

“We Must Have Men of High Spiritual Character, Men With a Vision, And Have Them At Once”

One of our leading generals on coming back from a visit to the line of battle made the above statement.

Spiritual character and vision are developed by Christian religious training and experience.

The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society,
by proclaiming the gospel of Christ and the Sabbath, is developing in men and women high types of character and vision.

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 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.

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. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Assistant Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President—William L. Clarke, Ashaway, R. I.
Recording Secretary—A. S. Babcock, Rockville, R. I.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.
The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

President—Rev. W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Arthur E. Main, Alfred, N. Y.
Recording Secretary—Prof. Frank L. Greene, Alfred, N. Y.
Treasurer—Prof. Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.
The regular meetings of the Board are held in February, May, August and November, at the call of the President.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

President—Mrs. A. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. A. S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer—Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
Editor of Woman's Work, SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.
Secretary, Eastern Association—Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary, Southeastern Association—Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Lost Creek, W. Va.
Secretary, Central Association—Miss Ethlyn Davis, Leonardsville, N. Y.
Secretary, Western Association—Mrs. Lucy A. Wells, Friendship, N. Y.
Secretary, Southwestern Association—Mrs. R. J. Mills, Hammond, La.
Secretary, Northwestern Association—Miss Phoebe S. Coon, Walworth, Wis.
Secretary, Pacific Coast Association—Mrs. N. O. Moore, Riverside, Cal.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.
Vice-President—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Joseph A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.
Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

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

BOARD OF FINANCE

President—Grant W. Davis, Milton, Wis.
Secretary—Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Custodian—Dr. Albert S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

President—Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, Milton Junction, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Miss Beulah Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Marjorie Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer—Miss Carrie Nelson, Milton, Wis.
Trustee of United Society—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.
Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Homer, N. Y.
Junior Superintendent—Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Intermediate Superintendent—Carroll B. West, Camp Custer, Mich.
Acting Intermediate Superintendent—Miss Verna Foster, Milton, Wis.
Field Secretaries—Edna Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.; Zilla Thayre, Durhamville, N. Y.; Mabel Jordan, Nile, N. Y.; Mrs. L. E. Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.; Walter Rood, North Loup, Neb.; Erma Childers, Salem, W. Va.; Neva Scouten, Fouke, Ark.; Mary Brown, Riverside, Cal.

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT

President—Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I.
Recording Secretary—Mr. Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Advisory Committee—All members of the Missionary Committee in each of the Associations.
The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.
All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries will be strictly confidential.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 3, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,822

Eastern Association Notes

The Eastern Association, held with the church at Shiloh, N. J., was one of the best we have attended in a long time. Perhaps the sacred memories of years spent in Shiloh had something to do with making this association of special interest to the writer, but I think others were impressed with the sweet spiritual character of the meetings themselves, regardless of any charm which pleasant memories might give.

From beginning to end the spirit of Christian brotherhood prevailed, and the addresses, sermons, and songs found responsive hearts in every session. The practical questions pertaining to our work received much attention, and the spirit of evangelism increased in power day by day up to the very last session, when twelve young people came forward and gave their hearts to Christ.

We arrived in Shiloh just in time for the Friday evening meeting. Two large automobiles carried their loads of delegates from Plainfield that day, and we were among those who enjoyed this ride of over a hundred miles through the beautiful Jersey country, always so pleasant in May. Our church was well represented, as some other members had gone by rail the day before. A fair representation from the Rhode Island and New York City churches and from the old Piscataway Church, together with the residents of Shiloh and Marlboro, made the audiences large. This was a source of inspiration to all in attendance. We can not ignore the value of numbers in such meetings. Some years our associations have been so thinly attended that serious thoughts of abandoning them have been entertained. But not so this year; the audiences at Shiloh were most satisfactory, and the interest in our work was truly encouraging.

President Winfield S. Bonham made a prompt and efficient moderator, pushing the business parts along with dispatch and

so saving much time for the work of the boards and for the preaching services.

The arrangements for entertainment were such as to afford ample time and opportunity for visiting and social good cheer. Both dinner and supper each day were served in the church parlors below the audience room, and the recesses between sessions were well improved under the trees on the lawn or in the church, where groups of people gathered for conversation. The weather was all that could be desired for the social part of the association.

There is something about the social side of our Seventh Day Baptist annual gatherings that has much to do with making the people one in spirit, and that tends to strengthen their love for one another and for the causes they hold dear. Who can estimate the loss that we would sustain if such gatherings were to cease? How much of our real strength, and interest in the Master's work today is due to the social side of associations and Conferences, can never be told; but I venture the opinion that without this phase of our meetings very few forward movements could ever have been successfully inaugurated.

We were all glad to welcome the visiting delegates from sister associations, who brought greetings of fellowship and good cheer from their respective bodies.

From the Southeastern Association, there was Rev. Gideon H. F. Randolph, now of Ritchie County, W. Va., but who for many years was identified with our work in the Southwestern Association with headquarters at Fouke. There was Rev. William L. Burdick, pastor of the First Alfred Church, to represent both the Western and Central associations; and Rev. George C. Tenney, chaplain of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, came from his home in Michigan to bring Christian greetings from the Northwestern Association. These all joined heartily in our work and did much to make the association a success.

The societies were all represented—Rev. Edwin Shaw stood for the Missionary and Tract societies, and Nelson A. Norwood for the Education Society. Mr. Norwood's practical and timely address was highly spoken of. This was the first thing I heard mentioned upon my arrival, and as I could make no notes, not being present, Mr. Norwood has kindly promised to furnish the address as soon as convenient.

Seven pastors of churches in the Eastern Association were in attendance and served on the program, and efficient lay workers from the young people's societies and from the women's boards added much to the value of the meetings. Those who can remember our annual gatherings forty or fifty years ago must be impressed with the great improvement in the associations. The young people's work of today, and the activity of the women of the denomination, so efficient and so helpful, were not even thought of a half century ago. Take out these features of our associational life and much of the inspiration from these meetings would be lost.

There were several praise services during this association that impressed me as having more than ordinary merit. The old choir corner on pulpit platform was just as full of young people as it used to be thirty years ago when the writer was pastor there. Although the old faces were missing and their leader was gone, still the choir was full, and the children of the dear ones we knew, led by the son of the old chorister who sleeps with the fathers in the churchyard near by, were filling the house with praises and leading the people in the songs of Zion.

Then there were other leaders in song who were there as guests from distant churches and who responded well when called upon to sing or to lead in services of praise. Among these were Rev. W. D. Burdick, the new pastor at New Market, N. J., and Dr. Edwin Whitford, of Westerly, R. I.

In one of the meetings all the men who could sing were invited to the platform at the right of the pulpit, and the opposite corner was filled with the ladies. These two groups alternated in singing. The men were led by Dr. Whitford, and the women by Rev. W. D. Burdick. After the two songs by all, "There's not a friend like

the lowly Jesus," and "Day is dying in the west," the men's chorus sang "The little brown church in the vale." This was followed by many passages of Scripture repeated by the people, and then the ladies sang "Ring the joy bells." This remarkable service was on the evening after Sabbath, just before the sermon by Rev. George C. Tenney. There were several items in this praise service program not mentioned here, but we would not leave the subject without referring to the song by a large company of little children, a song that took us back to childhood days and must have touched every heart in the large audience. It was the sweet child song, "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so." The very mention of this old song will start pleasant memories of other days with many who read these lines.

Another feature of the musical side of this association deserves mention. It appeared in connection with the young people's hour, in the form of a full orchestra, drums and all. We could but feel sure that such aids to services of praise are not only allowable in the house of God, but very desirable, if for nothing more than to make a way for some to serve who would otherwise take little interest. It was indeed a pleasant sight to see such a company, with so great a diversity of gifts, consecrating their horns and stringed instruments and drums, all attuned to the harmonies of the church organ, in a service of sacred music.

We could not help thinking of the difference between this service and those held in that old church years ago, when the people met within bare walls, with no organ or instrument of any kind to aid in their praises—a time when it cost quite an effort to get permission to put a small organ in the gallery only, and then against the solemn protest of several older members. Young people had little part in the church work of those times.

Then we remember when, after years of assigning the choir and its little organ to the dark gallery behind the audience, it again cost quite an effort to secure consent to bring the singers down to a platform beside the pulpit in front of the audience, in order to lead the people better in their services of song. I wonder what the dear fathers would say if they could look with

me today upon their old house of worship transformed as it is into the attractive place we now behold? The profuse floral decorations, the pipe organ between the pillars back of the pulpit, the large choir of young people surrounding the preacher, various instruments of music blending their harmonies with the voices of the people, the Stars and Stripes and the Red Cross banner over all, and between them a service flag with eight stars—all these made a picture that we can not easily forget. And whoever looks upon it and thinks just a little must admit that the world moves and that the church has made great advance.

Sermons were preached by Rev. James L. Skaggs, Rev. Gideon H. F. Randolph, Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Rev. William L. Burdick, and Rev. George C. Tenney, and the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER. Some of these sermons we hope to secure for the weekly RECORDER sermon, and the good things said in the others may be reported, in part at least, in future issues.

If one would see the hopeful side as to our good cause in Shiloh he should witness the gathering of a large company of young people and children in their Sabbath school. It was good to see the audience Sabbath afternoon in the association. The house was full even to the gallery, and in this service and that of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor which followed, the orchestra was appropriate and helpful.

There were some features of the young people's service which were most encouraging. And although Mrs. Lizzie Fisher Davis, the leader, has promised to give us a full account of that meeting, we wish here to call attention to the work of several young men and women who spoke on topics of denominational interest.

Such subjects as "The Denominational Building," "Benefits of Attending Conference," "How to Help Others" (the Big Brother plan), "Education, How and Where to Get It," "Duties to Our Own Church," "Duties to Country," were all treated in clear, loyal, and practical ways. The rally! rally! ring was in every speech. No one could listen to the exercises of the

young people's hour without receiving new inspiration and a stronger hope for our future.

Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard helped the young people out, in response to a request to add something to what had been said concerning the proposed new building. He gave a brief account of the movement thus far, and showed that gifts averaging \$12.50 for each member of the denomination would give us the building. His plea was that we resolve to make the building a reality three years from now.

In response to a request from the leader, Brother Esle F. Randolph urged the young people to cultivate reverence for sacred things. The church is the training camp for soldiers of the Cross. A walk through the cemetery will remind us that most of the old soldiers have fallen, and a glance at this audience will convince one that the few veterans left will soon be gone. Therefore the young people must speed up in their training for the church and the kingdom of God. Let us salute the Christian flag.

Then Mr. Norwood urged the young people to be true to the denominational schools. He gave them some excellent reasons for so doing. The most important part of education is character building. While our schools turn out masters in science and philosophy and arts, these are not the main things. The school that does not turn out men and women is a failure. If our civilization fails, it will be for lack of true men and women. The greatest object of the school is to make men more refined in spiritual things—more responsive to the spiritual wireless which brings into communion with God.

"It means something to be brought up in a Seventh Day Baptist home. It means that you know more about the Bible and truth and the Sabbath. To keep the Sabbath means something. To leave it for financial gain means to lose in spiritual things. Disintegration begins in your religious life when you leave it. It pays to be true."

These are some of Rev. Willard D. Burdick's words at the close of the young people's hour in the association at Shiloh.

The last evening of the Eastern Association will long be remembered as one of deep spiritual power. The sermon of Rev. Willard D. Burdick, on "Christ at the Door," was followed by a testimony meeting, at the close of which Pastor Sutton, of Shiloh, took charge for a few words of farewell. It was at his call that the twelve young people referred to above offered themselves to Christ.

Rev. George C. Tenney Our readers are acquainted with **Notes From His Message** all the visiting delegates and ministers in attendance at the Eastern Association excepting Rev. George C. Tenney, chaplain of the Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich. This was his first appearance as delegate since he found a church home among Seventh Day Baptists. He was a welcome guest in Shiloh and greatly enjoyed the beautiful country and the spiritual meetings.

His sermon on the evening after the Sabbath was a study on the good and evil of sectarianism. Paul's words on the diversity of gifts in 1 Corinthians 12 was read as a Scripture lesson. A leading question in the sermon was how to shape denominational views so as not to do harm but only good. We must be guided by what God has said. The word church as used by Christ meant no one denomination but Christ's work. He told John not to rebuke those who try to do good in a way different from that employed by the disciples. God can make even our mistakes, our weaknesses, and failures minister unto the advancement of his kingdom.

We can not do justice to Brother Tenney's sermon in a write-up from such brief notes as we could take; so we try to give here only a few sayings from his discourse, and reprint under "Weekly Sermon" a tract of his which he read at the close.

The essential nature of *unity* among those whom Christ knows as his sheep requires that there shall be no jealousies and ill feelings in the church of Christ. All hard feelings must be put away. Jesus said, "Ye are my disciples when ye love one another," and he prayed for those who believe on him through the words of his disciples, that they may be *one*.

I rather Christ would pray for me than any other, for he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That prayer was answered on the day of Pentecost, for it must be that many who had cried, "Crucify him," were led to accept him and were forgiven. The prayer that they may all be one will also be answered in God's own time.

There are different callings and different gifts, and each one has his own work; no matter whether it be on a farm, in the kitchen, or in the store or shop, it is all sacred.

Unity of spirit is all-essential. God can not work where there is strife or contention. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, . . . as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded his blessing, even life forever" (Ps. 133).

There are two ways to seek unity. The first way is to compel every one to do as one mind would have them do. All must toe the mark and act only at the word of command—a human machine. This is tyranny. No church can interfere with one's personal relations to God. The church should say as Moses said to Hobab, "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us and we will do thee good."

