ready to make calls.

Sixty-eight enrolled for the observance of the Quiet Hour.

Fifty-nine wanted to do personal work or learn how to do it.

Forty promised to help in the Friday night meeting.

Fifty-three promised to tithe.

Eighty-three signed for purity and temperance.

Many signed the general enlistment pledge with the understanding, publicly expressed by one, that this covered all the rest. A large number of boys signed cards, and practically every one of them put his mark opposite the pledge to abstain from liquor, tobacco and impurity. Other cards will doubtless come in, and the pastor has in mind to continue the movement before the people by personal pastoral work during the weeks to come. Any pastor would be heartened by receiving such expressions of enlistment, and would pray for wisdom in utilizing the resources at his hand. The results of Decision Day are much larger than the figures would indicate.

What experience have other schools had with Decision Day? It does not matter so much what form is used or what date is chosen. The main thing is to have a prayerful, *planful* campaign that shall help to keep the school in the atmosphere of consecration, soul winning and enlistment. Emphasize the thought of enlistment rather than experience. The enlistment is our side of the matter. God will take care of

the experience. The word has a particularly forceful significance to boys at the present time. Do not coax and urge young people to join the church. Let it be their own personal act. Help them to understand what it means, to get rid of any wrong ideas that hold them back, to decide right. Befriend them, back them up, and pray without ceasing.

Lesson XXIII.—June 8, 1918

JESUS FACES BETRAYAL AND DENIAL. Mark 14: 10-72

Golden Text.—Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. Mark 14: 38.

DAILY READINGS

June 2—Mark 14: 17-26. Jesus Faces Betrayal and Denial

June 3—Luke 22: 3-6, 21-23, 47-49. Bargaining to Betray Jesus

June 4—John 13: 21-30. Judas Moved by Satan

June 5—Mark 14: 27-42. In Gethsemane

June 6—Mark 15: 43-45, 66-72. Betrayed and Denied

June 7—2 Cor. 11: 21-33. Paul's Sufferings

June 8—Matt. 10: 24-33. Comfort for Christ's Followers

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

WHAT THE GOVERNORS OF PROHIBITION STATES HAVE TO SAY

At this time, when the liquor interests are expending so much in the daily press to discredit prohibition, it is interesting and profitable to read the testimony of governors of prohibition States:

GOVERNOR RYE, TENNESSEE:

We have lost the liquor traffic and we are glad. Crime reduced; streets free from drunkards; bank deposits enormously increased; property more valuable; life safer; people more prosperous and happier; public morals on a higher plane.

GOVERNOR KERR, NORTH CAROLINA:

Twenty-one per cent more children attending school; bank deposits increased 100 per cent; building and loan association stock increased 250 per cent; benefits great and continually increasing.

GOVERNOR CLARK, IOWA:

Arrests reduced forty to forty-five per cent; commitments to State hospitals greatly decreased; demands on poor fund much reduced; practically all merchants say collections much improved; importations of intoxicants reduced nine tenths.

GOVERNOR HUNT, ARIZONA:

Marked decrease in commitments to prison and insane hospital; needy families perceptibly decreased; no adverse effect upon legitimate business.

GOVERNOR HANNA, NORTH DAKOTA:

Both from moral and financial standpoint prohibition has been a success in North Dakota.

GOVERNOR CARLSON, COLORADO:

Two thousand new savings accounts opened in one month; collections in department stores broke all records; credit men report many over-due accounts, deemed uncollectible, paid up; crime reduced greatly.

GOVERNOR ALEXANDER, IDAHO:

Never such beneficial results from any measure in so short a time; Boise chief of police and four policemen dismissed because no longer needed; police courts deserted; city and county jails empty; savings banks deposits increased; accidents decreased.

GOVERNOR HATFIELD, VIRGINIA:

Business has improved; arrests decreased; insane commitments less; savings bank deposits swelled; prohibition a great success.

