

"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 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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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

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

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)
President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
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Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
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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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WHOLE NO. 3,823

Stumbling in Words This was the subject of a sermon by Rev. William L. Burdick at the Eastern Association. It was by way of introduction to the Sabbath eve conference meeting, and was followed by a number of testimonies.

The text was from James 3: 2, "If any stumbleth not in word, the same is a perfect man, able to bridle the whole body also."

We can give only a few points in this practical sermon. The speaker said that the tongue does more harm or good than any other member of the body. The text shows the importance of our words. Probably we may not feel that the man is perfect if his words are good; but we must admit that words show what we really are, —words concerning self, others, and things. I hang more on a man's words than upon his looks. What he says and the spirit in which his words are uttered reveal the true grain of the man. The words that come from his lips set him forth in his true light.

The greatest blessings have come to men through words rightly spoken. Thus the treasures of the past have been handed down to generations by the words of teachers who are gone from earth. We enjoy life in a Christian land because words fitly spoken were uttered by godly teachers of old.

Words of appreciation are helpful wherever one does commendable work. To withhold such words brings loss to self as well as to others. It is not well to withhold good words when a fellow-man is doing his best and worthy of commendation.

There are damaging words that should be carefully avoided, for no man can tell how far-reaching the influence of his utterances may be. To stumble here is a great mistake. There are impure words and stories that blight young hearts wherever they are heard.

No man has a right to speak or insinuate against the character of another, unless

he is willing to testify in court to the truth of his remarks. We have no right to voice evil against a person unless we know beyond a doubt that we are right. One malcontent by bitter words can stir up strife in a community and spoil all the good others try to do.

We are all using words. How are we using them? to help or to hinder? If we can bridle our tongues so we stumble not in word, we may be able to bridle the whole body also. This means that the one who offends not by word can determine the influence of his life and teachings for good rather than for bad.

Let us not forget that our words and influence remain here after we are gone. We can not recall their effects upon others and upon the cause we desire to help after we have sent them out. In this way the principles we set forth, the impressions we make by our words will go beyond our power to recall, and by them the world will be better or worse from our having lived.

Under the Shadow Of Sorrow's Cross On another page will be found a brief note from Dr. Corliss F.

Randolph in which Colonel Richardson, pastor of Mill Yard Church, London, is quoted as saying, "I feel as if the sun of life will never shine again on me." When we think of the bright young man who gave himself a willing sacrifice upon his country's altar, whose picture appeared in the RECORDER soon after he was taken away, and when we remember that two other sons from that same home are now at the front under the enemy's merciless fire, we do not wonder that this home is so darkened that a loving parent feels as though the sun of life would never shine again this side the grave.

All over England, homes have come under the dark clouds of bereavement, until, as George Adam Smith told us, "sorrow has come up to the windows." And America, too, is beginning to feel the pangs of grief. Common sorrow makes all the

world akin, and in thousands of homes both in England and America hearts will understand Brother Richardson's words and go out toward him and his wife, as well as to our other bereaved ones, in genuine sympathy.

When the death angel invades our homes, and we sit in darkness, not being able to see the "bright light in the clouds" any more than Job could see it at the first, how thankful should we be for the eye of faith, enabling us to discern some rays of light by which we may be assured that beyond the clouds the sun still shines and that by and by we may find the light that shall never be dimmed. No cloud can be dark enough to shut out heaven to him who has faith in God. And while the journey of life endures, no darkness can entirely shut out such rays of heavenly light as come from words like these: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." God not only reigns, but he sees the end from the beginning and lovingly provides for the much-needed comfort he knows his loved ones must have in this life. His ways are not our ways, but they must be infinitely better. And so we try to understand when he says, "Whom I love I chasten," and "All things work together for good to them that love God." We are comforted by the Savior's words, "Let not your heart be troubled," and by the divine assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Many a poor soul, crushed by sorrow until it seemed as though the sun of life could never shine again, has found in such assurances as these the light that gives a new meaning to life, and in after years has come to know that what were thought to be overwhelming sorrows were blessings in disguise.

May the comforts of God soften all our sorrows, and his all-sufficient grace enable us to see the bright light beyond the clouds.

Northern Baptist Convention The Northern Baptist Convention at Atlantic City, N. J., May 15-22, was regarded by our Baptist friends as the most important annual event in their denominational life. The delegates were surprised at the large attendance. There were

2,537 visitors enrolled, of whom 1,672 were accredited delegates.

An unusual spirit of unity is said to have prevailed, and the many-sided questions as to denominational activities were carefully considered. One feature of this convention was an address by a noted representative of "unchurched religion," to which reply was made by one of the church's strong advocates. Some feared that such an item on their annual program might not be just the thing. It is unusual for a great denomination to give the best place on its conference program to one representing a large class of people who are not in sympathy with organized religion. But this was done by the Baptists at Atlantic City, and so far as we can now see, the people who gave such expression to broad tolerance feel that no mistake was made by so doing.

The resolutions passed show an ideal blending of the patriotic and the religious elements. Strong approval of the food conservation measures and all government efforts to win the war found clear and loyal expression. After commending pastors and churches for their co-operation in the work of the war commission, the convention in one of its resolutions voiced its attitude toward other Christian bodies thus: "We unite with all citizens in heartiest approval of the services rendered by different associations, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian associations, the Hebrew and the Knights of Columbus bodies and the Boy Scouts." Unqualified endorsement was given to the movement for national prohibition through an amendment of the Constitution, and the President was urged to allow no more barley to be wasted in beer making.

We wish especially to commend these words of Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University, on "The New Internationalism":

The task of the church is just as vital as any shipyard, munition factory, or farm. It is still true that the field is the world. The church may contribute to the unification of men. Here in America is the place where there is no room for racial antagonism. Entrance into the American heritage is the true naturalization.

Religious unification is coming. The elimination of denominations is neither possible nor desirable; but a spiritual unification is on the way. If Baptists and Methodists can meet together in Y. M. C. A. huts, why may they not

meet together after the war in conventions to plan for the kingdom of God?

I do not suppose the Baptists have the least fear that by hearty co-operation with other Christian bodies—even with Hebrews and Knights of Columbus—in the world's work for human betterment, they are in any way compromising the distinctive principles that make them a separate denomination.

It would be narrow indeed (if it did not seal their death warrant) for the Baptists to withdraw from other Christian workers, shut themselves up within denominational lines, and refuse to co-operate with people of other faiths in any or all good work in which they have a common interest.

Astonishing Illiteracy The war has brought to light an astonishing condition as to illiterates, and is demonstrating in a remarkable way the part education plays in national efficiency. We did not take the matter as seriously as we should, when our last census revealed the fact that there were 4,600,000 illiterates in the United States who are over twenty years of age.

When we realize that these people can not read any of the instructions being sent out by the Government—not a food pledge card, a Liberty Loan or Red Cross appeal; when we consider that they can not get help for their farm or their business from the printed page, can not read the Bible or the Constitution of the United States, we can but feel that our country, even in times of peace, must suffer untold loss from inefficiency due to ignorance.

But this handicap to efficiency is small in the days of peace compared with what it is in time of war. Can an illiterate man make a good soldier in modern warfare? Until recently illiterates have been kept out of the regular army; but our first draft in this war brought in 30,000 to 40,000 who can not sign their names; they can not read daily orders when posted on army bulletins; they can not read the manual of arms, write letters home, or understand signals in battle times!

The Secretary of the Interior assures us that there are now 700,000 men who can not read or write who may be drafted into the army within a year or two. He appeals to the country to see that instruction in reading and writing is given all such men

before they are called to camps. Again, there are millions in America who need to be taught to speak the English language before they can be efficient soldiers. Will our people awake to the dangers confronting us from lack of a little education on the part of millions to whom we must look for efficiency in peace and in war?

"I Am Keeping Clean" In a private letter to the editor one of our soldier boys in a distant camp, after referring to the "constant inspiration" he receives from the RECORDER now being sent to him, says: "I am keeping clean in my whole life while I am in the army. Thanks are due to my early training, to a fixed purpose and a principle of life, the heritage of every true Seventh Day Baptist." A clean heart and a fixed purpose to be true make a heritage of which any young man should be proud. Happy is the home that sends out such boys, and fortunate indeed is the boy who can cherish memories of a father and mother who are consistent Christians.

Many a parent in the homeland is comforted by the assurance that the boys given to the army are keeping clean. May God protect them from the evil one, and, if it is his will to save them from death, may he send them home still clean and all the stronger spiritually for the terrible ordeals through which they have been called to pass.

Another Dry Victory In the House The lower house of Congress, by a majority of 33, recently voted to make a food production bill of \$6,100,000 unavailable if the President does not prohibit the use of food materials in the manufacture of liquor. Authority for such prohibition was given him nearly a year ago, and he has not seen fit to apply it to beer making.

Great pressure from both dries and wets is now being brought to bear upon senators who must act upon the measure in the upper house. When every household in the land is required to save to the limit ordinary food grains during the war, we can not see why brewers should be allowed to waste several million bushels a year in making booze. This action in Congress is most timely, and the country will watch the outcome with great interest.

Power of Simple Preaching Several times since listening to Dr. John H. Jowett has the question come to me, What is the secret of his power as a minister of the gospel? We remember that throngs used to listen to Beecher and Talmage, and can easily see why their churches were always crowded. There was a charm of uncommon eloquence that drew men to hear Beecher, and a vigorous sensational style attracted hearers to Talmage. One has no question as to what makes William A. Sunday popular. But if one goes to hear Dr. Jowett, expecting a great display of oratory or the use of sensationalism, he will be disappointed. Dr. Jowett's style is in the widest possible contrast with that of Mr. Sunday, and yet no preacher in all the land has been more popular than Dr. Jowett during his stay in America. Great audiences greeted him week by week in his home church and his sermons have been read with interest throughout the land. He rarely speaks from any other rostrum than that of his own church. He does not try to be a publicist as some other ministers do. What, then, is the secret of his influence? Simply this: his conviction that the pulpit has not lost its power wherever faith in the gospel of Christ fills the heart of its occupant, and where cultured thought and chaste language appeal to the intellectual and emotional in men by means of simple speech. He evidently believes that men will listen gladly to a message "born of faith and knowledge wedded" and dealing with spiritual truths to which every man in some measure must find responsive chords in his own soul. Such men over the church—men of warm-hearted, lovable spirit, careful of the feelings of others, dealing with the problems of life in words and with manner that appeal to honest, truth-seeking men, will still make the pulpit the greatest power for good. Dr. Jowett had a distinct understanding that he should not expend his energies on outside work—on lecture platforms or in popular conventions, but that all his services should be given to the church, and the great aim of his life should be to make his pulpit strong—to feed the flock and educate men in the principles of the kingdom of God.

Young ministers will find in Dr. Jowett a good example of what an ambassador for Christ should be. The world is starving

for the bread of life. The minister who depends too much upon his eloquence, who appeals to our curiosity and our love of the sensational will utterly fail to feed hungry souls. But the one who studies to be Christlike and to deliver the simple message of the Christ will find the flock following close to the under-shepherd and drawing others to the fold.

A Correction We are sorry for a typographical error which occurred in Brother Main's letter to the boards in the RECORDER of May 27, p. 645. In the paragraph near the close, where the words of the late President Harper are quoted, instead of the expression, "I love the work of God," it should be, "I love the word of God." The best our readers can do now is to turn to this letter and write word in the place of work. It is one of those cases where the changing of a single letter makes a great difference in the meaning.

Yes, "Plan to Go" Elsewhere in this issue we repeat two brief items of special interest. One is a question by a committee of the Nortonville Church, "Are You Coming to Conference?" and the other is a note from Frank J. Hubbard, president, "Plan to Go to Conference."

Read both these items again, and ponder them well. The matter is important. Plan to go if possible, and then respond to Nortonville's call.

An Excellent Statement Following we give our readers a statement adopted by the Eastern Association at Shiloh, N. J. It took the place of the usual resolutions, and was presented by the Committee on Resolutions at the Sabbath morning service when the house was filled with people. This gave every one an opportunity to hear the things for which Seventh Day Baptists stand. The tendency in our annual meetings has been to pass resolutions or statements of principles when but few are present. This plan of presenting them when the audience is largest met the approval of all. Don't fail to study them carefully. They should find a place in every loyal Seventh Day Baptist heart.

The truest proof of a man's religion is the quality of his companions.—*Basil*.

A STATEMENT

Adopted by the Eastern Association

As an Association, made up of Seventh Day Baptist churches along this section of the Atlantic coast, we humbly acknowledge our dependence upon the Lord our God. We gratefully recognize Jesus Christ as our Savior and Master. We earnestly pray for divine help and strength to fit us for our work as a people, and as an Association.