God's idea of unity is harmony in diversity. No church should deprive a soul of his individuality. Unity in variety is God's way in the church and in nature. Here are the roses, lilies, pinks, all so beautiful, and yet none have the same color or perfume. This orchestra that plays so harmoniously is made up of a variety of instruments. The drum is not a bit like the organ, nor the horn like the violin. Probably the drummer could do nothing with the organ, nor the cornetist with the violin, but they all play consistently together. There is perfect harmony and a beautiful whole. So God can use the various kinds of people in the church. He can blend them all into a glorious whole.

Which of these two ideas of unity do you choose? I like God's way the best. Kindred minds naturally associate in good work. Let us not lower the denominational flag at all; but so love our fellows and each other as to attract others to us. If we so live, men will notice it and inquire of us as to our faith. They will want to know. God has a great mission for us as a people and is calling us to take hold of it.

"The Lamps of Christian Character" In this RECORDER we publish No. IV in a series of articles by our friend, Professor Albert R. Crandall, of Milton, Wis. If our readers would like to review the "Lamps" thus far given, they will find them in RECORDER files as follows:

I. "Reverence" (March 27, 1916, pp. 388-390).

II. "Obedience" (July 24, 1916, pp. 100-102).

III. "Faith" (Oct. 16, 1916).

IV. "Truth," appears in this issue.

Read the Message From Nortonville Regarding Conference All who think of going to Conference should not fail to respond to Pastor

Polan's appeal on another page of this RECORDER. It will appear in two or three issues, so there can be less chance for our readers to miss it. The Nortonville people should have the earliest possible notice as to the number they are expected to provide for. We hope a large delegation will attend the Conference this year, not only for the good of the general cause, but also for the good of the church at Nortonville.

Copy Delayed We are sorry to say that for some reason the mails have not brought us copy for either Woman's Work or Young People's Work, copy which is usually on time. Irregularity in mails may be the cause in this case.

What a day that will be when the tidings are flashed over sea and land that peace has been declared! From ten thousand times ten thousand steeples what bells will ring out, as if they were human things, their wild delight at the long-hoped-for event! Never, in the history of the world, will there have been such a day of universal joy.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

JOHN MANOAH, SABBATH EVANGELIST, SOUTH INDIA

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

For several years we have been in correspondence with a native of South India, an evangelist, an immersed Sabbath-keeper. He often makes appeals for financial help, but we have not seen our way clear to send him any funds from the denominational societies. He has received the SABBATH RECORDER, and quite an amount of Sabbath literature, without cost to him. He has sent us a picture of himself and family, and a characteristic letter is just at hand, which may be interesting. It is given just as it is written, for the personality of the writer would be lost if any changes were made.

REV. EDWIN SHAW:

Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright and in the congregation: For we are made partakers of Christ. Unto you which believe He is precious, Speak My word faithfully. Confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus: Let us not be weary in well doing: Your labor is not in vain in the Lord: That God giveth the increase: Praise God.

My Beloved Brother in Christ Jesus.

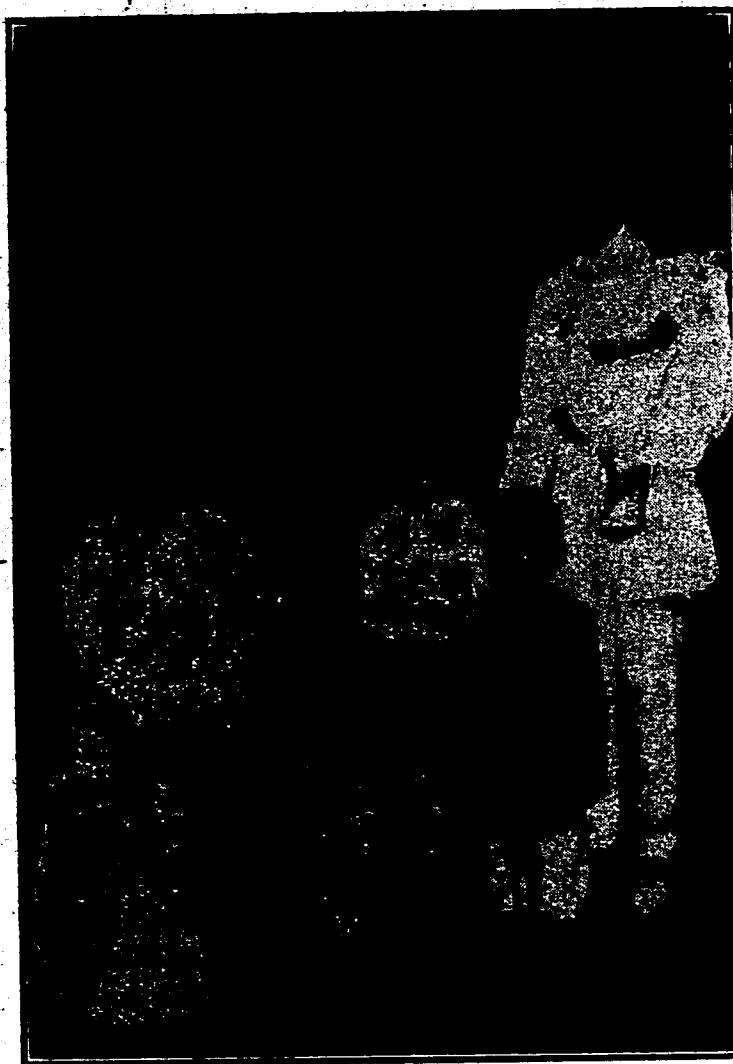
Grace and peace be unto you, Glory to His holy name forever and ever, Amen. Lord brought myself to this needy place, and to doing His mighty true work in this great place. Praise God. Brother, you might have received my last p. c. Lord showed me this small Christian flock three years ago. I unable to come over and take it. I was waited for my travelling expensive. No one to take care me nor His work. So the work was so urgent I sold my cycle made money came to this urgent needy place on January, 1918. Took charge of this poor Christians by faith. Praise God. If I do His work willingly I have reward. If not, no. Praise God for all.

This is hilly place, 8,500 feet above sea level, too cold. I unable to bear the cold. No blankets nor proper warm cloths. By faith I came here. Praise God. I left my family in Bangalore till Lord opens mean for 5½ tickets from Bangalore to Cotacmund 450 miles. Pray. Many jungle people are living in this place. They never heard our Saviour name. Pray.

Beloved, your good news to hand, dated January 11th, 1918. When I read my heart gave thanks to our heavenly Father who cares us in this trouble time. Praise God.

Brother, the place name is Cotacamund. Well brother, let His will be done, Any how I came this place. Pray for my poor family. Once I sent my family group to you, weather you received or not. Well brother, I wants your prayer very much to hold me in His service.

Brother, now I am doing this work:—
Brother Samson is pastor. There is a



JOHN MANOAH AND FAMILY

teacher, brother Sadrock. One Bible woman, Sarah, and myself, we are all doing Master work by faith, our help comes from God. Brother, we do not know weather our next meal will come, but we learn all things for His glory. We got a small Christian flock, 25 Christian families, 150 souls. We got a very small church. We wants enlarge the building. No any money came. Brother might have received my appeal. If not I will send some through that you will understand all. Praise God. We have our Sabbath service. 2. Market preaching. 3. Servants meetings. 4. Preaching for Jun-

gle people. 5. Visiting houses to houses. The Bible woman are visiting heathen and Christian houses giving Master name to all. Beloved, pray for all.

Beloved, I believe you did not received my Christian appeal. Glory to God. Brother, are heathen women 97 years of age. She was very against the true Saviour. She called us. I and brother Samson went. She said I wants believe Christ, He is my Saviour. I wants baptism. Praise God. We opened our mouth and told many things to her. After all. Praise God. We gave baptism by immersion. She buried under water according to word of God. Pray for all.

Two R. C. family are willing to join in our church. Praise God. Lord daily opening our mouth to preach His word. Lord blessing our work. The Christians are growing in grace and truth. Praise God. Brother, please send if you have any old books for my use. Please send the SABBATH RECORDER the following addresses. Brother pray for me and his great work in this place. What can I write more. At present that is all good news. The poor Christians are sending their Christian love to self. My love to self and all. Pray for me and all. I never forget you and all your work in my daily mercy seat. Praise God. Glory to God. Brother, every things are very dear in this place. Pray. Hold. Heb. 13: 1-3.

I am yours truly, brother in Sabbath truth,

JOHN MANOAH,
Evangelist.

14 March, 1918

Pray. Praise. Hold.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Forgive us for the smiles we failed to give—
Smiles on which saddened hearts may live—
And yet—and yet we failed to give!

Forgive us for the words we've left unsaid—
Words that feed hungry hearts like bread,
And yet—and yet were left unsaid.

And for the little deeds we've left undone,
That might have cheered some lonely one—
And yet—and yet were left undone.

Forgive us, thou who knowest us so well,
That we have failed our love to tell
By smiles and words, and deeds as well.
Presbyterian Standard.

MISSIONS

LETTER FROM JAVA

DEAR FRIENDS:

I should like to know how it is with you in far away America just now. As for us here in Java it is rain, and rain, and rain; and often the wind is howling and roaring round our cottages, trying to get them down. There are terrible floods in the lower parts of Java; and in some villages people are starving for want of food. Thousands and thousands are without a roof above their heads, shivering with cold in their old rags. In Batavia, one of the three largest cities of Java, a great many natives, who have lost their houses and all, have got a shelter in the biggest church, and several ladies visit them to bring them food and clothes. The Government, too, is doing all it can, distributing food in the villages. The need and misery are extraordinarily bad this year. We have sent some of our rice and mais to some villages where there is great need; but the poor people who come there for help are also increasing, so we have to be very careful with our food, lest it will not reach till the next harvest. So we all have to be contented with a smaller quantity of rice every day, and make it up with cassave, a root that grows easily and is very good food.

Kerta, my Javanese overseer, is going tomorrow to visit his relatives, who also suffer very much from the flood. He will bring them some food from his own and I shall give him some money to distribute among the most needy. I have already taken fl. 100 for the poor sufferers, from the money you sent me from time to time, and which I have kept for the printing of the much needed Javanese textbooks. If I was younger I should go myself to visit those places of misery; but I don't feel strong enough for such a great exertion. Kerta will look for poor orphans who have lost their parents, and he will try to bring them here.

Oh, really it is a time of great trouble and need everywhere. Our own rice fields will also suffer from too much rain. But our heavenly Father will help us all through, I believe!—you are there, and my

loved ones in that ruined Russia, and us here in Java. Maybe we all will suffer shipwreck like Paul, as it reads in Acts 27: "Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship"; but by the grace of our dear Savior, it will be as then: "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all *safe to land.*"

The Lord has given me such a great treasure in those who stand by me so faithfully in this work. The overseer I mentioned above, Kerta, he is a real gem; and so is Priscilla. I often thank the Lord out of the fullness of my heart for those few faithful ones. May his mighty Spirit keep them true for God's honor; and may he give us victory from day to day for his glorious name's sake.

With hearty greetings to you all, praying our heavenly Father to bless you and to be very near to each one of you,

Yours for the glory of our King Jesus,
M. JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, p. o. Tajoe, Java.

Feb. 18, 1918.

SOME THINGS MISSIONS HAVE DONE

THEY have made the name of Christ the best-known name in the world. They are proclaiming the gospel in over ten thousand different places.

They have created a great system of Christian schools and colleges, having a present enrolment of over a million and a half pupils.

They have stimulated the government of the leading nations of the East to establish educational systems of their own.

They have introduced modern medicine, surgery, and sanitation into the darkest quarters of the globe, by means of 675 hospitals and 963 dispensaries.

They have been the principal agents of relief in famines, and have made scientific investigation of the causes which lie at their root.

They have taught people habits of cleanliness and the laws of health, thus lessening the spread of plague and pestilence.

They have upheld the idea of the dignity of labor among those who regard toil as menial.

They have established a multitude of trade schools in which development of Christian character keeps pace with growth in manual skill.

They have helped to abolish human slavery and shown the Christian way of caring for the aged, orphans, blind, deaf mutes, insane and lepers.

They have lifted women from a condition of unspeakable degradation, and trained a new generation of Christian mothers, wives, and daughters, who are making homes and introducing new ideals of social life.

They have translated the entire Bible, or portions of the Scriptures into 500 languages and dialects.

They have reduced many strange tongues to writing and have created a literature for whole races, producing annually a vast amount of good reading in the shape of books, hymnals, and papers for all ages.

They have transformed the people of the Fiji Islands, Melanesia, and other island groups from cannibals to civilized beings.

They have been the main agent in the extraordinary awakening of the people of China by which, turning their backs on the history of 4,000 years, they have adopted Western ideas in government, education, and commerce, and are showing an amazing readiness to receive the gospel of Christ.

They have started a movement in Korea which is going forward with such unparalleled rapidity that the nation bids fair to become Christianized within a generation.

The victories of the past and the opportunities of the present constitute a sublime challenge to the Church for the conquest of the remaining strongholds of Islam and paganism. Such considerations as these should convince the people of our churches that we are indeed living in a new era of missionary work and that the hour of Christianity has struck for the non-Christian world.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

A hard theology may be bad, but a soft theology is worse. If the one chastised us with whips, the other chastises us with scorpions. The preacher should cater to no feeling, however attractive, which is not the off-spring of truth, and the servant of duty. American preaching needs to be saturated with the conviction that justice is sacred, inevitable and unfailing. Those who seek to conceal this issue are not the friends of God or of man.—*J. Parks Cadman.*

THE LAMPS OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

PROFESSOR ALBERT R. CRANDALL

IV

Truth

The question of Pilate, "What is the truth?" was not necessarily a cynicism by intent. He was impressed by the personality before him, but there was not in Roman culture that which gave to him a conception of the real character and purpose of the Founder of a spiritual kingdom. He realized that the truth of which this awe-inspiring prisoner spoke, was alien to the thought of the Roman world; as indeed it is largely alien to the thought of the pagan world of today.