GOVERNOR CAPPER, KANSAS:

Wealth per capita greater than any other State; death rate lowest per capita; bank deposits largest of any State; fewest tenants, most home-owners of any State; no open bar-rooms and auto to every fifth family; two million people who never saw a saloon.

GOVERNOR HAYS, ARKANSAS:

Ninety per cent fewer arrests for drunkenness; prohibition decided success.—*Christian Advocate.*

Find a man who has fixed on the ambition to be of use as the best ambition for him, and you will invariably find in him a sunshiny serenity, a large patience, an ever expanding sympathy, a free-spirited liberation from self-love, a slackening care for money, a deepening pride in a good job well done, and an unaffected joy in folks—which taken all together make a sample of humanity never to be matched by any of the compounds of selfishness.—*The Continent.*

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

COMMUNION SERVICE

REV. EDWIN SHAW

Text: *It is good for us to be here.*
Matthew 17: 4.

The life of Jesus Christ, even from the human side, was far above the life of any other man who ever lived; it was on an elevated plane higher than the loftiest efforts of mortal man. And yet in the life of Jesus there were occasions that towered like mountain tops above the usual plane of his life; such occasions as his struggles in the garden of Gethsemane and in the Wilderness of Judea, or his baptism experience.

Among such occasions was that from which our text is selected. I think we must believe that while Jesus was divine, while he was, and is, the Son of God, yet the necessary limitations of his humanity were such that he came to himself gradually, that is, the full meaning of his mission, and the way in which it was to be worked out, came to him by degrees. He had at his baptism entered actively into his work, and now after more than two years of preaching and teaching, there came to him the plain revelation of the manner of his death, and we read in Matthew (16: 21), "From that time forth began Jesus to show to his disciples, how that he must go into Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day."

Peter as the spokesman of the disciples tried to argue with Jesus, saying that it was not necessary to go up to Jerusalem, that would be taking a needless risk, they could just as well work elsewhere until this opposition ceased or abated or wore itself out. I can imagine how Peter would say, "Now we can just as well work in Perea and Galilee. There is lots of work to be done right here at home. What is the need of going to Jerusalem and encountering this bitter hatred and hostile opposition of the Jewish leaders?"

But the way before Jesus was now clear and definite, and he felt that even his loving and beloved disciples needed chiding

for their wisdom that savored of men rather than of God, and for their desire to walk in the way of comfort and ease rather than in the way of the cross. Now this conviction that his duty was towards Jerusalem and death, and this attitude of his disciples against that course, and the natural human desire to follow the easy way, all conspired to discourage and to dishearten our Lord, and he felt the need of rest and reinvigoration, and so the next week (Matthew and Mark say after six days; Luke says after eight days; without doubt they all mean the same time, what we call a week), the next week and quite probably on the Sabbath Day, Jesus took his three most intimate disciples, Peter, James and John, and together they went away from the noise and tumult of the world, away up into a high mountain, for rest and for prayer.

This was to my mind a most remarkable prayer meeting. So far as I know, they were in no peril or danger from anything outside themselves. There was no disease or pestilence, or famine threatening them. No one was seeking their life or property. They had plenty to eat and drink and wear. So far as I know, their friends and loved ones were well and happy. They were prospering, themselves leading honest, upright lives, free from reproach. They were preaching and teaching honest and upright living, a course of action which in all the ages has met the approval of everybody, so long as it was general, and not aimed at particular sins. Why then should they feel the need of this service of prayer? It was because of an inward struggle, a struggle to overcome the tendency to take the easy path of life and not the way of the cross.

And as they prayed a wonderful thing happened. The exalted fervor of the communion with the heavenly Father, and the quickening power of a life devoted to sacrifice and to service, the quiet decision and determination to follow the path of duty and of right, so illumined the face of the Lord Jesus, so permeated his whole being, body and soul, that his very garments partook of the radiance of his nature, the divine for the moment completely outshone the human, so changing even his physical appearance, that the occasion was called the Transfiguration.