Recognizing our obligation of citizenship at all times, and especially so in times of great public peril like that which confronts us at the present, and likewise recognizing the loftiness of the purpose of this government and the fundamental, universal justice involved in the issues which it presents, we unequivocally pledge our loyalty, our efforts, our influence, our all, to our country and to its appointed leaders, as well as to our national allies, in the present worldwide struggle for liberty and justice among all the nations of the earth.

We pledge ourselves to stand shoulder to shoulder with all well-ordered efforts to safeguard the moral, physical, and spiritual welfare of the men in our army and navy, to assist in providing relief for the needy and suffering, to strive for the abolition of the liquor traffic, for the suppression of social vice, for the elimination of political and business corruption, and for the establishment of justice in all relations of human society.

We stand in these trying times, for a policy of supporting and prosecuting all our existing denominational interests without fear or faltering, without retrenchment or abatement—evangelistic, missionary, educational, publishing, Sabbath-Restoration—the policy of aggressive onward movements, of going forth to larger achievements and better service.

We pledge our allegiance to the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, which represents, in a single organization, the entire denomination as churches. In the interest of unity and denominational solidarity, we favor some wisely planned movement which looks to an enlargement of the functions of the General Conference for the purpose of co-ordination and simplifica-

tion of our denominational work, in the interest of a more central and more efficient administration of all our denominational activities; and to that end, and in behalf of a more general representation in that body, we urge our churches to send full delegations to the General Conference.

We pledge our allegiance and assistance to the work of education in Christian schools that are under the influence and management of Seventh Day Baptists; and especially to the Theological Seminary at Alfred, N. Y. And we earnestly urge young men and young women to avail themselves of these privileges of preparation for life-work, suggesting to them that wonderful opportunities for the highest type of heroic, noble, self-sacrificing Christian service are awaiting them, and inviting them to helpful deeds of daring among Seventh Day Baptists.

We pledge our allegiance and assistance to the work of evangelism, of the missionary enterprise, of the preaching of the Gospel, at home and across the seas. The evangelistic message is the very essence of Christianity. The Sabbath itself would be only an empty shell but for the very heart of the Gospel, even the love of Jesus Christ. We are in hearty accord with this work of Seventh Day Baptists.

We pledge our allegiance and assistance to the work of Sabbath Evangelism. The proclamation of the message of Sabbath truth in printed form, supplemented by the living voice, is the mission that justifies our separate existence as a denomination. We believe that our experience demonstrates both the economic and the spiritual value of a printing and a publishing plant owned and operated by Seventh Day Baptists, a plant whose functions it is to produce and distribute our denominational magazine, the SABBATH RECORDER, and other Sabbath literature.

We pledge ourselves to the interests of the proposed new Denominational Building. We realize, and we appreciate, the advantages of such a building; and we believe that when carried to a successful issue it will result in larger growth and greater spiritual power, and in the promise of permanency for our cause as Seventh Day Baptists.

We believe that the interests of our churches demand a more adequate support for our pastors. It is beyond justice and necessity to expect men to sacrifice, not themselves, but their wives and children, upon the altar of insufficient support. We appeal to the reasons, the hearts, and the purses of our people to regard and remedy this matter. We most urgently appeal for gifts to enlarge with all possible speed, the permanent funds already established, the income from which is for the benefit of retired ministers of the Gospel.

We express our approval of the denominational three-year Forward Movement plan, now nearing its close. And we pledge ourselves to the endorsement and hearty acceptance of a denominational program for the future, a Forward Movement to include all denominational interests, to be planned and managed by the General Conference.

We pledge our sympathy and co-operation in sane and righteous efforts for religious and moral progress—for Christian service everywhere that is rendered in the spirit of Christian democracy. But we are opposed, as we believe the great majority of large-minded Christian statesmen today to be opposed, to so-called "Sunday Laws," futile attempts to impose religious observances by civil legislation upon the conduct of men. Christian democracy will protect people in their conscientious, religious observance of Sunday, and of the Sabbath; but it will not undertake to dictate to the consciences of men in religious affairs.

WHY WE ARE SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS

We are Seventh Day Baptists because we believe in GOD, in *Jesus Christ*, and in the Bible. We do not here undertake to define GOD, but we are constrained by his love and truth. We accept Jesus Christ as his son, and as our divine Savior and Master, whom we try to follow in loving obedience. The Bible, the supreme record of the revelation of God to men, we take for our guide in life and conduct.

With this fundamental foundation of belief, we come face to face with these unquestionable facts:

That the Sabbath is a constituent part of the inspired story of creation.

That the Sabbath is given a central and significant place in the Decalog.

That the Hebrew prophets set great store by the spiritual and social value of the Sabbath.

We can not find in the New Testament any evidence that the Sabbath principle was abrogated, or that another day was substituted for the Seventh Day for Sabbath observance. Our study of the life of Jesus shows that he loved, honored, and kept the Sabbath; and that he spiritualized and glorified its use, thus making it no longer a burden, but a blessing to mankind.

And so we believe that the Seventh, that is, the last, day of the week, is the supreme time-symbol of our holy religion, and that it is the one sacred means of restoring and preserving the Sabbath idea, supported, as it is, by the authority of the Bible, by the authority of the life and teachings of Jesus.

We believe that the Church and the world stand in great need of the Sabbath of Christ as a medium of imparting divine truth and blessing, and never more so than at the present time. Jesus himself said, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."

Therefore, believing as we do, in face of these simple, plain facts, we are impelled by the power of loyalty and of love to God, to Jesus Christ, and to the Bible, to live and to labor for the Seventh Day—the Sabbath.

We are Baptists because immersion in water, as practiced by Jesus and his disciples, is a symbol and a pledge of our new and risen life in Christ, who said, "I am the resurrection and the life."

How then, we ask, can we, as disciples of Jesus, as believers in the Bible, be other than *Sabbath-keeping*, or *Seventh Day Baptists*?

"In such an hour of national crisis as that which now confronts us every loyal citizen will cheerfully forego certain of the rights he might justly claim in times of peace."

SABBATH REFORM

EFFORTS AT SUNDAY CLOSING IN LOS ANGELES

ACCORDING to a dozen clippings from daily papers sent us by a friend, Los Angeles (Cal.) has been having a tempest of trouble over an objectionable Sunday closing law passed by the city council.

It seems that the campaign was led by Rev. Samuel W. Gamble, field secretary of the National Reform Association, and author of a book in which he tries to prove that Sunday is the true Sabbath of God—the seventh day of creation. He was assisted in the campaign by local preachers, some of whom while they could not accept the views of Dr. Gamble and were not entirely harmonious as to Bible authority for Sunday, yet were enthusiastic in pushing through one of the most absurd Sunday closing bills we have ever seen. It was stringent enough to close up even the offices of public utilities—such as gas and water supply works—and yet made exceptions allowing pawn shops, bowling alleys, theaters, baseball, cigar stands, confectionery stores, hotels, livery stables, garages, fruit packing houses, billiard rooms, photograph studios, ice cream parlors, and several other places to keep wide open!

Violations of this remarkable ordinance were punishable by fine not to exceed \$500 or imprisonment not to exceed six months. The wrangling over the matter lasted several days and when the bill was passed by a unanimous vote a perfect storm of protests and threats of "recall" and "referendum" broke out in the daily papers and in attorney offices, and two weeks later the council repealed the ordinance. The last news we have from Los Angeles shows that a new Sunday law is pending.

Seventh Day Adventists, Jews, also some who make little pretensions to religion took a strong hand in the fight, as did likewise the Christian Sabbath Keeper's Union.

"Heaven grant that 1918 may be forever memorable as the last year of this unspeakable war."

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER V

"I SAY, Walter, that was the best song of the evening and you outdid yourself; but do you know, I was just scared to pieces when I went up on the platform to sing that duet with you. Didn't my voice tremble?"

It was Esther Burch speaking as Walter was walking home with her leading his horse. Esther lived about a mile from town and had attended the singing school and somehow Walter from the very first had begun to "see her home." Sometimes he would lift her on his horse and he would lead her pony. But soon she preferred to walk beside him. Gradually they took more time for it than was necessary and his father wondered why he was so late.

"I did not notice it in particular," replied Walter. "I thought your voice, at least after the first verse, was clear as a lark's and you did beautifully. Now maybe that is not the word since we commenced to study grammar. Anyway the audience seemed to appreciate it and the way they clapped their hands and called us back made me happy for your sake. The pastor was speaking to the chorister after the concert and then they came to me and asked if we would sing a duet at the services next quarterly meeting Sabbath. Will you do it, Esther?"

"What can we sing?"

"The chorister said he had one appropriate for the occasion and would let us have it next Sabbath to practice on. By the way, Esther, Frank Jeffreys told me yesterday that you and he were engaged. Is that so?" And Walter's voice almost trembled.

"Did he say that?" asked Esther. "He has never mentioned the subject to me and I have never been with him but twice and don't want to go again. He did say something offhand about the pretty house he was going to build for me and himself, but I thought he was just trying to have a little fun and I laughed it off. Is he jealous of your walking home with me?"

"I guess he is, for he somehow can't treat me as well as he used to. I have never done him any harm and have wondered why he acted so queer. I like Frank, although he is getting to be too overbearing, and as he

comes to our church I want to be kind and decent with him. Now if you would rather go with Frank, do not let me be in the way. I'm only a plain farmer and he is going to be well off and will certainly be able to build a good house for some one. If I have not done so before, Esther, I will frankly confess that I am getting to like you very much. But I have not wanted to impose upon you, and yet you have *seemed* to like my company and have walked with me to your home almost every evening after singing school."

"I don't care anything about his money or future prospects," said Esther, "only I wish him well the same as any other young man among us. He is bright and honest, but he is too urgent or something, and takes things for granted just as though his money were his passport anywhere and could buy or induce any girl to seek his company. I'm not of that kind. I'm a plain farmer's girl and I am proud of that."

"Well, here we are at your gate. I expect mother is waiting for me. She never retires until I am at home unless I am to be away all night and that is not often. Frank tried to sneer a little about my being tied to my mother's apron strings, and I laughed and said that I did not want any better strings about me. A fellow that is ashamed of his mother's apron strings does not deserve a mother" said Walter watching Esther.

"You are right there, Walter, and you have a mother to be proud of. I did have once and it was a sad day when she was taken from us. I have tried to take her place in the family but that is an impossibility. Father seems to depend upon me so much, but Nellie is getting quite big now and helps a great deal."

"Esther, there is to be a spelling school in the Brown schoolhouse up back of the mountain next week. Would you like to go and would you go with me?" asked Walter.

"I'd just be delighted. And say, pardon me, but I have wanted so much to go up on the mountain and be there at sunset sometime. Could you take me up there before the spelling match and then we can call on Helen Brown and wait until time for the schoolhouse affair?"

"Why, that is just what was in my mind. 'Great minds run in the same channel', you know. We'll go early and spend an

hour or two there. Good night. Be ready, girlie." And with a wave of the hand and a response he was out of sight.

"You seem wonderfully happy tonight, Walter," said his mother as he came into the house whistling. "Had a gold mine given you?"

"I guess so, mother, at least I am happy, —why not be when in good health, and good spirits and having had the honor of singing twice tonight at the concert with Esther Burch? You ought to have been to the concert. I was so sorry you could not be, for it was great. The church was full and all did so well, especially Esther."

"Hm! great girl, is she? Getting to like her, Walter?" And the mother put her arm about her boy. "I can't give up, my boy, yet awhile!"

"Who has asked you to give me up, mother?" he said lovingly.

"No one, dear boy, no one. But there comes a time when one takes the place of a mother or rather takes the preference. Who will it be, my son?" And the mother looked anxiously at him. Can one tell the feelings of a fond mother when she begins to suspect such things? People talk of weddings as such happy events; they are, but to the parents they are almost like funerals.

"Well, don't worry, mother, yet awhile. I have not yet asked any girl to have the preference over you. But, mother, my confidential adviser, my darling mother, I confess I do just like, if not actually love, Esther Burch. I can't help it and she seems to prefer my company. Do you object?"

"I have not objected yet, for I did not know how far it was going. There are many things to be considered. But I heard, and it came from some of the Randall family, I think, that Esther was engaged to Frank. Do you know that?"

"It's no such thing. Esther told me tonight that it was not so and that she did not want to go with him. Frank has set that afloat to stampede me, I know."

"How did she come to tell you? Did you ask her?" said his mother.

"Yes, I asked her if it were true, for Frank told me himself of it. I had heard the same report but did not believe it. She has never been with him but twice. But you said that many things have to be considered. What are they?"