It is true that conceptions of a creator to whom man's estate and destiny was in some way linked, had been voiced in earlier civilizations, but only descendants of Abraham as a people had as a guide in literature and in modes of thought a body of truth that could be a forerunner and an exponent of the truths that were taught, exemplified and enthroned in a kingdom of truth unfolding; by the life and teachings of the blindly rejected Christ.

Truth in the higher sense is the sum of true relations to Divine thought for well-being—a spiritual kingdom in which the ultimate of good in all the realms of man's world life is to be the final result by the evolution of Christian character. This view of the truth is the basis of all of the Christian virtues; elements of unequal rank in the physical, mental, moral and spiritual realms of human experience, but essentials in the unity of truth.

Truthfulness in common things, as related to truth in the higher sense, is a logical requirement of religious character, just as reverence for laudable attainment is a logical requirement of reverence for Creative wisdom, or as obedience in human relations is the true sequence to the spirit of loyalty to Divine governance, or as faith in common relations grows out of the fruitage of faith in Divine provision for well-being.

Manhood in the making is an educational growth from the lessor to the greater meanings of character. Humanly speaking the antecedents of the man are written in the heritage and training of the child. It is not well that children irreverent in common relations are permitted, perhaps en-

couraged, to build for themselves a growing barrier to reverence as an element of Christian character. Children permitted to grow up with the habit of disobedience to parents, and to the better behests of social life, will find it an unequal life struggle to respond to an awakened desire for the obedience that is a saving element in Christian character; and faith, linked as it is with reverence, and the spirit of obedience by a conception of Creative fatherhood or Divine governance, can hardly be supposed to be consistent with either irreverence, disobedience or untruthfulness, as permitted to grow into the habits and predilections of youth; and yet good Christian people are not always more careful to cultivate in their children habits of reverence, obedience, faithfulness and truthfulness as leading the way to light-giving elements of character, than are worldly people as conventions for convenience in the existing social order.

Does the Christian world acknowledge the truth as a far-reaching provision for well-being, to be striven for through the never-failing ministrations of the Spirit of truth, that it may rise, step by step, above the weaknesses of human endeavor? Does the church as the school of Christianity give to its votaries, or to environment, that which is more potent for its membership than are the blandishments of the secular world? Or, in view of the present status, is the unfolding of the truth in its relation to human intelligence so uncertain as to make tradition and acquired habit the safeguard of the social order?

Such introspection should lead to a desire for a progressive knowledge and acceptance of the truth in all its phases in the Christian community, though in the world thought such a desire may seem only a disturbing element in the social order.

If Christ had said to Pilate, as he did to his disciples, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," it would have conveyed no conception of Divine truth to the Roman governor, as indeed it conveys very little of meaning to the worldling of today; and even in the church at large, that other question of Pontius Pilate, "What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?" does not find a full answering conception of the great body of truth, or of Divine thought for the good of humanity, of

which, though unspoken, Christ was the full representative.

The earth mission of the Savior was not limited in time, and the truth which he represented on the earth was not and is not that which could be measured by the human acceptance or the inspiration of any age past or present.

No thoughtful Christian could suppose that the present state of reverence, of obedience and of faith, is a measure of the Christ mission on the earth. No more could the present knowledge and acceptance be a measure of all truth which can be no less than creative thought for unity and well-being in all the realms of human experience. The life and teaching of Jesus was in perfect accord with truth in its eternal unity; but while offering the way for loyalty to the Divine embodiment of truth by conversion, or by being born again, he also taught that progress in a knowledge and acceptance of all truth must come through the leading of the Spirit of truth. Inspired ideals are to lead the way to larger conceptions of truth, or phases of the truth, and humanly speaking they are the only means of such growth; but while Divine guidance is readily seen in past time, it is too commonly forgotten that the promptings of the Spirit of truth in the present tense only, can guide the steps of progress to a larger acceptance of Divine government, or towards the ultimate realization of freedom through the truth.

In the world activities, the part of the Christian can not be assumed to be less than to defend the attained vantage ground of truth in community life, and to actively desire its larger acceptance in the common conditions of life. It is the part of the world spirit to stand out against the progress of truth as the basis of Divine governance, and for the perpetuation of surviving world agents of degeneracy.

However much this distinction is lost in the compromising conflicts between right and wrong in the world, this is the distinguishing line between the Christian and the worldling, as also between Christianity and the world motive. This also defines the warfare that runs through the ages, in which it is the duty of the soldier of the cross to contend against the never ceasing aggressions of evil, as well as for larger conformity to the truth; the way of true freedom for humanity.

Ideally this warfare is along one and the same line of purpose and endeavor; but as yet this has not become the common standard of Christian warfare; and the great body of church people are, in practice, satisfied with the present vantage of truth, formally maintained as the heritage of the past; with a zeal that blinds to the need of a continued leadership of the Spirit of truth.

It is important therefore to see and to teach, that the prophet idealists have ample reason for impatience with the complacency of our day, since it does not so much as present an unbroken line of defense against the manifold aggressions of evil in the social world; and they must needs give the larger part of their energies, as did the prophets of old, to staying a tendency to the degeneracy of indifference to known duty, on the part of so many who apparently have not been taught that loyalty to the truth is the meaning of conversion.

This is not saying that also in our time there is no reason for charity for the seeming blindness of the great body of the soldiers of the cross to the need of progressive reforms; for, as with advancing civilization, in the great unrest of today, the bond of co-operation against the ambition of monarchism, and the prostitution of power to terrorism, is not the spirit of loyalty to national righteousness, but a stand against a tendency to a degeneracy that menaces the acquired standard of modern civilization; so in the progress of Christianity, the maintenance of the truth up to the present attainment presents a world field of unrest in which the conflicts, all along the line, may seem to many to be more real and more important than any present call for the acceptance of larger claims of the truth.

That truth and error must clash in the progress of civilization, is readily seen; but that successive generations of men have not observed the line of demarkation between them, and have not, for the common good, earnestly sought to avoid the tendencies that grow out of evasions of truth in social and national life, is not the fruitage of Christian ethics. Paganism at its best carries with it the germs of degeneracy. The Dark Ages were its fruitage. That Christianity has risen in increasing power out of such national degeneracy

with its depths of wretchedness is the hope of peace on earth and good will to men. The survival of paganism in modern civilization is still a barrier to the realization of this hope, as we know now full well, without perceiving in how many ways this survival is given the right of way in national and social life.

Does the Christian world know as well, that ideals leading out to rightness and peace on earth do not arise from pagan literature, from the egoisms of philosophy, or from attainments in world arts and sciences, objects of organized world education, and only from God's ample provision for human well-being? Or, do Christian people simply hope that the growth of Hunism of our times will be checked by the valor of its intended victims and that the onflowing current of predominant secular culture will not develop other centers of world ambition and other lessons of retributive Providence?

Such a hope is not consistent with the desire for peace and freedom through the truth.

WE MUST DO EVEN MORE

FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Three months have passed since Lord Rhondda sent his emergency call to America for wheat. According to the cablegram sent the 25th of January a minimum of 75,000,000 bushels of wheat was called for, over and above the amount already exported to January 1. If this was not supplied, the British Food Controller announced, he could not be responsible for the consequences.

Every one knows what the result of that call has been. No task has ever been so generally undertaken as was this by the rank and file of the American people. Depending upon the support of the people the Food Administration answered Lord Rhondda's cablegram as follows:

"We will export grain that the American people save from their normal consumption. We believe our people will not fail to meet the emergency."

The cry of need from across the water, raised in behalf of the French, English, and Italian governments, was like an electric current in millions of American homes. Even more drastic conservation was put

into effect in the homes. The fifty-fifty rule—an equal amount of substitutes for every unit of flour sold by the retail trade—was instituted. Surveys were made of the wheat in the hands of the farmers..

Many consumers have gone beyond even the most that the Government has asked. In some States whole communities adopted the idea of total abstinence. Whole sections of the country have "gone wheatless." We now find 325 Federal, district, county, and local food administrators meeting in conference and pledging 5,000,000 Texans to total abstinence. From New York spreads the idea of volunteer rationing on the part of the well-to-do.

Wheat conservation has had to fight against many odds. Nature was not kind at first. Transportation was held up. Much of the corn upon which we depended for wheat substitutes went soft. And it took time to adjust the mills to the grinding of corn meal and corn flour in the greatly increased quantities.

Against all odds, conservation won the day. By March 1 the increased supplies began to flow to the allies. Not as rapidly as we would wish, and yet more rapidly than might have been expected. We sent in March 11,500,000 bushels of wheat to the western allies. This was more than five times as much as had been sent the preceding March, when fear of submarines had kept the shipments down.

Backed by the good will of the people, the eight milling districts of the country are now delivering week by week a certain settled percentage of their output to the seaboard for shipment to the allies. The percentage, which varies somewhat as to milling districts but which is substantially large in all, is a tribute to the ability of the American people to save.

This is a report of progress. We are saving. But the pinch is not over. The supply in the bins is rapidly running down. We have shown what we can do.

THE POTATO LINE

Draw a line across the northern portion of the United States, through the States of Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Colorado. These States constitute the potato centers of the Nation. From these radiate a great proportion of the two thousand odd cars which go out week by week laden with potatoes. In the early spring

there is competition from the far South when early new potatoes come in. But this hardly amounts to more than 25 per cent of the total at any time.

Though potato production is centered in spots on this potato line, consumption is spread all over the map of the United States. When it comes to providing the people of the United States with tubers, aside from local production, the mass of the movement is from this line to the uttermost places of the country.

While potatoes are among the more staple perishables (their transportation is subject to a great many difficulties. In the winter they demand refrigerator cars; they are subject to frost. Last winter the wholesale price of potatoes ran up to \$2.60 a hundredweight because of the difficulty of transport through the bizzards.

When spring came transit eased. But with warm weather came other dangers. A car of sprouting potatoes rapidly deteriorates. And in the early spring the farmer is often disposed to feed his old potatoes to the pigs rather than take them to market.

Today potatoes are in the firing line. They are substitutes for wheat. Like corn they are an American crop of which we have a great supply to put in the place of cereal of which our supply is limited. It was necessary to get the potatoes to flow from the potato line to the consumers.

Early in April the shippers' price of potatoes was 90 cents a hundredweight, too low a figure to draw out the stores from the farmers. The wholesalers' price at that time was \$1.44 a hundredweight. And in the week ending April 6 the shipments of potatoes on the potato line aggregated only 1,825 cars.

Two weeks later, on April 20, a slight but healthy increase in price had set in. The shippers' price was \$1.07 a hundredweight and the wholesalers' price was \$1.60 a hundredweight. And for the week ending April 20 the shipments aggregated 2,925 carloads.

Since April 20 there has been a slight recession in price. But the shipments and the consumption are increasing.

In food value in relation to cost potatoes stand very near to bread, nearer than butter, beans, oleomargarine, prunes, or other food commodities which stand near potatoes in economy and food value.

Germany long ago learned to use potatoes as war food. Every American who eats potatoes instead of wheat bread is placing potatoes in the battle line.

SOME WEAK POINTS IN THE CHURCH: A BRITISH SYMPOSIUM

SOME time ago "The New Magazine" of London, England, published a symposium on "The Shortcomings of the Church." "The Guardian" of London reviewed this symposium very carefully and invited several distinguished leaders in the Anglican Church to state with utmost plainness what, to their minds, was the chief weakness of the Church and what were the most needed remedies. I have been reading these articles with great interest and I wish they might be reprinted for American readers. Perhaps I can give the substance of some of them on this page. But first I should like to say a word about the symposium which called forth the articles by the Bishop of Edinburgh and others.

The greater number of letters in the symposium call for more "real religion." They mean by that a deepened, quickened religious sense, prayer, spirituality, a belief in something besides economics, the sense of God in daily life. The next point receiving most attention is morality. Churchmen should be conspicuous above all others, "able to be spotted" one letter puts it, for their absolute honesty, fearless courage, good will, beneficence, love and charity. It is not so, and this weakens the Church. The third source of weakness given by many of these letters is certain scandalous things in the Church itself, such as the sale of livings, the abuse of patronage, pew rents, unworthy incumbents who neglect their work, sweating of underpaid clergy—such things as these. If the Church would exert any great influence on the world it must first put its own house in order, is the burden of these letters.

Turning to the contributions to "The Guardian" based on the above symposium, the first is from the Bishop of Edinburgh. He declares that at present the Church of England service is not attractive to the masses. He even intimates that it bores them. Shortening of the services will not help. Making them free and spontaneous, rather than liturgical, is not the solution.

In the Free Churches the services are both short and free and they do not attract people any more than do the Anglican Churches. It is the lack of reality behind the liturgy, not the liturgy itself, that is the matter, thinks the bishop. The first note struck in the service is humiliation, but how many people feel any real humiliation when they say "there is no health in us?" The thing is to make our confession somehow express a real feeling. To do that the sense of sin has got to be awakened in our people. They say the confession now with no sense of sin. There is no reality in it. A smug, self-satisfied soul is no good at humiliation.

The Bishop then speaks of the hollowness of the worship and praise in the average church. It is formal, not partaking of reverent adoration. Of course it is a question which the Bishop does not consider, whether the average Anglo-Saxon man is capable of that spiritual exaltation which is natural to the Latin, the Slav and the Celt. It is a question whether the average audience of this race will ever look up the praise and worship part of the service as preliminary to the sermon. But the Bishop feels the lack of reverence and adoration in the worship and suggests that perhaps the sermon ought to come earlier in the service, that it might prepare the people to praise God, might quicken in them the emotions of worship. The Bishop questions the advisability of the present hard and fast system of Scripture lessons and the Psalms. He would drop some services, but would emphasize the eucharist more than it is at present. But above all he would have more instruction in the Church. There is not nearly enough of that. The young people should be instructed over long periods in Christianity itself and all that pertains to the service of the Church, in which they take part every Sunday.