The story I read to you in the lesson of the morning; how in this exalted, ecstatic

condition Moses and Elijah came and conversed with him, and how the three disciples, entering into the fervor and spiritual exaltation of the occasion, were nevertheless dazed by the splendor and glory of the sight and sound, yet realized the blessedness of the experience through which they were passing, and Peter, the impulsive, true-hearted Peter, cried out, "It is good for us to be here." And indeed he never spoke truer words, whether it means, "It is good for us that we are here," or as some think it means, "It is a good thing that we are here."

The experience was brief, it lasted for but a few moments; in a short time they were on their way back down the mountain to the lower levels, to the din and confusion, to the crowds passing to and fro, to the labor and toil of another day and another week, to the problems and questions of duty and conduct, to the opposition of hostile forces in the world. But they had been upon the mountain top, for a time they had existed in a state above the ordinary plane of everyday life, and truly it was to them a good thing to be there. In after years the memory of that day and hour was a constant and abiding source of help and strength to those three disciples, and this transfiguration experience was to them one of the dearest experiences of their lives.

There are times and occasions in the lives of every Christian when he is lifted up and ascends to higher realms of spiritual thought and being. Such occasions are apt to come in the wake of heart struggles, of soul conflicts decided for the right regardless of the present consequences, decided in prayer; as, for example, when one has decided to keep the Sabbath Day holy unto God, or to break away from some sinful or foolish habit of long standing, or to give up some darling and much loved ambition which involved some questionable conduct. Such a course of action is usually followed by a transfiguration experience, when one feels indeed like saying with Peter of old, "It is good for us to be here."

It seems to me that in our church life the occasion most adapted to the arousing and fostering of the transfiguration experience is the communion service, and whenever I approach the Lord's Supper I feel like exclaiming in earnest but subdued tones, "It is good for us to be here."

It is good, because as a church we withdraw from the world and its distracting cares and seek through prayer to gain a closer communion with our heavenly Father. It was while praying that the form of Jesus was changed into a glorified state, was transfigured before the disciples. Just what the change was I do not know, but it was apparent to the disciples, Peter, James and John. Possibly it was a change to the glorified body which he had after his resurrection. These things never trouble me, at least of late years. When I know that some of the most costly and beautiful gems, the ruby and amethyst, and so on, are only common clay or common sand, transfigured; when I know that the most precious diamond that sparkles and glitters and gives out all its dazzling beauty as it is turned about in the light, is only just common charcoal, transfigured; that should you burn up a diamond weighing ten grains, and a piece of charcoal weighing the same amount, the products of the burning in each case would be identical,—I say when I know of such marvelous transfigurations in the physical world, similar mysteries of the spiritual world give me little trouble.

It is good for us to be here, because in this service we see Jesus transfigured before us. Of course the symbolism of the bread and wine points first of all to the crucifixion, to the suffering and death of the cross; but if it ended there, if there were nothing beyond that, then indeed the cross would be shrouded in the darkest gloom or a starless midnight. But it is not so. Because of the resurrection, the cross, with its background of darkness, is lighted up with the morning brightness of eternal hope and joy, and we see the cross transfigured, changed, into a throne of heavenly glory.

It is good for us to be here, because in this service we are privileged to commune not only with the Lord our God, but with one another in spiritual blessedness. There came to Jesus and his chosen three there on the mountain the vision of Moses and Elijah, and Luke says they talked about the death which Jesus should accomplish at Jerusalem. No doubt this gave assurance and strength to the Saviour and helped to sustain him in the coming weeks as he resolutely set his face towards his duty, knowing full well what fate awaited him; no doubt this communion with the great lawgiver and the great prophet, men who

had both of them in seasons of intense mental and spiritual strain gone without food, as Jesus himself had done for forty days and forty nights, no doubt this communion with these men was a wonderful comfort to our Lord, as he saw clearly before him the way he must travel, and no doubt helped him in the Garden of Gethsemane just before the humiliation and shame of the cross to say, "Not my will, but thy will, be done."