"Well, my son, love is a very blind thing, they say, and so before one lets himself run riot in love affairs, he should know what he is getting into. It means great responsibility and care in the future. So many find out after it is too late that they have not matched well. Dispositions and opinions clash and in many ways they are not well mated. Suppose, for instance now, that you intend to win this girl. You should first know her parents. Have they been industrious and frugal and honest? Of course a son or daughter is not always like the parents. But family connections have much to do with one's future habits and tastes and success and all that. Then you ought to know the condition of their health. Before you win a girl's affections you should be sure she is in good health. Does there run in her family any particular disease that takes the members away early in life or that would make her unable to meet the responsibilities of a wife and mother? These are *very* important things for a young man to consider, and the girl ought to consider them also in him she goes with. The time to know all this is before getting at all serious with her. Then, too, does the girl have average intelligence and common sense? Has she been taught by a good mother to be industrious and a good housekeeper? There are ways to find out all that. Again, is she a flirt? Is she giddy? And more than all, *is she a Christian?* A woman who is not a Christian is in no way to make a wife for a Christian young man. Mark my word there, son. But we know that Esther is a good Christian girl."

"Mother, let's take an inventory as it were! First, myself. I am in best of health. My father's and mother's people have been a hardy race, though your aunt died of consumption. We are not rich, but Esther cares nothing for that. If most people waited until they had money in the bank, the race would soon die out. Our farm is paid for and land enough for father and myself to work if we work it well. As to religion we may not boast; but whether or not I myself am what I ought to be, the 'inheritance' is something to be proud of. Now as to Esther. She is a healthy girl. She is a Christian girl? She is a very modest but frank girl and no flirt. She has some temper at times, but grace helps her mightily. Not a bad quality when governed. As to her grandparents I know

nothing. Her mother died of fever and that is no hereditary disease. She works hard and is actually the head of the house. What more may I demand of her?" And Walter looked at his mother in full confidence. Is a boy in great danger as long as he can talk love matters with his mother? Nay, verily.

"That seems a very good showing, my boy. Win her if you can and God be with you." And she smiled as she saw the joy on his face.

"Guess I'll hitch the horse here at the foot of this east side," said Walter as he approached the mountain. "We can take our time, for it going up. Remember when we picked strawberries over in that meadow, Esther? And you invited me over to eat shortcake? My! but I can taste that cake yet."

"I had forgotten that, Walter," said the girl, "and you must have wonderful tasters. Wish I had a piece now. Umm! Father says I am boss on shortcakes as well as any other kind of modern cake, and he brags over my pumpkin pies. But then, you know he has not eaten elsewhere in a long time and does not know how much better other women can cook, especially your mother." And she looked to see what effect that had.

"Suppose I had said that?" asked the young man.

"What, bragged about your mother's cooking?" and she blushed. "I guess it would have been all right. Boys have a right to brag about their mothers. Anyway I took the premium at the town fair last year on pies and cakes."

"Yes, I knew that. And after you had gone I tarried and jokingly asked the judge to let me taste of them. He laughed and cut a piece of each and I sampled them. Now was not that a look ahead! Ha! ha! get the start of me?"

"Why, Walter. How silly of you. You are just teasing me."

"Not much. Say, you girls don't know a fellow's notions always. But here we are on top of the mountain. Let's scramble over to old Projector. Hope no one is there, not even Frank!" said Walter.

"You goosie! suppose he is there, what of it?"

"Oh, he might get you away from me and leave me here to lose the sight of your

spelling down the school," said Walter.

"Is that all you would care for?" she asked.

"Now just suppose again. Suppose all I want tonight is just to see you beat Helen Carr in the spelling match?"

"Then, supposing that, I'll just go straight home and not spell. There now." And she tried to look a little resentment.

"Hut, tut there, don't you get spunky. I am not here to quarrel. This supposing business doesn't get us anywhere. Suppose I were to ask you to — well, to ask you to — go again with me after we had a decent quarrel, just one of the healthy lover's quarrels we read about."

"Are you a lover? I saw you talking to Helen last Sabbath." She colored.

"We were talking about the social. You know we were appointed a committee to arrange for the next church social. Any harm in that? Yes, I am a lover and don't propose to have any quarrel. Now suppose I was not? Would you care ten cents or a shilling?"

"Walter, supposing doesn't get us anywhere, not even to the spelling school," said Esther.

"Well, supposing I loved you, would you care?"

"I repeat, that supposing is not what helps any one."

"Suppose then, that, if you do not spell the school down tonight, I get sad over it?"

"Why, Walter, you'd not care a snap about it, would you?"

"Don't know as I'd care so very much, but I care about other things a great deal. Now look off there while the sun still shines. Take the far look. Father says he has many a time sat here and looked ahead in life. Let me now take a far look. I see life as a great voyage or journey. It's lonesome to go alone. It would be lonesome here even without some company. I shall want some one to journey with me. I'm strong in body and resolute and ready for a long trip. Esther, what do you say to going with me?"

"Go where?" and her eyes twinkled. "To those Deerfield Hills? or South to New Berlin? or over to Beaver Creek? Possibly to Albany. Explain yourself. I'd need a new dress if I went to Albany, and dressmakers are scarce. However, I know how to sew and if you could wait until I

make the dress I might go to see the governor inaugurated with you."

"Governor schucks! You know what I mean. Come now, will you be my wife? There, is that explicit? I am not going to be sentimental and go through a long courtship and say a lot of silly things. You know me and I know you and you know my people and we are of the same faith. I have no bank account but I have honest hands. I have no rich uncles, but I have something better. I'll give you until after the spelling school to give me an answer. Now let's go. It was a beautiful sunset, Esther. The sunset of life is just as beautiful where love rules unto its close. I expect that old Projector has witnessed many a confession of love. And the Deerfield Hill has suggested the far look. Far looks are inspiring when you are beginning plans for the future."

They reached the schoolhouse and a little late. Frank and Helen were there. They had been selected as leaders and to select their sides. Helen was first to choose. "Walter Wells," she said and reluctantly Walter took his place next to her. "Esther Burch," said Frank. And so on until all were chosen.

Thus Walter and Esther were arrayed against each other in the match.

"Incomprehensible," said the pronouncer of words. Down went John Richards.

"Multiplicity." And Mary Jones was seated.

It took forty-five minutes to thin out the contestants and at last the four stood up in combat. Esther was a little pale and uneasy. Frank was confident. Helen was bold. Walter displayed no emotions.

"Somnambulate, sophistry, sauerkraut, souvenir, schism, scintilla, scotograph."

"What is that?" inquired Helen. "That is an instrument for the use of the blind," said the teacher.

"S-k-o-t-o-g-r-a-p-h," spelled Helen.

"Down, Miss Helen," said the teacher.

"Opprobrious, optometer, opuscul, obsolescent, oakum."

"Definition of that, please," said Walter.

"Old ropes untwisted for calking," replied the teacher.

"O-a-k-u-m," spelled Walter.

"Correct," said the teacher.

"Cadastral, cacophony."

"Don't understand that," said Frank.

"It's a disagreeable sound," said the teacher.

"C-a-e-c-h-o-f-n-y," spelled Frank.

"Down."

"C-a-c-o-p-h-o-n-y," spelled Esther.

"Correct," said the teacher.

"Vaticinate, velocipede, varicolored, vacuous, Valhalla."

"Is that a name of a place or what is it?" asked Walter.

"It is the palace of immortality for the souls of heroes slain in battle," explained the teacher.

Now Walter had long ago read about that myth.

"Vall-hall-la," spelled Walter and smiled.

"Down," said the teacher. Esther was alone.

"V-a-l-h-a-l-l-a," she spelled triumphantly.

"Subpoena, subterranean, sudorific, spigot, Wells, Walter." And the school broke out into uncontrollable laughter.

"Miss Esther Burch wins the contest and can not be spelled down tonight," said the teacher—and such applause!

"Thinks she's smart, doesn't she?" remarked Helen as Frank took her home.

"Well, she is," replied Frank. "And that is nothing against you. But I know that Walter let her spell him down purposely. Did you see him smile as he spelled it? Gallant, was he not?"

"Walter," said Esther, as they reached her gate and he lingered awhile. "You knew what Valhalla was very well. Why did you misspell it? That was not fair in you."

"Why not, Esther? I wanted Frank to know a thing or two. I overheard him whisper to Helen just before the contest began that she could outspell both of us, and you in particular; but I noticed that he did not look very sad when Helen went down but he watched you intently. And so you have the honors all around. I'm so glad. And now my answer, Esther. I almost lost out on some of those hard words thinking of what you might say to me tonight."

And she said, "Of course."

"How did the spelling go off, Walter?" asked his mother.

"Oh, we both won out," he replied. "How can that be?" she asked. "Well, it is this way: Esther spelled the school down, and I won the girl. Congratulate me, mother. It is all settled." "You have my blessing, dear boy, and God be with you."

A mother's blessing and a father's benediction. Priceless memories.

A new house was built on the other corner of the farm, and a new family started. And the father was beginning to feel himself on the sunny side of forty-five, yet vigorous. And the years sped on.

"No—Kon this time, husband. It is Ethel Wells," said Mrs. Kon Wells. "But she's a little dear and we will take lots of comfort with her. Just the picture of her father. Walter seems pleased, too. I'll have to do a lot more spinning this year and every year now. The old wheel is getting to be quite an heirloom."

(To be continued)

MILL YARD CHURCH

A comparatively recent personal letter from the pastor of the Mill Yard Church, in which he speaks of the war and of the gloom accompanying it, says, "I feel as if the sun of life will never shine again on me—truly this world is not our abiding city." It will be remembered that Colonel Richardson lost a son on the Ypres Front last November. His oldest son, Corporal W. Albert Richardson, a member of Mill Yard Church, is again at the front, possibly in Italy or Egypt. His youngest son is still in the service.

In speaking of the Zeppelin raids, he says, "Some people seem to think we must be very brave to live in London through raids. Be that as it may, the raids produce little more effect on London, as a whole, than a drop of water falling into the sea. Our servant girl simply delights in the raids. She will go into the garden to watch them, and the louder the 'bangs' the better she likes it."

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

MISSIONS

THE SOUTHWESTERN CAMPAIGN

REV. THEODORE J. VAN HORN

SINCE nothing has appeared in the Missionary column of the RECORDER of recent date from this section of the country it probably devolves upon me to inform its readers of the doings in the Southwest.

According to an arrangement of long standing between our corresponding secretary and myself, Brother D. B. Coon came to Gentry February 7 to engage in evangelistic work. The weather was all that could be desired but there were many other things to prevent the large attendance upon this service which is desirable for effective work. Chief among these, so far as our own people were concerned, was the poor health of a large percentage of the membership. By far the greater portion of those who availed themselves of the excellent series of sermons by our evangelist came from the other churches of the place and from the people of no church. There were no tabulated results from the faithful effort that was made in this campaign. Many expressions of appreciation, however, encouraged the workers, many were stirred to renewed diligence in the Master's work from the various churches, and one dear old brother, for fifty years a backslider, is rejoicing in a restored hope of eternal life, and promises to keep the Sabbath.

Illness prevented the missionary from accompanying Evangelist Coon to Crowley's Ridge, but he followed a few days later, where ten days were spent in the neighborhood where for many years our dear Sister Ellis has been the faithful representative of our cause. Advancing years made it advisable for her to go with her daughter to live in her Texas home.

We said good-by to her a few days before we closed the work in this place. The Pentecostal people seem to have a monopoly of religion for the most part in this section. They were faithful and attentive listeners, and since that type of religion has the effect of separating its adherents from tobacco, snuff and other worldly and vile habits, we felt like making apologies for some crudities and fantasies that were a

bit shocking. The Sabbath truth was faithfully presented here, and we can only pray that this seed may yet bear fruitage in the days to come.

Brother Coon preached to a full house at the little railway station, Hydric, before we took the train for Memphis. This was on Thursday night, March 28. The following Sabbath eve we were quietly resting at the delightful home of the Threlkelds in Memphis. We shall always remember the quiet hospitality of this dear family. Let me here ask the prayers and sympathy of the RECORDER readers for these faithful friends of our cause. Since the visit there death has again visited them, this time taking the youngest daughter, the notice of which has already appeared.

Brother Coon preached to a number of people on Sabbath afternoon in the parlor of Sister Campbell, the daughter of our Sister Harbert, and the following day we met at the home of Sister Read, another daughter of Sister Harbert, and a recent convert to the Sabbath, where preliminary arrangements were made for the organization of a Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath school. A letter received today gives me the glad assurance of the progress of that movement which had been delayed many weeks on account of sickness.