When one turns to the paper by Principal Phillips of Litchfield he finds that the trouble is not with the Church, its worship, its creeds, and its ancient liturgy—it is with the clergy. And the fact that the clergy are deficient in conspicuous qualities for leadership is not their own fault, but that of the theological schools. Many of the seminaries are on a low intellectual level and make no attempt really to teach men to write and think. Neither is the student properly trained in the sub-

jects and problems with which he will have to deal. Principal Phillips thinks that what the Church needs is *men, leaders*, and the divinity school must make them. He says the course must be lengthened, theology must be taught in its relation to the great thought movements of the day. The minister ought to be able to discuss Mr. Wells and Sir Oliver Lodge before a congregation that is reading them. The minister should receive infinitely more training in the psychology of the soul and depths of human nature. He should understand the soul to which he is to minister. Principal Phillips does not have much to say about the training of the clergy in dealing with the great social problems, and evidently has the parish priest more in mind. One very interesting thing he does suggest—namely, that the clergy be drawn from all classes. Money should be provided so that great numbers of the clergy could be drawn from the working classes. The Anglican Church needs a more democratic ministry, he thinks. (The ministry in the Anglican Church has been largely recruited from the upper classes.)

There are other articles to which I may return in a later issue.—*Frederick Lynch, in Christian Work.*

ARE YOU COMING TO CONFERENCE?

Nortonville is hoping you will but is not content with simply hoping. They want to *know* what you really *plan* to do.

These are not normal times. All must conserve. We want to for the denomination and nation. We are just as hospitable here as ever, but we feel that it is a denominational and patriotic duty for you to let us know *early*, if you plan to come. We want to plan wisely and provide for your needs and comfort in every possible way, and you are aware that we can do that much better, if we could know immediately the approximate number that will be here.

The pastor, or church clerk where there is no pastor, will be expected to respond immediately and as often as necessary to keep us informed as to delegates.

Send all communications to Mrs. Herbert Cadwell, Nortonville, Kan.

MRS. HERBERT CADWELL,
MRS. CALVIN SNAY,
MRS. HENRY RING,
Reception Committee.

PLAN TO GO TO CONFERENCE

These are critical times in the religious life of the world and the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination needs *your* counsel and advice on the questions that will come before Conference this year.

A little handful of men and women should not settle the denominational policy for the coming year, or years, but such policies should be decided by a representative gathering from all over our land.

Don't sit back and "let George do it."

It's *your* job—and it is a job worthy the best there is in you.

Seventh Day Baptists have got to get a broad view of the world's need and plan wisely to meet it—or die.

Nortonville cordially invites you; your church, your country and your God need you. PLAN TO GO.

F. J. HUBBARD,
President.

GOD'S BENEDICTION HOUR

Blest twilight time, dear evening hour,
When all the earth is hushed to rest,
When wearied child and drooping flower
Alike recline on parent breast:
Blest eventide, 'tis then we know
That Christ is near to lift us higher,
And make our souls to feel the glow
Of true religion's holy fire.

The morning hour is pure and bright
With scented air from sun-kissed hill,
The noontide bursts with dazzling light
O'er wooded slope and rippling rill;
But when the evening shadows fall
We feel God's presence everywhere;
'Tis then we hear the Savior's call,
'Tis then we bow in earnest prayer.

Majestic hour of all the day,
When nature's voices whisper low,
When angels sing and mortals pray
To him who all our grief doth know;
Then may we lift our hearts to thee,
Then may we feel thy wondrous power,
Then may we all from sin be free,
At this, thy benediction hour.

—*Ralph Woodworth.*

SEMIANNUAL MEETING—NOTICE

The semiannual meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of Minnesota and northern Wisconsin will convene with the New Auburn, (Minn.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, June 21-23, 1918.

MRS. WALTER BOND,
Corresponding Secretary.

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER IV

(Continued)

TEN YEARS have passed, and young Wells is a sturdy lad full of life and play. Somehow he had a disposition quite different from his father's for he was rather quick-tempered and wilful. But the parents had taken that in hand at the very first. Patience and great firmness with demonstrative love had done much for the child to subdue the temper. He knew the very first year of his life that father meant just what he said and would carry out his plan. There were no goblins to frighten him into submission and no common parental lies about some one coming to take him if he did this or that; no constant telling "I'll punish you if you do this and that." Mr. and Mrs. Wells tried in a simple way to explain matters and make it plain to his little mind and then insist without further arguments upon obedience. And they were united in home government. The child soon found that if one said a thing, the other agreed. There was no running to one or the other for sympathy and relief when once one had spoken. He acquired little habits of industry and learned to do such things as he was capable of doing without excess or weariness. And father was always ready to play with him evenings or a moment any time when possible. There were little sports that put into exercise all the muscles of the body and limbs and deep breathing, horseback riding and sometimes boating on the river. At ten years he could swim in the Unadilla with his father and was now learning to dive under water.

Father wrestled with him, teaching him a few of the secrets of that art as far as Mr. Wells knew them, though they were not many. This companionship was constantly growing into deepest love and confidence. Perhaps Mr. Wells was wrong but he did not try to keep the boy wholly from seeing the evils of the world. He saw drunkenness and was carefully told how it came about and the terrible results. He once let the boy taste a little tobacco which was very quickly thrown away and then the boy was instructed as far as the father knew concerning the bad effects of that habit and was told how God made his body to be pure and clean from all such injurious

poison and that it did not make a boy a man to be slave to such a habit, rather it greatly injured him. Of course the neighbors scoffed at such nonsense as they viewed it in those days when men used tobacco and women even smoked pipes and took snuff.

The boy heard neighboring men and boys swear and the father explained to him the commandment against it and how God was displeased, and that the Creator was so kind and loving that it was an awful thing to speak his name as men did. A schoolboy had told him of a habit that was impure but in a way to make it seem right and in his childish confidence he asked his father about it and was told "in the nick of time" the fearful dangers and how to avoid the evil, that he might be strong and healthy and clean before God and men. The mother did not coddle him unnecessarily though she was affectionate and most tender. When he fell and hurt himself he was helped to be able to bravely bear the pain without excessive crying.

And thus the years passed, the father and mother giving themselves almost wholly to the discipline and well-being of the child. Of course they visited the neighbors, went to church, though irregularly, took part in the business activities of the times, received company, and did the things men and women of those days did in subduing the wilderness as it were, clearing off land and improving their homes. A reasonably good frame house had taken the place of the log house and some better furniture had accumulated.

"Walter, have you your arithmetic lesson for tomorrow?" asked his father one evening as he had often asked.

"No, I have not looked at it yet and it is a hard one. I want you or mother to help me," replied Walter.

"Well, you know that I can't help you very much. Mother is better at figures and you have come to that part of fractions where I am lame. Mother, you help the boy."

Now it must be admitted that the boy had done so well in most things that the parents began to be a little careless in other things. They had been giving attention to his education in self-reliance and independence in other matters and had of late forgotten that in school he needed training along that line and so Mrs. Wells had fallen into the habit of helping him in

study. They had been bragging of his high marks in school the past two months but had overlooked the fact that it was because of their work and not his, and that he was soon to fall down and have a harder time in regaining his real standing with the teacher.

Over-assistance is injurious and Walter now came to a place in his books where he found himself unable to keep up with some of the other scholars and was demanding more and more of his mother. Her good intentions were leading him to dishonest work and an exaggerated opinion of his real ability. It was also taking away from him the spirit of independence which ought to have been acquired. The teacher had been to blame also and careless in accepting the boy's work which now did not bear the stamp of his own efforts. The mother was too much in partnership and the boy more a "silent partner."

One day Walter had seemed to have an unusually good lesson while the rest of the class had not done as well as usual. To stimulate the rest she complimented Walter and held up his work before the class as excellent. A visitor was at school and the teacher thought to "show off" a little, and so she told Walter to go to the board, leaving his book in his seat, and work for the visitor the problem. After several efforts he was obliged to give it up a failure.

"Then how did you do the problem before you came to class?" asked the teacher.

"Mother worked it for me and I was in a hurry and copied it," he replied in shame.

The teacher at once went to the blackboard and wrote in large letters:

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL,
and Walter was marked way down low both in recitation and deportment. She even refused to let him take his book home that afternoon. The boys sneered at him and called him a thief and an "apron-string kid" and he went home crying and ashamed.

"What is the matter, dear child?" asked his mother.

He told her what had happened and at first Mrs. Wells was most indignant and told her husband that he must go the next day and see the teacher. He declined until the boy had had a chance to redeem himself at school, but he did have Mrs. Wells write a note to the teacher which brought this reply.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. WELLS: Walter is a good boy in most respects, but of late he has fallen behind the rest and I could not see into it. I have discovered the mistake. Both you and I are to blame, more to blame than Walter. I ought to have refused his work as soon as I found that he was depending too much upon you and explained it to him. You have erred also in that you have robbed the boy of independence in your over-anxiety to have him stand high. There is an educational value in a certain amount of home work honestly done. I wish most parents would take time to encourage the scholars and inquire into their school work. But do not do the child's work for him. Explain principles and get him familiar with them. The object of all home work should be to assist him to acquire the habit of self-reliance and independence in his researches; to drill him in the work he has already done at school and review his work; to thus save him time in school hours. And all this unites parents and teachers. His home work should be honest study, as far as time is allotted him, to prepare for class, recitation and also to help him realize or rather to utilize what he has already learned. I am sure that after this we will have no more trouble with the boy. I'm sorry for his public exposure that has caused the boys in school to insult him the way they have and I'll try to stop it.

"Sincerely yours,
"TEACHER."

"This explains it all," said Mr. Wells, "and the teacher is right. But the teacher is wrong in one thing, I observe: she assigns too great a quantity of one study to the exclusion of another, and Walter is overloaded with arithmetic and hence geography and spelling suffer in consequence. Parents should notify, kindly, teachers of this common fault. We will now have a time and place for such home work as can be honestly done. I wonder if the teacher has a care for their recess plays or lets them roam about aimlessly. That is as important as class work. Walter, do the scholars play fair when at play?"

"Why, I think so, though sometimes Bill Richards tries to be smart," said Walter.

"I think parents should know all about the children's play," said Mr. Wells, "as well as the class work. Are you out in the

open air then or still hived up in the school-room?"

"The teacher just drives us out and she opens all the windows and doors while we are out at play."

"That is good. She is in advance of the times as a teacher. I'll vote at next school meeting to hire her next year and also advance her wages, though I know that two families especially will oppose her on account of her making their girls obey and not letting them flirt with boys so much, to the neglect of lessons. They are ungainly girls anyway, but what can you expect? Their mother is their pattern and not a very good one."

"What are your plays, Walter?" asked the mother.

"Oh, prisoner's base, cross tag, pussy-wants-a-corner, yard sheep, dickey's land, ball, and then we try stunts of all kinds. The teacher joins with us in some of these and, oh jolly! she tore her dress yesterday at it. But she just laughed and had needle and thread in her desk all ready to mend it. My, but her cheeks were red! say, she is a fine one and I came near knocking down Bill Richards the other day for insulting her. He has too much tongue altogether," said Walter with gusto.

"Why, Walter! would you strike a playmate or any one?" And the mother looked alarmed.

"Well, I reckon I might if it was called for. I did throw him down one day and held him until he begged," said the boy.

"You held him down! Why, he is three years older than you and weighs more. Aren't you bragging a little?" asked his father.

"Why, father, have you not taught me some stunts in wrestling that Bill does not know? I can handle almost all boys in school, I don't care how big they are. I am quick and while they are fooling around thinking what to do. I have done it. That's easy," answered the boy proudly.

"Well, I do not want you in any fights, my boy," said Mr. Wells.

"I don't fight over ordinary troubles, father, but when some of those bullies get smart and try to bulldoze the smaller ones, then I take a hand in the argument. Wouldn't you, father?" And Walter was honest.

"Maybe I would, my boy, in self-defense and to see that my fellow playmate had

justice. But be careful and not get angry when you have a tilt with them. Keep sweet. That is half the battle and gives you the advantage."

Some weeks after this Mr. Wells said to his wife: "Is not Walter getting somewhat fickle of late? Why, he is having a dozen different occupations in view when he is a man. One day he said he was going to be a gardener. He had seen a man at Leonardsville making a fine garden and of course that was what he wanted to do. Then again he visited the sawmill and, sure, he was going to be a sawyer like Mr. Hemphill. Then he changed his mind and was going to be a policeman, having heard some men tell something about the police in Utica. He said he would keep order there. And yesterday he had forgotten all his former vocations and was going to be a banker after he went with me to the West Winfield bank. Seems to me he'd better stop dreaming like that or he will not amount to anything anywhere."

"Why, Konrad, don't you know that the child's early interest in affairs leads him to want an active part in life, and children are so imitative. There is more than interest and curiosity in all this. He wishes to do; to become a real part of life itself. Of course the boy does not know yet what he can do better than anything else. That seems not to have come to him, as it did to that boy who you said was making cob houses all the time. The wish to do what he sees others do shows that he has powers that some day will be exercised; it is the result of healthy and proper childhood. I'm glad to see him have such ambitions. Don't worry at all over that; don't discourage him by saying, 'Oh, you can never do that'; or 'That is not what papa wants you to do.' Ask him what it is to do all these things and what results will follow. Ask him if he saw *how* they were done and for what purpose. Let him be interested in them. Sakes, when I was a girl I had more ambitions and more plans than you can shake a stick at. I was going to make cakes just like mother and go to town and sell them. I was after that going to be a dressmaker, then a tailoress, and then a teacher, and even once thought of being a minister until I was laughed out of the notion. They said I'd have to turn Quakeress if I preached, and my father was not very much struck on Quakers just then,

I don't know why. Some personal prejudices. But to cap the climax, I concluded one day that I'd be a governor's wife and have twelve children and servants galore."