It is good for us to be here, because these moments of communion with God, this meditation on the lives of the saints gone before us, this remembrance of the personal sympathy of our departed friends, this spiritual fellowship with one another here and now,—all these things strengthen us for the trying, testing times of life; they give us courage to face in the direction of duty and of service, no matter where it leads; they help us to say when our souls are racked with torture and we would fain turn from the bitter cup set before us, "Not my will, but thy will, be done."

It is good for us to be here, because for the time, we are above the ordinary level of our daily lives. Often to those who are on the mountain tops, the very clouds which darken the world below, shut out the view of the world, and from their upper surfaces reflect back the glorious sunlight. The communion season is a mountain top experience in our lives. The very clouds of doubt or anguish or sorrow which cast their gloomy shade upon our lives, may, when viewed from above, from the mountain tops, be all aglow with the beauty of the wonderful love of God, reflected back from the Sun of righteousness.

It is good for us to be here, because it is in the way of obedience. "If ye love me, keep my commandments," said Jesus in that heart-to-heart talk which he had with his disciples on the occasion that he established this service which we are celebrating today. Obedience is the evidence, the proof of love and loyalty. Our professions of love count for naught unless accompanied by obedience, and the obedience which we give to our Lord's command concerning this service makes it a good thing for us to be here.

So, then, let us with the deepest humility, with fervent prayer, with perfect trust, with childlike faith with calm and quiet peace and joy, engage in the service

which is before us, and more and more to every member of our church may these communion seasons, as they come and go, prove to us, each one of us, to be transfiguration seasons, when our Lord shall appear to us in greater glory, in a nearer fellowship, and when we shall in our turn become transfigured more and more into his likeness, and it can be truly said by us, "It is good for us to be here."

And may God add his blessing in Jesus' name. Amen.

It is a notable fact that the Deity invoked by the German Kaiser is the Jehovah of the Old Testament, the tribal god of the Hebrews. Besides this there are suggestions of a return to trust in the Scandinavian gods, Woden and Thor, and the tribal gods that came with the Huns into Northern Germany from Asia. We can not imagine the Kaiser invoking the Christ of the New Testament. We doubt if he would incite his soldiers to march with "the cross of Jesus going on before." It is a pitiful thing to have religion brought into the conflict and to try to make men believe that they are fighting under the command of the God of Battles. The old exhortation to fight as we pray is obsolete. Trust there may be, and confidence that for loyal souls there will be a safe deliverance out of all their troubles, but no confidence that the fortunes of any battle will be decided by any divine decree.—*Christian Register*.

An interesting church has just been dedicated in Glasgow, Scotland, to the memory of the Highlanders who have fallen in the war. It is called the Highlanders' Memorial Church and is under the jurisdiction of the United Free Presbytery of Glasgow, but in practice it will be non-sectarian. Harry Lauder gave the organ, in memory of his son, and friends of dead soldiers are expected to contribute memorial windows and tablets. The church is intended as a center of social and religious work among Highlanders.—*Christian Advocate*.

"Doctor, my husband is troubled with a buzzy noise in his ears." "Better have him go to the seashore for a month." "But he can't get away." "Then you go."—*Houston Post*.

DEATHS

DOAN.—Kenneth Arthur Doan, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Doan, was born January 13, 1918, and died January 16, 1918. Interment was made in Pleasant Valley Cemetery.

I. S. G.

BASS.—Corporal Elmer William Bass was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bass, of Alden, N. Y. He was born November 6, 1895, and died at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., of typhoid pneumonia, April 30, 1918.

He enlisted in Company K, 3d New York Infantry about two years ago, and served with his company on the Mexican border. When the company was called into service again at the opening of the war with Germany, he went with his company to Spartanburg where he was soon promoted to the rank of corporal, and became company clerk and acting sergeant. Papers were already made out for his appointment as sergeant.