THE Southwestern campaign was practically closed on Sunday night, May 5, at Little Prairie. Such was the interest at this point in our work that it was prolonged at least two weeks beyond the time that we expected to spend with that church. During this time, probably not fewer than fifty people, old and young, including a good many backsliders, on definite calls, committed themselves to the service of the Lord, turning away from all sin. Out of this number there were ten additions to the little church, nine of whom were baptized. Two were baptized the first Sunday after the doors of the church were opened, three the second Sunday, and four the third, which may indicate something of the cumulative character of this work. Those who have visited Little Prairie at the time of the Southwestern Association will remember "Uncle Billy Gardner," always a faithful attendant upon all meetings, and yet always a consistent opposer of the Sabbath doctrine. On the second of the series

of Sundays referred to a good deal to the surprise of many, "Uncle Billy" presented himself as a candidate for baptism and church membership. He stated that he had always been a good Methodist, but he wanted to spend the rest of his days as a Seventh Day Baptist. The writer had the joy of baptizing this aged Confederate soldier, but now a more consistent soldier of the Cross. Some idea of the power with which Evangelist Coon presented the question of the Sabbath at the right stage of the meetings may be had from the fact that nine of those joining the church were Sabbath converts.

Through the influence of this revival, the church building there was inclosed with a new fence of woven wire, the posts being donated by Brother James Coose, the wire by the school trustees, and the work by the men of the neighborhood. General collections supplied the money for replacing the glass in the broken windows. Arrangements were almost completed before I left the field for the purchase of an additional one and a half acres of land in connection with the church lot. It is the plan to build a house on this land the coming summer, for encouraging the scheme of getting a worker to live here. Only one other church in a densely populated district comprising not less than one hundred square miles, and that one church awakening but little interest in the section, are facts that ought to arouse us to a sense of our duty for this neglected people.

LETTERS from two of the converts in this work, a father and daughter, assure me of the depth of interest that was awakened. The daughter, who accepted the Sabbath and joined the church, tells me of the interesting session of the Sabbath school, organized while the work was in progress, that was held on May 18, the first Sabbath after I left there.

It is to be hoped that efficient leadership will be developed among the people there, but an experienced worker is much needed until the people get the step in religious work. At the earnest request of some of the young people, not of the church, a union Christian Endeavor society was reorganized, and promises well for the development of the religious interest of the neighborhood. All this work needs your earnest prayers.

I remained at Little Prairie a week after Brother Coon left for his visit to the Fouke Church, trying to get things into shape for permanent and efficient work. We met in the city of Texarkana on the way to the proposed Oklahoma work, but were met here by word from our Brother J. J. Almond, that smallpox and measles were so prevalent in that neighborhood, it would be unadvisable for us to try to work there at the present time.

Before closing this already too long letter, I will add that word received from Memphis today advises me of the Sabbath school at work there, and of the generous offer of one of the recent Sabbath converts in that city to establish a permanent work.

Gentry, Ark,
May 27, 1918.

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL

CHAPTER XIII

(Continued)

Living in a dugout, a house made in the ground, has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. It is warm in the winter and cool in the summer, but in Nebraska fleas and rats were very bad. The fleas on the dirt floors thrive and multiply beautifully, and rats come in from the timber through holes in the ground.

One night Joe was awakened by hearing something rip. It sounded like tearing a stout piece of cloth. He felt a trickling as of water on his head and putting up his hand felt a gash on the top of his head and his hand was covered with blood. The boys always slept with a revolver and matches under the pillow. Joe struck a match and by the light of it saw two bright spots only four or five feet away. He spoiled one of those spots when his pistol cracked and in the morning threw out a large rat. A few years later he might have thought Mr. Rat excusable in mistaking his bald head for a pumpkin but there was no such excuse at that time, so Joe sought vengeance with a gun.

As the summer advanced, Henry's health failed him. He had a bad cough, became weak and was compelled to take his bed, and for three months was not able to leave it. He bloated as full as the skin would hold and the neighbors thought he

had consumption. He had but little appetite but craved sweets. He said he believed that if he could have molasses to eat he would get well. Joe told him he should have some. They had a little sorghum on sod ground which Joe cut and took to a cane mill and had made up. His part was three pints. This he took home and told Henry to eat all that he wanted of it and that when that was gone he would get more. The cough stopped and Henry began to gain strength and was soon able to be up and around. One day with Joe's support he went out of the door and looked on the prairie.

In the afternoon of that day Joe went to the postoffice for the mail. As he came near to Mr. McCullum's home he was so cold that he thought he would stop and warm. He was shaking with cold and told McCullum he wished to warm.

McCullum said, "Let me see your finger nails." They were blue with cold.

"You are having a chill," said he.

"If that is the case," said Joe, "I may as well be driving, for I can not get warm."

It was a mile from Mr. McCullum's to the postoffice and from there home was six miles and the river to ford. He was driving Henry's team and they wanted to go. He let them go and in just thirty minutes he drove the seven miles, besides fording the river. Arriving home he took the harness from the horses, turned them loose, went into the dugout and went to bed. It was about sunset and he was warm enough now for the fever had come on. He knew no more till daylight.

This was Joe's first chill but it came every day for ten days. Money was gone and provisions were low; they had a gallon of flour and a half bushel of old corn. The corn Joe parched and ground in a coffee mill and made into bread. There was a fine flock of wild turkeys on the creek and they were good to eat. Joe would take his gun and go out to a little field of corn which the turkeys had found and when they came would shoot one or two of them—at one time three before they got out of range—drag them to the dugout, dress and cook them, put into the water the turkey was cooked in a handful or two of flour and it was ready to eat. In this way the gallon of flour lasted the men for six weeks and in that time Joe killed thirty-two turkeys.

Joe's chill came just at night. He would

shake for from one hour to an hour and a half and the fever would last all night. He knew how to stop it with water treatment but he could not give himself the treatment and Henry was not able to give it to him. Neither of them could walk more than a few steps without resting, but they were improving and better times were coming.

In October Henry put the cover on his wagon, loaded in Beauty, the buffalo calf, and started once more on the long journey to central Iowa where he arrived in the fore part of November. Aunt Jeanette was away from home when he arrived and when she came home and saw the covered wagon she asked of a man who was helping on the farm and was at the time in the barn lot, "Whose wagon is that?"

"It is Henry's. He is in the cornfield husking corn."

"And where is Joe?"

"He is in the wagon. I guess he is sick."

Aunt Jennie ran to the back end of the wagon. As she came near to it Beauty put her head out of the opening where the cover was gathered and greeted her with a prolonged Ba-a-ah! Aunt could see that Beauty was the only occupant of the wagon and backing away went to the house, knowing now that Joe had stayed in his far-away prairie home.

It was winter in Iowa. There was corn to husk that would take a good share of the winter and Henry did not return till spring began to open. When he reached the Missouri River at Brownville the ice had not yet gone out of the river but was not considered safe and there had been no crossing for several days. Henry was told that it would not do to cross on it. This meant a delay of days, if not weeks, before the ferry boat would be running. He camped for the night on the bank of the river and in the morning went out on the river and looked at the ice. It had frozen some in the night and he concluded to try the crossing though he knew he was taking a great risk.

Turning his horses upstream so as to drive in a circle in order that the hind wheels would not cut the ice where the front wheels had already cut it, he started at a brisk walk. As he came near the center of the river the ice began to sink. The water came up over the ice. It grew deeper. Now it was over the felly one inch—two inches—three inches! He was now in the

middle of the river. He must go on; there could be no turning back. The water was four inches on his spokes, but he had passed the middle of the stream, the water began to grow shallow, and soon the horses stepped up on the solid ground. He was safe on the Nebraska side of the Big Muddy. Henry stopped his horses when he reached good ground and looked back on the trail he had made across the river. Nothing would have tempted him to try that passage again, but he was safe across and he was thankful for it.

But now he must hasten, as the Republican River was still to be crossed and it was a hundred and eighty miles away. When he came to Beatrice he added to his load fifteen hundred pounds of provisions and feed in sacks. Leaving Beatrice at noon he made the drive of one hundred and twenty miles to the crossing of the Republican River, in a day and a half.

Leaving the team and wagon at Mr. McCullum's on the second night from Beatrice, he walked across the river and to his home and spent the night with Joe.

They were back to McCullum's as soon as light in the morning. First they led the horses over the river on the ice. Then taking the load from the wagon they ran that across by hand and then carried the sacks of grain and provisions across on their shoulders. As Joe was carrying the last sack across he broke through the ice with one foot, but as the ice held under the other foot no harm was done. In a few hours more there was a channel in the river, and there was no more crossing till the ice was out.

(To be continued)

SEMIANNUAL MEETING AT NEW AUBURN, MINN.

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

Those expecting to attend please write to Mrs. A. M. Hall or Mrs. Angeline Abbey at New Auburn.

Visitors and delegates should purchase tickets to Glencoe, or Sumter, Minn. Upon arrival at one of these stations please phone Mrs. A. M. Hall at New Auburn and conveyances will be sent. Glencoe is nine miles and Sumter is six miles from New Auburn.

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.

Esau filled his life with regret for trifling one day; Esther's was full of glory for one day's courage. Peter slept one hour and lost a matchless opportunity; Mary's name is fragrant forever for the loving deed of a day. Do your best now.—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

OUR OLD FRIEND BOB WHITE

The morning rain is over,
The sun comes peeping through—
The silvery tinted cloudlets
Are drifting far apart—
The emerald grass blades sparkle
As bathed in heavy dew,
The swallows in the sunshine
Like fairies skim and dart;
And from the distant meadow
With raindrops shining bright
There comes a silvery whistle:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

The roses by the gate
Are adrip with raindrops cool,
The golden dandelions
Like opals glow and gleam;
The children, laughing gayly,
Go romping off to school,
Or stop to gather daisies
That grow down by the stream;
And from the distant meadow,
All fresh and green and bright,
There comes a silvery whistle:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"
—Exchange.

A SPINSTER'S SOLILOQUY ON TOOLS

LOIS R. FAY

This line of thought, this soliloquy on some of the everyday opportunities of life, began one day while the tacks in the front hall carpet were being taken up preparatory to the spring cleaning.

Some hard-working sisters may be interested by the fact that the carpet is a very old one, turned and darned, and it will have to be turned and darned again after it comes up that the worn places may be able to 'stand the fag', as they say, another year or two.

This condition of the carpet I considered, not as a deprivation which must be merely endured because we can not afford a new one, but as a blessing in that it develops executive power along lines in harmony with Christ's work, "To save and not destroy." As the useful existence of this old carpet is prolonged by careful mending and discreet turning, so experience is developed that may help when some human soul has become frayed or weary, and

needs salvation for a prolonged usefulness.

As the tacks came promptly out of the hall carpet, material things returned to the ascendancy, and the thought arose, "How thankful I am for this tack-puller! How quickly and easily the tacks respond!" Some women—and even men—have to use a screwdriver, which does not do half so well, or an old knife, or some other nerve-racking, skin-burning makeshift, and they have miserable times doing work which should ever be a pleasure. This tack-pulling required a kneeling posture for reasons usually considered secondary in importance, therefore a humble prayer of thankfulness for a humble blessing the shape of a comforting tool was certainly appropriate.

This tack-puller, which, as it drew the tacks also drew the thoughts into pleasant channels, is one of a collection of possessions, all of which are proving very valuable. Good tools are truly worthy friends, actual benefactors in the truest sense, if handled wisely. Not long ago I heard a woman say in defense of frequent visits to the movies, that they broadened her knowledge; therefore she attended them often. Personally I have invested far less money in tools than she has in the movies, and am egotistical enough to be satisfied with my investment when I see her inability to keep her home "decently and in order" as the Apostle Paul counsels all things should be done.

Besides the tack-puller, an excellent hammer is on my list of tools. It is one that both drives and pulls nails well, so well that it is liked by every professional or amateur carpenter who uses it. It is a great satisfaction to be able to drive nails straight, without marring surrounding woodwork, fingers, or peace of mind of oneself and associates. A great deal of the success of hitting nails squarely on the head and driving them successfully home, is due as much to the constitution of the hammer as to the person who uses it. There is a small forging hammer kept on our tool bench. It is a good tool for its purpose; it will forge a heated iron or head over a rivet admirably, but woe to the worker who tries to drive nails with it!

Speaking of hammers brings to mind our shoemaker's kit, containing relics of grandfather's and father's days of mending their

own shoes. The kit and its contents enable us to go at it ourselves when our shoes need tapping or otherwise mending, and we are glad to be able to attend to this branch of conservation before the shoe loses its contour by neglect. Among the contents of this old, homemade convenience are various articles of useful and historic value, but I will mention only the hammer, which is a sort of an heirloom, a genuine old-fashioned shoemaker's hammer. Why this tool should be shaped differently from other hammers I have not yet learned, for the science of hammers is deep; but it has been proved that this hammer has virtues peculiar to itself, and if we ever have occasion to try any other, on shoe taps, we always return to grandfather's old hammer. No other will drive a shoe tack right.