"Ha! ha! and after all married a poor farmer who can't compute interest. You did have a comedown." And he laughed heartily.

"I do not think it was any 'comedown'," she said. "I'd rather be Mrs. Wells and have Walter than live in Albany with six terms for my husband." And she laid a hand on her husband's shoulder and invited a kiss.

"We are happy here, Eunice, and kings and governors can envy us. But wait for the grandson."

And they waited.

Walter is twenty years old now. He had gone as far in school as he could in the district and there was a select school started in Leonardsville to which he had gone one season. It was decided that he could go still another year and that would bring him up pretty well in mathematics and some of the other advanced studies. He also would study bookkeeping and penmanship. He was a good singer and the church chorister had urged him to come into the choir and sing tenor. The chorister had taught singing schools some and been in the choir as leader twenty years and it was decided to have schools twice a week, evenings, as quite a number of boys and girls and young men and women were anxious for the training. This was a great opportunity, thought Mr. Wells, and so everything was arranged for it. Walter would take his dinners to the select school and on the evenings for singing he would stay down, but come home at the close. He usually walked, but on singing-school nights he rode horseback.

It was great fun and they were to give a concert at the end of the term. Being in the choir made him now regular at church and it also was the cause of the parents attending more regularly. While a young man of prayer at home and a reader of the Bible, Walter had not yet made a profession of religion.

"We must surely be at church next Sabbath," said Mr. Wells one day, "for Elder William B. Maxson is to be there and preach. I used to hear him when I was

younger and he was pastor here. He is a great man and has had a wonderful experience. They say he was once a very rough man but after conversion became a power for good. He is the grandson of the Rev. William Bliss, of the Newport, (R. I.) Church and a great-grandson of Governor Richard Ward of Rhode Island. He has been a home missionary among the Jews; is also a physician, having practiced; has been an editor of the Seventh Day Baptist Magazine, and written some books. I want you to hear him, Walter.*

The result of this meeting was the public confession of Christ by Walter, though in his testimony he said that he could not speak of any special change in his feelings or life for he had always believed in Christ and had always prayed and studied the Word of God and accepted it. But old Henry Reynolds thought that he was not and could not be converted until he could tell the minute and hour of conversion and feel that he had had a remarkable experience, "For," said Brother Reynolds, "I was under an apple tree when I first saw my sins and repented and was given peace and I shall never forget the day or hour. One must undergo a most radical change," he positively affirmed.

"But, Brother Reynolds," said the pastor, "Brother Wells' experience is just like mine and many others' who gradually grow into the kingdom. He had no great outbreking crimes to repent of, he has been truly a child of God all his life but has neglected to tell the world of it until now. We must not discourage him or others by demanding that their experiences shall be just like ours."

The church received him by vote and he was baptized into the church. Of course it was a happy day for all and soon he was active and helpful as far as able. He was looked to as a future deacon of the church.

The singing schools continued and the select school was doing great things for him. Olive Babcock was teacher and most capable and she was much interested in Walter, often visiting his home and entering into his ambitions and plans for the future. In after years he said that his teacher had much to do with his formation of a yet stronger character.

(To be continued)

*Rev. William B. Maxson died at Leonardsville, N. Y., October 20, 1863.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

FOX-FIRE

"O-o-oh! And that big one over there is a mountain lion I just know!"

Marjory was startled at the sound of this voice above her in the darkness. She had not known there was a person within a mile. But as she listened she heard:

"Yes, and there are two wildcats over there!" She recognized the voice of one of the children of the mine superintendent.

So it was those children. She had never known them to be out in the dark on the mountain before. "Must be playing some game," she thought to herself, as they kept exclaiming as though they were seeing wild animals all about them.

As Marjory thought of the good times these children had together she felt herself very much alone. The time had been, and Marjory could remember it, too, when there were no people within a mile of her home. But that was before the coal mine had been opened up on the side of the mountain. Then there had been two rows of brown houses built down in the valley and mine workers came to live in them. There were children down there, but they were very rough in their play and Marjory, shy little Marjory of the Cumberlands, was afraid to play with them.

But there were the children of the mine superintendent and the bookkeeper. Their homes had been built upon the side of the hill near Marjory's plain little cottage and they played very nicely indeed. There were seven of them in all. The youngest was a boy of seven and the eldest a girl of fourteen. And such good times as they did have! Marjory was eleven and just right to play with them. Often and often she had watched them through the palings, but they had never asked her over to play.

Probably there were so many of them already that they never thought of asking another. Anyway they didn't, and Marjory had often been very lonely. This very day she had been feeling lonelier than ever and had gone away by herself up to the top of the mountain that lay back of her cabin. She was quite accustomed to the mountains and had her own

quaint manner of finding her way about in them, even in the darkest nights, so her people were never worried, though she lingered to catch the last faint glow of the sunset, and came home down the steep hill in the dark. Oh! Yes, there were dangerous places enough. There was a cliff not many rods from where the girl was seated. It was fifty feet to the bottom and straight up and down, but Marjory knew the mountain as some people know their own cozy rooms. Besides, were there not her beacon lights?

But as she sat there it seemed to her that the cries of the children above her grew wilder, more alarmed. Could it be after all that they were really frightened? Did they imagine they saw wild creatures in the gathering darkness? There were no wild creatures here, none larger than a squirrel or a wild turkey, at least; but these children were new to the mountains and perhaps they had been told some wild, untrue stories of the hills. Should she call to them and offer to help them down off the mountain? Even now there were black clouds in the west. It would be pitch dark before they could reach the valley. She was timid. She hesitated to speak, but suddenly she was made brave all at once.

"I guess we'd just better run right down the mountain," she heard the elder girl say in a trembling voice. "We'll get scratched, but we can't stay here."

"Scratched!" Marjory shivered. The cliff lay just before them. If they ran down that hillside they would be dashed to death on the rocks below. Suddenly she stood up straight and screamed at the top of her voice:

"Don't run down the hill! Don't do it! You'll be killed!"

For a tremulous moment the children were silent. Perhaps they were more frightened at a voice out of the darkness than they had been at anything else, but at last one of them said timidly:

"Who are you, please?"

"I'm Marjory Creech, the girl next door. Stay right still; I'm coming up."

In another moment she was with them.

"There are no wild animals in this mountain," she said quietly. "What made you think there were?"

"Don't you see their eyes?" said the

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL

CHAPTER XII

(Continued)

It was with a feeling of comfort and pleasure that they arrived at home, and it was a cheerful party that prepared and sat down to their evening meal.

"George," said Henry, "can you tell what one of the greatest stimulants to action that you know of is?"

"Twenty-one buffalos coming end ways toward one, singing as they come, so close that one can feel their breath and know that they are coming a little faster than he can possibly go," said George.

"And what is the greatest consolation in such a case?" asked Joe.

"That there is a safe rock near by," replied George.

"And," continued Joe, "in all of our lives, when about to be overwhelmed by evil, the Rock of refuge is always near and we can go to it and be safe."

"But, Joe, I did not know where to go, and if you had not remembered those rocks we would have been in a bad fix."

"Sure, George, but the rock was there just where we wanted it, as though it had been placed there ages ago for our especial benefit, and the Rock of our refuge is always where we can see it if we but look for it, and is always within reach."

"Well," said George, "I can outrun you anyway, for you will lose your hat and stop to get it."

"Always gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, and I thought that there was time enough, as it proved, and I would have felt very much ashamed to meet your mother if I had reached the rock and you had been one second too late."

"Well, Joe, I heartily join with you in returning thanks for the blessings that we enjoy, and I hope we will all reach the safe Rock."

The buffalo calf was heated up so much in catching and getting it to camp that for a time it was very doubtful about its living, but after two or three weeks it began to thrive and with plenty of eggs and milk soon grew large and strong, and when Henry took her in the wagon in October to take the long ride to Gladbrook, Iowa, she would weigh about three hundred pounds. For a while she was kept on the lariat but

elder girl, almost as frightened as ever. "Can't you see their eyes shine?"

Marjory looked for an instant, then, she burst forth into a laugh.

"See!" she said at last. "I will bring you one of that old mountain lion's eyes and you may see it for yourself."

She went quickly to the spot where the two dull balls of light were shining and, stooping, took one of them in her hand. She brought it and put it in the hand of the elder girl.

"See," she exclaimed, "fox-fire we call it; phosphorescent earth, I guess, is the right name."

The children understood in a moment that they had made the strange mistake of taking the glowing bits of earth for the eyes of wild animals. Then they all had a good laugh.

"If you had tried running down the mountain you would have been dashed to death over the cliff which is only a short distance away," said Marjory solemnly.

"Oh!" said the larger girl, beginning to be frightened again, "must we stay on the mountain all night? And it is going to rain!"

"Oh, no," laughed Marjory. "Follow me and I'll show you how to make fox-fire your friend."

Then she slowly picked her way around the cliff toward the valley below, pointing as she did so to this little group of glowing fox-fires and that little patch, and explaining how they were the little glowing lights that guided her safely down the steep mountain-side. The other children were quite sober as they descended, but when at last they were at their own door just before the storm broke, the elder girl, turning to Marjory, said:

"You are a very kind girl. I think my mother would call you wonderful, too. Won't you come and play with us some time?"

"Indeed, I shall be glad to," said Marjory, as she prepared to run home, her heart bubbling over with joy with anticipation of the good times that were in store for her in the days to come.—Roy J. Snell, in the *Congregationalist and Advance*.

"A true epistle of Christ is not written in invisible ink, and then sealed up, but it is known and read of all men."

soon she became so gentle that she was given free range only being tied up when both of the men were going away. She would follow like a dog and was as playful.

Emigration had come in very rapidly and most of the land was taken up by homesteaders. Bible schools were started. One day while Joe was staying with Mr. McCullum, he was with a group of men at the postoffice waiting for the mail to come when little Maggie, who had been sick, came to where they were and invited each one separately to come to her grandmother's home on Sunday at ten o'clock to organize a Bible school. There were seven or eight men in the group. Each man, till she came to Joe who was the last one, gave a cool refusal. Joe said, "I will be there, Maggie."

When Maggie was gone, one man remarked, "God has not got across the Missouri River yet and I hope he won't for one while."

Another said, "You fellows come to my house and we will have a game of cards."

Joe went and assisted in the organizing of the school, I think the first in Webster County, though one was organized at Red Cloud about the same time. There was no other man present to help start the school.

Later in the season a school was organized to the north of them and another three or four miles west. One was held in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon. The three boys attended both of these schools.

Every one about them knew that Henry and Joe did not regard Sunday as a Sabbath and many asked the reason why, and the answer was always ready. They believed the Bible and were willing to take a work day to encourage the study of it.

Joe received word from the surveyor that he and Captain M. wished him to go with a party to survey a road both north and south, and east and west through the county. Joe went to the place appointed and told the commissioner, Captain M., and the surveyor that he could not go with them.

"But why?" asked Captain M.

"You know," replied Joe, "that I do not work on Sabbath Day—the day you call Saturday."

"We can get along without that," said the surveyor.

"I will take the chain myself if need be," said Captain M. "You will not have to work on your Sabbath."

"With that understanding I will go," answered Joe.

"I want you for head chainman," said Captain M.

The surveying party began at Red Cloud and went north to the line of the county, then returned to Red Cloud and went south to the Kansas line. The weather was warm and the chainmen's shoes were uncomfortable, so they removed them, putting them in the wagon and going barefoot. When they reached the Republican River bottom they came into a prairie dog town. Joe was following the surveyor and keeping an eye on the flagman so as to go in a straight course. He had just drawn a tally pin and held it poised by the point (the pin was made of a musket ramrod) when he heard a familiar sound near his feet, and looking down saw a large rattlesnake in coil fourteen inches from his right foot. Its head was fully eighteen inches from the ground in the act of striking. It needed no extra motion. As that pin came down, the heavy ring came on the serpent's head, straightening it out with a broken neck. It was four feet and a half long and had fourteen rattles. Joe did not forget to see where he was walking while in that dog town.

Two Sabbaths had passed and all had been pleasant and agreeable. On Sixth-day before the third Sabbath after the party had started, the camp was made six miles from Joe's home and after the day's work was done he said to Captain M., "I will not stay for supper, I am going home tonight and will be with you on Monday morning."

The surveyor said, "You will have to stay and work tomorrow," and Captain M. added, "Yes, we are two hands short now and we can not get along without you."

"I will stop and ask one of the Stephen boys to come and work in my place tomorrow. You both know that the agreement was that I was not to work on Sabbath Day," said Joe.

"You can't go," replied the surveyor, "I don't want a new hand with the chain."

"Gentlemen, you understood before we started that I was not to work on the Sabbath, and I will not, I am going home," said Joe.

"Well," replied Captain M. "If you will go, stop and ask Aaron Stephen to come and work tomorrow, and if he can't come you come back."

Aaron Stephen told Joe he would be at the camp of the surveying party on time and help the following day.

Monday morning Henry was going to Red Cloud, and Joe could ride to the camp. As they came to the camp a few moments before time for the party to start for the day's work, Joe saw that a new man was holding the chain ready to go to work as head chainman. He got out of the wagon and went to where Captain M. and the surveyor were both standing and asked if they had plenty of help and both answered, "Yes, we have plenty of help." Joe said, "All right," stepped back to the wagon, took his place on the spring seat with Henry and together they went to town and returned home to their work.