The mother, Mrs. Elsie Babcock Bass, has for many years been a member of the First Alfred Seventh Day Baptist church. Her daughter, Mrs. Morton Mix, and her son Elmer united with the First Alfred Church some years ago, and both became students of Alfred University. Elmer's enlistment prevented his completion of his college course.

He was a manly, executive young man of a strongly democratic spirit, and proved himself a good soldier and patriot. He is survived by his father and mother and his sister, Mrs. Morton Mix, of Alfred. He is the third of the Alfred alumni and former students to give up his life in the service of the country since the war began.

After a military funeral at camp, his body was brought home to Alden, accompanied by Sergeant Rogers, of Hornell. The funeral was conducted by President Davis, of Alfred University and Rev. William H. Leach, pastor of the Presbyterian church. The service was of a patriotic nature and the various patriotic organizations of Alden were present in a body at the service. All business places in the town were closed and hundreds of people were in attendance at the service. Interment took place at Alden on May 4. At the grave a firing squad, detailed from the regiment at Buffalo, fired the burial salute and sounded taps.

W. L. B.

CRANDALL.—Sherman Griswold Crandall was born at the Crandall homestead in Independence, N. Y., February 20, 1845, and died of apoplexy at the sanitarium in Wellsville, N. Y., May 9, 1918, aged 73 years, 2 months, and 17 days.

He was the oldest son of the seven children born to Nelson R. and Laura Clarke Crandall. Of these brothers and sisters, Ellen, wife of W. W. Brown, of Bradford, Pa., Clara, wife of the

late Thomas B. Titsworth, of Plainfield, N. J., William R. and Maxon A., of Independence, are still living.

February 28, 1870, he was united in marriage to Lenora G. Wood and to them were born four children,—Benjamin Ray, of Holtville, Cal., C. Milford and Elrene, who live at the old home in Independence, and Florence, who died in childhood.

Mr. Crandall secured his school training in the public schools near his home and at Alfred University where he attended in the sixties. For several years he successfully taught school in nearby schools, during the winter terms, and at the same time carried on his farm activities.

In May, 1860, when fifteen years of age, he was baptized by Rev. Jared Kenyon and united with the Seventh Day Baptist church at Independence, where he retained his membership until called to the church triumphant. May 8, 1870, the church unanimously called him to serve as deacon, an office he has filled with great faithfulness and devotion for forty-eight years. For many years he has been a member of the board of trustees and since 1894 he has served as chairman of the church.

Deacon Crandall was a man of vision and of action. Possessed of a strong will and tireless energy, a keen sense of righteousness and natural qualities of leadership, he has been a tower of strength in the church and community life. Worthy enterprises found in him a ready and generous helper. Church and denominational work, education and community welfare received of his benefactions. A strong and useful life has gone home. May his mantle fall on other shoulders as capable and worthy. His last week at home before returning to the sanitarium was partly spent in crating our old church chandelier for the new church at Fouke, Ark. Plans for the coming association meetings in June were on his mind and heart, and among his last acts in the church was to give notice of a business meeting to perfect plans for its sessions.

Farewell services were held at the church in Independence, May 12, 1918, conducted by Pastor W. L. Greene, assisted by Rev. W. L. Burdick and President B. C. Davis. Interment in the family plot at Independence.

W. L. G.

BURDICK.—Alfred Demetrius Burdick was born in Alfred, N. Y., October 13, 1832, the youngest of five children in the family of Edward and Susanna Stillman Burdick, and passed away on May 10, 1918, at the Soldiers' Home in Milwaukee, Wis., where he had been taken on May 7 for hospital care.

His father and mother were of Rhode Island stock. When a boy of nine he came with his parents to the Northwest Territory, reaching Milton September 12, 1841.

At the call of his country he enlisted in Company H, 22d Massachusetts Infantry. He rose to the position of orderly sergeant and was commissioned first lieutenant just as he was taken prisoner. He spent over nine months in Salisbury, Florence, and Andersonville prisons. At one time he was so weak he could not sign his name to a letter. He was a living skeleton when he finally came home. His health never recov-

ered from the prolonged strain. He was deeply loyal to his country.