Women have not enjoyed a full measure of satisfaction using a hammer, because in many cases the tool has not been of the right constitution. Many of their failures in keeping home in repair are due to lack of knowledge how to invest in, care for and employ common tools.

As I worked along on the tack pulling, I remember my friendship with the papering tools. Papering often follows the taking up of carpets, though it will not this year; but when it is necessary whitewash and paste brushes, special long-bladed shears, yardstick, apron with large pockets, papering board and stepladder, are friends worth having. Some of them were introduced by prudent parents, and others were added by purchase.

Then there are the paint brushes. Recently I read in the newspaper that some of the Smith College girls can paint buildings, as if this ability were now publicly commendable. Therefore some country sisters who have relieved shabbiness about their home by exercise of this art, can come forward into open credit for their skill. Accordingly I dare admit friendship with quite an honorable line of paint brushes, sitting quietly in the corner dedicated to paint, putty and kindred paraphernalia. Thanks to prudent predecessors, and a few more recent additions, the outfit includes brushes suitable for any home contingency.

The soldering tools must not be passed by. They give immeasurable satisfaction by strengthening weak handles or stopping holes in articles of tin, when the weakness first appears. Much more of the beauty

and harmony of housework is retained when the women know how to mend articles of tinware used about the kitchen, and are not forced to permit them to accumulate or be thrown away because of some feature out of order.

Space does not permit further descriptions of less mature friendships with the axe, the saw, the plane, the bit, the garden tools, etc., some of the heavier of which may never win thorough favor. With the occupation of men in the war, women are having more of this kind of manual training to learn, and this training will prove of more practical value to a certain extent than that obtained at the movies. Work with the heavier outdoor tools must be indulged in temperately. There is a winsome stimulation about the open air that is most alluring, and the inhalation of God's wonderful atmosphere is beneficial when ambition does not exceed bodily strength. The stimulating effect of fresh air often beguiles women to undertake more than their physical constitution can endure. Many permanent injuries have resulted from over-exertion that was not felt at the time, and many painful disruptions in family unity may be traced to women's neglect of distinctly feminine occupations to take up work that should be performed by masculine constitutions. It is a recognized fact that the exhilaration of the open air will lead an unwitting person to talk or sing till the voice is ruined by the exertion, and the dangers lurking in the present fad of farm labor for women are also claiming unwitting victims.

In a recent issue the *Rural New Yorker* says:

"So far as skill and mechanical knowledge go, many women are well qualified to run machinery, but some of them are not strong enough to stand the strain of rough driving. We have known girls to be seriously and permanently injured by riding a horserake or a harrow. On general principles, this rough and jolting work is not suited to a woman, and we should be very careful about the wife or daughter who has the spirit to help at such work."

There are certainly many reasons why women should use as much discretion in the choice of tool friendships, as in their choice of human companions. I am certainly as happy plying the small housewifely instruments, as I should be manipulating

ponderous machines out-of-doors, and more happy than I should be depending upon the movies for instruction.

Princeton, Mass.

NOTES BY THE WAY

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

If the sessions of the Central Association at Verona, N. Y., May 30 to June 2, were not successful, we can not put the blame upon the weather, although it was rather warm on Sabbath Day. But there were no rain storms or muddy roads.

The people of a certain church somewhere along the Atlantic coast were once discussing the matter of calling a pastor. "How about the man at Verona?" said some one. "Oh, we don't want him." "Why not?" "Well, he can't be good for much, if he is willing to stay at Verona." This may be a joke, but it is more on the ignorance of the one who made the remark than it is on the Verona Church. Many of us will stand by the assertion that even if a man were not good for much when he went to Verona, he would soon become worth while, and the longer he stayed, the better he would become. That seems to be the atmosphere of the place.

Several of the active workers have "married in" to the community, and the social and religious life of the church. This is a very refreshing fact in the presence of so many places where the young people have "married out" from the church. There is quite a number of young children, and several young people, more girls than boys; but if the process of good "marrying in" continues, that divergency will be well taken care of. A chorus of about a dozen young women and girls, that sang at the time of the "Women's Hour," was introduced by the associational secretary as "the future Woman's Board."

A Junior society of the younger children has recently been organized. This society meets in the basement while the pastor is giving his Sabbath morning sermon to the rest of the people upstairs. The children all attend the opening services with the older people, and the pastor preaches each week a short sermon especially for them. Then as the last stanza of a hymn is being

sung they march out to their own service downstairs.

This arrangement is made because the homes of the people average about five miles from the church, the parsonage being the nearest, and that is almost half a mile distant. The people can make but one trip to the church on Sabbath days; but a Young People's society has just been organized to meet the evening after the Sabbath from May to October of each year.

I have no official statements, but I myself counted up 79 delegates and visitors, coming from West Edmeston, Leonardsville, Brookfield, Adams Center, DeRuyter, Syracuse, and Fairport in the association, and from West Virginia, Kansas, Michigan, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Alfred outside the association (people from Rome, Oneida, and surrounding country are counted as belonging to Verona). Twenty automobiles were parked at one time about the church on Sabbath Day, and how many other vehicles I do not know. The pews were wellfilled at all the sessions of the association, and crowded at many of the sessions. Dinners and suppers were served in the basement of the church each day. The automobiles standing beneath the shade of the trees offered inviting places for resting and visiting, between the sessions. They were also used for taking short drives about the country. A large portion of the delegates and visitors came from their homes in automobiles, otherwise it would have been just about impossible for the Verona people to entertain so large a number of guests.

The list of committees as appointed by the moderator of the association, William Jones, of Adams Center, was as follows:

Committee on Petitions—Rev. William Clayton, Syracuse; Mrs. Flora Davis, Verona; Miss Anna Scriven, Adams Center.

Finance Committee—F. Stuart Smith, Verona; Charles J. York, DeRuyter; Claude W. Camenga, Brookfield.

Committee on the State of Religion—Mrs. Lelia Franklin, Verona; Mrs. Jay S. Brown, Brookfield; Arthur A. Thayer, Verona.

Committee to select Essayists, Delegates, and Preacher of Annual Sermon—Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins, Brookfield; Rev. James

H. Hurley, DeRuyter; Mrs. G. Taylor, Brown, Leonardsville.

Committee on Nominations—Rev. William M. Simpson, Verona; Raymond C. Burdick, DeRuyter; Dr. S. C. Maxson, Utica (Leonardsville).

Committee on Resolutions—Rev. John T. Davis, Leonardsville; Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, delegate from the Southeastern Association; Rev. Ira L. Cottrell, delegate from the Eastern Association; Rev. William L. Burdick, delegate from the Western Association; Rev. George C. Tenney, delegate from the Northwestern Association; Prof. Paul E. Titsworth, representative of the Education Society; Rev. Edwin Shaw, representative of the Tract and Missionary societies.

The association adopted a resolution approving the system of tithes and offerings as the divinely directed method for supporting the cause of religion, also urging its general adoption by the people. In discussing the resolution several spoke in its favor setting forth its value as learned from observation and personal experience. There was no expressed opposition. The next thing is to put it into actual practice.

Another resolution which the association adopted had three divisions. It called for the State of New York to ratify the prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution. Another section protested against the army order making tobacco and cigarette paper a part of the daily rations of the soldiers. A third section called for immediate absolute prohibition during the war. There were quite a lot of explanations and comments to make the purpose and meaning of the resolution clear, but I can not remember the wording. There was but little discussion when it was presented, and the vote was unanimous and hearty.

Six years ago, in 1912, the association was held in Verona. Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins, now pastor at Brookfield, was the only minister present this year who attended six years ago. And at that time he was a delegate from the Eastern Association.

The association began Thursday afternoon, May 30, Memorial Day. The evening session opened with a service of prayer, in keeping with the proclamation of President Wilson. The service was in charge of Brother George C. Tenney. On

Sunday evening Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins conducted a patriotic praise service of song and prayer. I could almost imagine that the flag which was draped over the organ-corner of the church was trembling with emotion as the people sang with thoughtful earnestness, "Three cheers for the red, white and blue," and then repeated the chorus with increasing enthusiasm.

FRIENDS, FRIENDS, FRIENDS

REV. SAMUEL R. WHEELER

God bless them one and all! Friends, near or distant, I think of you, sympathize with you in affliction, cheer you in depressing circumstances, and am glad when it goes well with you.

The value of friends can not be overestimated at any time of life. But in old age when strength and energies weaken, when discomfiting infirmities and sufferings keep close to you, the worth of friends is more fully realized and more thankfully appreciated.

Wife and I are invalids and the doctors give very little encouragement of improvement. Without friends to give cheering words and substantial help the burdens of life would be much heavier.

But with these friends, and, blessed be God forevermore, with the assuring hope of gaining heaven through Jesus Christ, we go on our way, thanking our heavenly Father every day for his wonderful mercy and goodness to us and his especial care for us.

Pastor Wing being absent on a missionary tour, a city pastor preached for us on Sabbath, April 13. I did want very much to attend that service, but my old body gave me an emphatic denial. During the week I rallied enough to take the place of preacher the next Sabbath, April 20.

In these terrible war times, I was glad to be able to sit and comment upon passages of Scripture from Genesis 3: 15 to Revelations 20: 1-3. My granddaughter read these passages in groups as they were called for.

Oh! how these Scriptures do tower above all the confusions of wickedness, and the wreckage of wars, and give soul rest to the children of God. They positively prove that Christ will conquer the devil and that the world will be Christianized.

"For the earth shall be full of the

knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Isa. 11: 9).

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Hab. 2: 14).

Yes, as the waters penetrate and cleanse every nook and corner and cavern in connection with the mighty ocean, so the Christ religion shall penetrate and purify the remotest portions of the earth.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."
Isaac Watts, in 1719.

Then rising from my chair I pressed the momentous truth that the followers of Christ are the human agency to bring the world into this glorious condition.

Some one originated the following: "The angel Gabriel said to Christ, 'You have been to earth and done your work. How is it to be carried on?'—'By my followers,'—'But suppose Peter and James and John and other followers should say and do nothing about your work, what other plan have you?'—'I have no other plan'."

The man who contracts to erect a large building is absolutely dependent upon those who work under him. So is Christ abso-

lutely dependent upon his followers to work under him for him to fill his contract with God to save the world.

It is important that every individual Christian should be an active outspoken worker—no "slacker."

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed."

Thanks be to God for the glorious, unspeakable reward coming to the Christian worker who helps Christ to win the world.

"Be then faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. 2: 10).

Week by week the SABBATH RECORDER is pursued with interest. It is cheering to read about the activities of the denomination especially the publishing house, and to read the names of younger ones who are taking the place of those whose work is finished.

Bodily conditions keep me very much at home. But every Sabbath morning, I do pray God's especial blessing upon pastors and people in all the congregations in the denomination.

PLAN TO GO TO CONFERENCE

The Seventh Day Baptist Denomination is going on with renewed and strengthened plans of work—or—what?

THESE PLANS SHOULD BE MADE AT CONFERENCE

To be successful—to have the confidence and co-operation of the people—they should be made by a large representative gathering from all over the denomination without the appearance of sectionalism. The distance is a barrier to some, but it can be overcome if your heart is in it.

This is no job for your neighbor—it is yours.

GO TO CONFERENCE

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Those desiring or having occasion to communicate with the editor of the Young People's Department will please address him hereafter at Salemville, Pa. Matters of interest relating to the work, suggestions, etc., will be gladly received.

ROYAL R. THORNGATE,
Editor.

Salemville, Pa.,
May 31, 1918.

NEWS NOTES

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—At the Friday evening service, April 26, the Christian Endeavor society presented to the church a service flag, on which are now twenty stars. The flag is of silk, and is large enough to be very attractive. Miss Jessie Sayre, with assistance from others, made the flag, Miss Myra Thorngate arranged a good and suitable program, and Mrs. Eva Hill arranged the music. While we miss our boys, we rejoice in their loyalty, and are proud of our flag, because of that for which it stands.

We are planning to have a contest sometime, but it may be well to have it for sure before we tell it. The Ord Union challenged us and we have accepted, but so far nothing more has been done. Our chart is rising and a contest may prove an added impetus in some ways. We are now entitled to about 265 per cent, with more in sight before Conference.