Joe always thought it was a put-up plan between the surveyor and the commissioner to try to make him work on the Sabbath, but as it did not work they let him out of the job of the road survey which only lasted three days longer. However the surveyor was the cause of Joe's being appointed appraiser of school land of Webster County, which gave him twenty-seven days' work. In Nebraska there are two sections in each township reserved for school land, Sections 16 and 36. These had to be surveyed and appraised in 40-acre tracts. Joe was secretary of the appraisers and the other two appraisers agreed that Joe was not to do any business on the Sabbath unless there was a disagreement between them, and that never happened.

(To be continued)

Hercules was once going along a narrow road, when an ugly and fierce animal met him. He struck it with his club and passed on. Soon the same animal met him, fiercer than before, and three times as long as before. Hercules struck it fast and furiously, but the harder and oftener he struck, the bigger and more furious grew the monster, till it completely blocked the road. Then Pallas appeared to Hercules and warned him to stop. "The monster's name is Strife," she said. Let it alone, and it will soon become as small as it was at first."—Legend.

EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

Regular quarterly meeting, May 12, 1918.

Prayer was offered by Pastor Goff. J. N. Norwood was chosen Secretary pro tem.

The Treasurer's report was read by the Treasurer, P. E. Titsworth, and on motion was adopted, as given below.

The Treasurer was authorized to pay the following sums to the parties named, viz:

- Afred University\$212.59
- Alfred Theological Seminary 455.64
- A. U. Special Betterment fund to principal 1.20

The Treasurer reported efforts to collect interest arrearages.

J. N. Norwood, acting Corresponding Secretary, reported a Conference program for the Nortonville (Kan.) meeting.

Voted that J. N. Norwood, Corresponding Secretary, be our representative to the Eastern Association at Shiloh; P. E. Titsworth to the Central; and B. C. Davis to the Western.

Voted that F. L. Greene, Recording Secretary, have an order for \$1.50 for extra postage.

Adjourned.

W. C. WHITFORD, President, J. N. NORWOOD, Secretary pro tem.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Third Quarter, 63d Year—February 1, 1918, to May 1, 1918

I. Revenue and Expenditure

<i>Dr.</i>	
<i>Balances, February 1, 1918:</i>	
Alfred University Fund	\$ 69 99
Alfred Theological Seminary Fund	746 47
Alfred University, Natural History Fund	3 61
Salem College Fund	3 61
Young Men Preparing for the Ministry Fund ..	1 81
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund	1 63
Special Betterment Fund for Alfred University	2 09
<i>Interest:</i>	
<i>Bonds:</i>	
Dominion of Canada	\$ 75 00
Imperial Japanese	87 66
Seattle & Ranier Valley R. R. Co.	77 09
<hr/>	
239 75	
<i>Mortgages:</i>	
W. C. Belcher Land Mortgage Co. \$108 00	
Alfred Stillman	85 00
<hr/>	
193 00	
<i>Stocks:</i>	
F. A. Owen Publishing Company..	11 25
<i>Seminaries:</i>	
E. L. Babcock Estate	\$ 52 77
G. W. Hills	4 50
Paul P. Lyon	15 00
<hr/>	
72 27	
<i>Contributions:</i>	
<i>Churches:</i>	
First Alfred, N. Y.	\$ 11 02

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

THE GOOD AND EVIL OF DENOMINATIONISM

REV. GEORGE C. TENNEY

The question as to the advantages or disadvantages attending and accruing from the division of the Christian church into sects and denominations has been freely and abundantly discussed, and often by those who could see but one side to the question. There are those who can see no possible good to come from such a condition, to whom it is only an omen of evil; while others will argue with equal warmth that it is a providential provision for human diversity, affording to every one those religious affinities for which he naturally longs.

The rule which the Savior gave in reference to judging teachers may be applied to this question—"By their fruits ye shall know them." It is probably unwise to pass a sweeping judgment in this matter in either one direction or the other. Good may come from such a division of the fold of Christ, and it is sure that evils may come from it, and this we know, for we have all seen it. That our race is divided into sections and nationalities is not altogether detrimental to the interests of humanity. Diversity of color, of education, of customs, and of opinions on subjects of minor importance is not necessarily a calamity, and any inconvenience that may attend diversity of language, as well as all other differences, are easily overlooked and forgotten where the spirit of brotherly relations exist, where there are recognized the relations of mutual interests and dependence, and the possibilities of mutual helpfulness.

That birds are not all "of a feather," that flowers are not all of the same color and shape and perfume, is no fault in nature. That the various instruments in an orchestra are not all exactly alike in shape and sound is no matter of criticism or regret. It is only when there is lack of harmonious adjustment and manipulation that we feel grieved and outraged by diversity. Look where we will in all God's manifold

works, and it seems as though he never made two objects exactly alike. Even things of the same class differ one from another, and each maintains what we call its individuality. A separate life is granted to each leaf, flower and to each petal. Each cell of our bodies is a distinct creation with an independent life and function. And these are divided and classified in many departments and forms, but all working for a common purpose, the good of the whole body.

Unity in diversity is God's idea of arrangement. His thought of harmony is seen in the perfect blending of a thousand melodies into a grand chorus of praise. In this great chorus each one gives voice to his own sentiments, he simply outspeaks the feelings and emotions of his own heart. But the keynote is love and gratitude to God, and the theme is "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

Taking up the consideration of the question raised at the beginning of this article from this viewpoint, we see that in its legitimate sphere denominationalism is but the expression of peculiar views of the truth as they have appeared to different individuals; and those having similar views have "flocked together." This it is but natural they should do and who can deny to any the right and privilege to do this. It is an inalienable right, a God-given privilege, and therefore can not *per se* be wrong. The holding of definite opinions upon Scriptural doctrines and truths, so far from being reprehensible, is absolutely essential to the development and entertainment of a strong and positive Christian experience. What the frame is to the building, what the skeleton is to the body, a well-defined and well-maintained system of dogmatic truth is to Christian character.

This is, however, wholly a personal matter, a matter of choice and intelligence with each individual. A man does not choose whether he will be born an Irishman or an American. That is decided for him. He can not even nominate the color of his hair or eyes. That is determined before he has any voice in the matter. In India he can not choose his position in society; that also is determined ages before he was born. A blackbird could not be a robin in any possible way.

But morally, religiously, and spiritually,

THE UPPER AND LOWER TRAILS

The journey of life must be made by all, but not all go by the same way. Some follow the trail which leads down the valley, along the crystal stream and through the fruitful meadows. Here one may hear the songs of the birds and breathe the fragrance of the flowers. Great spreading trees shelter the pilgrims from the burning sun and the blinding storm. The trail is wide and smooth and the journey goes along like a happy song. Many small byways lead to the higher grounds, but few of the pilgrims leave the lower trail. The little byways are too rough and steep and the pilgrims do not care to leave the crystal stream and the singing birds. Their feet are too tender and their hearts too weak to climb the rocky steep; so they go singing along the lower trail—through the fruitful meadows, with careless hearts—the trail that is leading down.

Others go by the upper trail which leads along the hills. The upper trail is narrow and often rough, and there are precipices and rocky steeps. There are springs of crystal water and little sheltered nooks, but the journey is long between. Those who go by this trail must endure the rays of the noonday sun and brave the sweeping storm. There are not always fruitful fields, and the way is rough and hard, and many of the tired pilgrims take the little bypaths leading down to the lower trail.

But those who follow the upper trail, ascend higher and higher until they gain the heights. Their eyes behold a grander vision. They breathe an atmosphere more pure. Their hearts are filled with vigor and their muscles are strong from struggle. Every step brings them nearer to the heights and to God. Soon they hear the voice saying, "These are they which have come out of great tribulation." They followed the upper trail.—*Oscar C. Dean, in Lutheran Observer.*

The general lack of a God-fearing manhood among the nations corrodes all phases of life at the present time. And until the peoples of Christendom learn to fear and obey God in their religious, educational, ethical and political systems, in their daily works and ways, there can be no safe, no peaceful existence.—*J. Parks Cadman.*

Farina, Ill.	7 45
Fouke, Ark.	10 00
Hammond, La.	8 00
Little Genesee, N. Y.	8 84
Milton, Wis.	16 09
Milton Junction, Wis.	9 88
New York City	6 90
North Loup, Neb.	15 00
Nortonville, Kan.	3 05
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.	20 10
Plainfield, N. J.	29 11
Roanoke, Va.	75
Salem, W. Va.	25 00
Walworth, Wis.	10 00
Second Westerly, Bradford, R. I.	4 50
<hr/>	
Societies:	185 69
Plainfield, N. J., Y. P. S. C. E.	5 00
<hr/>	
	\$1,536 17

<i>Cr.</i>	
Alfred University	\$ 69 99
Alfred Theological Seminary	746 47
Special Betterment Fund for Alfred Univer.	2 09
Revenue Stamps—for W. H. Jacox deed	3 50
Legal Services in re W. H. Jacox deed	2 25
Postage	1 00
Salary of Treasurer for current quarter	25 00
<i>Balances on hand close of quarter:</i>	
Alfred University Fund	\$212 59
Alfred Theological Seminary Fund ..	455 64
Alfred Univ., Natural History Fund ..	5 57
Salem College Fund	5 57
Young Men Prep. for Ministry Fund ..	2 79
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund ..	2 51
Special Betterment Fund for Alfred University	1 20
<hr/>	
	685 87
<hr/>	
	\$1,536 17

II. Principal Account

<i>Dr.</i>	
Balance on hand, February 1, 1918	\$ 32 21
George W. Hills:	
Theological Endowment Note paid	100 00
Special Betterment Fund for Alfred University:	
Transfer from Revenue Account	2 09
<hr/>	
	\$ 134 30
<i>Cr.</i>	
Balance on hand, close of quarter	\$ 134 30
<hr/>	
	\$ 134 30

III. Endowment Funds

<i>A. Condition of</i>	
General Fund	\$ 110 00
Alfred University Fund	23,373 64
Alfred Theological Seminary Fund	23,749 61
Alfred University, Natural History Fund ..	200 00
Salem College Fund	200 00
Young Men Preparing for Ministry Fund ..	100 00
Twentieth Century Endowment Fund ..	90 00
Special Betterment Fund for Alfred University ..	124 90
<hr/>	
	\$47,948 15
<i>B. How Invested</i>	
Bonds	\$10,144 85
Mortgages	31,300 00
Theological Endowment Notes	2,319 00
Washington Trust Co., Savings Department ..	1,110 00
Notes Receivable	2,940 00
Cash on hand	134 30
<hr/>	
	\$47,948 15

Respectfully submitted,
PAUL E. TITSWORTH,
Treasurer.

Alfred, N. Y.,
May 1, 1918.

Examined, compared with vouchers and found correct.
CURTIS F. RANDOLPH,
WALDO A. TITSWORTH,
Auditors.

God designed that every man and woman should enjoy the most perfect freedom to be just what he chooses to be. He can with the aid of the devil and his agents be as mean and wicked as he chooses. And on the other hand grace is provided by which he may attain to any height of moral and spiritual attainment. He is what he is morally and spiritually from his own choice. Every man might be better or worse than he is if he really wished to be. He may think for himself, act for himself, and believe for himself. So, though we see people grouped together in what we call denominations and churches, yet, if we were to examine the members of these churches with care we should discover that no two of them were alike in seeing, acting, or believing. In general terms they believe alike but in particulars they may differ considerably. Who shall say that this or that one is exceeding his privilege in seeing and acting and believing from his own convictions? True, there are some church bodies which draw the reins over the intelligence and liberties of their members to think for themselves, lest they shall be led to overstep the boundaries of denominationalism. But there is where denominationalism becomes an evil, a menace to Christian liberty, and an obstacle to individual accountability.

It is but natural and is certainly profitable that those of kindred minds should be associated together for mutual helpfulness and co-operation. And it is in this capacity that denominationalism has its virtue. It affords an opportunity for special work, for concerted action, and also affords to people the opportunity to be identified with those of kindred faith and minds in closer communion than could otherwise exist. In such associations, controlled by a spirit of love and charity to all, there is very much good to be found; and such fraternal bonds are sanctioned by the Savior himself. In order to promote such relationship some form of organization is essential. It need not be complicate or elaborate. Simplicity of organization is expressed in the divine model, and in the early church. Perfect personal freedom must be preserved, equality must be recognized, each must esteem others better than himself, and each one must prefer others in honor. And emphatically, nothing must be done that would shut away any individual from free access

to the throne of grace, nothing must be erected to stand between the church or any of its members and the heavenly Father. Also, the path of progress must be left wide open with the privilege of investigation and advancement free to all. Under such conditions denominationalism could only be productive of good. Thus it would serve its purpose in the economy of God, and the propagation of the gospel.

But the facts we have to face as we contemplate the history of denominationalism do not present to our view such a pleasing spectacle as that. It has been a stumbling-block both to the believing and the unbelieving world. It has been the one fruitful source of persecution, the hotbed of bigotry, the greatest obstacle to progress, that has ever fallen in the path of the gospel. It is today a reproach to Christianity, a source of envy and jealousy among Christ's professed followers, and too often a cause of weakness and division instead of a source of strength and a bond of union.