He experienced religion as a boy, was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church. His earnestness was shown in his walking nine miles to consult his sister, Mrs. Horace Hamilton, in regard to the step which he was contemplating.

He was kindly and genial in his spirit, charitable in his judgments. He has lived in Milton for the past thirty years.

Funeral services were held on May 14, conducted by Pastor L. C. Randolph. Burial services were in charge of the G. A. R. and I. O. O. F.

L. C. R.

BLISS.—Elford Duane Bliss was born in Milton, Wis., July 8, 1860, and died May 11, 1918.

He was the eldest of three children born to Charles James and Celestia Coon Bliss. He gained a common school education and attended Milton College. He was married to Margaret Steer Crumb August 1, 1881. Three of their children died in infancy. Their son, Leon Earl Bliss, has his home in Valier, Mont. Their daughter, Mrs. Kathryn Rogers, lives in Milton. There are four grandchildren.

He has been a valuable man in his community, and widely known and trusted in the communities about. He formed deep friendships with the people with whom he had business relations. For twenty years he was a member of the School Board, giving careful, conscientious service. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of Milton College and a valuable member of the Publicity Committee. He was for many years a trustee of his church, serving for many years as treasurer. He was vice-president of the Bank of Milton. He passed through all the chairs and honors of Du Lac Lodge, I. O. O. F., and was for years chaplain.

When a young boy he enlisted in the service of Christ and was baptized, joining the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which he has since remained a member. He was active in young people's work in earlier years, being a constituent member of the Excel Band. He was a strong supporter of Bible school, Brotherhood, and the various church activities. He had a deep interest in the extension of Christ's kingdom in all ways. He was strong in his convictions, but tolerant and charitable in his judgment of others. Like his Master, he took an interest in people without regard to the barriers of race or social organization. He sought to do all the good he could as he passed along the road of life. A large number of people looked upon him as a dear personal friend. He was a lover of home and a most cordial host.

Funeral services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist church on the afternoon of May 14. The large auditorium was completely filled. Pastor Randolph's text was Matthew 20: 28, "Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

L. C. R.

No man's influence stops when the brown earth covers his body—you can't kill influence.—*The Christian Herald.*

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Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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It has a small income from invested funds that have been left as legacies to the Society; but its principal support for conducting 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 Westery in order to pay the regular salaries to those who are conducting 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. Give you offerings to the treasurer of your church who will forward them to S. H. Davis, Westery, R. I. Or if that method is not convenient, send directly to Mr. Davis.

EDWIN SHAW, Cor. Sec.

The Sabbath Recorder

OVER TO FRANCE

M. E. H. EVERETT

Over to France, where purple clusters
With sweetest nectar were wont to grow,
Where the roses bloomed as in bowers of Eden,
By the God of battles led, they go;
For the clustered vines are torn and trampled
And the roses swept like clouds away,
As, facing the Lord in proud defiance,
The struggling hosts of Sheol sway.

Over to France, with white, set faces,
And eyes that with the soul's fire glow,
Bearing the flag that was never conquered,
Our brave young heroes dauntless go.
Oh, not in wrath and not for vengeance
In eager lines they sweep along,
But to make straight His path who cometh
To overthrow the hosts of wrong.

Over to France, our leal and staunch ones
Bear not alone the flag away,
For loving home hearts hover o'er them,
Like birds of passage, night and day.
Prayers from the lips unused to praying,
Prayers from the saintly ones and old,
Beg Him who slumbereth not to keep them
And with His hands their ranks to hold.

Over to France! and Heaven defend them,
In the deep trenches foul with gore,
In the long lines where great guns thunder,
And in the skies to wheel and soar.
Each star in the stainless flag they carry
Shall heaven's own star of promise be,
That when these bitter years have vanished
Good will and peace our earth shall see.

Coudersport, Pa.,

May, 1918.