M. D.

SALUTED THE PRESIDENT

A letter from one of the boys in the service,—though not "over there,"—has recently come into possession of the editor of the Young People's Department. Though brief, and written with no thought of publication, it is so interesting that we are sharing it with SABBATH RECORDER readers. It gives some idea of the larger experiences that are coming to all of our boys in the service. The letter was written

in an intimate, unadorned style to the "folks at home." It is needless to say that all who have boys in the service welcome such letters. More than that, we look forward with hungry longing for every little word from them. The letter referred to follows:

"Day before yesterday (the 18th) I saw the Red Cross parade over in New York City, and it was the greatest thing I have ever seen in my life. There were over 75,000 women in the parade, to say nothing of the bands, soldiers and sailors. There was a French Blue Devil band which had arrived just the day before, and a Kilties' Scotch bagpipe band, besides U. S. military and naval bands; and almost every other band in New York City. Each auxiliary or Red Cross chapter had a soldier or sailor to carry their banner by which they were designated. Churches, schools, colleges, universities, all stores and factories, were represented by a fine looking lot of women and girls, all dressed as nurses. It was worth watching for the time it lasted. The parade started at Eightieth and Sixth Avenue at 2 p. m. and switched over onto Fifth Avenue at Seventh-ninth, and then all the way down Fifth Avenue to Seventeenth Street where it broke up. It continued until 7.45. I stood at Twenty-seventh and Fifth Avenue, where I was told to be, from 3 o'clock till 6 o'clock; and then I had a date at One hundred and third Street and Columbus Avenue to be there by supper time, so I had to go.

"Of course you know that President Wilson walked at the head of the parade. After he finished the walk to Seventeenth Street he was brought back up Fifth Avenue on the side I was standing to view the parade, and I was close enough to the machine to touch it, so I got a very close look at him. He stood up all the way up the Avenue with his hat off, and you should have heard the roaring. People fairly went crazy and the police had a hard time with them. Well, I can always say that I looked one President square in the face and saluted him, which in return brought a smile which I never will forget. But he looks like a tired, worn-out man and his hair is very gray. His wife was with him and I got a very good glimpse of her also. I wanted to hear his speech at the Metropolitan Opera House, that night, but there were such

crowds we could not get anywhere near the doors. I read it in the papers the next day though."

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 IX

In Families Where Several Youngsters Play Together They Should Have One Hour's Quiet Occupation Daily

MRS. ELVIRA HYATT

Punishments should never be inflicted in anger, but should rather be the natural consequence of the wrongdoing itself. Nature teaches her laws in this way: If you go too near a fire, you are burned; if too much indigestible food is eaten, sickness results; and if you drop a fragile glass it will break. No one ever questions the justice of these inevitable consequences, nor will a child ever resent a punishment which he feels to be the result of his own heedlessness or wrongdoing. To quote Miss Harrison, "A child readily realizes that scattered toys must be gathered up, that soiled clothes must be changed, that tardiness necessarily brings a loss of opportunity, that money foolishly spent by him will not be re-supplied by the parent, that teasing or tormenting the younger brother or sister causes a loss of the society of the mistreated one, that petulance on his part brings silence on the part of the mother, that recklessness when on the street causes loss of liberty."

In families where several children play together too much can not be said in favor of a quiet hour, a time when each child shall be entirely alone, undisturbed by others. If the children are too old for a daily nap, they can be given some quiet occupation or play, such as looking at picture books, drawing with pencil or crayons, cutting out pictures with blunt-pointed scissors, making scrapbooks, modeling with clay or plasticine or stringing beads or buttons. With older children, and with babies, too, poise and self-control are gained "in the silence," and the wise mother will give herself as well as the children this hour of rest.

It is a mistake to allow children to play with a dozen toys at one time. Children can easily be taught when very little to

select and play with one thing at a time, and to put it away in its place before another is taken. Even in a crowded apartment it is possible to fit up a box or shelf where each child can have a place for his own treasures.

Toys which develop the imagination are better than intricate mechanical toys and elaborately dressed dolls. Next to a ball, the very best plaything is a set of blocks, which is capable of being transformed into anything desired, from a train of cars to a pigeon house. Give a boy of 5 a hammer, some nails and a few pieces of wood and see what he can make—the results are often surprising. Children love to create, and the toy which they have made themselves will give a more lasting pleasure than the usual elaborate plaything bought ready-made.

The occupations of grownups have great attraction for children. A few simple regular duties should be given them every day. Work is one of the greatest means of spiritual development, and the wisest of all teachers for little children. Fredrick Froebel said that a child's offer to help should never be refused. To be sure, the mother may at first find it far more of a hindrance than a help, but children of 4 to 5 can learn to dress and undress themselves, wipe the dishes, dust the chairs, help make beds, carry small pieces of kindling, empty scrap baskets, water plants and help in many other ways.

If the mother's spirit is right, children will always love to help. Children are little reflectors, and soon catch the spirit of cheerful, willing work. If they see work done complainingly what wonder if they also begin to feel badly used when asked to perform some simple helpful service—and to look upon work as a disagreeable hardship.

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

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth;
Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth;
Smile a little, while a little idleness away;
Care a little, share a little of your holiday.

Play a little, pray a little, be a little glad;
Rest a little, jest a little if the heart is sad;
Spend a little, send a little to another's door—
Give a little, live a little, love a little more.

—Douglas Malloch.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

MARY JANE'S "BIT"

THE hair of Mary Jane, who was Elizabeth's favorite doll, was falling out at an alarming rate. Elizabeth brushed it, shampooed it, and even used father's hair tonic on it. Yet the little ivory brush collected more and more glistening threads of gold and the head of poor Mary Jane became more and more bald.

Elizabeth asked mother whether it would be wise to buy a new wig for her cherished Mary Jane—a wig of real hair; a wig that would curl naturally and that should be brown instead of yellow.

Mother agreed that it would give Mary Jane just the added touch that she most sadly needed in order to become a truly delightful dolly.

But mother also said that, charming as that touch would be, it was an expensive one in time of war. Elizabeth herself must give it to her almost bald-headed darling. War time or not, Elizabeth could do errands and perform certain new duties that in time would earn enough money to buy the longed-for wig.

So, early and late, Elizabeth worked for her Mary Jane. No matter how tired she was, she always roused herself to go in search of mother's spectacles; no matter how interesting the game, she hunted for the lost needle or pin.

The cents began to rattle in her little bank. When she shook it wildly to and fro a joyous clatter rang through the house. Whenever Elizabeth was discouraged, whenever errands seemed many and the pay small, the family were awakened by a sudden *clickerty-click, clackerty-clank!* At a sound so pleasant sorrows flew away not only from the breast of Elizabeth but from all those who dwelt within the house; for, after all, there is nothing that swallows up troubles or worries much quicker than glad sounds. Sometimes the sound is a bird; sometimes a brook; sometimes a cracking fire; at times it is music. And sometimes it is only a happy voice. Just try it and see!

Well, the money in the bank grew and grew. The beautiful brown wig, the naturally curly, brown wig, that Elizabeth

had already priced, could now be bought! Elizabeth skipped to school with her money tied neatly in a fresh handkerchief to show to the girls and boys. Well she knew that when afternoon came the wig would rest for all time on the head of her Mary Jane.

But when the morning exercises were over a lady rose beside the principal, and said, "Children, I have come over here to tell you about your little sisters and brothers in Belgium. I have come to let you know how hungry they are, how cold and how lost they are—lost not only from mothers and fathers but from homes and from all that they once held dear. They were exactly as you are—happy, contented girls and boys. They had comforts and pleasures just as you have. But now—they have nothing and—"

Before the lady could finish, Elizabeth rose from her seat, rushed to the platform, and, sobbing, thrust all her money into the hands of the lady and said:

"Oh, give them this!"

The lady's voice sounded queer as she said to Elizabeth, "Will your mother let you give all this money away without asking her permission?"

Not a sound could be heard, except the voice of Elizabeth:

"It's mine! You see, I earned it myself to buy a naturally curly, brown wig for Mary Jane. She's waited all these weeks for it, but I guess she can keep on waiting a little longer!"

Then a strange thing happened. Right there in the school chapel people began to clap their hands. People began to laugh, and some even stamped their feet. But the best part of all was the next day, when every little boy and every little girl went into the schoolroom with his or her own separate offering for the Belgium children. Some brought ten cents, some brought five, some only a cent. But it was Elizabeth's generous act that started the gifts.

The lady sent Elizabeth a beautiful ribbon, woven of the national colors of Belgium—a ribbon to tie Mary Jane's few remaining golden wisps of hair. Elizabeth has decided to let the ribbon take the place of the once longed-for wig. For Mary Jane has now taken on a new and altogether distinctive air: a certain added dignity, as if she, too, had done her "bit."—*Ethel Brown White, from Youth's Companion, by permission.*

NOTHING DOING?

Four weeks ago today I wrote an appeal to the L. S. K's that I might hear from them in reference to Conference, etc., and thus far I have heard not a word from a single L. S. K. It began to look as though there was "nothing doing" in this line of endeavor.

But yesterday I received a good letter in the interests of the L. S. K's from our pastor at Riverside, Cal., and though not intended for publication I trust the writer will pardon me for sending it to the SABBATH RECORDER, since by its publication many L. S. K's can, if they will, help answer the questions he raises. Note his line of travel, and if you are within his reach, drop him an invitation to call. You will be glad of a visit. It will do you good. As he suggests, the personal touch is what many of us need. Can not others of our pastors plan similar calls among the isolated?

Topeka, Kan.,
June 1, 1918.

Rev. G. M. Cottrell,
DEAR BROTHER:

As I am planning to attend Conference, returning via Seattle, visiting the L. S. K's on the coast in the interest of the Pacific Coast Association, it has occurred to me that I might also call upon those in other localities through which I am to pass.

I am a firm believer in the personal touch and think that every possible effort should be made to visit the isolated Sabbath-keepers whenever practicable.

If I can arrange my route as I hope to, I shall pass through Arizona, New Mexico, northern Texas, Oklahoma to the Arkansas line, thence north to Gentry, Kansas City, and Nortonville.

Returning I hope to visit my people in Minnesota, coming from Minneapolis, over the Great Northern which will take me through North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon to California.

I am anxious to get as complete a list as possible of the Sabbath-keepers who can be reached on the trip. Can you help me in making such a list? I have the Lone Sabbath Keeper's Directory of 1915, but there have undoubtedly been many changes since

then. I had thought of writing to the state secretaries but I suppose the list in the Directory is not correct. I had thought that after getting my list I might publish it in the RECORDER and ask if any readers knew of other names that should be added to notify me. What would you think of that idea? Of course the objection would be that it would mean some expense to the RECORDER, or the Publishing House rather.

Knowing your deep interest in the Lone Sabbath Keepers, I take the liberty to ask this favor of you; please, however, do not put yourself to any undue amount of labor in the matter.

It has been five years since I attended Conference and I am looking with keen anticipation to the meeting of old friends including yourself.

Thanking you in advance for your help, I am

Sincerely yours,
R. J. SEVERANCE.

1153 Mulberry St.,
Riverside, Cal.

G. M. C.

TRIP TO FAR EAST

Theodore G. Davis, of Plainfield, N. J., Alfred '06, left last week for an extended trip to the Far East in the interest of the White Automobile Co. of Cleveland. He will visit Japan, China, the Philippines, Siam, India and other eastern countries. Mr. Davis was born at Shanghai, China, and his mother, Mrs. D. H. Davis, and brother, Alfred Davis, are now residents of that city. This will be a great trip, and Mr. Davis' familiarity with the language and customs of that country will be of great benefit to him in this business trip.—*Alfred Sun.*

DEAN MAIN DOING WELL

Just as the RECORDER is going to press word, dated June 5, comes from Alfred that Dean Arthur E. Main underwent the major operation, for which he has been preparing in the hospital, on Sunday morning, June 2, and "seemed to be doing as well as could be expected."

His many friends will be glad to hear from him, and will pray for his speedy recovery.

"Sin is a wilful transgression of a known law of God."—*Wesley.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

SCORE CARD WANTED EVERY MONTH

The letter from H. M. Swinney, superintendent of the Waterford Sabbath School, looks like business.

In the first place, the letterhead shows him to be a wide-awake business man, the firm of which he is secretary and treasurer being the Niantic Lumber Company. The Lord wants busy men in his service, men who know how to handle secular undertakings successfully, men who are looked to as leaders.

In the second place, his letter has the sound of doing things. Enclosing the score card for April he says:

"It is not as good as we would like to have it, but the break between January and April of which we kept no record, is the cause of our not having a better record. We are going to keep up our records right along, as we think it will be beneficial, in all ways. Would it make too much work for some one if all our schools kept their records all through the year?"