There are, at least, two great evils to which denominationalism is apt to lead. They both grow out of a tendency to cherish the denominational interests at the expense of other interests of far greater importance. The preservation or promotion of a sect is not the highest ideal of Christian service, and yet it sometimes becomes the ruling passion with those who are supposed to be responsible for its welfare. The desire to get members into our church in order to see it grow leads to serious abuses. The building of prejudicial barriers against other Christian bodies is fraught with evil consequences on both sides of those barriers—to those inside, as well as to those on the outside. The I-am-holier-than-thou spirit is thus encouraged. Men are thus led to regard themselves as being peculiarly privileged, and fail to heed the apostolic injunction to "look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." We are led to make denominational distinctions the test of Christian character, while it is plainly said that "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Being unable to acknowledge as Christians those who differ from us in matters of faith and practice, we are cut off from all co-operation and fellowship with them, and count as our antagonists those who, in view of the great and awful interests at stake in this

great war with a common foe, should be our friends and fellow-workers. Christianity thus divided is weak and ineffectual. Its forces are contending against each other, while the devil laughs to see the struggle go on.

Another great evil to which the over-anxiety to conserve denominational forms and interests leads directly is that no sooner is a denomination led out to clear grounds sufficient to form a distinction and claim a name than a halt is called, and no further advancement can be made by that company. Their theological platform is marked out, stakes are driven, a creed is stereotyped, which, like the famous laws of the Medes and Persians, changeth not. Progress in that line is forever checked, and if any one will advance beyond those lines he must step over denominational boundaries, be counted out of the fold, and go on alone so far as his former associates are concerned. It is thus that the work of reformation has ever been carried forward. No church or denomination was ever known to arise in a body and pull up stakes for a forward march. No such thing as denominational reformation ever took place. Steps upward and onward must be taken by individuals only, and that, too, in spite of the effort of the church to throw obstacles in their way and to heap reproach upon them for daring to think and act for themselves in the fear of God.

We are aware that the above is a fearful impeachment for sectarianism and denominationalism as we have seen them operate all through the past, and as we see them operating today. But who will say that the arraignment is unjust and the statement of the case untrue?

The remedy is not to be found in passing a sweeping condemnation upon all theological distinctions and upon all doctrinal tenets. Nor is it right or reasonable or Scriptural to denounce organization and association of Christians of similar minds and common purposes. But an easier and far more pleasant and happy remedy is at hand. It is found in the entertainment in our hearts and in exhibiting to all men of a large-hearted spirit of charity that grants to others the same considerations, the same credit for honesty of purpose and purity of principles, the same freedom that we ask for ourselves. Let us remember that God is our common Father, and let us not for-

get with what forbearance, with what loving and tender pity, he regards our crooked pathway, our moral obliquity, our spiritual blindness. See how patiently he bears with us in our partial views of the truth and how he waits for us to come to the unity of the faith, to the fulness of the stature of the perfect man in Christ. Then let us learn in this way to regard our fellow-travelers to the judgment seat of Christ.

While we especially love those associated with us in church fellowship and capacity let it not be with a Pharisaical love which excludes others just as beloved of God, just as useful in his cause, just as sincere and devoted as are those of our own household.

We welcome the tendency noticeable among Christians of today to sink denominational interests to their proper level and to elevate the infinitely greater interests of a common humanity of a world lying in wickedness and perishing for want of knowledge. The Savior is soon coming and there is so much to be done, so many unsaved, so many who are sick and weary and need comfort! It is not necessary to abandon our knowledge of the truth or the faith we cherish, but it is high time to get rid of sectarian righteousness and get under some of the burdens that are crushing the souls and bodies of those around us.

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

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

ARTICLE VIII

It Makes the Mother's Tasks Easier if She Learns to Love What She Has to Do

MRS. MANA CLARK JACKSON

IF I were a Fairy Godmother, I would wave my wand and say to all mothers, "Love what you have to do." Children's wants are so numerous and a mother has such constant demands made upon her that she needs to retire within herself often and, no matter how tired she may feel, repeat again and again, "I love what I have to do." Then suddenly she will feel better, and it becomes easier to go on with the task of caring for and training the children. It pays in dollars and cents, as well as in peace of mind and satisfaction of spirit, to devote much thought toward starting the children right.

What are some of the simple ways in which we can help our little ones? Let us begin the day happily, no matter how we feel, and never be discouraged nor allow the children to become so. Together, mothers and children can learn to be honest, obedient and faithful.

It should not be forgotten that all virtues thrive best in a healthy body. Therefore, give the child plenty of fresh air, have him sleep in a well-ventilated room, wear clean, whole clothes, and eat simple food.

LET THE LITTLE ONES HELP AT HOME

Let the children take hold and help about the house a little. At 4½ years old they can wash dishes, and they love to do so. An oilcloth apron will keep them dry. They can also help make beds, brush up crumbs and do many other things. But we must not nag the children at their tasks, remembering that interest in useful work may be most successfully developed by keeping it in the realm of the play spirit.

We have churches and schools to help in our work with our children, but it comes back every time to the parents and the home to develop in the children the simple practices which lead to right and happy living.

We must be patient in answering questions, and if we do not always know the answer, let us try to find out with the children. Fun is as natural as breathing to most children. Try to laugh with them at their simple jokes.

Let us take a little time at the end of the day, if we can, to tell a short story. The quiet will do us all good. Perhaps we may have seen a bird, squirrel or a child do some amusing thing as we glanced out of the window while at work. The wind may have been chasing the pretty leaves, or the sun playing hide-and-seek among the clouds. Stories are not all to be found in books. It is a big accomplishment to learn to do things in the child's way—things they like to do but which we have often denied them because we felt we didn't have time to be bothered.

If the little ones see that mother and father are trying to find something to love in all their trying tasks, before we know it the home will always be full of sunshine. If we have a fretful child to deal with, find out first if he is being properly nourished;

then try telling him stories which will take his mind off himself.

Many children are often disagreeable because they haven't enough of the right things to do, such as games and songs, that provide activity and stimulate the mind and occupations that answer the child's need to be doing and making something.

A most important point for the mother to realize is the necessity of sticking to the lessons she needs to teach every single day until the right habits are permanently formed in her child.

No one can tell us exactly the things it is best to do with children. But if we begin to watch and think, read when we can and exchange experiences with other mothers many suggestions will be found to meet our needs. Take a glimpse backward into your own childhood and many ideas will occur to you in that way. And through it all we will find that the children are helping to bring us up, too. Courage and joy prolong life, and we can well afford to stand and wait, feeling sure that if our motives have been right and we can find something to love even in the hard things of life our little ones will see and know and will "rise up to call us blessed."

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

MY COOKY MAN

With currants for his eyes and nose,
And raisins for his ears,
You really can not think how fine
My cooky man appears.

And when he's baked a golden brown,
With sugar glistening white
Upon his face and on his coat,
I take a tiny bite,

Beginning at his toes; and then—
It is so hard to stop—
I eat some more, and then some more,
Until I reach the top.

And then my cooky man is gone,
And I am very sad.
But Norah says, "Cheer up, my dear,
You mustn't feel so bad!"

"You're learning now a lesson that
You'll find through life is true:
There's no one ever yet could eat
His cake and keep it too!"

—Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in *Youth's Companion*.

MEN IN THE SERVICE FROM SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HOMES

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

Carley, Francis
Greene, Carl
Greene, Carlton
Horton, Corp. Kenneth

ALBION, WIS.

Green, Sidney C.

ALFRED, N. Y.

Ayars, Capt. Emerson W.
Ayars, Lister S.
Babcock, Corp. Ronald
Bass, Corp. Elmer
Burdick, Corp. Arthur E.
Burdick, Capt. George E.
Clarke, Lieut. Walton B.
Coon, Lance Corp. Aaron Mac
Cottrell, Capt. Arthur M.
Crandall, Lieut. Winfield R.
Davis, B. Colwell Jr.
Davis, Stanton H.
Dunham, W. E.
Fenner, Glenn B.
Greene, Edward F. R.
Greene, Corp. Ernest G.
Greene, Sergt. Robert A.
Hall, Horace A.
Martin, Howard
Meritt, Carl L.
Phillips, Lieut. Kent
Poole, Clenson O.
Potter, Clifford M.
Randolph, Lieut. Winfield W. F.
Rosebush, Capt. Waldo E.
Shaw, Lieut. Leon I.
Sheppard, Mark
Stevens, George P.
Straight, Sergt. B. D.
Thomas, Herbert
Vars, Otho L.
Witter, Adrian E.
Witter, E. Allen

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.

Allen, John R.
Allen, Joseph L.
Champlin, Lieut. E. V.
Palmiter, Elson G.
Woodruff, Corp. Charles Eldon

ASHAWAY, R. I.

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

BATAVIA, ILL.

Clement, Neal Gilbert

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

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

BEREA, W. VA.

Brissey, William
Davis, 1st Sergt. Arthur G.

BERLIN, N. Y.

Mosher, Floyd C.

BOULDER, COLO.

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

BRADFORD, R. I.

Newton, Harold S.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.

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

CAMARGO, OKLA.

Estee, James L.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Leach, Lieut. Floyd Dewitt
Platts, Lieut. Lewis A.

DENVER, COLO.

Crosby, Capt. Leonard G.

DODGE CENTER, MINN.

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

FARINA, ILL.

Bee, Charles
Bond, Howard
Clarke, John Milton
Crandall, C. L.
David, Marion
Kelly, Kelso
Rogers, Shirley Z.
Seager, Harry Bernard
Seager, Ross
Smith, Clark

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Fillyaw, Walter Judson

FOUKE, ARK.

Davis, Karl

GARWIN, IOWA

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

GREAT KILLS, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

Randolph, Franklin Fitz

HAMMOND, LA.

Mills, Corp. Harold A.

HARTSVILLE, N. Y.

Ells, Cleon M.

HARVARD, ILL.

Maxon, Capt. Jesse G.

HOAQUIM, WASH.

Hurley, Dr. George I.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.

Clarke, Howard M.
Kemp, Capt. Elmer

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.

Bennett, Ralph C.
Coon, Leland A.
Greene, Stuart Faye
White, Ernest
Williams, G. Grover

LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.

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

LOST CREEK, W. VA.

Davis, Max

MILL YARD CHURCH, ENGLAND

Richardson, 2d Lieut. Ernest
Gilbert

Richardson, 2d Lieut. Robert
Harold

Vane, George H.

MIDDLE ISLAND, W. VA.

Sutton, Eustace

MILTON, WIS.

Ayers, E. H.
Babcock, Sergt. Laurance E.
Berkalew, George
Burdick, Lieut. Paul
Clarke, Aden
Crandall, George H.
Davis, Elmer M.
Dunn, 1st Lieut. Charles E.
Hurley, Francis H.
Lanphere, Corp. Leo

Maxson, Charles S.
Maxson, Roland H.
Nelson, Julius S.
Randolph, Paul
Rasmussen, Orville
Sayre, A. Gerald

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

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

NEW AUBURN, WIS.

Crandall, Ellery F.

NEW MARKET, N. J.

Randolph, Leslie Fitz
Randolph, Milton Fitz

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Chipman, Lieut. Charles C.

NILE, N. Y.

Burdick, William J.
Canfield, Paul C.
Green, Paul L.

Whitford, Sergt. W. G.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.

Babcock, Albert
Babcock, Earl
Babcock, Edwin J.
Barker, Lieut. Frank M.
Brannon, Riley U.
Clement, Neil
Davis, Frank L.
Davis, Ross
Goodrich, Lorenzo G.
Goodrich, Harold
Hemphill, Paul H.
Hurley, Elno C.
Larkin, George
Maxson, Eslie
Pierce, Earl
Rood, Bayard A.
Sayre, Walter D.
Stillman, Archie L.
Thorngate, Arthur
Thorngate, George
Thorngate, Walter
Tucker, Henry A.
Van Vorn, Beecher
White, George

NORTONVILLE, KAN.

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

OXFORD, N. Y.

Stukey, Donald

PIPESTONE, MINN.

Peterson, Lester W.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Hunting, Elmer Leon
St. John, Milton Wilcox

PORTVILLE, N. Y.

Hamilton, Sergt. Clinton

RICHBURG, N. Y.

Saunders, George W., Jr.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.

Crandall, J. Howard

Davis, Charles L.

Davis, T. Eugene

Osborn, Lester G.

Sweet, Lawrence E.

ROANOKE, W. VA.

Bond, Orson H.

ROCKVILLE, R. I.

Barber, Wilfred E.

Burdick, Elverton C.

Jordan, Allen D.

Kenyon, Clayton C.

Whitford, Marcus
Woodmansee, Lloyd E.
SALEM, W. VA.

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

SALEMVILLE, PA.
Thorngate, Roscoe M.

SHILOH, N. J.
Bonham, Clarkson Saunders,

Second Mate Machinist
Campbell, Francis E.
Glaspey, Roy E.
Harris, Lawrence F.
Randolph, Capt. J. Harold
Tomlinson, Raymond J.

SILVERTON, ORE.
Irish, Lieut. Harold R.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Clayton, Howard

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

WATERFORD, CONN.
Brooks, Albert

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.
Burdick, Percy Witter

WELTON, IOWA
Saunders, Ernest W.

WESTERLY, R. I.
Babcock, Major Bordon A.
Burdick, Charles G.
Burdick, Lieut. H. Russell
Chapman, Sergt. George
Coon, Howard Ames
Coon, Raymond H.
Hemphill, Russell
Hiscox, Raymond H.
Kenyon, M. Elwood
Loughborough, Lloyd C.
Nash, Major Arthur N.
Peabody, T. Edward
Stillman, Sergt. Karl G.

ADDRESSES NOT KNOWN
Burnett, George C.
Johnson, Robert

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

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

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

⁴Died at Spartanburg, S. C., April 29, 1918, of pneumonia.