That is certainly a splendid practice for the individual school, and I have not a doubt that some one connected with the board would keep the statistics, if all the schools or a majority of them reported every month.

What a fine thing it would be if the schools should pile up the work on the boards so that the secretary would have to cry—enough. Try him.

NEW SABBATH SCHOOL IN ARKANSAS

Pastor T. J. Van Horn writes: "You know that I would be glad to report to you a dozen Sabbath schools organized in my territory during the last year, but since there has been no such work done you will not expect me to report such things. I would be glad to say that the effort I made in the Greenwood neighborhood near Antlers last December has resulted in a regular Sabbath school, but I shall have to know more than I do now before I tell you about it. Again I would be

glad to report to you that a Sabbath school had been organized in Memphis last Sunday, but all I can say is that D. B. Coon and I had the Sabbath-keepers come together and take preliminary steps for a Bible school for the sake of the dozen or fifteen Sabbath-keepers in the city wishing connection with our people. They are expecting to meet next Sabbath and again begin the work, meeting from house to house for the present. Mr. Sidney Read, who resigned his post as cashier of one of the first banks of the city of Memphis for the Sabbath, offered us \$400 to be paid the first of next January, if we would begin a church building at once. We can not predict what will grow out of our campaign at Little Prairie. Five families within eight miles of Belzoni I am encouraging as Sabbath-keepers at present. I hope to visit all these on the round of this campaign."

That's good work. Modestly stated, but it has such a hopeful forward look, that I have put a positive caption above, and expect Arkansas to make it good. Does not such a report stir up the rest of us to good works?

Lesson XXV.—June 22, 1918

JESUS TRIUMPHANT OVER DEATH. Mark 16: 1-20
Golden Text.—Now hath Christ been raised from the dead. I Cor. 15: 20.

DAILY READINGS

June 16—Mark 16: 1-11. Jesus Triumphant over Death

June 17—Mark 16: 12-20. The Great Commission

June 18—John 21: 15-25. After the Resurrection

June 19—I Cor. 15: 1-11. Appearances of Christ

June 20—I Cor. 15: 50-58. Victory over Death

June 21—I Thess. 4: 13-18. Resurrection Promised

June 22—Rev. 21: 1-8. John's Vision

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

My urgent advice to you would be, not only always to think first of America, but always, also, to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred.—*President Wilson.*

"Dar ain' much encouragement," said Uncle Eben, "in forgiven' an enemy who starts sumpin' else every time you forgive 'im."—*Washington Star.*

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

SOUL-DWARFING AND SOUL-GROWING

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

Scripture Lesson: Matthew 25: 1-30.

Text: *Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. But exhort one another daily, while it is called Today; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.* Hebrews 3: 7-8, 13.

Were you ever lost on the prairies on a winter night?

When I was a boy in Minnesota we sometimes went to the Big Woods to get wood for our winter's use. Father was unable to go on one of these trips and I was sent with the team. My companions were a boy about my age and a man about the age of my father. The first day we went to the Big Woods and loaded our sleighs. Bright and early the next morning we started for home, but when we had gone a few miles Mr. Wilson's sleighs broke down and he had to go to town and get them repaired. This accident so delayed us that it was sundown long before we neared his home. When about a mile from his house we got off the road, and soon realized that we were lost. None of us enjoyed the prospect of wandering around on the trackless prairies with the probability of not getting to our homes, and we stopped and talked about what was best to do. I remembered that we were not far from the place where the road passed between two stubble fields. Leaving the men and the teams I circled around them till I found the fields and the snow-covered road, and then returned with the welcome news, and soon we were at Mr. Wilson's home.

It is dangerous to be lost on the prairies on a bitter cold night, for when one is chilled and tired he is inclined to stop and rest. Many a person who has felt like sinking down in the snow at such a time has roused himself and pushed on, knowing that he would freeze to death if he should stop for a little time.

Mr. Drummond has said that "there are accidents in which the victims feel no pain. They are well and strong they think. But they are dying. And if you ask the sur-

geon by their side what makes him give this verdict, he will say that it is this numbness over the frame which tells some of the parts have lost already the very capacity for life."

Numbness of soul is a bad—an *alarming symptom*. If you do not *abhor* that which is evil, you are far from well. If you are breaking God's laws you are hardening your heart. If you have gained the heights of your moral and spiritual aspirations you are in an alarming condition. Lack of sensitiveness of soul results from refusing to do as conscience dictates. "Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

A friend once said to me when talking about Booker T. Washington, that he considered him a *sane man*. There are many in life who are not "sane." Asylums are crowded with the insane. And hosts of people who never will be placed in asylums are not exactly "sane." Ill-balanced persons are very common, although they may not be readily recognized as such by the average person. Some are made such by breaking physical laws; others fail to properly develop the mind; and many neglect their spiritual interests.

God is looking for—he is working for *sane men and women*.

Joseph Cook gave six propositions relating to the ill-balanced soul which he regarded as scientifically demonstrable.

"(1) Truth possessed, but not obeyed, becomes unwelcome.

"(2) It is therefore shut out of the voluntary activities of memory and reflection, as it gives pain.

"(3) The passions it should check grow, therefore, stronger.

"(4) The moral emotions it should feed grow weaker.

"(5) An ill-balanced state of the soul thus arises and tends to become habitual.

"(6) That ill-balanced state renders the soul blind to the truths most needed to rectify its condition."

The Apostle Paul graphically portrays the downward course of the disobedient in Romans 1: 18-32, quite in harmony with the propositions laid down by Joseph Cook.

It is a sad fact that many are living, and apparently wish to live, just as small and useless lives as possible. Born with great possibilities for soul-growth they have

turned from the things that promote it, and have interested themselves in the things that dwarf the soul.

The Japanese are skilled in the art of dwarfing trees. Dr. Francis E. Clark tells of seeing in Japan pine trees that started to grow in the seventeenth century, that at the beginning of the twentieth were not too large to be carried in one hand; of other little trees that were planted in the early "sixties," that were growing in a teacup; while others that were planted before Mr. Cleveland became president "had not outgrown a lady's thimble." "They nip off the tree's roots, and pinch its limbs, and starve it with little soil, and let it go thirsty and dry; but at the same time keep the breath of life in it, until it becomes the veriest travesty of a tree, manikin vegetable with the wrinkled face of an old man on the legs of a little boy."

Do not some people treat their soul much as the Japanese dwarf their trees? They nip off its roots, they pinch it, they starve it with poor soil, they let it go thirsty and dry! In old age it is but a manikin soul!

Soul-dwarfing is the result of not being in right relation with God, while soul-growth is the sure result of being rooted and grounded in him. Of such an one the Psalmist said, "And he shall be like a tree planted by the river of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." True soul-growth demands this union with God.

Jesus said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing."

Soul-growth results from resisting temptation.

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win."

Do you recognize temptation the instant that you are tempted? Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." He is as cunning and shrewd today as he was when Paul was warning the early Christians, and we should be watchful to see what is of God and what is of Satan. Not always is that temptation most to be feared that we most quickly recognize as temptation. And if,

when Satan tempts, you immediately reject his proffer, your soul will grow.

The heart becomes hardened through neglecting or refusing to do service.

He who received the one talent and failed to use it, hardened himself till he could coldly return it to the giver. This parable is being realized in modern Sabbath-keeping churches. Young men and women, for one reason or another, fail to make use of their talent, or talents, and someday, somewhere, awaken to the fact that in the eyes of the Master they have failed, while others have used the talent and increased it, and gained both in this life and the life beyond. Many an unpromising young man has become a mighty man of God through using his natural ability under the direction and with the help of God.

One of the most startling statements of the Bible is found in Revelation 22: 11, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still." Here it is declared that heart-hardening goes on till the time of fixedness is reached.

But the verse also has glad assurance in it for those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," but who in this earth-life do not realize their longings. There is to come to such the time of fixedness of character. "And he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

But is there no hope for the sin-hardened soul? Yes, God is sometimes able to stir such an one to the depths of his soul, and give to that one a longing for cleansing, forgiveness, and life in God. There are notable examples of such saving of men and women. But the large majority of people who grow old in sin pass on and on to the state of fixedness in wickedness. On the other hand the great majority who are saved give God their hearts before they are twenty years of age,—at the time of life when it is easier for them to seek God and permit him to save them.

It is not safe to wait till old age before accepting God and his truth.

It is not treating God right to refuse his help and thus pass into middle life or old age a dwarf in his sight.

And who wishes to pass into old age with the consciousness that he has refused and misused the help and opportunities for

soul-growth? Rather let us look forward to the time when we can say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten my eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death."

"Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

HOME NEWS

NILE, N. Y.—The annual roll call and communion service of the church was held May 4. There were forty-six of the church members present at this service. Mrs. Almira Gardiner, who has been a member of this church for seventy-five years, was present. Twenty-seven responses were sent by those who were unable to be present.

Our Sabbath school is doing good work. A Worker's Conference is held once a month. We have three organized classes.

Eleven members of the Christian Endeavor society have become members of the Army of Universal Patriotic Service.

The Junior Christian Endeavor meets every Sabbath afternoon. We have a membership of twenty-one and an average attendance of fourteen. We are learning the Bible alphabet now.

Six of our young men are serving their country in this her time of need. One is already in France and the others are in camp or on the way "over there." A service flag containing six stars has been hung beside the Stars and Stripes in the church.

We feel very grateful that we were able to secure the services of John F. Randolph as pastor.

We ask an interest in your prayers that we may do more and better work for our Lord and Master.

M. E. J.

ALFRED COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT

The Eighty-second Commencement of Alfred College opens Sabbath Day, June 8, and closes Wednesday, June 12. This year the exercises will occupy five days instead of six as heretofore. Rev. R. C. Stoll, pastor of the Amherst Community Church of Buffalo, is to deliver the annual sermon before the Christian Associa-

tions. "Education and Patriotism" will be the theme of the president's baccalaureate sermon. The Footlight Club presents Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in English. Judson G. Rosebush, an alumnus and a prominent business man of Appleton, Wis., the energetic president of the Loyal Legion of Wisconsin, will deliver the Commencement Day oration on "The Philosophy of the War." This year the Senior class numbers twenty-three.

PAUL E. TITSWORTH.
For Alfred University
Publicity Committee.

THE MORNING-GLORY

Up it sprang from the soft dark earth,
The morning-glory vine;
Higher and higher, brave and green,
With many a twist and twine.
Bird and butterfly wheeled to see,
And children stopped, a-row,
To point with rosy fingers sweet,
And watch the blossoms grow.

Purple and crimson, white and blue,
Out from the lightsome green
They swing and rustle, the dainty bells;
Their sheltering leaves between,
Low by the grass and high by the roof,
And beautiful all the way;
"And the prettiest flowers grow highest up."
The children wisely say.

—Unidentified.

An old fellow on his deathbed, in making his will, murmured to his lawyer: "And to each of my employees who have been with me twenty years or more I bequeath \$10,000."

"Why, aren't you too generous, sir?" the lawyer exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't know," said the sick man. "You see, none of them have been with me over a year; but it will look good in the papers, won't it?"—*Christian Work.*

MEN WANTED

By an agricultural implement manufactory, classed by the government as B1. Permanent positions, but those desiring employment for the summer months will be welcome. Men wishing to keep the Sabbath will find an excellent opening here. Wages 30 to 40 cents per hour. Experience not absolutely essential.

BABCOCK MANUFACTURING CO.,
Leonardsville, New York

MARRIAGES

COON-MUNCY.—At the home of the bride's parents, Berkeley, Cal., May 19, 1918, by Rev. George W. Hills, of Los Angeles, Professor Ralph H. Coon, of Riverside, instructor in the Aviation Department of the State University at Berkeley, and Miss Madge L. Muncy.

BRISSEY-DAVIS.—At the home of the bride's father, Mr. Chesley Davis, near Salem, W. Va., at 4 p. m., May 22, 1918, by President Charles B. Clark, Mr. Grover Brissey, of Berea, W. Va., and Miss Alma Davis, of Salem, W. Va.

LEMAY-SCHEPEL.—On May 27, 1918, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schepel, 109 Roseneath St., Battle Creek, Mich., by Rev. M. B. Kelly, Private Robert W. LeMay, of Camp Custer, and Miss Sarah Schepel.

DEATHS

PERRY.—Zell D. Perry, son of William and Anna Perry, was born at Obi, N. Y., March 4, 1882, and died at his home in Little Genesee, N. Y., March 28, 1918.

Zell has been a great sufferer for the past six years, but through it all he was remarkably brave and patient.

He was married to Edan Hall, of Little Genesee, on February 18, 1904. To this union were born three children.—William, Josephine, and George. March 18, 1907, he was baptized by Rev. S. H. Babcock and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Little Genesee. Though in constant pain he was greatly consoled by the reading of the Bible. During the past three months of his earthly life he read the New Testament through three times, besides reading other portions of the Scriptures frequently.

Mr. Perry will be greatly missed by his neighbors and many friends. Besides his widow and children, he leaves a mother and two brothers, Al and Otto, to mourn their loss.

E. F. L.

COLEGROVE.—Anna Frances Crandall, daughter of Henry Clinton and Lucinda Ennis Crandall, was born January 18, 1838, and died April 18, 1918.

She was married September 25, 1861, to John Pitts Colegrove, M. D. She leaves one son, Francis Henry, and one sister, Mrs. E. B. Fries, of Friendship, to mourn their loss.

May 25, 1878, Mrs. Colegrove was baptized and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Little Genesee, where her membership continued until the time of her death.

E. F. L.

SANFORD.—Laura Agnes, daughter of Albert S. and Lina Barber Sanford, was born in Little Genesee, January 11, 1887, and died April 21, 1918, at the place of her birth.

When eleven years of age she professed Christ, was baptized by Rev. S. S. Powell and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Little Genesee. She was a member of the Sabbath school and Christian Endeavor society; active and earnest in their support while she had a vigorous constitution, and faithful and hopeful during the years of fighting with disease.

Laura spent two years in Alfred Academy, one year in Bolivar High School, graduating from same, after which she took the course in the teachers' training class in Alfred. She taught school four years, during which time she paid to the Lord for the support of his work a tenth of her income.

Failing health compelled her to stop teaching. Seven years since have been spent in a courageous fight for life. Four years were spent in Bon Air Sanitarium, two as a patient and two as assistant in the laboratory. Failing health made it necessary for her to give up her work and return to her home, where for three years she dispensed good cheer to members of her own family, and to hundreds who were won by her unselfish life and noble Christian character.

Her father and mother, two brothers, John and Mark, and two sisters, Mrs. Roy Farley, of Wellsville, and Mrs. A. J. Crandall, of Little Genesee, remain of her family to mourn their loss.

One of her favorite gems of poetry was Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," which with "Saved by Grace," she requested to be sung at her funeral.

The funeral was held from the church and was largely attended by people from this community, Alfred, Wellsville, Belmont, Nile, Portville, Ceres, Olean, Whitesville and Bolivar.

E. F. L.

WELLS.—Alfred Matthew Wells, the seventh son of Matthew and Wealthy Burdick Wells, was born in DeRuyter, N. Y., April 28, 1834, and died in Chicago, Ill., at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jennie Satterlee, Sabbath morning, May 11, 1918.

He was the last member of a family of twelve children,—eight sons and four daughters. Brother Wells was a faithful soldier under the Federal Government through four long years in the war of the Rebellion. After the war he moved to Wisconsin, and on November 16, 1866, was married to Miss Sarah Carson, of Mauston, Wis., soon after which they moved to Berlin, Wis., where they made their home for some years, afterward moving to Milton Junction, Wis., and later making their home for a number of years in Nortonville, Kan. But as they began to feel the infirmities of old age they moved to Battle Creek, Mich., where Mrs. Wells passed away July 22, 1910.

Five children were the result of this marriage,—three daughters and two sons. One daughter died in infancy. The other four are living and all were present at the farewell services of the father. They are Jason R. Wells, of Nortonville, Kan., Mrs. Jennie Satterlee and Mrs. Gertrude

Davis, of Chicago, Ill., and Gerald Wells, of Battle Creek, Mich.

When about sixteen years of age the deceased made a public profession of religion, at DeRuyter, N. Y., and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church of that place, and was actively identified with the churches of that faith in the various localities where he lived.

His departure was a beautiful one, as he enjoined the physician not to attempt to prolong his life when it seemed he was going, saying that he had lived a long life and was ready to go. He selected the Scripture passages from which his pastor was to preach the funeral sermon, and the hymns he wished sung. Truly such a going over makes heaven seem more real, and death nothing to be dreaded.

Interment took place in the beautiful Battle Creek Cemetery.

M. B. K.

WILLIAMS.—Giles G. Williams was born in the town of Watson, Lewis Co., N. Y., July 15, 1846, and died at his home near Bridgewater, N. Y., May 20, 1918, aged 71 years, 10 months, and 5 days.

Mr. Williams was quiet and unassuming, but honest and upright in his dealings with his fellowmen, while his kindness as a neighbor is spoken of in the highest terms. He made a profession in his early life and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church in which faith he lived and died.

He leaves a wife, three daughters, one brother, two half brothers, four half sisters and many other relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

J. T. D.

CARTWRIGHT.—Philetus Curtiss Cartwright, son of Bryant and Mary Truman Cartwright, was born May 13, 1838, in Bolivar Township, near his late home and died May 24, 1918, after a ten years' illness of diabetes and, in recent months, of Bright's disease.

He was the oldest in a family of seven children. He was married in 1861 to Lucy Tenny, who died in 1865. In 1873, he was married to Ellen Sawyer. She died in 1875, leaving a son, John I., seven months of age. In 1879, he was again united in marriage to Emma Burdick. To them was born a daughter, Eva. Mr. Cartwright confessed Christ and was baptized when he was eighteen years old, uniting with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Richburg, where he retained his membership until the time of his death. He was a strong advocate of temperance and the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor. He taught school for twenty years. He was always very fond of music, played a violin, and in his earlier years taught music. Though he suffered more or less for years, he bore it all with true Christian fortitude.

He leaves of his immediate family, Mrs. Cartwright, John, Mrs. Charles Saunders, and two grandchildren.

E. F. L.

UTTER.—Mrs. Helen V. Crumb Utter, daughter of Franklin and Lydia Crumb, and wife of the late W. H. Utter, was born in Plainfield (Leonardsville), Otsego Co., N. Y., July 24,

1851, and died in West Winfield, N. Y., May 25, 1918, aged 66 years, 10 months, and 1 day.

Mrs. Utter made a profession in early life and united with the First Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church, May 26, 1866, in which fellowship she lived a life consistent with her profession, and died in the triumph of her faith. After the death of her husband, leaving her sad and lonely, with impaired health and failing sight, and obstacles that would have been discouraging to one less brave and God-fearing, she maintained a cheerful disposition, and was ever ready with a word of cheer for those about her and they speak of her today in the highest terms.

On July 2, 1874, she was married to W. H. Utter (cousin of the late Ex-Governor George H. Utter, of R. I.), and to them was born one son, Franklin, who has for some time tenderly cared for his mother.

From the time she fell and fractured her hip, she seemed to feel that the end was near, often speaking of her funeral service, especially of the hymns she wished used, those sung by Mr. Rodeheaver, of the records of which she had a number, and which she greatly enjoyed hearing on the Victrola that her son purchased for her.

She leaves her son, Franklin, four grandchildren, many more distant relatives and a host of friends who rise up today to bless her memory.

The texts selected as most appropriate by one of her most intimate friends, and which were used at her funeral were Revelation 21: 4; and 7: 13-17.

Those sorrowing tears that dimmed your eyes
Shall now be wiped away,
For in that home beyond the skies
There is no saddened day.

For death and pain shall be no more,
Earth's sorrows now shall cease;
The joys you have not known before,
In heaven shall still increase.

The robes of white in which you'll roam,
Because of tribulation
Endured while dwelling in earth's home,
Will now be consolation.

J. T. D.

HUMMEL.—William Adcock Hummel, son of John and Sarah Hummel, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 4, 1827, and died at the home of his son, Wilbert L. Hummel, in Battle Creek, Mich., May 25, 1918, at the advanced aged of 90 years, 8 months, and 21 days.

He was the second child of a family of twelve children, only one of whom survives him, Mrs. Emma Funk, of St. Peters, Pa. He was a newsboy in Philadelphia, selling the Philadelphia Ledger and other papers till about fifteen years of age, when he moved with his parents into the country in the vicinity of Shiloh, N. J., where he worked on a farm for \$6.00 a month, giving half his wages to help his father pay for their farm.

March 13, 1853, he was married to Miss Ruth S. Davis, of Shiloh, with whom he lived happily almost forty years, till on September 1,

1892, she departed this life. This union was blessed in the birth of two children,—Mrs. Marietta Davis, now deceased, and the surviving son, Mr. Wilbert L. Hummel, of Battle Creek, in whose home the father died. The daughter left an only son, H. H. Davis, who has been quite prominent in business affairs in the East.

About the time of his marriage, Mr. Hummel professed faith in Christ as his personal Savior, under the preaching of Elder Walter B. Gillette, and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Shiloh, N. J., where he held his membership till the time of his death. He was an active worker in the church of his adoption, having acceptably filled various important offices, and for years was the teacher of a large class of young men. The Hummel home came to be quite a church social center, and as the daughter was for years the church organist, this home was the natural meeting place for companies to sing and practice for social events.

The deceased was a brother to Deacon John G. Hummel, who for many years so acceptably served the church of the same faith at Marlboro, N. J.

The deceased was always exemplary and upright in his daily life, and careful to maintain a true Christian attitude in all business transactions. He was of an unusually cheerful, uncomplaining, optimistic spirit, and when he found a tendency on the part of any to complain at their hard lot he would frequently say, "If we would only stop and think, we would always find so many others whose condition is worse than our own that we would forget our own troubles." He spent the last six years here in the home of his son, and during that time did not speak one cross word.

The body was taken back by the son to the old home in Shiloh, N. J., where interment took place in the cemetery of that place.

M. B. K.

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE

Peace, yea, perfect peace. What a heaven lies within! All gleaming with a heavenly light even in the midnight of this world of care! We can not enjoy true peace as long as sin remains upon the conscience. As well might the ocean be quiet while the tempest is raging, or the sea bird rest on the wave when the storm is mixing earth and sky. The more the conscience is enlightened, the more surely will it forbid peace so long as sin remain, for its honest verdict is that sin deserves God's wrath, and must be punished. Every upright understanding assents to the justice of that dispensation by which "every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward." To me, when convinced of sin, it seemed that God could not be God if he did not punish me for my sins. Because of this deep-seated conviction, that

great gospel truth, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin," became a heavenly message sweeter than the music of angels' harps. Then I saw, with glad surprise, that God in Christ Jesus is "just and the justifier of him which believeth." To me the glorious doctrine of substitution was a well in a desert; and it is so still. I believe it with my whole soul. An honest man, if he be in debt, will always be in trouble until the liability is removed; but when his debt is paid, he leaps into liberty and gladness. When I learned that my enormous debt of sin had been fully discharged by the Lord Jesus Christ, who did this for all believers, then was my heart at peace.—C. H. Spurgeon.

HIS MOTHER'S VERSION

A Bible class teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different excellences. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it.

"I think I prefer the King James' Version for my part," he said.

His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version," he said.

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man, thinking his companion had suddenly gone crazy. "What do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I was old enough to understand it. She translates it straight, too, and gives its full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that cheers up my difficulties."—Exchange.

NOTICE

The Transportation Committee for the Western Association to be held with the Independence Church June 14-16 would give notice that autos will meet the 9.25 a. m. and 1.56 p. m. trains from the West and the 8.42 a. m. from the East, at Andover, Friday, June 14, to convey people to Independence.

S. W. CLARKE,
F. C. CLARKE,
Committee.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Supreme Court of Kansas has decided that an automobile selling booze is "a place" of sale, under the law, and can be put out of business.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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Lukewarmness is one of the curses of the religious life. The lukewarm heart is never satisfied. Only the heart which glows can sing. How can lukewarmness be cured? Its cause is a divided heart, and the only way to cure it is to concentrate one's mind on God. It is the world which makes us cold, and only as we turn away from the world and give ourself to God more fully is the spirit kindled. We can not serve God and mammon and retain the zeal which belongs to the sons of God. The enthusiasm of Paul came from his concentration. "This one thing I do."—*Christian Work*.

"Lots of churches choose the wrong pastors, but no church ever yet blamed itself for such a mistake. It is always the preacher who gets blamed for accepting the call."

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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 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

HOW WILL IT SEEM?

HOW will it seem when Peace comes back once more,
After these desperate days of shattering pain?
How will it be with all of us again,
When hushed forever is the thunder of War?
There still are primroses by many a shore;
And still there bloom, in many a lovely lane,
Hawthorn and lilacs; and the rose's stain
Is red against full many a garden door.
Oh, days to be! Oh, honeyed nights of sleep,
When the white moon shall mount the quiet sky!
Shall we be wholly happy when the buds creep,
Remembering those who dared to bleed and die?
Can we be glad again? Or shall we weep
For those who told this sad, glad world good-by?
—Charles Hanson Towne, in Harper's Magazine.

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