MISFITS

Not furniture nor carpets, neither clothing nor shoes, but just women and girls. "A strange title," do you say? Watch the procession. A girlish face and figure leads. You look more closely and see deep lines of care under the heavy mourning veil and a sad voice speaks:

"I am a widow. My husband was killed in a railroad accident. He left no means and I am obliged to support my two little children and myself. What can I do? Well, really, I hardly know. I was educated at a private school, have studied French and German, can sing and play and do fancy work. Can I teach the languages conversationally? I fear not. I just learned enough to appear well, you know. Mathematics? No, I disliked them so that I never tried very hard to master them—and hated to practice, so only studied enough music to entertain. My family were well off, you see, and I never expected to have to work!"

Three deserted wives followed the first speaker, the eldest of whom is only twenty-nine years of age. Two of them have no education that can be turned to practical use, and the third thinks she could teach music, but where, alas, is her chance in the overwhelming competition of the present day, unless she were sure?

"My husband has defaulted and fled the country; everything, including our house on the avenue, has gone to satisfy creditors, and I must find a position as house-keeper," says another.

How can she fill a position as house-keeper when she never for a single month kept her own house? She was the only

child of wealthy parents, petted and pampered, taught to do nothing but ornament the establishment; and when, at an early age, she married "a rising young man," a trained manager was placed in charge of the house to relieve her of every care. Her parents are dead and their wealth a thing of the past. And now what can she do in this dark hour? With all her accomplishments and social standing, every avenue to self-support is closed against her, because there is not one thing she knows how to do well enough to employ it as a means of livelihood!

These are but types of an ever-increasing army of women and girls. Are they not justly named misfits? We leave the long line still in waiting, many of whom are children of once wealthy parents, who, by a turn of the tide, have been thrown out upon their own resources, drifting over life's broad sea, without chart or compass.

Who is responsible? The mother or guardian of youth—those to whom the sacred trust of training heart and hand are committed. Nothing except life is so uncertain as money, especially in these rushing days when fortunes are made and lost in an hour. Would that parents to whom has been entrusted the making of a daughter's future might wake up to their great responsibility!

The writer wishes that she could reach every one of them with this true chapter of life. She would beg them first of all to educate in the practical things, those that develop the girl into a homemaker and a true wife, and then she would ring into their ears "Specialize!" See to it that

whether it be music or drawing, language or figures, whatever the one talent prove to be (and all have one at least), develop it; make the education so thorough along that line that if adversity overtakes her she shall be able to breast the tide and take her place in the world's work, anchored so firmly that no storm, whether of sorrow or temptation, shall be able to loose her moorings and set her adrift, a misfit upon life's treacherous sea.—*Alida Stanwood, in Christian Work.*

THE CRAZE FOR SHORT SERMONS

We quite understand that the age in which we are living is a busy age, and that both the minds and bodies of our people are hard driven. Our congregations are composed of two classes, those who are weary with the work of the week, and those who are weary with the pleasures of the week. Both classes seem to demand short and entertaining sermons. We quote with pleasure and commendation the following paragraph from the pen of Dr. Charles E. Jefferson:

"The greatest danger confronting the church in America is the possible decadence of the pulpit. Let the pulpit decay, and the cause of Christ is lose. Nothing can take the place of preaching. The cause of Christ is hopelessly handicapped and blocked when Christian preachers forget how to preach. We must guard the pulpit with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Any sign of decay in it must fill all well-wishers of the church with regret and alarm. But, pray, how is the pulpit to be saved from decay if it is to be shut up to two twenty-minute performances on Sunday, which, in the nature of the case, could hardly be anything else than a vaudeville affair of tame platitudes and pious drivel? Think of any man with a thimbleful of brains attempting to discuss the great doctrines of the Bible under such restrictions. Think of the absolute impossibility, under such conditions, of the pulpit having any influence whatever in the solution of the social and moral problems of the age. Think of ever developing intellectual giants in pulpits from which hardly anything is expected or tolerated except snatches of poetry linked together with a few religious sentiments, that at least have the value of supplying the regulation

color to the performance. Think of the possibility of such pulpit orators as Spurgeon, Hawthorne, Moses D. Hoge, George W. Truett, with every avenue closed against flights of imagination and every path barred to the illumination of abstract truth, with parables of life and nature, by an inexorable rule of twenty minutes! Think of Horace Bushnell, Phillips Brooks, Henry Word Beecher, Richard Fuller, and all the great masters of the pulpit reading in the faces of their audiences a demand that their world-moving messages be pruned and mangled to fit a twenty-minute brain capacity! Think of an ambitious and virile young mind ever being moved to preach the Gospel of Christ Jesus by a twenty-minute recitation of the veriest commonplaces! Oh, the shame of it all! In the name of all that is high and holy, how is the pulpit to be saved from decay so long as the sermonette craze is so universally abroad in the land?"—*Christian Work.*

A Union soldier, bitter in his hatred of the Confederacy, lay wounded at Gettysburg. At the close of the battle General Lee rode by, and the soldier though faint from exposure and loss of blood, raised his hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as he could, "Hurrah for the Union!" The general heard him, dismounted and went toward him, and the soldier confesses: "I thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and, looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' If I live a thousand years I shall never forget the expression of General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."—*Mary L. Hunter.*

The attitude of men toward purity and integrity is determined by the home life of childhood more than by any preaching or teaching they may afterwards hear.—*Frederick Lynch.*

HOME NEWS

BERLIN, N. Y.—Perhaps since we are pastorless each feels the more need of doing his or her "bit" in keeping up the interest in Sabbath school, church and Aid Society work. At any rate things are happening which count. Ladies' Aid Society meets more regularly since the passing of our unparalleled winter.

Our Special Day Committee is doing good work. Liberty Loan Day, Rally Day and Mothers' Day were all duly observed in an interesting and helpful manner.

Our weekly Sabbath school is well attended and after the study of the lesson, often some point of common interest is brought up. On one day a member had received a letter from Charlie, "somewhere in France," and all were glad to listen to sketches from it. On another Sabbath we heard of the twenty-four page letter from our former pastor's wife, and these little pleasures shared seem to bring us nearer together while waiting our turn for pastor.

The proceeds from an entertainment were given us by the Dramatic Club of the village, under the management of Jesse D. Vars, which netted us \$51.00. However, this was not unalloyed pleasure for Mr. Vars has been called to the colors and is now in camp in South Carolina. We shall miss his voice from the Sabbath services, but the "boys in khaki" will be gainers and a star is added to our service flag.

E. L. GREENE.

Man's greatest debt is to the invisible. This is true in a physical, common-life sense quite as much as in the realm of the spiritual or the ideal. In the Franco-Prussian War, much credit was given to the Prussian "needle-gun"; in the American Civil War, the names of "Dahlgren guns" and "Springfield rifles" were conspicuous. In the recent war, it was the "men behind the guns," and now a brave fellow writes from the flagship at Manila in behalf of the "men below deck." These are engineers, machinists, oilers, coal-passers, or still others. What were the navy without these heroes whose place is twenty feet below

water-line? Every business in life has its men and women "below deck," upon whom success largely depends. Some of them are visible to the eye, but not to the appreciation of the public. Track-walkers and switchmen, compositors and proof-readers, janitors and sextons—these, and a hundred others, constitute that nobler kind.—*S. S. Times.*

BEFORE ARRAS

A dimly lighted cave, with murky air,
Thick with the fog of close-packed human life,
The busy stir of talk and movement round,
Thrilling with prospect of the coming strife;
Two trestles, and a table roughly made,
And here the Supper of the Lord is laid.

Two bottles hold the candles' gutt'ring flame,
Upon a fair white cloth beneath them spread,
And here a feast before our eyes displayed—
A common cup of wine, and dish of bread—
Rich banquet of the Savior's gen'rous love,
Earnest of strength and courage from above.

No "upper chamber" this, for it is laid
Deep in the solid rock beneath the ground,
Yet is the Savior's presence with us here,
As when his own at the first feast were found,
Heard from the Savior's lips the wond'rous sign,
And learnt the mystery of the Bread and Wine.

Nor is there likeness here to pillared aisle
Of some dim minster, echoing to the sound
Of praise, and hallowed by its sacred use,
And all the holy thoughts that cluster round
A building consecrate to prayer and praise
And all that name "The House of God" conveys.

But to the little group of stern-faced men—
Men, though in years some seem to be but
boys—
This is the very place of God's own choice,
Wherein they meet to taste the heav'nly joys;
Men of all rank and age are here the same,
Pleading the gift of strength through Jesus' Name.

Some gathered here, before a day has passed
Will no more share with us the sacred rite,
Save as the glorious company of those
Who won, through His great strength, the well-
fought fight,
Seeing the Savior, who by faith before
They here could meet, to worship and adore.

And shall not we believe that he, who died
The cruel death of shame upon the Tree,
Came to them in that hour, with strength to bear
All that the morrow asked of them to be;
And when the moment came when life should
cease

Spake in their dying ears the word of Peace?
Certain it is that those of us who live
To speak of those past days with bated breath,
No service can again be like this one
Wherein we took the Sacrament of Death,
Sharing, in measure, all he felt within
Who bade his friends to so remember him.
—*G. H. Edwards Palmer.*

DEATHS

THRELKELD.—At the home of her mother, Mrs. C. H. Threlkeld, 1922 Courtland Place, Memphis, Tenn., little Kathryn Threlkeld, died on April 29, 1918.

She was born on her mother's birthday, March 17, 1909, the youngest in a family of five children. Two years and about two months ago Kathryn's father was suddenly called from the home by the death angel. From that time the little girl was doubly precious to the mother and children. She was an unusually attractive child, winsome in face and manner. She was the little fairy bearing the ring on the beautiful occasion of her sister Reba's wedding a little more than a month before her father's death.

"She was the idol of hearts and the household,
An angel of God in disguise;
His sunshine was seen in her tresses,
His glory still shone in her eyes."

Her body was laid to rest beside her father's under beautiful floral offerings.

"God wanted her here, where his little ones meet,"

Said the children up in heaven.
'She will play with us in the golden street;
She has grown too fair, she has grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in.
She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,
That gilds this side the gates of pearl."

T. J. V.

BUSH.—Lydia L. Bush was born in Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y., on November 15, 1837, and died at Auburn, N. Y., March 28, 1918, in the 81st year of her age.

When young she was converted and joined the Methodist church. In later years she accepted the Sabbath and united with the Seventh Day Adventist church of Auburn, N. Y. She lived quite a number of years in Syracuse, N. Y., becoming a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church in that city on October 16, 1909. Of this latter she was an esteemed member at the time of her death.

She was a devout Christian who found great joy and peace in her religion. The SABBATH RECORDER was especially dear to her. She removed to Auburn, N. Y., some months ago, where she died at the home of a friend.

Funeral services were held in Auburn at the home of two nieces, Miss Bertha Bush and Mrs. Nettie Bowen. Interment was at Union Springs, N. Y.

M.

To fold glad hands a little while in sleep
A brief night through, and wait with quiet
breath

The purple dawn of morning, and to keep
But peaceful—still, is that what we call death?
Is it a thing to fear, O Lord of life,
O Lord of death, O Lord of the unknown,
To heed no more the fading world of strife,

To rest a bit, uncomraded, alone,
Save with thee, Lord, who hath the power to
keep
Thine own.

And with thee close, why should I fear to wait
The little while until my eyes may see;
Or whether I shall wake me soon or late,
So long as 'tis thy hand that holdeth me?
Grant, Father, when the night comes I may rise
With willing feet, and fold my work away,
Then, lying down to rest, close fearless eyes,
Regretful not of farther work or play,
But in the sleep thou givest thy beloved
Await thy day.

—*Grace Noll Crowell.*

We do not deal with our prayers rationally. We act as though they were bits of magic, a sort of enchantment for which there are no known laws. Other things which we do are studied. We try to understand them better, and we are dissatisfied unless we make progress. Who could have the heart to go on painting or singing, or playing the violin, or doing any other fine and beautiful thing unless he could see that he was doing it better each succeeding year? But when it comes to praying, many of us make no effort to improve. It does not occur to us that improvement is possible. We assume that God does not look for any such improvement, and so we do not expect it ourself. How many Christians pray today just as they prayed five or ten years ago, using the same expressions, traveling round the same circle of confession and petition; and feeling the same sense of helplessness and failure which they have felt from the beginning. One of the questions which the soul ought frequently to face is: Am I making real progress in communing with God?—*Christian Work.*

"The thing that saves many people today—under the fearful pressure to which they are subjected—is the keeping alive of the consciousness of God. That is not saying that one's faith must be able to grapple with these baffling mysteries that oppress and bewilder the soul, mind and heart. But it is saying that there should be a constant effort to maintain the balance; to hold the heart in serenity; to preserve the invaluable asset of faith; to keep the channels of communication with God unclogged; to nourish the soul with spiritual manna; to let the lamp of hope burn brightly on the altar."

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In God's world, for those who are in earnest, there is no failure. No work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice freely made, was ever made in vain.—*F. W. Robertson.*

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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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 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 Westerly 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 your offerings 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 directly to Mr. Davis.

EDWIN SHAW, Cor. Sec.

The Sabbath Recorder

SURELY the future looks black enough, yet it holds a hope, a single hope. One, and one power only, can arrest the descent and save us. That is the Christian religion. Democracy is but a side issue. The paramount issue, underlying the idea of democracy, is the religion of Christ and him crucified; the bed-rock of civilization; the source and resource of all that is worth having in the world that is, that gives promise in the world to come; not as an abstraction; not as a bundle of sects and factions; but as a mighty force and principle of being. The word of God delivered by the gentle Nazarene upon the hillsides of Judea, sanctioned by the Cross of Calvary, has survived every assault. It is now arrayed upon land and sea to meet the deadliest of all assaults, Satan turned loose for one last final struggle. If the world is to be saved from destruction—physical no less than spiritual destruction—it will be saved alone by the Christian religion. That eliminated leaves the earth to eternal war.—Col. Henry Watterson.

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